

In the trenches near Petersburg

Sept. 12th, 1864

My dear Pat -

Again I am spared to write you. There is quiet as far as war will warrant it along the lines around Petersburg. But we know not the day nor the hour when the dogs of war will be let loose, and then death and carnage will have their day. Not a day passes, I reckon, but that some soul is hurried into eternity. This very morning one of our Brigade passed our position in the trenches slain by a terrible mortar shell. How uncertain is life, how sure is death. In consideration of this great truth, incline me, Oh God, so to live as to be prepared when the summons comes.

I am very well, but utterly worn out with these ditches; night and day we are here watching and peering at the enemy. Truly our patience is greatly tried, and yet the end is not seen. We have suffered a great deal this summer, but what must be our suffering if we have to remain here this winter. No mind can conceive or imagine it. If Grant is not driven away before that season, I believe, he is making every preparation to remain. He has the railroad in operation from City Point to the vicinity of the Weldon Road, thus aiding him in the transportation of his provisions to feed his army. I don't think he has any intention of raising the seige of Petersburg directly but to carry out his expressed intention sometime since of fighting it out on this line.

I enjoyed immensely the things you sent by Lewis - unfortunately he had to throw away a good many of the peaches, but all the other things were very good. I wish you had sent some butter, but Lewis said he persuaded you not to send any. I don't think I ever wanted to see you and the children worse in my life. I think so much of home and you all that I am dreaming about you nearly every night. What does Cousin Jack say about the fall of Atlanta? What effect will it have on the war? I see no alternative now but continued war. And my heart sinks within me to think so. MacClellan has expressed himself in his letter of acceptance as a war man, unless the South submits to a reconstruction of the Union. This she can't honorably do, and thus to us it is of little consequence to us which, Lincoln or MacClellan, is elected. But how come are the chaps and how are your chills getting on - do you have them yet? How is it with you now, with no one to live with you. Are you not lonely?

I must come to a close. John Longest is at the field hospital on account of blindness at night. Write to me very soon. Tell about the crops & c & c. Much love to you and the children. May the Lord be with you.

Your affectionate husband

Jos. L. Pollard

P.S. Lewis says he found tea so high that he did not buy but  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb, and had to give \$15 for that. The money he got exchanged and left with Joe, I think he said.

J.L.P.

