

In the trenches near Petersburg
March 6th 1864

My dear Pat -

I received your note in time marked "in haste" but another disappointment has come to you and me. Gen. Lee has refused to grant any more details for provisions from the fact, I suppose, of indications that the enemy intends an important move soon as the weather opens. Grant has been massing large numbers on our right with the intention, no doubt, of acting in concert with Sherman in the South. One thing is evident, dear Pat, we are on the eve of great events - either success or subjugation. I don't think it possible for us to maintain our present attitude six months unless Sherman is whipped in the South. If he is permitted to form a junction with Grant around Petersburg our armies will be driven from Virginia. We have now two able generals in his front (Johnston & Beauregard) and we can but hope they may be successful in routing him. If they have the men, that is the difficulty with us - the want of troops. If Sherman is routed in the South and driven back, I think Lee can thwart Grant around Petersburg. But our men are becoming hopeless and do not fight as they used to do. There is traitorism in the camp too, and many express themselves as being willing to return to the Union to put a stop to the war. I can't help from thinking that in a few months our destiny will be developed as we may be a conquered or a free people. My fears are very much aroused of late that the former will be our condition. When I think of all these things and to what straights my wife and little children will be reduced, should such an event occur, I am almost overpowered, and nearly prefer to lay under the cold clod of the valley. But then I think we are in the hands of a wise Providence and He will not fail to take care of us.

The weather has opened today and I am in hopes that Lewis and Jeff will push forward the plowing to the utmost. Tell them they must push ahead. You can let Ben Gresham have your peas & potatoes, but save peas enough to send me some, if you should send Winston with Mr. Minor. Dear Pat, you don't know to what extent is my desire to see you. I dream about you every now and then. Last night I was dreaming about our younger days when we knew nothing of life's terrible conflicts. I am glad to hear that your rising has broken and that you are so much better. Oh Pat, in expectation of the terrible conflict ahead, pray God that my life may be spared for your sake & the children. I don't feel worthy to ask Him on my behalf. I have not deserved His many kindnesses to me heretofore.

Ask Cousin Jack what has been done with Charles. What do the negroes say of being made soldiers of? Let me hear from you again very soon. And now, I must give you my blessing and bid you farewell. May God bless you in your loneliness and may He have compassion on my little children.

My best love to you and them - goodbye -

Your affectionate husband

Jos. L. Pollard

