

are our cannon! those are our cannon!" shouted one of the inflated patriots from his hiding-place, at the same time clapping his hands and skipping for joy. "Now we are gaining ground again!"

"*We!*" retorted the spirited señora, with ineffable scorn. "Fine patriots, *you*, to be sneaking and skulking here, among a parcel of women, when your friends are bravely exposing themselves in the streets for the principles you are so loud-mouthed in advocating, but which you have not the courage to stand up and protect. Would that *I* were a man. You would see me at those cannon whose music so delights your ears—not secreted among helpless women, and spending my time and breath in idle words. If those are your cannon, why don't you go and help work them, like true patriots and brave men?"

Such was the character given us of the señora, and I certainly passed a very agreeable hour at her house. Not a little is she celebrated in Mexico as a singer, and on this occasion she favoured us with a number of Spanish ballads in style most exquisite, accompanying her rich and powerful voice on the piano. The visit over, I returned once more to the Gran Sociedad, amid a shower of rain which flooded the streets, and at an early hour retired to try what success I could have in sleeping the second night after my liberation.

## CHAPTER XVII.

An early Morning Walk.—Beggars at their Work.—The Plaza Mayor.—The Cathedral and Stone of the Calendar.—Strange Belief.—Interior of the Cathedral.—Its Appearance.—Filthy State of the Establishment.—Agency of a Pair of new Boots in preventing an Examination of the Cathedral.—Shops of the Portales.—The Streets of Mexico.—Another Visit to Santiago.—The "True Blue."—More of Lieutenant Hull.—Encounter with Major Howard.—His Disguise.—Particulars of the daring Escape of Captain Hudson and Major Howard.—The Italian Opera.—Castellan.—Another Encounter with Major Howard.—Farther Particulars of his Escape.—Temerity of Captain Hudson.—Mexican Pickpockets.—Their Dexterity.—Mexican Modes of Salutation.—Cordiality of Greeting.—Anecdote of a Meeting with a fair Mexican.—The Mystery solved.—An excellent Trait in Mexican Character.—Hospitality of the Lower and Middle Classes.—Their Benevolence towards the Sick.—The present Priesthood in Mexico.—Domestic Relations of the Padres.—Influence of the Priests.—Their Reluctance in resigning Power.

WITH body and mind strengthened and refreshed I arose the next morning, for although some of the objects and scenes I had beheld during the day passed in review before the eye of the slumbering mind, my sleep had been sound and unbroken. Hastily dressing, as I had resolved upon attending early mass, I descended to the street and took the direction towards one of the principal churches.

The beggars of Mexico must be an industrious class, and very early risers, for before even the sun had made his appearance I found them up and stirring—many of them already at their stands in front of the religious establishments to be met at almost every turn, and with outstretched arms reciting their well-conned prayers for charity. Determined upon going to the celebrated cathedral at once, as the headquarters where I should probably see more than at any other place devoted to

the showy religion of the inhabitants, I passed two or three churches of most imposing appearance with merely an examination of their exteriors. A short walk brought me to the Plaza Mayor, or principal square, on the eastern side of which, and surmounted by two ornamented towers, rises the noble Cathedral of Mexico. I paused, for a few moments, to examine the great Stone of the Calendar, resting against the southwestern corner of the cathedral. It is of immense size, weighing more than twenty tons, the entire face of it sculptured with strange, but well-executed hieroglyphics. By means of the carved figures upon this stone—some twelve of which, it is pretended, represent the signs of the zodiac—the ancient inhabitants are said to have divided and computed time—the years into months, weeks, and days, and the latter into hours—and even to this day the traveller is told, and with much appearance of sincerity, that the ignorant Indians can tell the hour of the day to a minute by examining this singular calendar. They might as well say that the natives can tell the time by consulting the face of a common burr millstone, or a pair of hay-scales.

