

Camp Griffin, Va.

December 23, 1861

Dear friends,

Uncle Ben starts for home this afternoon, and I will write a few lines to give you the news. I have made an application for a furlough but the General informed me this morning that he thought it would be impossible for me to get off at present [unreadable] as my presence is required here. From what he informed me I am inclined to believe there will be a move of our division in a few days and we be allowed to gain some of the honors now being showered upon the Bucktail Regt. I have assisted Bill to get one but cannot tell whether he will succeed or not. Since my examination the General seems to think a good deal of me and stated that although he would like very much to oblige me, yet at the present time circumstances were against it.

Uncle Ben will tell you all the news and how we are getting along - how we live on. I am in good health and spirits. I hope Mother is well again. I should have liked to have seen Annie but it is not my fault I did not. Never mind though I will try and spend my birthday at home and then come and see her.

We are expecting a move any day. On Friday we ran six miles to join the fight but the Bucktails and 6th, 12th & 9th Pennsylvania boys had them whipped before we got there.

Our turn must come soon, I think, as the Rebels are getting too impertinent. Write soon and remember me to all friends.

Yours truly,

J. P. Shindel Gobin