eight miles in twenty-four hours, galloping all the way. We rode into San Antonio fresh as daisies, the mare and I.

At the Rio Frio I fell ill, and my fellow-travellers left me there, for they cared not to tarry in that dangerous locality. As I grew worse, I sent my Rifleman on to Fort Ewell, thirty miles, for the doctor and remedies, while I lay all night at the ford of the Rio Frio with no help or companion but that white-livered teamster, whose fright was so ludicrous as to amuse me in spite of my sufferings. During the night a lion came prowling into our little camp, and the teamster retired to my tent, where I induced him to fire my gun, which sounded as loud as a cannon. At last I grew so much worse that I decided not to wait for the doctor, but set out at daylight for Fort Ewell. The road was bad, but I travelled in the wagon, being unable to sit my horse. The teamster cracked his whip and struck a trot, looking all the while around the horizon for Indians, and never slacked his gait until we met my Rifleman hastening back to me with a buggy. There was no ambulance at the Post, and the surgeon could not leave, so he sent his buggy for me with medicines and a kind letter of advice. The buggy was a delightful change from the hard-going wagon, the remedies acted promptly, and the arrival of a reinforcement in the person of the Rifleman revived the teamster's spirits wonderfully, and we soon trotted over the distance to Fort Ewell. In all my experience, I have never seen so desolate and uncomfortable a place, and my heart was light, when, in a few days, the doctor sent me back to San Antonio with a sick certificate, whence General Persifer Smith sent me home on sick leave.

CHAPTER VII

Philadelphia Hospitality — The Wreck of the Steamship *San Francisco* — An Expedition to New Mexico under General Persifer Smith — Incidents of the March — The Beauty of the Wild Rose Pass — Hunting Adventures — Peculiarities of the Game of the Country — Encounters with the Apaches — Odd Characters — Arrival at Laredo

WE went to Philadelphia, where my wife was, under the care of the great and good Dr. Meigs, who was not only chief of living physicians, but one of the most charming of *raconteurs*. His visits were tri-weekly; but when he came he was prepared to sit nearly an hour with us, entertaining us with his instructive and delightful talk. I remember, as an evidence of his thoughtful kindness, that he brought one day from his own house an exquisite Madonna to brighten my wife's room, and hung it where she could see it from her bed. When our stay in Philadelphia was ended, I went to his house and asked him for his bill. He showed a desire to make no charge at all for his services, but finally said in a pleasant way: "I know how proud you army men are, and you will be angry if I charge you nothing. I am in great need of a twenty-dollar gold piece, and if you have one about you, I will thank you for it." I had one and many more which I had expected to pay him.

People were very kind to us in Philadelphia, especially the families of Biddle and Gilpin. During our stay there the lamentable wreck of the steamship *San*

Francisco occurred. A widespread anxiety prevailed in our whole country, for upon her was a whole regiment of United States artillery, *en route* to California round the Horn. By the breaking off of the upper deck, Colonel Washington, Captain Taylor, and several hundred officers and men were swept away. The hull was left drifting, with hundreds of the men, women, and children of the regiment, — where, no man could say.

My uncle, Lieutenant M. F. Maury, had then announced his theories about the wind and currents of the sea, and was at the head of the National Observatory. Humboldt had declared him the discoverer of a new science. On him the Secretary of the Navy called to locate the position of the *San Francisco*, and direct the course of the ship to be sent to her rescue. I well remember the honest pride with which he wrote me how they found the wreck just where he showed it ought to be, and saved the hundreds of survivors; among them Lieutenant Frank Murray, who won grateful acknowledgment for his heroic conduct and gentle care of the helpless women and children, in recognition of which the people of Philadelphia gave him a service of silver.

I took my wife to her home at "Cleveland," her father's country seat, and went my way to Texas again, arriving at Corpus Christi in time to join General Persifer Smith on his expedition up into New Mexico. He had an escort of one hundred Riflemen, made up of ten men from each company, under the command of Captain John G. Walker. I commanded the artillery, viz., one mountain howitzer and twelve men. Lieutenant E. A. Carr, lately promoted to brigadier, Lieutenant Alfred Gibbs, aide-de-camp, and Assistant-Surgeon McParlan completed our command.

