

First Lieutenant Edwin
Lewis Lybarger
(photograph taken
sometime after his
promotion to first
lieutenant on November
18, 1864)

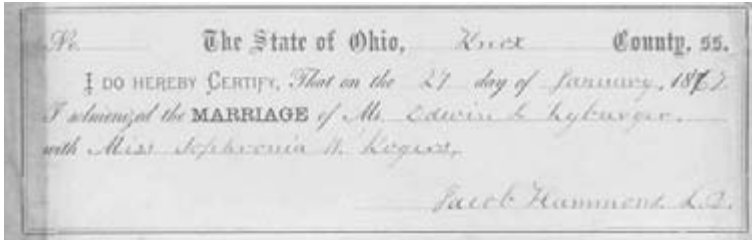


A one-sentence letter dated June 27, 1865, from
Sophronia Warren Rogers of Millwood, Ohio



Two photographs of
Sophronia Warren
Rogers (Phrone),
probably taken in the
mid-1860s





The certificate of marriage, January 27, 1867, for Sophronia W. Rogers and Edwin L. Lybarger



Photograph of Edwin Lewis Lybarger, probably taken after the war, possibly in 1867 at the time of his marriage

Women's Letters to
Edwin Lewis Lybarger,
1862-67

1862 LETTERS



letter 1

*September 14, 1862. Postmarked Millwood, Ohio.
Fannie Meredith. Iuka, Miss.*

At Home, Sept. 14/62

Remembered Friend Ed

I thought I would write you a letter today, although I wrote to you about two or three months ago, and have been looking for a letter from you, would have been looking yet, but Delia Schroyer told me that she had received a letter from you, and you said you had written to me but had not received an answer. I directed my letter to New Madrid, presume you had left there before the letter had gotten there. This is Sabbath Day and I am so lonely. Ria Welker has been here all day, has just gone home. I was out to Dunkard Church last night. Saw them eat soup, wash feet and take Sacrament. They had it in Mr. Ross's [?] barn, were a great many there.

I was over to Deal's last night, they feel very bad about Nute, did not get any letters yesterday. There were four or five letters came

from the Regiment but none of them said anything about him. They do not know but what he is dead but think if he was dead some of you would have written it. Colwell Campbell is dead, was buried week ago yesterday, he was taken sick on Monday night and died on Thursday night. His disease was Tiphod fever.

Ed how do you like war by this time, not very well I presume. Have you been in any battles? I suppose you have heard the Rebels are near Cincinnatti, they are expecting a battle there. They will commence drafting here tuesday Oh! Isn't this war an awful thing, there is not much hopes of it ending. Every thing is so uncommonly dull here (all on account of this detestible war) that I scarcely know what to write. I was down to town last Sabbath to Sunday School and Church. It is about as lonely there as out here in the country.

Aaron Lybarger moved over to town last week. Mae Lydick is at Danville going to School. I intended to go but geve it up. There was so much excitement about war that I could not think of going.

It is getting late and I must close for I know you are tired of reading this poorly written and uninteresting letter.

Love to all I know. Goodbye.

Fannie Meredith

Write soon, very soon, your friend.



letter 2

September 27, 1862. Millwood, Ohio.

Ell Hawn. Iuka, Miss.

Millwood, Sept. 27, 1862

Friend Ed

I take this opportunity of addressing you a few lines, in reply to your last [letter] which was received sometime since & ought to have been replied to long ere this. But as you say procrastination is the thief of time you are aware it would not be Ediquet for me not to observe it as strictly as yourself & perhaps it [might] not have been so interesting to you had I violated this your rule. But as quite a

length of time has elapsed since I received your worthy letter I have nothing to write you.

Tis true we have had news from the war department which are encouraging as we have gained many victories of which we have written to John & you will hear. And Allas the President has ishued a proclamation that all the negroes shall be set free by the first of January if the Southernns do not go Back as they once were & obey the laws of thire Country. I would tell you more conserning this but its mail time & I must strike while the Iron is hot. Tell John we are all well, give him a Sisters love & tell him to write. Your Folks allso are well, the helth of Millwood is rather good but the pleasures of it are few. The Folks were all over & spent the Eve with us not long since. Twas then we thought of old times & of Brothers & friends & O where are they now. Some in their graves & others gone perhaps never to return. We have spoken of the pleasures being few. We seek not for pleasure while trouble surrounds us as it does. But enough of this, we must cease writing or the mail will be gone. Forgive all my imperfections since they are many & write soon.

Good morning, Ell



letter 3

October 12, 1862. Millwood, Ohio.

Emma A. Moody. [No envelope]

Millwood, October 12th, 1862

Friend Ed.

This beautiful afternoon I seate myself to answer your very welcome as well as interesting letter that came to hand last week. I was pleased to hear of your good health and that you are not dissatisfied and do not regret you went, had you no gon it is quite likely you would have been drafted and I know you would much rather go a Volunteer than a drafted man. 19 were drafted from this Township, 2 from Union, 31 from Harrison and 18 from Monroe. I suppose you have heard who most of them are and that your Brother Elijah is going as a substitute for Jo Ingle.

How much I wish there was no such thing as war but it appears that we as a Nation must drink of this bitter cup even to the dregs and that the Liberties purchased by the blood of our Fathers must be made more sacred by the blood of Husbands, Brothers, and Lovers, but I trust peace will be made before this once happy Land is made a dreary Desert. It looks strange to me that so much time has been spent, so many lives lost, and so little accomplished. Why is it that our bravest and best must die and the mean and despised be left at home to enjoy the pleasures of a happy home. Ed if ever you hear of me maring An Abolition or a home coward you will please tell me of it for if there is any I despise it is these two classes of men.

