Saltillo, Mexico. January 28. 1847.

Dear Father.

Seven months are winding off their woof of time since I left my home to try my fortunes on the field, and yet in that time I have received but three letters from you, the one who should especially care for a son, and that son so constantly exposed to all kinds of Danger. But it appears as if the sacred ties given by nature to man have almost ceased to exist, and the love of the Paternal affection sunk beneath its horizon! Yet I am a man, and one who can bear the slights of a Father with fortitude, for I have learned even thus early in life the waywardness of human nature. Yet I can not — will not say I have no father! although he has entirely forgotten his son yet is there a feeling within my bosom, which glows thrice warmly and seems to speak in a still small voice and say, 'Thy Father is yet a Parent to thee' — yet I ask how am I to reason from the past, I know you have far better advantages than I have, yet again, and again, have I written and thou hast not condescended to answer any but two. Excuse my appeal dear Father, but I know of no other way to get you to write often. Last Sunday morning Major Gaines and Cassius M. Clay with eighty men were taken prisoners, about sixty miles from here and hurried off to San Luis Potosi. John Johnson was in the company. It appears that they had laid down to sleep, and about three in the morning were awakened and each one had at least four lances poised above him. The Mexicans had lassoed the sentinels and gazed them thereby preventing an alarm. Gen Taylor is expected here from Monterey in a few days, but what the commander in chief will do next I know not. Gen Lapping recieved a lot of papers by the last mail, from Gomer Hunt and others and thereby we get almost all the news. I rec'd a letter from Seth Woodruff a few days ago, and answered the same immediately. I have been detatched from the Company and have become clerk to Maj. A. S. Morrison Com. of Subsistence for the 2nd Brig. of Volunteers, I have very little to do in the way of writing, and get clear of all Company duty. I get twelve dollars and forty cents pr Month, with my seven dollars, or 18 cts pr diem above my regular wages. We are pretty well at present. Give my love to all — Your aff Son — Wm.

My Dear Mother I have written two or three letters since I came to this famous city but have recieved but one, and really must say I was greatly disappointed when the mail came in last Monday evening, and there was no letter for me, and not even a paper to enliven our time and let us know what is passing in our own native land. Some of the boys prefer the peaceful groves of "Belknap" to the excitement and confusion of this city, and do not much relish the amount of duty to be performed here. But I would rather have come here than not, for if I had not I would have missed all the interest afforded by this war, and having little else to do but go about the streets I have enjoyed myself very well. Seth Woodruff writes me that Bill Pitt told him he had seen the elephant, but I say he never caught a glimpse of the animal. He must not talk thus for he had one of the easiest times of any person in our Company. He was drummer and was not exposed at night as the rest of us were. The longer I stay in this place the more I pity the poor people, and more on account of their blind devotion, and ignorance as respects religion. They will toil for a mere pittance all day, and then give their earnings to the blasted Priest for the repose of his soul, and the forgiveness of sin. They will stoop to dry rice and yet kneel in the Church and smite their breasts lustily at the sign of the Priest. M. Lapping sends his best wishes to all. Give my love to all relations but "No Girls" I remain your affectionate Son Wm.

Dear St. Aunt.

I am tired of looking for a letter from you and Sallie and must, of necessity await the time when one will come, Mother has been my most regular correspondent, and now even her letters are few and far between. Captain Glover formerly of the steam boat Vicksburg is here. We have quite an exciting time here, at one time we are expecting an attack at another an outbreak of the citizens, and so it goes all things are well calculated to keep the cautious awake, and disturb the sweet sleep of the Coward. We have been called out several times fully expecting to go into battle, and in every case I have been as cool as a Cucumber, and do verily believe I can stand the smell of gun powder, and the rush of a conflict, when I lay down of a night, I have my gun and Cartouch box so that I can lay my hand upon them in the dark, and if there is a surprise I will be ready to do my share in the affair. Charly Goff and I have serenaded some few Castillian maids since we came here, and generally we see plenty of them when we go out. There was a Mexican "Lache vendra" (milk seller) in here a few minutes ago and George Lapping was practising his Mexican language with him. Some of us have learned to talk pretty well, and if we stay here a month or two longer we will be able to converse in spanish pretty freely. Last Friday our Company, - or at least forty of them and two Lieutenants went down to Monterey to guard a train of waggons we expect them up tomorrow. George L — and I sleep together while they are gone, and all appears monotonous and lonely about quarters without them. I have perused two or three novels since we have been here, and they serve well I assure you to pass off the time. I have no more at present but will answer any letters that come forthwith, and no mistake. Give my love to all and remember our time is on the descending scale - My best to All, but I ought not to for his neglect.

Yours Yours &c W^m"

Brother George.

Last night one of the "Dijon Tails" Capt. Walkers company went out to the grave yard, and set down on a low brick fence, he had not been there long, when three Mexican Horsemen rode up, and one boldly threw his lasso over him, he threw it off three times, and then run towards the quarters (which were not more than three hundred yards off) soon there was a squad of men out after the gentlemen, and having fired on them twice they at last caught two of them and sent them to the guard house. What will be done with the rascals I know not, but they richly deserve to be shot. Several lots of concealed weapons have been taken, and one night last week Charly Goff and I captured a man with a sword bow gun and took him up to Gen Lane. I believe for one that we should treat our enemy courteously, and as civilized men should do, but are sorry to say that our troops, or at least part of them have behaved in a manner unworthy of them. 29th Captain Heady of the Kentucky Cavalry with twenty men, were taken prisoners yesterday morning by the Mexicans. They went out to search for traces of Haines and Clay and became themselves the victims. The Company came back from Monterey last evening and were the escort of about 250,000 dollars, and the Paymaster. We will probably be paid off in a few days. The Fort built on the hill by the Indiana volunteers is to be called Fort Indiana.