General Persifer Smith had been our first colonel, and

all who remember him at Monterey and on "Scott's line" from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico will agree that he was a fine specimen of a soldier and a man. In the day of battle he perhaps had no superior in our army. His courage was of the highest order, his attainments were varied, his professional information was excellent, his judgment was sound, his plans were always formed promptly and executed boldly, and he had under all circumstances complete control of his resources. Those who knew General Smith only after disease had sapped the vigor of his faculties can form little idea of him as he was when first appointed colonel of the Rifles. He was then the illustration of a brave and hardy soldier, and courteous, high-spirited gentleman. Had he no claim upon history beside Contreras, he would still rank with the best commanders America has produced. His success in that affair was achieved by a small force over the Mexican army in strong position. His confidence in his troops and in the soundness of his plans was strikingly illustrated by the composure with which he drew out his watch as he saw his Rifles moving to the assault, and when the last Mexican had left the redoubt or surrendered, announced to the officers around him, "It has taken just seventeen minutes."

He marched with a large wagon train to carry forage for our horses, for we were to be gone nearly four months, and could not expect to find adequate pasturage along our route. We arose at 3 A.M., marched at 4.30, and halted for camp on the best water we could find, averaging thirty-three miles daily throughout the march.

One day, having missed our watering-place, we continued the march till 10 P.M., camping on Lympia Creek, in the mouth of the Wild Rose Pass. At Fort Davis, upon the Lympia, we halted, where was a great spring

of fresh, delicious water and excellent grass. From this camp General Smith went off toward the Rio Grande.

Soon after Baldy Smith proposed to me to take a good escort and make up a party of officers and go down the Pass to the Sierra Prieta, a lofty peak which rose at the mouth of the gorge above all the surrounding mountains. Game abounded all about us, and I well remember that Lieutenants Dodge and Cole and myself killed over eighty ducks, mostly blue-winged teal, that day, so we had a bountiful supper. Dr. Guild was one of our party, afterward chief medical officer of the army of northern Virginia. All was quiet outside our camp during the night, while in the great Sibley tent we passed a jolly time.

Early next morning, leaving a strong guard in camp, we commenced the ascent of the mountain along whose base ran a deep trail made by the Apaches on their way to and from their permanent camp, twenty miles distant. The ascent was the work of several hours. We rode until our horses could go no further, and then dismounting, we all, seven in number, raced for the top. I forbear to say who first waved his bandanna from the summit. Around the crown of this singular peak arose a precipice of basaltic rock some thirty feet high, after surmounting which we found ourselves upon a smooth plateau nearly a mile across. Upon it were grass and herbs, and a rabbit bounced up here and there and scudded away from us. To this day I have never been able to decide how those rabbits got up there, or why.

Baldy Smith pointed out to us the Apache camp, in which two years before he, with William Henry Whiting, Dick Howard, and Policarpio, their guide, were carried prisoners, and held until the chiefs decided whether to kill them or not. Happily, after a solemn council it was determined to release them. "Polly," as he was known, was a famous Mexican guide and hunter, as brave and faithful as any man upon the plains. When last in Texas I heard of him as an eloquent Baptist preacher.

When we descended, we found in the trail the fresh pony-tracks of two Indian scouts, so we kept very quiet in camp till after full dark, when we harnessed up and drove ten miles on our homeward way as fast as we could go, and halted for the night in the road. Once during the night the sentinel quietly called us. Some animal, probably a grizzly, was moving along the mountain side not far above us. We were astir early next morning, and were soon back in our camp upon the Lympia. The First Infantry had arrived by this time and established itself in Fort Davis, situated in a beautiful cañon in the mountains, with a deep, cold, gushing spring just at its mouth.

The next party that went down that Lympia Cañon did not fare as well as we did. Like ourselves, they went partly for the pleasure of the trip and partly to report as to the whereabouts of the Indians, but none of them came back to recite the incidents of the expedition; for they were surprised in their camp and all murdered by those Apaches.

I have never seen anything in America more beautiful than the Wild Rose Pass, where for near twenty miles the bright Lympia finds its way along the base of the precipices, over one thousand feet high, or through lovely meadows which stretch away for miles over slopes dotted with patches of fine timber. The morning we first entered it, Baldy Smith and I rode together, and noted with delight how the morning sunshine touched the tops of those high cliffs, and bathed them in innumerable tints of crimson and violet and gold. We used to believe when we visited the Dusseldorf Gallery, and noted the landscapes hanging

there, that such coloring was the invention of the painter; but no painter yet has ever equalled nature, and in the Wild Rose Pass she has spread her most beautiful colors. I remember once to have heard an artist of merit discussing this very question of the inadequacy of the painter's palette to reproduce the hues of nature. "People are prone," he said, "to criticise landscapes and say they are exaggerated in color, but if any one will try to reproduce a sunrise or a sunset he will realize the difficulty of portraying upon one small canvas the brilliant and beautiful tints which nature continually spreads out before us."

