

Camp 26th Va. Regt.

My dear Pat -

I will write you a short note by Dick to let you hear how we got along in our journey. We had a dreadful time I can tell you. At the Chapel Hill one horse mired, and I and the other horse had to pull the buggy out of the mud. Through much difficulty we reached the Old Church Tuesday night. Before getting to Richmond we found the old buggy giving out and had to repair there. But before getting to camp we found again that the buggy's axle had bent again, and thought it would not last us our journey through. We reached camp at last, but I am fearful it will not last Dick back home. I do not think he can carry the things you want him to get in Richmond. He can only get some plough points - what we are obliged to have - the buggy will not carry the other things.

When I reached Richmond I went to see Wm. Phillips and learned from him that Fuller was dead. He died of pneumonia, week before last - so the poor fellow has gone to his long home. I am very well - stood the weather very well, got wet both days, but feel no bad effects from it. May you and the children likewise be well and may the Lord protect and watch over you. And you, dear Pat, farewell and accept for you and the children my warmest and best love.

Your affectionate husband

JOS. L. POLLARD

(By R.H. Pollard)

