

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

CHAPTER IV.

AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

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and annotated by
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With a Preface by Him

PREFACE

IN 1843, William H. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was published, and in the same year, because of his urging it, Madame Calderon de la Barca's "Life in Mexico." In 1832 Fanny Inglis (Madame Calderon de la Barca), who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, came to Boston, with her mother and sister, where the three established a school for girls, and where Fanny's literary tastes attracted the attention, and won the friendship of Prescott, Longfellow and Lowell. Later, through the publication of her "Ferdinand and Isabella," she became acquainted with Don Angel Calderon de la Barca, Spanish Ambassador at Washington to whom she was married in 1838.

In 1839 Don Angel was sent to Mexico, the first Spanish minister to be accredited to that country. From November, 1839, to January, 1842, Madame Calderon de la Barca lived in Mexico, and that she fully and keenly observed what she wrote of in her "Life in Mexico" is attested by the preface of her book, written by the great historian Prescott, which is quoted below:

"The present work is the result of observations made during a two years' residence in Mexico, by a lady, whose position there made her intimately acquainted with its society, and opened to her the

best sources of information in regard to whatever could interest an enlightened foreigner. It consists of letters written to the members of her own family, and really, not intended originally—however incredible the assertion—for publication. Feeling regret that such rich stores of instruction and amusement, from which I have so much profited, myself, should be reserved for the eyes of a few friends only, I strongly recommended that they should be given to the world. This was done, with a few such alterations and omissions as were necessary in a private correspondence; and although the work would derive more credit from the author's own name than from anything which I could say, yet as she declines prefixing it, I feel much pleasure in making this statement by way of introduction to the public.—William H. Prescott, Boston, Dec. 20, 1842."

Madame Calderon's work is in diary form, and whether the one following was patterned after it I do not pretend to say. But this can be said—both are instinctive, and both were written by ladies of literary taste. A preface for Mrs. Oury's diary, would, in substance, be such as the one Prescott wrote for Madame Calderon de la Barca, though with such modifications as a difference of twenty-two years might make, for one was written in 1843, the other in 1865.

While I was sojourning in Durango, Mexico, in 1922, the diary of Mrs. Granville H. Oury, wife of the Honorable Granville H. Oury (lately delegate to the Confederate Congress from Arizona, an officer in the Confederate army, and in the early 80's delegate to congress from Arizona Territory) came to my hands. It is given here just as it was arranged, by chapters. In other words, Chapter IV of this history is composed of nine chapters of Mrs. Oury's diary.

Characters and events mentioned in the diary include such personages as Maximilian; Francisco I. Madero's family in Mexico, Judge David S. Terry, Dan Showalter, well known in the civil war days and, prior to that time, in California and the Southwest; and others more or less prominent in both the United States and Mexico.

At the close of the civil war there were many who had lately fought in the army of the south who declined

to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, betaking themselves to foreign lands, principally Mexico and South America. At this writing there is a colony in Brazil made up of descendants of these irreconcilables. Among those who went to Mexico was Mr. Granville H. Oury, late of Florence, Arizona, and with him his bride, the writer of the interesting diary following.

The condition under which Madame Calderon de la Barca's diary was written, and that under which Mrs. Oury's was penned—the former being the wife of a diplomat in high position, and with no worries as to personal safety; and the latter the accompanying bride of an officer of a recently defeated army, seeking a new start in life, in a strange country infested with savage Indians—must make considerable difference in the character of the entries, but in principle they are alike in all respects, save as to their length—one being for a period of two years, the other for a few months only.

Mrs. Oury's diary, of which I secured a copy from the original in Durango, Mexico, in 1922, was in the possession of her adopted daughter, Mrs. Harry V. Jackson, wife of Doctor Harry V. Jackson then established in Mexico, and internationally known for his studies on the poison insects of Mexico, especially the deadly scorpion of Durango.

At the close of the civil war, Mr. and Mrs. Oury found themselves in San Antonio, Texas, the families of both having gone to that state from Virginia in 1848. From San Antonio the Ourys started for Mexico, in which country they traveled for some months, then settling in Arizona. To the diary I have added some notes from my own knowledge of Mexico, to clear up, in places, anything that might appear ambiguous, and to round out the narrative.

C. C. SMITH,
Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired.

PART I.

June 20th, 1865—Tuesday: We left San Antonio about 4 P. M. Camped nine miles from town, two miles west of the Leon. About this time a stranger rode into camp and introduced himself as Adams Sanders*—my brother whom I had not seen for more than three years. He had ridden to San Antonio in the hope of seeing me before I started, but finding that we had just started that afternoon, concluded to overtake us. No small undertaking, for he had already come nearly fifty miles, and as he belonged to an infantry company during the war, had not been on a horse before for nearly four years. I will not attempt to give any idea of my great joy at seeing my brother—I had buried all hope of ever seeing him again—indeed, had begun to fear that he had been murdered with the slain on the battlefield of Franklin.

