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Transcriptions by Center for Digital Collections staff.
My Dearest Lou

I wrote you a letter on Sunday last, which owing to my company being ordered out, was closed rather abruptly. I intended to have written again on Monday, but was ordered on Picket. So you perceive that I cannot promise anything positively, for if I should, there is sure to be something to interfere.

Just Seven months today I left you to join my Regiment. You no doubt recalled the Storm that was raging, but you could not know the feelings that filled my very Soul, when the door shut you in from my sight for the last time; perhaps for long, long months. I hope that it will not often be my lot to experience such emotions: The Storm without seemed a relief to me,- I felt a Satisfaction in having the rain beat against me in its fury! But ’tis past: Seven months have rolled between me and that hour: then why not look forward to a bright future in the which no leave takings fill us with gloom, but only the joys of reunion wait my coming. Oh! that it were so: would that I could banish my gloomy thoughts, and live only in anticipation of a bright future!
Lou, do not think me silly for writing as I do, for we all have our melancholly moments, and perhaps I have a larger share than many others.

If so, it is the circumstances surrounding me that cause it, for I know I was once cheerful aye, I was always a creature of the Sunshine, yes and will be again, but it does appear that when I take my pen in hand, I can write only in the saddest mood, a fit subject for a convent. But you shall see a change. I will not make you sad by my doleful lamentations over my fate. 'Tis my country that bids me thus sacrifice my social joys, then cheerfully will I make the offering.

When I shall return to civil life, I shall have much to relate that is interesting, for a Soldier's life is full of novelty. then I may convince you that I have lost none of the mirth that belonged to me in my happier days.

So do not imagine I have grown old in appearance, for could you see me even now, you would surely laugh. I cannot describe my appearance but will only say that volumes of smoke is rising from a huge clay pipe I have in my mouth, and my whole appearance would indicate a Soldier in the field. Pardon me will you for smoking my pipe as I will leave it in Virginia when I start for home. We would nearly as soon give
up or Swords as our pipes, they are such a consolation to us in our lonely hours: in fact they are our only true friends that never leave us. I sent you a paper some days since - the "Yorktown Cavalier" I hope it will reach you safely. I received the "American Union" you sent me, and read the contents with interest, it appeared like a messenger from home. I have often thought I would write some articles for its columns, but can never get an opportunity when I feel like writing.

It takes twice the effort for me to write since I have been in the army, than it did before, leaving off Study and pursuing entirely a different life, a person soon becomes so dumb, as it were, that it is difficult for them to write anything fit for the public to read.

Lou I fear I shall weary you reading this uninteresting letter. Please accept it, dull it may be, as coming from one whose greatest care is, to make you happy. Write me often, you letters are [underline] thrice welcome [end underline]. There is no news of interest, My health is very good. Let me hope you are in good health and that you are [underline] happy [end underline], oh joyous word, how very many of earths mortals never realize its blessings.

I remain as ever thine

Lou J Seward [underline] TMR