

me by my guide. While the sceptre of thought shall hold dominion over my mind, and when all other impressions are blotted out of my memory, I shall never forget the two little boys who came running, with tears streaming from their eyes, and exclaimed, "*Adios Teo?*" "How do you do, uncle?" I clasped them to my bosom, and wept for an only and a departed brother.

CHAPTER XVIII.

My first object. An American living at Caneles. Interested with my voice. Development made by Marcelino. Mineral of Caneles. Sublime view of the scenery of Caneles. The climate of Caneles. Mountains abound with silver. Quicksilver of Caneles. Mr. John Buchan, governor of an English company. Disease of goitre. Doctor Eberle. Feelings of myself. Did not repose at Caneles. Journey down the Caneles river. View of mountain scenery. All nature in Mexico at war. Mule more sapient than a horse. The town of Topie. Planting corn. Emerge from between two Cerros. View of open space beautiful. Species of birds. Remarkable account of the love of an Indian woman. Arrived at Tamazula. President Victoria. Hospitality of the prefect and Curate. Children of priests. Tamazula river. Uniaya river. Culiacan river. Town of Cosala. Mazatalan. A voyage from China. Fish and oysters. Guadalupe de Calvo. English silver mines. Mountains abound in silver. Mineral of Refugio. Return to the mineral of Caneles. Inhabitants of the hot and cold regions. Difference of temperature of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Departed from Caneles for Guanosebi. Unintelligible conversation. Met with Mr. Buchan at Guanosebi. Moonshine in Mexico. A general, a priest, and a lawyer. Santa Anna's hacienda campus. Mexican attachment.

My first object, after my arrival at Caneles, was to refresh myself from the fatigues of travel; and accordingly, having partaken of a good dinner, I retired to my cartera, where, until the next morning, I indulged in delightful slumber, and many dreams—which was but living over again my hopes, my hazards, and my sufferings.

The 1st of March found me on my feet long before the sun had gilded the cloud-capped heights that overlooked the town. I had understood that an American lived in Caneles, and my solicitude was to see him, before my necessities would require

me to transact further business through the interpreter whom I had in my employment, and whom I intended that day to discharge, regardless of all considerations.

A change of my condition was obligatory, and if I should be bettered, my situation could be no worse, and I said to my little nephews, "*traygame los Americanos.*" They had arisen early to present me with some flowers; they took me by the hand and conducted me to the house of my fellow countryman, just in the same manner as a blind man would have been led the way. I felt much interest in the sympathy of my boys; for they seemed to think that, as I could not converse with them in Spanish, I might also be deficient in eyesight, and with the greatest care did they lead me along, pointing out every article and turn that we came to.

The imagination of my nephews, that I was deficient in sight, was not more strange than the impression that the Mexicans often have, of those who do not speak their language; for they will talk in a loud voice to a foreigner as if he was deaf, and the oftener they receive the reply "*no intende,*" the louder will they vociferate.

I explained to the American my misgivings, and the suspicions I had of my interpreter, and requested him to converse with my servants, and if possible to ascertain how far my conjectures were correct.

My friend was but a short time absent, when he returned, bringing with him Marcelino, who related that my interpreter had informed my men that there was gold in my trunk, and had made them the proposition that I should be murdered, and they, with the spoil, make their safe retreat to the Pacific coast.

As for myself, I felt convinced of the truth of his statement, and could then well discern why the interpreter had expressed so many fears of my guide, which was done to prevent any suspicions of himself being otherwise than interested for my safety. Indeed, so strong were my suspicions of him on the day previous, that I should certainly have come to deadly conflict with him, had I not wished to reach Caneles on the same evening, as I was unwilling to encamp another night along with so dangerous a man. I, therefore, did not wish, if it could be avoided, to take his life, or to run the risk of losing my own, knowing that, when at Caneles, I could easily relieve myself.

I had my interpreter and all my servants summoned before the Alcalde, and, in his presence, settled with each. In discharging them from my service, I commanded that they should depart from the town immediately, or else suffer the conse-

quences of the law. Marcelino I would gladly have reserved, but he was obliged to return to Zacatecas to deliver the animals I had hired of his master.

