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Camp Gilpin Gloucester Pt Va,
Sunday Evening March 8th/63

My Dearest Lou

This beautiful evening finds me the possessor of a leisure hour. The day has been very warm, and ^{as} I strolled out of camp this afternoon, I found myself seeking the shady side of the way. I cannot however stroll far, being as it were, a prisoner upon an island. We can go only to the Picket lines which is about one mile from camp. So you perceive, we have a little world of our own and the broad expanse beyond must, for the present, remain unknown. You could not believe me then, were I to tell you I was content, I do not wish you to think so.

There are times, it is true, when I dread the summons to "strike tents" and move on to victory, - the clash of arms, the deadly strife, fill me with vague fears. but they lose their terror when I reflect that the path to peace, leads us through such scenes: And I, reasoning thus, almost covet the hour, that shall lead our brave boys, to a certain victory. But why should I write you thus, I who am known only to you as the peaceful citizen, almost timid in the face of danger. But circumstances

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greatly affect our thoughts and actions. I wish to see the Rebellion crushed, and therefore accept the means adopted for that purpose, although they are fraught with danger.

I wish you to think of me only, as the same in everything as when we parted, in sentiment I am. Thank Heaven that amid it all, the fondly cherished hopes of my past life remain as bright as when the call of my country found me amid her defenders!

Two Rockets have just been sent up, on the Picket line which indicates that the Rebels are advancing. I will not write further until I learn the result. Two hours have elapsed since I dropped my pen, it being near midnight, an officer has arrived from the Pickets and reports that, he thinks we may turn in for the night. A very welcome announcement for, I dislike the idea of fighting in the dark.

Well Lou I have filled nearly two pages and fear that you will not be interested.

I had no idea of writing as I have when I taken my seat, but I never know what I will say until it is said, you will pardon this lengthy harangue on chivalry and matters pertaining to the life I now lead.

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time since, and have waited anxiously for a reply. thus far I have waited in vain. but I shall expect one to-morrow sure.

There is no news in camp worthy of note, with the exception of our almost daily alarms. Everything is dull.

The news from the Army is not very interesting. Some are of the opinion that we will not remain here a great while longer but I think differently. I believe there will be some movements in this quarter, shortly which will be interesting, but dare not say further. You will surely hear from me if anything occurs.

My health was never better than now. If you could see me, you would think the world was dealing kindly with me; unless my dress should betray me. My uniform bears the impress of age, and why not. I have been engaged in the service nine months today.

Lou I hope you are enjoying yourself. Remember that, if I must submit to this life of exile, as it were, I shall be happy to know, that the pleasures of Society is not entirely lost to you. I will close as the night is far advanced. I will write again in a few days. Please write often. & excuse this dry, uninteresting letter. I remain

Lou J. Seward
Greensboro Md.

Ever thine
Tom

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