

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,

that that tribe had supplanted the Camanches, and were infesting the mountains.

Having taken under my charge my two nephews—small boys of tender years—and having resolved on returning to the United States; at one time I contemplated embarking from the port of Mazatlan to my far distant home, but the idea of twice crossing the equator, and living five or six months on the ocean, made me abandon that project.

I therefore determined that, without delay, as the rainy season was rapidly approaching, I would hazard my destiny in a journey across the continent to the port of Tampico on the Gulf of Mexico, as that journey seemed to be the least fraught with evils.

In accordance with my last resolve, having closed my business at Caneles, I, on the 30th of May, commenced my return journey to Tampico, distant from Caneles about seventeen hundred miles. In consequence of my former difficulties with interpreters, I was unwilling to employ one. Having learned also, by experience, and the many fatal casualties which had happened to others, the danger of having a large body of armed servants, I resolved to employ but two, this number being less by one than I should have had; however, it was my opinion that, in case of conspiracy, I could manage two better than three.

One of my servants was a good-looking man, of about fifty years of age, and had been recommended to me as being trustworthy; the other was a younger man, of his selection, being his *compadre*, or god-brother.

While travelling in the mountains, where I was obliged to sleep under the canopy of the heavens for my house-top, and the Madre Monte for my bed of down, I informed my two men that, when the hour of repose had arrived, they must not rise from their serapis unless called to do so by me; and told them if my orders were violated they must take the consequences. I had obtained abundance of China tea, and, after my nephews had been put into their carteras, and the servants had reclined upon the earth, I took good care to keep my large tea-pot at the fire, and at intervals, during the whole night, I freely indulged in drinking the beverage. It was my determined policy never to let my men know when I slept; and what more astonished me than any thing else was that, in the extremity of the excited condition in which each night would find me, I had perfect control of my waking and sleeping moments. My belt of arms could not have weighed less than eight or ten pounds, yet I never unbuckled it from my body; and, after the fatigues of the day, I would rise from my

couch, repeatedly during the night, to see that all was well, and pioneer round my camp; on every such occasion I would, solitary and alone, take a hearty draught of my strong green tea.

While seated near the burning faggots, and the low night-breeze was sighing through the tall forests of the mountains, by the cheerful exhilarating excitement which the tea produced, I thought of the friends with whom I once revelled over the wine-glass; and I was reminded often of the familiar ballad:

“ Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,” &c.

The Madre Monte passed, I lodged for the last time at the village of the Boca de la Santa Cataline, on the 17th of June. On the 24th I arrived in safety at the city of Durango; though not without having twice encountered ladrones on the way. The first time, my company being, fortunately, increased by being joined to that of other travellers, prevented the robbers from making an attack: the second, in which I at one time almost gave our chance up, I was so well seconded by my old servant, who showed such strong symptoms of fight when the ladrones made their first demonstration of attack, that the day was our own. Hostilities commenced by the ladrones brandishing their weapons, and shouting and twirling their lassoes in the air; while they rode around us in a circuitous direction.

When the traveller thus beholds his assailants, he must, without hesitation, show his foe by his preparations and bold stand, that he will never surrender, and dare them to battle; they will then suppose that the booty to be gained may not be worth the hazard. They will sheer off and soon be lost entirely to sight. However, when the traveller, on such an occasion, has exhibited his willingness for action, and the enemy does not retreat, but continues to keep up the charge, he must not lose the most suitable moment to fire upon the foremost of the party. The best aim is at the horn of the saddle, for a side or front shot.

I was received at Durango by my acquaintances with the same hospitality and attention which had characterized my first visit. It was my good fortune to meet, on this occasion, a fellow-countryman, Mr. Charles E. Bowes, an artist from St. Louis, Mo. His talents were doing him much credit in Mexico, and he had the promising hopes of a rich reward for his adventurous enterprise.

Through Mr. Bowes I obtained some intelligence from the United States, it being the first news I had received for several months. He informed me that when he left home, it was his intention to spend the winter in New Orleans, and showed me letters of introduction he had received and taken to that city. One of them was from F. W. Risque, Esq., a lawyer of St. Louis. The well-known hand-writing of that gentleman, seen unexpectedly in a foreign country, touched the feelings of my heart, for he had been my early playmate, and we had grown to manhood together, being the nearest neighbours in old Virginia.

