

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

to Tampico, arrived, and were in due attendance to receive my freight.

The old Spaniard and my American friend were also present to witness my departure, and take leave of me. Having settled my meson bill, and embraced my friends, as I was riding out of the great court of the house the old keeper ran up to me, as is often the custom in that country, and presented to me the picture of Christ bearing the cross. I well understood the old man's object; it was his last opportunity of appealing to me for money. It is always expected that he who presents to an individual the print of a saint, or any of the holy family, should receive more or less change for a donation.

The wicked thought, at the moment, occurred to me, to pretend not to understand him; and I asked, if the picture was intended for Santa Anna? He, with some surprise, said that it was not. I then inquired, if it was Bocanegra or Tornel? With much anger he denied that it was either, and in turn asked me if I was a Jew? He said that the picture was *Christo nuestro salvador*, (Christ our master and Saviour.) My American friend, at that, gave me to understand, that I was in a difficulty. I took the picture, looked at it, made the sign of the cross and threw the man a *clacka*, which seemed to please him, and I departed.

The priests in Mexico are not the only people who make a commerce of their religion. It is the privilege of any individual to hawk about saints, for money-making purposes. My old friend on foot followed me beyond the confines of the town, during which time he shook my hand three several times. Having, in the most emphatic manner, assured me that my journey would be a safe one, he ascended a mound of earth which gave him an extensive view of the plain, and as often as I looked behind me, I could behold him in the same position, his large gold-headed cane glistening in the sun, as he waved his hand, the peculiar Spanish signal of adieu. Our course, after we lost sight of Matehuala, was due east.

The night of the 18th, I spent at a rancho, situated in a defile of two mountains, at which place I witnessed a singular phenomenon. Before reaching the house, I discovered that the narrow plain had an opening extending from mountain to mountain, from six to eighteen inches in breadth. It seemed as if the weight of the mountains had been too much for the earth to support, and thus cracked it. The Mexicans who lived there could not give me any information as to how, or when, it happened, which must have been during the convulsions of an earthquake. On a former occasion I witnessed, about ten miles north of the city of Durango, a place where a

large portion of a plain had sunk to a general depth of twenty feet from its original elevation. The level surface of the plain seemed to have sustained no injury, while all along both sides of the mountains were plainly perceptible where the plain had abruptly broken off, and sunk to a deeper foundation. In limestone countries, as that is, such things were not before unknown—from the falling in of the earth, to the great cavities beneath.

My servants proved to be diligent and faithful men, attending to all of my interests with strict punctuality. To employ an arriero whose personal responsibility is such as to enable him to give security for the safe deliverance of his charge, is the only mode by which freight or travellers can be transported. The arriero then has every thing at stake, and it may be expected that he will use every effort, even at the hazard of his life, to make good his engagement—not because he, in his peculiar occupation, is more honest than others of his countrymen, but the reason that his obligations would make him the loser by his neglect or want of bravery. Arrieros have been known to perform their obligatory duties in good faith, when at the same time they have plundered others, and murdered defenceless travellers.

For seven days after my departure from Matehuala, my direction was over a country for the most part rolling, and better wooded than any other of the table lands I had seen in Mexico. Every thing seemed to pass off *bueno*, as the clerk had it. I noticed that my men appeared to know every person they met, and that I was greeted by all in a manner to which I had not formerly been used in the country. One of my men was a merry little fellow, who was perpetually whistling and singing. He was very expert with the lasso, never suffering a horse, mule, or steer to escape him. He would heave at all animals that came in his way, and some of his rencontres were very diverting and exciting.

The precision with which the lasso can be thrown by an experienced hand is truly astonishing, for it matters not how swift may be the speed of the animal, he can be taken by any limb and subdued. My man could catch at full speed a horse around the neck, and at the same time, by a slight twirl of the rope, form a perfect halter around the head and nose of the beast.

