

Letter from Tilton C. Reynolds to Juliana Reynolds, March 29, 1864

Camp Bullock Va

March 29 1864

Dear Brother,

Your Very Kind and interesting letter arrived at its destination a few mornings since. But owing to a pressing lot of Business I could not get time to answer it until now. Please Excuse me.

I got a letter from Clara last night which I will answer immediately for fear she gives me a Blowing up for neglect of duty, but as Postage Stamps are a little scarce I will send them both in One.

I guess I will have to tell you about the misfortune I met with on my way to the Army. Well after arriving in Camp Copeland Near Pittsburg [Pittsburgh] Pa I thought it rather dull and concluded to put in as much time as possible. Accordingly Sam Jones, George, Sharp and I started for McKeesport about 4 miles from camp. We took the cars about dark and went up there and put up at the National Hotel and Staid all night. The next morning we had intended to take the 11 O clock train and go to Camp but the train was behind time and we got tired of waiting and So we went to the Fremont house to have a little Sport. After being in there a Short time there was a Citizen came in and McClellans picture being Stuck up in the Room I thought I would ask him what he thought of it. He told me he thought him a Damnd good man and said he would vote for him for the next president. That made me mad and I went up to him deliberately and knocked him down. After he got up he started out and as near as I can find out he got about 14 Bullys and came in there with them and

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they all piled on us 4. I forgot to say that Ed Lewis was along he having come to us shortly after we left camp. They used Sling Shots and Billeys on us to perfection. I got knocked down the first one. I was talking to one fellow when I was struck with a Sling Shot at the But of the ear and down went Mr. Reynolds. I got up again but was soon felled again. I got up two or three times but was knocked down as fast as I could raise. Jones and Sharp was Served in like manner. To tell the truth we was all Badly whipped. I had one eye [Banged?] shut and my Ears cut up [nasty?]. I was kicked in the ribs until I vomited a quart of Clotted Blood. But they could not make us Sing Enough any how. The Col Commanding Camp Copeland Said he would have the men arrested if he could find them. They did not a say a word to us. I am all right now. I had a Big row at [Keleysburg?] and one at Indiana but I came off conquered at both.

Well I must close. You need not tell any body about this. Good Night. Yours Truly

TR

[P.S.] Write Soon