

Biroune near Jasper Tenn.
Aug. 22nd 1863

Dear Wife:

I have just received and shudderingly read your letter of the 17th inst. Thank God for the slight hope which the words - "I am better this morning," give me. Since I have received your letter of the 12th inst. - I have been in agony. The knowledge of the harshness of that letter which I had written you, and the fear of the effects which its perusal would have upon you, have been to me a constant nightmare. I will not attempt to describe to you what I have felt. No words which I know of could do so with accuracy. Your frenzied letter has added oil to the flames which already consume me. I have perhaps deemed it, though not harsh thought, no less just one I mean, was ever in my mind. I thought your act merely unthinking, and wished to impose this upon your mind. I know my words were too harsh. I hope however that they were not such as to awaken in your undisciplined mind such terrible thoughts as it brought to you. I will not attempt to explain it. Perhaps not one but myself could have felt as I did in

regard to those circumstances. I do expect
that you will have a relapse - and perhaps not recover.
It is useless for me to attempt to describe the feelings
which this thought gives me.

— Aug 23^d - morning —

Emma -

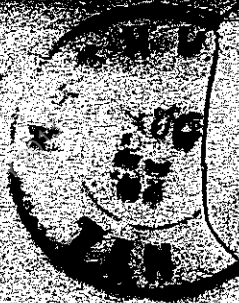
Just as I had got thus far, in my letter
I received an order to go out with a detachment to
hold a ford across the Cayuga, and endeavor to
"gobble" a noted "Bushwhacker" who would, it was
reported attempt to cross during the night - So
out I went on the desolate post, in the thick
darkness with any sad dark thoughts - Truly the
night was - "sunshine to the color of my pain."

How strange to think that my own words should
arouse such fierce malignity in the breast of one whom
I have so long and so tenderly loved! And yet it is but
natural that such words should! I see they were capable
of the harshest construction - I did wrong in allowing
my feelings - which were not at all of pique or malice -
towards my wife, - but merely the utterance of a chafed spirit -
- to find expression at all - It is just my evil fortune -
I have no doubt that your quiet reason will acquit
me of all designs to wound in any manner, your feelings.
Should you recover, however, I expect that the impression
left upon your mind by what you have suf-
fered during your illness that you will never

outline its influence upon your life & action.
But God grant that you may live to know that
there was no harshness of intention in my heart.
I do not know, and cannot imagine, what friends
I have who could prejudice against me. In
fact I don't care - I am sorry I ever had a friend, and
I am sure I'll never be so foolish as to have any.

— Oh Darling you cannot imagine how it
wounds my heart to know that you are suffering
as you must be now - Were it not that we are
the face of the enemy I should be with you at once.
It is an utter impossibility for me to be so near
and I must suffer here, fearing the worst and yet
hoping the best - Oh! if I could but be with you
to soothe the aching brow with loving tears, to
moisten the fevered lips, and watch beside the
couch - I know that even in delirium you would
know that I had never thought harshly of you.
Oh - I do not know when I can hear from you
again. We have had but two mails since then.

I do not know when this will go out. I hope
you are under orders to move at five o'clock
notice. Last night some of our brigades crossed
the river & burned a bridge & station 12 miles
from Chertowin. We are kept in constant
readiness for battle. The sooner the better.
Travelling - I am sure you will be
the better.



Mrs. Emma L. Tourgee

Carnegie

Astoria Co

Ohio

Near Gasford
Aug 2nd 1860