

4-19-1863

Letter from George W. Porter to Francis P. Porter

George W. Porter

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N^o. 2^d. 2^a Brig. 3^a Division.

1st. 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 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 Plantations or Berringer'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 Pickensburg. 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 any thing better
I had not went to bed. The Quarter
Master was in & he & I were talking
over old times. When the storm com-
menced he left for his tent. He had
not been gone long. When in came the
Adj't. Clothed with nothing save his
night garb. And met us ^{all} gracious.
What in the world says Q. (knowing
all the while what was wrong) To
your tent down, Down hell says he.
The ^{last} I saw of it. It was play in the
regular Bullion. I thought I would
split with laughter. About the time he
straitened, in came the Quarter Master
as met. as he could be. The Adj't joined
me in taking a hearty laugh at him.
Then come the best of all. Down
went the Genl. Tent & in he came
and if we hadnt a gay time. I
dont know anything about it. I then
fixed up & we all bunked in my tent
for the remainder of the night;

And you may bet we had a joyous
time this morning fixing up. I
just wish you could have seen us kiting
around here. As my Tent stood the
storm. I enjoyed the joke finely.
I send the Col's. Picture singly. His &
the Adj't. I have just spoken of together.
(This is our Adj't. Genl) Also Maj. Fry's.
of the 20th 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 Co. M. and
Adj't. are here now both complaining
that the wetting that ^{they} captured last
night did them no good. I have my
own sport with them. They are both
good fellows. I saw Will Spences. George
Lundie & several of the 32^d. 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 Dou-
alson of Gratiot 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 affec-
tionate father.

G. 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.