

A Letter Written By Chas. Hughes to His Sister During Civil War.

Warrington, Va.,

Nov. 13, 1862.

My Dear Sister;

I received your lovely letter yesterday and was very glad to hear from you. Glad to hear you were all alive and enjoying health. We are now some 60 miles from Staffersberg and thought since I wrote to you last. We left there the first of the month crossed the Shennadoah, wound around Louden Heights and then followed the Blue Ridge, drove the rebels from Ashby Gap and held it for a day or so as we had possession of the Gap. Mc Clellen came up and examined the Shennadoah Valley through a gap pretty closely. If we can judge by the length of time it took him, we left there the next day and after 3 or 4 days marching, we found ourselves near the town of Warrington. It is quite a little town for Virginia and here we have been for 3 days. But I don't think we shall stop here 3 days longer, it is the best County we have marched during the whole campaign. Those ladies came for curiosity sake, whether they were rebels or not. I can say those grey Backs were rebels certainly. They all wear grey clothes with the exception of some that takes it off our dead men. It is very fine weather now and has been for a day or two. But we took out for a winter campaign. I dread it, we saw enough of that last spring. Did Ellen ever receive a letter from me with something in it? It is a long time since I wrote it, long enough to get an answer if you have received it. I suppose before this reaches you, you will have heard about the removal of Mc Clellan. It caused a great dissatisfaction among the officers and men and a great many have sent in their resignations. But there was an order read on dress parade last night that all those officers who wished to resign in the face of an enemy on account of Mc Clellan being removed, would

get a dishonorable discharge, so that will be apt to change their opinions if I am not much mistaken. You must excuse this writing. Give my love to George and a thousand kisses for the children. Am very sorry to hear Charley is sickly for I do want to see him. I have nothing interesting to write about this time but very likely shall before long.

Good bye my dear sister and may God answer your prayers.

C W Hughes.

If You Are Going To Love Me.

If you are going to love me
Love me now, while I can know
All the sweet and tender feeling
Which from real affection flow,
Love me now while you are with me
Do not wait till I am gone.

If you've dear sweet thoughts about me,
Why not whisper them to me ?
Don't you know t'would make me happy,
As glad as glad could be.
If you wait till I am sleeping,
Ne'er to waken here again,
There'll be walls of earth between us
And I wouldn't hear you then.

If you know someone was thirsting
For a drop of water sweet,
Would you be so slow to bring it
Would you step with laggard feet ?
I won't hold your kind caresses
While the grass grows o'er my face
I won't crave your love and kisses
In my last, low resting place;
So if you do love me any
If it's but a little bit,
I'd rather know it now, while I
Can, living, own and treasure it.

Charles W Hughes