



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.

Camp Seward on Arlington Heights Va.
Monday Nov. 18. 1862

My Dearest Lou

I almost fear that I will weary you with letters. but another leisure hour is presented, - owing to rain. - And I cannot better while away the time. If I cannot see you, I will you may be assured, devote my leisure hours to writing. Since I left Camp du Pont I have been faring rather roughly, yet I have no doubt, many are even worse off than I.

The first night we were here, I slept on the bare ground, with but 2 Blankets between three of us. Consequently I caught a severe cold, which has troubled me very much.

Last night when I sought my tent for a nap. I found my Blankets stolen with the exception of one, which I gave to one of my men ~~that~~ was very sick, and I went to the Guard tent and lodged on the ground by a fire all night. These are rather novelties to me, brought up as I was: to every comfort. I simply relate these things to give you an idea

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what a soldiers life is: no matter what his position. On Saturday I took another stroll around the Country with four other officers of our Regt. We visited Alexandria which you recollect is a city of some military importance, while there we called at the Bennett House, the place where the first patriot Blood was shed at the commencement of the Rebellion. for there it was, that the Gallant Ellsworth fell by the hands of the villian Jackson, an incident too well known to history for me to comment upon. I left the scene of that foul crime, not in any way regretting my visit; but deeply pondering on the many and stirring scenes that have since transpired, of which that was the opening one. I have just received a letter from home, the first one since my arrival in Rebeldom. Frank sends me the happy intelligence, that Father is just recovering, a fact that I little hoped of when I left home. There are as usual various rumors in camp in reference to our future movements, but one thing is sure, we have today

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issued forty Rounds of Cartridges to each man which may mean something. If we are to move I will inform you of our whereabouts as soon as possible. However I will just here remark that a letter addressed to me will reach me anywhere in America, if I remain in the 4th Delaware. I make this remark because I fear some of my correspondents do not write for fear their letters will not reach me. I do not charge you for I imagine a letter from you is already on the way to Camp Seward. When I speak of camp, I remember what I wrote to Sister Frank, it was this, after finishing my letter. I then told her my address, after which I simply remarked. Oh! how I love the name of our camp! A simple sentence you may think, but one that addressed to her, will fully remind her that, ^{image} one at least shall always be present with me, a confession which I would make to the world if need be. However Lou it may be ^{but} small consolation ~~for~~ you to know that I love you and only you. Situated as I now am, But

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titles and honors this Campaign can confer may life itself
would be without aim were you not the guidance
thereof. Don't think that I am melancholly, for a
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as that. But I must admit that when sitting alone
in my tent of evenings, surrounded by all that is cheerless,
there will steal over me yearnings for the happy fireside
circle, and the fireside of your own dwelling is not the
least of my thoughts. But I must banish even those
for my letter is growing lengthy and other duties
demand my attention. please write to me often.

If you could see the rush in Camp when the mail arrives
and the different countenances after the letters are distributed,
some seeking their tents eager to peruse a letter from home,
others presenting the picture of utter despair. you I think would write
at least twice a week. I will close.

As ever only thine

T M Reynolds

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