Head: Quarles Va. Regiment
Camp, Buena Vista Feb 23, 1848

My dear Father & Mother,

This day presents itself as a rainy day here, which is rather uncommon to me. As I do not believe we have had a rain before for three months, and as a day of this kind are very pleasant to me in a few leisure moments more than any other day, keeping me from the dust. So, I will engage the time in writing you something to read, although I have nothing to tell you very different from my last, and indeed I sometimes wonder if you two ever think with my uninterrupted leisure. The as you appear from your letters always to be happy to hear from me, I will try and fill this sheet with something. As before I have not written a letter to you for some time since, I received your very kind letter, on yesterday, informing of Amandus's accident, and the great kindness you have had to write me. Some time since, informing you of my surprise at the facts, as it came so unexpected to me. For you state it is news all over, I am happy to hear that you had such a pleasant time of it. And that I was not spared the partake of the pleasure. I was nevertheless remembered, by some of my old friends and acquaintances. As you are now all and satisfied with the mode, and of course I am. You know my motto, always in peace yourself, and you please me. So I shall have in hopes by the time I arrive. Should this war last much longer, I will have such an increase of brothers in arms, and relations.
I will be able to travel over a good portion of our good old Commonwealth, without going any for friends and stopping places. I presume you feared much more perversely about the time of the breeding than I did. As at that any time I was with a scouting party in the Cordilleran Mountains, which was not uncommon to produce a truant pair of legs, as well, as a considerable appetite for a piece of Bacon and Bread, as the Dutchman said (all the good when we are so hungry.) Nothing need has transpired since I wrote you last and more than more rumour of peace. Our last intelligence from the city of Mexico brings news, that the prospect for peace is decidedly better than it has ever been, and infact would want to go so far as to say it in with but doubt. The for any part I cannot say, as I have heard it answered so often I cannot place as much confidence in reports as I would did you continue to appear anxious for me to make a speedy return. Indeed I almost wish peace would be made on your account. I must ask you how and beginning to become tired of a life of this kind as I had always hoped that we would be kept in active service, and not need down to a camp life, for it appears all in uncertainty here. And what is most to be regret of this war time can only determen me must confess I feel exceedingly cannot to turn home again and my many dear friends and relations as nothing could be such a treat to me. I also begin to feel as I am losing much time hind in making nothing for my self, with...
honour, glory or money, I had hoped that I would succeed in getting an office in the regular army. As it appears, my hopes are rather doubtful. I would be proud of an office in the regular army as it would not only give me the privilege of coming home on furlough, but would add much to my comfort. And would pay the bill for my time. Yes, I shall not despair never. For if the war should last, they will certainly be a large force raised which will make quite a field for promotion and then perhaps a professing notice will be taken of my claims.

Things go on as usual after the old style. The same people and being to eat, and some old officers to perform. I see no chance for an advancement. It appears God does not determine that we shall never share any of the honours of this war, I must close this letter. As our lines are not in good order, and to lose a day of such a Country is of no small matter.

Please write often and give me all the news. I should like to hear what has become of my poor home, was in full France I want her to take profession of my wish, the family. I wrote her two letters this I support the left lying down before them and in France. My love to all my loving friends. Her very truly,

John B. Brock

P.S. I would like to know how far Stanford Brown can not write to me as I have written him two letters.
And have never received any reply. I continue to hold my post. I am determined to throw it up and take promotion with my Company, as I think it will be the best for me in the long run. And I am determined to have a Commission.

[Signature]

[Address]

[Postmark]