11-9-1863

Letter from John W. Marshall to Francis P. Porter

John W. Marshall

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Chattanooga, Tenn.
Nov. 7th, 1863.

Friend Frank,

With pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of yours of 29th Oct. and let me assure you of my joy in hearing that you are so pleasantly situated. And indeed it would be a treat to visit your place and perhaps I may "when this cruel war is o'er" and perhaps as you wish I may then be able to get re-acquainted with some of the Clinton girls as your recommendation is more than sufficient to excite my curiosity especially as you say they go ahead of Uncle Brees girls which you know implies a great deal with me. Will you write.
me to tell you all about them I am willing to enlighten you as far as I can. As the first place Old Mary has married Gus Foye and settied down to housekeeping having no place at home guarding Miss this relief coming on about once a week I have not been home since I enlisted. Oh, how much I hope of being the here is the. And then if I don't commit Matrimony a joke other unpardonable sin I am coming out as you say to enjoy some of the old times it used to have. And by the way if you will pick up some nice girl for me I will take you home in my way home from the war and take a walk with me. Mind me Copperheads taken I would like to live being the best of all things wonder if the know Old Mel is married I can't sleep laughing every time. I think how badly the older thing was taken in! There was a man.
My dear Sue,

There was a girl, a young woman who lived in a small town near Chattanooga. She worked in a factory and was known for her kindness and hard work. One day, she met a man named Jack, who was a soldier from the Union Army. Jack was tall and had a warm smile. They fell in love at first sight and decided to marry.

Jack had to leave for the front lines to fight in the Civil War. He promised to return to her as soon as possible. But the war dragged on, and Jack was captured by the Confederates. His family was devastated and didn't know what to do.

I was there, watching the war from the sidelines. I saw the devastation and the loss, the people who were left behind. I felt helpless, unable to do anything to help.

Yesterday, we heard that Jack had been released from captivity. I was overjoyed to hear the news. Today, I visited the town where the girl lived. She was still there, working hard, waiting for Jack to come back.

Her father had passed away, and she was living with her mother. They were poor, but they were happy. They had a small house, and they were content with what they had.

I asked her if I ever saw her mother, and she said yes. Her mother was a kind soul, always helping others. She was a strong woman, and she had raised her daughter on her own.

I asked her if she was going to marry Jack, and she said yes. She was going to wait for him, no matter how long it took.

I left the town, feeling grateful for the chance to meet such a strong and beautiful woman. She reminded me of the strength and resilience of the human spirit.

I hope you are doing well. Please write and let me know how you are.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
November 9, 1863

Chattanooga, Tenn

Nov 9th 1863

Friend Frank

With pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of yours of 29th Oct and let me assure you of my joy in hearing you are so pleasantly situated. And indeed it would be a treat to visit your place and perhaps I may "when this cruel war is over." And perhaps as you wish I may then be able to get acquainted with some of the Clinton girls as your recommendation is more than sufficient to excite my curiosity especially as you say they go ahead of Uncle Bills girls which you know implies a great deal with me. Well you want me to tell you all about them. I am willing to enlighten you as far as I can. In the first place Old Mary has married Gus Springer and settled down to house keeping having something to commence with poor Girl I do not know whether she pleased her pap or not---

2ndly, There is Rachel Ann, well you know this is rather a tender point. Of course we parted vowing Eternal fidelity & just as if we would not change our minds in three years. Well she went to a one house Valandingham Copperhead meeting at Sonora. Of course I gave her a bit of my mind about it and ever since her letters come signed "yours with much respect etc etc" Now I do not know what this etc means, it may simply imply all that "Only Thine Ever Yours" and all these endearing words used to do in former letters, but I can't see it in that light. And not being as anxious as some of the folks thought I was I failed to make any acknowledgments and now "will have to seek for affection elsewhere." The rest of the family I guess are all right. Bill Marshall is safe at home. Guarding Miss C, his relief coming on about once a week. I have not been home since I enlisted and have not much hopes of being 'til the war is over. And then, if I don't commit to Matrimony or some other unpardonable sin I am coming out as you say to enjoy some of the old times we used to have. And, by the way, if you will pick out some nice girl for me, I will take your town in my way home from the war. and take a wife with me. Mind no Copperheads taken. I would like to see George, the best of all things. Wonder if he knows Old Mar is married. I can't help laughing every time I think how badly the old thing was taken in. There was a man by the name of Learch came very near marrying her, so near that she had all her finery but when the day came he could not be found. I never saw Susies man. What sort of a looking man is he? You ask me if I ever saw Mary's little girls, of course not. __________ people how unlucky. But to quit this foolishness we are still here in Chattanooga with the Rebel army in full view of us. And more or less, cannonading every day for at least two weeks. Yesterday and today have been quite cool, but I have a very pleasant room to stay in but I have been out in the cold all day and this must be some excuse for poor writing. Frank I had the pleasure of walking home with one of the fair sex of Chattanooga last night but as she rubbed snuff I could not muster courage to kiss her so you may know I did not enjoy the trip much like I told her here -- ever that I would like her not to use any for the next week and I would call next Sunday evening so I am looking forward in hope of one happy moment during my three years. Write soon. Yours truly.

John W. Marshall