Monroe, March 18, 1848

My dear Sisters,

For some rather disagreeable reasons, I have nothing to do to-night, and therefore will punish you with all speed better, likely show some opportunities, or other ways, of forwarding it to Daniel or Mr. Hunter.

I think I mentioned that the town officers' staff, including myself, are encamped in the Claamoda, a beautiful promenade on the edge of town, about two or three lengths, with a gentle stream on each side, three rows of large elms and trees. Between the trees, stone seats are arranged, which years since have been standing painted, but are now a good deal worse. The old Spaniards had fine ideas of luxury. Every town has its Claamoda, or public promenade, garden, and the poorest village has some protection in its court house, chapel.

Every town has or observation in the region: there three splendid of Spanish architecture, cathedrals, bridges, ornamented walls, at the opposite extremity. This town, in an elevation overlooking it, are the ruins of a powder magazine and a watch tower—the first is a low modern brick building built along a main road at the corners; and probably a crop is crescent together varies in stone over the door. The latter though different and as to be used.
The latest tower is a round pillar, with a odd little door, by on one side with the, pierced with loops. The object of this little fortification was the protection of the Magazine along side of which it is built, as a fire from which the approach of Spanish might be observed. The town of Montevideo is poor, and like every place in the frontiers which suffers from the annual incursions of savage Cumanos, in a state of lamentable decline. How sad must be the reflections of an intelligent, patriotic, affectionate citizen who contemplates the future destiny of his country — hopeless, hopeless, lost. It must fall into the hands of an ascetic tyrant, or of a foreign power, the latter falling once upon it another invasion from Your country. It liberal form cannot be established. Theocratic, and monarchy is present that Whitmore Constitution may be established, supported alone by a native army, it cannot stand — a tribute to the deposition of Santa Anna in the very nick of time, entirely unparalleled in the position of that chief, in the whole history of the world. We have known of two, three who have labored and cultivated nations — we have known of good men, who through circuses hates for their inferior
Artists have been so essential to the welfare of their country as to have occupied the highest offices in spite of their nepotism – such a thing no doubt the world have been in the country for many years. The Mexican resistance continued more serious. The disastrous retreat of our country increased. But where before scarce have been heard of a man, almost universally hated, except by a few of his friends, historically an oppressor of the people, a father of the public treasures, yet who is essential to the preservation of the nationality of the country, who alone can give them anything like union and peace; to whom their hearts are full of all bitterness. If the war ends now, Santa Anna will probably be banished. True, we will establish a Government – it will last 3, 6 months, fall; another, 2 another will try – every effort will be made to avoid the fateful meeting. But sooner or later it must come – Santa Anna will be recalled. All men will cheer him – all faces smile on him; yet hanging a heart that bears the burning heat concentrated hate a wounded pride. This Trump a fate is this – the scorns to his country like me of those cherished hopes, papers of which poets speak, souls, destroy my life, and yet, expectant to it. Remember by the way, that I believe the latter's all stuff.
I write to you before starting in this trip. Once reasons why this journey might not have been pleasant to me—disagreeable things have occurred—Capt. Stanley and myself are not now the speaking terms, as I may work out for leaders if the wind can be reduced to blow hard enough. We had a few words yesterday regarding the detail for hospital attendants, since which he has treated each other. There is a petty order that no one shall leave camp without permission. During the absence of Maj. Graham, Capt. Clark, and Capt. Miner alone rank me. The moment therefore he leaves camp, I am at liberty to do anything without permission. If he attempts to interfere with me in this spirit, I shall declare myself also and the matter. I still consider you a junior in the first time during my service. I have never been at all annoyed by a chief officer, for it is the first time I have ever come with a big little man—having, however, reputation. Decidedly on my side, there would be no fear whatever of the result in a court martial, in a case. Nor is there any probability whatever. The man being so foolish as to attempt it. We will remain here till the 12th or 13th, if a mail has not expected to-night, but did not arrive. I hope we will go through Portage as lau determined. If I see a good opening there, to apply to beach.
fine duty with this command, which being refused, shall lead me to my resignation. This is the only hope I have of being close to peace in Mexico, almost to a certainty. I shall be left on the frontier, as the jealousies between Scott, Cushing, and others will suffer me, being the heir apparent to the hardest fate. It will at least be many months before I can be released to return one year, or less, to Parres. If it presents an opening, I will give me about six or more clear. In addition to what I have done, and secure me the practice should I care to return after some months at home. I have thought a great deal about this, and think it was candid as I believe. Should, however, the Wood propose to take me at this time on his staff, which he cannot well do, such being the position of the Adm. Director, I shall of course go without retaining here. I cannot hope for such good work.

March 14th. Accompanying this I send you a pretty and tasteful written sketch of what they prove interesting—it is a sad story.

When have we? orders to return to Mexico? Instantly going through Parres? You see therefore that I miss the dearest painfull pleasure of seeing again a friend in Cattie. I have
Sec. See a letter from them, written the autumntime.

The letter says, "the God has been pleased

to grant as the pleasure of seeing you again,

and to give you a million embraces." I am also

keenly anxious to see you all —

The appointment will be great at the

in your destination. I but for the

personal that it is better as it is —

Bless God, the "Mr. Defe," you &. is not only a brave

man, but a man of great favor among many Mex. acquaintances.

This letter was for her regret! I do not prefer

the simple regret to the tears of all else in the

world. Do you say, has not Mexicano

found a tender spot in your friends heart?

Her handsome, accomplished, & a perfect lady

must be, to be in my heart, & enjoying delightfully.

Strawberry is at Monterey, since my departure

was the director — every change makes the gage

and your wish but 100 shall come

to reproach myself for the hundredth time for

not having you a little. Do you know what

made but I know you would prefer more pleasure than any other

Shall there be on earth for expressing regret, lecturing

me, you considerably diminished

the pleasure. If you cannot thank my dear [illegible]

the fate that my fortune be it that in

these so few words, that I have been a few words sent

inebriated without meaning — why these so few words of

contrasting and silent we are so far apart as