We rested well and long in that delightful camp upon the Lympia. I was the hunter of our mess, and was often tempted to stray too far from camp alone. I had a great ambition to encounter a grizzly, as we called the fierce, brown bears of that region, and one evening I had gone alone down into the cañon in search of partridges and teal. One barrel of my gun was charged with number six, and the other held nine buckshot for Indians. I had gone some distance down into the cañon, when I observed that the sun was low and I must hasten back to camp. On my homeward way I came upon the track of a huge grizzly, who had crossed the road only a few minutes before, and must at that moment have been within two hundred paces of me. When I viewed that footprint, two feet long, and knew the foot that made it was close by, I quickened my own pace for camp, and did not feel that I was called upon to "project" with bears like that. I had several times caused apprehension by long absences alone, and at last Walker insisted that I should not go out again without an escort, and gave me two fine young Riflemen, Bryan and Davis, for my companions, who were good hunters, and added much to my pleasure and comfort.

One day while hunting alone on some lagoons seven or eight miles from the camp, I crawled upon some geese and bagged three with one barrel while they were upon the water, and two with the second barrel as they rose. They flew half a mile and settled upon the bare prairie, whither I followed them and got three more, and hastened back to camp with my horse covered with geese and ducks, which I liberally distributed among the ladies of the First Infantry, who had just arrived from their long march to occupy Fort Davis. This was probably the best game they had tasted for a month or more.

Soon after this we set out for El Paso, and on the second or third day were met by a man who told us with great vociferation how the Indians had run off fifty head of his cattle from Eagle Springs, and begged the general to aid him in recovering them. His nickname was "Talking" Campbell. In those early days of Texas, men were named from some personal peculiarity, and we had then living "Big-foot" Wallace, a tremendous, good-natured fellow from Rockbridge County, Virginia. On my first introduction to him I could not perceive any unusual size in his feet, and was informed that he acquired his cognomen honestly in battle, having slain a famous Indian chief known as "Big Foot." Then there was "Deaf" Smith, who once, when General Houston ordered his army to lie down that they might be the better protected from the Mexican cannon, looked around him, and, seeing the smoke and flame of the Mexican guns and all his comrades prone upon the ground, did not tarry there a moment longer, but, turning, fled and reported all killed but himself. It was said that for years "Deaf" Smith was engaged in single combats because of this experience in his first great battle. Few men dared to mention San Jacinto or Sam Houston in his presence.

Then there was "Stuttering" Lane, a capital good fellow from San Antonio, who had many funny jokes upon himself suggested by his infirmity. When asked why a certain lady did not marry him after promising to do so, he stammered out that she was going to marry him, till a certain "damn-fool-busybody" told her he stuttered! Another was our friend then present with us, and no man who ever met "Talking" Campbell ever had occasion to inquire why he was so called any more than he would have had in interviewing "Stuttering" Lane. But "Talking" Campbell was full of fight, and delighted when Captain Walker with forty Riflemen was ordered to follow and recover his cattle; he insisted upon going along. Young Frank Armstrong, General Smith's step-son, afterwards a very distinguished general himself, also obtained permission to go, and Lieutenant Carr was of the party.

The Indians had more than twenty-four hours' start, and had driven the cattle at headlong speed and left a broad trail straight to their stronghold in the mountains, whither Walker followed and found them in their village, where a sharp fight ensued. One Rifleman was killed, and Carr was wounded with an arrow in the abdomen, as was Captain Van Buren, who died of his wound on the seventh day after he received it. It seemed a mere incision, so slight that neither Van Buren nor the surgeons felt any anxiety about it. He was sitting up, laughing and talking with his comrades, and apparently well, when an artery burst, and he died in a few minutes. This made us anxious about Carr's wound, but he soon recovered from it and lived to be mainly instrumental in defeating Van Dorn at Elk Horn in 1862. The cattle had been cut up and distributed, and all Walker could do was to kill a few Indians and destroy their village.

We pursued our march, and he rejoined us in the course of a few days. Campbell's herd was of fifteen hundred head, which he was driving across to California. The night of their halt at Eagle Springs very few of them got any water, and they were driven on to the Rio Grande, thirty miles distant. At fifteen miles from the spring we came upon the first dead cattle. When within sight and smell of the river, they made a grand rush for the water, and lay dead in piles. We afterwards heard that he got safely to market with the balance and made a good profit. We never saw "Talking" Campbell again, or any man equal to him in his peculiar line.

We reached El Paso in the very height of the grape season. Never had we tasted such delicious grapes, and the wine made from them was very good. But our relish for it was not enhanced when we saw the process of its manufacture. Under a dirty shed a bull's hide was hung by the legs. In it were put many bushels of grapes, and also a dirty, bare-legged Mexican, who, stripped to his knees, was actively pressing the juice with his feet, which had not been intentionally washed before in a long time, not since the last grape season. We were assured it was the best way to make good wine, but we did not try any of that. From El Paso we went up to Fort Filmore, where for the last time I met my friend, Barnard Bee. When we parted, he gave me a very curious and massive ring made of several different colors of the gold of that country. It was stolen out of my dressing-case soon after his death.

