

Camp Near Guinea's Station, May 19th
1863

My Dear Sister:-

You must excuse my rumples paper, it got mashed up so in [?] Knapsack. I using it as a pillow every night. Well, we are having no news to break the monotony of camp life. Every thing is getting along quietly. I received a letter from you yesterday evening, written on the 8th the very day I mailed my first to you after the battle, I presume you have found [?] this, that I am still in the land of the living When I read your letter, though there was nothing particular to make one sad, yet I could not but feel sad to read it, I know not why, probably the thought that poor Henry was still filling a grave dug by me sympathizing strangers, soldiers who had been taught for the last three years to look upon a fallen comrade as nothing more than a dead Hog. When I went on the field, I looked on the hundred of graves around me and wondered if there had even been one solitary tear of sympathy shed over them. I them wished Henry to be buried where his Mother, Father, Sisters, Brothers and friends could visit his grave, drop a tear on it over their soldier boy, and cause his brothers to emulate his proud example. If you wish it I shall have his body exhumed and carry it home, whenever I can get furlough, which will not be till next winter at the very shortest. Getting a furlough is entirely out of the question now. I might get one, were I to be wounded, but you know I would not like to pay such a price for a furlough, I hope and pray God, that I may go through the war untouched, but when ever I think of the murderous battles to [?] fought by this army, I almost despair if surviving the struggle of even this year, _ It requires great faith for a man to go through all of them, without being hurt, but I honestly believe it has sustained me so far, for whenever I went into the fights, I did it as coolly and calmly as I would do a piece or work for you, I do not remember of ever having lost confidence but once in a battle and that was at Sharpsburg, where I came very near being a coward. I could not see how Providence could possibly shield me in such a storm of bullets, but [Hed?], through his infinite wisdom and mercy, saved me from destruction. I sometimes fear the will [?] me in the next battle, by allowing me to be hurt, for my want of faith and gratitude to Him. Ah! I sometimes think, if I was perfectly prepared to meet Him, what a hero I would make myself in these battles, but I am afraid I am not prepared to die. I have often made the resolution that if God would only spare me to get home alive, and bring this war

to a close that I would try to show my gratitude to Him by being a good and useful man, with His assistance. Genl. Jackson is dead, I was on Pickette with my whole Regt. the night he was shot and was in a few hundred yards of him when he was fired on, but we did not shoot, _ it was the pickettes in front of us. When he was fired on I never heard such a roar of musketry in my life, and you may know, that my Regt. which was the second line of skirmishes, caught the full benefit of all the stray shots of the Yankees, which were not a few by any means. While I was going along through the pine thicket that night, Saturday night, the 2nd I heard a man groaning near me, I went to see if I could not relieve him somewhat if possible. when I go there, he turned out to be a Yankee, I asked him several questions, such as where he was shot, if it pained him much &c. all of which he answered promptly, I asked him could I do any thing to alleviate – his suffering, did he want water or any thing? “Oh! no, no, no,” was his reply, “water will do me no good” and I started off from him through the bushes, when he called me back and asked me if I would do him a favour, I said “yes, if it is a reasonable one, ofcourse,” He asked me to take my gun and blow his brains out or put a bullet through his head, I rather that he was suffering so much, that he did not wish to live, I told him my business was not to murder helpless men, but to kill those who were trying to kill me, also that he had to put his foot in the hobble, now he must abide the consequences, and I left him. He had his thigh broken by a bullet. Another who asked a Louisiana soldier to do him the same favour got his wish gratified, for he sooner did he ask the rebel to kill him, than to draw his Bowie Knife and cut his throat from ear to ear and asked the other wounded Yankees, who were lying near “if any of the gentlemen wanted the same favour done them?” No one said yes. I will put in this the receipt for that Box. Write soon, and give your whole opinion of Miss Nannie Battle. Be private about it.

Yours Aff,

C.C. Anderson

While you were in church the Sunday the note was read to the congregation that the Yankees were advancing on Route, at the very hour. I was shooting the Yankees as [avidly?] as I could.