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**Transcriptions by Center for Digital Collections staff.**



Dover Del May 21<sup>st</sup> 1862

My Dearest Lou

Having for the first time, since I saw you, an opportunity for writing. I hasten to embrace it. On returning to Mr Hardcastle's on Sunday I was exceedingly glad to find my friend R J Onell there, who assisted very greatly in reconciling me to the task of spending an afternoon so near you, without spending it with you. After tea I spent probably an hour in promenading with Miss Corie, who evidently did all in her power to make my first visit a pleasant one, and so if you could have looked on unobserved, you might have questioned whether there was another, that, at that hour, possessed the uppermost place in my thoughts. Yet such I assure was the fact, and hard was the task of concealing it.

I sometimes think there is a strange fatality connected with our association together, but which I doubt not will ere long be dispersed, for on Sunday the only consideration which induced me to ride so far, was that I should meet you, and when I reached the church I sought eagerly, though unobservedly, for you but to no effect, the first opportunity I asked Mollie Plummer if you were there. She told me you were not.

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then of course I looked no farther, and when I saw you I was so astonished and confused that I feared you would think strangely of me. The plan I intended to adopt was this: I thought I would leave the young man, who taken me <sup>down</sup> at Hardcastles, go out to church alone; if convenient, take you to Mr. Cloughs for dinner, return in the afternoon to Hardcastles, and then on home. But when we reached Hardcastles he concluded to go on to church, which entirely disarranged my whole plan, and then the most astonishing thing, is that I should not see you until so late an hour. I hope you will tell <sup>me</sup> where you were and all in connexion with the incident. I might remark that owing to the fact that my comrade could not leave without visiting a Miss Downs that resides in the neighborhood, from which place he returned about 9 1/2 O'clock, that we were until 1 1/2 O'clock getting home. rather a late hour for me I assure you. Now Lou summing it all up I think it resembles very much the visit I made <sup>you</sup> about a year ago, from Smyrna. Like that visit I was badly disappointed, yet I had rather have it as it was that not to have gone at all. I had rather be permitted only to shake you by the hand and look once into your face, than not to be permitted to do either. Monday night Father was taken very ill and Tuesday morning I went over to remain until he recovered, but fortunately it lasted but a short time, and to day he is up again, and I of course returned. This is

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the reason I did not write in time for Tuesday's mail.

Lou I was glad to see you looking as well as you do after your sickness, Yet - when I visit you <sup>again</sup> at no great distance in the future, I hope to see <sup>that</sup> your cheeks have again assumed their wonted color. I fear you are not happy, as you once were. And Oh! I want to see you always happy. then and then only shall I be so.

But I have no right to say you are not, for I see no special reason why you should not be, only that happiness ~~cannot~~ <sup>does</sup> not always dwell with those who are deprived of the blessing of good health. But I will weary you with this long and uninteresting letter, if I do not close shortly. I spoke in my last letter about coming down shortly on business with Mr. Roe. I saw him on Sunday and he said nothing about when I should come.

I will say that I must come down, and will come in the <sup>course</sup> of a few weeks whether he is ready for me or not;

I do not see the necessity of studying 8 hours a day for ~~the~~ life time and sacrificing all the pleasures of society and especially <sup>of</sup> those we love.

I must see you and converse with you personally I may write volumes and yet I am not satisfied with only writing. It is true I would not be compelled to relinquish the pleasure of writing upon no account yet I must visit you at home stroll again amid those scenes of other days, that will always be a source of joy.

I could fill as many more pages but I fear I should fail to interest you and it is now growing late. There is nothing

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Excuse this miserably written letter,

I remain

As ever

yours only

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[underline] T M Reynolds [end underline]

[underline] Lou J. Seward [end underline]