



**MSS295 Thomas M. Reynolds letters to Louisa J. Seward, American Civil War Digital Collections: Letters, Special Collections,  
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**Transcriptions by Center for Digital Collections staff.**



4<sup>th</sup> Regt. Del. Vols,  
Fairfax Station Va. Aug 21<sup>st</sup>/63

My Dearest Lou

This afternoon finds me at leisure. In front of my tent, which you would probably pronounce a dog house, my servant has built an arbor of pine brush: here I am writing, and having a good breeze it is very comfortable. Did I say comfortable, really the word sounds strangely, for honestly I sometimes think I shall forget what comfort is. The weather has been so excessively hot for the past month that it was impossible to "keep cool" anywhere. For the past week it has been much pleasanter. I am now doing duty in camp, and will remain here for some time. Your letter of the 10<sup>th</sup> came in last mail, I need not assure you that it was most cordially welcomed. If you could see the anxious faces that I have seen around the Post office <sup>daily</sup> since coming into

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Virginia, you could form an idea of the greeting a Soldier gives to, letters from "dear ones at home." I was forcibly struck with this fact some time since. It was <sup>on</sup> our last days march, the sun was shining so hot that it nearly blinded us - the men were so much fatigued that we halted about every mile. At one of these times while the men had unslung their knapsacks and were lying by the roadside, I passed along the line to a shade and seated myself on a log. near by me I noticed one of the men reading a letter, I glanced at the top and saw it commenced "My Dear Husband," I watched him while he read and presently a tear slowly trickled down his sunburnt cheek. I knew nothing of his family; and could but wonder whether some tale of a suffering wife and little children had started those manly tears; or perhaps she was telling him how in the silent night she had petitioned high Heaven for his safety, - how silently and prayerfully she awaited in her lonely home for his return! While I was thus meditating "Attention" was sounded, and the poor fellow (folding his letter) reslung his

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knapsack - the whole column moving slowly along the road. I do not recollect of seeing him since, but I often think of that letter from "home". Lou I have no one to call me by that dearest of titles, yet have I not one as dear to me. Are you not as dear as though the vows I pledged you before heaven had been consummated? I know no difference. The sentiment

I cherish I believe of too pure origin to need that last bond to preserve it, even amid the dark days that now surround us. Lou I am occupying much of your time in speaking of the influences of letter writing; pardon me I could not say less.

Lou you ought to have told me the Lady's name that does not like Soldiers. I pity the Lady that has no friend to offer at her country's shrine! I am glad you enjoyed your fishing party. I would have been too happy to have been with you.

It is fortunate that your shower bath did not make you sick. I am used to them. I can easily lay down

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on the bare ground and sleep amidst the  
hardest shower. So much for becoming  
used to a thing.

I wrote a few lines  
to my friend Bob Orrell more than a  
week since but have not yet heard  
from him. Lou you spoke of looking frightful  
when you returned from fishing. I suppose  
you looked something like you did the evening  
I met you coming in from gathering  
berries. (At Mr. Roe's) I have looked frightful  
many times since, rather oftener than I  
then imagined. I little dreamed of it in those  
happy, happy, days. When I returned from the  
Peninsula I don't think my whole wardrobe would  
have sold for more than one dollar eighty seven cents.

My sheet warns me to close;  
I see no chance of getting home at present  
as we have 14 officers absent from the Regiment,  
most of them on sick leave.

I suppose if this doesn't reach you until  
you go in Del. it will be forwarded immediately.

It was my Bro. John that was drafted,  
Sue Townsend's Lover was drafted so I am  
informed. So you correspond with him yet.  
There is no news of interest in camp,  
write me as often as convenient and  
always as lengthy as your last. I am  
fond of long letters. I will write you  
again as soon as I have an opportunity.  
I am as ever  
Your friend  
Lou J. Seward  
Greensboro Md.

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Lou J. Seward Yours Tom  
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