4-19-1863

Letter from George W. Porter to Francis P. Porter

George W. Porter

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March 22, Brig. 3rd Division
14th Army Corps
Milliken's Bend, La. April 19th, 1863.

Dear Sister Frank:

I have not had the pleasure of reading a letter from you for some time. I wish you would write often, for your letters are always interesting and are hailed with delight.

I wrote to Father on the morning of the 18th. The morning we embarked for this place. We left Villa Plantation on Bemis's Landing, about 7 o'clock P.M. the same day. Once arrived here & embarked A.M. of the 18th. Debarked at daylight, and went into Camp, we have a beautiful Camp. We go from here across to Carthage belowPickett.

I know not just when but soon I was blessed last night with a very hard storm of wind & rain. I do think
I never enjoyed anything better. I had not slept to bed. The Quarter Master was in the tent. I was talking over old times. When the story commenced he left for his tent. He had not been gone long when in came the Adjutant with nothing but his nightgown. And we got the proper things printed in the world says O (knowing all the while what was wrong.) So your tent down, down hell rags. The Adjutant was playing in the regular Bullion. I thought I would sleep with laughter. About the time we returned in came the Quarter Master as quiet as he could be. The Adjutant joined one in taking a hearty laugh at him. Then came the best of all. Down went the Adjutant in his cane. And if we had not a good time I don’t know anything about it. Then fired up we all bunked in my tent for the remainder of the night.

And if you may let me have a joyous time. This morning fixing up, I just wish you could have seen us riding around here. As my tent stood the door. I enjoyed the joke finely.

Hence the Col.’s Picture Singly Dec. 8 the Adjutant. I have just spoken of loathing. This is our Adjutant General. Also Mr. Adjutant of the 204 O.V. I. Please take good care of them. The one of the Col. is not a very good one. The others are good. These they had taken at Memphis. The 1st. and 2nd. Adjutants are here now both complaining they that the bullion that captured last night died them as good. I have my own shoot with them. They are both good fellows. I saw Will Spencer, gave him a drink I recall of the 92nd. I. A. yesterday. They are well & hearty. Tell John I have Brandon Minter here for dinner. The boys of my company want me to go back with them. I like the boys. But will never go back to the Company.
I am proud to say, I have not a single enemy in the whole company. All the time I was with them I never had a word with but one. He was drunk. I punished him. As soon as he became sober he came and asked permission for what he had done. I was granted. I have no better friend now than he.

The captain of said company can't say as much. James Donaldson of Chatham, Ohio, is near here. He is Quarter Master of the 4th Minnesota Regt. I am going to call on him. I will close for the present. My love to all. Hoping to hear from you soon. I remain your affectionate brother.

C.W. Foster,

P.S. Excuse haste.
April 19, 1863

Hd Qrs 2d Brig. 3d Division

17th Army Corps

Millikins Bend, La April 19th, 1863

Dear Sister Frank:

I have not had the pleasure of reading a letter from you for some time. I wish you would write oftener for your letters are always interesting and are hailed with delight. I wrote to Father on the morning of the 17th, the morning we embarked for this place. We left Vista Plantation on Berring's Landing about 9 o'clock P.M. the same day and arrived here 2 o'clock A.M. of the 18th. Debarked at daylight and went into camp. We have a beautiful camp. We go from here across to Carthage below Vicksburg. I know not just when but soon. We were blessed last night with a very hard storm of wind & rain. I do think I never enjoyed anything better. I had not went to bed. The Quarter Master was in and he and I were talking over old times when the storm commenced, he left for his tent. He had not been gone long when in came the Adjt clothed with nothing save his night garb. And wet, Oh! gracious. What in the world says I (knowing all the time what was wrong). Is your tent down? Down hell, says he. The last I saw of it. It was play in the regular Balloon. I thought I would split with laughter. About the time he straightened, in came the Quarter Master as wet as he could be. The Adjt joined me in taking a hearty laugh at him. Then came the best of all.

Down went the Genls tent and in he came, and if we hadn't had a gay time, I don't know anything about it. I then fixed up and we all bunked in my tent for the remainder of the night and you may bet we had a joyous time in the morning fixing up. I wish you could have seen us kidding around here as my tent stood the storm. I enjoyed the joke finely.

I send the Col's picture singly. His and the Adjt I have just spoken of together. (This is our Adjt Genl). Also Maj Fry's of the 20th OVI. Please take good care of them. The one of the Col. is not a very good one. The others are good. These they had taken at Memphis. The Q.M. and Adjt are here now both complaining that the wetting they captured last night did them no good. I have my sport with them. They are both good fellows. I saw Will Spencer, George Landis & several of the 32nd boys yesterday. They are well & hearty. Tell John I have Branson Miller here for orderly. The boys of my company want me to go back with them. I like the boys, but will never go back to the company.

I am proud to say I have not a single enemy in the whole company. All the time I was with them, I never had a word with but one & he was drunk. I punished him. As soon as he became sober he came and asked pardon for what he had done. It was granted. I have no better friend now than he is. The Captain of said Company can't say as much. James Donaldson of Gratiot, Ohio is near here. He is Quarter Master of the 4th Minnesota Regt. I am going to call on him. My love to all. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your affectionate brother.

G.W. Porter
P.S. Excuse haste.