An individual who has been long from home, and is fatigued with travel, is the first person to seek pleasure, as well as to recognise any thing locally familiar or national. On my arrival at Durango, I again patronised the De la Santa Paula Meson. No sooner did I dismount, than my host informed me that there were two other Americans with him. They proved to be Mr. W. H. Folly, the India-rubber man, and Mr. J. R. Hamblin, the Achilles, who fired a cannon from his shoulder, and pulled against two or more horses. On the 26th instant, Sunday, their exhibition was to come off at the Plaza de los Torros, which I attended. It was truly surprising to witness the unbounded admiration expressed by the spectators. But while the American performers attracted the attention of the Mexicans, my own was by the performances of the native clown, who had robed himself like a saint, bound his head with a wreath, and painted his face white. If the limit of decency would permit, my readers would be more astonished at a synopsis of his address to an audience of five thousand persons, than the citizens were at the show.

The performances concluded, I accepted an invitation to a ride in the Alemaide; but after the coach had passed a few times round the place, it came in contact with another vehicle, the result of which was to break down both, in accordance, I thought, with my usual fate in carriage riding; there, before thousands of people, the pleasure excursion terminated. At night, in company with my friend Mr. Bowes, I visited the theatre, and there enjoyed the sight of the numerous and splendid assembly of ladies, more than I did the dull, prosy performances. The prompter was stationed immediately in front of the stage, and read every syllable of the play, while the actors mouthed the words after him.

At the city of Durango I obtained two new servants, as my Caneles men would not further leave their homes. My

friend, Mr. Stalknit, drew up the articles of agreement between us—one of which was, that I should, on their return journey, give them a horse each. Every preparation being made, upon the 28th instant I departed from Durango. I chose a direction to the left of that which I had formerly travelled; yet my course was due south; I had been particular in obtaining from an individual a way-bill of my route, with the names of places I could stop at, each a day's journey apart.

I had not travelled more than two days before I discovered that my servants were not, or pretended not to be, good packers, for my mules seemed to be suffering much from their cargoes. My suspicions were at once aroused, for I well knew that Mexican servants, who were in the habit of travelling, understood how to load an animal. My men had besides been recommended to me as being the best of arrieros. However, in eight days time, I arrived at the Hacienda Campus Casa Blanca, the estate of the White House. The journey was fatiguing, and my horses and mules were much jaded by the trip. So I determined to remain a few days at that place.

At Casa Blanca the buildings were good, and my quarters excellent. The estate was under the best improved condition of any that I had an opportunity of examining in Mexico. In the first instance, there was an irrigating dam of water, one league and a half in extent. It was formed by a wall of earth and stone, built from hill to hill, and was filled by the rains. The water had, up to the time of my visit, been turned from it in a stream of eighteen inches in diameter, for a period of six weeks, to water the various parts of a corn field—two leagues and a half square.

The water was conducted over the land by canals, and turned upon the furrows by flood-gates at intervals, the canals running along the higher elevation of the farm.—There was corn sealed up in many cone-like houses of from one to three years of age. There were other extensive lands used for pasturing purposes, upon which hundreds of animals grazed. There was at the principal granary a stack of what the Mexicans call fodder, at least fifty feet high, and three hundred in length. *Oca* (fodder) in Mexico, is the stalk with the blade not cured separately, but cut all together.

Indeed, I have, in the hot damp valleys, seen corn that had been thickly sown for the purpose of making fodder.—The estate belonged to one of the most enterprising and speculative citizens of Mexico. I was informed that he once bought two thousand old horses, at two dollars each, and that

when they were boiled into soap, they averaged him fifteen dollars each.

At Casa Blanca, in consequence of the injuries my animal had sustained, I purchased two excellent pack mules. I did not at that place exchange my Durango servants, as I had an opportunity of doing, fearing that if I did, I might only be turning loose two knaves to follow me, at the same time I would only have two others of a like character in my employment. Thus conditioned, I again commenced my journey, intending not to rest until I should reach Matehula, distant six days' journey from Casa Blanca.