We then retraced our route to San Antonio, laying in a good supply of grapes and watermelons for our mess and a good store also for the wife of Captain Granger, who had entertained us very kindly upon our upward march. Captain Granger commanded a small detachment of

infantry, twenty-eight men, stationed at a famous Indian crossing on Devil's River. There was no defence whatever, and an Indian arrow could at any time have pierced the cotton walls of Mrs. Granger's tent, but she seemed secure and contented in her isolated home. There was not a white man within hundreds of miles. Soon after we passed, a soldier was shot dead with an arrow, close to her tent, but no other casualty occurred there until a year or two later. General Hood, then a lieutenant, had a hard fight with a band of Indians thereabouts. He and several of his men were wounded, and some were killed; the Indians got rather the best of the cavalrymen that time. Hood was a very daring and ambitious man, but very unfortunate as a commander. Devil's River was far too beautiful a stream to have so bad a name. It was very like the Shenandoah in the great valley of Virginia. It was clear and very grateful to the sight and taste of the weary and thirsty men and horses who sought it from far and wide.

While we were at Fort Inge, Colonel Crittenden marched, with two or three squadrons, up the Nueces, scouting after a large body of Indians. The weather was very hot and dry; the springs were gone, and water could be found only in the larger streams. He marched from the Nueces across to Devil's River, and for three days neither man nor horse had one drop of water. As they approached Devil's River, they rode amongst some thousands of wild turkeys, trotting along the same road after water. Their wings were hanging off from their bodies, and their mouths were wide open. They paid no attention to the troops, merely opening out to let them pass, and the men had no desire to molest them. Neither man nor horse died of that terrible suffering, and never was Devil's River more welcome, than when on the morning of the third day they rode into its pleasant waters.

We saw many upland plover upon our march, and found them always on the burned places of the prairie. They found in them the roasted grass seed upon which they love to feed, and on which they grow fat and delicious in flavor. For the first time, I shot the black partridge, the *moreno*, the best of the five varieties of that bird I found in this region. Their crops were always filled with small nuts resembling beechnuts, which they find at the roots of a grass growing upon the mountain side. They are very game, lie close and fly strong, and are tender and juicy, being one or two ounces heavier than the Virginia partridge.

Our march ended at San Antonio, where I turned in my artillery and went to join my company at Fort McIntosh, Laredo. The headquarters of the regiment were there, with one squadron, also seven or eight companies of infantry and one company of artillery. Laredo, a Mexican town, was a mile away. Occasionally, Colonel Loring, one of the kindest and best and bravest of men, gave a fandango at his quarters, and invited some of the *élite* of Laredo to meet our officers and their families. But there was no cordial association possible between people who did not understand each other's language. My resource was hunting, and, a few days before Christmas, Colonel Loring proposed that we should make up a party and go thirty miles or so away, where we could find plenty of deer, and bring in some venison for Christmas. Captain Tom Claiborn and Lieutenant Tom English were of the party.

In every company there were several hunters, who scouted the country for game, and sometimes brought in reports of Indians. In our party there were seven of us, who in four days killed thirty-six deer and a lion, all of which we shot with the Mississippi rifle. In one day we

brought in sixteen deer and the lion. We lived upon the tid-bits and fore quarters of the deer, which Tom Claiborn knew well how to cook over a camp-fire, while he seasoned his culinary efforts with racy anecdotes of his experiences in Oregon and on the great overland route of the regiment.

Late one afternoon, we had all come in from our day's hunt, when we heard partridges whistling close by. Lieutenant English had a handsome black setter puppy, which he had taught some tricks of a poodle, and which he had named Toots. Claiborn took Toots with him and went in pursuit of the partridges. He had a fine Manton gun, and before sunset he bagged twenty-two birds, without missing a shot. Toots behaved so well that Claiborn convinced English that he ought to give the dog to me, which he did, only stipulating his name should not be changed. For more than ten years, he was one of my family. He had his mouth on every kind of game that ever wore fur or feathers. He fought with my greyhounds in many a wolf hunt, whipped every bulldog that ever attacked him, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and sprinkled by a polecat, and had as much sense as many men, and more principle. It was while he was hunting with me one day that he was bitten by a rattler. I burned the place with gunpowder, and carried him as quickly as I could to a doctor. Toots had never seen him before, but he allowed him to cut away the flesh and burn him with caustic, only whining softly from the extreme pain. Some months after this, he got into a fight and was bitten on the same foot. I was away when it happened, and he went by himself to that same doctor, and sitting upon his haunches, as he had been taught to do, held up the injured foot for the doctor's inspection and treatment.