Satisfied that I could make nothing of the hieroglyphics, which were every way as unintelligible as the figures on a Chinese tea-chest, I turned and entered the cathedral. The walls, paintings, statues, balustrades, and different ornaments, were rich even to magnificence—the floor dirty, covered with kneeling groups of all classes and conditions at their devotions—while an odour, disagreeable and prison-like, caused by the filthiness characteristic of all Mexican churches, pervaded the spacious and imposing interior, perceptible even above the fumes of burning incense. Dogs were either lying asleep in different parts, or walking about

so noiselessly that it almost seemed as though they were fearful of disturbing the deep stillness of the immense apartment—a stillness broken only by the hum of half-muttered prayers and the low pealing of an organ the position of which I could not discover. Anxious to examine the farthest recesses of the cathedral, to note its paintings, statues, gilding, costly panelling, and exceeding richness of adornment, I doffed my hat and advanced towards the interior. The first step I took drew the eyes of those immediately in front towards me; the second attracted the attention of a still greater number of the kneeling worshippers. I now found that the boots I had purchased the day before were yet unbroken, and sent up a loud creak from the stone floor at every step. I attempted to advance on tiptoe—the creaking seemed to grow louder the more I endeavoured to prevent it. I paused, with the hope that I might advance under cover of the noise made by the arrival of a party of fresh worshippers who were approaching—they were either barefooted, or else their well-worn shoes gave forth no sound. One more attempt I made; but it was as unsuccessful as the others—every step appeared to draw additional attention, and even the dogs seemed to eye me rebukingly as a disturber of the solemn stillness which reigned around. It may seem a simple matter, but I was compelled to put off an examination of this noble establishment solely on account of a pair of new and creaking boots; for finding that I could not advance without annoying the assembled congregation, I retraced my steps and left the cathedral as quietly and silently as possible.

By this time the stores and shops in the *Portales*, on the opposite side of the plaza, were open, the gay Mexican sarapes and other gaudy merchandise displayed in

front presenting a brilliant and showy appearance. The walls of many of the houses, in this quarter of the city, bear indisputable evidence of the various revolutions which have distracted the country and paralyzed its energies, for the marks of cannon balls are still plainly visible, let the eye range where it will. After getting lost once or twice, and travelling three or four blocks out of my way in consequence of what I conceived to be the wrong directions I received from such of the passers as I asked for information, I finally reached the Gran Sociedad in season for breakfast. In Mexico the more important and principal streets have a new name for every square—a single straight and continuous thoroughfare having perhaps a dozen different titles—and hence the difficulty the foreigner at first meets in finding a location.

During the forenoon I made another visit to Santiago, in company with several Americans. Before leaving the convent, one of the prisoners, a young man named Grover, presented me with a copy of a neatly-written paper, published weekly in Santiago, entitled the "*True Blue*." It contained a regular report of the proceedings of the 21st of April—speeches, toasts, songs and all. Among the contributors were Mr. Grover himself, a young man named Mabry,\* and others, and, in newspa-

\* I have been told that Mr. Mabry, after his return to Texas, obtained a midshipman's warrant in the navy of that country, and that he was lost on board the ill-fated war-schooner San Antonio, Captain Seger. It may be remembered by the reader, that a man with nearly the same name—Mayby—lost his life when Lieutenant Hull was killed, being a member of the unfortunate party first massacred by the Caygüas. Since the first volume of this work passed through the hands of the stereotyper, I have learned farther particulars in relation to the melancholy deaths of Lieutenant H. and his men. Mr. Phillips, a young man attached to the Santa Fé Expedition, who saw the whole affair, informs me that the party did not retreat an inch, as I have previously stated, but on the contrary simultaneously threw them-

per parlance, the "whole affair was exceedingly well got up." Again promising our friends another visit before leaving the country, we entered our Mexican coach and returned to our quarters in the city.

