

Charles E. Nourse to Sarah B. Miles, 2 March 1848

City of Mexico March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1848

My Dear Grandmother

Five long months have passed since you have seen the face of your Grandson in the war. I know your feelings in reference to me your fears and doubts. You fear a thousand mishaps have befallen your child but I hope you will desist from your fears. I am it is true in some little more danger than I would be in at home but not much I have passed through the worst. I have encountered the sickly season here without being sick much myself all now begin to wear the aspect of health when we first came to this city for the 1<sup>st</sup> 2 or 3 months. the solemn dead march was heard every day when 3 or 4 corpses were hauled to their long home now the scene is changed the dead march is heard no more if it is it is rare the rest of us have become acclimated and are as free from the dangers of disease as we would be in town of Bardstown. All have to die! if a man be buried on the plains of Mexico without a stone to mark his place of rest or under a marble monument at home what is the difference when he is dead

From my infancy to manhood you have been to me more than a mother when living with you none could exceed your kindness when away no one is more anxious concerning my fate. Knowing you thus my anxiety to hear from you is sometimes almost insupportable your age and infirmities make me fear almost to open a letter when I receive it for fear that there is the record of the departure of one to whom I am ever grateful. The last letters I have received state that you are in pretty good health and I hope sincerely that this may find you yet enjoying that greatest blessing of mankind, good health.

As a soldier I am comfortably situated as could be asked I am in a mess of six all of us at home bosom friends out here doubly so we have 2 rooms to ourselves with almost as many conveniences as we would have at home one is large and convenient in it we have our kitchen par-  
-lour pantry. Benches &c the other may be called our private office in here we write our letters read and sleep, without being disturbed by the noise and hubbub usually known in soldiers quarters.

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Now I hope that you will no more be uneasy about your son but remain easy in your thoughts of me, here as well as at home I get along very well I enjoy as good health as I ever did in my life as for passing through the fiery ordeal of battle I have no expectations that I will ever be in a battle the Mexican nation is unable to raise a sufficient force to contend against our troops we have beaten them in an hundred fields and now conscious of inferiority their armies have dwindled away into insignificance and like the wandering spirits of another world are harmless and can not be touched by the hand of man.

I have had some hopes of a speedy peace but now I can not say that I think that the prospects are so flattering but in reference to actions of our congress on whom depends solely the end of this war, I can not possibly know as much as you folks at home. so on that score I can say nothing satisfactorily.

I now I close hoping that this letter will find you in good health and free from uneasiness for me. I am well and well satisfied and,

I remain Your grateful Grandson

Charles E. Nourse