

pillars are transported on in his native land. The sides of the body are painted, the scaffolding upon which it rests elaborately carved with queer conceits, and not to speak far out of the bounds of reason, there is timber enough wasted in the construction of the whole to build a small class Western steamer of the lighter model. Such is a hasty description of the coach: the animals and driver require a few words. The latter is generally a swarthy, brigandish, dashing fellow, dressed in a leathern jacket not lacking in embroidery and bell buttons, stout trousers of the same, with a broad-brimmed hat covered with oiled silk, and frequently decorated with silver cord and tassels. This is perched in a jaunty, devil-may-care style upon his head, and thus arrayed, the stranger, who has read some life of brigands illustrated with plates, cannot but think the Mexican *cochero* an individual even more ready to attack and rob his coach than to drive it. His mules are often large and strong animals, and although encumbered with heavy and useless ornaments attached to the harness, and frequently with a leathern case which completely covers their hind quarters and tails, he contrives to get over the ground with a celerity which could hardly be expected. What the charge per hour is I have now forgotten—I only know that, like coachmen in other countries, the Mexicans get all they can, and almost invariably ask for more.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Alameda.—Visit to that noted Pleasure-ground.—A Yankee Livery-stable-keeper in Mexico.—A Shower.—Paseo Nuevo.—Family Parties in their Carriages.—Mexican Cavaliers on Horseback.—Singular Gait of their Steeds.—Manner of training them.—Race with a Shower.—Santa Anna.—His Courtesy, Policy, Power, and ambitious Projects.—Reasons for the Decline of the Mexican Republic.—Our last Night in Mexico.—More of Captain Hudson.—Santa Anna's Benevolence!—Take leave of our Friends.—San Lazaro again.—Mexican Escort.—Mexico from the Mountain Sides.—Arrival at a Breakfast-House.—Arms and Equipments of our Party.—A Yankee Driver.—Roadside Crosses and Graves.—Stories of Robbers.—Robbing the Stages reduced to a System.—Señor Garcia and the Ladrones.—Rio Frio.—Mexican Dogs.—Cholula in the Distance.—Arrival at Puebla.—Visit to the Texan Prisoners at the Presidio.—Their unfortunate Condition.—The Cathedral of Puebla.—Its great Riches.—Anecdote of the Angels.—Superstition from which Puebla received its Name.—In Bed and Asleep.

In my last chapter I related the particulars of a visit to the Acordada. Although that prison is situated near the Alameda, a celebrated park or resort for all the fashionables of Mexico, up to this time I had not entered its gates or examined its beautiful fountains. The day was now approaching when Mr. Ellis was to leave the capital for Vera Cruz, with such American prisoners as had been liberated; and, determined to enjoy the pleasure of a ride through the Alameda before our departure, a small party of us procured horses after dinner, and sallied out with the intention of galloping over the pleasure-grounds of the *élite* of Mexico.

April seems to be a month of "smiles and tears" in Mexico as with us; for although the sky was bright and clear when we mounted the nags procured for us at the stable of a Yankee, who has found his way to



that city, and established himself in the business of "hiring out" horses, before we had been ten minutes in the saddle the heavens were overcast, and in five more the clouds were discounting with a liberality which threatened to lay the city under water. *Cargadores*, with their leather trousers rolled up, were standing at the different crossings, ready to carry any unfortunate pedestrian, who might be "caught out," over the swiftly-running street currents caused by the shower. So suddenly was the rain pouring upon us that there was no chance of an escape by retreating, and we therefore dashed on towards the Alameda. A few minutes more, and rain, clouds, and all were over. The rapidity with which showers come and go in these high mountain regions, for Mexico lies some seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, can scarcely be imagined.