The mineral of Caneles is situated in a deep and narrow ravine, having the mountains on the east and west, rising immediately to a general elevation of from two to three thousand feet above the town. I could find no one who could give me the height of any of the northern mountains above the sea, or their latitude and longitude. For the want of proper instruments I was unable to ascertain those important scientific observations. The mountain to the east forms an extensive curve, and for many hundred feet appears to have no declivity, but is of an abrupt perpendicular steep; while in some parts of it the rocks protude in vast dimensions over the deep gulf beneath.

High towards heaven, yet not to the height of the mountain, the beholder cannot cast his eyes without viewing the deep azure blue mist hovering over the scene. This mist arises from the foaming tide of the Caneles river, as it bounds and surges over the rocks, down its headlong course due north. The mountain to the west is an immense rock, only accessible to the slow and circuitous footsteps of man and the flight of birds. Its uneven side has a dark and brownish appearance. Its extended top is crowned with two peaks, or nipples, which circumstance has caused it to be named the Silla Cerro, or the saddle mountain. The whole is completed by an extensive view between the two cerros to the north; while, to the south, the towering points of the Madre Monte are visible.

The climate of Caneles is spring and summer. Vegetables and fruits which abound in any other latitudes, are plentifully cultivated there. The trees are perpetually green; for as fast as the leaves fade and fall, others are fresh expanding; added to which, the golden harvests of the orange tree, are ever beautiful to the eye and tempting to the taste. The name Caneles means cinnamon. Whether this plant was ever cultivated there I could not ascertain, and was therefore at a loss to know how the place acquired its name, unless it was by a freak of fancy. The streets are necessarily narrow. To the inhabitants this is no inconvenience, for a wheeled vehicle of any description has never been seen in the town; indeed, it would be impossible for one to ascend the mountain at any point.

The mountains of Caneles have ever been celebrated, from the early discovery of the country, for abounding in silver, but from the poverty of the ore, the mines have never been ex-

tensively worked. But what has rendered the place famous as a mineral locality is, that veins of quicksilver have been found there. These have never been worked successfully. I learned that the people were much flattered with hopes, from the fact that an English company had but recently commenced opening a mercury mine, under the experienced management of Mr. John Buchan, an enterprising Englishman. Mr. Buchan is the son of the celebrated Captain Buchan, who was lost in a British exploring expedition to the North Pole.

I was shown some specimens of quicksilver ore, of which there were two kinds. The liquid metal was contained in a soft red stone. In the first kind the mineral was not perceptible in the rock, which was only ascertained to be possessed of a foreign substance by its weight. The second and last degree of specimens differed from the first only by the mineral protruding out of the stone in small detached particles, the only contrast being, that the one was richer in mercury than the other.

Quicksilver is never found but in secondary formations. The one is pulverised into an impalpable powder, and the mineral is obtained by washing the offal from the silver. The inhabitants of the mines of Caneles are most grievously affected with the loathsome disease, bronchocele, or goitre, called by them *buche*. This distressing complaint is a chronic enlargement of the thyroid gland. The goitre tumour exists sometimes on both, but most generally at Caneles, on one side of the larynx and trachea. As the tumour enlarges, it becomes more inconvenient, and distresses the respiration and the voice, in proportion to its inward tendency.

At Caneles, where one half of the population was diseased, I saw some of these tumours of a great size, having to be suspended in a handkerchief or bandage from the neck. I did not witness any so large as those described by Doctor Mott in his travels in Switzerland; for he says, that at Martigny he saw one,—“the size of the tumour was of such colossal dimensions, that the poor woman was obliged to crawl along the floor upon her hands and feet, dragging the gigantic dewlap and pendulous mass after her.”

At Caneles, children born of goitred parents are certain to be idiots, or deaf and dumb: in some instances the limbs are feeble and ricketty. The disease is hereditary. From all the information I could obtain of the disease at Caneles, it must have had its origin from the atmosphere, and not from the water. The most effectual remedy there used was half a drachm of hydrate of potash, mixed in one ounce of lard, and nightly rubbed on in small quantities.