On one occasion, not having live stock upon which to practice, he discovered a dead mule lying on the plain, and cast his lasso so that it passed under the head of the prostrate carcass, galloping off and dragging it after him. Nothing, he said, could lay so close to the ground but that he could take hold of

it in the same manner. As he dragged off his defunct prey, the rattling of the bones within the entire skin of the dead mule, caused me to remember the account of Aherera, a Spanish Jesuit, who civilized the Indians of Chihuahua. He was interred at Santa Cruz, where he had died, in a vault of one of the churches. Notwithstanding he has been buried two hundred years, yet he is undecayed, and once every year his body is taken out of the tomb, dressed in his priestly gown, and set up in the midst of the congregation. Mass is then said for the repose of his soul. The atmosphere in Mexico, but more especially in the more arid portions of the country, is of such a drying nature that animal matter shrinks and dries away, rather than consumes by putrid decomposition.

On the 25th instant, I arrived at the town of Tola, a place containing about two thousand inhabitants, and situated on an uneven and confined narrow slip of land, between two hills. At Tola I drank some excellent water. I also bought some good wine, and laid in a plentiful store of provisions, to last me until I should arrive at Tampico.

On the morning of the 26th, I again commenced my journey. After travelling two leagues over a fertile and highly cultivated country, I discovered that a mountain of considerable magnitude lay before me, over which the road wound. My journey was most disagreeable, for the recent rains had made the black mould of the earth very miry, and between mud and stone alternately, our animals progressed very slowly, and with much difficulty. Yet my journey was not without its interest, for the mountain was covered with the most magnificent forest of live oak that I ever beheld.

After fording a small river at the foot of the mountain, we travelled along an uneven and well-watered valley for about one hour, when we again commenced ascending a higher mountain. So precipitate was the height, that one-half of the day was consumed in gaining its summit by the zig-zag and narrow path. I was well repaid for the toil, for my eyes never before feasted so ravishingly as upon that occasion, when I cast them upon the level tierra caliente below me.

The rains that had fallen had given to the abundant vegetation a most perfect green aspect; while the farm-houses, with their sharp thatched roofs, had a picturesque and romantic appearance. The pleasure I enjoyed at beholding this scene was short-lived, as the most desirable blessings usually are; for I had to proceed in my downward direction, only occasionally obtaining from some prominent projection a bold view of the enchanting landscape beneath, as it were to cheer my hopes of reaching some Elysium.

Having descended about half way down the steep, my men all suddenly dismounted, when I perceived other travellers on foot. I was not long in discovering the object of the halt, for the arrieros gravely took off their hats, and having ascended a rude flight of steps for about twenty feet, they entered a small cavern in a large rock, and kneeled before an image. After praying devoutly, each one left a small piece of money on a niche in the cave. My little nephews, excited with awe, were desirous of following their example, and I gave them money to pay for their orisons, believing it would do them no harm, and thinking that the necessity of prayer instilled into their young minds might, in after life, be of valuable consideration to them.

Upon inquiry, I ascertained that the image worshipped in the grotto was the protecting saint of travellers against lardons. Many were the "hair-breath 'scapes" related of travellers, through the instrumentality of that deity. Marvelous, indeed, are the wonder-working powers of many of the saints of Mexico! I was informed of one of these who resided in a chapel at the village of Socono Chihuahua, who had such a repugnance to being taken from her home, for supernatural reasons, that every bold pretender who had attempted it was either struck dead, or found her too ponderous to be carried by human strength.

It so happened that a Kentuckian, who had strayed by the way of St. Louis and Santa Fe, to the town of Passo del Norte, which is situated contiguous to Socono, hearing a party of gentlemen dilating upon the tenacity of the saint to her church, could not perceive how a wooden figure not larger than the common stature and proportion of a woman, could be either so heavy or self-willed. Agreeable to his habit of determining difficulties, he asked—what would the crowd bet that he could not bring her from the chapel into town? The company were awe-struck at the impiety of the man, and no response was made; but he insisted on knowing who would lay a wager for his purpose. A Mexican who, like himself, could not resist an opportunity of betting, having also a strong faith in Saint Ysidore, took up the Kentuckian for an inconsiderable amount. Prompt to his sacrilegious purpose, the Kentuckian mounted his horse, and was not long absent, when he returned galloping into Passo del Norte with Saint Ysidore, dressed in all her divine apparel, seated behind him. He certainly gained the bet, but the gathering mob informed him that he would have to fly from the town for his life.

