April 18th, 1863

Dear Sister,

Henry wants me to add a postscript and let you about the fight that took place the day before yesterday at Manassas, about two miles from here.

I have nothing to say about it only we drove them back three times and their troops must be whole. Supt. Rains got a dispatch from one of his scouts yesterday saying that as near as it could be ascertained that our loss is killed, wounded and missing was one hundred and one thousand from two to five hundred. None of the dead have been buried yet as neither side will permit the other to do so. They have been firing at each other even since the battle was fought—a man dare not put his head above the breast high. The dead are lying in heaps every where but no one will go to them. Two men happened to get from behind the works yesterday and a shell came along and cut one nearly into two and knocking half of the other's head off. The first was a captain, the other a private.
We are all confident of victory, but how long the siege will last no one knows. There was very sharp firing at Myrick's Mills last night. Such a roaring of musketry you never heard in your life. I suppose you have been close to waterfalls, the sound of musketry at was as regular as that and a great deal louder. The same thing took place last night at Myrick's Mills. The enemy were trying to cross a dam right in front of our men but drove back again.

It is reported that one of the Georgia Regiments and a Virginia Regiment are like turkeys. I believe it to be true.

The 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 20th, 23rd, 27th, 28th, 30th Georgia Regiments are all here, which one of these Regiments ran, I don't know.

The 3rd and 8th Regts. charged on the enemy one day before yesterday again and drove them up to their pikes into the cove.

The Yankees shelled no less and Yorktown yesterday evening, but hurt no one. I was or happened to be at the most exposed place, and the one they were shooting at, you ought to have run and not fall behind a tree. They killed in the air
just over my head. The men were as thick on the breast works that they thought they could shoot and hurt everybody, but they missed it. Whenever the cannoneers fired you ought to hear the ludicrous remarks made by the men. They always run behind something then. We are looking for the "bloody tragedy" every day now. The fleet will not come in range of our guns at all. But lay off, this riddle out of the range and shoot us like Indians with their "long range." One of theircárelos are aground and in range of our guns, but seems we can't hit it.

Good by. Love to all—excuse my "scrip script" I will send you at all of the cannoneers if I can get one.

Env Poc Thom

C. L. Anderson

Nickle Ashbury came and called on Henry this morning before I had got out of bed—quite an agreeable surprise to him. Rev. Lawen, the Event boy and all the Houston Co. Whiskey are here. My respects,
Who is the donor of that flower?
Please tell me about your friend.
Do not know, but thinks I know.