Doctor Eberle, in his treatise on goitre, remarks—"In many localities, where bronchocele prevails endemically, particularly in the deep valleys of the Alps, the disease is very frequently attended with stunted and deformed development of the body, and a corresponding deterioration of the intellectual faculties. It is thus that, amidst the magnificent and beautiful scenes of nature, man alone is doomed to dwindle—to sink under the inevitable influences that surround him, from his noblest prerogatives to the lowest state of corporeal and intellectual deterioration. The unfortunate beings who are afflicted in this manner, and, in some situations, the majority of the native inhabitants are more or less affected, and stunted in growth, with enormous heads, tumid necks, and manifest a degree of mental habitude, which in aggravated instances amounts to absolute idiotism. The combinations of affection is called *cretinism*, and the unfortunate themselves *cretines*. In no part of the world is the disease so prevalent, and so distressing in its character, as in some of the valleys of the Alps and Appennines. In certain districts of Switzerland and Savoy, about the whole of the indigenous population are more or less affected with goitrous enlargements. In the valley of the Rhone, at Martigny, St. Maurice, Agile, Villeneuve, Bourg, Lucerne, and at Dresden, and in the valleys of Piedmont, this disease is extremely common. Goitre occurs also in various parts of Asia, particularly in Chinese Tartary, and Hindostan; and in certain districts in Africa it is said to be very common. In England, the disease occurs very frequently in certain mountainous districts of the counties of Derbyshire, Buckinghamshire, Surrey, and Norfolk. In our own country also there are localities in which goitre is of frequent occurrence. At Bennington, Camden, Sandgate, Windsor and Chester, in Vermont, bronchocele is very common. In the state of New York it is frequently met with at Oneida, the German falls, in the Onondaga valley, in the township of Manlius, at Brothertown, in the neighbourhood of Angelica in Alleghany county, and in various other localities in the north-western districts of the state. In Pennsylvania, it occurs, not unfrequently, at Pittsburg, at Cannonsborough, Brownsville, and along the Alleghany, Sandusky and Monongahela rivers. It is met with in Virginia at Morgantown and on the banks of the Cheat river."

None but him who has been similarly conditioned can imagine the feelings of myself, when standing by the tomb of a relative, in a distant and foreign country. The health of my brother, J. P. Gilliam, M. D., United States Consul at Monterey, on the Pacific, having become delicate, he retired to the

mountains of Caneles, for the benefits that might accrue but, at that retired and isolated place it pleased the Divine will that he should depart from this to a better state of existence. Having taken into my charge his two sons, it became necessary that I should visit some of the towns in the surrounding country, which, perhaps, would cause me to travel to Mazatlan.

That I might finish my business without the loss of time, I did not tarry at Caneles longer than till the 4th inst., on which day I found myself again in a saddle, and accompanied by four others; an American, of Caneles, going as my interpreter. Strange as it may appear, as at the time it did so to me, my road, for ninety miles, was to be down the bed of the Caneles river, confined as it is, for that distance, between two *cerros*, upon the right hand and on the left. I do not believe that I shall hazard a contradiction of opinion when I express my belief that, perhaps, for the same number of miles, another like journey is not made on the face of the earth. The river averages from about fifteen to twenty yards in width, at first, but, at the latter half of the distance, it is increased by the junction of another stream, bedded immediately between mountains, abruptly rising to an immense height.

These mountains are only accessible to the flight of birds. The fall of water is rapid, and must be from two to three hundred feet in the mile. The bed of the river is rocky, and, in some places, of such extent as to almost choke up the way from the passage of travellers. A journey on that stream is always perilous; for often, while an animal would be in the water up to the feet of its rider, many short angles have to be made to pass around the large smooth rocks, too high to be surmounted, while the sure footed beast would have to bound over others, plunging into the water on the opposite side. A mishap would, in many instances, overthrow both rider and mule into deep sucks, flooding round rocks, which would inevitably destroy them.

There were, nevertheless, times when short points of rocks or earth, sometimes steep, and at others low, had to be passed. Then the travellers would have to encounter the cat's-paw, or some other briery growth, which would tear his clothes and flesh; for all the vegetable kingdom in Mexico is thorny. Indeed the idea often strikes one, that all nature there is at war—the birds, the beasts, the creeping insects and reptiles, as well as the vegetation, are all armed for formidable aggression and defence; and yet, above every other consideration, man, who should be lord and subduer of uncultivated nature, is the bane over all, for he excels in his unkind and hostile

deeds. The traveller has to spend the night at some narrow nook that may promise scanty picking for his animals, and safety for himself. He does not proceed half a day down the river before he perceives that the mountain-sides, which will admit of growth, are covered with forests of log-wood.

