

LETTER FROM CHARLESTON.

MOULTRIE HOUSE, Jan. 27th, 1861.

DEAR HERALD:—My quarters are now with the Abbeville Volunteers, commanded by Capt. Jas. M. Perrin. I am well pleased, both with the officers and men. There is quite a number of the legal profession in our company. We counted yesterday and found nine lawyers on our roll. No doubt many of our countrymen wish the balance were with us.

It makes me feel funny, and ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~whimsical~~ ^{whimsical}. It reminds me of the kind made my mother when I was a boy. My neighbor, Shell, would say, "you think you're mighty proud." I'm sure my sweetheart would think so.

We are ~~sure~~ not to suffer any here for want of exercise. Our officers seem to think that the safety of our new Republic depends upon drilling. It will cure any of us of indigestion, who are able to undergo the fatigue. A good many leave, their constitution not being able to bear it. Your correspondent is able to hold his own with them.

We can visit the city occasionally, and also our friends in the other companies. Our up country friends, visiting the city, also call on us, and meet a hearty welcome. It is hoped that none of them will fail to call on us, when they can. It is quite refreshing to hear from our friends at home.

Our location at the Moultrie House affords a view of all the shipping coming into port. The *Columbia*, for New York, ran ashore within one hundred yards of us last Friday, and is now fast in the quick sand. She is unloading her cotton and rice. Many of our men visited her yesterday, and Capt. Berry treated them finely with the best of drinkables. Some of our men got very wet attempting to board her. The waves on the beach are not to be trusted.

It is thought that if no fighting is to be done