My Dearest Lou

I mailed a letter to you on yesterday, but having a leisure hour I again take my pen. I hope to surprise you, as you did me, by sending two letters in quick succession. If your surprise is as agreeable as mine then I am content. Since yesterday there has been but little news in Camp. One Company of Cavalry landed to day on this point, which will render picket duty somewhat easier. The sun shone out this afternoon again, leaving but little trace of the late storm. Our Camp is on high land and therefore we are not troubled with mud.

I heard to day from home, or rather from Felton, that Joseph Jester was dead, you I believe, know him and probably recollect my speaking of him once, in relation to his contemplated Marriage. Poor fellow, he has met an earlier fate than I anticipated. But perhaps it has prevented his dooming another to at least, a life of misery. You I presume understand me. You have
probably heard of my Uncle's death (R W, Reynolds) He died on last Sunday. I don't think I spoke of it in my letter of yesterday. My sheet is half filled and I have not yet spoken of the subject for which I intended this letter. It is this. It has been nearly four years since I first met you, and more than two years since I left Maryland. Long before I left Maryland I was almost a daily visitor at your father's house, and since then, I have made it my home when I was visiting in the neighborhood. And when I visited you for the last time, before my Regiment left the State, and probably the last, until I should return to claim your [underline] hand [end underline] and probably for the last time before my Regiment left the State and probably for the last time before I should return to claim your [underline] hand [end underline]. And [strike through] I have not yet [end strike through] came away without, even intimating to your parents, the object of my visits. The last line contains all that I have occupied a dozen for. Now I wish to know of you, if I have not acted very wrong, in not speaking to them on the subject, as any event, when I was to see you shortly before we started south. It appears to me that I have; and it has been the source of deep regret, for some time. I fear that it appears disrespectful on my part. This is why I ask your opinion. I hope you will speak truly. Your letters meet no other eye than mine. I have no place to keep them secure, and I am therefore compelled to Burn them. I tell you this because it is too often the case in Camp that letters from Ladies are handed around to numerous [underline] confidants [end underline]. I have many friends in Camp, but it has been a long time since I had a [underline] bosom [end underline] friend in my own sex. I must close write soon.

I remain
Lou J. Seward your unchanged
Greensboro [underline] Tom [end underline]
Md