

Camp near Richmond, May 19th '62

My dear Wife:

We have after a long and weary march at last reached the neighborhood of Richmond City. We arrived here yesterday morning. We have been through some very tough times. The roads have been so wet and miry, sometimes we were nearly up to our knees in mud. Since I last wrote to you - which was about 15 miles below the Old Church - our march took us over the "long Bridge" over the Chickahominy thence in a circular direction leaving Richmond to our right. We are now stationed to the south of the city about 2 miles from it. We are seeing the hardest kind of times and how often I wish for something to eat from home. But there are no means now of getting anything - how far different is our situation to what it was at Gloucester Point. We belong to Hill's division of the Army in Gen. Rodes' Brigade. I understand the Yankee pickets are at the Old Church, if such is the case I am entirely cut off from you except by letter and I am doubtful whether this will reach you. I am exceedingly anxious to hear from you to know how every thing is getting on, whether any of the negroes have run off etc. I have heard that nearly all of Mr. Robin Pollard's negroes have gone off to the Yankees. How I wish we had some of our breadstuffs from our neighborhood ground up and sent to the Army. We are very much lacking in these things. And it would be so much better for us to have them than for the Yankees. I have not heard from Cousin Pike. I have inquired repeatedly for his regiment, but cannot find out where it is stationed.

It is thought that Johnston will make a stand now around Richmond to defend the Capital. I hope he may as I should dislike so much to leave my old native state.

I am in good health myself, but Lewis Smither is very sick. I am very uneasy about his situation. Bernard sends word to his wife that he is near Richmond and is well. We are greatly exposed to the inclement weather and if we do not die, it will be thro' the mercy of God. O, Pat, ever remember me and let not the children forget me. Often tell them of Papa. My warmest and best love is sent to you and the children. If you see any opportunity write to me.

I am yr. affectionate husband

Jos. L. Pollard