As I have before remarked, my return journey was begun at

the commencement of the wet season. The rains are in some degree periodical during the day, as they are in the months of the year. About noon clouds are perceived, and the traveller can bivouac; by the hour of three o'clock, the tempest of rain and lightning will have passed over, and the traveller can again proceed. However, in the month of June, the first of the three wet months, the rains are irregular; but, when they do fall, they pour in torrents upon the luckless wayfarer, cold and chilling; for it must be remembered that the traveller, previous to the fall of wind and rain, was scorched with the burning heat of the sun—and the quick transition from hot to cold is painful. The hardy little mules, during the storm, will refuse to progress, and, with their faces turned from the pelting blast, will shiver like pointer dogs.

My journey for seven days was uninterrupted, saving by occasional rains. It was principally through a flat, hot country, until we arrived within about three leagues of Tampico, when the land became undulating, as we approached the sea-board. The coast was heavily timbered with iron wood and fustic. At half-past three o'clock, P.M., on the 31st of June—a period long to be remembered by me, as terminating my journey in Mexico, of about four thousand miles, I arrived at Tampico.

I now feel convinced, from all that I have seen of the world, that it is only necessary for an American to go abroad to satisfy himself that the United States has the only free and happy people upon earth, while their country is more blessed with richness of soil, the abundance of water, and purity of atmosphere, than that of any other clime upon the habitable globe—and that all her imperfections are blessings, when drawn in bold contrast with the institutions and inhabitants of foreign countries.

I was met at the suburbs of the town by a custom-house officer, who is there stationed to receive arrieros and travellers, and was escorted into the city of Tampico á Santa Anna. Having passed my baggage through the custom-house, I then hastened to the meson kept by Mons. Constant Marcuer and his lady, who were German French by birth, and at their house I found excellent accommodations.

At this meson I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Andrew Fulton, a fellow-countryman of the state of Ohio, with whom I had travelled from Cincinnati to New Orleans. Mr. F. was an enterprising dealer in stock, and was profitably engaged in making shipments of horses from Ohio and Kentucky, to different ports of Mexico. His adventure this time was to Tampico. It was not only pleasing to meet with a gentleman with whom I had formerly travelled, but I was also

happy in learning that, like myself, he should take the first opportunity of returning to the United States.

The city of Tampico is delightfully situated upon an elevated promontory, having the river on one side and a lake on the other. It contains about six thousand inhabitants; but is, like Vera Cruz, annually decimated by the malaria vomito. In 1843, it is said, two thousand of the population were destroyed by the yellow fever. Many of the houses are built after the style of those in the United States, with sharp shingled roofs; I saw also one weather-boarded building.

The inhabitants of Tampico, on my arrival, were much excited by the reception of the intelligence of the execution (and the frying in oil of the head) of General Sentmanat at Tabasco. Such a deed, approved of both by the expressed language of the public prints, as well as by the sentiments of the citizens of Mexico in general, the civilized world can easily judge what the people of that country are. Coeval with the reception of this news, the arrival of some twenty or thirty free exiled negroes from Havana, elicited much attention.

There are four large plazas in Tampico. The one on the river, fronting the custom-house, is the principal of these. In the centre of it a costly monument is being erected to commemorate the much-boasted Mexican chief Santa Anna, having achieved a victory over the Spaniards in the last sad effort which the king of Spain made to overpower and subdue his former colony.

As the encampment and the relative condition of the two belligerent powers were shown and described to me, by an individual who witnessed the encounter, I could not see that the fate of war was decided in favour of the Mexican chief by any bravery or wisdom he might have exercised; but more to the influence of the vomito, in the ranks of his enemies. Spanish gold did not fail to have its influence with the patriot and defender of the banner of liberty—for the Spanish General secured his retreat by bribery, when he was otherwise entirely helpless and hopeless.