I was of the opinion that the mule was the most stupid, as well as the most stubborn of animals: but, on my first acquaintance with him, I was agreeably disappointed. To do him justice, I now express myself, that I believe him to be more useful and more sapient than the horse. He is more docile—coming and going to his work with unsubdued fortitude and unchangeable habits—and, if obstinate, never so without the shadow of a just cause. He has a distinctive knowledge of his master, and all his other animals; and, undriven, will select his own *apporao*, (pack-saddle,) out of an hundred; which, when packed, he will take the most particular care of; that his cargo will not come in contact with another. If he has to pass under a limb, he will just stoop enough to let this load pass the obstacle untouched. If a rock projects from the side of a mountain, his instinct instructs him to lean to one side, so that a box of goods will be unharmed.

I have had my riding-mule to stoop and lean, so that my body would have free passage under suspended difficulties or through narrow defiles. He will punctually follow the whistle, or the tinkling of a small bell, when his path-way is too narrow, bushy and crooked for him to see his leader; and at night, when he is turned loose to graze, the mule will not suffer the animals of another *arriero* to associate and mix with his own company, but will drive them off at the cost of life.

He never, in the darkest night, loses sight of his leader, which is always a white horse, or mule, and in the morning, when each *arriero* goes in search of his animals, each will find his own clustered around, or in sight of, their particular leader. The mule, however, is a despiser of his own species, and in his love for the horse will, day and night, fight for the nearest sociable position with him. But, perhaps, the reader may think I am jesting; yet, if he will take a trip to Mexico, he will find that I have not told all for fear of incredulity.

The town of Topie is a rich *mineral*, situated upon a high mountain, fifteen miles north of Caneles. It is a place of great antiquity, and has three times been destroyed by the Indians; to this day, bars of silver, that were buried under its ruins, are found; while silver bullets are ploughed up in the fields. Since I have mentioned the subject of ploughing, I will remark, that I made inquiries as to the mode of culti-

vating the land in the cold regions of Madre Monte, and was informed, that there lived in those mountains some Indians who have not been civilized, who are in the habit of planting their corn to a depth beyond the influence of the cold. Sometimes, I was told, they were known to have planted the grain as low as two feet under the earth, and if it should germinate and sprout to the surface, before the seasons of frost had passed, and be nipped down, the warm earth beneath would nourish the roots, and cause them to again grow up to perfection. Thus while the roots of corn are in a warm region, the stalk and fruit are nourished in a colder clime.

The Indians were the first cultivators of corn, and well understood its nature; and I was struck with the probable correctness of the philosophical reasoning of the aborigines. I remembered well the time of having read in agricultural works, that roots of corn would penetrate to unknown depths, and the ostensible reason of the phenomenon at once appeared to me. The root was seeking a warmer element downwards, so as the more effectually to cast upwards its genial nourishment to the stalk.

My journey down the river was three days in continuance, and when I emerged from between the two *cerroes*, it was a source of much rejoicing to me; for it would be difficult for any one to imagine its disagreeableness, who never has had the misfortune to travel through water and over rocks, for that length of time. If their animals are not shod, their feet soon became tender, and the fatigued traveller finds that, besides being reduced to the necessity of progressing slowly, he cannot help sympathising with his distressed beast; while, at the same time, he is obliged to drive the barbarous Spanish spur into his sides.

The view of open space was never more beautiful or welcome to my sight. The forests a perfect medley in every direction, by their growth being so indiscriminately mixed, that the whole woods were thickly matted, and almost impenetrable, save by the paths of ancient usage. The birds, too, of many descriptions, strange to me, were merrily singing—the flocks of paroquets of many species, drowning, by their wild and frantic screams, the melodies of the other portion of the feathered tribe. There were some birds that particularly attracted my attention—the Chechalaca, or pheasant; to me it resembled more the guinea fowl than any other bird I was acquainted with, being symmetrically and beautifully proportioned—its plumage was dark with slight variations of shade, and although wild in its native state, no fowl is more capable of being rendered domestic.

