

You that is Emma. He who took those pictures  
 has a right to sign himself "artist," - a right which few  
 photographers can lay any just claim to. Those pictures are  
 artistically worthy of praise. They give the person they reveal  
 character. The likeness which gives merely the bare set of features  
 which Heaven has conferred upon one is not a picture. There  
 are certain times, positions, &c. in which the features of a person  
 give no insight, no hint in regard to his soul, his spiritual  
 nature. The man who paints or in any manner portrays  
 a countenance at such a time or in such a position is no  
 artist. He is a mere graver or scribe. What is a likeness  
 taken for? To remind one of the absent friend, to enable fancy  
 or memory more vividly to recall the countenance of those whom  
 the eye cannot at the moment rest upon. But what is the  
 "countenance" the "appearance" which we wish to recall? Is  
 it the mere features, the conglomeration of lip, nose, cheek and  
 brow? Certainly not. It is the light the intelligence, the soul  
 shining through its earthly habit? It is the friend, the loved  
 one whom we desire to recall not the mere fleshy part call-  
 ed face. The artist <sup>portrays</sup> the man, the scribe the face.  
 That villain Shayer, thinks that whatever is traced by the  
 subtle pencil of light must be accurate, and poor indeed  
 he has no higher conception of a picture than accuracy. Very  
 true it is that the pen paints accurately whatever is

placed before the camera. It is the business of the Artist to so place the form, that an accurate copy of the outlines shall reveal the individual - the man - . Now one might as well label a likeness of the back of your head on the sole of your feet, Emma S. Bourgee, or that bucolique of Thuyers. I would like to put him where I put his handiwork this afternoon - in my new fire-place, - only so much mess would spoil the draft -

"Wife!" Well have you named the picture! That is Emma, 'Wife'! Soft, flowing, delicate in outline, calm quiet firm in presence; with a halo of loving tenderness, softening and enriching the whole! 'Wife! My wife!' You may sometimes - as you say you do - forget that you are, but you can never forget to be "a Wife." It argues very little for the penetration of any person to call you Wife - not to be able to see wife in your every look. The most casual reader of "the human face divine" ought to know better. You know how quickly Senecae saw and felt it. It spoke well for the acuteness of some persons at the "World's States" who supposed her married when we came there. The peculiar masculine grace of maidenhood is gone and in its place a higher nobler beauty is established. - "What has thus changed 'Sister' to 'Wife'?" Can the 'wife' tell? ... at the marriage-rite, or the nuptial bed? Did 'Sister' change thus because loving lips, subsistent sweet words in her ear, her eyes, in the still moonlight of twilight? Did they give their softer light at once or had many a warm embrace, many a fond privilege, awakening emotions too pure and holy for the vulgar utterance of words?

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forever this new and higher language upon the eye? And whence comes that distant look - as if the inevitable future were nearer to your thought than the Present? How long have you the "bon of promise" over the mystic portals of the "to come", and would your gaze so long that you may not withdraw it? And whence comes that shade of seriousness almost anxiety? Ah! I fear me, that the clear eye watcheth anxiously the safety of me afar! - The quick eager glance of Sister has changed to the calm steady gaze which suits so well the quiet dignity of 'Wife'. There is less of sparkle, but more soul. Love has tamed its glances and mellowed its flame. Yet Ah! how much richer is its lustre! What holy tenderness is in its beam! The love which illuminates the face of "Mary Mother." The Hebrew mingles with the Roman in your countenance. The long oval outline of the features, the large dreamy eye, and that maternal yearning which so peculiarly characterized the Hebrew wife are yours. Like the daughter of the Hebrew chieftain you would have "revealed" your "virginity": But over this spring into view the Roman element, - that element of intellect, which has thus enabled you to bid farewell to the chosen one - that he might go into the midst of danger for freedom and his country's sake, not sullied your sacrifice with warm regrets or unworthy fears. The 'wife' could yield to the "Roman" - even while the marriage vow was yet echoing in her ears. The light, curly hair, of that soft hue the Saxon much like those, parting of over the broad swelling forehead, - the tender gaze of the eye, and the unshrinking earnestness of the entire

expression mark the Anglo-Saxon. Hebrew domesticity  
and passionate desire for affording, Roman intellect and  
patriotism, which while regarding her as one of her treasures  
would willingly lose - or even dishonor - them, rather than  
impair Rome; and with these crowning and harmoni-  
sizing the whole - the all-pervading tenderness and modesty  
of Anglo-Saxon womanhood. It seems to me now that  
I look again that there is something of the Medusa about your  
face! Yes, it is there unmistakably. The heart has been touched  
by Grief, and sorrowful Care since Sixteen sat -

So lovely and so arch, so full of light, smilingly defying  
the closest scrutiny of the impertinent Camera. She has worn  
the Duck-bill, used the scourge, commenced with her own  
head and Heaven, in prayer, placed by her side the ghastly  
skull until death has no terror for her soul, and a peace  
higher than that of earth has pervaded her heart. The smile  
of "Sixteen" speaks the merriment which fills the present and  
shines at the brightness with which her fancy glides the future.  
Those lips had not yet learned to shrug responsive to the im-  
passioned pressure of another's. The corners of that pencilled  
mouth had not yet learned to droop that Love might rest  
in the sweet ulcers. The face had not yet learned to speak  
the varied emotions of "a soul refined."