We passed an hour pleasantly in the Alameda, and in the Paseo Nuevo, which is but a continuation, admiring the beautiful fountains, groves, walks, and rides with which they are adorned. Before we left the former, the carriage-roads which wind through it were thronged with the lumbering but costly vehicles of the higher orders, filled with ladies and children. At certain points the carriages would draw up in line, many of the fair inmates smoking their *cigarritos* with much apparent gusto, while ever and anon a dashing horseman would amble up on his prancing steed, exchange a few words, and then canter off to exchange compliments with the ladies in some other coach. The reader must not suppose, however, that the cavalier starts off at a rapid gallop—he does nothing of the kind. There is little "go-ahead" in a spirited, showy, well-trained Mexican horse—the old saying of the country is, that "a true and devoted lover will ride and amble all day

long under the window of his mistress." If the animal "lifts" well, or, in other words, if he hoists his fore feet some ten or twelve inches at every step, and will make motions enough while going twenty yards to carry him half that number of miles, he is the horse for a Mexican's money. To train him to this showy but most unnatural gait, it is said that, while a colt, large and heavy clogs are fastened to the fetlock joints of the fore feet by means of straps—these straps allowing the clogs some twelve inches play. To move onward at all, the animal is obliged to hoist the weights entirely from the ground, and they are never taken off until the colt has contracted such a habit of lifting as cannot be overcome. To give him a farther shuffling gait, the Mexican gentleman covers the haunches of his steed with a large leather casing which reaches to his hocks. The edges of this casing are trimmed with little iron points, which not only tinkle at every step, but prick the horse's hind legs, so much to his annoyance, that he throws them as far forward as possible. Thus, what with lifting his fore legs and mincing with his hind, a gait is contracted which more resembles the dancing of a circus-horse upon a plank than aught else I can liken it to. A cruel bit, of Mameluke pattern, which causes the horse to curve his neck, champ, and froth incessantly at the mouth, completes the fit-out of the Mexican gentleman on a pleasure ride.

We had intended to make the entire circuit of the Paseo Nuevo; but a small cloud in the direction of one of the snow-capped mountains warned us that another shower was brewing, and that to escape it we must be moving homeward. Fortunately, our Yankee livery-stable-keeper had brought with him his inherent utilitarian principles of getting over as much ground as pos-



sible in the shortest time, and had taught his animals rather to annihilate miles than minutes—a circumstance which saved us a second soaking; for as we clattered through the streets at a rapid pace, the shower which had driven us from the Alameda was following close at our heels and gaining upon us at every step. The full weight of it was falling as we threw ourselves from our jaded animals under the archway which formed the entrance to our quarters.

We had now but one more day to remain in Mexico, and I felt that I had yet scarcely seen half the curiosities of which the proud city boasts. Santa Anna himself, the great man who has risen above reverses that no common intellect could have combated so successfully, I had never set eyes upon—he moved not from the palace while we were in the city at liberty, or if he did we were not aware of it. All the foreigners—American, English, and French—spoke of him as a man extremely courteous and affable in his intercourse; of polished and most agreeable manners; in short, the last person who could be suspected of the many acts of oppression, tyranny, broken faith, ambition, avarice, and treachery of which he has been accused. To obtain at least a glimpse of this man was the ardent desire of us all; but we were disappointed. His lady was lying dangerously ill at the time, which may have been one reason that prevented him from appearing in public.\*

\* Madame Santa Anna is spoken of by all as an estimable woman, of great kindness of heart, and it was reported that she was untiring in her exertions to have the treatment of the Texan prisoners mitigated. On the 19th of April she was thought to be lying at the point of death, and a solemn service in the cathedral was held and the last sacrament administered to the sufferer. It was said at the time, but with what truth I know not, that ten thousand dollars' worth of wax candles were burning within the walls of the cathedral at the same moment. The magnificence of such a spectacle can

No farther proof is wanting of the great talent—perhaps I should call it cunning—of Santa Anna, than the simple fact that he has been able, in the face of adverse circumstances apparently insurmountable, and in direct opposition to the known wishes of a large majority of the inhabitants, to regain and retain a supremacy which amounts to absolute power. With every variety of discordant element arrayed against him—with popular and powerful military men known to be inimical in different quarters, with a Constituent Congress opposed to him, with reverse after reverse and defeat after defeat staring him in the face—above all these he has risen, and at this time is really in the possession and enjoyment of a power such as the Autocrat of all the Russias would hardly dare to wield. That his arbitrary and despotic government is the best that could be adopted, to keep the people in subjection, can hardly be doubted by any one who has seen Mexico; yet not one jot of credit does Santa Anna deserve for thus ruling the land, as his own selfishness rather than a love of country actuates his every movement. There are many liberal, enlightened, and well-disposed statesmen among the Federalists of Mexico—men of great moral honesty, and earnestly desirous of placing the government of the country upon a republican basis—but they have an ignorant population to deal with, a population entirely incapable of governing themselves; to this may be added the influence and power of the priesthood; and as if this was not enough, the ambitious and selfish schemes of Santa Anna, and after him some half dozen military leaders who only lack his talent and

hardly be conceived, much less described—such a flood of light illuminating the rich adornments of the church, and the showy and imposing dresses and brilliant ornaments of the priests officiating on the occasion.