CHAPTER VIII

Big Game Hunting in Texas — Encounter with an American Lion — Exciting Fight with a Wild Bull — Pierced with Cactus Spikes — Fierce Battle with a Wounded Cow — On Recruiting Service at Carlisle Barracks — New Tactics for Mounted Rifles — The May Family — Sad Results of a Duel

AFTER this Christmas hunt, I found occupation in scouting and drilling, and in making a new system of tactics for mounted troops. The general introduction of the revolver and long-range rifle called for such changes in cavalry tactics as would enable the men to dismount quickly and use their rifles on foot, and demanded also single-rank formations. The working out of these problems occupied my thoughts and interests for a long time, and I had favorable opportunity for testing every movement, having charge of the instruction of my company, and the good-will of my intelligent brother-officers, though occasionally a sneer would reach me from some leather-head of the old dragoon *régime*, who did not wish to have to learn new tactics (they generally didn't know much of any). But I persevered with my work, won friends to it of all who saw it tried, and had the satisfaction of having it adopted by the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, who, being a great hunter and rifleman himself, knew that weapon could only be used effectively on foot, and that the time had come for

moving horsemen to where they could be dismounted and could thus render efficient service.

By this new system of tactics, a troop of Mounted Rifles could be moving at the gallop, and when the trumpet sounded, "Dismount to fight," could halt, link their horses, and be handling their rifles in line of battle in seven seconds. McClellan, who had been inspecting the cavalry systems of Europe, wrote me warm congratulations upon my great success. The tactics were used in both armies during the Civil War, and have been universally adopted in the Indian fighting upon the plains, and have very recently been embodied in the New Tactics.

As I have said, hunting was my only pleasure in Texas. In that day there were no settlements upon that vast region between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. It was a great pasture for thousands of wild horses, and wild cattle, deer, antelope, and every game bird we know of, and every sort of predatory beast. The tigers, or great, spotted panthers, as large sometimes as Bengal tigers, and the tawny, maneless lions, and many small varieties of the cat tribe abounded there. Nowhere, save in South Africa, were such quantities of large game to be found.

One day while patrolling that region, we encamped on sweet water in a grassy valley, and in the evening I went out for venison, having told the guide, Juan Galvan, a famous Indian scout, to follow me. When about a mile from camp I saw a deer and two fawns, as I thought them to be, enter the chaparral before me. I galloped rapidly around to the other side of the timber, to get a shot at the game as it emerged from it, when what was my delight to see a large lion come sauntering out on the prairie, moving up the wind with his nose

well up and his long tail brushing the grass as he walked slowly along. The breeze blew fresh and the grass muffled my horse's tracks, as I cantered up to within fifty paces. Then I halted and drew a fine sight upon him behind his shoulder, but my horse moved, and I had to lower my rifle. I had just quieted him and taken aim again, when the guide with a clatter came galloping up behind me. The lion, surprised, wheeled toward me, when I dashed at him with a shout which made him turn and bound away. I tried to close, and get a running shot, but he outran my slow troop horse and went away with great leaps till he reached the chaparral. Had my rifle been a Winchester, or had I been upon my own horse, I would have dismounted and taken a sure shot, but on a previous day this brute had run off from me when I dismounted to shoot, and I did not feel justified in being left alone to encounter that great beast with a Mississippi rifle. I was greatly provoked with the guide, but he had run up to help me, was a very daring fellow, and very fond of me.

Soon after this, the grass near Fort McIntosh being used up, it was necessary to send our horses down the river for fresh pasturage, so that they might be in condition for the summer scouting. Tom Claiborn was captain of B Company, and Llewellyn Jones, captain of F Company. Claiborn's wife and children were domiciled in the garrison, and Jones' health was infirm, so I took the squadron two days' march down the Rio Grande, where we made a comfortable camp, and grazed our horses and hunted for more than a month. We were too far from the fort to draw our fresh meat and rations. Wild cattle abounded about us, and each company had good hunters, and every night they brought in fat beeves, unbranded and as wild and savage as any other wild

beasts in that region. When Mexico dethroned the last Emperor, Iturbide, and established a republic, the garrisons in what is now Texas were all withdrawn. The Indians then poured in upon the large ranches, murdered the people, and turned the stock loose. These had increased and multiplied till the whole of the region between the Rio Grande and the Nueces swarmed with wild horses and cattle, and one day I encountered a small herd of wild asses, as wild as zebras and very active.

