

Charles E. Nourse to J. D. Nourse, 22 November 1847

Vera Cruz Mexico Nov 22nd 1847

Dr Brother

As it appears from the heading of this epistle I am in the City of Vera Cruz and am very well and from past and present feelings likely to remain so for some time. On the 1st we took up our march for the halls of the Montezuma's which are more easily gotten at now than they were when I left home the first time to enter into the pleasures of an adventurous life in five days we saw the dome of the St Charles from the middle of the father of waters, where we were tied to a ship which took us across the Gulf without the privilege of touching land, a day and a half we were kept in the river standing still, crowded together as thick as is possible to stow away live stock, whilst Col Preston could have the pleasure of gratifying the appetite of a glutton classically called an epicure, on the ninth however we started in the night and on the tenth at about twelve O'clock the towboat let us go, and we were soon out of sight of land tossing to and fro up and down on the waves of the briney deep then such a sight as we saw there mortals have seen before but such a sight as we saw there no mortal should ever see more, imagine upwards of 300 men on a little Barque every one of whom was sea sick and some sick from other causes but days passed on the wind, not being so high the waters was smoother and the men were mostly able to go about and do their cooking &c the 15th it was a beautiful day we were gliding smoothly on and as the evening set in we were drawing near the port some imagined they could see the peak of Orazimba night came on and about nine O'clock an occasional light could be seen just above the waters edge which rose higher and higher as we drew nearer and I laid down on the long boat with the pleasant expectation of waking up in the harbor of Vera Cruz I went to sleep in that state.

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I remained but a short time when I was aroused by the speaking trumpet of the captain the dashing of waves the howling of the wind and what was worse a creaking of the vessel and a tumbling about which discommoded me more bodily than any thing else I looked for the light house it was not to be seen heavy clouds blackened the sky the rain poured down in torrents I was therefore drenched the hold of the vessel was much crowded which rendered it to me insupportably obnoxious not so much the men as their sea sickness which you know too well to have it described our boat had to tack about and beat against a severe norther which tormented us for three successive days with its howling through the bare masts and rolling the waves in addition to the rain which continued to pour down upon us, on the eighteenth we moved toward land and in the night we got into the harbor and anchored by the side of the far-famed castle San Juan D'Uloa which I think is impregnable when garrisoned by the right kind of stuff on the following morning we debarked but being commissary sergeant pro tem I was busied so much that I had no chance to travel around and view the city but to day having leisure in company with J Muir Ed[?] Haydon I went to town to take a good look, in every street on every house of any size can be seen traces of the havoc of glorious war walls are perforated roofs broken through columns smashed which show pretty conclusively that Genl Scott was doing the thing up town[?]

There are now in this city tradesmen of every description from the U.S. tavern-keepers Blacksmiths merchants lawyers doctors carpenters etc the mexicans are learning to talk English and I should judge from present appearances that before many years roll round that Vera Cruz will be an American City the Old Spanish massive ruinous looking plastered up no timbered architecture of the place will be replaced by natural comfortable houses. I have seen some Senoretas that would do but such to my taste are scarce.

Day after tomorrow we will take up our line of march for Correterro where we may perhaps see the elephant if not before which may be e'er

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your receive this. I make no brags but hope to stand the test knowing that almost every thing in my future life may be depend upon it

When I get farther into the country and learn a few more I'll write again. Give my love to Grandmother Sally Papa Mother Loge Bob Virg Joe Kit Anna Jane &c I would say somebody else but she is not in B. My respects compliments etc to Bob Hackley Mr. Wilson and my friends generally. I can not possibly write to many I promised a man that is soldiering has many inconveniences which none but soldiers can appreciate.

Your affectionate Brother

Chas E. Nourse

Direct all letters you write, to me to the care of Capt
B. Rowan Hardin 4th Ky foot Vols in Mexico C.E.N.

I should not neglect to say that most of the boys are well we have had remarkably good luck none are dangerously ill the dierhea is pretty prevalant i.e. to say the most common complaint among those that are sick but in rather a mild form

Genl Butler is not the thing he is cracked up to be you may tell Col Wood that then is my sentiment.

Williams is a Col who treats a vol as a soldier knows nothing but rank Pres-
-ton treats him as an inferior being devoid of mental action or capable of much bodily suffering Ward our Major is sociable treats a soldier as a companion when not on duty so far this is a pretty fair discription of the character of our staff Williams will fight.