

12-3-1863

## Thomas L. Evans letter to this mother from New Iberia, Louisiana, December 3, 1863

Thomas L. Evans

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New Iberia La.,  
Dec. 3, 63,

Dear Mother

It has been about a week since I last wrote to Lil so it is time for me to write again. You may expect a long letter too for it seems to be a failing with me in writing that the less I have to tell the longer it takes me to tell it. We are still here in camp where I last wrote from, enjoying ourselves quietly as ever. The enemy let us alone pretty well our scouting parties occasionally bringing in a few of their scouts. I never knew such ununiversal good health. An occasional light case of Winter Fever is about all that troubles the army here. As for myself my health is so good that mere existence is a positive pleasure, a constant flow of joyous feelings and exuberant spirits, resembling very much the feeling we have upon hearing good news yet I know not

why it is so, and can attribute it to nothing but the influence of the climate. Positively I enjoy life, if I did not I fear I should have a poor time of it here where we have very little else to enjoy. We have had two or three mornings quite cold, ice perhaps half inch thick. However I suffered very little inconvenience from it as I have a good tent and a good furnace in it and plenty of wood to keep me warm really I enjoyed it, it reminded me so much of old school times, and of the times we use to sit of cold night by the "roaring fire" in the old house.

But I pitied the boys they have not very good quarters and it was so unp~~tid~~ ant out by the fire, but I should have pitied them <sup>more</sup> had <sup>they</sup> seemd to pity themselves any but they collected around the big fire & the firecer the North wind blew and the colder it got the better they seemd to enjoy it & more boisterous they grew. I must tell you how I buildt my furnace. Well it is just like the the one we had to dry our lumber only we have the fire in the tent with the flue extending out and a chimney outside. It is almost as nice as

a fireplace. The past three or four days have been very pleasant

To night I was down to town to meeting we had a very good sermon & I enjoyed it much. It is I believe the second sermon I have heard preached in a meeting house since I left Ky. I would not have believed how much better the speaking and singing sounded than it does out door. It was in a good sized church plainly & richly finished & filled to overflowing with soldiers. When they started up the old hymn "A charge to keep &c"

I thought of the "Union Church" & the times I use to go there & thought how odd this congregation (all men & dressed alike) would look to folks at home. & how odd it would be for me to look again & over a mixed congregation composed of both sexes and all ages and above all dressed in clothing of every conceivable style & color.

I wonder if my Sunday School children have forgotten me tell them I have not forgotten them. I am passing the time here very pleasantly here occasionally get a holt of a good book to read. Have a little duty, drill a little & then to fill up odd times I have got a German Grammar which I study a little and

in which I am becoming somewhat interested and which I hoped to master well enough to speak & read German if nothing occurs to interrupt me though I confess it is a little dry & tedious studying all alone. If you have an opportunity I wish you would send me "Woodberry's New Method of German" which you will find among my books. It may furnish me employment for some of my leisure hours & perhaps keep me out of mischief.

For I confess I am a mischief, still.

It is near 12 o'clock and it is getting a little too cool to sit here & write without fire, so must quit for to night. I suppose too you think I keep late hours but it is pleasanter in the evening than in the mornings so I sit up late of nights and make it up by sleeping in the morning. My motto of "late to bed & late to rise" seems to make me healthy & cannot say as for the wealthy or a nurse.

Good Night.

I Dream

As ever your affectionate son  
Thomas

P.S. I got a letter from Leon Reed written since Anna got home from Mill creek and was glad to hear you had had such welcome visitors. I wish I could have been <sup>there</sup>. Tell arph. my next letter is for her & she may kiss Lenz for me & look for a line or two in the course of time.

New Iberia, La.

Dec. 3rd, '63.

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Goodnight,

As ever your affection son,

Thomas.

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