The *Gonaco* attracted my attention from its peculiar habits. It seemed to indulge in hallooing a sound that resembled its name, and was seldom observed to feed; it is said of these birds that they build their nests of a poisonous root, only to be found in these habitations; and it is unknown whether it originates from the bird itself or else it alone possesses the secret of the locality of the plant. This root is said to be a specific remedy for the sting of the alicran.

My interpreter had seen much of New Mexico, and from his acquaintance with the trappers of the north, was possessed of a fund of anecdote very interesting to me, during my journey—one of which he related to me, which deeply engaged my attention and feelings, as a remarkable tale of love. A trapper had taken to himself a wife, with whom he lived for several years in the utmost confidence and affection. The woman not only loved her lord, but adored him as being vastly her superior. Her only care was to cultivate maize—to dry his meats—stretch his skins—and to neatly keep their little wigwam, to please her beloved white man. But the faithless husband, discontented with the pearl of great price, was tempted by other beauties, and took to his lodge another, whose loveliness seemed to please him better. The old incumbent, without expressing her sorrow, at once departed; but after the lapse of several months returned. She suddenly appeared under the roof where alone she had enjoyed happiness. The trapper and his bride were taken by surprise; he at once beheld the altered features, the hollow cheek, the sunken and fixed eye, and the heart of the man relented. He kindly spoke to her; but her grief and her purposes were too deeply settled, to be then cajoled in her wrongs. With an eye rivetted upon him, and a voice that faltered from the pangs of a broken heart, she said, "George, I am going to die," and before the guilty hunter could arrest the fatal knife, she had driven it to the hilt in her bosom, and expired at his feet.

On the 8th inst., I arrived at the town of Tamazula. This town is also in addition called the Fortunate, a name bestowed upon it by Victoria, when President of Mexico, in consequence of its having been his birthplace; however, agreeable to the adage, that a prophet has no honour in his own land, the memory of the illustrious chieftain and president, was not cherished by his former fellow-citizens, in a manner that reflected glory on the departed. They did not hesitate to affirm that his successful career commenced by his having been a highway robber. The town contained about one thousand inhabitants, and exhibited symptoms of a rapid decline,

by the appearance of the houses in every part of the city, which seemed to be in a falling condition.

I was particularly pleased with the hospitality of the citizens of Tamazula. Sr. Don Morillo, the Prefect, would not consent that I should board at any other than his own house; while the Curate gave a brilliant ball, to which I was invited. Although the Curate seemed to be a man of about sixty years of age, his person was singularly well proportioned and handsome. His elegance of manners and splendid waltzing, appeared to me, notwithstanding he was a curate, to be more becoming in him than any other individual I ever beheld. Two of his daughters, as also one of the priests of the town, were at the entertainment. The young ladies were as modest, beautiful, and accomplished as any others I saw; insomuch that they far eclipsed all others in the room, on that truly joyous occasion.

It may appear remarkable to the Christians of the United States that the clergy of Mexico should have children, but I can assure them, that they may have no doubt on that score; for no truth is of more acknowledged publicity, and nothing is more common than for the favourite unmarried wives to live with the holy fathers—at the same time their families are better educated and provided for, as a community, than any others in all Mexico.

I was informed by Mr. John Russell, an old Englishman of Zacatecas, that the curate of Tamazula was a remarkably honest and discreet man, in all his transactions; agreeable to the manners and customs of the country,—for by no other standard can a European or a North American judge of Mexicans, but by the contrast of the habits of some with others, in the peculiar characteristics of their national character. They are entirely independent of all the world else, in their religious, political and social relations—having at the same time all of the institutions of the rest of civilization,—yet differing materially in their practice of the fundamental principles of them; their teachers, the priests, and the old Spaniards causing them to believe that they are the perfection of creation, and that it is their high prerogative to make all mankind bend to their supremacy, in conjunction with the religion of Christ, the Apostles and the Pope; in order to answer their own selfish purposes. I have not, for the life of me, been able to discover from whence those enlightened and refined people have derived their power, to be the best commentators on ethics, expositors of law, and arbitrators of social compacts.