I had heard so much of the fierceness and activity of the wild cattle, that I desired to be able to tell by experience about the truth of these reports; so one morning, at daybreak, I set out with Juan Galvan and two Riflemen with pack mules to bring in the meat we expected to kill. Juan soon found the fresh trail of an enormous bull. His tracks were easily followed, for amidst the thousands his were larger than any. It was about eleven o'clock when Juan, who was riding at a fox trot just in my front, threw up his rifle and fired at a huge, white bull who broke out of the brush and ran off at a rapid gait. After two hours of hot pursuit, we came up with this monarch of the herds in a thick clump of bushes, where Juan and I dismounted, and, running up to within thirty or forty paces, fired into his great, white body. The brush was too thick for us to pick our shots. He ran out near the Riflemen, both of whom fired at him, but he kept on his way at a swinging gait. The blood in great splashes fell upon the broad cactus leaves, and made the trail easy to follow, and excited us, as the sight of blood will affect any hunter.

Again, after half an hour's pursuit, we came upon our bull, and as before, Juan and I dismounted and ran up to put two more balls into him. There was more blood

now upon the trail, and we were more eager, so that when we found him the third time at bay, I resolved to make a sure shot, and, running closer to him than ever before, delivered it. Old Juan was too smart to dismount, though I had not observed this. As my rifle cracked, I heard the bushes rattling, and the men cried out, "Look out, Lieutenant! He is charging you!" I wheeled and ran for my horse, but the bull was too close for me to stop to mount, so as I heard him close at my heels, I turned suddenly towards a huge cactus I was passing and sprang into it, struggling through it and tumbling flat upon the ground upon the other side. In all my life I had never been so terrified, and I was so tormented by the great cactus spikes which had pierced my body, that for an instant I would have welcomed the bull or anything else that would have relieved me of my misery.

After some moments, I ventured to arise and investigate the whereabouts of that animal, an action which I immediately regretted; for he instantly saw me and made another dash for me, the men crying as he did so, "He's charging again!" I whirled through another cactus, the twin of the one I had just left, and lay as flat and still as a dead man; and I almost wished that I was dead, for in my flight I had acquired a second supply of cactus spikes, which left no part of my body unprovided for. They are of the size of a large darning-needle, with barbed points, and when one is pulled out it leaves the barb in to mark the place.

Juan, having more sense and experience with bulls than I, had never taken his foot out of the stirrup, and now dashed off after my horse, which had availed itself of the opportunity to run away. The Riflemen, too, had retired to a safe distance, so that when, after a longer

delay than before, I arose very cautiously and inspected the field, I alone remained upon it. My rifle was empty, and all of my friends were gone, and, utterly demoralized, I stood wondering what had ever induced me to imagine that I wished to hunt a wild bull. One cheerful fact gave me courage: the bull was gone with the rest, but alas! the cactus spikes remained.

I reloaded my rifle, picked out some of the most accessible of them, and tried to rally my spirits and look cheerful as Juan rode up, leading my horse and crying out in a gay voice, "Vamos!"

"Vamos where?" said I.

"Por el toro."

"Damn the toro," I responded heartily, as with a poor assumption of lively acquiescence, I took my seat where the late General Pope had his headquarters. As a good many spikes still remained, that saddle was far from being a downy pillow. But I wriggled and twisted and managed to keep up, and we soon emerged from the chaparral into a grassy glade where a herd of cattle had been startled by our approach. We drew up all abreast, and fired into the herd. I struck a great brindled bull, but permitted him to pass on, for just then bulls were a drug in my market. Juan, however, dashed off, whirling his lasso, and returned in ten minutes, saying, "We got him." Two of our shots had struck a beautiful, young sorrel cow, breaking her fore leg. Juan having lassoed her and tied her to the big, swinging limb of a mesquite, proposed going on after the bull, but I preferred to remain and look after the safety of the cow, and I told Juan that before following up the bull, I desired him to examine the rope and make sure the cow was securely tied. As we approached, she charged madly at us twice, but being thrown violently back upon

her haunches, she ceased this and remained sullenly quiet. At last Juan slipped off his horse and went carefully around the tree, followed slowly by the cow. Moran, one of the Riflemen, a large, handsome fellow, had dismounted, and stood leaning against his horse, holding Juan's rifle and his own in his hand. Old Dewey, a very phlegmatic Vermonter, was sitting lazily in his saddle, his rifle across his pommel. I was quite alert, and ready to move on short notice, should the cow decide to charge again, which she suddenly did. The rope broke and she dashed at Moran, goring his horse in the flank. He dropped his rifles, and sprang up a tree. She then struck old Dewey's horse, lifting him so that his rider pitched over his head and, turning a somersault, landed upon his feet, rifle in hand. Turning, he delivered a quick shot in the cow's face, and then made for a tree, which he lost no time in climbing. The cow now had the field to herself, for by the time Dewey was safely ensconced, I was a rifle-shot away, where a three-legged cow could not catch me. Finally, Juan slipped down from his perch and gathering up his rifle mounted his horse, and, riding up to the animal, shot her in the curl and ended the battle.