energy to make them equally opposed to the supremacy of civil power—with all these drag-weights upon their efforts, what hopes can the friends of free government entertain of even ultimate success? The day has gone by when a priest-ridden population, governed by a military despotism, can make headway in the great race of advancement which has been commenced by Anglo-Saxon toleration, and by the civil and religious liberty which the latter race enjoy. That Santa Anna, or such a man as Santa Anna, unless some tremendous revolution takes place in the very natures of the inhabitants, will continue to govern Mexico until she is swallowed in that vortex which appears to be yawning to receive her, is certain—a vortex formed by the liberal spirit of universal education, free toleration of religion, and that stern and inflexible love for equal rights now spreading through the earth, which compels ambition to sacrifice personal feelings to the public good.

The evening previous to our departure from Mexico was spent in cleaning and loading pistols, packing up, and making ready for the tiresome and hazardous journey to Vera Cruz. The exact date I have forgotten, as I took no note of time or circumstances after my release—but that it rained incessantly during the earlier part of the night I well remember. The diligence set off at three o'clock in the morning, and as we all had much to do no one retired to rest. About midnight, and while I was at the rooms of Mr. Ellis, a Mexican officer arrived in great haste, with an order for the release of Captain Hudson—Santa Anna, I believe at the request of the then Governor of Connecticut, having consented to give him up. Captain H., however, as is already known, had put it out of the power of the Provisional President to exercise another act of "benevolence" towards the Uni-

ted States, by taking the responsibility of liberating himself.\*

At half past two o'clock in the morning we took our leave of General Thompson, who had been employed up to that hour in writing and making out his despatches, and set out with bag and baggage for the Casa de Diligencias, from which the stage starts. After some half hour passed in weighing and stowing trunks and valises, each passenger being compelled to pay extra if he is the possessor of more than an *arroba* or twenty-five pounds of baggage, we finally entered the coach, some eight or ten Americans in all, and once more shaking hands with Mr. Mayer and several of our countrymen, who had lost one night's sleep for the purpose of "seeing us off," the driver cracked his whip and we rattled over the pavements at a rapid rate.

\* In the published correspondence, in relation to the release of the American prisoners attached to the Santa Fé Expedition, it is openly asserted that we were released, not as an act of justice, but purely from *benevolent motives*! I will quote one or two passages from a letter addressed to General Thompson by M. de Bocanegra, and dated "Mexico, April 23, 1842." In this letter General T. is informed, "That his excellency the Provisional President, in consideration solely of the cordial friendship by which the Mexican Republic is united to the United States, has been pleased to accede to the repeated petitions addressed by Mr. Powhatan Ellis, conjointly with the other diplomatic ministers, by means of notes and private conferences, to the effect that those persons among the Texan prisoners from New Mexico should be liberated, who, according to the said notes, are citizens of the said States, and who, on incorporating themselves with the Texan force, had no intention to make war on the Republic." M. de Bocanegra next goes on to say that Santa Anna, "though he has on this occasion done an act of benevolence, in order to prove to the United States how much he desires to preserve the relations which now fortunately exist between the two nations, protests that for the future, every individual of any nation whatever, who may be found in the Texan ranks, and may be made prisoner by the Mexican troops, shall be subject, without ransom, to the laws of war." A very pretty piece of Mexican kindness, this, ingeniously interwoven with Mexican vapour! I certainly feel under great obligations to my own government for its *petitions*, and to Santa Anna for his exceeding *benevolence*, but I doubt whether I should ever tax either of them again were I arrested under the same circumstances and should the same opportunities to escape be within my reach.