Tamazula is situated on what is called the Tamazula river; it being the stream that floods out of the Madre Monte, upon

which Caneles is built; but from the junction of the Umayá with it, it assumes the name of Culiacán, and continues to be a deep broad stream, until it arrives upon the plain next to the ocean. It there sinks, and is absorbed by the sand; and mouths in the Pacific—an insignificant and diminutive river.

The city of Culiacán is situated near the union of the above named rivers. It contains above five thousand inhabitants, and is the capital of the department of Sinaloa. The city does not differ in its appearance, or in the character of its people, from any other capital of Mexico. But there, as in the other cities, the priests, with their broad brimmed shovel hats, and the military, have congregated to take care of the souls and weal of their dear people. General Urea is the appointed king-bird of the corn-crib in that department.

Cosala is a town about one day's travel from Culiacán, and from Cosala it is but two day's journey to the port of Mazatlán on the Pacific ocean. Mazatlán is entirely defenceless from the surges and winds of the ocean, not possessing any of the attributes of a good harbour, and is unsafe for shipping by its having a large rock immediately before the town, upon which vessels founder in time of storms. However, Mazatlán is the principal commercial port on the Mexican coast, on the Pacific ocean. It contains about five thousand inhabitants, composed of every people from the four quarters of the globe, and seems to have been an attractive point for all the varieties of the human family. I imagine that the same number of people can hardly be found, where there is such a farago of complexions and tongues.

Mazatlán is the principal stopping point in a voyage from China, by way of the Sandwich Islands, to the United States and Europe. The scale and the shell-fish of the Pacific coasts are abundant and excellent. There is a blue-gilled oyster caught upon this coast, equal to any of those in the Chesapeake bay. The Mexicans of the Pacific have a manner of preserving them, different from any other mode I ever heard of. Immediately upon taking them from the water, they are thrown upon the fire, and when roasted until the shell opens the oyster is salted and dried. Put up in this manner it will soundly keep in any climate, just like the mackerel that are barreled up in salt.

On the plains of the Pacific coast I enjoyed perspiration, the atmosphere being more dense and humid than in the interior, and the heights of little elevation. Instead of the south-west winds having always a refreshing coolness in them, it was not unfrequently the case that they resembled the monsoons of the east.

Guadaloupé de Calvo is a town of about ten thousand inhabitants. It is situated about two day's journey from Tamazula. It is, I was informed, of only ten or twelve years' existence, and its great population can only be accounted for from the fact that people congregate at such places where minerals are in successful operation. The silver mines here are worked by an English company, under the management of Mr. John Buchan. The mines yielded very profitably, but the ore was becoming poor. The enterprising agent informed me that it was his intention to seek new veins, and abandon those of Guadaloupé de Calvo.

The houses of Guadaloupé are covered with shingles, and the windows had sashes and glass in them, as the English were the first builders there, and besides timber is plentiful in the mountains.

The mountain regions around Guadaloupé abounded in very rich silver ore. An English gentleman related to me an interesting account of the richest vein of silver perhaps that was ever opened. At a place called Refugia, (the refuge,) an Indian who followed the trade of making pack-saddles, having ascended a mountain in search of a particular kind of grass, which he used for the purpose of stuffing, perceived under a turf, a rock matted to a bunch of roots. Upon examining the stone, he found that it was heavier than rocks of that size generally are, and exhibited the specimen to a Spaniard, who informed him that it was one half silver.

The liberal Indian told the Spaniard where he had made the valuable discovery, and offered him a free gift of one half of his right in the mine. The partners, with buoyant hopes, commenced proving the value of their enterprise; which resulted in the entire vein being one half silver, and the other half stone. After they had extracted several millions of dollars of the precious metal, the mine became impoverished, and was abandoned, and the Indian and his partner were left worse off than when they first began to try their fortune. They were remarkably industrious in squandering their money faster than it could be dug from the earth. The Spaniard is no more; the poor Indian is yet alive, and a beggar at Mazatlán.

The inland road to California is direct from Guadaloupé de Calvo, north-west to the mouth of the Colorado river, where it enters into the Gulf of California. This way is like the most of all others of the Mexican roads, being nothing more than Indian trails, travelled only by animals, and never by carriages.

The country between Guadaloupé de Calvo and the Colorado river is much infested by the Apache Indians, who are very

barbarous, often cutting off the nose and ears of travellers, close to the head, and then turning them loose to their fate.

