

Dear Mr. [unclear]
Petersburg Jan 19th 1865

My dear Pat.

I am exceedingly sorry to have to write you that I shall not be able to come home at the time we had set apart. I sent up my application as I wrote you I should have been ordered out but it was disapproved on the ground that enough were allowed to be absent on furloughs. I had set my heart on the furlough right I meant and must admit am very much disappointed. Tell Sue that I have written you and she must do as she thinks best about dealing up on the estate. I hardly think it worth while that she should wait longer for me. I don't know that I shall be able to come at all. It may be that I may never see you all again. When the good weather opens towards Spring there will be no chance for me and the Campaign next Spring will be one of the severest if not the severest of this war. I can't calculate to live through such a Campaign as we had last Summer. But leave us the hands of a wise God. We have nothing new in this vicinity to write. Every thing lies quiet. The Yankees though are successful everywhere else and much inspired by their success as they testify by their hugs and salutes.

Some even think that our Cause is run and the
Confederacy must back down. There be an awful time
with us if such be the case - the blood that has been
spilt & treasure expended to accomplish nothing -
surely the limits of man could not be more clearly shown.
Wilmington I expect will fall in a very short time -
then how is our army to be supplied? The army has been
supplied with food & clothing, mostly through this post
this whole Campaign. We can't tell what is in store
for us, but everything looks very dark.

If you have any Virginia Cloth, I want you to have me
a pair pants made with double seat, and kept for me
until I shall need them. I don't expect to be able to get
any from the gov^t. Now there I have on here a hole in
the seat.

Oh how I want to see you all - but it may never be again
my good fortune so to do. I look with fearful foreboding
to the Spring. How can I pass through another such
Campaign without being killed? May the Lord
have mercy.

Now I must close. Farewell my dear wife, May God
be with you. My love to you and the children.

Your affectionate Husband

John P. Cant