As we passed the old Hospital of San Lazaro, which lies immediately to the left of the road leading to Vera Cruz, I could not resist taking a last look at its gloomy walls, now indistinctly seen by the dim light of morning. Not without a shudder did I recall the revolting scenes, dreary hours of imprisonment, wild orgies, and imposing night funerals, I had passed and seen within its long and dismal halls, nor could I think of my comrades still confined there, and of the horrible associations of the place, without a fervent hope that the Texans might speedily be released. Five minutes more, and we had passed the *garita*, and were speeding along over the open thoroughfare. An escort of dragoons, provided by Santa Anna for "El Ministro" and his party, were galloping on either side of the stage, their lances and sabres rattling at every movement of their horses.

The dull gray of morning was slowly dispersing as we commenced the toilsome ascent of the mountains which divide the valley of Mexico from that of Puebla, and long before the summit was reached the full light of day was shining far and wide over the scene below us. The arid waste which surrounds the great city we had just left was softened down, and served to heighten the magnificence of the innumerable towers and domes still plainly visible. The distant mountain sides were clothed with a fleecy covering of clouds, the wasted receptacles of the last night's shower; and as the sun gradually lifted the curtain of vapour the bold and precipitous sides were brought out in striking grandeur. As we were approaching the last turn in the road the sun suddenly shot up from behind the mountain tops; for an instant the valley was lit up as by enchantment, and the next moment a projecting cliff shut out the brilliant scene—we had looked our last upon the city of the Montezumas.

An hour's ride over the rough mountain country now brought us to the breakfast-house, a noted stand by the roadside, and kept, if my memory serves me, by a Frenchman. It was not until we had dragged our cramped and benumbed limbs from the stage that our full strength and imposing armament were brought to full view, and we ascertained that our diligence was a perfect arsenal of war's dread implements of destruction. Judge Ellis had a sword in his hands, while a belt stuck full of United States boarding-pistols was strapped around him. In the hands of some of my companions were double-barrelled guns—and the butt of a pistol or the handle of a bowie-knife was peering from every pocket. While in Mexico we had breakfasted, dined, and supped full of horrible tales of robbers and robberies upon the road to Vera Cruz; but as we now counted our strength, we felt a confidence in our ability to withstand a successful siege from four times our number of *los señores ladrones*, and would even have paid extra fare could we have been ensured a small brush with the lawless freebooters. "We're good for fifty of 'em, *sure*," was the remark of one of our companions, as we displayed our arms upon a table in the breakfast-house, and I have little doubt that such odds would have fared badly. The greatest risk we ran, in all probability, was of accidentally shooting each other; for while crowded in the stage it was impossible to look in any direction without seeing the muzzle of a loaded pistol staring in our faces.

After making a breakfast which mainly consisted of mutton, fowls, eggs, and frijoles, aided by chocolate and some excellent claret provided by Judge Ellis, and after hearing a much exaggerated tale of a party of robbers, recently seen prowling in the neighbourhood of Rio



Frio, we once more buckled on our armour and took our places in the diligence. The morning was mild and agreeably pleasant in this high mountain region, so much so that two or three of us soon took our seats outside with the driver, a well-informed, entertaining Yankee, who knew the history of every roadside cross which lifts its head over the remains of some murdered occupant of the rude grave below. With whatever skill the Mexicans may be able to manage a single horse in the saddle, the science of handling some half dozen from the box of a stage-coach is above their comprehension, and a feat they have not the temerity to undertake—and hence the owners of the different lines of diligences invariably procure the services of Yankees when they can be obtained.

Your stage-driver is an entertaining fellow go where you will; full of interesting stories, and ever prone to relate the history of every remarkable point upon his route. Ours we found unusually amusing, perhaps from the abundant material at his hand of perilous encounters with banditti and hair-breadth 'scapes on occasions innumerable. The driver of the Mexican diligence is a *neutral* in any attack that may be made, as it would be more than his place is worth should he side with the passengers against the ladrones; yet it frequently occurs that the latter blaze away at random at the stage, and on more than one occasion the driver has lost his life although it was not sought. His duty is—and nothing else is expected of him either by the highwaymen or the passengers—to jump from his box at the first onset, hold his lead horses by the head until the affray is over, and let it terminate as it will he is not molested intentionally. He knows every robber upon the road, yet never exposes them, for the very simple but

satisfactory reason that his life would pay the forfeit if he did.

