

apiece, quietly pursuing the calling of a surveyor in the country of San Patricio, to which point he was on his way. This was Mr. Falconer's entire force, and with this he had made all his arrangements for the journey; but he was now re-enforced by myself and Frank Combs, the latter having made up his mind to join the party. We thus mustered five strong, all well armed and equipped for a trip that is set down as extra-hazardous.

Wishing to give my horse every chance to gain flesh and strength before starting for Santa Fé, I left him with a livery-stable keeper at Austin, and hired a little, rough-looking Mexican mountain pony in his stead. The latter was considerably advanced in years, disposed to take every advantage, and shirk from everything in the shape of hard work. He moreover had a huge pair of *mustaches* on his upper lip, appendages which belong, I believe, almost exclusively to horses from his particular section and of his particular species; at all events, I have never seen them worn by other nags. He was tough, however, as wrought iron, and although one hour's riding would bring on a lazy fit, ten would not tire him; a fact of which I had most abundant evidence afterward.

CHAPTER II.

Leave Austin for San Antonio.—Prospects of a Shower.—Singular Conduct of Mat Small.—A regular Soaking.—Crossing the Colorado.—No Bottom for short-legged Animals.—Venison for Supper.—More of Mat Small.—Damp Lodgings.—Serenade of Wolves.—Meeting with old Friends.—The St. Mark's.—Head Springs.—Disturbance at Night.—Arrival of Friends from Austin.—Journey towards San Antonio renewed.—Colonel Cooke in search of a Short Cut.—Encounter with a Texan War Party.—Hostile Indians about.—A Texan killed.—Mr. Falconer's Portrait taken while sitting upon a Mule.—Amusing Adventure.—More scared than hurt.—The Guadalupe.—The Salado.—Night Entry into San Antonio.—Yelping Curs.—Fun at a Fandango.—A Mexican Dance.—Monté.—Getting the Hang of the Game.—Return to Lodgings.—Comparative Merits of Floors.—Difference between Plank, Stone, and Earth.—Rough Life in Perspective.—Nothing after getting used to it.

THE morning of the day on which we were to start for San Antonio was unusually hot and sultry, with hardly a breath of air stirring. We had determined upon leaving Austin late in the afternoon, riding about twelve miles, and then encamping for the night on the banks of a small creek. This plan is generally adopted by persons travelling between the two places, although they are obliged, in consequence, to "camp out" two nights instead of one; but as starting early in the morning makes two long and tiresome days' marches, the former plan is deemed the most feasible and agreeable.

After dinner, while we were saddling our horses and making preparations for departure, a black cloud about the size of a buzzard was seen in the southwest. Before we were ready to mount, this cloud had spread over the whole quarter of the sky where it made its first appearance. The distant rumbling of thunder was

by this time plainly heard, and the most uninitiated in the knowledge of the "weather-wise," could easily enough see that a tremendous shower was shortly to break over us. Such prudence as I was at that time in possession of, though unenlightened by experience in what most appertains to bodily comfort in the forest and prairie, suggested that if we were to send our nags to the stable, until the shower, or at least the weight of it, should be over, our evening ride would be more agreeable and the risk of catching cold far less; but instead of pursuing this course, Mat Small seemed hurrying himself to the utmost to make a start before the rain began to fall, as if anxious to get the full benefit and luxury of the shower, if any it had. He appeared to be our leader, though self-delegated; and against his experience I deemed it prudent not to raise a murmur. Not a word did he utter—his very look was law.

To a person who, like myself, had been admonished from early infancy, both by precept and example, to keep within doors as much as possible during the heavier species of showers, the prospect now was certainly neither pleasant nor flattering. Yet there was Small, tightening his saddle-girths and arranging his wallet of stores with as much unconcern as if he did not see the threatening deluge that was hanging over us, or if he did, cared nothing for it. My companions, too, appeared to be suddenly taken with a fit of haste, and hurried through the little preliminary preparations as though life and death depended upon their "getting off" before the rain commenced falling. That some of them did it for effect I am confident.

"You'll be mighty apt to get wet," said a thorough bred Texan who stood watching our movements in front of Bullock's Hotel.

