

If I should  
attempt to amend this  
I should end by throwing  
it into the new fireplace J.

Chatterbox  
Oct 19<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dublin Wife.

It is a cool but pleasant morning. I am sitting before a cheerful fire in my tent with my writing desk on my knee in a very happy mood. "Tom's" no more "a'uld" now. We had a nice fireplace and chimney built in the tent a few days ago and rain or cold have no more terrors for us, so long as we can stay inside our canvas castle. It is laid up with wood for mortar and in truth it does not "handsome much" (though it is thought something of a marvel here in the army) but it is large and capacious, solid and comfortable. Really when seated before its comforting fire of an evening, it is not difficult for me to forget the harsh present, and run away back through the green avenues of pleasant memories, and dream again in the

erect dreams, which filled the happy hours when we sat by such blazing fires, communing though we spoke not. What a sweet memory. Thank Heaven, it is not a dream. I often wonder at that ~~angelic~~ ~~and~~ ~~enchanting~~ ~~friendship~~. From that first night when we sat beside each other before the fire in the chamber, to the night before the fire in the room below, when confidence banished reserve, and right usurped the place of privilege. What blissful hours were interspersed in those happy months. How they live in my memory, and how often we they lived over and over again in reveries. What thrilling moments! Just now, while the red firelight flutters over me, I have been thinking of that night when my hand first strayed where but the husband's has a right to wonder. Of all the moments of our acquaintance, those were the most thrilling. The smelted beam brought its ~~illumination~~ ~~of~~ ~~bliss~~ and as I looked into your lovely eye ~~upturned~~ ~~to~~ ~~meet~~ ~~my~~ ~~gaze~~ in the calm moonlight I thought as I passed you to my ~~bed~~ ~~room~~

and touched my lips to the snowy surface of the twin snow-towers of your brows, that Heaven had blessed me to the uttermost in my pure and trusting spirit's wife. And Oh! such holy joy was in your eyes, - such as I have seen <sup>the</sup> happy mothers give the husband who looked with pride upon the babe at her bosom, only fuller, richer, purer, - the first tribute of your virgin love. The next offering was greater and deeper yet. How plainly does memory paint every item of the scene. The old lounge by the fireplace, the red light, the loud one beside me. "Loaf, locked in loops" ("kiss touching cheek" we had held our whispered converse through the early evening. Smiles, kisses and the magic of loving looks, had added to the bliss of the fleeting moments. Youth, Beauty, Love and Passion held carnival in ~~two~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> happy hearts. The night grew older and the busy world slept from labor. The angelic silence of the

Deep midnight did add to the promptings of  
desire. How the blood boiled as it leaped  
through my veins! scarce had I the  
swelling foam <sup>that</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>cutting</sup> <sup>breath</sup>  
should <sup>scathe</sup> the tender surface and when  
my lips touched yours, burning with fierce passion  
when the encircling arm pressed quick and close the  
willing frame, when the eyes fierce with the <sup>hot</sup> yearning  
of passionate desire, looked down into the blue  
depths upturned to meet their gaze - there came a  
new intelligence to us, - a thought was flushed  
from soul to soul. I knew you saw the <sup>and</sup>  
longing that was in my breast and were  
not displeas'd. My love grew bold - passion  
overpowered reserve - The restless hand  
toys a moment with the dainty foot, passed  
quickly up the stockings' limb - and slip-  
ping beneath the dainty edging of the down  
rested on the soft and rounded thigh. How  
my heart bounded - what a choking came  
into my throat! Could it be? I looked  
again. There was no half-dreaming eye look-  
ing into mine with soft & half-fearful gaze.  
The <sup>firm</sup>, <sup>quiet</sup>, full, <sup>smothering</sup> look  
cold more than swords. You knew the wild  
tempest of passion raging in my breast  
You knew how I longed to claim the <sup>most</sup>  
dearest <sup>prize</sup>. You knew that I was <sup>pass-</sup>  
ing with mad desire but did not fear to <sup>claim</sup>  
me to the uttermost

But even this did not stand the  
wild torrent. There was yet more - The hand  
forsook its new-found post and claimed  
yet greater privilege - Amorous and the  
mysteries of that drapery, <sup>th</sup> which hides from  
eyes profane even the outlines of the sacred  
glories of Love in our temple. There was no  
hand nestled in the aged grove <sup>which</sup> <sup>covered</sup> the  
statue of fear thrilling the slight frame, and  
mount which <sup>beckoned</sup> the <sup>orange</sup> of <sup>loves</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>golden</sup>  
when my greedy eyes, looked once more into  
those blue orbs there was no shadow of  
distrust veiling their serene light, but strong  
and unwaveringly shown from the clear  
depths an unflinching trust, - a holy  
confidence that Love would guard  
from all ill. The knowledge of any <sup>in-</sup>  
ion brought no thought of alarm to  
your brow. How I looked into  
your soul in that moment. I saw  
in all its sacred <sup>convictions</sup> the  
strength and purity of your devotion.  
You wished to give me all that <sup>was</sup>

might give to her. beloved, without fear  
or care for the harsh laws of convention  
at life, and you did not fear that  
I would take more, - you trusted  
my manhood and love with all the  
implicit faith which love <sup>alone</sup> inspires

I saw it all, the holy confidence,  
the unbounded love, the knowledge and  
the wish - What a tumult of emotions  
thrilled me! Love was passion - Dead  
the fierce desire, which swayed my spirit  
but a moment before. Never have I known  
such another revelation. Up to this point  
the intercourse between our souls had been  
perfect. How you fluttered in the reading.  
You had lost the clue - You looked into  
my face wondering at my emotion. You  
had seen the passion in my look but did  
not know how fierce was the excitement  
which it indicated. - It was done. There  
was in truth no more wooing for us.  
Our trial was ended. Love had no more

to ask and Beauty nothing more  
to grant. Privilege was dead, right  
was born. Henceforward if love asked  
or Beauty gave it was but for the  
joy of asking and the bliss of giving.  
That night you became indeed my bride.  
Our souls were married. From that time  
I knew that I had no life apart from  
you, no thought which did not look to  
you for beginning, aim or completion.  
How the revelation saved my  
spirit - You must have thought me  
very stupid during the remainder of  
that evening. Words cannot tell you  
what was in my <sup>heart</sup> ~~spirit~~ then. Can  
the years that have succeeded?  
Albin La Touche

Summers Incubations  
of a  
Cory Lieutenant -

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