

Camp near Richmond  
May 26, 1862

My dear Pat -

As some of the militia that are over 35 years of age will be discharged and sent home, I will write you a few lines by them.

I am orderly sergeant now and have but little time of my own. I am going all the time. I am quite well although we have had a great deal of rainy weather lately. We have a great deal of sickness among our men - diarrhea, caused by the indifferent water we have to drink. Through all our marching and exposure I have kept very well, and have been very anxious to hear from you. Be sure to write to me very soon directed to Richmond in care of R. Cauthorn. Joe Smither has promised to take the letters out and send them to me.

We have been transferred to the command of Gen. Wise, but still in Gen. Hill's division. The Yankees have come up as far as Lumpkins on the Mechanicsville turnpike and a battle may take place at any time. It is a terrible thing to be laying, awaiting the approach of a great army and thinking over the terrible events of a great battle. May God help me to do my duty to my country, so that if my life is spared I may have the satisfaction hereafter of referring to the past with pleasure.

Smith is now our Captain and Council is Lt. Col. We are encamping about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the city very near to the residence of Lucius Harrison - his house is Gen. Johnston's Headquarters. There have been two skirmishes with the enemy lately, one at the head of Mechanicsville turnpike and the other at or near New Bridge. At the latter we gained considerable advantage. We cannot speculate on the future, such tremendous results hang on the great battle to be fought around Richmond. We should all pray God tho' that he give us the victory over our enemies. If we are conquered we but vassals to Northern rule, if we win the contest a glorious future is before us. I think oftentimes of you and the children and so ardently wish that I could live once more with you under the blessings of peace. You are often before me in my dreams - our home, delightful home I often dream of.

This is the third time I have written to you since I last left home. I do not know whether you have received either. I am afraid communication will soon be cut off and then we cannot hear from each other. We are called on this evening to hold ourselves in readiness to meet the enemy. At what point I do not know. Everything is getting very threatening and a fight cannot be delayed a great many days. I hope we may all live to see it through and return to our homes and our wives.

How do the children get on and what the sayings and doings of the neighborhood? I suppose it is getting to be very scary among you all. But, dear Pat, be not frightened, be determined and brave and matters will go better with you. And now, dear wife, farewell. Remember me to the children - may this not be the last time I shall write "dear wife". And now accept my best and warmest love for you and the children and believe me.

Yr. affectionate husband

Jos. L. Pollard



Camp near Hildesheim  
May 12, 1863

Dear Mother

I am writing you a few lines by hand. I hope you will find them interesting.

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Yours affectionately

John J. ...