"Wet to the skin to a certainty," I answered aloud, with the hope that I might draw Small's attention to the threatening heavens; but he never once looked at the cloud. I saw that he was determined to start; and as I should only be making a laughing-stock of myself by demurring, I assumed an indifference I was far from possessing, and *pretended* to care as little for the impending flood as any of my companions. Before my journeyings were half through I got bravely over my antipathy to thunder-showers, and took them as coolly and kindly as a young duck.

The Colorado, which we were compelled to cross immediately on leaving the city, was distant some half or three quarters of a mile. We had scarcely mounted our animals before the rain commenced falling, and ere we had gone two hundred yards from shelter the full weight of the shower was upon us. It may have rained harder before, may have rained harder since—these are questions I do not feel called upon to decide; but this much I will say, that if it ever has I did not happen to be out at the time. It rained as though every window in heaven was thrown wide open, and a perfect Niagara of water was falling upon us.

By the time we reached the Colorado I was drenched to the skin—as wet as though I had been out in the forty days' deluge without greatcoat or umbrella. We found the river somewhat swollen by the previous rains, and the current running unusually fast; but the man Small, who appeared to have adopted the motto of "go ahead" without taking Crockett's precaution of first ascertaining whether he was right or wrong, spurred his animal directly into the stream. Gramont and Frank Combs, well mounted on tall and spirited horses, did the same, and made the crossing without swimming;

Falconer and myself, perched upon animals of smaller size and shorter limbs, were not equally successful. We were obliged to swim them across; but finally, after not a little floundering, reached the opposite bank in safety.

At a brisk pace we rode through the rich and fertile bottom of the Colorado, and soon reached the green and rolling prairies. In half an hour the rain had passed over, but the sun was still hidden by dark and heavy clouds in the west. When within two miles of the place where we were to encamp, I descried a deer some distance from our trail, quietly feeding. As there was a small clump of bushes near the animal, affording a good cover for an approach, I jumped from my horse with the determination of having a little fresh venison for supper if possible. I was fortunate enough to reach the low bushes without being seen, and after carefully peeping through them for a few moments discovered the deer, with head erect and nostrils distended, gazing steadily in the direction of my cover. Ever and anon he would give the well-known blow or whistle, showing plainly that he scented danger, although he could not see it. I raised my rifle suddenly and fired. The smoke hung lazily on the damp atmosphere, and several seconds elapsed before I could see whether I had made a successful shot. I had been told, by old hunters, never to stir from my tracks, after firing, until I had reloaded, and this advice I now followed. On approaching the spot where, but a few moments before, the deer had stood so full of life and activity, I found him lying stiff—the heavy ball from my rifle having passed directly through his body. Although the task was difficult, I succeeded in throwing the dead animal across my horse's back, and with this extra load rode to the

camp. Small gave a species of half-smothered, chuckling laugh as I threw what I deemed no inconsiderable trophy of my skill to the ground. I noticed the smile, but did not, at the time, fully understand it.

In less time than it takes me to record it, the veteran hunter had cut a shoulder and some of the more delicate and eatable portions from the deer, and then, rolling the remainder and larger portion out of the way with his foot, remarked that it was but "poor doe." I told him that it was no doe at all, but a young buck—I could not say much as to its fatness. He gave another half-laugh, accompanied by a slight shrug of the shoulders and a sarcastic leer out of the corners of his eyes, and then thrust a stick through the pieces of meat which he still held in his hand. Another minute passed, and the venison, with some clumsily-cut slices of ham which Mr. Falconer had providently brought with him, was cooking before a large fire which the latter gentleman had kindled. A goodly-sized pot of coffee was also quickly boiling upon the same fire, and what with the scent of the roasting meat, and the fragrance of the old Java, I soon was the possessor of an appetite a city *gourmand* might envy. Most ample justice did I do to it in the way of eating, after the meat was cooked; and a tin cup of coffee, sweetened, it is true, but without milk, I then thought the most delicious draught I had ever tasted. It would be folly to deny that an appetite, known only in the woods and on the prairies, lent a sauce to our plain repast which neither wine and biters, catsup, nor any of the provocatives and seasonings usually resorted to, could have given. There was one thing, however, which was running in my mind all the while, and which I could not understand—those apparently half-contemptuous and ill-suppressed laughs of

Small, and his calling young buck "poor doe!" I grew wiser before I had been a month upon the prairies, and learned the full meaning of conduct which I then thought sneering. He was laughing, in the first place, to see me pack an entire deer into camp when our utmost necessities were more than supplied by less than a quarter of the animal, and among the Texan hunters the term "poor doe" is applied, regardless of gender, to any deer that may happen to be lean. Small, no doubt, thought me lamentably ignorant of the ways of that portion of the wide world in which he moved with so much credit, as indeed I was; and what was still worse for me, I had taken his honest and well-meant smile and accompanying chuckle for tokens of derision and open effrontery.

