Camp in the Field Va July 4th/63

My Dearest Lou

I wrote you some days since from "White House" we left there on the 1st and taken up our march for Richmond the first day brought us to the Chickahominy River, where we found the [underline] Rebs. [end underline] in force. after throwing a few shells among them we encamped for the night

The next morning (July 2nd) we retreated some 2 miles and halted for the day in order to draw the enemy after us, so that our forces which marched in another direction might get in their rear, and sure enough the [underline] Rebs [end underline] opened upon our advance nt he afternoon with six pieces of artillery,
killing and wounding some fifteen of the 141st New York Vols.

Our Regiment was drawn up in line of Battle about dusk that evening and about [underline] nine [end underline] a Battery opened upon us at a distance of 400 yards we immediately fell flat on the ground, and the [underline] shells [end underline] passed directly over our heads several however struck in front and bounded over our heads. we laid there under fire about half an hour when we were ordered to fall back the Rebels following us. About 11 o'clock the same night we reached our present position. we had scarcely halted before the same Battery was again playing upon us with shell and railroad iron &C. A Regiment of
infantry on our left opened fire and the roar of cannon and the din of musketry was really grand. The boys behaved very well indeed it being the first time we were ever under fire

We have lost no one yet in our Regiment, and all seem to be in excellent spirits. we left our shelter tents at the white House consequently we have to lie down and sleep on the bare ground with all our equipment on in fact we get to sleep but little at night as picket firing is going on all the time. To-day is the 4th of July, I had thought to have written you from Richmond on to-day, but have failed. But I think that I will yet write from there (a few days will tell.)
My health is very good considering my fare; but I find myself often sighing for the good old days of the now long ago, when I gazed on other faces than those of my foes and listened to sweeter music than that of a ten pound shell on a Rifle Ball. But Lou I shall be the happiest man alive, I think when we shall have lived through this crisis, (which under God's Providence I feel I shall) and I return home to live in quietude amid those who are even dearer to me than life itself. Lou write me often if possible, for I assure you it is my only source of real pleasure, I expect we will move again shortly as I just learned that the Rebels are drawn up in line of Battle only two miles in front of us. I shall write you at every opportunity. I hope you are in good health and spirits. I close assuring you that I remain as ever devotedly yours till death
Lou J. Seward Tom