

Santa Rosa, Dec. 17. '61 -
Tuesday morning -

Dear Elizabeth:

The *Baltic* expects to sail some time in the course of the day, & our friend Nelson Fitch is obliged to go aboard this morning with our last letters. What a pile he takes! The number from the whole regiment ~~the number~~ must be nearly 2000.

Most of our men landed Saturday, & we had a shocking time of it. Since the bombardment, the rebels fire on every thing that attempts to land near the fort, so that the *Baltic* was obliged to anchor some three miles up the island; & as she draws 25 fathoms of water she had to lie $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from shore. Every thing has to be landed on the beach in small boats, & our troops went in lots of 25 or 50 according to size of boats. The surf on the shore is heavy all the time, & the

landing was not a little hazardous & full of fun. As we approached the shore a half dozen of the sailors had to jump overboard & swim or paddle as best they could with a line, & were met by a lot of others from the shore, to pull the boat in as far as possible, & then every man had to jump & do the best he could for himself. If a heavy surf overtook him down he must go, & be wet from head to heel, in some cases losing their guns. My own experience of course was good. I watched my chance & jumped directly behind a large wave & then run for dear life, & got to shore just before the next breaker caught me. My pantaloons were thoroughly wet half way up, but no water got into my boots, & I escaped all harm. Two boats full of men swamped, that is filled with water in the breakers before the men could get out, & of course they were all wet thro' & through. Sibley was in one of those

I got at work as a rat, with his parade suit,
nice cloak & all. But I have no time to
talk about such things. We are here on the
Island, which is the strangest of all places.
The entire Island is of this pure white
sand, a sample of which I send you, (if
it don't all rattle out). There is a small
low evergreen bush on most of it, & a few
pine trees. Shall be able to write more of
~~this another~~ such things another time. For two
nights we slept on the ground as best we could.
Two of the companies & the regiment officers had
to remain on the Baltic over the Sabbath. Col.
Brown of 1st Pickens forbade all work on the
Sabbath, & not a thing could be landed or tents
pitched. I was "officer-of-the-day" on shore,
& of course we had a quiet & orderly day
in camp. Yesterday we got quite settled. Our
camp is about a half mile from the Fort. The
Capt. of each Company is allowed a tent by him-
self, & of better shape & quality. Three or 4 of us
succeeded in getting some plank for floors without
cost, & have got it nice. Last night we occupied

for the first time. My own trunk & bed escaped
withering entirely, & the bed & bedding came out all
right. How grateful I am to you for such
provident care of me. I am sure not another
bed in camp was like mine with shute & pillow
case & pillow & all. I tell the honest truth when
I say that I have not had such a bed & such a
sleep since I left home. — Bro. Hudson just
stepped up & said, "I can't write again. Will you ask
Mrs. Porter to request my mother to put in ³ shute &
also a broom brush, & a small looking glass
& 3 pillow cases, with my other things." You see, Nelson
Fitch is to make up a box or boxes of clothing
&c. for some of the officers, & you can send me some-
thing will put up & marked. I need some cotton stockings
more than anything else. The other officers have most of
them sent for a single Fatigue suit of light blue
flannel. I believe they are to be made at Griswold's.
They are cheap & I suppose I ought to have one. When you
go to see how much bulk or weight you may send, you
may tell Mr. Griswold to send me a single also. Don't
send that black head. I can get a cheap light colored
thing here. Besides the blue flannel suit & socks I don't
know as you can send me anything.

I have no time or space to write anything about your
farm work. John ~~must~~ ^{will} not put the hay till the Barley straw
is gone. The cattle must have some oats regularly, especially the
youngest ones; they must curry them. Of course get up a good supply
of green wood, then turn on Hunter's line & all west of the ditch.
If Charley has not gone to the war yet, perhaps you can make
some arrangements with him to take Mike & drive him with his ol-
died colt. I must stop for breakfast & again say, good by —

Dec 17/68



Mrs. Lansing Porter,
Riverside,
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