The ports of Mazatlan and Guaymas are the usual ports of embarkation to Lower and Upper California, by the way of the ocean. But as I have preferred to comprehend my observations on California in a supplement to my journal, the reader is referred to their perusal as thus embodied.

By the 25th of April, I returned to Caneles. My journey to the *tierra caliente* (the hot region) had been a very pleasing one; for, while there, the pores of my skin had been opened, and instead of looking and feeling as if I should dry up like a chip, as in the arid elevations of the Cordilleras, I enjoyed a healthful glow, with sometimes a profuse perspiration upon the surface, which caused my whole system to feel as if I had been turned loose from a prison-house, for the benefit of free respiration.

The inhabitants of the *tierra caliente* differ very much in their appearance from those of the *tierra fria* and the *tierra templado*, the cold and the temperate plains. The people of the hot clime are of a darker tinge, excepting those who with care confine themselves to the shade. With these the continued perspiration has the effect of purifying and bleaching the cheeks. There was another marked difference observable—although the major part of the population had not such robust frames, nor looked so healthy, there were more persons of plethoric habit in the hot, than either of the other regions.

The table lands are healthy, the people mostly dying of old age. A barber of a northern department shaved me, who was said to be ninety years of age. This man said he had been barber and chamberlain to two of the viceroys of Mexico. His hand was steady and his deportment firm.

The ladies of Mexico consider the hair of their heads one of the most attractive ornaments. It is only in the *tierra caliente* that it can grow to perfection, sometimes reaching to the ground; and, when dishevelled, covering the whole body.

I have never yet learned from philosophy or philosophers, why it is that upon the same latitudes of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the thermometer ranges many degrees higher on the latter than on the former sea-board. By survey, it is estimated that the Pacific is higher than the Atlantic, and consistent with both theory and well-known experience otherwise, the greater elevation is colder than the lesser. Is it because the snow-capped mountains of the greater altitude are upon the Atlantic coast, extending to the atmosphere there a cooling efficacy, which cannot reach to the opposite side of the continent? Possibly the fixed laws of the atmospheric currents,

from the ice regions of the Poles, may sweep stronger from north to south, and *vice versa*, upon the Atlantic shores. As it is not within my humble sphere to divine the results of philosophical causes, I shall leave my inquiry, if worthy of attention, to be responded to by those who are practical on such subjects.

Business demanded that I should not long repose from travel, and accordingly on the 29th instant, I departed from Caneles for Guanosebi. My route lay across the Madre Monte, but in a different direction to the one I had previously travelled, being to the north-east. I was unaccompanied by an interpreter; consequently my conversation with the Mexican gentleman who accompanied me was expressed in a very laconic, and often in an unintelligible manner; so much so that I became disgusted with its disagreeableness, and abandoned, for six days, speaking, unless when necessity obliged me. After sleeping six nights in the open air, I arrived, on the seventh day, at the place of my destination, a town containing between two and three thousand inhabitants.

In whatever condition I was placed, I found in the face of nature some loveliness to admire, or some curious phenomenon upon which to speculate. While extended on my back on the ground, with my face towards the sky, when camping out, the remarkable moon-shine of Mexico never failed to absorb my attention. It differs from the light of the sun, only in that the latter has only a red glare of burning brilliancy, while the soft and silvery light of the moon is brilliant enough to enable the beholder to see almost as distinctly as by the illuminating rays of the king of the day.

It cannot be doubted that, in a tropical and arid region, the moon does light the earth more brilliantly than is the case in a less elevated and more northern latitude. Would that I were able to describe a Mexican moon-shine! Without a cloud to spot the sky, the stars twinkle more brightly in her absence. They are more numerous, and display themselves in more clusters than are seen through our humid atmospheres. The vision takes hold of objects far removed, and with a discrimination nearly equivalent to that afforded by the light of day—the air is clear, as when in the morning the moment preceding the rising of the sun in the full blaze of light. The atmosphere is always mild and balmy at night, and, in the warmer valleys, the gentle zephyrs floating over the plains are congenial, affording an enjoyment which in truth renders it a luxury to repose under the canopy and protection of heaven.

