

In the trenches near Petersburg
February 19th 1865

My dear Pat -

Your last letter came to hand yesterday, and though I wrote but the other day I feel that I must again write. I am sorry to hear that you are still suffering from a rising breast - had hoped that you had gotten well before this. But am very glad that you have not suffered as much from it as you had anticipated. I am exceedingly anxious to get home to see all of you, but know of no plan except the one I mentioned in my last letter, viz. to get a detail to go to King & Queen to bring over provisions for the Company. This I could not do unless I could get a government wagon to haul them to Richmond. You know I have not the leave to do it with and then we shall be very much behindhand to plowing. If Capt. Wilson at Newtown will promise to furnish a wagon I will undertake the job, and put in my application to that effect. Tell Brother to find out immediately and let me know. If I should not be able to come in this way, I want you to send over Winston with some eatables. Peas, meal and a piece of middling would serve me best. He must leave the horse at Joseph Smithers' until his return. Or if you could send a box as you did before and write me beforehand when it was coming that might be better. But whatever you send let it be uncooked, unless it be a pudding or some puffs and the like. I am nearly starving for some home victuals. If you saw what I have to eat now your wonder would be that I lived at all. The others, Lewis & Bernard & Wm. Harper, got a good deal from home about a month ago, and that has lasted until very lately. If you could see the corn bread we have to eat and the little piece of pickled pork (that scalls our mouths from its extreme saltiness) you would say that our lot was hard. And now as Columbia has fallen and our communications with the South cut off, I don't know what will be our conditions. Sherman seems to march through the country unimpeded, and I should not be surprised before he is done if he marches through N. Carolina and forms a junction with Grant around Petersburg. Surely Beauregard can't have any army.

Tell the negroes they must straighten every muscle now to get the plowing up. To put out all the manure that can be raised. You have not said whether as yet the mule colt has been broken that must help to plow this Spring.

Tell Willie he must not be such a lazy boy. He must learn his books and not let Betsy beat him.

And now, dearest Pat, may the Lord be with us both and soon bring us together. My love to the children.

Your husband most truly

Jos. L. Pollard.

In the case of the...
February 19th 1862

My dear father

Your Isaac letter came to hand yesterday, and though I wrote but the
other day I feel that I must write you. I am sorry to hear that you are
suffering from a rising breast - and I hope that you had gotten well
before this. But my very kind and very anxious to get home to see all of
you and know of the plan to go to King & to get a detail to go to
Richmond. This I could not do unless I could get a government wagon to haul
them to Richmond. You know I have not the leave to do it with and then we
shall be very much behind in the matter. I know I would like to see you
and to maintain a wagon I will undertake the job but not in my applica-
tion to that effect. Tell brother to find out immediately and let me know
if I should not be able to come in this way. I want you to send over Watson
with some articles. Tell him to find a place of hiding would serve us best.
I want to leave the horse at Joseph Smith's until his return. Or if you
could send a box as you did before and write me beforehand when it was
sent that might be better. But whatever you send let it be uncooked
unless it be a pudding or some such like. I am nearly starving
for some home victuals. If you saw what I have to eat now your wonder would
be that I lived at all. The others, Lewis, Bernard, Mr. Harper, got a
good deal from home about a month ago, and that has lasted until now
largely. If you could see the corn bread we have to eat and the little piece
of packed pork (that scalls our mouths from its extreme saltiness) you would
say that our lot was hard. And now as Columbia has fallen and our communi-
cations with Grant around Petersburg. Surely Beauregard can't have any
difficulty.

Tell the negroes they must straighten every muscle now to get the
plowing up. Put out all the manure that can be raised. You have not
said whether or not the wire coil has been broken that must help to plow
the spring.

Tell Willie he must not be such a fat boy. He must learn his books
and not let Betsy rear him.

And now, dearest father, may the Lord be with us both and soon bring
us together. My love to the children.

Your affectionate son

John J. Pollard