By the time we had finished our meal it was near dark, and a dense fog was rising upon the little creek, the banks of which we had chosen for our camp. My clothes were wet, my blankets were wet, the grass was wet, and the air was damp—a prospect by no means pleasant to one who, up to that time, had always been the possessor of shelter and a bed. To complain, however, would have given Small another opportunity to indulge in one of his quiet chuckles; so I put as good a face upon the matter as was possible, spread my wet blankets upon the still wetter grass, and after rolling myself up, resigned myself, as well as I could, to the circumstances. My friends, all of whom had some little experience in "out-door" life, were huddled around me, and made themselves exceedingly merry and facetious at my expense; but all their seeming indifference to the damp and disagreeable position we were placed in I then thought assumed, and I did not believe that one of them thought of obtaining any

sleep. For myself, I would have freely staked no inconsiderable sum that not the most skillful professor of animal magnetism who has ever lived, even old Mesmer himself, could have got a single wink of sleep out of me that night; but, while reflecting upon the impossibility of the thing, I absolutely fell into a sound slumber, as refreshing as though I had been upon the best bed in the world. Once or twice in the night I was awakened by the yelping and howling of a pack of sneaking, hungry wolves, drawn close to our camp, doubtless, by the scent of the deer I had killed. Otherwise my sleep was uninterrupted.

Early the next morning, while preparing our breakfast, Major Howard and Mr. George Van Ness, who had started from San Antonio the preceding day, rode up to our camp. Van Ness I had formerly known in Vermont, but had not seen him for several years. These gentlemen were on their way to Austin, on business requiring much expedition. They proposed that we should go no farther than the St. Mark's that day, and promised that they would meet us there early the next morning, and go with us to San Antonio. Although we had intended travelling to the Guadalupe, a river some distance beyond the St. Mark's, we now altered our plan and consented to their proposal. Without stopping to partake of our meal, to which we invited them, they gave their jaded animals the spur, and were soon lost to sight beyond a roll of the prairie. After finishing our breakfast, we saddled our animals and rode slowly towards the beautiful St. Mark's. By two o'clock we reached a deserted military station, near the head springs of that stream—the rendezvous appointed by our friends in the morning—and there encamped for the night. During the day, Small pointed

to several large clouds of smoke rising at some distance ahead of us, and a little to the left of our route, remarking that they proceeded from Indian fires; but at the time we thought but little of them.

Than the country in the vicinity of the St. Mark's one more lovely and fertile can hardly be found. The stream rises at the base of a low chain of mountains, a short distance from the spot on which we were encamped. The St. Mark's is not formed by a series of small branches or creeks, but takes its rise and character from its fountain head, which is a large spring of clear, cool, and most delicious water, inexhaustible in its supply. But a few hundred yards below this spring we find a deep and swift-running river, stocked with a variety of fish. The bottoms on either side are wide, well-timbered, and of the greatest fertility, admirably adapted to either cotton or corn. Once clear of the bottoms, the traveller meets with gently-undulating prairies, affording nutritious grass for pasturage, and a good depth of soil of fair quality. The climate is dry and salubrious, and the settler finds himself occupying lands equally fertile, yet exempt from the bilious fevers and debilitating agues so prevalent upon the Colorado, the Brazos, and other muddy and sluggish rivers of Eastern Texas. The vicinity of the Guadalupe, another swift and clear stream which we passed on the ensuing day, resembles that of the St. Mark's, and could emigrants but enjoy facilities for getting their produce to market, no finer or more healthy openings exist in America.

We passed the night at the St. Mark's with no incident worthy of relation, other than an alarm among our animals, which were hobbled and staked close by our camp. We started up and found our beasts gazing, with pricked ears, into a darkness which to us was im-

penetrable. Thinking they were probably frightened by a family of noisy screech-owls, perched in a neighbouring tree, or else by a more distant pack of howling wolves, we only examined their fastenings to see that all were secure, and retired again to our blankets. From circumstances that transpired afterward, I have little doubt that Indians were prowling about our camp, and that they were either seen or scented by our beasts. It is a well-known fact that the horses or mules of a white man are invariably terrified at the approach of Indians, can scent them at a most astonishing distance, and, from the circumstance that they always give the alarm, are considered excellent sentinels.

