

Tenn.

Cuma near Blooms Creek
Dec 20th 1862

Cuma:

I received your letter in regard to the farm, &c, two or three days since, and should have answered it sooner had the character of my duties permitted. By the way the letter was directed to Glasgow from which I infer that I forgot to tell you as I should have done, to direct to Louisville & the rest - no matter where we may be encamped, until further change is directed. With regard to the burden of your letter, I have concluded to answer precisely as you expected I would, viz: that I cannot venture to take the farm. The mortgage would not frighten me, for I do not think that

The exorbitant interest can be collected in any manner, though in this I may be mistaken. I do not think however that it would be prudent for me to make such an investment at the present time. Again your objections with regard to your mother's feelings and ideas are perfectly valid I think and I fear it would produce more unhappiness than the loss of the farm. You know Emma that I would be willing to sacrifice almost anything to procure for you relief from care and a respite from toil. I am far from supposing however that this would ensure that end. I am not sure but you would on the contrary have a ^{yet} greater burden to bear.

We have been having very exciting times here in the regiment (see promotions) I am

The second senior lieutenant and by rights should have had one of the vacant ~~captainies~~ captaincies occasioned by Perryville. By shrewd management, tall lying, and the most abject boot-licking I was cheated out of it during my absence at Survill, and emerged a first Lieut, and likely to be ~~promoted~~ promoted such though I think it will all be right in time if time lasts long enough. You know Byron assures us that

"Time at length sets all things even" and you may be sure I shall "watch the hour." This is a great world. Lieut. Spalding was promoted to a first & assigned to Co E, and a little pimp of a citizen from Touren given to us in his stead. Oh! justice and decency! Well it does not fret me at all. If I do not get any more, why I can do without them. I am too dignified to fret.

We have been here now a whole
week and are enjoying the
matter vastly. I rose on pickets
last night, and had a very comfortable
trip. We have firing now
almost every night and almost
expect to wake up some morn-
ing and find ourselves "got the drop".

Go" P.M.

Drill, Tattoo, "taps" and every
other daily torment is over and
poor I - who has had no
sleep for thirty-six hours -
must improve the time
between now and four
tomorrow morning.

Good Night

W. Bourgee

Sunday Morning
Four o'clock

We have been in line of battle
for an hour or more, waiting for
John Morgan or some one else, his
company, who is to come - search tell
us and gobble us up, some night.
It is cold freezing weather, about like
the early part of November at home, freezing
by night and thawing by day. I came
in with chattering teeth but a few
moments by our blushing camp stove
removed this, and I have sat for
some time wondering what I should
do. Capt. is sleeping soundly and Corp.
Brad is beside him. I won't disturb them
by thrusting my cold nose - figuratively and
literally - beneath the blanket - I wonder if
you are up this morning. It must be
nearly three hours till day light fully
comes there, it is cold too. See you

are not up yet and will not be for an hour. I warrant you are sleeping quietly without even a dream of poor me. I wonder if you are sleeping sweetly and calmly, or is there a shade of care in your dreaming. Somehow I cannot see you just now. Are the roses blooming in your cheeks, or has your serious planning withered them? Are you as you were, or have you changed? I wonder if the kiss of a moustached lip would alarm you? And I wonder if the owner would have to lie out in the cold until half frozen - eh? and then be laughed at because he shivered? I wonder if you would shrink from the embrace of arms that long to enfold you or hesitate to place your head on its old pillow. I'm pensive - was I wrong? Would you sleep on if I should visit your couch? Ah! Darling how I long to be with you! Not a kiss not an embrace is there for me. I am all alone with the sunset past to dream of and the dark future to dare. Of the one I have few things to regret, of the other

but one to desire, and ask.

I came very near going home last week, - nearer I dare say than I shall ever get again while in service, - and I was just beginning to be elated at the prospect when I found I could not go. If I could have gone, instead of dreaming of you now - I should be dreaming with you - folding you to my heart and enjoying the raptures of abtified love. I have not felt so disappointed about anything in a long time. It was so pro rokingly bad! To be so near the fulfillment of my strongest desires and yet so far from it!

Adieu my Darling. Dream on, - dream that he who loves you most has visited your couch; that the fond caress, the burning kiss, and the impassioned ~~embrace~~ ^{embrace} are yours. Dream that a loving hand is tenderly pressing the soft down, that a

arms clasp you to a form
full of manly life and vigor,
to a heart throbbing with health and
passion, - that you enjoy all the
bliss of a wife. If I were with you
now you would forget the sleepless
of last August. Oh, I so long to unfold
you once more and pray that I may
be allowed to do so.

Yours

W. W. Bourgee

10 A.M.

Another hit dear, I have
just been shaved and I declare
I look so nice that I must tell
you my condition. You never
saw me so fresh and healthy looking
or indeed so healthy as I now am.
My friends call me fat, with justice
perhaps, as I weigh about 20 lbs
more than you ever knew me to do.
I wear my moustache and side whisk-
ers - trimmed short; hair very short and
hands as soft as if I had nothing else
to do but care for them. Truth to tell
I never thought myself even tolerably
good looking before but do now.

W. W. Bourgee

Miss Emma G. ...

Cincinnati

Ohio

Castroville, Ca



1873

HAUTAQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Camp near - 1300

Dec 20th 1862

Free

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013