It was while walking through one of the principal and most densely-thronged streets, and in the middle of the day, that I met my old companion, Major Howard, of whose escape from Puebla I had already heard, but of whose present whereabouts I was ignorant. He was disguised, it is true; for his naturally light and curly hair was coloured to a more than Mexican blackness, and combed and pomatumed down until it lay as straight as a Quaker's; yet there was no mistaking his florid complexion and his walk, and I crossed the street and accosted him at once. He informed me that both himself and his companion in escape, Captain Hudson, although a price had been set upon their heads, were then boarding openly at a Mexican meson, as a place where they would be least likely to be suspected or sought, and that they were both determined to see the

selves from their horses on discovering the approach of the Indians, formed the animals in a circle, and each man knelt inside to await the charge of their enemies. Suddenly, and as if by magic, the Caygüas were on every side, their heavy buffalo-hide shields held before them, and after a short but desperate struggle, the Texans were overpowered by the fearful odds, and slain. The names of the men thus massacred, in addition to those of Lieutenant Hull and Mr. Mayby already mentioned, were Sergeant Flenner, Dunn and Woodson. Many errors, but principally of omission, have of course occurred in this narrative. On leaving Austin, I provided myself with a note-book, in which I entered not only every little incident on each day's march, but the course, the distance travelled, as near as it could be kept by dead reckoning, with a description of the country, soil, and general appearance. Of this book I was robbed by Salezar, and hence I have been compelled to depend almost entirely upon memory in making up my "traveler's history." The reader who will but reflect for a moment, will see the disadvantages under which I have laboured, and, I am confident, will overlook and excuse any discrepancies, omissions, or errors which must necessarily occur in a work written under the circumstances.

"sights" in the city before attempting a return to Texas or the United States.

At the Italian Opera, whither I had gone to see "*Il Templario*," on the same evening I again met Major Howard, listening to the rich, full voice of the Castellan with much apparent satisfaction. Between the acts, in the coffee-room attached to the theatre, I once more met him, in conversation with a Mexican officer, and on taking him aside, and remonstrating with him upon the risk he ran in thus exposing himself, he contended that the best way to avoid suspicion was to frequent the most public places, and mix with the Mexicans themselves. He then gave me a short account of the manner in which himself and his companion effected their escape. On account of either real or feigned sickness, they had been quartered in the hospital at Puebla, where, for some weeks, they were allowed to visit the town every night upon parole. So long as this privilege was granted them, they had no opportunity to escape, as they could not break their faith with the officers who had treated them thus generously; but on the night in question, through some whim for which they could not account, they were told that they could not leave the hospital walls without a guard of four men. With this guard they sallied into the streets, determined not to return if a shadow of opportunity to escape offered.

They went at once to a restaurant which they had frequently visited, their watchful guard attending them. But a short time elapsed before they contrived to turn the attention of the soldiers into an adjoining room, and no sooner was this effected than they slipped through a side door or window, and hastily fled to the house of a generous Mexican with whom they had become ac-

quainted. At this place, although a large reward was offered for their apprehension, they remained safely secreted some ten days. Their next movement was towards the city of Mexico, by the regular daily stage. This conveyance they left when within some ten or fifteen miles of the city, and striking across the country, they were enabled to reach a factory village in safety. Here the foreigners, to whom they made known their situation, provided them with passports to enter the city, and taking one of the canals they were soon comfortably housed at one of the mesones of the capital. Such are the brief particulars of their daring escape from Puebla and arrival in safety at the city of Mexico.

If possible, Captain Hudson exposed himself even more than did his comrade. Not content with openly visiting all the walks, curiosities, public amusements, churches, and other general resorts of the population, he clambered into one of the towers of the cathedral, where he either carved or picked his name in the most conspicuous place he could find; and as if this was not enough, he even added "Of the Texan Santa Fé Pioneers" at the end of it, and this when a heavy reward was hanging over his head.

Fortunately both these young men reached the United States and Texas in safety, although the risks they were compelled to run were almost incredible. They travelled to the seacoast in the stage, entering Puebla in open day and the hospital from which they had escaped being but a few yards from the Casa de Diligencias where they were obliged to stop and sleep one night. They even saw, standing around the hotel on the arrival of the stage, several officers with whom they had become well acquainted during a confinement of nearly two months in the place; but they passed boldly by