

In the trenches, Petersburg
Dec. 27th 1864

My dear Pat -

I received the box you had the kindness, and which you took so much pains and spent so much labor in fixing to send me - likewise your letter complaining that it had been a month since you received a letter from me. Now, there has been but one time that I did put off writing to you any very great length of time and that was when we were moved away on the night and it was very cold, and no fire to stay by, and it was impossible to write. I have never intended to slight you, and if you knew how earnestly I desire your happiness and welfare and how I have prayed for it you would not thus accuse me. But the box. Its contents are very nice and show a woman's love in the complete manner it was packed up and the nice things it contained. Oh, it shows that "loved ones" at home have not forgotten us here in the cold and mud, and with but little to eat. By the bye, I was poorly with my bowels when the box came and I could not at first enter fully into its contents. I have been in rather low spirits too on account of the bad news that has come to us from the South, and I have not felt very much like eating. Nevertheless, I appreciate your offering and my thanks are now tendered to you that at this season of good eating you did not forget me, far away from home.

The things that were sent to our Regt. from our neighborhood but few of them reached us. It seems they went to the 55th Regt. Nevertheless we got a very good supply from the Stevensville neighborhood and from below. The soldiers seem to appreciate them very much, and to be proud that their old native county had not forgotten them in their distresses and hardship.

I shall not make application to go home before the 1st of Feb. as so many applications went up from our Company about Christmas.

We have received tidings that Savannah has fallen and that Wilmington has already or will very soon fall. And then to hear the salutes the Yankees fire in honor of their successes is indeed a damper to our spirits. They say too that Hood's army has been cut to pieces, and a great many of our men are looking to our overthrow and subjugation - the great majority of them. We have had a very wet Christmas in the trenches - mud ankle deep and damp and disagreeable weather.

I have written to you twice very lately, and may be the mails do not carry letters regularly. Tell Betsy I want to see her with her shoes on going to school. In fact I want to see you and all the children very badly, but my life is in jeopardy every minute from sharp shooters and the Mercy of God has preserved me this long. Give my best love to the children, and dear Pat, never say that I slight you or desire to do so, for God knows my heart and before Him I can answer. You may think so but you don't know my situation - but God knows me and my conscience is clear before Him. Accept my love and my constant prayer that our Heavenly Father will bless you.

Your affect. husband
Jos. L. Pollard

