General Hospital
Fulton Oct. 11th 1847

My dear Sister,

This is probably the last letter which you will receive from me from this place. I have this day been ordered to Monterey, and the reason of this rapid, unexpected change, I can mention with more certainty after my arrival, there is interview with the General. There are certainly some strong reasons for regretting the change, yet others which may render it advantageous. The last request of the General was that in case of an advance he would remember the martial inclinations, this he faithfully promised me, and now as yet knows whether to consider the present order as intended to relieve me with the staff on consequence of some hopes entertained of the General of joining, or whether it is in consequence of the striking efforts of Dr. Byrne & Ellis to have me displaced from my present important office & sent to Camp. I shall be able to say more on this subject in my letters from Monterey.

The immediate hopes to me are put in my private practice, of which I shall probably
Here write or move in Monterey, for some time. Of another trial, I do not speak, for I would ask
with you to think of the "true color of joy" as if
of the shining shepherds in the Pastoral. Then
my truly excellent friend Dona Maria Jesus, I shall
yearn with sincere grief, ever to carry with me
the memory of her kindness. She is the
only Mexican, whether man, woman, or
child, that I have yet met, in whom I
place implicit confidence. She has given
to me proofs of confidence & affection such as
perhaps she has never in a long life dreamed
of bestowing before. Wonderfully pure must
have been her innate goodness, to have
survived, amidst corruption & deceit, sufficiently
to enable her to appreciate so well true
honour & virtue in another. From all that,
I have heard & seen, I feel assured that, perhaps
not one other person could be found in all
Northern California, to have acted in the same
way from such motives as she has done.
May God help's enlighten her that further,
I grant her the satisfaction of seeing her
adopted children grow up strong, perfect
under her instructions.
Porpora, I'm with great delight & present,
write, but seems to love to repeat to me
yer 'names', asking that she could know you.
She is preparing some little present for return, but will probably find it very hard to get anything, as the place is absolutely destitute of all fine articles. I tell her, however, that the present itself is of much less consequence than the feeling which prompts her to send it. You remember my mention of a handkerchief which she bought once embroidered for you, marked with her own hair—but which I stopped on the way still help can now convert to part with it.

The will write you a letter “responso” which I will translate for you, as I did yet for her. I have now before me a struggle more painful than any hitherto experienced except that on the day of my last sad departure from home. Yet even this latter trial has me if something not altogether without joy. Do you know how I shall feel the first night after party with these dear friends? Like one who, with whatever sacrifice, has gained a great victory in a good cause. That I have denied from a sense of duty to God, my Religion and my family, the gratification of Nature’s affection. Thanks be to God, a pure conscience is a great comfort. You see then, how I wander on—beginning with a promise not to write, and anon blazing like a calf—here then let this letter be the one or two that follow it from the amount of that confidence's affection.
Which leads me to expose myself even to you — who but you shall ever learn from my own confession how weak I am —

I have thus far said nothing of my friend Burges, yet in his account chiefly, do I repeat this change — his health is so delicate as absolutely to require the attention of one not only skilful, but deeply interested in his case — this is of strong threatened consumption; indeed, I fear that a small tubercular spot has already formed. He has, however, continued to improve. My earnest wish is his also war, to attend to him until spring; if then he shall not be restored, to send him home. Providence has otherwise directed — doubtless the coming for the best — Mr. Addicks, as I mentioned, has returned, I am awaiting Gen. Wool's order — it is uncertain what may be his destination —

Political news you get some from the other line, I need not repeat anything which would be of no use to you — I leave a few lines recent—

Oct. 19th — With this postscript requests me to send to you her present & letter, accompanied by my translation which I assure you is very inferior to the original. You will receive her attentions with the mere unalloyed pleasure, as our acquaintance is about to terminate forever, & your doubts as to the result are at an end — re. off. brother. Your love to Montgomery.