At Guanosebi I was so fortunate as to meet with Mr. Buchan, who was on a visit to that place, to try experiments on

the silver ore there. All of the rocks upon and under the surface of the earth, partake more or less of silver. Mr. Buchan informed me that he should open a mine at that place, which he thought would be profitable. To him, and also to his Mexican lawyer, who seemed to be very much of a gentleman, I was under obligations for their liberal aid in endeavouring to accomplish an unsuccessful litigation with a citizen of that town.

After the general and the priest, the lawyer is the most formidable personage in Mexico. Mr. Buchan related that, in consequence of the many difficulties which originate in transacting business with the Mexicans, he found it to be a matter of both importance and profit to employ, continually, on behalf of the company, a lawyer; by doing which he only found it necessary, in the commencement of difficulties with obstreperous customers, to call into his presence his lawyer, and all obstacles were removed.

On the second day after I had commenced my return to Caneles from Guanosebi, we suddenly came in view of an extensive field, and my Mexican friend, and all of the servants, in one voice, exclaimed—"Santa Anna's hacienda campus!"—They seemed to be more rejoiced than if the property had belonged to themselves. To me it was another convincing proof of the undying attachment of the Mexican people for their tyrant.

The brilliancy of his bloody exploits, and his chicanery and art, by which he has subdued them to his will, has filled the inhabitants with awe and reverence, which ever will result in that renowned chieftain being their master. If at any time a sudden revolution should displace him, it must be but temporary; for no sooner can he pitch his squadrons in the field, than the dread of his anger and terrible revenge will subdue his enemies, and quiet his countrymen, (as has always been the result of his politic conduct,) who will fall down at his feet and cry—Hail, Dictator!

The officers of the government are all of his own creating—his generals are the governors of cities and departments, and of his own appointing.—And although they may, at the outset, have joined the standard of the revolutionary party, yet, no sooner do they behold Santa Anna's banner floating in the breeze than they will forsake their sacred obligations, vowed to constitutional liberty, and fly to the usurping master they were pledged to conquer. Away with the mockery of presidential and dictatorial chiefs!—Call not a military despotism a republic!—The lovers of freedom scorn the deformity.—Make Santa Anna king—emperor! and no matter how

hard he may goad a people, too base to be sensible of their own wrongs, and too treacherous to defend their public institutions.

While upon my journey I met with the courier, who informed my companion that many murders had recently been committed by the ladrones, on the public high-ways; and also that Santa Anna was preparing for a war with the United States and England at the same time. The courier seemed to have no apprehensions of defeat on his master's account, but appeared to be well assured that Mexico would triumph in the contest.

The mails of Mexico are most generally carried by Indians on foot, who transport them, from post to post, more speedily than it could be by horses. An Indian, freighted only with his small wallet of corn-meal, and his little package of letters will take his straight course over mountain, hill and dale, that cannot be travelled by animals, and by that means shorten the distance, overcoming space in a manner wonderful to be related. The robbers never molest them, for money is never carried in the mails, or the Indians possessed of valuables.

CHAPTER XIX.

Return to Caneles. Apache Indians. Two small boys of tender years. Commence my return journey. Manage two men better than three or six. Pioneer round my camp. The Madre Monte pass. Ladrones on the way. How to know Ladrones. Received at Durango. Mr. Charles E. Bowes. An individual who has been long from home. Two new servants. Departure from Durango. My servants not good packers. Arrived at the hacienda campus de la Casa Blanca. Irrigating dam of water. Corn-field. Pastoral lands. Speculation in old horses. Purchased two pack mules. A mule runs away. A nearer and better route. Storm and hospitality of a Mexican. Wet condition of my cargo. Descending to a lower region. Distress and hazard. Slept in a separate rancho. A signal given. Defeat of contemplated attack. Arrived at the mineral town of Matehuala. Discharged my servants. Wealthy Mexican. An American. Summons before the Alcalde. The law-suit determined. Second summons before the Alcalde. Presentation of my commission. Newspaper from the U. S. Texians. President Tyler. An old Spaniard. His daughter. Fruits and vegetables.

I RETURNED to Caneles on the 25th of May, not without having incurred the hazard of battle with the Apache Indians, as it was said by the people living east of the Madre Monte,