At daybreak Howard and Van Ness, now accompanied by Colonel W. G. Cooke, made their appearance. They had started from Austin at nightfall, and as the distance to the St. Mark's was some forty miles, had had a hard night's ride. The only rest they made was while we prepared a hasty breakfast; when this was over we saddled our animals and pursued our journey. The distance to San Antonio was still forty miles—not a severe day's ride for fresh and good horses—but as some of those in our company were but indifferent nags at best, and much travel-worn, the march proved extremely slow and fatiguing.

We had proceeded but a short distance, before Colonel Cooke, thinking we had lost the shortest trail to San Antonio, separated from our party and struck off across the prairies to the left at a brisk canter. He was hardly out of sight before we saw, rapidly approaching us, at a distance of some mile or mile and a half, a body of about sixty horsemen, whose character it was impossible to distinguish. Apprehensive at first that they might be Indians, we drew up in a body, with a small

*mot** of timber close by to which we could easily retreat, and awaited their approach. It proved to be a party of Texans that had been out some four months on an expedition against the Camanches. So long had they been absent from the settlements that they really bore the strongest resemblance to Indians. Their hunting-shirts had become torn and greasy, their hair long and matted, and their faces, from long exposure to the sun and only an occasional acquaintanceship with water, imbrowned nearly to the color of mahogany. They, too, had at first mistaken us for Indians, and under this belief had approached at no inconsiderable speed: but on nearing us they discovered their mistake, and slackened their gait to one more in consonance with the feelings of their jaded animals.

Almost the first question asked by the leader of the party was, whether we had encountered Indians. On being answered in the negative, he stated that two of his comrades had started in advance, the afternoon before, for the purpose of hunting; that one of them, a man named Moore, had been killed and scalped by Indians; that his companion, Hunter, had also been wounded by the same gang, yet was enabled to make his escape, and was then safe among his men. His arm was broken by a ball, and on his name being mentioned he rode up to the advance with his wounded limb in a sling. Hunter gave us a description of the spot where he and his companion had been waylaid, and thought it singular, as we had passed directly along the trail, that we had not discovered the mutilated body of the latter. His own horse was untouched by the volley fired by the savages, and being a strong, fleet animal, brought his master off in safety. He described the Indians as being

* In Western Texas a small clump of timber is called a *mot*.

on foot, armed principally with guns and rifles, and numbering about seventy. At the conclusion of this short interview, the Texans hurried off in the direction of the St. Mark's, to find and bury their unfortunate comrade, while we continued our journey towards San Antonio. That we had made a most fortunate escape the day before, by halting at the St. Mark's, was now evident enough. Had we kept directly on we should, in all probability, have fallen into an ambuscade and been cut to pieces. It was now also rendered evident that the alarm among our animals, the previous night, was occasioned by Indians, and Mat Small's remark, that the smoke we had seen in the afternoon arose from the signal-fires of a party of hostile savages, received direct confirmation.

But we had other matters than the past to speculate upon. Our little party was now seven strong, all well armed if not well mounted, and we doubted not being able to give a good account of ourselves should the Indians attack us. All that was necessary was to keep a bright look-out, and not fall into an ambuscade while passing the different *mots* and ravines scattered along our trail. But where was Colonel Cooke all this while? He was ahead, perfectly unconscious of the close proximity of Indians, and might be cut off and killed without our knowledge, or without our being able to render him the least assistance. This reflection caused us great uneasiness, and induced us to push forward with the hope of overtaking him.

