

Commeant C. June 13th / 13
Saturday Evening

Albion, Husband, there, I guess I can write
now, having just snuffed the candle with
a hair-pin as of old. I have just been
up town to get the letter which I was
my kind husband had sent, and there
it was as expected. It only makes the
seventh letter Mrs. A. Pr. George has
been favored with this week. I'm sure
it's all of your sisters save Lizzie only
give me the part of your name the law
allows, directing to Mrs Emma C. George
always. I'm sure they don't believe in being
more generous than is lawful. I think
it is quite a joke for them. Oh dear, we
ran a race coming home and I
got so giggled up that I feel as nervous
and trembling as — through something
was the matter. Happy feeling is it.

I heard Emilia and Jane speculating
upon the idea of "Emma's having a baby".
They both thought it would be so nice
to be "Auntie" but then, maybe Albion would
never come home and then Emma would feel
so badly. Jane's hopeful spirit said "Oh, Albion
won't get killed or die of disease I fear."

will not" but they did not really want one
just as soon as possible but supposed it
would have to be so or wait a long
time if Albion staid away. It was very
amusing to try to hear their confab with-
out their knowing it. I feel so anxious
dear, now that the time is coming near
that I shall know. I can hardly wait
until another week has passed. Hope and
fear so strongly blended. I know my
husband, but strong your desire for them
was, and my own disappointment would
be more than doubled by knowing how great
yours must be, if our hopes ~~are~~ blasted.
Albion's sailing we will hope for in any way
until we know it is a delusion &
I am perfectly satisfied, Albion, with your
arrangements for me. I would not trace
the care of any more funds for anything
what I have is quite sufficient ~~to~~
for me. Now laugh at me dear, I know
you want to. I have the most perfect
trust in your father's kind feelings -
ward me - and cannot thank ^{you} of
you enough for saving me such a task
as this plan does. - I thank you, my dear
for confiding about McKenzie. I met
him on the street to night, and froze his
gracious bow which he was half making

passing haughtily by him, without an incli-
nation of the head and drawing aside my
skirt lest they should be captivated
by a touch. I expect he will tell you
sometime that your wife is a very haughty
lady. Oh, but he is so mean! I would
not notice him ~~as~~ more than I could
make, nor half so much, for I should
attempt to kill that, and I would not
him. I am sleepy and must go to bed
I wish you might kneel beside me as
I thank our Father for all my joy but
you will meet me there, my husband.
Good night - God bless you -
June 4th Sunday P. M.
A month a wife! and three weeks separated from
my husband. - I have been to church
all day, and have had such an inclination
to sleep that I don't believe being there did
me much good. Mother laughs at me
for being sleep so much. I wonder what
it means! How very thankful I am
that I did not fret and worry about you, after
receiving that letter from you, last week. Al-
most anybody would have done so, but I
was sure it would not make me feel any
better, and thus determined not to do so. I
am so glad I have a cheerful disposition that
will not often see done. I will and Capt. P.

one of your photographs. I don't think they are very good yet but so bad as they might be. I had remembered Anna, and selected some pictures for her. She spoke to me about them after your life -

And I must be embarrassed to hear you have resigned anytime must I. Well, my dear, I don't want you to endure everything of me from God's will, for the sake of retaining your position. You will, I think, do nothing dishonorable and if best to resign, with you will do so. Your father said in his note that you might do so any day so I was not wholly unprepared for your announcement.

I am glad you have written to Annie and hope your fears are groundless as regards her health.

I heard Hewlett's lecture in town last week. He told such terrible stories of the effects of intemperance in the Army that all my husband's

I remembered every soldier in my prayer book night and - land - I can't tell you all now.

God keep you my dear husband
Yours truly your wife

Emilia S. Surge

My Husband,

"Frown not my love! ah, let me chase,
Away the shade of care that lies
So darkly on your face,
And smut-like o'er your manly eyes.
Ah, let me try the winning way
You said you mine - the angel's art,
To burn at once ten thousand rays
Of dancing sunlight on your heart!
My love, my life!

Your little wife
Must bid those gloomy thoughts depart."
"When love was young and hopes were bright,
I thought in all my dream of bliss,
That clouds might come like these to night,
And hours of sadness such as this
And then, I said, my task shall be
To soothe his heart so fond and true
And he who loves me ^{thus} shall see
How much his little wife can do."

My heart, my life!

Your little wife
Must bid you dream that dream anew."

"Then let me lift those clouds that fall
So wholly o'er your lofty brow,
And smooth with sweet fingers soft and small
The veins that cold your temples ring,
Kiss off, when ached your bearded head,
From manly care or thought divine,
You've held me to your heart, and said
My own, my life!
Your little wife
Must love is all her life's design."

And here it is - a love as wild
No ever defied the world's control;
The fondness of a tearful child,
The passion of a woman's soul,
All mingled in my breast for thee
In one hot tide, I cannot speak;
But feel my throbbing heart, and see
Its brightness in her burning cheeks -
"My love, my life"

Thou little wife
Should cheer me, or her heart would break."

Ah, now the breast I found so cold,
Grows warm within my cold embrace;
And smiles as sweet as those of old,
Are stealing softly over your face;
And for richer gold brightening eyes
My image, true and clear, I see;
Each shade of care and sorrow flies
And reds your heart again to me -
"My love, my life!"

Thou little wife
Its only queen must ever be."
Wife Emma

Recd. June 17 - 1868

Wm. - Enquirer to know if
address is correct -

Emma

Received June 21st 1868

Regt

My Husband,
Care Capt. A. W. Souther
Co. I. 105th Regt. O. I. L.
Murfreesboro Tenn.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013