Captain Franklin Chase, a native of the city of Baltimore, is the United State Consul at the port of Tampico á Santa Anna. His able official returns, as published by order of the government, are sufficient evidence of his ability as an officer, and a recommendation of himself as an American. I found him to be a perfect gentleman, and a true son to republicanism after the school of his own country. Captain C. could not inform me who were the candidates of the approaching presidential canvass in the Union; but he gave me all the particulars of the exciting Texas question up to that time. He in-

vited me to dine with him upon the fourth day of July. I could not help pledging the Consul in a glass of wine, hoping that the American congress, being in session, would, upon that great day, annex our sister republic to the United States.

The annexation of Texas has ever appeared to my mind to be necessary to the general prosperity of the Union, the location covering a large portion of our defenceless territory; while at the same time, if the United States designs to cherish her manufacturing interests, which consist principally of cotton fabrics, it does seem to me to be all-important that our government should extend its dominion over the territory of Texas. It is conceded, I believe, both in Europe and America, that the cotton grown in Texas is of superior quality to that now cultivated in the southern states, saving the very small and inadequate amount of the Sea Island cotton of South Carolina; and therefore, if Texas should not be able to maintain her independence, and be conquered, or annexed to any other foreign power, particularly any of the manufacturing nations, such as England or France, the manufacturers of the United States would be powerless, for they would not be able to turn a wheel in competition with them, by having to pay a duty upon the raw material.

Again, the annexation of Texas is of valuable consideration, believing that the public mind will be much relieved upon the agitating question of slavery and abolition—for the increased demand of slave labour in Texas will so completely exercise a salutary effect, as to draw a considerable portion of the coloured population from the northern slave states, that it must result in the addition of seven new free states to the glorious confederacy of the Union,—comprehending that vast section of the country from New Jersey to North Carolina and Tennessee.

Likewise, as a gentleman of much foresight remarked to me, that if Texas should be admitted into the Union, with restrictions upon the subject of slavery, the extent of that country would be curtailed, for the fact is ostensible, that in the existence of Texas as an independent country, the subject of slavery could not be controlled within her dominions; but if connected with the United States, its latitudes will be circumscribed, and an effectual barrier placed against it.

I am not alone satisfied with the annexation of Texas to the United States. It must be ostensible to all who will examine the map, that to complete geographical limits of the southwestern portion of the Union, Upper California must also be annexed—first for the reason that the United States territory of Oregon covers so small an extent of the Pacific coast, that

the American commerce will ultimately not have sea room—the only port in which the shipping of the United States can anchor upon her own bottom, being at the mouth of the Columbia river—and that not a good harbour, as the loss of the Peacock, an American ship of war, can fully testify. Again, American shipping and commerce would ever be subject to vexatious and interfering restrictions, from the fact, that the Columbia river is claimed by the English to be the boundary between the Union and Great Britain, and that power would therefore exercise a controlling influence and dominion over one half of the river.

The territory of Oregon is not so valuable an agricultural region as Upper California; and besides, the latter has the advantage in climate as well as in a horticultural and mineralogical point of view. In Upper California are three of the best ports, and the *only harbours* for shipping, upon the entire coast of the Pacific ocean, upon the continent of North America. If any one should doubt the practicability of a rail-road from New Orleans to the Pacific coast, let them read Kendall's expedition to Santa Fe, or any of the accounts of the St. Louis traders to that place, and he could not have a moment's hesitation in believing all that may be said, regarding its easy success, as also the importance of accomplishing such a design. If frail and heavily laden wagons can be drawn between the above named places, without roads, over the plains and thence to the Pacific, it is self-evident that a rail-road could be constructed without difficulty, or what an engineer would call a single obstruction. By an examination of the map, it will be perceived that a rail-road, running from San Francisco to New Orleans, would only have to cross the head waters of some of the streams of Texas, and if any of the shoos of the Mississippi river should prove to be a formidable barrier, it can easily be discovered that the road could escape all of the waters of Texas, and passing over a dry country, could be carried direct to Napoleon at the mouth of the Arkansas river. This road would never have ice or snow to cover its rails, or obstruct its passage, but could perpetually be travelled at all seasons.

This should be a national improvement, for no one or more localities could claim exclusive benefits, or receive an aggrandisement, apart from the whole Union. And therefore, it does appear to my mind, that it would be advisable that the sales of the public lands should be made of each state and territory, and appropriated to this great enterprise,—and thereby prevent a monopoly of the sales of land, and the tide emigration of in any exclusive section of country.

