Camp 26th Va Regt

1863

Burning Farm March 1st

My dear Pat.

It has been sometime since Dick left, and I have been delaying writing to you until John Lingo returned — both today being the Sabbath, and the weather having been very threatening so that I could go no where to church, I have concluded to commence a letter to you, my absent one. It indeed appears a very long while since I left you and my quiet home, and how even now do I seem to be still there. I hope however that the time may not be very far distant when I shall return to you for good. At least I thought so at one time, but events are taking a new turn, and dark clouds are still threatening us in the future. I see that the party supporting Abe Lincoln are determined on our subjugation, and have passed a Conscript Law at the North to haul 3 Million of them upon us during the next campaign. The Frankfort Convention (the peace-conference) has been dispersed by order of Lincoln, and there can be but little hope from the Northern peace-makers. Thus, to our mortal eyes — times are darkening again around us, but God knows best and will deliver us in His own good time. But how dreadfully tired have I become of this terrible war, and how my heart turns to home in its longings for quiet and rest and comfort amid my family.

You know that when I was at home, we spoke of sending Harrison over with the cart with some refreshments — you had better not send him until the roads get in better condition — you have no idea of their terrible state. I suppose Dick did

not bring you all the things you wishes him to get in Richmond. This, as I wrote you before he could not do on account of the roads and the condition of the buggy. Before we got to Richmond on our trip the axle was bent and it cost me 8$ dollars in Richmond to have it fixed, but before getting out of town I found that it was as bad as before. The pole also gave way — in short we had many trials in getting to Camp. Dick was affraid to carry back any load for fear the old buggy would not last him home. But I suppose he has arrived safe before now. We have had the worst of weather ever since I left Home the Ground has been either covered with snow or completely saturated with water. The atmosphere too has been all the time very damp, and the consequence is we have a good deal of sickness from cold and fever. I have had a cold myself, but am now very well

Bernard, I suppose, you have not seen, but I asked John Lingesh to go over to see you, thinking he might bring a letter from you if you had time to write. I reckon Mrs Lingesh was rejoiced to see her John and his little children very happy to see their papa. I shall expect a letter by him.

Bernard sold "the chain" — you know I told you he would at dinner table — the day after he got it. He is for converting every little thing he has into money.

Tell Lewis he must hurry up the plowing as soon as the weather opens, and start two double ploughs by getting the mare from Dick's, if he can get out the manure in time. I suppose this weather he can carry on the fencing and grubbing and get ready for a push towards planting

corn time. Impress on Cousin Jack the importance of getting rid of the ram at my house and getting a better one. There is another matter I wish to call his attention to. Wm A Wright had 75 $ to collect for me from the Broughton Estate and as he has been killed, I shower like for him to see to the papers and how far Wm Affleck progressed with it. Don't let him forget to settle with Thos Croxton and get a deed for Plain view. This is very important.

I was not surprised to hear of Fuller's death as, when I heard he had the pneumonia at first, I expected the disease had attacked his lungs. So when coming through Richmond Wm Phillips told me of it, it did not take me by surprise.

I have not been to Richmond yet to have my likeness taken, but I intend to do so, and am fully intent on your having it.

I shall wait now, dear Pat, to see if Ind Longest comes tonight, and then I will conclude my letter.

John Longest has gotten in and brought me your letter. When I go to Richmond I shall get you an almanac and pay for the Messenger. I shall send you the bale of Cotton No 6 or 7 by the first opportunity. About selling Fuller, you know I could not do it as I was not then allowed to go to Richmond. To our eyes it may have turned out bad, but in the eyes of the Lord it is all right. If I had sold him then I could not have paid for ~~him~~ the land, for Capt Hailes would not receive the money.

Now, accept my best love for yourself and the children and may the Lord still be with you is my prayer

Your husband Jas L Pollard