

Camp Stonewall Brigade.
April 6th [1864]

Dear Sister:

Yesterday we got to camp again from another tour of picket duty the most disagreeable time we have had this winter; it was snowing and raining alternately the whole time. On my arrival in camp I met Lacy just leaving and found my hat and a letter in the tent.

The hat fits very well and seems to be of very good material, so I suppose it will see me through this war if it lasts as well as my old one.

I heard from Sally, through somebody I dont know who, as I did not see him myself. He says that she is well, that was about all I heard.

I suppose Rockbridge is having a slight taste of the war now, as you have so many gallant cavalrymen with you, but I do not expect you will have the pleasure of entertaining them long as Mr. Grant seems disposed to try his fortune on this side of the Rapidan as soon as the weather will permit.

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But he will not be able to advance for a week or two at any rate as the roads are in a horrible condition at present and from the looks of the sky will be worse before better. As mother wants me to say everything about myself I will do the best I can, but it is a rather dry subject to write upon. I am very pleasantly situated in a mess of ten, with one of the number, Day, as cook. We eat twice a day, corn bread, sugar and coffee, with a moderate allowance of an animal familiarly known as hog which constitutes breakfast, which we have at eight o'clock A.M., take a smoke or more as circumstances will permit, lounge around, read whatever I can get hold of, indulge in edifying and interesting conversations with my chums. By this time Day cries "dinner," we assemble in the kitchen, a room 6 by 8, and you may know that this is some crowding but by all turning at the same time and the same way, each manages to get to the oven, take a piece of "dodger" dip it in a little grease and water mixed, take a piece of the aforementioned gentleman (I mean hog not one of the mess) about as big as your two fingers, eat, take a drink of water and retire from the kitchen at about two P.M., smoke along until about four when the mail comes, read the papers and letters if fortunate to get any.

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Make comments on the news and express our opinions quite freely about the blood and thunder editorials in the Richmond papers, smoke again and go to bed.

Program next day ditto, interspersed with the amusement of carrying wood on our shoulders.

As to clothing -- very well supplied, pants have a little hole in seat, but I expect to draw a pair in a short time; in the mean time I will have them patched. Have had my boots half soled and so my wardrobe is all right. My toe has gotten comparatively well, my health generally was never better, my appetite too good to suit the limited supply.

But I suppose you have gotten tired of this nonsense, and indeed is there not something of more importance than the health of the body, that which concerns the health of the mortal soul?

Am I so sure of having neglected no means of preserving that whilst all things are so convenient around me for my growth in grace? Nothing to distract my attention. There is nothing here to distract the attention, no excitement, the monotony of camp either serves to call our

attention to better things or as men having nothing else to do go to the card table as they say to pass the time.

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Have I as one of Gods soldiers upon earth kept my courage and alms efficient? Will I be able to stand the review of souls on the last day?

I feel that I have not done my whole duty to myself and my fellowmen. May God enable me to lead a more consistant and upright life.

I have read the life of Capt. White and Memoirs of Randolph Fairfax in the last week. Oh, that we all would live such pure and unapproachable lives.

I received the copy of the life of Capt. White sent by Aunt Phoebe, but had read it before that copy was sent me. Please return my thanks to her for this.

We are all gladdenened by the prospect of a speedy exchange; if we can get those who are now prisoners we will have quite a respectable company.

How does the Spring campaign work under the leadership of Mr. Wallace?

Raise us lots of bread and meat as [the love of] that is all we are afraid of now.

For if grub runs out we will have to cry "hold enough". And I expect to make a requisition on your smoke house occasionally, whenever opportunity presents.

Good bye,
Ted.