While upon the Pacific coast, I inquired of an American whom I met there, and who had travelled all over New Mexico, if it was his opinion that a railroad could be built from San Francisco to the Mississippi river? He replied, that "he had no doubt or hesitation in saying that he could drive a sulky all the way from San Francisco to New Orleans, at the rate of ten miles an hour, without the fear of upsetting it." When a road has been constructed from New Orleans to the Pacific, the Mississippi and the Ohio rivers would then have the *monopoly of the commerce of the Pacific Ocean!* which would also control that of the world! There would then be not one of the States of the Union but could have a direct trade with the East Indies, China, and the Islands of the Pacific. The south-west, by the Gulf of Mexico; North and South Carolina, by the Charleston and Knoxville railroad; Virginia, by her railroad from Point Pleasant to Lynchburg and canal to Richmond; Maryland, by the Ohio and Baltimore railroad, and Ohio and Potomac canal; and the whole northern States, from Pittsburg, by the way of the Lakes.

In the place of its requiring a tedious and dangerous voyage from any part of the United States, to and from Canton, of twelve months, passengers or freight could depart from Boston, Massachusetts, and in sixty days' time be landed in any port of China. It will therefore appear obvious to every American, that it is first important to obtain a good and suitable port upon the Pacific ocean for a depot, and I know of none better or so direct as that of San Francisco in Upper California.

Some hesitating or fastidious reader, while debating in his mind the feasibility of such an undertaking, would, perhaps, exclaim to himself, "Where is ambition or annexation to terminate—must all Mexico come in too?" I would reply, No! for all south of the Rio del Norte and the Californias, the country is too dry, and divested of agricultural advantages to be desirable to the North American or the European. It is necessary, for those races to live happily, that the land should be cultivated; and that there should be water-power and fuel for the uses of machinery, and these are not to be found in Mexico, south of the boundaries above spoken of. The remainder of the country is but a barren leg—not Santa Anna's leg—of the North American continent, unprofitable for any thing else, but its mines of precious metals; and, as the Mexicans are very good miners, and fond of the occupation, I am unwilling, for one, that any other people should be corrupted by its intoxicating pursuits.

Again, the Mexicans are a different race of beings from

those of the United States—being only Spanish and Indian, and speaking the Spanish language, and wedded to an established religion. While, on the contrary, the inhabitants of our Union are composed of every people and kindred of the whole earth, each one sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, and enjoying the liberty of his own conscience. They would, therefore, tolerate none of their territories in an established religion of worship, by law, in any portion of their wide-spread and happy dominions. If the Mexicans could become Americanized, and would pay their national debt, I again, for one, should have no objection.

Notwithstanding I have had the presumption to affix a southern boundary to the United States, yet I am far from saying that it should have a limit to the north; for I veritably believe that the finger of God, as it has been seen in all other history, is in it. So sanguine is my faith in the arrival of the period, when the American flag shall mantle the whole of North America—not only the Canadas, but the whole of the British possessions on the continent must become annexed to the United States. If an individual will only cast his eyes upon the map, he will at once behold, that by a railroad, connecting the head-waters of steam-boat navigation of the Mississippi river with the Hudson's Bay, the North Sea will have an internal connection and commerce with the grand whole! And thus it can be perceived, that while the United States would extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the star spangled banner, instead of hovering over a few states, would triumphantly wave from ocean to ocean, and from sea to sea!—May God speed the magnificent consummation!—for the United States would then have home protection, and home market, without the enacting of a single law; and free trade, by a liberal high-mindedness, should hail "peace on earth and goodwill to man;" while a prosperous and happy world, enlightened by true religion and constitutional liberty, will sing hosannas to the great *I Am*. And the sons of Columbia will have been the instruments of these great works, and the benefactors of the whole human family.

Some one may inquire,—“What would become of the Russian possessions?” I think I may safely answer,—that while the United States will have to purchase the territories above spoken of, by the generosity and friendship which the Autocrat of all the Russias has evinced towards the Union, that it may be very reasonably calculated upon, that the Emperor would make a donation of that useless and frozen slip of his American dominions to the Union. Or else, we could easily

do without it, and remain in peaceful satisfaction with an agreeable neighbour.