Up to this time I have neglected to draw my friend Falconer's picture as he sat for it that day upon his mule. Hogarth might have done it justice; I shall only pretend to give a rough outline. Although belonging to and reared in an excellent family, and accustomed to

all the comforts of the polished life he had but recently left, he easily assimilated himself to the hardships and privations incident to a wild border life. The luxuries and good things of an English fireside he appeared entirely to have forgotten—the plain and simple substantials of a prairie alone occupied his attention. While at Austin he had elected himself our commissary, steward, cook—in fact, our purveyor-general—had provided a tea-kettle and coffee-pot for the general use, besides a tin cup for each man's private accommodation. With an eye to the general welfare he had also purchased a ham of goodly dimensions, besides coffee, sugar, tea, salt, and red pepper. Mrs. Bullock, the kind and attentive landlady of the best hotel at Austin, had added something like a bushel of fresh-baked biscuit to our other stock, so that we were most amply provided for. For all these nic-nacs Mr. Falconer had kindly furnished transportation on his mule, a rickety, lame, self-willed, long-eared brute, of stature not exceeding eleven hands. If we can judge of a mule's obstinacy by the length of its ears, the animal in question was certainly endowed with a portion far exceeding that of any other of the species it has ever been my good or bad fortune to meet. And then, as I have before stated, she was lame of one leg, and had naturally a mincing, shuffling, hobbling gait with the other three. In addition to all this, the mule had a way of stumbling and tumbling down peculiarly her own—a habit which she indulged in to an excess absolutely inconvenient, besides being at times somewhat dangerous. To offset all these rare qualities, she was as hardy as a grizzly bear and as tough and untiring as a hound. The latter quality might not have been constitutional, but rather the result of the rigid system of economy she displayed in the disburse-

ment of her strength and speed, regardless alike of blows, spurs, cuffs, and whacks. This is a very nice point, and one upon which I dare not hazard a decision. She is now dead, poor thing, and some two months after the events I have just recorded made a meal for many a half-starved man; but even at this time I cannot help laughing at her eccentricities.

Now, upon the back of this animal I have been describing, on the morning in question, was perched my friend Falconer. He was arrayed in a costume somewhat resembling a New-England washing-day dinner, inasmuch as it was picked up here and there. I have before stated that Mr. F. had kindly offered to give transportation to our *commissariat*, and this offer he fulfilled. We now have him seated upon his mule, with a double-barrelled smooth bore upon his shoulder, while around and underneath him, tied on and hanging in festoons, was a general assortment of a little of everything. There were a ham, a tea-kettle, a wallet of biscuit, half a dozen tin cups, a gourd, a pair of pistols, and a coffee-pot, all occupying prominent situations immediately around him. In addition, Falconer had with him a number of books and scientific instruments, and these were arranged, here and there, among the hardware and groceries. Thus arrayed and mounted he really seemed more like a gipsy or a travelling tinker than a member of the best society in London and a distinguished barrister of that city.

We had proceeded some five miles, scattered Indian file along the trail, and were growing more and more solicitous in relation to Colonel Cooke, when the sharp report of a rifle was heard some hundred yards ahead, in a narrow skirting of timber which fringed the banks of a small stream. Van Ness, who was in advance,

and had reached the edge of the timber, immediately reined up his horse and drew a pistol from his holsters. Major Howard was jogging along next to Van Ness, but at least forty yards behind him, Falconer was close to Major Howard, while myself and companions brought up the rear. The first impression with all, on hearing the report of the rifle, was that the Indians had formed an ambuscade for the purpose of cutting us off.

"Indians!" shouted Major Howard, drawing one of Colt's revolving pistols and then putting spurs to his steed and making for the thicket.

"Where?" said Mr. Falconer, drumming his spurless heels into his mule's sides, and evincing a zeal truly laudable to be one of the first in the brush that all felt confident was about to take place.

Frank Combs, who was well mounted, came dashing by at the top of his horse's speed. This induced Falconer to redouble his kicks and exertions to force his mule along, and he had really induced the animal to make some show towards a species of Canterbury gallop as I came up with him. Just as I had reached him, and was about to pass, down went my unfortunate friend's entire establishment, strewing the road, for some ten feet, with mule, Falconer, and sundries. Although in what a Kentuckian would call "all sorts of a hurry," I could not help stopping for a moment to survey the scene and ascertain whether my companion had injured himself. There, side and side, reposed a volume of Lord Bacon and a Kentucky ham—there too were a thermometer and a teakettle—tin cups, biscuits, fishing-tackle, a barometer, wallets, pistols, knives—scattered about in enviable confusion. I can only liken the scene to the promiscuous and miscellaneous appearance of the furniture of a house, saved from a fire and thrown

helter-skelter in the street. At any other time, after finding that my companion had sustained but little personal injury, I should have laughed outright at the ludicrous tumble; as it was I could not restrain a smile as Falconer hurriedly scrambled upon his feet. By this time the secret of the rifle-shot was fully explained by the appearance of Colonel Cooke from the timber. It seems that he had become lost in endeavouring to find a shorter trail, and discharged his rifle as the only method of making his whereabouts known.