We butchered her, and, packing the mules with the meat, sent the men back to camp with it, while Juan and I took another turn at our bull. We bounced him out of a thicket a little before sunset, ran him a mile, and then gave up the chase, and set out for camp ten miles away. It was ten o'clock before we got in, and I was occupied until a late hour getting rid of the cactus. Next morning I looked as if I had the measles, and felt as if the small-pox had me. So I declined to resume the chase that day, and kept my headquarters in my tent, letting the indefatigable Juan go out with a

fresh party, which found the bull where we had left off. He charged them many times, and finally fell by the nineteenth ball. He was an enormous beast, entirely white, save his jet-black horns and hoofs. I had his great hide for a tent floor. It was all we got of him, for his wounds and heated contest had spoiled his great mass of fat meat. But it was certainly the most exciting contest and chase I ever enjoyed. I discovered that day that when a bull charges, he puts his head down, shuts his eyes, and goes straight for his enemy; but when a cow makes the attack, she keeps her eyes wide open and can't be dodged.

Soon after this, we were coming into camp late one evening, when suddenly we heard a wild bull come moaning towards us. It is the wildest sound imaginable in a lonely place. Juan and I leaped from our horses and hastened to meet him, concealing ourselves behind a bush that bordered his course. As we waited, we could hear him drawing nearer and nearer, moaning, and crushing the gravel under his heavy tread. He had come within ten paces when as his fore shoulders emerged into view, I whispered, "Now!" We both fired behind his shoulder, and Juan immediately ran for a tree, while I, being clad in a light coat, threw myself flat down behind my bush. As I lay there, I could hear the hurried tramp of the bull, whether in advance or retreat I could not decide, and the uncertainty was painfully alarming. Happily, he had wheeled and run back at our shot. The night closed in dark, and Juan could not follow him till the moon rose, when he found the bloody trail, but gave up the chase, very properly; for we were in a dangerous neighborhood.

After three years of this sort of frontier service, I was appointed recruiting officer at San Antonio. General

Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding the department of Texas, was our next neighbor there, and a very good one he was. That accomplished soldier, Don Carlos Buel, was also stationed there. General George Mercer Brooke, one of the bravest men and highest gentlemen in the service, died there. He was my friend and our only kinsman in that wild country.

While in San Antonio, Major Dick Howard and I purchased a cattle ranch on the Cibolo River, about twenty-five miles from the town. The house was an unusually good one for that time in Texas, being built of hewn logs, well plastered and floored. It stood upon a hill in a fine grove overlooking the road from San Antonio to the Gulf. We had fifteen hundred head of breeding cattle, and proposed to send into Mexico for one hundred mares, and to raise mules, and I intended to resign and live on the ranch. But my wife's health and spirits so gave way under the affliction and exhaustion consequent upon the death of our little daughter, that I decided, instead, to accept a detail on the recruiting service which took me to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. When the war broke out I sold my ranch, doubling my money in Confederate gold bonds.

On arriving at Carlisle, then our only cavalry school, Colonel Charley May, the commandant, appointed me the superintendent of instruction and commandant of the Post. The duty and station were agreeable and comfortable. All of the young cavalry graduates from West Point reported to me for duty, and I thus became well acquainted with many of the brightest young men of the army. Fitz Lee, Averill, Lomax, Big Jim Major, "Red Jackson," and many others were there, whom it was my fortune to serve with or against in the great war, which none of us then realized was so near at hand.

The shooting about there was very good. Mr. Johnston Moore, an excellent gentleman, a real sportsman, and the owner of many farms in the vicinity, was often my companion. A comfortable dinner at his town residence, with a bottle of good champagne, made an appropriate ending to many a pleasant day's sport. At that time he had a beautiful daughter, who was a great favorite socially, especially with the young officers. No man's lot seemed happier than his. Twenty years afterward I met him at the Virginia Springs. Time and sorrow had written deep lines upon his manly face. His daughter was dead, his son had fallen in the war, and many griefs had been his portion, but the gentle, affectionate nature was with him still, and I was tempted to go with him once again over the green fields and wooded hills of the Cumberland valley, where so often, with our guns and dogs, we had borne each other company. But it would not have been the same, for sorrowful memories of the years which lay between would have dimmed the sunshine of the reunion for us.

