

Chaffin's Bluff
August 12, 1862

My dear Pat -

Minor brought safely the letter you sent by him, and likewise welcome news that all were well at home. I was glad to hear that the "little one" had gotten better, and your fears on her account had been relieved. How anxious am I that all of you should keep well and that all things could go on peaceably at home to relieve your mind and not weigh on your anxieties. I often think of your situation, how much is dependent on your exertions, and what a load of anxiety sometimes must rest upon you, but you are in a situation similar to that of thousands in our State and how much better than that of deserted families within the lines of the enemy. We heard dreadful tales, if true, of the treatment of our citizens within the lines of Pope's army. You should rejoice, dear wife, that your retreat is so secure, and that God has so abundantly protected you. I feel under untold obligation to Him for his great mercy to you and the children. We are in anxious waiting to hear of the successes of Jackson in the region of Gordonsville. We are hoping that if a signal blow can be struck in that quarter and Pope's army cut to pieces and demoralized as was Bank's that the Federal Government will listen to some terms of peace - peace, Oh what a joy would gladden the heart of many a wife, mother sister and what a thrill would run through the heart of the whole country by the announcement of peace! Oh the happy home, the old homestead, the little darlings to welcome our return and above all the wife who has loved us through all our dangers and toils, how the heart leaps at the recital. Oh God wilt thou not give us our homes and families once more!

It seems the policy of our enemies to concentrate its chief force to bear upon Richmond under the dastardly Pope and attempt the "on to Richmond" in that direction. But if they could not be successful from the South with their gunboats to fall back upon, how can they expect to meet with success with nothing of the sort to protect their flanks. And moreover since the late order of Pope and his subsequent treatment to our citizens, our troops will fight with greater desperation, and our troops may not be kept from acts of cruelty and retaliation. The South under the pressure from Lincoln is becoming very desperate and I doubt not before the war ends the black flag will become our battle flag, and an exterminating warfare unknown to civilized nations will yet arise. I suppose you have seen in the paper, if you ever get any, that Lincoln since his defeat around Richmond has made a call for 300 thousand vols and 300 thousand militia in all 600 thousand to precipitate on the South this fall or next spring.

Jackson has had one fight with his usual success near South-West Mountain and every day we are anxious to hear something on a greater scale and more decisive in its character. Certain it is that large reinforcements have been sent up to him and a battle great in consequences is daily expected. Oh that success may again crown our arms. We have had some awfully hot weather lately and I suppose the corn crop in consequences has materially improved. How are the sweet potatoes? Tell Betsy Nixon (?) brought the message she sent me, and Papa would most gladly come home if he could.

We must not mind the expense of your coming to Richmond to spend a day or so, if I should not be able to get home by the fall. If the Gov. will pay me up I will expend that gratifications like these. So I must have you and the children - all of them - over if I am living and cannot otherwise direct matters.

There is nothing active in our immediate section to write you, everything quiet. All eyes, North and South, are turned to Pope and Jackson. We hope the Southern Hero may reach, by his bold and daring deeds, still higher in the annals of this war, and the tide may be turned from the South northward.

I am quite well - my love to our little ones, Willie, Bet, Mollie and the baby, and tell them to be good children, to do what their Mamma tells them, and not to forget their Papa. My love, too, my dear Wife is sent to you, and may Heaven still continue to protect and watch over you.

Your husband in truth

Jos. L. Pollard

P. S. Tell Wm. Ap* I wrote to him some time ago, of his decision and that he could come speedily over.

J.L.P.

* Pronounced "Apt"

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