

How I missed  
in not bring' all  
you picture. I  
right to have had not  
only you, but all our  
family friends. How  
I wish I had  
of the time  
of your  
face! Is it  
possible to  
have seen?

Camp Edward, Jan. 17. '62.  
Friday, 11<sup>th</sup> o'clock, A.M.

Dear Elizabeth:

When the drum beat a

little while ago for "Officer Drill", I was in conversa-  
tion with Major Babcock, who by the way is obliged  
to drill with us, & is a very gentlemanly & agreeable  
man whom I like very much. I say we were together,  
were both a little tardy in reaching the left wing  
where the ranks are formed. Being tardy, we were ~~not~~  
ignorant of the plan that was proposed & perfected dur-  
ing the five minutes before the command is given to  
"fall in". We were there barely in time to get our places  
in the ranks & answer to our names as the roll was  
called. We were marched down the avenue, but instead  
of continuing on to our drill ground near the <sup>opposite</sup> Fort,  
the Lieut. Col. filed us to the left & brought us  
into line & halted us directly in front of head  
quarters. The moment we halted, some one, I think it  
was Judge Dwight, made a motion that Capt. Porter  
be delegated to wait on the Col. & obtain if possible  
a release from officer drill for to-day, to afford opportunity  
to write more for this mail whose closing is now post-  
poned to 2 o'clock. I considered the selection a compliment,

I did the deed with utmost grace. The plan was suc-  
cessful. The Col. himself came out, & with pleasant  
smile commanded us to "break rauke", & each man  
hurried to his tent to resume the pen. I trust you  
will not be displeased at the additional informal scribble.  
What I write don't seem to amount to much; & yet to tell  
as in the preceding, just what happened & just how it  
happened, may give you a more accurate view of our  
mode of life here than I could impart in any other  
way. - The last I hear of you & of ours is through  
Adj'tant Lawing from his sister Mrs. Griewold. And it  
concluded in a very pleasant confirmation of the successful  
carrying out of your plans. In your last letter dated  
Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> you spoke of the missionary meeting that was to  
be held on Friday, & Libbi in her letter says you were  
all going. Well, Mrs. Griewold in her letter to her brother  
describes that very meeting, & in the course of it says  
Mrs. Porter was there "looking as sweet as ever" (her very  
language) & her three dear children with their heads all  
down in prayer time &c &c. Do you know how much  
good this little coincidence did <sup>me</sup> confirmatory as it was  
of the fact that you were living right along according to your  
daily plan, whether I heard from you directly about it or not.

By the way, may I add in the connection, that this  
letter of Mrs. Griewolde, portions of which her brother  
read to me, was one of the sweetest & most precious letters  
I ever saw. The is no common woman. By this last arrival  
he had a letter from her dated as late as the 26<sup>th</sup> but  
from some place at the east. She sent him also a paper,  
& in the paper a little worn shoe taken right off worn from  
the little foot of his littlest child. The Adjutant was  
jubilant over it & half crazy. He would kiss it & smell of  
it & hug it, & do all sorts of foolish things. Don't wonder  
at it, for I tell you that anything that reminds us of our  
wives & our children here excites us beyond control. Oh, this  
life here without these wanted appendages is horrible beyond  
expression. Just think of it, 2000 men on an island a-  
lone without women or children, totally & effectually iso-  
lated from women & children by water which is a non-  
conductor. It is the most unnatural & torturing con-  
dition a male man was ever put in; & in some future  
letter when other material is scarce I propose writ-  
ing you an elaborate & exhaustive dissertation  
on the scientific & scandalous subject. Dinner  
calls & I pause in my epistle —

Hav just come in from supper. You see it was reported  
after dinner that the sailing of the steamer was again delayed  
till to-morrow morning, so I saved this last page for a  
last word at the last hour. We hav been on battallion  
drill all the afternoon & I am tired. We are allowed to drill  
in our fatigue suits; & although I wear nothing now but these  
loose flannel shirts without any wrapper I get very sweaty.  
In fact there is no winter here. There were 3 or 4 pretty cold  
nights soon after we got here, & once thin ice formed. But aside  
from that there is hardly an approach to frost. At this moment  
it is as mild out doore as May. The frogs are singing in all  
the low places precisely as they do at the north in spring &  
summer. And as I look up from my writing, the top of my  
tent is covered with skipping flies. I repeat, there seems to be no  
winter here, & it is hard for me to realize that you are suf-  
fering at this very moment with such cold weather. - We occasion-  
ally have some fun & frolic as well as fire & fury. The officers  
of our wing are just now having a tall time out in our avanue.  
Capt. Fitch is Officer-of-the-day, & a mile or lie right over has just  
been sent up from the Fort. It seems to be a vicious beast, & refused  
to let two ride at once. But they are determined to break it in,  
& a very exciting & amusing pitched battle is in progress. The way  
some of them get tumbled head over heels into the sand is a caution to  
all aspirante. They are having a very jolly & triumphant time of it. Before I  
write again, I shall doubtless be in receipt of your delayed letter. I live in hope  
that they are close by in some other vessel. One more, dear wife & children, good-by -



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