

4-2-65. 126

Oil Creek, Perry Co. Ind.

April the 2, 1865

Dear husband I seat myself this 2 day of April to write you a few lines hoping they will find you alive and well tho it has been so long since I have heard from you that I hardly know how to write any more this being the 9th letter I have written since I have received any answer. I have nothing of importance to write to you now. Times are growing very dul to what they have been. Corn has come down half dollar on the bushel tobacco is three cts. per pound calico from 20 to 25 cts. per yard factory from thirty 5 to 50. This great oil excitement has almost blowed out and those large land sales have all fell back to the owners. The draft has come again. It has taken thirty six men from Oil township. I made a mistake. There is only thirty four to go. I will send you a list of their names the draft was made the 24 of March and they have to report the seventh of April, no furloughs to be given. We have not heard from other places yet. Jim ^{es} Garey was at your paps last knight. He said his pap was drafted and Tip ^{el} Steebston, Lem ^{il} Steebston, Green Eperson from Crawford. I seen a list of the Leopold men but I didnt remember many of them. Philip Frakes is one. John Galey and ^{Andrew} ~~Rey~~ Griffenmia. Their is fourteen drafted from Leopold thirty 8 from Clark. The spotted fever is raging very bad in this part of the country. It has not been in this neighborhood yet. Dave Waddles oldest boy died with it and one of Dan Rhodeses little boys and Mat Galey's wife and I suppose Jane ^{has} been home has gone to work like a whill ^{agust} of thunder showers. The same old John. I am sorrow to tell you that we cant pay our preacher this

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year. They have a big singing at the school house today. They are going to try to make up a singing school if they can. Clark I am in hopes you will get home again the peaches gets ripe to help eat them. If you get this letter you must write and let me know all about your trip through the old nest egg State. I hope the eggs are all broke and the nest burned up. I believe Johnny has forgot you. I cant get him to say much about you any more. He is not very well. He has got as much sense as any other child of his age. He goes where he pleases and is afraid of nothing.

As there is nothing more to write to you I will bring my letter to a close hoping to hear from you soon. Write often. No more at present but remain your loving and affectionate wife as ever Barbry Esarey

to John C. Esarey