



**MSS295 Thomas M. Reynolds letters to Louisa J. Seward, American Civil War Digital Collections: Letters, Special Collections, University of Delaware Library, Newark, Delaware.**

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



Fairfax Court House Va July 21<sup>st</sup>/63

My Dearest Lou

I fear I have already wearied you with writing short letters, and I daily promise myself to do better, but it now appears that I shall never have time again. Last week we were in Washington lodged in Splendid Barracks, but by the time we got everything fixed up the Regiment was ordered to move, from there we moved to Alexandria, where we laid in the mud about two days, and on Yesterday we reached this point after marching two days, very hard. And alas! the order has just come that we move again to-morrow.

Oh I am so tired of constantly marching that I hear an order with almost a shudder. My feet are worn out in fact the whole Regiment is what we in Camp would term "played out".

This day two years ago the first battle of Bull Run was fought, and that too within 6 miles of this place. I expect we will pass the old Battle ground to-morrow.

Lou I have been expecting a letter from you for several days and am now

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looking anxiously for the next mail which will reach us either to-night or in the morning

I wish I could again write you a long letter for I am fond of sitting and writing by the hour to absent ones. I could partly compensate for such a long, long separation, if I could only again have an opportunity of writing you all that I would wish to say. But thank Heaven I hope e'er long to see this infamous Rebellion utterly crushed, and then I know I shall not regret having suffered privations and endured hardships in the glorious cause of Our Country. Lou if I do not answer your letters promptly, or rather if I omit to reply to any remarks you might make you will pardon me. When I tell you that frequently I am compelled to read them (always twice) and then destroy them. It is beginning to grow dark I must close. You may address your letters to Washington D.C. and they will follow the Regiment.

I shall not get home for Camp Meetings as I had fondly hoped, and would have done, had we gone into Barracks to remain. But I am yet confident that in less than three months I will be with you.

See if I am not. I shall go to sleep thinking of the happiness in store for me, and doubtless dream of the absent. I must bid you good night. Oh! that I were on the steps of the stairway at your own home with light in hand. I know I should sleep sweetly! and of course I would smile as I disappeared through the door. Good Bye ever yours Tom.

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