Upon my set out from the rancho of the white house, I experienced a vexation, which ultimately resulted fatally to one of my mules. My servants had chosen to pack the animal which I had recently purchased, with a cargo, and when my caravan was put in motion, the wild animal, being turned loose, with the usual shrill whistle and whoop, instead of keeping company with the rest, bounded over the plain with the speed of a greyhound; and every moment I expected my trunks would be burst open, and my money and goods scattered over the ground. However the beast was with some difficulty lassoed, and all was righted, but not before its loins had been so injured by the shifting of the load, that the poor beast fell powerless to the earth. It was as fine an animal of the kind as I ever saw, and had cost me, on the day previous, twenty-five dollars. Its cargo was attached to another mule, and we proceeded on our journey.

About mid-day my oldest nephew, whom I had instructed to be attentive to the conversation of my servants, informed me that my men said, they would not travel the way I had directed. Upon my charging them with the fact, they insisted that they knew a nearer and better route, which they said they would prefer, for my benefit. I peremptorily said that at the peril of their lives, they were to deviate from the *carmino* real, the principal road, and that I would hold them responsible to deliver me at the different houses I would daily direct them to.

That day's journey, to my great joy, put me on the east side of the Cordilleras, where perhaps lie buried more of the precious metals than the world will ever have industry sufficient to excavate; for it seemed as if a continued vein of silver ran through their whole extent. I was rejoiced to have those high, romantic, and bright silvery mountains to my rear; for while locked up between them they shut off from my view the oft-repeated lingering looks that I would cast towards the skies that hovered between myself and my own

distant home. The waters of the Atlantic would be a blessing to my sight, while the shores of the United States promised to be my Elysium upon earth.

The night of my first day's travel was most disagreeably spent at a wretched rancho in a deep glen. I had directed my servants to put up my carteras under a beautiful musquiti tree that stood before the door of a small filthy house, but by the time they commenced their work, a cloud suddenly sprung up, and the kind Mexicans invited me to lodge within doors. At the time I felt very grateful, but no sooner did the rain begin to pour down, than it ran through the flat roof and flooded in at the walls—while I sat all night with my youngest boy in my arms, and the other one was laid up on a shelf. I only thanked God that the frail tenement of dirt did not tumble to the earth. My principal care was to preserve my arms and ammunition from being damaged. I therefore had my guns and pistols wrapped up in the buffalo robes to keep them dry; at the same time, however, I did not part with those around my body, as I always regarded them as my best friends. The buckle of my belt was never disturbed, except to draw it tighter, when I was pinched with hunger, or overpowered with fatigue; indeed, from the commencement to the end of my journey, it was lengthened about six inches, leaving me but the shadow of my original self.

The next day dawned clear and cloudless. Notwithstanding the wet condition of my cargo, my kitchen suffering the greatest injury, I had to throw away my stock of crackers and dried beef, as in that climate such articles will not keep after a wetting. Our journey lay across the dominions of the Conde de Coral, the most wealthy of all the citizens of Mexico, as I was informed. Ever since I had left the Cordilleras on my rear, my direction was a little south of due east. As I progressed, it was observable that I was rapidly descending from an elevated to a lower region; for the towering peaks of the back-bone mountains were lost to my view, while the distant points of others would anon show their heads, in a country far below the elevation that I was on. I remarked that the end of each day's journey would place me upon a declivity, beneath that of the former one. In one instance, my entire day's travel was in the evening closed by abruptly descending a shorter height, which put me upon a plain as much below the former one, as was the elevation of the hills to my rear. You are right, Mr. Kendall, if I mistake you not, (your book not being at present in my possession), in calling those tables "steps," for, while traversing them, I felt as if, had I only had on the boots of the famous giant-killing Jack,

I could have strided down them as nimbly as ever you yourself descended the marble flight of the St. Charles's portico at New Orleans.