The business of robbing the stages is reduced to a perfect system in Mexico; and it is shrewdly hinted that many men, of respectable station in the larger cities, are in some way connected with the bands, and have no hesitation in taking to the road when other resources fail. A spy is almost invariably stationed at the stage-house as the coach is about starting, whose duty it is to take down a list of the passengers, their appearance, arms, and the amount of luggage with which they travel. If the stage happens to be filled with well-armed foreigners—Americans, English, German, or French—it is generally allowed to pass unmolested; for well do the ladrones know that they will not give up their property without a desperate struggle. On the contrary, should the travellers be chiefly Mexicans, with but a foreigner or two among them, the load is at once put down as legitimate game, as the former are almost invariably looked upon as non-combatants, who would rather be searched than shot. The moment the spy ascertains the character and condition of the passengers, with the chances of a successful attack, he gallops off to give the information to his companions, who are quietly waiting for him in some dark defile or lonely barranca.

Should an attack be deemed expedient, the diligence is suddenly waylaid in some well-known spot; the passengers, if no resistance is made, are compelled to descend from the vehicle, lie down with their faces to the earth, and then submit to a thorough searching. The baggage, in the mean while, is overhauled, and every article of value abstracted, after which the unfortunate travellers are permitted to gather themselves



up and proceed on their journey. The robbers, whose faces are almost invariably concealed by black crape, have the reputation of being very gentlemanly in their conduct, treating ladies with much respect and consideration, and apologizing to the other sex for the trouble and detention circumstances have compelled them to cause. A friend of mine, who was unfortunate enough to be travelling this road in the spring of 1843 with no other than Mexican companions, was robbed near Rio Frio by a party of ladrones. Their captain, as he turned to ride off, touched his hat very politely, and before giving our American the customary "adios," said that he was extremely sorry thus to take liberties with and incommode a stranger, trusted that the money of which he had despoiled him would prove no serious loss, and after hoping that he had more where that came from, dashed off at a canter! The fellows never seem anxious to shed blood, firing into the stage only when they anticipate resistance; on no other occasion is the life of the driver placed in jeopardy.

A volume of interesting anecdotes might be written, filled entirely with accounts of the different robberies which have taken place between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz. One only I will relate—a story told of the laughable indignities offered the celebrated Señor Garcia, Malibran's father, while returning from the capital after giving a series of successful concerts. I have now forgotten the exact point, but the very spot was pointed out to me where the lawless brigands first waylaid the great vocalist, as well as the stone or little hillock upon which they mounted him, after the robbery, and compelled him to sing several of his most popular pieces. It would seem that the rascals had been regular patrons and warm admirers of Garcia while in the

city; for they not only knew him at once, but were well acquainted with his music. After searching and robbing him, they next perched him upon a little eminence, gathered around in a circle, and after taking off their hats, one of them called for a favourite air. It was in vain that the señor pleaded—told the brigands he was hoarse, out of voice, indisposed—nothing would do but he must give them a song. They openly told him that they had listened, with pleasure, to his surpassing efforts in the city, and that they could not think of allowing him to leave the country without giving a "farewell concert!"—the thing was impossible. Garcia, with piteous face, again begged them to excuse him, and was about to give a peremptory refusal, when a call for a favourite Italian aria, accompanied by a click of the lock of a carbine and a significant look from one of his tormentors, convinced him that he must sing now or forever after hold his peace.

With broken and tremulous voice he commenced his song. A shower of hisses followed, which plainly told that the strange audience would not put up with an effort so unworthy of the great vocalist. Another trial was made—better, perhaps, than the first, but still falling far short of what the rascals knew Garcia to be capable of—and again they manifested their disapprobation by hisses. Wound up to a pitch of desperation, and, it is even said, stung with mortification and wounded professional pride at being hissed, the señor once more attempted the aria. This time he was more successful, for applause rather than hisses greeted its conclusion. Another favourite piece was then called for, and this was given with even greater effect and met with more decided marks of applause: the rascals were connoisseurs of music. Garcia improved, as the story



runs, with every fresh song, and after giving several pieces in a style which was perfectly satisfactory to the brigands, he was greeted, at the conclusion of the last, with a shower of "bravas" and three rounds of applause! Such is the tale related of the great vocalist and his audience of robbers.

We passed the Rio Frio without molestation, and early in the afternoon entered the valley of Puebla. Scattered along by the roadside were the adobe houses of the inhabitants, from each of which, as we rattled by, some half dozen worthless Mexican dogs would jump and dash at the stage. A shower of barks and yelps from the curs would be duly honoured by us with a shower of bullets and buckshot; and as several of them were seen to tumble over and commence kicking, it is fairly presumable that the sun did not rise the next morning on as many live dogs as on that of the day when we passed through the once rich and fertile valley of Puebla.