Do you know, Darling, that your tones have  
changed in the same manner? You have now what you had not  
then - tones which express what words cannot. The tongue of "Sixteen" had  
never known the impassioned tenderness, which greeted my ear  
when I came home to you - a cripple - "Sixteen" had never yielded  
for long months to be allowed to come and be the sufferer's wife

to soothe and comfort the loved one. Ah! Love is a soft, sweet  
toe, and tincture the tongue music such as Apollo himself

But do you think that Louis' fond eye and ear, ear  
and hear more of the good and beautiful about you than  
another could? Andoubtedly and they ought to do! Have I  
not studied with loving care to know the force of every look and tone  
during the long happy years of our engagement? You were but  
even to your most intimate friends a problem but half <sup>known</sup> ~~known~~  
an enigma half picked out, - and gazed at. They were  
sure you were high-minded, generous, loving, but they did  
not know as these qualities had ever been specially exhibited. They  
were sure that the impression of quantity to be evolved, the  
whole to be formed was "woman"; but they could not comply  
with all the conditions, could not discover all the letters. Did  
not I first, and I only follow every intricacy, comply with  
every condition and obtain the true solution? Then too, an-  
other ear has heard those low-voiced thrilling tenderness  
which have greeted "my love-greedy ears", in the most bliss-  
ful moments of our love. Shall the untangle ear appreciate the  
harmony of a Master? It may not be. To too the ear untangle  
by you, may no more feel the music of Louis' sweetest  
tones, than the untangle voice give them utterance.

Could another heart interpret, or another eye detect the sweet  
beauty of that look, which rested on you continuously the  
moment when you first knew the joy of a husband's



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brace in its fullness - that look which ever since has  
haunted my memory like a glimpse of Heaven? Nay verily.  
These are the Elysian mysteries of love which the world may  
never know or feel. These are the links of the invisible golden chain  
which binds wedded hearts together. These are the mystic rites  
of Juno. - But those softened lines which mark your  
countenance are patent to all. "He who sees my reads  
their language. No person of even tolerable sensibility could  
fail to note in them the regal insignia of womanhood."

I laid your pictures and Angie's before the artist friend whom  
I have before mentioned. He had forgotten pretty much, your  
features as depicted in Thayer's "Maid image", I think, for when I showed  
them - covering the word "wife" very carefully with my thumb.  
He scanned them carefully and said, "They are both very perfect  
pictures. This one - yourself - is much the younger but is mar-  
ried while the other is not. I should think they were actresses."

You! You are "wife" indeed! Hail to thee my own noble wife!  
Maiden of my choice, wife companion of my love, twin of  
my spirit! - Heaven's richest legacy of joy of the past -  
Hope of the future, - Hail! I greet thy fair image with a  
kiss and pray that thy lips may receive its counter-part ere  
long!

Perhaps you did not think your likeness would  
be so fruitful a theme to me? Ah! if you but knew  
the joy it has given me, and how it is from the abun-  
dance of the heart that the mouth speaks it, you  
would not wonder at my writing so much.

Do you know, Darling, I am charmed with  
toilette! How tell me, wife, does that dress become  
marvellously well, or is my admiration born of my  
into barbarism, and long unwontedness to so appropriate fem-  
gait? Can is the picture in this respect better than the original  
If it is all charming in reality as in seeming it shall  
never have the heart to refuse you anything which you think  
would add to your attractiveness. You will make me up  
you - if you are anxious to dissipate my fancy  
I would give my very "shoulder-blades", to have the result  
that dress. Can't you just wish by any trick, for any  
fiction? - Where! No, don't think of it. - There you are  
The shell is hissing and growling through the air  
by George! it's coming this way! I thought it was  
of our game but it seems to be a "net" - The fuse is  
glows through the night like the omen of doom. How  
strange it seems to sit and speculate on the flight of the  
companion of Death. It's coming pretty sure  
I have been hugging the ground, lying on  
a wafer for several accounts. That shell - a  
Niipon Ridge, struck but a short distance off  
itself and exploded. - All right. I am to  
die, to be seriously discomfited by one shell but  
Heaven you are safe at home. What a strange  
from thoughts of home and wife to war and its



Challanoy a Ferns

Oct 26<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear my:

I have been writing away in spots for three or four days. I have not been very well and was not at all satisfied with what I had written. So today as I felt better I revised almost all of the last series of lectures, and you have them here. I am getting pretty tired now, however, and think that I must not write much more. So I must send you one half sheet or so, merely because, "what is written is written." I have also a sort of review of a few days ago which I will send — I don't know why. I have not been on duty for several days. My back is troubling me. A few days ago I was in command of a working party on Fort Reynolds, and in passing from one of the bastions to another work, I endeavored to leap a ditch — it was wider than I thought and though I struck on the opposite bank, it was unable to keep my footing and fell back into the ditch, about eight feet deep. It injured me considerably and I soon found that my back was lamed. I have kept just as quiet since as a large blister on the sore spot, would allow me to do. I hope it will be well in a few days. It is really proving, when I was so well before and am now, all but this fat hearty — too hearty for our less than half rations (I will not tell you how little we have) very lone some and homesick is your spouse. — please supply our friends with the improved edition as soon as they will return or destroy the caricatures. Send one set via plant, to Aunt Saphronia — at my request.

Good bye, my blessed Dove,

Husband, Albin



*Charming*

