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Transcriptions by Center for Digital Collections staff.
Camp Wales June 22nd/63
My Dearest Lou
I came in from picket late last evening, and according to promise I again write you. I have been fortunate enough this morning to find pen and ink. I had a rough time on Picket, it having rained nearly all the while but yet I feel much better than I thought I should. We were attacked just before morning by some Bushwhackers but no one was hurt, it being so very dark that they could not fire with any certainty.

There is nothing new in Camp: everything in relation to our future movements remained in a perfect mystery. Gen Keys is probably the only man who knows what is going to be done, and he
thinks proper to confide in no one else. I suppose the people of Maryland are watching closely the movements of the Rebel Army. I cannot learn anything from the papers of what they are doing, but are of the opinion that Gen Hooker will attend to them, and eventually drive them with great slaughter back to their own polluted soil. oh that they may reap the reward due them for such a bold and presumtuous step. I am sure they will.

Lou you remark that the length of my letters will never weary you, but I fear that I may, by writing so many short ones. my apology is, that when I commence writing I am not sure that I will have five minutes to write. thta we may have orders to move, and I would not get to send you any news at all so
that to be sure sending them I have to write them hurridly. I know you will pardon me. Lou I will not forget to tell you that my [underline] huge clay pipe [end underline] got smashed shortly after I left the old Camp. since then I have smoked but little having to depend on borrowing. I am glad to hear that you are leaving off the social habit of cleansing the teeth, not that I am really opposed to the practice, but that such habits are too often carried to excess: then they become infurious to health. I was very much interested in your adventures in search of your [underline] Brother in Law [end underline] would liked very much to have been with you. I sometimes think I would be too happy to visit that country again to again look upon familiar scenes and faces. One sees nothing down here but desolation and
and destruction everywhere. The inhabitants are a miserable class of half starved humanity only calculated to give one the [underline] horrors [end underline] instead of administering to his happiness.

I was in at the Colonels Head Quarters a few days since, which is at a farm house near by. While there the old Lady called to her daughter who is a widow. Calling her Lou I immediately turned to see who should answer to the familiar name. but can only report that she in no way reminded me of my own Lou that was far far away. It was the first time I had heard the name since I came into Virginia and I assure you it brought to my mind many fond recollections of the happy past, when fortune seemed to smile a more happy lot. I must close. write me soon. I remain as ever

only thine
[underline] Tom [end underline]
Lou J Seward

N.B. Please inform me in your next if R J Orrell is still in the neighborhood as I have been owing him a letter for several month and must write him before long.

Tom