

Beauford, SC

September 3, 1862

Dear Friends,

I have been as mad as a March hare and the other day wrote a letter to you under that state of mind. I had had no letter from home for an awful long time. Last night a mail arrived and with it came five letters from you beginning with the one on the 1st of August. Papers I don't receive at all. Once in a while a package of Americans come to land but that is all. I am glad to learn you are all in good health. Mine stills continues excellent and spirits equally so. The news we received by the last mail is rather depressing, but I don't believe the half of it. At all events I look for particulars before I form an opinion. We were ordered North and today would have been on the road to Virginia but another Steamer came last night and countermanded the order so that we are doomed to remain here inactive a while longer. How long, God only knows but I hope but a short time as I desire to be where there is something to be done besides court marshalling for myself and guarding niggers for my men. They as well as myself are tired of it.

I am now acting as Judge Advocate of the entire department. It keeps me very busy and takes a good deal of attention from my Company. I am tired of it and would like to get rid of it but General Brannan took me down to see General Hunter last week and I know I cannot get off. I am afraid Hunter will detail me for his staff, which will raise a fuss in the Company. There is a fuss in the 35th Pa Regt and some of the line officers wanted to make me Major which would give me command of the regiment as the Col is to be court marshalled and the Lieut. Col is a prisoner in [illegible]. My men got to hear of it and would not let me think of it. So I am doomed to remain a Captain till the end of the war. Well I would rather be the Captain of Co C in the 47th Regiment than be a Colonel in any other Regiment I know of. I think there is no doubt but that we have by all odds the best Regiment in the service. Certainly on a drill nothing can touch us and as regards health, we surpass everything I have yet seen. I was much pleased with General Hunter. He is a gentleman and a fine soldier but too much given to niggerism.

If there is anybody in town that wants to come down let them report to Major Gansler at Allentown. However, I do not care about getting more than 4 or 5 but will take more if they come.

I saw a tent up town the other day with a sign upon it of likenesses taken. I will go up some of these days and have my mug[?] done up for you. However, if you don't know it, you need not be surprised, as if my hair was black and slightly curled. I would make a pretty good Mulatto. Southern [illegible] plays Job with light countenances. So look out when it comes.

We have nothing especially new here. My men were out on picket two days and just came in on Monday. They had a nice time and lived high on sweet potatoes and oysters. They amused themselves in daytime by shooting at the Rebel pickets on the other side of the Broad River. Five shot at Lieut Oyster at once and not one of them hit him. The distance was [illegible] great [illegible] guns threw across easy. None of my men were hurt, nor in fact any in the Regiment. The rebels I think were not so fortunate.

Your box has not yet arrived, but I think it is at the Head, having arrived on the last Steamers. I hope so as everything on the [illegible] of niceties are getting scarce here. Oysters are getting good however and we have millions of them. Also oranges sweet potatoes [illegible] will live with for a while.

I got a letter from Annie this morning, written while with you. I will answer it in a few days. Also one from Uncle P.M.[?]. I would like to know what became of my canes over[?] that box. I would not have taken \$20 for my cane, as it was a present.

My men are all in good health. Joe Smith has a sore foot, and John with the fever. All the rest are in fighting condition. Write soon and direct via New York. Bully for Jesse Simpson. Remember me [illegible] friend

Yours

JG Shindel Gobin