

Chaffin's Farm
Oct. 5th 1862

Sunday Morning. My Dear Pat-

Mr. Minor arrived yesterday evening and brought me your welcome letter. I was sorry to see that what I said about my chill in my last letter had aroused your fears to that extent as your letter exhibited. My chill turned out to be by no means a bad one and a good dose of blue-mass, and two of quinine, set me all right again. Had I thought you would have been so uneasy I should not have mentioned it - it proved a very slight one and my health for the last several days has been as good as usual.

I am very uneasy about our ability to secure salt enough to save our pork. You did not say in your letter whether Dick or Cousin Jack had made any arrangements towards getting some. It is high time now and unless some efforts are made we may be entirely disappointed. What is being done with the corn? You said Dick was getting his out, where is it to be sent, did he dispose of mine? How is the present crop - is it anything extra?

We have made a movement towards building winter quarters and I judge by this that we are to remain at this post and will hardly be carried to the upper country. I don't think furloughs will be granted until the cold weather stops farther military movements. I don't expect to get home until the winter season is fully set in. While military operations are going on, and not knowing at what point the enemy might break through, the troops are kept at their different posts and suffered not to leave unless for extreme sickness. I dare say this is right, if we wish to guard against surprise and to keep the enemy foiled at every point. Yet, dear Pat, we must have patience and suffer on, and God in his own good time will work out our deliverance, and return us to each other, if it be his will.

You have heard of the great battle at Sharpsburg where Gen. Lee was pretty hard pressed by the enemy in overwhelming numbers, his retreat across the Potomac, and the great slaughter Jackson inflicted on the enemy in their attempt to cross the same. The two hostile armies are now face to face, and they say that an engagement is imminent. This disappoints my calculations, for I thought the fighting had pretty well ceased for this campaign. Ah! how much blood is required to wipe out the sins of this wicked people.

I shall enclose in this letter \$100 and will trust it by Mr. Minor, as I am somewhat fearful to keep it here longer where I have not a safe place. I shall not need the drawers so you had better keep the cloth a little longer. I drew a pair from the Gov. One of the shirts you sent me some time ago has worn out. So I have only two shirts now worth wearing.

Be sure to send by Dick some sweet and irish potatoes. I understand sweet potatoes are selling in market for \$6 per bushel. In fact all vegetables and everything in the eating line is so high that to get any little variety sometimes cost the soldier most heavily. It absorbs most of the wages of our soldiers, and hence they send so little money home to their families.

I saw Mr. Rich. Lyne the other day, and he told me you were at the Association. You spoke of so many being there, where do they come from? If they be young men the women, if nobody else will do it, should scoff at, and drive them from the county to the defence of our common country.

Tell Betsy that Papa was not sick much, that he often thinks of his little "wild girl" - that she must learn to be a good girl and do as Mama tells her - that she and Willie must learn their books, and Willie especially be able to read by the time Papa gets home.

My best and true love is for you, dear Pat, and the little ones that are dear to us both. Farewell and may Heaven still guide and protect you amid the dark storms that are sweeping over our land.

Your husband in truth

Jos. L. Pollard

William Mc. sends his love to all, and says that he has been very poorly, but is now feeling quite well.

J. L. P.

P.S.

Some person came last night and stole the ducks you sent me, likewise six chickens that we had of what Phil brought us when he came over before. I think there are some of the most unaccountable rogues in this Reg't.

J. L. P.

I saw it. I saw the same as you did. I saw it on the
road. You spoke of so many things, which do not come from
it. They are things which I have seen in the streets of
drive near the corner of the market and the corner of the
market.

That is the same as you saw. I saw it on the
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