
Voices of the Past

The Letters of Abial Edwards

Civil War

1865

Headquarters Military District
Eastern S.C.
Third Separate Brigade
Darlington, S.C.
Oct 22nd 1865

My Dear Anna

I will try & write you a few lines to day. but at first I will say they will be very uninteresting. Of late it has been an effort for me to write at all. As I sat this morning listning to the music of the Church bells It carried me back to years gone by. to the time when my brother & I were sent to church & Sabbath School with a fond Mothers Kiss. but now how changed. Mother & Brother gone before. Every thing recalls the lost ones. But our loss is their gain. The trials of this world will trouble them no more. I was in hopes to come home this month with my Brothers remains but I find out that I can not until December. Then I shall go if nothing happens. I see no prospect of our getting home to Stay before Spring. I think I should feel much better if I was free & at the North as it is I must try & be contented as I can here. Autumn has already began to paint nature in the bright colors of the rainbow. & mocking birds are very numerous. giving us their rich & varied music so that we could imagine all kinds of Birds were singing instead of one. But you know the old saying, "Home is where the heart is" & I believe it. for with all the beauties of the south. I much prefer the north & true friends there than the distant & reserved Southerners who have a holy horror of & perfectly detest the "low born yankees." While Gov is keeping us here the President is fast yeilding inch by inch all we have gained in our years of toil & strife & the very worst that were are fighting against. are having all the rights of citizenship accorded to them but that they may once more turn against the old victorious Red White & Blue. I think my self it is best to be magnanimous to our conquered foe. But not so much so that a few years hence that the serpent (Traitors) will once more become gigantic in size. & cause us all the sorrows of the last few years. God knows I want to see no more of such Strife such costly sacrafices. as we have given to the alter of Liberty. We should only love our country the more & guard it the more sacredly. from its once powerful foe. Still time may show my ideas are all wrong. I hope so. To day is warm & mild as mid summer. Nights however are very chilly. I shall direct this to Canton as presume you are still there I would like to hear from you as often as possible for I hardly know what I should do were it not for my letters I have many friends who were with me in the campaign last summer & who are now at home they write often to me By this I manage to help drive a part of the Blues away. Excuse all errors & write often

Thy Friend Abial
Gen Beals Head Quarters
Darlington C. H.
So CA
via Wilmington
N.C.