

Beaufort. S. C.
July 20. 1862.

Dear friends,

This is an awful hot day, such
an one as you never saw or felt in the North.
I eat a hearty dinner of roast chickens, sweet
potatoes, corn, and green fig pie, and after
having smoked two or three cigars tried to
sleep, but it was no go. The weather is too
warm even for that. So I concluded to
write and answer your letters of the 6th which
I received this morning, as I came in from
picket. I spent last night about 4 miles
above here with my company, picketing Salt
Water creek, and its junction with Broad River.
We were in the midst of cotton and corn
fields, and sugar hamlets. The boys always
fare well, but the sand flies, fleas and
mosquitoes are so bad you can scarcely live.
I rode around the country from one post
to another all night, smoking cigars and
eating water melons between times. About ten
o'clock I visited a concourse of contrabands
engaged in a prayer meeting. A room
about the size of our parlor was packed
to its utmost capacity with all ages.
One venerable looking doct^r, lay off. He

Although their worship is not of the most refined order, yet no one can doubt their sincerity. I do not know when I have enjoyed such a musical treat as their singing was. It was really harmonious and I never heard it equalled. Those old familiar, revival tunes, were made to echo and re-echo through the woods in a manner utterly indescribable. The night was dark, and the cabin situated in the midst of tall pines, the rustling of the breeze through the tops of which seemed to unite in concord. I listened to the prayer of the leader and the manner in which he poured forth his illiterate petition to the throne of Grace for the success of our arms and the release of his race from thralldom was really affecting. Impressed almost involuntarily by the solemnity, I spread my gun blanket on the ground, threw myself upon it, and gave myself up to thought. In a short time, I had almost reviewed my entire life. My thoughts reverted to scenes of boyhood joy, and home comforts. And a sigh almost escaped me. Coupled with a wish that I could again behold them, I was shortly roused by the shrill cry of "Who Comes Here" - the spell was dissolved, and I awoke.

To my feet, and with revolver in hand
awaited the reply. It came "a friend" and
mounting my horse, I once more resumed
my watch for Rebels.

We have nothing particularly
new here. A Contraband came in the other
day with a Charleston paper, stating that the
Rebels had evacuated Richmond. How true
it is I cannot say. I suppose you know
all about it North. Most of the troops have
left here for Virginia. Whether or not we will
go I cannot say, but I think not. I think
Brannen and his command will be kept here
to hold this place. It is a very pleasant place
and I do not care about leaving while it is
so warm. I have my tents furnished, nicely,
equal to any found in the North. Spring
seat chairs and Mahogany tables are common.
I saw the death of Susan Ann Melvareicks in
an Allentown paper we got here. I sympathize
with the family in their deep bereavement. Poor
Susan, the race was short, but she is out of trouble.

The drum I sent by Bookin's is mine. I want
it taken care of. The trip in it also belong to
me. My epaulettes and some bed clothes I did
not need. Also a couple shells and a ruler
I had made at Key West. Take good care
of the latter.

Did you get the box of Coral and the strings I
sent by Capt Reek. He says he gave them to a
hat peddler from Allen town to take up.

Enclosed find
2 photographs. Take good care of them. I have
several goods that I will send home by Express
this week. We have an express office here, and
any box you want to send will come all right. If
you send one, direct it to Main St Port Royal, S.C.

The 45th Regt have gone to Virginia. The Band
were all up to see me. They all look well, particularly
Ed Bucher. They do not like their Regiment
however. Charley Brumm who is a Lieutenant
in the 76th P.V. came to see me last week. I was
glad to see him. He tells me he is married to Virginia
James. The Sumbury American came last night. It
is hard to get papers here. I wish you would occasionally
send me some. I suppose Annie is at home
today. I wish I could look in a minute
or two. Write soon, to Port Royal, S.C.

P.S. Gen Brannen has given
me my old office, and I
hold a Court martial
tomorrow, 21st.

Yours

Samuel