Having assisted the fallen Falconer in repacking and remounting his mule, we renewed our ride. At noon we reached the Guadalupe, without having met with any farther incident. Here we rested an hour or two under some shade trees, while our animals were feeding and fighting prairie-flies close by. Towards sundown we arrived at the Salado, a stream which sinks in the sand and rises again some distance below the regular crossing-place between Austin and San Antonio. It was on the banks of this river that Captain Caldwell, with a small number of Texans, defeated the army of General Woll in 1842. After allowing our animals an hour's rest, we resumed our tiresome journey, and about eleven o'clock passed the old and ruined Alamo and entered the outskirts of San Antonio. From every house some half dozen Mexican curs would jump forth and greet us with a chorus of yelps and barks, and before we had fairly entered the town the canine hue and cry was general. Those who have for the first time entered a Mexican town or city must have been struck with the unusual number of dogs, and annoyed by their incessant barking; but the stranger soon learns that they vent all their courage in barks—they seldom bite.

It was nearly midnight before I could find a resting-place for myself and horse. Late as it was, the sound of a violin drew me across the *plaza*, or principal square, and up one of the narrow streets leading to it. Poor Power, in one of his plays, used to say that "wherever you hear a fiddle you are pretty sure to find fun;" in the present instance I found a *fandango*. As I entered the room, which was destitute of other floor than the hard earth, and lighted by two or three coarse tallow candles, a single couple were shuffling away, face to face, and keeping time to a cracked violin. Ever and anon the woman would sing a verse in Spanish, both herself and male partner standing until its completion. Then they would shuffle away again, using a species of break-down, negro step, entirely devoid of grace and ease. Another verse and then another shuffle, and the dance was over. The woman was as destitute of beauty as an Egyptian mummy—in fact, if dried, would have made a very good counterfeit of one of those curiosities; her partner was even more ugly. Some half dozen slovenly, badly-dressed Mexican girls were sitting upon benches at either end of the room, while an old woman in one corner was selling paper cigars and vile whiskey.* I passed through an open door, leading into a back room, where were a small party of men and women betting at *monte*. I lost a couple of dollars "just to get the hang of the game," as the facetious Sam Slick would say, and then retired to my lodgings. Here I had no other bed than my own blankets and the hard earth floor; if anything can be harder than such a couch I have yet to find it, and my

* This was but a fandango of the lowest order. The reader must not suppose that there is no better society among the Mexicans of San Antonio than I found at this place.

experience has been rather extensive. A plank really seems to have a "soft side," and those who have tried both, as I have, will say that there is a species of "give," if I may be allowed the expression, to a stone floor; but a Mexican, hard-trodden, earth floor has a dead solidity about it which fairly makes the tired bones ache again. The experience of the few past days now came like an unpleasant panorama across my mind, and I began to reflect that I had a rough life in perspective; but as every one said "it was nothing after getting used to it," I resolved to "go ahead."

CHAPTER III.

Description of San Antonio.—Fondness of the Women for Bathing.—Climate.—Irrigating Canals.—Fruits.—The old Spanish Missions.—Objects for which they were constructed.—The Alamo.—Concepcion.—San Juan.—San José.—La Espada.—Bowie and Crockett.—Church of San Antonio.—Anecdote of General Cos.—Mexican Merchants from the Rio Grande.—Return to Austin.—Incidents upon the Road.—A Texan Leather Stocking.—An Adventure.—Out-tricking a Party of Indians.—Another Night at the St. Mark's.—Fruitless Chase after Camanches.—Hog-wallow Prairie.—Arrival at Camp.—More of the Camanches.—Plain Supper and good Appetite.—Insight into Astronomy.—Once more at Austin.—A Fall in the Dark.—Speculations while falling.—Broken Bones.—Dancing Days over, or the "Jig up."—Consolation under Misfortune.

By far the most pleasant as well as interesting town in Texas is San Antonio, or Bexar as it is frequently called by the inhabitants. The San Antonio River, which heads a short distance above the town, meanders through its streets, and its limpid waters, by the different turns it makes and the irrigating canals, are brought within a convenient distance of every door. The temperature of the water is nearly the same all the year