

In the trenches near Petersburg  
Feb. 27th 1865

My dear Pat -

This is my birthday and I can't celebrate it better than by writing to you and thereby bringing up pleasant associations. I have no cake or molasses pudding for dinner to commemorate it with - nothing but the rough and scanty fare of the commissary. That indeed is poor beyond description. But I can think of home and the loved ones there and how I would enjoy myself were I there. I can feast upon the thoughts of home and you - may God be with you is my prayer this 27th day of February. There is nothing occurring along the lines worth writing about. Everything is in "status quo". The enemy has been moving but with what purpose we have been unable to find out. As the good weather has opened I would not be surprised if Grant makes an important move on our right. The Southside road seems to be his greatest desire. There have been numerous reports about their evacuating their lines to fall back on Petersburg, but with what trust I don't know. The desertions in the army are reported to be very numerous. We have to entertain great fears from this source of strength to the enemy. Our men are going over to the enemy every night or going back to the rear. The South Carolinians and Alabamans are said to be deserting in great numbers. This is a shame upon them.

I suppose the ploughs are running regularly now. That is the main thing to have the plowing done. Just ahead the plows, you have never said whether or not the mule had been broken to work.

If Mr. Minor or Soloman Schools comes over any time soon you can send Winston with them. Be sure to send me a big molasses pudding. If we hold on to Petersburg I have a place I can put the things. I would not like for the horse to come as far as here. He should be very particular or the horse might be stolen in Richmond. Really I want something to eat dreadfully from home. Willie and Bet are still going to school?

By the bye, dear Pat, I don't want Plain View rented to any person. We have gotten clear of A auls now and I wish to keep so. Now accept my love. Tell the children "Papa" sends his love to them, and may God be constantly with you.

Your affectionate husband

Jos. L. Pollard

(The ink used in this letter is very faded and was difficult to read)



in the trenches near ...  
1918, ...

This is my darling and I can't describe it better than by writing  
to you and telling of my daily life. I have no other  
classed putting my dinner to commensurate it with nothing but the rough  
and scanty fare of the commissary. I'm indeed as poor as a church mouse  
but I can think of home and the loved ones there and how I would enjoy  
myself were I there. I can't tell you how much I love you and how  
God is with me as my prayer this day of hardship. There is nothing  
counting among the lines worth writing about. Everything is in a  
The enemy has been moving but with what purpose we have been unable to find  
out. As the good weather has opened, I would not be surprised if it  
makes an important move on our right. The outside road seems to be his  
greatest desire. There have been numerous reports about their vacating  
their lines to fall back on Petersburg, but with what effect I don't know.  
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are going over to the enemy every night or going back to the rear. The  
South Carolinians and Alabamians are said to be deserting in great numbers.  
This is a shame upon them.

I suppose the phogans are running regularly now. That is the main  
thing to have the blowing done. Just ahead the blow, you have never said  
whether or not the rule had been broken to work.

Mr. Mox or Solomon Scholer comes over any time soon you can  
send Winston with them. He sure to send me a big package packing. If  
we hold on to Petersburg I have a place I can put the things. I would  
not like for the horse to come as far as here. He should be very  
or the horse might be stolen in Richmond. Really I want something to get  
readily from home. Willie and Bob are still going to school.

By the bye, dear Pat, I don't want to see you again.  
We have gotten clear of A. alas now and I wish to keep you. Now accept  
my love. Tell the children Papa sends his love to them, and say you be  
constantly with you.

Your affectionate husband

Joe. B. ...

(The ink used in this letter is very faded and was difficult to read)