

Yorktown, March 23rd, 1862

Dear Sister,

I have again come to the conclusion that it is my time to write once more to the loved ones of good old home. I have got nothing in the world to tell you, though I have selected this time to write. I heard from good authority to day that [?] are one hundred thousand troops at "Fortress Monroe" ready to make an advance. We have nearly fifteen hundred negroes working on the batteries and ramparts of this old place we have some splendid works now and not much danger of the Yankees ever whipping us from the land side. They could hardly get over the breastworks were we to let them and you know we will scarcely do that.

We are not having much of a time now, it rains everyday that comes nearly, and when it do not rain it is so cloudy that it might as well be raining so far as a pretty day is concerned. Every thing[sic] is as dull as a [frow?] with each Regiment except ours, who are a little jubilant at the prospect of leaving the peninsula for some [swore?] [?] inhospitable the clime, though I can't see how a southern portion of the Confederacy can be as inhospitable and unsympathizing as a more northern portion of it. Col. Colquitt is going to do everything in his power to get us away, into active service. He has sent Major Tracy to Richmond to see about getting us off. I expect when we get away, there will be many a sigh for the cursed plains of Yorktown. Henry gave me such a horrible description of the way the soldiers [hired?] at Manassas that I made up my mind to be contented with my present lot. I think we are getting along first rate from the way the other soldiers fare. Henry got a letter Billie Gibson yesterday giving him an account of their life in S. Ca. I am willing to leave here for either or any of the states south for them I feel more like I am fighting for good old Georgia, thought I ought to wish to keep the enemy as far from the [?] to hold as possible. You have no idea how destructive an army of either friend or foe is to a country in which it stays or through to which it passes. Fences and pailings are torn down for fire wood or gardens and fields robbed of its edible produce, chickens and fowls of every description also pigs and lambs stolen, killed and cooked. They are even worse than beasts and is serves that they infect everything that comes in their reach with their rapacious and plundering disposition. The people around them become stingy, hard hearted rapacious wretches, trying to squeeze every cent out of the soldier (private) that they can get; but the soldier, thus imposed on brings a fearful

retribution upon their heads for such greediness and closed fistness in the way of depriving the old misers of their peaches, apples, potatoes, greens, peas, roasting ears, and watermelons, sugarcane. The people sell everything they can and at an enormous profit too. I would not have a regiment stationed in your neighborhood not for a considerable sum of money. They would [?] the last plantation you have got and the citizens treated with every indignity. If I were to see any of my male friends and relatives treated as [niggardly?] as these informal Comdg. officers some of these citizens I do not think it would be long before I would have to go into the guard house, handcuffed and tied for my life for insulting an officer. I could not begin to see Brother Marcus, Dr. R. or Mr. P. treated that way without a row.

We have not received a letter from you in two weeks and I am very anxious for information about that flower. Did you get it? If so send it back please with the desired information. I want to hear from home by the way besides that why don't "Sissie" and Adela write to us? They write very, very interesting letters. They tell us every little interesting incident that takes place at home and in the neighborhood which make me so glad to get one of their letters, I think they improve rapidly in composition and a pretty hand write too. Things that you would not think of putting in your letter, they insert it and make it doubly interesting. Tell them to write often to us, their letters will be promptly replied to.

Four little Yankee boys were brought in a few minutes ago. They average from the size of Edward Richardson up to [S. ? Lawson?]. They report one hundred and twenty thousand men at Old Point, Newport News and Fort Monroe. They were caught by our pickets today [sic] in a house not far from Newport News. I went in to get something to eat and were caught if the pickets had been a little sooner they would have gotten a great many others. They were uniformed in blue. I do not know the Regiment they belong to, though they say it come from Alexandria. They also report that all the troops at Alexandria were removed to Old Point, for what objects[sic] I have not heard. They will be taken to Richmond to morrow[sic] morning. I wonder what their fathers and mothers will think of that. They will be made to feel the weight of the war too, and would to End! The whole nation had the same to do such in the consequence of sending little children off the army. How would you or Mrs. Richardson feel if Charlie or Edward were taken by the Yankees and carried off? Good Bye. Love to all. Give my best respects to Dr. R. and Mr. Peek also their families.

C.C. Anderson

