

1065  
Camp 103<sup>rd</sup> U.S. Air Force Tenn.  
June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1863

Dear loved wife;

I have been writing a day or two before writing to you again, for a letter from you - None has come as yet but I know it will come soon and I can wait a short time. - I am back again in our old tent and have been one day on duty. So far as the immediate world is concerned nothing could be more cheerful or pleasant than the scenery and weather here. - It is just the most balmy of all atmospheres, and earlier than by night as day I do not wish or expect ever to see. And then the woods - "the brave old woods" - they are the very real place of beautiful negotiable life. The woods here have a greater luxuriance of verdure than our northern forests, without the suffocating overgrowth of tropical climes. They are the "modus in rebus" - the happy mean - in woods. - Since my arrival we have had an unusual phenomenon for this climate, viz; almost daily showers which have cooled the air and removed the dusty dryness which generally pervades the verdure of this region. - While I have been enjoying this delicious outer life there have been enacting upon the stage of this noted 103<sup>rd</sup> Regt., scenes of vital interest to our and of course, not uninteresting to you. I will not now give you any detailed account of these, for a reason which I cannot

now state. You will find it however in my diary if you ever get it. Suffice it to say that things are now, so far as I know, all right, and shall probably remain here for some time to come, if nothing detrimental should occur. Forty-eight hours ago I considered it impossible for me to remain. My resignation was made out and handed in and I was in hourly expectation of going North again, perhaps under a disgraceful sentence. I did not shrink from it. I hope I shall always be brave enough, and good enough, to prefer apparent shame to real disgrace. I could not meet your gaze, brave eyes again even if otherwise. I thought of you through it all, I thought how pained you would be when people should say that I left so good a cause at so critical a time, when even the weakest arm should be strong for the holy cause. I knew how your heart would ache, but again I thought that you would think it nobler to leave and suffer disgrace than remain and endure indignity. I consider what you are doing in this pleasant twilight. I am sitting in a parade - (I began my letter before parade) - before my tent under a sort of brush bower, in a barrel-chair, writing with my desk upon my lap. Off to the right, over the drill ground appear the wooded hills towards Tullahoma, where we are going pretty soon, to see if Mr. Tracy can entertain some old friends. Everything belies an immediate advance, before you receive this I have no doubt we shall be on our way. The prospect of a coming battle does not, as I expected, affect me as it formerly did. The fact that if I should be killed I would leave Emma, my wife, with perhaps the prospect of something

more; at least the fact that she will mourn me with less of bitterness than if it were otherwise is certainly something to soften in a measure the asperities of war. I shall fight if not more bravely - at least more cheerfully, on account of that reflection. Oh! it is a holy thought and full of sweetness to me. Sometime I do not think it will ever grow distasteful to me. As a grey-headed officer said to me, while congratulating me on my marriage, - "If you are worthy of each other and love each other truly, you will find that as time progresses the rebellion grows pleasant, and the joys of life are more than doubled. This has been my experience and I can wish you nothing better than that it may be yours." I verily believe it will be my life longer or shorter. - Emma, there is one thing that I wish to speak to you of. I cannot sufficiently thank you for the sweet assurance that every night you will ask the protecting Father to preserve your unworthy husband. Oh! much I do need your prayers, my Darling, I fear I have got far from God since I have been in the Army, at least a portion of the time. I will try, my Own, and live hereafter more as becomes a man who may be called at any moment to meet the God whose Mercy alone can preserve him from eternal death. Pray - pray often and earnestly for an Emma wife, for I need the pleadings of your sweet spirit. Pray that I may ever meet you in happy peacefulness at the Mercy Seat. - Please to assure Cargie of my very kindly and loving feeling towards her. I would write to her if I had time and Emma was not afraid she would be so very grateful for

that which is only her right, as to almost ver-ovat  
least embarrall me. If we remain here a few days  
longer I think I will venture the trial. —

— I have been an drill twice, It seems funny enough  
to have to command again and I hardly know what to do or  
how to do it, I stand it much better than I expected to do,  
since it was very warm but I did not give out. In truth  
I did not feel very tired. Tomorrow I shall be alone for Capt  
Crowell & Lt. Margaidge go out with the picket, and I am  
not sorry to be so. — Tell Mr. Shultz people that their "boy" here  
is as tough and hearty as a buck. In fact all the company  
are so, but Oh! how few there are of that Company. —

Mr. Hazeltine of Co "A." is well and has just left my  
tent = I could not bring his box through and had  
to leave it with another person in Louisville to be ex-  
pressed here immediately. It would have hindered me  
three days if I had wished to do it myself after I found  
I could not take it as baggage. — Give my regards to all  
friends and please Millie. Do send those pictures.  
Are they not good ones that you dont and then? If that is the  
case tell Mr. Thayer to take more, and that if he dont get  
a good one for me I'll shoot him for a traitor when  
I get home — with his own Camera. — I was on  
guard last night and am sleepy now. Good night and  
God bless my own dear wife.

Affectionately  
Albion W. Bourgeois.

Mrs. A. W. Tanager

Connecticut

Ohio

Waukesha's Log  
June 8<sup>th</sup> / 63