These plains are chiefly wooded with palm-trees, apparently not possessing the sterility of the table lands of the Cordilleras. I progressed as rapidly as circumstances would allow, not alone for the reason that I wished to terminate my general distress and hazard, but also the more especially on account of my apprehensions with my servants. Besides having sufficient convictions of the evil intentions of these men, they were the only Mexicans in my employment who had ever presumed to be impertinent to me. Supposing that I was bound to take them to Tampico, they did not think I would discharge them on my arrival at Matehuala, provided they spared my life for so long a time.

The criminal designs were clearly demonstrated by their every act, and I felt convinced at the same time that, to part with them before I reached Matehuala, would only be to increase my dangers. I was for ever on the alert, day and night, knowing that my safety depended on showing the ruffians that I had no confidence in them, and at every moment held them at defiance. I had been cautioned to beware of my servants, by an old Mexican gentleman at Casa Blanca, who instructed me never to suffer either of them, on any occasion, to ride behind me; or, when the lasso was in their hands, not to be within its influence.

I was particular to make my servants keep in front of me, my two nephews riding in the centre of the party, while I rode at the distance of fifteen or twenty paces in the rear. Thus I had my whole caravan perpetually before my eyes; having the advantage, in the result of a conflict, not to have to turn or wheel to meet my foe. Upon the fourth morning of my journey, having spent the night previous at a shepherd's rancho, I discovered after about an hour's ride, that we were about to pass a narrow defile, where the points of two mountains tapered suddenly to the plain. It happened that just in the level space between the heights, my men dismounted to tighten the ropes that held the cargo of one of my mules, and in doing so they so frightened the rest of the animals that they left the road, and scattered in the thick musquiti growth. I immediately unfastened my double-barreled gun, and springing both the locks, made a brisk and circuitous ride to head my animals and drive them again into the proper track, which at length I succeeded in accomplishing. At that moment I heard a shrill whistle on the hill to my left hand; I instantly wheeled to a half face to the men, and the same position to-

wards the direction whence the sound proceeded. My servants stood motionless eyeing me, for they correctly supposed that my first shots would be levelled at them. Discovering that I held them at bay, I quickly looked around and plainly perceived the broad rim of a Mexican hat behind a large palm tree, at a distance of about thirty yards upon the hill. I directly pointed my gun at the tree, and exclaimed, "*Ladrone, yo estoy fronte combate por vida e propiedad!*" ("Robber, I am ready to fight for life and property.") To which the man behind the tree responded, "*Senor, yo estoy unico a probe pastor!*" (Sir, I am only a poor shepherd.") I directed my men to mount and go ahead. We had not advanced far before one of my boys cried out, "*Mira tco,*" ("look uncle.") I spurred my horse forward, when up bounced another shepherd, with a pistol in his hand. The man seemed to be much alarmed, and was soon lost in the musquiti bushes. I shall never have a doubt that my servants had formed a conspiracy with the shepherds to rob me; but the scoundrels, discovering that their designs did not operate as they intended, were deterred from making the attack when the signal was given, and thus I escaped!

Upon the 14th day of June, I arrived at the mineral town of Matehuala, and put up at the meson de los Angeles, the meson of the angels. Here I met with a Mexican whom I had seen at Durango, and also an American. I explained to them the disagreeable situation I was in, and stated that it was my intention to discharge my servants, sell my animals, and hire an arriero, who could give good bond and security for my safe delivery at Tampico. The Mexican seemed to be a perfect gentleman, and had the reputation of being wealthy, and therefore honest, as they say in Mexico, because above the necessity of stealing. However, he appeared to take a lively interest in my welfare, and promised to make a contract for me with an arriero, whom, he said, he knew well, and for whom he would also enter as security on a bond before the Alcalde. Such a kind offer, and so unexpected, was thankfully accepted, and the gentleman made good all of his engagements. My American friend likewise put himself to the trouble of selling my cargo mules, and further assisting me.

I then summoned my servants to a settlement, and taking their receipts for the amount of money due to them, let them select two of my horses for their return to Durango. I was certainly obligated to furnish them with a horse each, but not to give them their choice of my animals, and I would not consent they should have their own selection. However, they summoned me to appear before the Alcalde, to show cause why

they should not have my best horses. Although I felt satisfied as to the result of a law-suit with Mexicans, it being always decided against foreigners; yet I determined, for the novelty and experiment, to contest their claims. My friend, the American, accompanied me to the Alcalde, and acted as my speaker on the occasion, being very fluent in the Spanish language.

