

Transcript of Letter from Charles Warner to his Mother Mrs. Almon Warner, September 6, 1863

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Box Number: 277

Folio: f.9

Author: Charles Warner

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Camp 145th Reg^t. New York Vols.
Kellys Ford, Virginia
Sept. 6th 1863

Dear Mother:

A bundle of papers received yesterday, contained on the margin of one, words to the effect that I was getting direlect in answering your letters - and I doubt not that it is true; though in reality I cannot tell how long a time elapsed between the writing of my last letter and the previous one. I only know that I write letters enough to somebody, for of all the stamps you have sent me of late, only three remain with me at present;- to be sure an occasional letter contains an extra stamp for the reply, but these do not amount to much when compared with the whole, hence you see I must get off considerable nonsense to somebody - for as to spending two or three hours on one letter why the idea is perfectly an absurd one and were I to spend hours on the construction of a single letter, I doubt whether it would amount to more then my usual scribblings, for mine is but a shallow intelect, requiring no deep study to penetrate its innermost recesses. And besides what is there here in this lonely spot, to induce on(e) to drive deep into the ten fathomable mysteries of learning or soar aloft amid the vagaries of the Novelist? All is blank, No house. No nothing in fact, where with to build a foundation on which a letter of interest can be penned. W(h)en we (are) on the march; or w(h)en we encamped by some Secesh village, where the "Bonnie blue flag" or "My Maryland" with other Southern songs would arouse a counter feeling within our minds. patriotic letters might be written; but here only a dull monotony with scarcely an enlivening circumstance to break the spell is experienced by even the most enthusiastic individual. Yet we are perfectly contented, and feel in no hurry to leave our comparatively pleasant quarters for the more uncertain ones of the march.

Should no promotion be mine, previous to October I shall endeavor to leave the service, for with a due regard to my own honor I shall deem myself not only justified in leaving the service, but consider it my duty. I shall then have been in the service considerably over a year in all and though I should be glad to see the war ended, yet I'll not do it under a Price who is too young to have the judgment of a man. I apprehend a little difficulty with my ordnance accounts on account of the returns I made out for the quarter ending March 31st '63. I was inexperienced in the matter, as none had been made out before in our regiment, and did not really comprehend them, besides the correct return of our accounts with the Ordnance Dept. was not then required to have our resignations accepted. however as no one is supposed to have any particular desire to rob government of its Ordnance or Ordnance Stores I presume it will be easily settled - and then hurrah for freedom once more!

I see by the Gazette that a Miss Lusie Clark has procured a school in some place. I forget where now. where is Jane? Drum has just commenced to beat the assembly for dress parade, so adieu for a few moments. C.

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After parade - Our white gloves - white paper collars &c, &c, have all been paraded, and the nuisance of the day is abated - or rather performed, or still farther to rather is over with - The gifted Price has not been seen at roll call since he arranged to catch so many of us a sleep awhile ago. I presume he is expecting to catch us again some fine morning, and I presume he will, for I saw but one officer up this morning besides myself. the drill hour for companies has been changed from early morn to later in the morning, which is rather unpleasant for me, as I have not been on a company drill for a month or in fact since we came here, and as Price was always abed it was never noticed, but now we shall have to go forth unless something new transpires to help us. As I have only six or eight men to drill, the others being on duty, it seems better to send them out under a non-commissioned officer while I indulge in a quiet snooze - but "tis ever thus in childhoods hour" and I make no pretensions to anything more.

Affectionately your eccentric son Charlie

I forgot to request you to send me more stamps - I sent for some in a previous letter, but please send still more and oblige C.