To the right of the road, in the distance, our driver pointed out to us the grand pyramid of Cholula, with what is left of that once sacred city. The vast mound is fast crumbling away, while the former magnificent city at its base, with its many inhabitants, is now said to be falling into ruins and depopulating more and more every year.

About four o'clock we entered Puebla, covered with dust and with our faces much burned by the hot noon-day sun. As we rattled down one of the main streets, the Presidio where the Texans were confined was pointed out to us—a short ride farther, and the plaza, with the rich and imposing cathedral of Puebla, was in plain sight. With a crack of his whip, and faster pace of his horses, our driver dashed by the Portales—crowds

of admiring urchins gazing with eyes open to the utmost, while groups of girls scampered far out of the way, as if fearful of being run over by the stage. A short and abrupt turn of the street, and a trot of but a few yards farther, and we were landed safe and sound at the Casa de Diligencias, the best public house in Puebla. Here we found the worthy American consul, Mr. Black, with Messrs. Snively, Torry, Houghtaling, and Buchanan, four of our former comrades in imprisonment who had been given up to Judge Ellis, all comfortably quartered, and awaiting our arrival.

No sooner had we washed the dust from our faces, and shaken and brushed the thickest of it from our clothes, than, accompanied by the late minister, we visited the Texan prisoners at the Presidio. Our unfortunate comrades were here confined in the same yard with hundreds of Mexican criminals of the worst class, chained together in pairs, employed during the day in the city cleaning ditches, sewers, and other dirty work; covered with every species of vermin, poorly clad, worse fed, and at night herded and guarded with the low wretches who surrounded them. No comparison between their treatment and that of the Texans in Santiago can be drawn, for the former were deprived of such comfort as is found in a sufficiency of food, comparatively clean quarters, and the absence of such vile association as the lowest malefactors afford. Thus were men, whom Santa Anna openly avowed prisoners of war, treated in Puebla. The population of this city are said to entertain more hostile and bigoted feelings towards "heretics and dogs," as many of them are wont to call the Americans and English, than those of any other place in Mexico—it may be that this bitter



hatred induced the inhuman treatment bestowed upon the poor Texans.

After passing some half hour in the loathsome prison, receiving such messages and letters as the inmates wished us to convey to their friends in Texas and the United States, we took our leave of them and hurried back to our hotel to a late dinner which had been provided. I had wished to examine the interior of the rich cathedral, so celebrated in the works of every traveller through Mexico for its exceeding elegance and splendour of adornment; but the dusky shades of evening had set in before I reached the edifice—the light was shut out from the interior, and with it went my hopes of seeing the costly chandelier, the famous statue of the Virgin, which is described as almost crushed under the weight of diamonds and precious stones, with the other rich ornaments that decorate this temple—all which wealth would be infinitely better applied were the priests to open their hearts and devote it to the construction of railroads and canals, mending the thoroughfares, meliorating the condition of the lower classes, or even paying off a portion of the immense internal and foreign debt under which the country groans.

It was while this cathedral was in progress of erection that the miraculous aid of angels in the good work was discovered. Every morning, on the assemblage of the Mexican builders, they noticed with much surprise that unseen hands had been toiling through the night in the construction of the walls. That they must be angels was considered a matter of course—through no other agency could the heavy walls arise—and from that day to this the city has been called *Puebla de los Angeles*, or “City of the Angels.” It is a neat, well-built place, containing some sixty or seventy thousand

inhabitants, and of late has been gaining additional importance from the establishment of numerous factories in the vicinity. I roamed for some two hours through the streets, squares, and market-places, jostling my way through a crowd of ragged léperos on one occasion for the purpose of obtaining a closer look at a long and brilliantly-lighted religious procession. From a dark doorway I watched the kneeling groups of men and women congregated on either side of the street as the procession passed, the light from the numerous torches bringing out their swarthy features in bold relief, as with deep devotion they raised their eyes upward and moved their lips apparently in prayer. In half an hour afterward, knowing that the diligence was to start at three the next morning, I repaired to the hotel, and was soon asleep.