

Fort Beaufort, South Carolina
January the 11, 1865

(John C. Esarey to his wife)

Dear Wife: Not receiving any letter from you for some time, I will try to write you a few lines this evening to let you know that I am well and hearty, hoping when this comes safely to hand, it will find you and the babe well.

Well, Barbara I have had a gay old time since I last wrote you. I wrote a letter to A. C. Miller the first of this month. We were marching under orders then, so the 6th we left camp at Savannah and marched to Fort Thunderbolt near the mouth of Warsaw Sound where we boarded the brig Pontiac and sailed for Fort Beaufort, S. Carolina. We soon reached the mouth of the Savannah River. On reaching the bay we had a fine view of the Atlantic Ocean and everything went off all right. We had hardly reached the ocean when the ship struck the tide and commenced rocking as if she would sink. We soon sailed out of sight of land and nothing could be seen but waves. The gale was blowing very strong and the waves rolling almost over the second deck. I soon began to turn sick at my stomach and commenced vomiting. I never was as sick in my life for a while. Half the crew on board was sick. Dark coming on, I went down in the hull to try it there a while. At this time the boat rolling so a man could not stand upon his feet. I was so sick that I could scarcely get up, but I had nothing to do but to hold fast to something to keep from falling. I soon began to get better and went up on the hurricane deck and found some of the boys up there. We passed Port Royal early in the night. After passing Port Royal the tide soon ceased and we arrived safely in the harbor of Beaufort about 10 o'clock at night, so I am well satisfied a riding on the sea. Beaufort is a small town situated on the banks of the inlet.

We left Beaufort the same night and are now camped five miles out on the Charleston Road. We can hear the roar of the Artillery at Charlestown plain to here. The boys are all well except those that were left at Savannah and we have not heard from them lately. At Beaufort I saw the former residence of old John C. Calhoun. I have not received but two letters from home since I left. I am lonesome, not hearing from home oftener. You must write often. Do not wait for me to answer every time. I wrote you a letter from Savannah and sent you five dollars of Indiana money which I could not pass here. If that comes safe you may send me a five in green-back. Get Pap to back it. Write how you are getting along. Let me know if that wheat is doing any good that I sowed. Also how the corn turned out and how much the hogs weighed and how much you received per pound for what you sold and what you have done with that little crop of tobacco. Let me know how John and Abb are getting along. Let me know if the winter has been very severe in Indiana or not. I have not seen a snowdrop this winter, yet the weather is warm here now. We expect to go to Charleston when we move from here. Let me know who the circuit preacher is this year. Jan. the 12th news reached us this morning of the death of James Jenkins. He died at Savannah the 5th of this month. Jim was very low. The rest of the boys are getting well. So I will bring my letter to a close. Write soon and often. I remain your loving and affectionate husband as ever. John C. Esarey to his wife.
Direct to Co. G 53 Beaufort, South Carolina