



Pensacola Fla., July 26th '62.

Dear Elizabeth:

To-day is Saturday, & it is two weeks to-day since I was ordered from Pickens with my company to join our Regiment. In many respects the change is a pleasant one. For the first time since I left home I am living in a house; & perhaps you will be interested to know how I got it. First let me tell you where our encampment is. We have decidedly the best location of any part of the Brigade, being at the public square in the east part of the city, in the immediate neighborhood of which are the churches & some fine residences. The Colonel's Head Quarters are in one of these residences on the west of the square, & all the other Officers occupy houses facing the square or within one or two streets of it. The Companies are all encamped in vacant lots on the west, north & east sides of the square, the square itself level & sodded being left entirely free for drills & parades. My company is in a finely shaded lot at the south east corner of the square, & only the distance of one block from the shore of the Bay. The house I occupy is on the street that runs east from my company quarters, the second house from the corner. It is on the north side of the street & of course fronts towards

the Bay. It is a one story cottage with high ceilings. There are two front rooms, both opening onto a high & wide veranda with lattice work at both ends. From this stoop I have a fine view of the Bay & of Santa Rosa Island. Back of each front room is a bed room, so much smaller than the front ones as to leave space for a dining room between them into which a door opens from each front room. This dining room has been all open to the rear some day, but is now filled with lattice work. This constitutes the whole house. The kitchen & all that pertains thereto, according to prevailing Southern custom, is in another building to the rear. Now let me tell you how I got it. I discovered it was unoccupied, & succeeded in getting one of the blinds open & could see it was clean & nice & was just what I wanted & when I wanted it. I then ascertained it was the property of the Spanish Consul resident here, & at the suggestion of the Provost Marshall I called on the gentleman to obtain permission to occupy it. He would not listen to it a moment unless I would pay him ten dollars a month rent. So I changed the subject, & praised the fine grounds of the place he occupied & admired his orange trees loaded with fruit &c &c & parted with him pleasantly. I then sought help from the powers that be, after this style. I addressed a polite note to the Adjutant General, applying thro' him to the General Commanding for quarters. I then added

that a certain house near my company quarters, owned by the Spanish Consul & at present unoccupied, would answer my purpose. I obtained to this the written endorsement of Lieut. Col. Merrill, & then sent it thro' the proper channels to Genl. Arnold. Presently it came back with the endorsement, "The Provost Marshall will obtain the keys of the house mentioned within, & put Capt. Porter in possession of the same." I took it to the Provost, & he sent his "Sub." with the document thus endorsed to the Spanish Consul. The Gentleman was rabid. He delivered up the keys under protest, & it is expected war with Spain will grow out of this trivial circumstance!! Well I got the house, & don't feel very bad about it either, for we all know the proprietor to be a rabid secessionist. When I pay him two dollars a month rent for it he will know it! Will you come & live with us? I am alone & lonely, & greatly need help & happiness; & I know from long experience that you can supply both in exhaustless quantities. Will you come? When will you come? Can you not arrange matters at home so as to spend the winter with us? Please give me information on the subject at your earliest convenience!!! I have but one man in the house with us, who keeps my establishments in order, cooks for us, washes all my clothes except my linens, & is my servant generally. I have not been situated before quite so much to my notion as I am now.

And I don't think it will be very expensive for me either. Heretofore, in our messes, our board has cost us from 10 to 15 dollars a month. It don't seem now as if it woud cost me about as much as that. To be sure I have to board my cook, but then he turns in his "rations in kind," & this helps very much. For instance, his daily ration of new bread is more than we can both use. If I only had one of my own cows here, I could live. Milk keeps up to 20 cents a quart. I have a half pint left every morning for 5 cents. But the cows in this climate only give 2 or 3 quarts, & it is poor at that & sours quickly & raises no cream. But I have good coffee nevertheless. I have trained my cook from the snow burning to the short boiling, & he has it about right every morning & every noon. To be sure it is not like yours, but it is much better than any thing I have seen a soldier have before. If you don't believe it, come & try a cup. What I need most now is a supply of decent butter. All we can get is from one of the sutlers, & it is put up in little stone jars with a cover fitted in & filled over with plaster of Paris. Each jar holds about two pounds & costs twelve shillings! Butter cannot be sent here in bulk & come out right. It gets very hot in the hole of the vessel, & the constant rolling of the vessel keeps it chucking, & by the time it gets here it is oil & not butter. Let me suggest that you have some tin cans made, about 4 inches diameter & a foot high, with the top turned over ready for soldering on a flat cover. Put the butter in little by little & pack it solid with a stick as you do your winter crockes for

yourself, & when filled take them to Mr. Terrill & have the covers soldered on. You can send 2 or 4 according to your supply of butter, & have Grandpa or somebody fill them in a box before they are filled, ready to pack after they are taken to the city & soldered. I don't care how soon you start this by Express. Did you preserve the address I sent you? Every thing must be sent to "Care Col. D.D. Thompkins, Quartermaster General, N. Y. City." You must prepay charges to N. Y.; after that every thing comes to us free.

And now I have a sad tale to tell you, that will send your sensation & sympathizing heart. In the last line I wrote you when Hudson went, two weeks ago yesterday, I believe I told you that the vessel with our boxes had come. The very next day I was ordered to Ponce de Leon, & the packages also for the regiment were transferred to our steamer & brought up. There were two for me, but all I could do was to send them to my quarters, and await an hour of leisure. It was almost night when we got here, & I was not relieved from care & duty till 11 o'clock. Then I found myself alone, & prepared myself for an hour of perfect bliss in reading your letters & examining little mementoes of cherished love. I opened the small package first, & I found it to be the Bloomfield contribution of maple sugar of which I am so fond, & three delicious peaches. I could see that the letter paper around the peaches was covered with writing, but so stained that I could not make out the first word, & could not even tell whether it was your writing or Harriet's. I

puzzled & puzzled over it, & finally gave it up in despair. In this state of mind I went for relief & comfort to the box and knocked off the cover, & here a still greater disappointment awaited me. The first thing I saw was a letter with a strange address. It turned out to be a very pretty note from "Stapleton, Pearson, & all the boys in the store", with compliments & kind regards. The box contained Mrs. Ferrell's Jar, Worcesterian Sauce, Pepper Sauce, half dozen Guava Jelly, Figs, Nuts &c. It was very handsomely done, & very gratifying, but oh, dear me, in the circumstances what a disappointment! I had allowed myself to be wrought up so high in expectation, that the long fall was all the harder. I could have cried with grief - I will not say I did. I will explain as well as I can about your packages. The "Cahawba" was here a week or two days before the vessel & before Hudson went. Before she was entirely unloaded the Quarter Master of this Post ordered her to Key West after Buns & Rice &c in which we were getting short. When she got to Key West, the Quarter Master of that Post sent these supplies to us by another vessel & ordered the "Cahawba" on to N. Y. In this accidental way, my boxes & a great many others went back north. The "Cahawba" is now due here again, so that we again hope to be in possession soon of our coveted property.

I have not time to write more to day. Our latest war news puts Mc Lellan in his new position on the James River. From my way of writing you may discover that I expect now to spend the winter here at least. Now adieu. Lovingly.



Mrs. Lansing Porter,
Auburn,
Cayuga Co. N. Y.