

Camp <sup>49</sup> Dickard Tenn.

July 7<sup>th</sup> 1863.

My Dear Wife:

When I wrote to you on the 12<sup>th</sup> inst I then I had not more than half finished my letter and yet for the life of me I could not tell what I had omitted. I believe now that I did not say a word to you of the death of Col. Hall. He died of disease on the 18<sup>th</sup> as you have undoubtedly heard before now. The reason why I omitted particularly to speak to you of this is the fact that I feared you would think that I at least felt no sorrow in his death and you might express this thought to some one. It is not true wife. I do feel sorrow at the death of Col. Hall. It is true he was very cunning, true that he has ever shown himself such, but if he had lived would undoubtedly have rendered me all possible trouble and annoyance. It is true that he was a bad man - in many respects. He was mesoripulously ambitious. He cared not what or how many suffered, if by those sufferings he obtained power & credit. If his plans were futile or any misfortune occurred he was ever ready to throw the blame upon any inferior whom he could in any manner implicate. To counterbalance

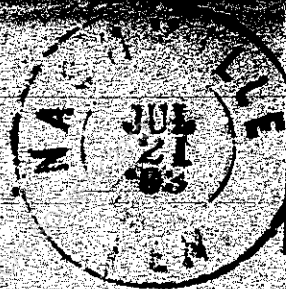
these and, perhaps other & greater faults, - he had this virtue; - he was a good soldier. Vigilant active self-reliant, he would, had he been endowed with purity of motive, have been a leader of whom we should all have been justly and intensely proud. He was a very useful man in the present crisis and though I cannot approve him as a man, I am sorry that the country should have lost so able an officer at a time when all are so much needed. Let his wrongs be forgiven, his faults be forgotten, and only his virtues and abilities live in memory to make verdant the grave where he peacefully sleeps. He served his country in her hour of need, faithfully and well. Let this be the talisman which shall drive from memory every thought of ill. May those who live after him and bear his name, never have it linked with dishonour or reproach, but may they even be proud to own his name, and cherish tenderly his fame. It is probable that Maj. Perkins will be made Colonel of the regt - as Lt. Col. Tallis is sick and there is but a small chance for his recovery. It is probable that my future days in this regt may be more peaceful than former ones have been. It is to be hoped, at least. But do not do to anticipate in the Army. I am not quite able to understand exactly what you and Nellie are, or have been about but I do think I discern one thing; viz: that you are just a bit too sensitive upon the point of your unworthy husband's perfectibility. You are, surely my wife, - and alas that it should be so! too many proofs of my weakness, of my liability to err, to mistake in that direction. You must not suppose that others will not know my errors. I may be and doubtless am belied and defamed by persons who either are misled by others, or who envy me, as they would any one

else - any quantum of happiness. The Servant whom you mentioned in your previous letter as intruding himself in my behalf so much to Millia's annoyance; is one whom no show of affection will ever annoy. He is as you surmise a relative of Kerna's, but so low and bestial that even she is ashamed of him. I have suffered many provocations and annoyances from him & that gray-headed old sinner, his father. None were ever quite so bad as this boorish assault upon Millie, under the impression that she was my wife. Poor sister, I am sorry that I should have enemies so impudent as to assail her thus. A good, earnest, crafty able man, is something to be proud of even as an enemy. Such an one as Hull was, for instance. It is a compliment to a man to say that such an one honored him with a cordial - active, hated. But such a beast! Ah! I wish I were ashamed! I had almost as lief be praised by a fool. He has but one property of manhood - that "in which every dog is his equal, and every jackass his superior." It is well that he was not amenable when I first learned the insult, for in my rage I should have descended myself by calling him to an account. It would have been all for the annoyance given to Millie, however, for I did not until this moment think a word about myself. Now, my dear, why should you have felt so desperately about what Nellie wrote to you? Was it more than natural that she and you, & others too, should arrive at this conclusion if they knew a little of what Lizzie and I have confessed to you, Emma, what would they have thought, what would they still think? Should you have felt so deeply over a mere surmise? Remember Emma that an over-sensitiveness will destroy your peace of mind sooner than any other thing. And now, my dear, I want you should

tell me what you are doing or planning  
for your own comfort & happiness. You seem  
to forget that I am interested in everything even  
the slightest which pertains to your happiness.  
There is nothing of interest here, and I do not know  
when there will be. We shall probably move back  
upon the river tomorrow where we shall be nearer  
water & forage. We shall soon have free Rail-  
road Communication I presume, and there  
are some things which I want you sent as soon as I  
can get them, but I don't know as you could procure  
them if I should send for them now. I guess I will wait this  
time however. You say you don't know what you will  
do about the photographs. I do. You will go up to  
Cleveland, take your time and be taken until you are  
satisfied with the result. You can wait till Anna goes  
back or go just when you choose. What is to hinder your  
going even further. You speak so highly in praise of the  
Buffalo Artist that I don't know but you had better  
go there. Give my kindest love to all my  
sisters. I do hope you will have pleasant times  
during vacation, - just give me a thought now  
and then.

Affectionately.

Albion W. Tourgee.



Mrs. A. W. Bourger

Concord

Ohio

Koagup near ...  
July 14<sup>th</sup> / 63