Camp Dead Bird, Mexico.
Dec. 20th 1847.

My Dear Father

I write not because I have any thing of importance or interest to communicate, but for the purpose of telling you how I am and where I am stationed. The life of a soldier affords but little interest when he is not in active service; yet it is by no means an indolent one, for he has his daily duty to perform, which occupies all his time. It has been quite a busy time with me, for the last day or two, in moving our Camp. Our previous place of encampment was quite a disagreeable one, on account of the dust. It never rains here in the winter, and as a natural consequence it becomes exceedingly dusty and particularly about our camp and parade ground. It is not uncommon to be out on drill when it is impossible to see three feet in front, and the officers, men and horses, are completely covered with dust immediately after going upon the ground. We have our camp now upon elevated ground which position protects us in some measure from the clouds of dust, and we have also a good prospect of the surrounding country, although there is little to be seen which will either please or interest the eye — nothing is to be seen but the bleak hills thinly covered with low chapparal-bushes and the Prickly-Pears. As I said above I have nothing of interest to relate and I don't. We now

when any thing of any importance will take place which will be of any interest to our Army- We are all anxious for an onward movement in order that we may know what sort of stuff our Battalion is composed of; but our present prospect for an engagement with the enemy is not very flattering. It is my opinion, that we will have but few more fights of any importance the guerrilla fighting will be all we are to expect, and then only when the enemy can take their victims by surprise, or when double or triple the number of our forces. Mexico has many brave and noble souls, whose hearts beat high in the cause of liberty, and who have evinced it by their gallant enthusiasm; but unfortunately they are but a small number, in comparison to the millions who are sunk in slavish ignorance and superstition The mines of Mexico are the bane of her existence- they have plunged her into actual insanity. Every science rots at her threshold. Priest-ridden, and swallowed up in superstition, the human intellects are poisoned and degraded

I am looking forward with great anxiety to see what course the Congress of the U.S. is going to take with this most unfortunate country. We have now, taken nearly all of her most important places, and Mexico yet refuses to make peace, and it appears to me, the only course we are to pursue is to overrun the whole country and place them under our control. But even this course, will cost our Government more blood and money, before it can be completed I presume Congress is acting upon this subject and the Army here will shortly know what it has to do and accomplish, and form some idea how much

longer it has to remain upon the soil of Mexico.

I suppose the people in the States, about this time, are looking forward for pleasure during the Christmas Days, & at least the Negroes are in good spirits at their approach. Since I have been in Mexico, I have discovered no differance in the days, one is just like the previous and the following ones, & I presume Christmas will bring nothing of amusement or interest, if it should I will be disappointed, as I have not promised myself any thing but my daily duty.

This is a most singular climate, the nights are quite cold (or as the Mexicans say, "frio") the mornings and evenings pleasant, the middle of the day hot and exceedingly disagreeable. We have had no rain since the middle of September.

My health is good, and the climate seems to agree with me. I have just finished my dinner of which I partook very bountifully altho' it would be considered a very scanty one by any person who had not been in the service of the Army. The hour has arrived for evening drill and I must close my letter.

Farewell — Your affectionate Son

Eli Davenport

Camp Near Mexico Dec 20th 1847

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