General Hospital, Sattulo, September 28th, 1847

My dear Mother,

It is some time since I have written to you. For late I have been in the midst of interruptions. That I have only had time to scribble off a few lines a letter before the starting of the mail. To-night I hope to have leisure to write until sleep overthrows me, without being interrupted. But if time is not wanting to prepare a good old fashions letter, spirit are we have seen a letter by little means of the usual letters.

How can you conceive the deep disappointment the notification I feel on not having been a participant in such glorious victories. It seems to me that if I were how to go home, I must hang my head before my father and confess that, I wish I had traded pride myself to much for American Military abilities have proved my time in idly to luxury while others have endured hardships, that their blood gained battles. May God forgive my pride.

Patient spirit, and make me more resigned.

Let us think up one of those nice letters above others.
and this I have not. The failure between, I must regret. Should a condition come now, it is not certain that I would accept it, as the opportunities for future distinction will be but small.

But news too, has come by the last mail. My intimate friend from Turkey, went among the Hauras. A more gallant Man, a more honorable hearted friend, is a more consistent Christian than I to be found. But him, I had my first service in Fort Benning, there he stood my tent pitched, there in the midst of danger and excitement, there comprised those feelings of mutual respect and affection which we had before begun to entertain. Open to trustworthy, the report of his death be true, he dies with a peaceful conscience his performance of duty, and is now in a better world. How many of my old associates have been swept away! and I have not even had the consolation of sharing their dangers, or of hearing that assistance which they would have so confidently expected from me—Gloy to the gallant 94th my Army having my brave family the bravest of all—my fatted ears on the Honorable grace, follow his example, & you cannot fail to win laurels in the 'Man to be Remembered Always' with affectionate
At Camp Taylor, we promenaded together at point blank range of the Mexican batteries the day when they had threatened to open on us, the cornets of their live gunfire, fitted relation to Christianity, before our individual prospects. Noble fellow, how little did we letter dream then, of the fate to which you were destined! Victory has gone, Paul has gone, and many a intimate acquaintance are gone. What just cause have I to think that Almighty arm which has never been withdrawn from me in time of need is at work.

This afternoon I rode with Jack Dooley to saline guards, to explore the just towards El Paso. Truly a romantic ride it was: the clear wild, flowing, infinitely buried the climb a high hill, clearing my horse with the guard at the foot, and enjoy the view of an extensive valley an uninhabited desert. Deep, arroyos or barrancas cut it up in every direction. The vegetation was scarce and scanty, but the rocks on the mountain sides and by a recent rain, shining like silver, but we could almost think the following of Peter's story that we had arrived in that enchanted land where all the hills were mounds of solid precious metals, or the stones from which precious of the earth. Well might have been said if we had ever followed the dire plan of Cortes and sought peace or tribute. Oh the
Halls of the Monticello man, instead of gazing about amidst barren rocks, a border town - Monroe, certain could not have reflected upon the danger his breeches would ran in such an expedition, or he would have selected a more prompt and energetic tailler to be ready to mend them.

Or, who shall be the next President, thus concerns justice mostly as he has a vote - Washington by opinion as respects our candidate - the Whig party has disgraced itself; it has deserted a well tried faithful man, the greatest statesman of the age, for the bubble of a moment. It has deserted a great General, one who has done much better in which, by the exercise of superior talent, he saved the lives of his soldiers, and achieved the destruction of his enemy - this has deserted such a man for one whose complete failures have been achieved by immense losses, and whose presence on every occasion the enemy has retreated before, crippled by defeat. Can you, your my brother, who almost loved the name of Henry Clay, can your father, who can appreciate true military talent as distinguished from that vulgar reputation sprouting always from success, can you blame me for not loving a man who stands in the path of two good men? I am no longer a Whig, I am ashamed to be ranked among dissenters -
Or Scott be aristocratic, it is absolutely indifferent to me. Whether Polk, Taylor, Patterson, Pillow, Buist, or any other of those claps succeed to the Presidency. The man who could build a fort with a dirt hole and some excuses: a dozen regulars outside would have been enough to keep his whole army from breaking out. Newmarch, stampeding, at the first fire, but it is hard to justify him who could lose two men in one side of a town, an accomplishing less than another General did with 145 the loss at the opposite side — intolerable enormity — shameful ignorance & inadaptation — bah, bah. I wish I was at home to be tended by one of the best, beautiful cooks — Beautiful cuisine! Beautiful day. The meeting of the waters: all me. Poor little Conquistadora she does all her innocents little heart can conceive to make me contented.