The case being opened, the Alcalde demanded to know why I refused animals to my servants? My friend replied that I had not denied to my men their rights, but that I objected that they should take from me my two best horses; that he himself could testify to my having given them the choice of three animals, nearly as good as my best ones, and amply able to carry them all over the republic, and more my contract did not require of me. He then exhibited the written agreement, with the signature of the two servants affixed thereto, which only required that I should furnish two horses, for their return to Durango, and not my best animals. He also stated the perils and injuries I had received at their (the servants) hands. The Alcalde responded that the poor fellows should have good horses to return home, and he expected, he said, that the animals left in my possession after the men had taken their choice would be good enough to answer my purposes! Thus the law-suit terminated. Not disappointed with the decision of the case, I returned to my quarters, my friend accompanying me, much vexed at himself for his not being a better lawyer.

We had been seated but a few moments in the room, when a Mexican appeared at my door. He was dressed with only a pair of scanty pants and a serapi, which was thrown over his left shoulder. He held a sword in his right hand, and said that the Alcalde had ordered him to summon us to appear instantly before him, to show by what authority we were travelling in the Republic of Mexico.

Such a mandate took me by surprise, for so singular a demand had never before been made of me, and I determined to meet the crisis in the best way I was capable of doing. While my friend had retired to get his passport, I took occasion to doff my old travelling dress, and put on my consulate uniform, and, both being ready, we bade our naked swordsman to lead on. As we passed along the streets the people stared, and began to collect in groups, while many ladies fairly ran out of their houses to look at us.

Arrived at the Alcalde's room I walked boldly in, making my sword, which I used like a cane, jingle upon the floor as I stepped up to the table, behind which the old black-eyed and

grey-headed judge of law and equity was seated. The old fellow was very obsequious, and seemed to count every button on my coat, while the pens dropped from the fingers of the clerks. The consternation was laughably evident. After looking, for a moment, the officer of justice in the face, I threw him my commission, reserving behind my *exequator*, to see if he knew any thing of his business. He unfolded the parchment awkwardly, turning it over and over, as if by so doing he could make Spanish out of it, and then handed it to his chief-clerk, who, perceiving there was a difficulty in it, stepped to a window to obtain a better light on the subject. He then turned it about in every direction, and endeavoured in vain to decipher the English of the commission, now holding it bottom upwards, as often as in any other position. His eyes at length caught the name of "Bocanegra, Minister of Foreign Relations," and, with the same excitement as if he had discovered a gold mine, he shouted out, "*Esta bueno.*"—(it is very good)—and then handed me my document, as he did also my friend's passport, with the accompanying—*Esta bueno.*

My friend informed the dignified Alcalde, that it was a very serious thing to insult an American consul; and, but that I was a good-natured man, I would forthwith communicate to Santa Anna the decision he had made in the case of the horse, as well as the impertinent demand he had made of me, as to what right I had to travel in Mexico. We then left the apartment without my being asked for my *exequator*. The contemptible summons of the Alcalde I will ever remember, as the most amusing incident in my life.

At Matehuala I, for the first time since my departure from the city of Mexico, had the happiness of seeing a newspaper from the United States. My friend presented me with a *New York Courier and Inquirer*, which contained General Jackson's able letter on the subject of the annexation of Texas. At that time I also learned, for the first time, that Mexico was about to renew the war with Texas, by marching thirty thousand of her troops into that country. I could but have many feelings of sorrow for ill-fated Texas, but at the same time I did not believe that the government of the United States would be so deficient of its honour, its interest and its duty, as to forsake Texas, and suffer her citizens to be slaughtered by a barbarous foe.

I was the more encouraged in this opinion, in reading the soul-stirring response of the French minister to the House of Deputies of Mexico, touching the cruel and revolting intentions of that country to carry on the war. It convinced me

that the civilized world would not quietly behold the brave Texians butchered, regardless of the laws of nations, and the sacred principles of humanity.

