Pamango, Mexico, Nov. 7th, 1846

My dear Parents,

I have been detained for some weeks from any pleasant employment of writing long letters home, by a mild remittent fever, which, although neither dangerous nor painful, obliged me to avoid every excitement, mental or physical, to facilitate my recovery. A letter that I wrote three or four days ago to Sally caused a temporary relapse of fever; but I have now every reason to hope that it has finally left me.

Let this News should cause you some concern, I must tell you that my sickness has not been attended with some advantages. I may now, for example, consider myself as acclimated, and feel better without apprehension of the fevers of next season. But I have still greater reason to be thankful to God for having made use of this means to awaken my dormant affections, to unbridge affections, to incline towards heavenly things. I have been for many months I had thus been enabled to rejoice in my
light affliction, and return grateful thanks to that Merciful Father who has ever denounced me, but always lent me his comforting Spirit. While my last hour, on this earth is near, and all other friends are far away, may my dearest rest in the Bosom of Jesus, who will dry my last tear, and enable me to rejoice in death at the entrance to a blessed Immortality.

With my strong domestic affections, and my aching wish for all the comforts of home, I cannot tell you what mental suffering would be borne during sickness, were it not for this keep up, sustaining influence of the Divine Spirit, the reality of whose operations on the human heart I can now no more doubt than I can my own existence, since it has made me to feel my sickness to be a blessing, and to regard my many disappointments in the same light.

For fear that you should still feel anxious about my health, I will detain this letter until after my face is seen tomorrow, when if I have still escaped, I may consider myself beyond fear of a relapse. I have looking for both Newton everyday.
He must have been commissioned in
Oaths Wharton's place at least two weeks ago.
I received today letters from my father
and from letter postmarked Oct 14. I was
much surprised to hear of Andrew's
marriage at this juncture. The paper
with my published letter has not come
to hand, but is doubtless in the P.O.
waiting for me to return it out
when I get strong enough. I am very
glad that it has not been with approbation.
I was particularly anxious to do justice
to Capt. Bilton, whom I consider to be
a good officer and like at a com-
passion, though I cannot admire some
of the deeper parts of his character.
He is a man of taste, education, and
intelligence; and although somewhat
affected in his manners, calculated
to make a good impression in society.
He displays a great regard for the
and declare my service with him.
at Mier; induced me with much politeness.
He was, I conceive, considerable influence
with Gen. Worth—
The bad luck of the family, with respect
to you, has at least failed upon me.
I bought a splendid large jet black
Spanish horse for $24, and sent him
to be short, an operation we had there I yet underdone. They were obliged to throw him, and being very painful he struggled so hard as to strain himself in the knee joint of the hind leg. He continues lame ever since, now about 3 weeks, so I am now trying to sell him for $10, to any body who is either willing to have a lame horse, or thinks he can be cured. It is reported, believe here that Tampico has been taken. Gen. Taylor is preparing to march on Matamoros. Gen. Wool has, it is said, been ordered to join Gen. I. at Monterrey, and having detached 1000 men to Chihuahua (what for?), is thought to be within a few days march. These reports are brought to me by Dr. Kennedy, and as I know nothing of their origin, cannot vouch for their correctness, but as this course is the junction of Taylor's and Wool's Armies, is the one that ought to be pursued. There is an additional improbability in the way. I suppose of course you know that I would prefer serving my country during the war in a different capacity from my present. It is probable you say that more volunteers...
money or in kind, to be regularly collected by the municipal authorities. He should urge
in the surrounding country, andDriven not
only cheaper beef, but horses to dwell for English
Station of Commissary about the farm. The books
should the bill of fare. I see the inhabitants, and the
public buildings converted into hospitals and
Arsenals. Nor should these measures be
confined to the Capital of our city and
portion in proportion to its wealth and population
should share its fate. Thus would our
Treasury escape the drain now being made
upon it; thus would the enemy I Receive
be exhausted, and the people disgusted
with the war; thus, under proper regulations
to prevent intoxication, would the health
and comfort of our troops be secured; in this
way would peace be quickly secured, and con-
sequently the real interests of humanity can
be.

Recently your humble servant like to see the War
carried on, and quickly brought to a termination.
That his Country might be fitted with
reason, and himself once more permitted
to land in the rocking chair, and excel over
a large pile of another buckwheat cake.
Well said, there is but one step from the
sublime to the ridiculous, but in the
present case, I declare that the War is
the ridiculous, and the hack wheat cakes the sublime part of the sentence.

I got a letter from an officer at Sebastopol, who having no money, begged me to buy him a mess pan and lend it up, exclaiming with a threat that I might never be in his unfortunate situation of having no mess pan, and having no liver. Medical wrote me that he has amputated at the shoulder joint lately — We operated together on the field at Sebastopol. I feel some sympathy for one another. My name at the beginning of this year stood last on the list; there are already five below me, and two more pretty confidently expected in the course of the next six months. Besides other unforeseen casualties. If my life is spared, I have reason to hope, on account of this rapid promotion, that when the war ends, I will be able to get out of this detestable country.

Remind further, if you please, my dear蛰—about my uncle Colonel, spoken of in my last. He can say for me that I and well acquainted with tactics, having not only studied them from books, but attended the regularly the drills of the 7th British, one of the finest regiments in the service during my service with it. The best line to all my dear ladies — forget the facility of this letter, and believe me your affectionate sister,

Brother — Greyand.