Slatehoo, Messrs. June 20th, 1847.

My dear sisters,

As I have just finished my letter to Andrew, I do not know whether I will have this also read for reinsent Mail - This is Bombay Society and do I am left here to be Anec now commonly I promised a former resident to give some little indication of my quarter. The house belongs to the Governor of the Province of Coomara, of which Slatehoo is the Capital. The house occupied one half of its site, leaving the other from which you may happen to notice the dimensions of the buildings. Experience has shown that these decorations are not small. Like all the native homes, it is built on four sides of a square, including a spacious court yard. In the middle of this is a basin of fountain, around which at sufficient distance is a square, filled with flower pots—most of which would have been beautiful. Though they require to have them watered, a part of the front and sides of the house I occupy as quarters for my house maid. The rest of my good friends and themselves, consisting of seven rooms, is used as Hospital, and the remainder of the.
back, then came to my Apotist Mr. Roberts. There is plenty of good furniture in the building. The tables, chairs &c. &c. I make use of, but prefer a little camp bedstead to a handsome head-piece. The windows, &c. &c. are barred ornamental, but without frames or glass. My bed room, is one of the very few in town, which has a fire place & chimney. In a back yard are the stables, in which I keep my American Horse & Mutton. Having to the necessity of frequent, almost constant, diet, I have returned to a very pleasant mess, and live by myself - I shall had a Mexican strawed made for me, by my dear friends, coffee in the morning. I eat at night some of the very finest chocolate that I, or any body, ever tasted - It is a present to me, in sufficient quantity to last more than a month - Mexican chocolate is altogether different from ours. It is made up with cocoa, Cinnamon, almonds, and some other ingredients, &c. &c., divided into cakes, each large enough for a basket, or little cup. The milk is boiled, the chocolate broken on it, & stirred a short time, then an instrument like a Muller, is applied to which a delicious cream is made covering the top, and presenting a very rich & interesting appearance. Tom Callis has sent me one very light & small sponge cake, called koblot, made up, which fort...
hit it,—— You see then that, I am not suffering particularly if you take into account Diana May's (rescued from the Metate) beet in the Mode, which forced me to break my dietary rules; Dona Guadalupe's preserves; Dona Trinidad's custards a preserved pear; and Don Carlos's apricots or Mame Mango. — After a storm there comes a calm, & I am now recovering from the hardships of my earlier service.

