Chapin's Bluff June 20, 1862

My dear Pat -

It has now been some time since I last wrote to you - by Mr. Boulware - whether or not you received it I have not been able to hear. In fact I have not been able to learn whether any of my letters to you have gone straight. I have been very anxious to hear from you and have thought it very hard at not being able to receive a letter as so many of my acquaintances in all sections from King & Queen are constantly getting letters from their families and friends. I had thought that may be you might have heard of some opportunity. You do not know, my dear Pat, how anxious I am to hear from you and the children. I have not heard immediately from you since I left home.

I shall send Minor to Richmond tomorrow especially to carry this with the hope that Joe Smither may see some friend by whom to contrive it.

I have been very well since I last wrote, but we are seeing very tough times in the way of eating. What do you think of chickens selling at \$1 - hens at the same - lamb at \$3 per quarter and other things in the same proportion? Are not these famine prices? Yet the people of Richmond have to pay these prices. No wonder the poor of the city are on starvation.

The troops that we started with from Glo. Point have been scattered to different regiments until within a few days past. We are now all collecting at this point, which is a high bluff on the river completely commanding it, and the preparations making will forbid any gun boats of the enemy reaching the city. The batteries are "iron-clad" and the river is so narrow that it will be impossible even for the Monitor to pass, taking the obstructions in the account. Then again all along the banks of the river are rifle-pits dug from which our sharp-shooters can pick off those on board. I think Richmond is safe on the water-side. If it is taken it must be by land.

We have such a large force around Richmond that the feeding them has become a very serious question. If we are not starved out, I think the chance now of taking the city a very poor one. McClellan though is being reinforced; when the attack will come we cannot tell. The brilliant successes of Jackson have certainly impeded his operation. Our army seems lying waiting for him to make a move.

You have heard, I reckon, of the death of Wm. Latane - he fell in the expedition of Gen. Stuart, that famous expedition by which the whole Yankee army was reconnoitered, and a vast quantity of his stores destroyed at the White House. You may have seen an account of it in the papers.

Things are so high here, if you can get colored cloth enough to make me two shirts and send them to me I shall be very much obliged. I bought a shirt yesterday that you can almost dart straws through - had to give \$4½ for it. And now, dearest Pat, accept my best love for yourself and the children - kiss them for me. My prayer is that this war may soon be over and that we may

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soon be reunited under the blessings of peace. May Heaven guard and protect you from all harm and evil - may give you health and strength for your day and task, and though your husband is far away, separated from you by armies of enemies, may He who rules the Heavens and the Earth be more than a husband to you, and bless you graciously.

Your husband,

Jos. L. Pollard

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