

Camp 36<sup>th</sup> Regt  
Barton's Farm  
Jan 12<sup>th</sup> 1863

My dear Pat.

Our Company starts on an expedition tomorrow, five miles, below near the famous battle ground of Malvern Hill, where we will remain a week, and knowing I shall not have an opportunity of writing to you, during that time, I have concluded to write today. I am the more anxious to do so, because in my last letter I stated that I was unwell, and I know that unless you hear from me in the meantime you will be very uneasy about me. Peuchy Latane left here yesterday and offers to carry a letter or message to you for me, but not having time to write at that time I declined writing by him. I have a repugnance anyway of logging myself under any obligations to the "official Characters" in the army - they are generally so exclusive and seem to think no body fit for associates but their brother officers - then they hug to their bosoms however "small potatoes" they be. For two or three days I was quite sick with the Spring disease that has considerable sway among our men, but soon rallied and am now almost well. Now and then, when I eat anything that disagrees with me, my bowels trouble me a little, but as soon as that passes off, I am well again. I became a little reduced in flesh, but that makes no difference this warm weather. The butter, you sent me, eggs and meal came in good season, for we have nice better bread, and I got some tea from the Surgeon, and these suited my appetite.

How shall I ever be thankful enough for

I have not been to Richmond yet and shall <sup>not</sup> be able to go until  
my return from the picket duty to which our Company has been  
assigned. I am very much afraid Wm Phillips is not going to  
attend to that matter as I asked him, and I am so situated that  
I can't. I am afraid through his negligence I shall lose Fuller's  
value, if it could be gotten. He does not write to me, as he promised  
and does not let me know whether the Surgeon has returned or not.  
If I could get the necessary proof of Fuller's having died in the  
service of the gov. under impressions, I would place the matter  
in the hands of Bob Montague. Phillips was to get this statement  
from the Surgeon, but he has not written to me and I have not  
been able to get to Richmond to see him.

I suppose you here had a dreadful drouth at home, as I un-  
stand there has been no rain in King & Queen for a long,  
long time. Suppose everything is suffering dreadfully on account  
of it. I suppose the negroes are getting on tolerably well with  
the crop. Did the Rail reach you, I heard there was quite  
a storm in the neighborhood of Mt. Landing, destroying the wheat.  
I suppose the Children are as happy a lot as they run out  
all day long, without their bonnets and that Betty is as yellow  
as a Malatto. Oh this war, this war, when will it have an end?  
Oh God how long will thou afflict with thy terrible scourging this  
people - Oh will not thy heart incline to mercy and will thou not  
withdraw thy hand <sup>from</sup> of terror?

Accept my love, dear Pat, yes my love - this is all the consolation  
I can send you - in which dark times we live, no bright gleam of  
hope breaks through the gloom. Likewise say to the Children, Papa sends  
his love to them. Write very soon.

Your affectionate husband  
J. S. Pollard