In the trenches near Petersburg

Aug. 13th 1864

My dear Pat -

Mr. Martin has arrived and brought the things except the basket and the eggs. I am very grateful to you for them especially as we get very little to eat. And tell Betsy her cherries were very acceptable. I am so glad my little girl thinks so much of her Papa. The drawers and jars I will send back. The basket, I reckon, was left at Mr. Martin's.

You speak of not having received a letter since Sue's. I have written to you since in which I spoke of the "blow up" of which the papers have said so much. I was in the fight that dreadful day but the Lord brought me out safe - all honor and glory to His great name! I was sorry to hear that the chills had returned - was in hopes you were entirely relieved of them. I am very well, but am worn out in the trenches, have been a full month in them without relief. How I wish I could see you all again. Lewis Smither has returned to the Company, his wound having gotten well. I called to see Cousin Lucy Smyth today. She was out, but found the rest well - said but a few minutes as all were dressed so prim and nice and I was so dirty from my long stay in the ditches. Old Aunt Maria was particularly glad to see me, and asked a great many questions about you and the children. It seems that I shall almost go crazy some times. I am so confined to these trenches, with our heads all the time stuck down, and going half bent. Nothing has occurred since the "blow up" I wrote you about in my last letter which you have got before this. Could you make it convenient to send Winston with Mr. Owens by Mr. Martin with a few things. I don't wish you to send him unless convenient. He might carry the things to Mr. Smyth's. But don't let the horse be overladen with other peoples things. You would have to send but few things as we know not how long we shall be here. Mr. Martin wants to come with Winston and bring things on my horse - if he did not put on much he might, but you should be careful about the matter - you remember Mrs. Martin's big box.

I think of you all so much, dear Pat, and dream about you too, and my prayer is that my life may be preserved on your accounts - but I say, His Will be done.

(unsigned) Jos. L. Pollard