

Camps Near Guineas Station Va.

May 10<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Sister:-

I wrote you a letter on the battle field the other day, giving you almost full particulars of the battle. I left out a few little things, that probably would have been of interest to you. The other morning while we were behind the breastworks, the tidings and not unwelcome one either, came, that the Yankees had gone back across the river. We then took up the line of march for old camps and were until two o'clock at night getting there. We marched through rain, mud and water knee deep nearly the whole way. It was as dark a night as I ever saw, raining the whole time. My feet were blistered and I was galled so badly that I had to fall out about ten o'clock at night, and take my time about it. One of my company fell out with me and we jogged along together. I was wringing wet from my waist down to my feet, keeping my shoulders and body dry with an India Rubber cloth, that I had just gotten from among the Yankee knapsacs. Colquitt's Brigade was scattered along the road for or six miles in the negro homes bams, cribs, stables, farm houses and every where else. It was shameful, the way he marched us, \_ officers and men began to curse from Colonel down to privates. Finally they began to tell the men, to do just as they \_\_\_\_\_ please, march or stop either, they did not care a \_\_\_\_\_. Colquitt's object was to get to a Mr. Dickinson's where he would have a good warm bed to sleep on. Although I was so mad, and suffered so much I could not help but laugh, to hear some unlucky fellow, curse the world and Colquitt too, when he would happen to make a misstep, and fall flat in the mud and water. Timmie made one of those blind steps, and fell head foremost off of a bridge into the creek and went floating on down, but finally swam out. He is now a few steps from me, lying under a shade grunting as usual, with a very severe cold, the consequence of that night's march. I too have been in bed for the last two days, with cold though I feel much better to day. I came very, losing the subject [sic]. We kept moving on, my companions and myself, thinking we were behind every body, but when we got to the camping ground, not a sign of a fire could be seen any where, \_ we were ahead of every body else. We went to the butcher pen near by, and found a rail pen with a fire place to it. \_ we took an old door, spread our India rubbers down, wrapped our blankets around us and tried to sleep, wet as we were, but

[“\_\_\_\_\_? \_\_\_\_\_ time.”] As luck would have it, two of the Baker Fire Eaters came with some fire to take lodgings in the same pen, They built a large fire and we got up and dried ourselves, & slept comparatively comfortably during the remainder of the night. Strange to say, I never wished for home but once, during the night, and that was when I was cold, tired, sleepy, and contrasted my situation then, with that at home. I wondered if Sister was thinking, what a time I was having then, the time of night not crossing my mind. The hardest time of all, was when we were going to the rear of the evening on Saturday, the [2<sup>nd</sup> inst.?] I counted forty five men who had fainted, within the distance of one mile. I received a letter from you Friday, containing the stamps. You still cling to the idea, that I do not like to be advised. Will you allow me to dispel that delusion? The harrowing thought is ever present with me, that I am not as good as I might be, that I have let slip so many favorable opportunities of being a good man, of correcting that bad disposition of him, also the thought of becoming demoralized in the army to a very great extent adds fresh torture to my already pained heart. I have formed resolution after resolution of doing better, but have always left out, “God helping me.” [?] wish to be good man for your sake, if not for my own. How thank full I ought to be, that God spared to me two good friends, who always kept a vigilant watch over my moral welfare. I ask the prayer of those two friends in my behalf.

Did I write you that I had marked the wrong grave for Henry's? Mr. Thigpen knew the grave, for he selected the spot himself, and had a private mark for it, by running a bayonet under the ground at the head of it. When we went back there he found that we had marked another grave, and also found his own mark still remaining. Mr. Lewis of Sparta Ga. the gentleman whom he was with, promised to change the stone, as soon Mr. T. could see me. He then went to Mr. L. to change it which I presume he did. I know the grave myself now. Mr. T. said he was more certain about that grave, than he was of any other on the field. I expect you had better send after Henry for reasons given in a former letter. If you wish to know more about the case, write to Mr. A. M. Thigpen, Chaplain 6<sup>th</sup> Ga. Regt. whenever you are uncertain where I am, always state Co. Regt. Brigade, Division (Rhodes) and Richmond Va. on the back of the letter & it will be sure to reach me.

Timmie out grows any negro you ever saw. He weighs about one hundred and forty or fifty pounds. I exactly one hundred and eighty. I must close. Love to all.

Your Aff. Brother

Kit. C. Anderson