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January 22, 1865

Dear husband I seat myself this dark cloudy evening to write you a few lines to let you know that we are as well as common and I hope these lines will come safe to hand and find you in good health. I have nothing of any importance to write to you as I dont see anything nor hear anything. I dont know much only about my own affairs. Times are pretty much as they were when you left home, hard enough you know. It is very healthy here this winter considering te changes of weather. Old John Waddle froze to death the other knight tho he was drunk. I heard that Joe Carmicle an wife were both dead They is gone after their babe. I am done handling tobacco. There is none sold yet, some are offering 7 or 8 and some

an 12. I sold 52 bushels of corn at one dollar per bu. I will keep the balance until summer. I have not sold them molasses yet and I believe wont if you say not for they are as good as can be made here and I would rather plant corn than cane. Clark them three hogs just brought 1 hundred dollars and eighty cents. I fed them all about ~~1~~ hundred bushels of corn. Clark I would give 50 dollars just to see you without the liberty to speak and I dont know how I would feel to see you come home again but I trust in God for that day to come. I hope that is not far off. You ought to see John at some of his antic capers. He can cut as many shines as a monkey. He sits on that little block and crosses his legs with a peace of paper in his hands and reads as big as any body. Our gal is played out that we thought we were going to have. Johnny will be the babe until pap comes home tho I think I will wean him in the spring I wish very ofen that you would come home. I think Jont sent you a letter the other day. I have got a

good pot of meat and punkin cooking for supper. I wish you be here to help eat it. I have a very lonesome time this winter. I hope next will not be so. You must write oftener if you can for it is now going on 2 months since I have got a letter. I have wrote several to you. You must excuse my bad writing for I have had the sore eyes, and the chimney is not done and it has smoked so bad today that I can scarcely see how to make a letter. I am spinning flax now for a *biginas* I must bring my letter to a close. No more at present but remain your loving wife until death.

Barbry Esarey

to John C. Esarey the 24 1835