

Camp Winfred Tenn
July 19th 1888. —

Wife,

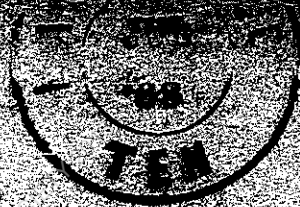
Your letter of the 11th ult. was received last evening. I believe I told you once that I would never see you and never write to her every day. I don't know but I shall have to retract that for since I have become a husband, I have certainly approximated very nearly to it, at times. I am troubled today. Everything in your letter convinces me that you do not enjoy yourself there at home as I desire that you should. I think it would be so. I know that you would be looked upon as a convenient bridge, and I knew that rather than give you any more trouble, it is better to let you go. I have been packing my trunks for some time for some place to send you; for I see you will not go, unless I send you. The trouble is, where shall I send you? It is a tremendous puzzle. I have not been able to solve it yet, and don't know when I shall.

Why can't you take Millie and go off somewhere — where she can go to a free school, and you can — do just what you please. Somewhere you could get some pleasant rooms, not in a school building — which you could arrange to suit yourself and have, that chief of pleasures — to a woman — the privilege of being mistress. Now if you could find such a place, in some city, for I think you would enjoy city life for a time on many accounts, and

board with some good people, I think you could pass a year or so quite pleasantly. — But phew! it all ends just where it began. I can't tell what will be pleasant to you unless I am with you to share & direct it. Please do, just whatever will make you happiest. If you stay at home — but I can't think of it. Do go somewhere. I believe you might make a strike in Cleveland. I do not know any one there who could find a place for you to stay but presume you could, or in case of some one who could. You could have everything you could desire in your music under the very best condition and could have Millie with you for company. You could get all books & read journals at pleasure and all the little enjoyments which only the city affords would be open to you. I suppose I should prefer Cleveland to any eastern city, for the reason which you once gave me, that you would be nearer me. And in truth so would I, and for the same reason. I am liable at any moment to be sent back to Nashville or perhaps Louisville sick in which case you could come to me more readily from Cleveland than from farther east. Again, if our army does not make another active campaign soon, I shall try to be detached and stationed somewhere on post duty as a Provost Marshall. If I am I shall have you come and stay with me a while. There is a prospect now that our corps will go to the Potomac. If it does I shall try and see you for a little while at least, some where on the way. For you see for many reasons I would rather you should be where you go elsewhere, at least eastward. It would remove Millie from influences which are doing her no good, and I am sure would benefit and please you. Or if you should think it

best take Jane. Your pretty darling, would perhaps be a pleasanter companion in the city than the dear modest self-distrustful Jerry. I am not sure however but the advantages & benefits to be reaped would be worth quite as much to our self-denying sister. If I could be with you, I should say take Jane for I could make the city invaluable to her. Millie would take to city-life and city ways, like a duck to water. He is like some kind of ore, very easily refined, but I doubt if the soul-fibre is more brilliant than in Jane. You will all look credulous at that, and think that for once I have judged aright — even of a woman. — "L'avenir a la verite." But the girls will think they cannot afford it. I think me can, my dear, and they can borrow of us without hurting their pride. Does the idea meet your approbation? How do you write something about yourself next time. Read this following when you can find an hour and not any other time. I wish that instead of spending the Sabbath here, in this messy camp, I could be with you. But we must endure Earth, before we enjoy Eden. And verily your presence would make my place an Eden to me. I wonder where you are now. It is Sunday afternoon, and I warrant you are enjoying your usual Sunday pastime — a good nap. How I would like to come and wake you. You would be angry no doubt, but then I like to see you just. I wonder if the monster would reveal my identity again, before you had opened your eyes. Wonder if I should have to crowd to get a place. Oh Darling, how I long for you. It seems sometimes as if I must burst away from all that holds me here and come to you. Of course I would not leave the glorious cause to which I am consecrated, but Oh! the

throbbing pulses - how they tempt me! Ah - Emma, this
& savage life has made me vigorous and strong once more -
verily am I ~~is~~ ~~is~~ well prepared to enjoy in their
fullness the pleasures of life ~~at~~ when those pleasures are farthest
from ~~me~~. Oh holy memories of past delights! - I think
I see you now, in your siesta. You have thrown aside your
clothes and put on your robe de nuit. You have locked the
door to ~~secure~~ yourself from ~~any~~ intrusion and have
thrown yourself upon the bed to dream and muse of Albion.
As your thought ~~turns~~ longingly to me, you half fancy that I am
with you again. The ~~room~~ of ~~dark~~ that falls about you, is half enlaced
and ~~the~~ fair hand lays with the fairer bosom. You ~~turn~~ and gaze dream-
ily at the ceiling - ~~one~~ rounded limb of softest white, rises from the
opened robe - ~~the~~ form ~~rests~~ ~~uneasily~~ - the soft bosom heaves
the cheeks flush. Their eyes are closed, but light seems to flow through
the closed lids. The breath comes short & quick; the hands seem gro-
ping for some thing which they grasp not - Here - here I am, Emma.
Close me in your arms ~~and~~ ~~strain~~ me to your bosom. Let the parted
limbs ~~and~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ ~~your~~ ~~arms~~ ~~and~~ ~~mine~~ ~~in~~ ~~other~~ ~~soft~~ ~~embraces~~. Take me, for
every year is ~~surrounding~~ with the surging tide of life and passion.
They form a ~~beating~~ network on my brow, and swell the organ of
life until pain succeeds to pleasure. Thus - thus - fling aside the
endless ~~and~~ ~~artificial~~ yet half ~~smooth~~ your glowing form - let the
beating ~~and~~ ~~open~~ the chest cushioned downway, and dash along the
velvet lined pathway to the Temple of Love. Age ~~is~~ ~~now~~ ~~be-~~
hind you! ~~and~~ ~~one~~ ~~closer~~ with thy clinging embrace. On! on! it rushes down
deeper and deeper, it glides through the airy net-work of throbbing filaments
which ~~is~~ ~~its~~ ~~loving~~ - down - down, until the golden tinted groves
of ~~Mount~~ ~~Aceneris~~, ~~struggle~~ with the ~~green~~ darker thickets ~~at its base~~ ~~and~~ ~~form~~
is linked to form as ~~of~~ ~~life~~ ~~struggles~~ with life, and one heart beat
thrills two beings - hotter, fiercer, flows the tide. Faster! stronger!
throb! - gasp! - strain - Spring from the snowy couch lest
it escape the kisses of those clinging lips! Push! - push! press the
yielding ~~down~~ - yield, clasping limbs! Open, ~~beaming~~ lips, that
it may live yet deeper in the loving depths! Quicker - swifter - now
now - closer - closer - Come of bliss! Pinnacle of Life! Wife! Husband!
Love! - Albion.



Mrs. A. W. Pouncee

Conneaut

Ohio

A. W. P.

Camp Winfield
July 10th