

4-28-1865

Thomas L. Evans letter to his sister from McIntosh Bluffs, Alabama, April 28, 1865

Thomas L. Evans

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McIntosh Bluffs Ala.
Apr. 28th 1865,

Dear Sister,

I received your letter a few days ago. I have written two or three short letters home now I have more leisure I must answer ^{yours}. I wrote from Whistler on the 18th also a few lines from Namahabak Bluffs on the 23^d.

On the 19th we left Whistler & the 21st arrived at the Bluffs on the Tom Bigby River. It was the wettest day we had seen for a month. The rain came down in torrents & still we marched merrily on. The water was soon three or four inches deep & in some places two or three feet & still it rained & still we marched on.

About 9 o'clock in the morning we passed Ft. Vernon a very pretty place where there is an arsenal built many years ago by our government. About noon we reached the River where we camped & still it rained but what did

we care it was not very warm & we all felt much more comfortable in the rain than we had felt in the heat the day before. About two o'clock ~~was~~ it quit raining & we built large fires & when night came we lay down as dry & comfortable as if there had been no rain for a week. We had marched forty or fifty miles in the three days & had reached the river where we expected to remain in a few days & we did remain there until the 26th we came up here some ten or twelve miles farther up the river. Yesterday we spent in fixing up our camp & trying to make ourselves comfortable as we expect to remain here some weeks. Our Division is all that is here & it is said we are sent here to build a Fort on the Bank of the River. We are on the banks of the Tombigbee some sixty or seventy miles above Mobile.

I should be very well satisfied here did it not appear to be almost out of the world. We have not received a mail for ten days. I ^{have} seen few papers for a month once in a while a Daily from New Orleans, from which we get a kind of general idea of what is going on but we learn none of the particulars. We merely

learn that Lee has surrendered his army
but of the battles preceeding that step we
know little. We hear Johnson has surrendered
his but we do not yet know whether to believe
it or not. We of course are in great suspense for
we hope our fighting in this cruel war is over
and on the truth of these great matters
depends the confirmation of our hopes. I
But here I am interrupted by a detail and
must go on duty.

Evening. I sit down to finish my letter
while on the still air of night is borne to
my ears music sweet music from a
number of my company singing. "Just before
the Battle". I always liked that song and they
are good singers. and all else is still & it sounds
so well after the noisy beating of tattoo and
the loud cheering of the army to night over
the good news. It reminds me too of when I
heard it sung while at home. I speak of the
good news to night but it is not from the
North but for once we do not depend
on the North for good news for we are
officially informed to night that Gen Dick Taylor
Rebel Commander of this Department has gone

to Mobile to surrender his army. Is it not good?
 Surely we will soon see an end to this war. —
 I said we spent yesterday in "fixing up"
 When we get into a camp where we expect
 to remain for sometime we spare no pains
 to make ourselves comfortable on a small
 scale. & if you will just give me a call now
 you will find me quite easily situated. I expect
 my wall tent up now in a day or two for as
 we expect to remain here sometime we have sent
 for all our extra baggage. When that come I
 shall have all the comforts any one should
 desire, in the army. I think I shall be able
 to spend a few weeks quite pleasantly here should
 we remain but will be quite busy & so much
 the better it is surely much better to be busy than
 idle. I got a letter from Lou Reed a few
 days ago but have had no opportunity ^{to answer} it again.
 I am very anxious to hear from Joel again. —

Reading your letter placed me right in your
 midst I could see the group of dear faces & almost
 fancied I could hear you talking, & I hope before
 many months passes I will.

It is growing late and with my affectionate
 love to all

Yours Ever
 E. M. C. Your Everin Brother Thomas.

May 1st. I closed this ^{late} the other evening had retired
 and just got to sleep when I was aroused by the
 self saying, "Reveille in the morning at half past four march
 at six in flight marching order with two days rations". Accordingly
 at six next morning we were marching along, just our Brigade
 marched out about fifteen miles & yesterday returned driving all
 the stock we could find with us. But we found no mail
 here far no, & it is now two since we got one.
 Bull is in fine health.

J. L. C.

McIntosh Bluffs, Ala.

Apr. 28th, 1865.

Dear Sister:

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Evening - I sit down to finish my letter while on the still air of night is borne to my ears, music, sweet music from a number of my company singing "Just before the Battle." I always liked that song and they are good singers and all else is still and it sounds so well after the noisy beating of tattoo and the loud cheering of the army to-night over the good news. It reminds me too of when I heard it sung when at home. I speak of the good news to-night but it is not from the North but for once we do not depend on the North for good North for good news for we are officially informed to-night that Gen. "Dick" Taylor, Reble Commander of this Department has gone to Mobile to surrender his army. Is it not good? Surely we will soon see an end to this war. If I said we spent yesterday in "fixing up". When we get into a camp where we expect to remain for some time, we spare no pains to make ourselves comfortable on a small scale and if you qill just give me a call now, you will find me quite cozily situated. I expect my wall tent ~~is~~ up now in a day or two for as we expect to remain here some time, we have sent for all our extra baggage. When that comes, I shall have all the comforts anyone should,

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Reading your letter placed me right in your midst. I could see the group of dear faces and almost fancied I could hear you talking and I hope before many months pass, I will.

It is growing late and with my affectionate love to all,

Goodnight,

Your loving brother,

Thomas.

E.M.E.

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T.L.E.