There are several attempts being made to raise a Co for the war in our Regiment, I for one should not volunteer again for any thing. Give my love to all, and "No Girls" Yours affy Bro

W^m"

Dear Edward. Bill Bell says to tell you the first thing, that he is mending his pants, and is well and in good spirits. I have forgotten whether I answered your last letter or not but for fear I did not I now say, it afforded me much pleasure and satisfaction. You have no Idea what a fine & time I see in the capacity of Commissaries Clerk, for I can hear the roll of the drum and not turn out with the rest but loaf about the City and take items. You must write me again soon

Yours &c Wm

Uncle Thos. My dear fellow, as I am writing to all the family I must say a few words to you as you are now one of our household. Seth says he likes the Crescent City very much, but he has not been there long enough to know much about it. Now Thos, you must take good care of all the girls, and especially — you know who — George wrote me all about it — and be sure you say nothing to any of them about me for I dont care for any of them. Tell Sally I will write to her soon, as she writes so often. I have had no letters since Col Bowles came except that from Seth. I should not wonder much if we get into a fight yet and if we do, the Indianians will spread themselves. Thos I think we will get back or at least the most of us, and then wont we live a fine time. My respects to all, and "No Girls"

Wm

My Dear Charley. I have not much to say to you my boy, but I know it will please you to write you a few lines. The little shavers here, instead of playing shinney and all such plays toss up a piece of money, and make a game in that way, they gamble, and are initiated into vice before they can tell anything of its evils. Some of the little fellows, with their backs part of their heads shaved go around and sell sugar candy and other little things.

Goodby Charley, and take good care of the Ducks, and Rooster Reals.

From your Bro. Wm

To Bew and Priscilla.

I will bring you home some fancy little articles and then you will be better pleased than by any thing I can write

Goodby to All

Yours &c

Wm W Tidey

To the family in general at Cloverdale

Saltillo, Mexico, January 28, 1847

Dear Father

Seven months are winding off their woof of time since I left my house to try my fortunes on the field, and yet in that time I have received but three letters from you, the one who should especially care for a son, and that son so constantly exposed to all kinds of Danger. But it appears as if the sacred ties given my nature to man have almost ceased to exist, and the sun of thy Paternal affection sunk beneath its horizon! Yet I am a man, and one who can bear the slights of nature. Yet I can not, will not say I have no father! Although he has entirely forgotten his son yet is there a feeling within my bosom which glows thrice warmly and seems to speak in a still small voice and say 'Thy father is yet a parent to thee! Yet I ask how am I to reason from the past. I know you have far better advantages to answer any but two. Excuse my appeal dear Father but I know of no other way to get you to write oftener. Last sunday morning Major Gaines and Cassius M Clay with eighty men were taken prisoners, about sixty miles from here and hurried off to San Luis Potosi. John Johnson was in the company. It appears that they had laid low to sleep, and about three in the morning were awakened and each one had at least four lances poised above him. The Mexicans had lassoe'd the sentinels and gaged them thereby preventing an alarm. Gen. Taylor is expected fere from Monterey in a few days, but what the cammader in chief will do next I know not. Geo Lapping received a lot of papers by the last mail, from Gomer Hundt and others and thereby we got allmost all the news....I have been detatched from the company and have become clerk to Maj. A.S. Morrison Com. Of Subsistence for the Ind. Brig. of Volunteers. I have very little to do in the way of writeing and get clear of all company duty. I get twelve dollars and forty cents pr month with my seven dollars, or 18 cts pr diem above my regular wages. We are pretty well at present. Give my love to all your aff son Wm.

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can tell anything of its evils. Some of the little fellows, with the backpart of their head shaved go around and sell sugar canday and other little things. Goodbye…from your bro Wm
To Ben and Priscilla I will bring you home some fancy little articles…
Goodbye to all Yours &c Wm W Tuley
To the family in general at Cloversdale

#81 N. Main St. Prov. R.I.
Monday Oct. 23rd, 1876

Sister Lama
…Did you get my Postal card sent from N.Y.? also my letter from Phila? I intend this as a centennial letter: all of the paper, with the exception of my card is from the exhibition. Hold this paper up to the light; it is a sample of paper, is foreign, from me with others. When convenient I have to send home some circulars, small books, samples of yeast, a little tin pail for Berta, a nail, some kernals of corn from two states, also some pictures to show you. I should like to come home and see you now, and would if it were convenient…
Now to commence where my last letter finished. I slept well Sunday night, and first Monday morning I went and saw the Zoological garden on my way to Centennial Grounds. I have a descriptive catalogue of the Garden which you shall see someday, but the catalogue seems worth nothing unless one can go to the Garden. I do not know anything in the annimal Kingdom that one cannot see there; I spent about two hours. Your letter was not posted until Wed. morning a short time before I took the train for N.Y. I reached the grounds at 10:30 Monday spent most of A.M. in seeing one half of main building, then to Art Gal and other special objects of interest about the grounds. At the W. Virginia State B. "Welcome to all the ing is Out" Saw the entire grounds and Buildings from of mail B. before leaving at night. Heard music from a steam organ one half mile from Grounds. Tuesday morning I went early to Grounds and came home late, same as Monday. During day heard music of Band and chimes together….
Tuesday I enjoyed as much or more than any other day. Took pains to see a fine painting "Rizpah defending her sons from birds of prey" from II Samuel XXI.1, also "The blinding of Arthur" (From Shakespere's play "King John" (Act IV, scene 1) I do wish you could see the little pieces of sculpture from Italy- children life size in marble. One "Delight" the child is holding a bird in its hand and the expression of delight on its face is more than perfect or life like, the other "Grief" the bird has been killed from holding it too tightly, here again the express