

Hd Qtrs 105th Ohio Infy

Warrensburg Tenn.

Sunday June 21<sup>st</sup> 1863

Dear Wife: -

It is a pleasant twilight. The bands of  
a neighboring Brigade are filling "the night with music": first  
now the glorious strains of the noble old Anthem Old Hundred  
a more sweeping towards me! swelling and falling, an  
Ocean wave of melody, on the still evening air. The ever  
lively camp is just sinking to rest - just snoring like a  
herd in fact in its early slumbers. A great startling fact is  
the humulus of humanity - the camp, full of various  
new and strange sounds - but after all, terribly like the in-  
dividual in most of its peculiarities. The Sabbath has come  
to be far more than formerly - a day of rest in this Army. In fact  
we have just got into a position where we can rest one day in  
seven. Thanks to our Catholic commander, we are permitted  
and encouraged to do so. It is having a good effect a-  
mong the men. - It is pretty dark for writing and if I  
follow the Army command as usual, you will please excuse  
me. I always used to write to you on such sweet evenings  
as these. It always seems as if you were nearer me than than  
at other times. I do not know why it is unless it be that  
I know for a certainty that you are there thinking of me



circles he then "Nicholas Nightshade  
and rest easy Co L 199<sup>th</sup> Patagonia  
It will go all right. Washington  
I might copy this for Lizzie D.C. "

but can't find her time. She is always complaining of  
not knowing where to direct.

You will know if those photographs are good?  
They are abominably poor - most ridiculous caricatures.  
I wish they were in the Southern Confederacy.  
He is a fool and a knave both at once. He if I don't  
wear out a new pair of boots next time I meet him.  
It looks like a dismissed parson saying his last prayers to  
an uneasy congregation awaiting for his departure. And you  
- Well I'll tell you. I showed your pig yesterday to a  
friend of considerably merit here - an old friend of mine.  
He asked who it was. I answered very briskly, of course  
"My wife!" "Your wife!" said he "Ha! You don't fool me  
so!! Do you expect I don't know that face? Of course I do  
it - (Who do you think he said?) It's your mother  
"Highly complimentary, by Jove" said he "to my - my -  
mother." "Yes" said he quietly "it must have been a good  
deal with you and it taken from. I thought she was rather  
fresher but one can't tell in these photos. I remember  
an expression quite distinctly." "The J.C. you do!" said  
I "What do you mean?" "I married my mother spite of law  
and Scripture both." "No. You are not earnest!" he replied. "My  
mother, she must be forty at least? She studied faces too long to  
be deceived." I persisted. "He studied it long and carefully." The com-  
ment was "and he" "my much resembles Mrs. Susan Finnick. Please  
tell her never to have a perfect front view taken. It does not suit  
her cast of features. It shows her as a disadvantage." "But don't I look mean & meek, like a hypocritical Pharisee  
waiting for Elijah's cloak to fall on his rascally shoulders.  
If you have given them away I'll never forgive you - He  
has a dinner - I will - Good night - Albert"

Monday Morning. 22<sup>nd</sup>

My Dear:

I forgot to say anything  
to you last night about my arrest.  
Well my trial came off last Wednesday.  
I had a gay time that day. You need not  
have any fear of the result. I am not  
yet released from arrest, since the sentence of  
the Court martial has not yet been published  
by order. There is no doubt of its character  
however. I had a grand time making  
a sort of a circus. I cheated the Court  
by taking down the testimony which I have  
scooped into "my book" for future reference.

You wish to know if you may send her  
these photographs of my class. Certainly.  
They can be sent you by Express, and  
you may take advantage of your pres-  
ence in a city sometime, to get an al-  
bum to contain them. They will give

you the basis of a good collection.

I wonder if Emma is with you now. I suppose you two will have a cozy time together. I wish I could just come around and spoil some quiet chat of yours. I suppose you would not consent to have me there even for an instant. Well well; give her my love and a kiss. I'm going to write to her pretty soon.

I am glad you are satisfied with our banking system. I do not doubt but you will continue so. I guess there is no fear but you and Ellen will get along finely. He loves you so well, that, with his usual good heartedness, he would do anything in the world to secure your comfort and happiness. I really believe our marriage has doubled his happiness if not ours.

And you wish to know if it was not just a "little inadvertent" for me to show you your letter in which you say you hate Nellie.

In the first place I did not show him the letter, nor any other of your letters. I merely

told him that you said so, and so you did. Did I really suppose you meant it! - How should I suppose anything else. You said so and reiterated it many times, you would not bear a word of remonstrance, you would not listen to the supposition that she could or would explain the misunderstanding. You said it was no misunderstanding, - it was real meanness.

No, no, Emma, despite the embarrassment and discomfort you have felt on account of it, I am glad of it. The most singular side of your nature, is your unwillingness to admit unintentional fault in others. You cannot bear to say "je suis trompé" and yet there is nothing sweeter in the mouth of man or woman. I am glad you found yourself compelled to say it to Nellie. I do not care how much of the blame you laid upon my shoulders. As great deal I have no doubt ought to rest there. - I felt that you did Nellie wrong.

I did not believe she would be guilty  
of meanness. It hurt me. I re-  
sponded with you but you  
would not hear a word, - you hated  
Nellie, you said. Could I be intimate  
with one you hated? I felt hurt that  
as her friend and your betrothed you  
would not confide to settle the cause  
of your dislike. I think you wrong  
ed <sup>her</sup> Emma, and am very glad you have  
obtained reconciliation. I have been very  
sorry on account of this estrangement  
between you and Nellie, for I prize her not  
a little and yet I have felt compelled to drop  
my intimacy with her on account of your  
feelings towards her. I was surprised at  
your conduct afterwards but supposed  
that you did so to gratify Alice  
and had no intimation that your an-  
imosity was appeared. Though an unplea-  
sant reminiscence I hope it will not be  
soon forgotten - Regards to all friends.

Your husband

A. W. Bourger

Due 3

Mrs. A. W. Tompkins

Amman

Ohio

Musgrave  
June 1870