

Stonewall Brig
Jan 26th [1864]

Dear Sister:

After many troubles, trials, and tribulations I am safely sconched, (a camp word) up in the old Stonewall Brigade and right heartily I was welcomed back by my old comrades. But I suppose I may as well begin at the beginning of my eventful trip and narrate my as they happened. Firstly in the first place after getting to the city [Lexington], I rolled aboard the coach and four with nine large persons in side, so you may imagine I was some mashed, though, as subsequent events will prove, managed to keep the "breff" in my body. After walking and riding in turns we managed to get to the far famed Cedar Grove. By the way I should have mentioned that one of the nine illustrious persons inside the stage was Miss Snodgrass herself who sat opposite me. Here, viz. Cedar Grove I determined to make an advance so I cautiously threw out my skirmishers and introduced myself; she did likewise, so we were soon tete-a-tete. All went on admirably until within a short distance of Brownsburg, when the stage went into a rut and Miss Snodgrass

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into my lap, fearing that she might suffer damage by a too sudden rebound what was more natural than to lay hold. But the stage having righted and the fair tiny ladies being all right side up with care we moved on harmoniously to Middlebrook where Miss Snodgrass got out at the head of the town and in taking out her trunk the boot of the stage was not well fastened, so when we started at a swift trot through the towm, out pops my box on the ground and Mrs. Barclays dried apples were soon walking all around the town.

After getting to the hotel, gathering up the remnants of my box and nailing it up again we were soon all right and arrived in Staunton without further horrors where I had to sleep on the floor.

The next morning got on train and arrived safely at Orange and thence to camp. As the mail courier has already been waiting on me some time I must close this rambling letter. Love to all,

Good bye,
A.T.B.