

Comman O, July 22nd / 63

Wednesday P. M.

My dear Husband,

Your letter of the 12th was rec^d today. I think
three letters I sent you from Canada
and one from the Falls, had hardly
reached you then. I presume the
route into Dixie is hardly as
well known in the Queens Dominion
as here, and letters from there may
be a long time in reaching you.
You must have thought me very
selfish, too, to forget to write to you
when I was enjoying myself so
much. Do not. I never forget you
or husband, no matter how much
engaged. I write you true times
as best I usually. And mean not
to write less while I am able
to wield my pen. It is one of the
happiest duties I have. I know by

by the pleasure your letters give me
that I am contributing to your enjoy-
ment so much, as well as my own
in writing you often.
And your language toward Donna
as you used to do. I was surprised
to see no harsher expression. I
had feared it from your former
letters. I do not know really to what
extent she has dealt unkindly
and unjustly toward you. If it has
been in truthly not sorting to you
just let me ask you a question
Dear. Do you not know that sister
who perhaps loved you as fondly
and trusted you quite as implicitly
as Donna. whose existence you
had entirely ignored for nearly twenty
years since? I do not think
I want to blame you or find fault
in the least, my Darling. There seems
to me some similarity in the case
don't there to you? Hardly similar

either for Donna has suffered extreme
agonies and pain, and could not
suffer without torturing her friends
almost as much as herself, and
now, I know you had what you
learned a sufficient excuse but
was it any better or hardly as good
as Donna's? You were surprised
"Oh, but you
would not if you knew all. Donna
- if she had always been such
- she would give a spoiled child
- and returns me alternately
- if I would know when with her work
- I never was taken in her
- confidence in the slightest manner,
and I could not see that she had
and would for me only because I
was so virtuous and she did love
me. I may have been strange indeed
but I would not believe you when
you so often assured me of my wrong.
I may have been very stupid, but I could

you know many of my letters did not reach you, others did not get read when they did find you, and none were answered. I was none the wiser for my questions and took the next best measure to find out what I wished to know, which was, to read. I thought if you did not tell me I would ask some other soldier, but found out ~~that~~ what I could, and expected to make some horrid blunder, which would pre-took you and then I was sure of an explanation sometime.

Now you see Eve-like I put the blame on Adam. where you may think it does not belong, but never mind we won't quarrel anyhow. I will let you have your stay if you want it just now. Oh! dear I cannot write any more now. though I have but my self in the bag it is no go. I would to finish the sheet but it is quite impossible now excuse all blunders in this for I have been near about dead for the last half hour. Wife



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Recd July
Mrs. A. P. Souree
Answered
Aug 1st 1862