Talking of personal matters, let us confess a little. — The little experience I had had before coming here of Mexican women, convinced me that by far the safest and best plan was to admire them at a distance. — It is true that in most I avoided a great deal, and consequently was fairly canonized by the women, while my beak and beak companions were included. Nevertheless, as I had no disposition to be face-muddy, having bright eyes, and trying the exact degree below zero, at which stood the thermometer of my affections, I made a door lest to visit any more except among my nearest, as well profusely called upon Madame Americo who had just arrived from Tultepec, persuade me, who had been there three months, to go over to the house opposite, to have a little boy's stay — I did it with much pleasure — I own country anyone would have called Pompovita Perez's Flores a child — would have taken her in her arms
(If her more was clean than Mrs. Blandy's, which it was) would have helped her. Luckily, not being
soot of children, I contented myself with patting
her head. I continued, after his departure to
visit them, the more frequently because Miss
St. James's was always very kind. It became
suddenly evident that Mr. Mead was a little child,
was according to the fashion of the country, a young
woman, although hardly 14 yrs. old. If you wish to
know how I discovered this—listen. I came
to ask one to visit his wife—I accompanied
him, and found a patient of between 13 or 14 yrs.
old. This little creature informed me that three
months before her baby had died, having attained
the age of 14 months. After abundant inquiry
I ascertained that, the case was one of any
day occurrence. Miserable at 12 or 13 yrs. are quite
common—according to the custom my
beautiful little friend pressed my hand, and
muttered, with sweet words, 'express pantomime,
that she loved me better than all the world;
I patted her cheek, as tender as paternally as possible.
But after this Spanish blood—nothing cools it. Luckily
I felt a tug, stepped on my little finger. You
know my leaning to hearing things, so the rustle I
discerned her intension, I pressed the thumb nail
of the same hand on the joint, presented her
pressing it any further on. Imagine now my
painful position. The old lady's suspicions were
The all dined in one bed, Pompous on the other — the latter having to face a row to push it off — the best commissariat here. I have more than one hour, I did talking to the old lady, and giving sudden expostulatory pulls to no purpose — the young lady held firm the end of my finger on the hand of a man who met me. At last I got up to go, shook hands (as is customary) with all, avoiding my Beauties to induce her to come & take her farewell at the door which she did with her father. In the very act, without letting her perceive it, I took the ring in my right hand, and when I shook hands, left it in her palm, and went off feeling as mean a sheepish as you please — it was a much larger brooch than common before I went that house again, but was at last obliged to go, they that inquired about my health — and from he truly had the ship. Not pay — My companion little witch took a jealous view, and accused me of losing a certain ladies at Carlotta, and asked bold that, if I had been an Orphan, it to whom came where feet — I could not but pity her — with this bitter compassion. I somewhat warmly declared that she was mistaken; if Carlotta chose to share me out of countenance, it was none of my fault. "Well, at all events, I did not lose her, she was here." Well enough, there was no cause left but to convict her of a second mistake, alas, alas, if I only knew.
enough. I wished to talk a little philosophy to her, to explain to her the difference between love and friendship, to illustrate the folly of extreme devotion, the imprudence of yielding to impulses of feeling. But it is due to my purpose, I might try to explain this curiously. What she held near her own heart—there are just these things which enter to move me in all this. First, it is only the mind that my feelings that are worried by it. And, give my faith in a Marion woman's constancy, if I could but put it in words, should not accept down a miller's Creed. They are as fickle as they are dear, and the fourth man who should help her along with a more encouraging manner than mine, would carry from my shoulders to his own the whole weight of responsibility. I saw the only person who would accept to the house. Persophone is famed for her beauty throughout the camp, as "La Belle," even offering to be pronounced that after that, if to free myself from reproach, arrogance. There to introduce other there, that which is now but a transient fad, off this down another might become a lasting attachment. So, I, by my own I resign myself to a very pleasant fate, recording, however, according, which is, hereafter to avoid all females supposed to be children, and in fact by that are the affection developed here, that I had as well
by all children supposed to be females—

In the picture of the 2—— man had almost
been Mr. Talbot—— as it 2—— I mean Mrs.
Talbot had almost been Mrs. Remond—— and now
Senorita Perez Flores declares she must
be my expiatrix——

Thank you for the above little sketch for
the purpose of illustrating Mexican manners.
You will therefore doubt me of vanity when
you remember that there is nothing flattering in
the attachment of an Mexican lady to a stranger.
The women are greatly superior to the men,
whence they have the opportunity of seeing a
conceitful young man become aware of his
superiority—— Thus, success will always follow
on American's suit first—— his own
absolute worth, than from the contemptible
superiority of his rivals—— I shall tell for
my understanding at least. Composition is nothing
more—— is naturally attractive by novelty, and
alone all by the glitter of an epigram—— the
button—— the button—— how often the man is
lost sight of in the button——

You see to what a strain I am pushed for something

to write about, but rest assured this will be the
last line scraped you shall be entertained with
unless you desire a few more chapters from the
same history——

Now of some interest was obtained last night.
Right off my memory of an intercepted Mexican mail — Santa Anna has collected 30,000 men in the capital, intended either for its defense or to attack the Army of Scott in Texas. How practically have we conducted their war! After the complete rout of Cerro Gordo, we have 30,000 troops enough to reap the fruits of victory — Suppose, too, that at this moment the Mexicans are decisions of peace, however they, without merits of the conduct contempt of the world, submit to 500 men! Their chief characteristic is vanity, that we have made it our main business to fall a great fruit in it begins to produce its fruits. Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, and two or three other provinces have entered into a solemn compact to refuse to accede to any treaty which may be entered into by the Government of Mexico. This gives me some prospect of peace — My love to all our relatives and friends — you will not forget my dear Andrew the Harris, Mr. Buchanan, start to visit the Kitpatrick's always with the keeping supplies for making them on the gratification of any little whim — Write to me, please, excuse my miserable returns, but as they may be, it must be for something that, they are made with any desire of pleasing you — S. S.虚构