Nothing can be so complete in this world but what critics can discover some imperfections. It is said by philosophers, that the earth and sea are diseased, and when the angel of destruction shall descend to the harvest of death, neither physicians nor priests can heal—the destined individual must journey to the tomb.—Every rose must have its thorn, and every sweet its bitter. And notwithstanding fair fancy can picture to the beholder the unparalleled prosperity of the United States, and the before-unseen Temple of Liberty; yet, there is a *canker* within, and the meddling Puritan, who is, by his generous efforts, attempting to leaven the whole lump, will, I am afraid, often make the cake *all dough*. Thus I have spoken—as the Indian chief said when he handed the calumet to his neighbour. And, as the old woman said, when she had no meal to bake a cake—I shall hope for the best, and trust in God; for he can work when the wisdom and cunning of man shall fail.

CHAPTER XXI.

A parting word to the Arrieros. Captain of Banditti. The American flag at the mast-head of a schooner. Drive a bargain with the captain. Meeting at the consul's. Contract concluded. Returning home in an American vessel. British steamer. Setsail. Mouth of the river. Custom-house officer. The vessel searched. Officers take leave. Pilot takes us in tow. Narrowly escaped foundering. Captain no gentleman. Injuries sustained by my fellow-countrymen. Unhappy feelings. Resolve. Some way of defending myself at sea as on land. The captain alarmed. Mr. Fulton's enjoyment. Dazzling luminary of the light house. Watched all night. Anchored off the Balize. Embarkation in a small boat. Perilous voyage. The steamers that are met at the Balize. Put to sea. Rudder lost. The Southerner. Consternation. N. E. Pass. Steamer Phoenix.

In the opening of this my last chapter, I will take the occasion of a parting word as to the arrieros who delivered me at Tampico. I was so much pleased with the manner in which the Mexicans had performed their duty, that I mentioned my satisfaction to some gentlemen of Tampico. On informing

them of the name of the Mexican of Matehuala, who had done me the kindness to employ the arrieros for me, they expressed themselves much surprised; and affirmed, that my Matehuala friend was the most renowned captain of ladrones infesting that portion of Mexico. I defended the fame of my friendly Mexican, by expressing the native doctrine, that he was rich, and beyond the necessity of dishonesty. They replied, that his wealth had been obtained by robbery, and that I must attribute my safe deliverance—not to the good company that I was in—but to some freak of fancy in the captain, who had put me under the escort of his well-known and chosen men.

The kindness of the Mexican towards me, I can only account for by my being in company with my nephews, to whom he paid much attention.

On my arrival at Tampico á Santa Anna, it was with great joy that I beheld the American flag at the mast-head of a schooner of an hundred and five tons burthen, which was taking in freight for the United States. She was the same vessel that Mr. Fulton had chartered from New Orleans to that port, and my friend proposed that we should return in her. I had no objections to the proposition, provided that the vessel would take me to the port of New Orleans, which was also the wish of Mr. Fulton.

Understanding that the cargo would be taken in, and the schooner made ready for sailing by the twenty second of July, my friend and self went on board to drive a bargain with the captain; which only resulted in his proposing that, on the following morning he would meet us at the office of the United States' consul, and that he would there abide by whatever Captain Chase would say, as to the price of our passage to the Balize.

At the appointed time, all parties having met at the consul's house, it was agreed that Mr. F. and myself should pay two hundred dollars for our passage to the mouth of the Mississippi river. Captain C. would have nothing to do with the transaction, as the schooner had not been consigned to him. But, in the presence of us all, he inquired of the captain of the vessel if he was aware that his schooner being freighted for New York, he would become responsible to the underwriters should he cast anchor in any other port. The captain promptly responded, that he was not unacquainted with his liabilities, and, as his ship was good, he had no fears of his cargo being damaged; and he could not resist the opportunity of making two hundred dollars, which would not cost him the loss of half a day's time. Thus our contract was closed, in the presence of the American consul.