Volcano Springs near
Monterey May 7th 1847

Dear friend

Thave put off day after
day writing to you, not that I had
ceased to think of you and wished
to communicate with you, but because
the heat is actually so great and the
[illegible] we lead so lazy and worthless
that I feel almost unable to perform
the simplest military duty, much
[illegible] the almost sacred one, of com-
municating with an old friend
many thousand miles away.
You will perceive by the date of this
letter that we are stationed at this
place. We arrived here some two
or three weeks ago after the biggest
kind of a march from Camargo. The
weather was as hot as that usually
felt about the middle of July in
the southwest corner of Hell and
the way the skin peeled off our [illegible]
[illegible] was a caution to all persons travelling
on foot through Mexico in the merry
month of May. How long we will
remain here, I can exactly tell
but I am inclined to think we will
before long march upon San Luis
Potosi, where Santa Anna made
tracks for, after Scott pulled all the
feathers out of his tail at Cerro
Gordo. If our gallant General did
shorten the Mexican's tail, he did'nt
certainly injure the feathers of

his wings, for they say he absolutely flew when the American Eagle made a dash at him.

It is useless for me to say anything about this great and important battle, for two reasons. The accounts received here are very ~~so~~ slender and ill authenticated, and long ere this reaches you, you will have read the official accounts of the engagement ~~from the~~ fresh from the pen of the gallant Scott himself. Our brave man, Zach. is highly pleased with the news and anticipates with joy a speedy termination of this unhappy struggle. Gen Taylor with all his manliness of character and daunteless courage, mourns the dreadful destruction of human life since May last, with as sincere grief as the gentlest & most timid, tender hearted woman of the land. That Gen Scott is a most scientific and accomplished officer no one pretends to doubt, but if you want to see a set of Royal Bengal Tigers let loose upon a flock of Sheep, just let Gen Taylor mount the old white horse and tell the volunteer boys to go ahead. They will follow him to the banks of the river Styx ~~and then~~ as cheerfully as they did to the Rio Grande - and if necessary they would cross that fabled stream and beard his Satanic Majesty in the midst of his salamander guards.

I have no news to tell you in the North. All tongues are busy prating of and rejoicing over the brilliant affair at Cerro Gordo, and this will be not only the theme of conversation, but the foundation of many a legend and tis for

days to come -
We have nearly all been to see the principal sights of the City and its environs - none of which do I feel competent to describe - Austria's Sweden is not what it was now like, still it bears striking marks of its former beauty and altho its master is our Country's foe, still one can scarcely help feeling that the voluptuous General should have been so rudely driven from this picturesque field of his toils and pleasures. In the rear of the pretty Sweden, is the Bishops Palace, the present attended for all architectural splendor for a Prelate to inhabit, that ever met the eye of an American, even if he be only familiar with the pretty cottages of our "Village Preachers" - In this saintly abode, in days gone by, Ghan no doubt, the followers of the Romish Vice Regent, enjoyed with gusto quite natural to black coats, many of the luxuries of this mundane world, such as wine, cards, and say it not in Gath, proclaim it not in the streets of Ascalon, sweet woman's soft sighs as well as well as thighs - Excuse this sadly blackguard and confused letter - Ghan just returned after a hard day's work and feel more like resting my weary bones than scribbling and scratching over this dirty sheet of paper - Before I conclude, I must inform of my Election to the rank of Lt. in the 1st Reg. of Virginia Volunteers - The choice was almost unanimous and of course filled me with gratitude to the brave men who, if ever an opportunity presents itself, I shall be apt in leading on against the enemies of my country, to the very heart of my dominions - Please show this to the Captain of our old Company, and if anything of interest occurs, you shall certainly hear from

Your friend
Robt Pollock

P. S. May 9th. After being annoyed for some
three or four days by many contradictory reports
of battles and battles, our minds are yesterday
set at rest by the news received ~~yesterday~~ by Gen.
Taylor of Scott's brilliant affair at Cerro Gordo.
A few moments after the arrival of the news, a sa-
lute was ordered and Braggs Artillery belch-
ed forth its thunder in magnificent style—
The general impression appears to be that this
fight ~~was~~ is the last great battle of the War—
I enclose you something in the shape of a valen-
tine, which I hope will help to purify your
taste and genius in the beautiful and classical

man
note

Adams 13. Master Esquire
Scott's care of Gen. Gaines
Philadelphia
Penn
N. S.

NEW ORLEANS
MAY
24
1847

art of Painting. The sentiments expressed in it tho.
not in rhyme are full of poetry. Enclosed you will
also find a specimen of Mexican coinage. It is
called a quartier and will buy you a glass of three
cent rot gut. Dont fail to send me as many pa-
pers of interest as you can find and direct to Nou-
veau for if we have left they will be forwarded.

Robt Pollock

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Volcanic Springs near Monterrey
May 7, 1847

Dear Friend,

I have put off day after day of writing to you, not that I had ceased to think of you and wished to communicate with you, but because the heat is actually so great and the life we lead so cozy and worthless that I feel almost unable to perform the simplest military duty, much less the almost sacred one, of communicating with an old friend many thousand miles away. You will perceive by the date of this letter that we are stationed at this place. We arrived here some two or three weeks ago after the biggest kind of a march from Camargo. The weather was as hot as that usually felt about the middle of July in the southwest corner of Hell and the way the skin peeled off our feet was a caution to all persons travelling on foot through Mexico in the merry month of May. How long we will remain here I can't actually tell but I am inclined to think we will before long march upon San Luis Potosi, where Santa Ana made tracks for, after Scott pulled all the feathers out of his tail at Cerro Gordo. If our gallant general did shorten the Mexican's tail, he didn't certainly injure the feathers of his wings, for they say he absolutely flew when the American Eagle made a dive at him.

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May 7, 1847

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Robert Pollack

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Robert Pollack