The trip for me a variety of stern littleness — La Vida: La Presuncion: La Concha — but all this though very pleasant is not like one's sister, who know how to forgive & forget a thousand injuries, bad manners, sneering, harsh words, to return for their favors, longs he for — Still help like those humblest parents who forget the bad husband's obstinacy of a lord, who has to
Often repaid their kindness with harshness and neglect.
All love that this is selfish, blessedly
Comparatively so. Still the other lesser
Division of I believe I might feel totally happy
For an hour or so, if the manners of the country
Would permit me to like that alone with my
Little sweetheart during that time—This, however,
Except clandestinely, which because I would not think
It is unpardonable—Platonic affection is unknown
Even in the poetry of the country, alas, when
She comes to the reality how awful is the state
Of society—At this interesting point I am inter-
rupted To pacify a quarrel between two soldiers—
Good night for the present.

September 26th. Tomorrow the mail goes, I have
Written to add to what I wrote yesterday—There is a
Current rumour to the effect that, litter, has taken the city.
I am in bed on our side of town, near the Mexican
Fire—who do not yet know the cause of the report,
But I am momentarily expecting my friend Stedick,
Who is trying to trace the cause and may be successful.
Mr. Stedicks and Mr. Burgys (amateurs, & employees of the
Secretary's Dept.) are the two most intimate friends
I have built the Army. They are men whom I have
Intimately, my both having during these ill days occupied
At my invitation a part of my quarters.
Mr. Stedicks leaves on the first of the month for
San Antonio, Laredo, where he is a resident.
He is by birth a Philadelphian, his mother a lady
of some literary note, who formerly lived in 11th St. below Walnut. Mr. Burgis is a Washingtonian, a man of the most delicate sense of honor that I have ever known.

I hope you will remember these names, and perhaps may some day make you acquainted with the persons; when I ask you to receive them as you have always done me, my intimate friends.

I have just received a very hand-crocheted work, shirt, and a note from a poor interesting girl, whom I have nearly cured of her chronic affection. After mailing of the letters, I have heard her the days, and not having any way of expressing to her the very great thankfulness I feel at heart, decide shall do correspondent, I send you a shirt, hoping that you will receive even this insignificant present as coming from a person with all her love (carino) — I at the same time beg that you will excuse the style of my letter, since I am mortified to find no mode of expressing my gratitude, being a person without merit; still in whatever I can be useful, always command.

Refuge's Home

The letter is addressed to "my dear friend Doctor" -

A large mail came on Saturday, I fought one nothing.

I am indeed uneasy about the pay accounts alluded to in my last letter, as sent by Mr. Ferguson — as also about 1st or 2nd of change. Please, Bryan —

I am having, in a very pleasant & interesting state. in the Morris. State the chocolate, & a plate of ripe figs with milk & white sugar. These I am very fond of.

The dinner — another plate of figs, or tomatoes,
some of Bouquet's preserved — At night a cup of chocolate with sponge cake or toast. Most satiated except when some one lends me a dinner, as to-day, for example, Diana Maria Jones, sent me an elegant plate of chicken &c. This expense attirishes the Mexicans, who take five meals a day — 25. When they awake, chocolate — at 8 or 9, breakfast at 12, dinner — at 5 & (after dinner) Mariscos — and at 10 or 11 supper — This makes good work for the doctors.

My practice continuing as usual —

It is now so late that I must conclude with prayers that this may find you all in the enjoyment of good health, and all the necessary help of Providence. Addison stays with me to night, but finds no confirmation of the news — My love to all —