Well Ed I have nothing to write that I think will interest you. There is nothing going on. Everything is war and I expect you hear plenty of it down in Dixey.

I received a letter from brother John yesterday. He was still at Covington, said they had marching orders that morning (the 7th) did not know where they would go but expected to Lexington. I think from his letters he is tired of the buisness. I trust the day will soon come when you can all come home and be repaid a thousand times for the hardships and privations you have endured then you will see who will be honored and respected by all good men. I often think of the many pleasant hours I have spent in the society of some of the brave soldier Boys and the many times we have met at church and other places, but now your seats are vacant. Go where we will all is trouble and sadness, but when you all get home we will know how to appreciate the Liberties we enjoy.

Well Ed as I do not feel like writing today you will please excuse this short letter. You will have many imperfections to lookove if you correspond with me, I feel delicate about writing to one I know to be far my superior in almost every thing but if you can excuse all errors I will endeavor to make my letters more interesting in the future. Our folks all send their good wishes to you. I will close by saying I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours Truly, Emma A. Moody



letter 4

*October 27, 1862. Millwood, Ohio.
Sophronia Rogers. Memphis, Tenn.*

*[Note: This letter is likely misdated; correct date
is likely October 27, 1863. See note 144.]*

Millwood, Oct. 27, 1862

My Dear friend Ed

After beang very much disappointed at your not coming home, I seat myself to answer your very welcome letter. Ed I had formed quite a favorable opinion of Captain Rhodes. But when I tell you what I know of him, you will know what any respectable lady ought to think of him. When he came to Millwood he brought with him Mary Wolf of Mt. Vernon, as I had known Mary when she was very young and we went to school together I felt it no more than my duty to call and see her. I have since learned from authority not to be disputed, that she is a disgrace to her sex. I hope as a favor you will tell Captain Rhodes who I am for fear he might consider me no better than she. I do not wonder that he had no time to call on your friends. Ed I have spoken very plainly to you, first because I consider you a friend, secondly because I want every one that knows me at all to know who and what I am. I am alone, but not lonely. I have plenty to think of, or at least enough to occupy an ordinary mind.

Joss went to New Castle today, Ell Hawn went along. They are going to stay three or four days. Ed do you and Ell correspond yet? Don't think me impudent but I just want to know for everytime I receive a letter from you she gives one of those snearing laughs as much as to say that you are no friend of mine. I know she is not my friend although she pretends to be. I have too much confidence in you to think that you would betray friendship. But I will drop this subject for the present. I hope you will have the luck especially if you consider it a pleasure to stay at Memphis. If I was close to that sesech lady you are in love with, I think her stay in this world would be very short—as I feel exceedingly jealous.

Enclosed you will find the discription of different diseases and death of Copperheads friend. I just happened to see it when reading the Journal, and I thought if you do not take that paper you would enjoy it.

I feel pretty tired tonight, we have been cleaning house. I expect I will go down to New Castle tomorrow night, they intend having a jolification over the election. Rill Hammond and Oscar Welker have been married two weeks. They expect to go to house keeping in Millwood in a week or two. They are going to live in that house above the Methodist Church. Our "Union League" is prospering finally, we intend giving a supper soon for the benefit of the soldiers. I guess I have written all that I can think of now. Your father does not get any better. Your mother would feel much better if you were here to console her. She does not think your father will ever get any better. Please excuse this paper as it is all I have from the store. Remember me kindly to Oliver and answer soon. O Ed tell Frank Hogston that all the girls around are in love with him for his true patriotism. He acted so manly at the Ballot Box when all his friends were Copperheads—he waved a Brough ticket and said that was his vote, and we all respect him for it. I only wish I could see him to congratulate him on his own goodness.

Ever your sincere friend Phrone

Lieut. E.L.L.



letter 5

November 5, 1862. Millwood, Ohio.

Sophonria Rogers. Pedaukah Ky.

Millwood, Nov. 5th, 1862

My kind friend Ed

As I wrote to you about two months ago and received no answer I thought I would write again and see if I would not meet with better success. I have heard from you through other or different persons very often and was always very glad. I believe your mother has not

heard from you for the last two weeks and she is quite uneasy about you. Ed I hope your wound is not serious yet I hope it will be the means of you getting home to stay. We all want you to come home very badly. It almost killed your mother when she heard you were wounded. I thought myself that we would never see you again. If I were you I would not walk a step until I got home if I could, you have stayed long enough anyhow. Indeed now I am not much in favor of the war and more especially not in favor of getting our men slaughtered up for the freedom of negroes. This sees to be what the most are fighting for. The drafted men will not stay in camp, those that are there and a greater part of them will not go at all. They have not furnished them (the drafted men) with blankets or tents and they swear that they are not going to stay.

The folks here do not enjoy themselves any better than you do in camp—They have very few parties. We had a large surprise at Lewis Critchfield's last Friday night. Almost every lady there had something [to] say about you. "Though absent not forgotten," a good motto, and I always keep it in remembrance. It always does me a great deal of good to know that my friends think of me. Amanda Israel told me to remember her to you Ed. They are such warm friends of yours. Jossie is up there visiting now and I suppose enjoying herself for we are having such beautiful weather—not quite enough rain to benefit us.

Captain Cassil is here recruiting. I do not know men or the ladies—they have all fallen in love with him. I suppose you heard that he has been promoted to Leut Col. Have you not. You know those shining appeletts will captivate—so if you boys don't come back soon the girls will be obliged to take widowers, lame men, or any kind they can get, fir you know it won't pay to be an old maid, you know how cross they are.

Ed I will close by hoping you will recover from your wound enough so that you can come home but not so you can join your reg—do come

Ever your friend Phrone