Buena Vista Augt 12th 1847

My dear friend

Your long and welcomed letter was received in due course of time and found me just recovering from a long and painful illness. Its contents had the effect of cheering up my broken spirits and restoring to my exhausted frame the rich life blood that had for weeks ceased to run its glorious race through my veins and arteries -

During our stay at the Walnut Springs, with the benignant eye of our great and good old leader upon me, I enjoyed excellent health, but a few days after we were compelled to act as a garrison for the City of Monterey, Grim death with all his train of evils, came down upon me and during our stay there and after our arrival here so much worse did I become that the Surgeon of the Regiment expressed strong doubts of my recovery - But God be praised, my natural buoyancy of spirits together with the soul stirring recollections that throw a halo of glory around the spot on which we are encamped, soon dispelled everything like despair

and now I can with grateful pleasure say to you, in the language of the humped backed tyrant "Richard is himself again"—
Our situation here would be a delightful one were it not for the the entire absence of trees, the heat of the sun during the day and the cold at night - The latter is unpleasant in the extreme - Unlike the cold with us, it does not reach the extremities but penetrates the very vitals - But I dont think we will have to endure these annoyances very long, for the regular, stiff drilling of the troops, the transportation of articles of clothing and the expected arrival of Zach. himself, all tell very plainly that our drums will soon cease to roll and our cannon to roar over the plains of Buena Vista - God speed the day, say I, for I am certain a march upon the magnificent City of San Luis Potosi, and the expectation of finding its streets bristling with bayonets will have the effect of rousing the men from the lethargy, consequent upon a life of inaction -
When we reach "the promised land" I hope my health will be entirely restored and then if there is nothing to do with the sword, why I will seize the pen and use it vigorously for the benefit of my

distant friend entirely - He shall be amused and edified by a full description of San Luis Potosi, its buildings, men women (including whores) and children -
Now this is all I can do by way of apology for one of the dullest letters ever inflicted upon mortal man -
The anxiety felt to hear my letter read and the pleasure expressed at its contents are and will be gratefully remembered - Say to my kind friends that the only return I can make them, is a solemn promise, that the gallant sword that hangs by my side never shall leave its scabbard but in defence of the liberty, the honor and the glory of my country -
Write soon, write all the time, and if the ~~them~~ letters Mail is cut off and I don't receive ~~them~~ why Urrea and Canales and their concubines will no doubt derive great pleasure from a perusal of their contents -
I am not written half I wanted, but you must excuse me - again I promise to do better next time -
With kind remembrances to one & all, I am as ever

Your old friend
Robt. Pollock

Brazos Aug T 28 A.B. Walter Esq
S.E. corner of 8th and green
Philadelphia
Pa
U.S.

Buena Vista Augst 12th 1847

My Dear Freind

your long and welcomed letter was received in due course of time and found me just recovering from a long and painful illness. Its contents had the effect of chearing up my broken spirits and restoring to my exhausted frame the rich life blood that had for weeks ceased to run its glorious race through my veins and arteries.

During our stay at the Walnut Springs, with the benignant eye of our great and good old leader upon me; I enjoyed excellent health, but a few days after we were compelled to act as a garrison for the City of Monterey. Green Death with all his train of evils came down upon me, and during our stay there and after our arrival here so much worse did I become that the surgeon of the Regiment expressed strong doubts of my recovery- But God be praised, my natural bouyancy of spirits together with the soul stirring recollections that throw a halo of glory around the spot on which we are encamped, soon dispelled everything like desease and now I can with grateful pleasure say to you in the language of the humped backed tyrant "Richard is himself again"- Our situation here would be a delightful one were it not for the entire absence of trees. The heat of the sun during the day and the cold at night- the latter is unpleasant in the extreme- unlike the cold with us. It dont reach the extremities but penetrates the very vitals-- But I dont think we will have to endure these annoyances very long., for the regular strict drilling of the troops, the transportation of articles of clothing and the expected arrival of Zack, himself, all tell very plainly that our drums will soon cease to roll and our cannon to roar oer the plains of Buena Vista--God speed the day; Say I, for I am certain a march upon the magnificent City of San Luis Potosi, and the expectation of finding its streets bristling with bayonets will have the effect of arousing the men from the lethargy consequent upon a life of inaction.-

When we reach " The promised land " I hope my health will be entirely restored and then if there is nothing to do with the sword, Why I will seize the pen and use it rigorously for the benefit of my distant freinds entirely. He shall be amused and edified by a full description of San Luis Potosi, its buildings, men, women (including whores) and children - now this is all I can do by way of apology for one of the oullest letters ever inflicted upon mortal man.

The anxiety yet to hear my letter read and the pleasure expressed at its contents are and will be gratefully remembered-. Say to my kind friends that the only return I can make them, is a solemn promise, that the gallant sword that hangs by my side never shall leave its scabbard but in defence of the Liberty, the Honor and the Glory of my Country-.

Write soon, write all the time, and if the mail is cut off and I dont receive yr letters why Unea and Canales and their concubines will no doubt derive great pleasure from a perusal of their contents- I have not written half I wanted, but you must excuse me, again I promise to do better next time-.

With kind remembrances to one and all, I am as ever

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Robt Pollock