

10-9-1863

## Letter from John W. Marshall to Francis P. Porter

John W. Marshall

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Give my respects to your folks and if you  
know of any one who is willing to read the  
the road is laid out for me. I can't do it but  
mother, much with a few others and I must  
be afraid to trust her. I feel as some one

Chattanooga Tenn

October 9<sup>th</sup> 1863

Friend Frank

Pardon Me for ad-  
dressing you but the fact is I am  
lone some this evening and picking  
up a magazine that brought to  
my mind very forcibly some of the  
happy times that I have enjoyed at  
your house I thought if agreeable  
to yourself I should like to hear  
from you and renew to some  
extent the friendship that once  
existed amid happier days and  
scenes than those by which I am  
now surrounded I wrote a letter  
to Huldah some months ago but  
received no answer wonder if  
she is engaged to some home  
guard out there and thinks



it not worth her while to write  
to old friends but perhaps she never  
received it as mail matter is very  
uncertain here in the army.  
Well Frank this is little the hardest  
life I ever lead down here in this  
wooden country where see the  
guys chew tobacco I can stand  
it to talk to them once in a  
while but I have not been able  
to get my own consent to kiss  
any of them yet and you may  
know that times go pretty hard  
with me when I have not been  
able to kiss a girl for over a year  
and I am afraid that this war  
will last so long that I will be  
so old that none of them will  
let me when I get home but by  
the way is there any prospect of  
you getting married if there is  
not you will be in about as  
bad a fix as myself and it

may be that we shall be able  
to make some arrangement  
that will tend to our mutual  
benefit. What a pity that I did not  
marry before this war broke out then  
I could have had some excuse to  
have offered for staying at home  
but here I am away from home  
fighting for my country and some  
day else going for my girls and  
when I write home to find out what  
is wrong one won't condescend to an-  
swer my letters. Another goes off  
in a long letter trying to prove that  
she is for the union which I  
don't doubt at all as she seems  
willing to surrender her self  
for the sake of it. My God, what  
an endless amount of sleep I have  
lost for nothing and then the time  
and paper I have wasted in  
writing to them. Oh! it's awful.  
If it was not that the country



needs me so bad I would  
kill myself to advise me what  
to do But enough of this foolishness  
for I want you to write to me and  
tell me where you are and what  
you are doing and all about every  
thing We came pretty near getting  
our final discharge from Old Bragg  
during the last two weeks but we  
are all right and ready for fight  
again altho not very anxious for  
it We are very pleasantly situated  
here now as our brigade have charge  
of the post and we are occupying  
a very good room and have things  
quite comfortable for the army altho  
there is no telling how long it  
will last but I must close with  
soon Direct your letter to John.

W. Marshall Ordnance Sergt 97<sup>th</sup>  
Regt C. & I Chattanooga Tenn and  
believe me your friend with much  
respect

John V. Marshall

October 9, 1863

Chattanooga, Tennes

October 9th, 1863

Friend Frank

Pardon me for addressing you but the fact is I am lonesome this evening and picking up a magazine that brought to my mind very forcibly some of the happy times that I have enjoyed at your house, I thought if agreeable to yourself I should like to hear from you and renew to some extent the friendship that once existed amid happier days and scenes than those by which I am now surrounded.

I wrote a letter to Huldah some months ago but received no answer; wonder if she is engaged to some home guard out there and thinks it is not worth the while to write to old friends; but perhaps she never received it as mail matter is very uncertain here in the army.

Well Frank, this is the little(?); the hardest life I ever lead down here in this wooden country where all the girls chew tobacco. I can stand it to talk to them once in a while but I have not been able to get my own consent to kiss any of them yet and you may know that times go pretty hard with me when I have not been able to kiss a girl for over a year and I am afraid that this war will last so long that I will be so old that none of them will let me when I get home; but by the way, is there any prospect of your getting married; if there is not, you will be in about as bad a fix as myself and it and it may be that we shall be able to make some arrangement that will tend to our mutual benefit.

What a pity that I did not marry before this war broke out then I could have had some excuse to have offered for staying at home fighting for my country and some body else going for my girls. And when I write home to find out what is wrong, one won't condescend to answer my letters; another goes off in a long letter trying to prove that she is for the Union which I don't doubt at all as she seems willing to surrender herself for the sake of it. My God, what an endless amount of sleep I have lost for nothing and then the time and paper I have wasted in writing to them. Oh! it's awful. If it was not that the country needs me so bad, I would kill myself. Do advise me what to do.

But enough of this foolishness for I want you to write to me and tell me where you are and what you are doing and all about everything. We came pretty near getting our final discharge from Old Bragg during the last two weeks, but we are all right and ready for fight again altho not very anxious for it. We are very pleasantly situated here now as our brigade has charge of the post and we are occupying a very good room and have things quite comfortable for the army altho there is no telling how long it will last. But I must close. Write soon. Direct your letter to John W. Marshall Ordnance Sergt 97th Reg't OVI Chattanooga, Tenn and believe me your friend with much respect.

John W. Marshall

Give my respects to your folks and if you know of any girl who is willing to wait until the war is over, give my love to her, but she must neither smoke snuff or chew tobacco and I would be afraid to trust her if her folks were Democrats.