Monclova, March 13th, 1849

My Dear Father, Mother,

Cptn. Meurer, the Commandant, Officer of this expedition, intends sending an express to Tabuleo, so that I am enabled to write you a few lines.

This month to two this place has seen larger movements roundabout. What was expected, in account of scarcity of water on the down road, we have however, by this circuitous path through a more interesting country. I will give you a slight sketch of our journey.

The first night we stopped a thousand miles near Tabuleo, the weather being warm and pleasant. The second day arrived about noon at the hacienda of Ramolote belonging to Don Fista, about the best of Santa Ana, or rather of Mexico’s General, for he is an enemy to the great chief. Pitches tents on account of the excessive heat. Buildings larger commodious; about 60 persons in families—very politely received, and invited to a grand feast at which I enjoyed myself. The interpreter of our party is a lad and such as one rarely meets with. He has passed a life of adventure since a very early age, having been most of the time in Shagelos engaged in hazardous speculations.
And in other. At times, a particular when a little light, he recites reminiscences of his dangerous career strange and dreadful. At these times he is full of the richest humour imaginable. Most of the ground in these northern prairies is unimproved — only in the immediate vicinity of villages are there a few fenced, or better fenced, hedged fields — all the rest is either waste or support domestic needs. The little cultivation is owing to the scarcity of water, which there is often not a drop for 50 or 40 miles or more only an infrequent hill. The crops are almost entirely dependent on irrigation, rain being very uncertain. The little territories, however, which are tolerable, however, often cannot be tilted owing to the constant incursions of the Indians, who swept almost unresisted over the whole country, driving off horses & mules, killing the men, and capturing off the women for the perpetration of their tribe. So great is the fear of the inhabitants that immediately on the appearance of the savages they arm themselves with everything they can. Most of the houses, unprepared to anything but burning detached — thus in travelling he came at night of 12, 15 or 20 miles to a village. Usually of this or three large, thick wall & stone roofed houses without windows, as which...
The Morosian that themselves up into flight, 
paving a wretched life of alarming privation. 
Even the large villages, to save in their terror, 
often suffer the Indians to push short-hands 
through their streets, seizing as poor child help they have been deserted in 
the general flight, thrusting it high in the 
air, a day earlier catching the little body of 
the point of a lance. 

Palo Blancos is a 
hearty ranch of the land just mentioned. It 
has a well which furnishes the only water for 
distance 12 miles. We halted there for the 3rd night. 

The 4th at Rueanixes, on Cillalata \> 
This is a little village of some 200 inhabitants, 
supported by lead mines. Here we were 
invited to one attended another very pleasant 
little ball or fandango. Next day we arrived 
at Carvallo, an agricultural ranch that at 
San Felix, yesterday. 

Name from a singular rock sticking up high in 
the air from the summit of a mountain. 
The scenery from Candela to this place, where 
we arrived yesterday after two days March, 
is singularly beautiful; not so for it has no 
forest, nor blooming for the rocks unlike most 
of those in Mexico are covered with 
light colored shrubbery, and are so variously 
peaked & piled together, that they present 
an endless variety of view.
Here we are in Monterey, after marching some 60 odd leagues. The climate here is extremely unhealthy: the ground, dry yet still waterless, is very inconvenient, deliciously shaded full of large stone benches under the trees, which are eaten over by the army, and some trees planted in the camp. The commander of our detachment, but that he himself with his staff, including of course myself, insufficient this delightful shade, he has selected the hottest, dirtiest place possible in which to put his unfortunate men — unfortunate for being to command — concerning the object of this expedition, how it has been carried out I will inform you more on my return. We remain here probably 10 days; then proceed to Parras 80 leagues from here. How long it will be before I write for you again — The heat is good but my face burnt to a coal — The rest of the front I will hear a deal. We have news of peace, I would not be surprised to receive a courier from Monterey, ordering our immediate return. I hope hence to go to Parras where I can make some arrangements for practice. My health being exhausted, my dear parents, wishing your health, I remain your affectionate son;

Peyton