



**MSS295 Thomas M. Reynolds letters to Louisa J. Seward, American Civil War Digital Collections: Letters, Special Collections, University of Delaware Library, Newark, Delaware.**

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**Transcriptions by Center for Digital Collections staff.**

An my  
 with I will  
 endeavor  
 to give Tom  
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 to drop a few  
 lines to the doctor  
 paper as soon  
 as we get in  
 winter quarters  
 with Ammen. Mini  
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 writes  
 often

Camp "Tom Casey" Nov. 29. 1862

My Dearest Lou

By to-days mail your letter dated on  
 last Sunday came to hand. What shall I say  
 were my feelings; if you could have seen me  
 awaiting anxiously each mail for the three  
 weeks we have been down here, you could  
 judge. I fear I had become too impatient  
 I imagined you were sick or that some  
 one had intercepted my letters or yours; in  
 fact I had imagined everything, except that  
 you intended to torture me. The last of course  
 I could not charge you with, as my last  
 letter which by this time has reached you, will  
 show. I do not know what I said in my  
 last letter, but if I had it now before me  
 I should surely tear it in pieces. Do not  
 think I was angry, if you did dream I was,  
 for I was not, but I had the horrors dread-  
 fully and hope I shall not again experience  
 the same feelings. Oh! Lou it seemed hard to be  
 down in this dreary place, for three weeks and  
 not to hear from you, and also expecting daily  
 to start for Texas, when I could not hear for  
 months. This is my apology, I know you will  
 accept it. But thank Heaven it is past. Yours

Camp Tom Casey Va. Nov. 29 1862

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By to-day's mail your letter dated on last sunday came to hand. What shall I say were my feelings: if you could have seen me awaiting anxiously each mail for the three weeks we have been down here, you could judge. I fear I had become too impatient I imagined you were sick or that some one had intercepted my letters or yours: in fact I had imagined everything, except that you intended to torture me. the last of course I couldnot charge you with, as my last letter which by this time has reached you, will show. I do not know what i said in my last letter, but if I had it now before me I should surely tear it in pieces. Do not think I was angry , if you did dream I was , for I was not, but I had the horrors dreadfully and hope I shall not again experience the same feelings. Oh! Lou it seemed hard to be down in this dreary place, for three week and not to hear from you. And also expecting daily to start for Texas, where I could not hear for months. This is my apology, I know you will accept it. But thank Heaven it is past. Your

kind letter is before me, and we are building  
Huts for the winter. Why we did not go to Texas  
I know not, neither do I care.

Now you spoke of those happier days when I  
sang of Dixie, they are past, but I am glad that  
with me, you look forward to their return. I must  
not dwell here though, for it is a theme that  
would occupy too much space. But let me say  
that I often recall those happy days and long  
for their return but, never sing Dixie any more.

It is not because I repent of my course for you  
know perhaps the struggle it cost me in trying to  
keep out of the army and that finally I had to  
bid my Country's call. But it is the life of a  
bondman, a man when he enters the army forfeits  
his freedom that moment, I care not what his  
position may be, and love of country can be the  
only prompting power which will retain him if  
he has the opportunity of resigning. I expect to  
remain while there is a Rebel in arms if I live  
and health permits, and I know your heart too  
well to think you would have me do otherwise.

I have but few relatives but what oppose me  
and the cause I espouse. Yet I thank God there  
are a few. I have a pious Mother's prayers to  
follow me, and Dear Son I have yours. With these  
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but, on what your own life teaches me I should be. I feel now unworthy of such affection, and yet what would life be without it, to me it would be aimless. Virtue would be void of its charms, Vice would assume more fascinating colors, and the nobler faculties of the soul sink into ruins! This Love may seem considerably exaggerated, but when a man is placed as almost every Soldier is to day, and should feel he had no one to love him-none to love; he would become an easy prey to the thousands of allurements which meet him at every step. I feel glad to night that such is not my fate.

Your remark that you think the war will end in the Spring. I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed. I know that I would willingly sheath my sword even one half my term had expired, if my services are needed no longer, but I must not indulge too much in such pleasing anticipations. God knows I would be but too happy to return my peaceful home again, under the protection of the emblem of an undivided Country. - "the old flag"

I had heard of the barbarous murder you spoke of. It was the most villainous ~~act~~ I ever knew. Language fails me to express my horror of such a tragedy. I would have been too glad of an opportunity of running him through and through.

My skunk warns me to hasten on. I am glad you think my Photographs good for I was much pleased

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circumstances being different, if they were you should  
write differently. I deeply regret their not being different  
as you are well aware, but now that miles separate  
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who cannot, will not betray your trust. I know it is  
hard for you to do, or it has always appeared to be  
but in the future speak frankly as I have always done  
and you will never regret it. It shall be my constant  
effort in the future as in the past to make myself worthy  
of your entire confidence. I am happy to inform  
you that my cold is much better, and when I get  
my hut erected I imagine I shall live comfortably.  
if there is such a thing as comfort in a log hut, by ones.  
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Orbell, it was quite a treat I assure you. I think him  
one of my warmest friends. Let me hope your  
Mother's health has entirely recovered, and yours also  
Be sure you take good care of your self this winter  
for when I return in spring I hope to see you in  
good health and spirits. And while away it will  
afford me pleasure to hear of you enjoying perfect  
health. without it one cannot be happy! I have  
no news to communicate at this time worthy of  
notice, except Regiments are daily passing us on  
their way further south, which renders things lively.

I might say that the married portion of the  
officers are busy trying to find places for their wives  
to board this winter. But alas! poor me. I can take  
no part in the interesting task. Some of them  
doubtless pronounce me fortunate but I hold  
my own views nevertheless. You must pardon this  
brief letter and please don't forget that you owe  
me at least six letters, and that I attend the office  
daily. You may address your letters as before except  
you will put Camp "Tom Casey" instead of Camp Seward, a  
very poor change I think. Letters will come direct addressed  
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N.Y.

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J. M. Reynolds

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Greensboro only thine

TM Reynolds