The name of the President of the United States would have descended in infamy to posterity, if he had not interposed his warning voice to Mexico. The manly decision of character of President Tyler, upon the Texas question, has covered him with glory enough for any one man; and the millions of people who will inhabit the fertile plains of Texas will, through all time, hail his memory as a bold defender of all that is held dear and sacred to civilized nations.

There lived at Matehuala an old Spaniard, who took up the impression that I was a doctor of medicine. He invited me to his house, and conducted me to his family chamber, where I was introduced to his wife and several other ladies. From thence he carried me into a large saloon that was splendidly furnished with furniture from the United States. From the ceiling of the high room was suspended a glass ship completely rigged, which answered the double purpose of an ornament and a chandelier.

From that room he took me from one apartment to another, until we at length entered a handsomely furnished room, having a bed, on which was a lady. Taking me by the hand he conducted me to the bed-side and said, "There, what do you think of her?" The poor woman seemed to be rapidly breathing her life away, for the rattling in her lungs could be heard at several paces from her. She pressed my hand, and wished to know her malady; the father insisted also, and I replied it was consumption. He instantly seized my other hand, and grasping it, said, "You are right, for my daughter has, for the last seven years, been lingering under that disease—and if you can give her a healing remedy your reward shall be whatever you may ask." I made my several excuses, and finally relieved myself by tacitly promising a mixture.

The old Spaniard seemed to take much interest in me, visiting me once on that day. He said that the only apprehension he had of my safe arrival in Tampico was that, as the Texian war was to be renewed, the war-cry of the populace and the army there would be "*Muerte en todo Americanos!*" (Death to all Americans.)

I had ever since the commencement of my journey from Casa Blanca, been descending to a hot region, and at Matehuala I found fruits and vegetables in abundance. The sweet orange and the lemon, the pine-apple and the banana, the plantains, plums, pears, peaches and water-melons also were abundant. I obtained also some delightful lettuce,

cucumbers and tomatoes, which I found most congenial to my appetite; for when travelling I could never buy vegetables, excepting in the towns. But I must be permitted to say that, at Matehuala, I, much to my regret, consumed the last remainder of ham which I had purchased of a Frenchman at the city of Durango, at the dear rate of five dollars and sixty-two and a half cents. It weighed ten pounds ten ounces.

But an individual, who had been accustomed all his life to eat good bacon, finds that, after a long privation, he is willing to pay any price for that old familiar diet. The Mexicans are not fond of indulging in the meat of hogs, for they say that devils reside in them. For myself, I think this a great mistake, for the evil spirits must have come out of the swine creation, and taken up their abode in the hearts of the Mexicans themselves—for while the flesh of the one is healthy and good, the deeds of the others are those of the devil. If a problem in Euclid can be more satisfactorily demonstrated than the above, then I shall ever have a doubt remaining on my mind, respecting the capacity of the human intellect to arrive at just conclusions, by a systematic course of reasoning.

CHAPTER XX.

Arrieros. Departure from Matehuala. Old Spaniard and my American friend. Picture of the crucifixion. Beyond the confines of the town. Rancho in the defiles of two mountains. Opening of the earth. My servants diligent and faithful men. Rolling and wooded country. One of my men a merry little fellow. Expertness with the lasso. Aherera a Spanish Jesuit. Arrived at the town of Tola. Fertile and hilly country. A mountain cross. A hilly and well-watered valley. Splendid scenery. A grotto, the residence of a saint. Servants dismount. A saint of Socono. The rainy season. Occasional rains. Arrived at Tampico a Santa Anna. Custom-house officer. Meson kept by Monsieur Constant Marcuet. Meeting with Mr. John Fulton. Situation of Tampico. Houses and plazas. Santa Anna's victory. Captain F. Chase, United States Consul. Texas, question of the next session. Annexation of Upper California. Columbia river. Rail-road to New Orleans. Napoleon. An examination of the map. Public lands. Monopoly of commerce. Different connexions. Annexation of Mexico. Southern boundary of the United States. No limit to the north. Hudson and Mississippi rail-road. Home protection. Free trade. Russian possessions.

On the morning of the 18th instant, the arrieros, three in number, whom the polite Mexican had employed to transport me