

I should have thought it might have been one of our men as they are as they probably called them

Washington June 11th 1863

Dear Wife - Yours came to hand yesterday - I still remain in camp, all things quiet; we have been having very pleasant weather, but to day it looks like rain - Yesterday was my birth day, forty years have sped away with the rapidity of lightning, and I soon shall be an old man should my life be spared; still I feel young, and hopeful for the future. The past experianer, should be beneficial to me, and I learn better how to live, and answer lifes great end. I borrowed a mirror yesterday and shaved myself. I have not seen my face for weeks, (you may think that strange) and it seemes to me my hair has grown grey very fast, beginning to look quite silvery, before my three years are out, I think it will be quite grey, but I prefer grey hairs to a bald head. Mr Leyferd still complains of weakness, and hugs close to his woman all the time, it makes some spirit for the boys - I dont think she will stay here long. In regard to that bill of Lymans I rather think he paid me that once at the depot when I did not have the bill with me. If he says he paid it I should take his word for it. Mr Barden read a letter from his wife yesterday saying she should be here this week Friday or Saturday. Mr Haynes has just come to camp to make us a visit his health is good. A young man from Co. H is dying, the report is he was poisoned. He with three others went to the city last night and bought some gin, and one of them now is most dead; the truth of the matter I should be enabled to give you some other time. I am sorry that Flora felt so about what I wrote, I never have doubted her love, I know she always has thought much of me, which is a great source of comfort to me. Fred Webster is now in Keene I suppose. Lieut Wright is intending to go home on a furlough - The report is that Mrs. Wilson is in the - way but I dont know as to the truth of it. That young man is died, the Doctor told me it was the liquor that killed him, but did not know as it was drugged, he appeared well last night, and nothing noticed by the soldier who slept with him until after breakfast this morning, and he died at 9 o'clock. The two that got liquor with him do not feel any bad effects from it. Three from our com. some four weeks ago went down town and bought liquor which was drugged, as soon as they bought it they started for camp, and was followed, they found the liquor working on them and hurried on, and could barely get home before they fell asleep, the design, undoubtedly, was to rob them. The city is full of cut throats, there are any quantity of beings

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who will kill a man for \$5. This is one of the fruits of
the war. Should this war close, I fear the land will
overflow with such characters, and the gibbet will do
for them, what the bullet failed to do. I am not at all partic-
ular about going to Keene again, if you see fit to move
all your things from there to the State of Mass. Then Mass will
be my home. If you should ever go to your Mother's
to live, should you want to sell your organ, and use
her piano? Perhaps they would like it there to put
in their Church, and hire Flora to play on it when
she gets a little older. I suppose there will be no chance to
get anything more from Foster, I cannot find out any
thing about our affairs, how much he sold the goods for
or whether he has paid up those Boston notes, but I infer
he has. Is that stone room used now? Where is Hitchcock
I heard he was peddling pens, is it so? I am sorry you are
pining away so, you must seek some shady grove
straightway. But amid all the changes of these tabanides
of clay, it matters but little, since the inner sanctum re-
mains perfect and pure. The wrinkled face, the silvery
locks, pale thin features, are but landmarks, pointing to
that beautiful land over the river, the future abode of the
inner man, which time has no power to efface; when
its tenement crumbles to dust it rises like the butterfly
from its Chrysalis, to newness of life and beauty. Decay
and disease will no longer surround it, to trammel
and retard its progress; it will soar through realms of
infinitude, over learning, truths, before unknown.
Dear Wife, is not this a happy thought, should it not stimulate
us to try to overcome the obstacles which retards its progress
in this life, and give us great encouragement to bear with
the many trials of this life. I am aware you have much to
contend with, sickness and pain are no strangers to you, but
you do bear up under them wonderfully. I am in hopes when you
get to Oakham, the children will be better, which will make
a great difference with you. I send you the beautiful letter
Leonise sent me. She is a very good writer. When were you in
Winchendon? You wont want me to send you any more Sesech
letters will you. Tell Flora I love her, and am glad to learn
she is such a good girl, and know she loves me, but
I dont think Henry knows much about me. I think I send
you all the reading matter you care about, I think we shall
have Vicksburg within a week. Hooker is playing across the
river to keep Lees forces from going to V. But I must close.
Remember me to Sofia and Mrs. Haynes and all the
rest of the good folks
Yours ever
J. Henry Jenks

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CROSSHATCHED ON P. 1

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