

Blue Springs. East Tennessee,
April 11th 1865.

My own darling,

Immediately after sending a letter to you yesterday, we received an official despatch announcing that Lee had surrendered his army to General Grant. The effect of this news upon our little army up here in the mountains was indescribable, everybody was wild with the delirium of joy!! It seemed that with one vibration of the wires the burthen of years was rolled off our hearts! The excitement continued to increase and spread as the news gradually came to realize the possible truth of the report which at first seemed too good to ^{be} true. Still it was official and such cheering as followed came forth he conceived by any one who has never heard the old army of the Cumberland shout! but it did not stop with cheers, our battery had just the morning before moved up to Greenville and having nothing better the boys commenced a promiscuous firing of their small arms, soon the whole Division were engaged in a most startling fire that seemed like a real battle, pointing their guns upward the balls whizzing through the air, a stampede commenced among the horses and mules, breaking and running in all directions, it was perfectly frightful for a while, until we

finally got it stopped, the boys had no whiskey and they couldn't
control themselves, but were determined to make a noise of some
kind, we called at General Elliotts H.Q., who was
getting the despatches and reading them to us, till a late hour
then everybody went to everybody else's quarters and dragged
each other about like school boys at play, this fun was carried
away into the night even into the "ice cream hours" I stole off
from them and went to bed but not to sleep, about two
o'clock about twenty officers collected around my tent and
set up such a noise, I thought I would lie still and never
let on, but it wouldn't win, they came and pulled me out
and commenced dressing me, got one of my boots on
me and ~~one~~ of the Chaplains on the other foot, and thus
rigged pulled me all about the quarters, it was nigh
into morning before they got quieted down and we all
lay down to get a little sleep, you would have thought
they were all drunk, yet not one was drunk,
only with joy! I can only give you a faint idea of
the enthusiasm that prevailed, well it was no wonder
who would have thought of such a result even one month
ago, thanks to a Glorious Providence, we can now
see clearly, whereas heretofore we could only see as through
a glass darkly. The secret is, my dear wife, we see
home in it, our dear home, the war is over!! and
over, no more hard battles and sieges, no more

toil some marches, and humpy painful days and nights
of watching and waiting what the dreadful morrow may
bring forth, Is it any wonder we get crazy?
All day today we have been discussing the penny
them, speculation is on tip toe, and many very
many are the learned opinions manifested as to
what will be done next, how soon we will be
crushed home to be mastered out, none however
are as yet certain, it won't do you know to con-
stant at once, but the arch serpent is dead!
but then we must wait till even the tail ceases
to wiggle, before we let go the grasp, we wait
with great anxiety, I hear of Joe Johnson's ~~surroundings~~
next, and then of Mobile, and so on, In the
mean time we will perhaps not be disturbed in
our dreams by cry orders for some time yet,
won't it be glorious to spend our next 4th of July
at home? but we must settle down and gradually
subside into soberness again, and await the slow
current events, There my darling, I will stop
writing, for fear you think I too am drunk or
crazy, and try to get some sleep tonight,
love to you all my dear ones, and let us all give
thanks to God for his great mercies!

Tenderly and lovingly your ever faithful Milton