

- To sister October 30th 1861

Dear Sister:

Henry keeps telling me I ought to write home, when it seems that I write about twice a week and he about three times a week. I have nothing to write, only that I have just got up from a severe attack of fever and [?]. I had three if them and they came as near killing me as I want to be. I am so weak that I can scarcely walk about even now, four days after I had my last row, I was out of my senses a portion of the time, that is would act and talk foolishly and know it at the time, but could not help doing and saying what I did. Fred came from up the river a day or two ago and left his babe in a very low condition of health. He went back next day but he has not returned yet. I look for him this evening, I do not know whether his wife contemplates going to Georgia again this winter or not., but I think she does from the way Fred talks. She will come to camp again before she goes home.

All of the excitement about a fight's taking place here in a short time has ended as usual in smoke, though I see the papers continually hinting at it. They had the whole regiment up at one o'clock the other night with [?] , cartridge [?] and blankets behind the breast works, but it will end as usual I smoke. No gun powder smoke at that.

Fred received a negro boy, Robinson, from Tartersville the other day. It will make [?] that family in Jeffersonville and everywhere with all it's connections have servants to cook, except Jud and Henry. Jud is going to get one before long. It will be a great help too through this terrible winter. I will hate like blazes to cook the cold mornings that are to come. I would be willing to bear that excuse of having a negro from home myself if I had suitable one. Jennie would not being to do, to cook. I wish you could see the biscuits we cook sometimes. Blistered and burnt to a crisp and burnt up under the bottom and perfectly raw inside, even the very hogs refuse to eat them when thrown to them. [?] Tucker can cook them just like those at home.

I saw an account of Sis. Mary's death in the Macon Telegraph yesterday, the first time I heard of it. I was expecting and was not surprised consequently was not grieved, but the children, I weep for them. God knows I love them with my own life and I know they will feel the want of a mother's tenderness and care.

I must close, love to all.

Kit Anderson

I have not heard from home in more than a week.