While at Carlisle I was authorized by Secretary of War Floyd to prepare and publish the "Tactics for Mounted Rifles." Major Buel aided me to procure personal interviews with the Secretary, who entered earnestly into a system which facilitated the mounted riflemen in going effectively into action; and at that time all of our so-called cavalrymen were mounted riflemen. My clandestine interviews with the Secretary were not discovered in the Red Tape Department until the "Tactics" was adopted and published, when the admonition was administered from the chief of that department to "observe the prescribed channels of correspondence in future." This much amused Buel and me.

This suggested to me the expediency of merging the

five regiments of mounted troops in one corps. The three senior regiments united in a memorial to Congress to arrange us accordingly, but it was not done till the great war put aside all personal considerations, for expediency's sake, and in both armies the mounted troops were all classed as cavalry,— a misnomer, if by cavalry we mean soldiers who fight on horseback ; for it is well known that the troopers of Stuart and Hampton, Van Dorn and Forrest, all dismounted to fight. Sabres have long been laid aside except by holiday soldiers, not one in fifty of whom is a swordsman. It was usual for our men in the Rifles to put away their swords whenever they went upon a hostile expedition, and in our great war, in which many thousands of men were killed and wounded, our surgeons were rarely troubled by sabre cuts.

Colonel Charley May, our commandant, was a "Light Dragoon," although, being six feet four inches tall and of tremendous frame, he was fitter for the heavy cavalry. His brother Julian was in my regiment, and was a remarkably handsome man. He, too, was over six feet in stature. Those Mays were extraordinary men in their physical and mental characteristics. Five of the brothers averaged over six feet three inches in height, and all were men of marked character. The Honorable Henry May, a member of Congress from Baltimore, was a man of ability, and of most kind and courtly manners. In the exciting times incident to the disrupting of the government, Mr. May stood up manfully for the rights of the people. I believe he was imprisoned for it. I was thrown intimately with Colonel May for two years, at Carlisle Barracks, and on me devolved the sad duty of paying the last honors of a dead soldier to his brother Julian.

Julian May's history was a very sad one. He was the youngest of the sons of Dr. May, a leading physician of Washington in his day. Before he was twenty-one, Julian became involved in a difficulty with young Cochran. Both were connected with well-known families in Washington, and the duel was the recognized mode of settling personal difficulties between gentlemen. This barbarous custom had the sanction of the highest men of our country in those days, and it was considered inevitable that these two youths should resort to it. So they crossed the river into Virginia, and fought with rifles at forty paces. Cochran was shot in the head, and died instantly, and Julian May became a fugitive, his life and happiness ruined. Those who knew him best realized that he never recovered from this terrible experience.

General Jackson had then retired to the shades of the Hermitage, where he was passing the evening of his days. He was a friend of the May family, and naturally sympathized with young Julian in his sad position. At his request, the position of lieutenant was given the young man in the regiment of Mounted Riflemen, then just organized in time for the Mexican War. From 1848 to 1860, when his death occurred, Julian May was in all the vicissitudes of the service of that regiment, and his genial and kindly nature made him a favorite with his comrades throughout the army. His remarkable personal beauty was enhanced by a courtly breeding and bearing which distinguished him in every circle he entered. He died suddenly at Tucalote, while returning from Santa Fé to his post at Fort Union. We laid him in the little soldiers' cemetery on the hillside overlooking the Post. I commanded the escort at his funeral, and read the service of the Church at his grave.

Charley May had long been married to a daughter of Mr. George Law, of New York, when the war broke out. He then resigned from the army and retired to private life. While his sympathies were with his own people in the South, he could not array himself against the people of his wife, who was a very admirable lady, to whom he was much attached.

William May, of the Navy, was the only one of the brothers not over six feet in stature. He was highly esteemed in the service, and had the manhood of his race. Captain William Lewis Maury, of the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*, who was his shipmate in the old Navy, told me that on one occasion May was sent off in command of a boat which was wrecked upon a reef. They found refuge upon the rocks, to which they clung till a launch from the ship came to their rescue. There was not room in the launch for all of the men to go at once, so May and part of the crew got aboard of her, but as she pulled away from the reef, he saw some of his men still on the rocks, and before he could be prevented he sprang overboard and swam back to cast his lot with them. They were a gallant race, those Mays; the men handsome and proud, and the women beautiful.

While at Carlisle, I was appointed a member of a board of cavalry officers, which decided upon a uniform style of horse equipage for the army. Colonels Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Andrew Porter, and several others, were members of the board of which Colonel Philip Saint George Cooke was president. After six or seven weeks of careful examination of every item, we adopted the Cossack saddle brought over by McClellan, and now known by his name. It has stood the test of all these years of service, and is generally used by all frontiersmen.