

Camp Stonewall Brig
March 2 [1864]

Dear Sister:

Having an opportunity of sending a letter by hand, though I have written this week, I thought I would give you a note.

We start on picket again day after tomorrow and as it has been raining and snowing for a day or so a walk of ten miles through the slush will not be very pleasant.

The snow fell here to the depth of eight or ten inches, but the rains have swept it all off, and the mud is now as deep as the snow was, but we soldiers do not grumble at mud as it will retard military movements as long as it lasts. You see we are as big cowards as ever. This thing of soldiers being anxious to engage the enemy, or as our papers term it "spoiling for a fight" is all a fudge; we are never anxious, but when it comes all will do their duty.

Gov. Vance delivered a speech to the North Carolina troops today. The day after the snow fell our division challenged Rodes for a snowball, which was accepted by them, and they, headed by their officers drove us off the field capturing our colors, but we could not let it stand thus so sending for Gen Walker, we formed again, and drove them through their camps recovering our colors and several of their officers.

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The only thing that happened to mar the pleasure of the day was an accident to Gen Doles who was knocked off his horse by a piece of mud which I suppose was rolled in a snowball.

How is the _____ on the subject of matrimony since Co. "C" left? I suppose it has died out unless the V.M.I. boys keep up the flame.

I suppose Ned Moore has been enjoying himself hugely. Has his furlough run out yet? I want to write to him as soon as he returns to camp and will not know when he returns as his camp is about thirty miles from ours, so I wish you would let me know.

I suppose my letters are very uninteresting as we have nothing but our own comforts and trials to relate and confined to our little sphere we have no news and know not what is engaging the attention of others who have free access to the world. A soldier is a little government by himself, has his own household duties to attend to, such as cooking, washing, mending, &c &c. I think the ladies should consider themselves fortunate who get an old infantry rebel for a husband; he could appreciate all the little curses which she would be subjected to in the management of household affairs. But my paper is out. Give my love to all friends. Your bro, A.T.B.