Mr. Oury advised him to proceed with us to Sonora, Guaymas is our point of destination, believing it to be the best move for him under existing circumstances. He was anxious to go, but regretted to leave without remaining longer at home (had spent but one night with them), but as this was likely to be his only opportunity and having the offer of assistance much needed, his better judgment prompted him to smother all tender emotions and consult only his future welfare and interest.

Supper over and the point settled, I hastily scribbled a few lines to my father, apprising him of my brother's determination, which I trust he will approve, though I well know what a severe trial it will be to him. At twelve o'clock we retired, a heavy dew fell on us and the mosquitoes were troublesome.

June 21—Wednesday: At daylight Addy started back to San Antonio to leave Mike, a favorite horse of my sister's (a present to her from Mr. Oury) that he had ridden on his trip out; and several articles of clothing belonging to my brother-in-law, kindly lent by my sister in order that the poor "soldier boy" might make a decent appearance in "the city." He had seen Mr. Suchart in San Antonio as he came through and knew that he would deliver all safely. We made an early start, passed Castroville, when Mr. Neville bought butter, eggs and green corn—crossed the "Hondo" and camped at a beautiful pond forty miles from San Antonio, where we found plenty of water, grass and fat beef. Our mess consists of Capt. Dodson, Mr. Neville, Mr. Billy Wilson, Mr. Oury, Addy and myself, also the teamsters, Mr. Collier, who drives our ambulance, and Silvario, a Mexican, the wagon.

Note: *Adams Sanders was in the Confederate army. Settled in Tucson, Arizona, in 1865, and engaged in the business of supplying the town with water by means of a water wagon. About 1894 returned to his old home in Seguin, Texas, where he died. He was originally from Virginia.

We soon had an excellent supper—one dish which gave general satisfaction was prepared according to my direction—green corn cut off the cob and fried with butter, salt and pepper. Mr. Oury had been disposed to ridicule my culinary knowledge, but was so much pleased with the result, that he took some over to Col. Showalter,* who is badly crippled by a fall from his horse and is suffering greatly.

This has been my only effort, so far, at cooking. Mr. Neville makes real nice biscuit, Mr. Wilson excells in frying steak, Capt. Dodson and Mr. Oury broil and roast ribs, sweet breads, etc.

Addy came up while we were at supper, having ridden 52 miles, entirely alone, through a rather unsafe country. However, he met with no adventures, but had the good fortune to get his dinner at a Dutch domicile on the roadside. Mr. Oury made me a nice bed in the ambulance, he slept close by on the ground. We had a long and exhaustive talk with Addy about his "Virginia Visit" (a pleasant theme to him) and his adventures generally during the war, and then retired.

June 22—Thursday: Rose very early, drank coffee and started. Addy riding a gray pony given to Mr. Oury by Capt. Swope, Mr. Neville, a mule which Mr. O'Neil gave Mr. Oury in payment of \$200.00 borrowed at Brownsville; the mule is worth about \$75.00. I ride in a large ambulance drawn by four mules. The ambulance and two mules belong to Mr. Wilson. Mr. Oury has a wagon drawn by four mules loaded with provisions, baggage, etc., and he allows two soldiers, picked up in San Antonio, to ride in the wagon. I am very comfortable, indeed—have a bed in the ambulance and sleep half the day. It is a small room and I keep things hanging all around for convenience. The gentlemen are all very kind and attentive to me, especially Mr. Oury and Addy, who anticipate every wish, and so far I have enjoyed the trip exceedingly.

We passed through Dennis,** a little Dutch settlement, where I bought a chair, which I find is quite an *essential* in camp, stopped and took breakfast and dinner in one, a mile and a half beyond the "Seco"—there I commenced making some woolen shirts for Col. Showalter, but progressed slowly.

Note. *Colonel Showalter was traveling in Mexico under the same circumstances as the Oury party. He was prominent in California in the days before the civil war as a "Chiv" (Chivalrous gentleman from the South), and a troublemaker. He and other Southern sympathizers were run out of California by Gen'l. James H. Carleton, commanding the "California Column" which operated in Southern California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas during the war. Showalter had killed a man in a duel in California prior to the civil war, and he himself ultimately came to a violent death at the hands of one Kavanaugh, at Guaymas, Mexico, in a drunken brawl.

**The name of this town is D'Hannis or D Hanis, and not Dennis. It is in the western part of Medina County on Seco creek, and now a station on the Southern Pacific railroad.

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About noon Judge Oldham (the man who canvassed Texas in opposition to Sam Houston when he ran for Governor in '57 or '58) and Col. Terry* overtook us and went several miles further to camp.

In the afternoon we passed them and camped on the "Savanal,"** killed a beef, had supper and put on a guard, Addy was on the first guard. The mules stampeded and created a little excitement.

June 23—Friday: Breakfasted before leaving camp. Nooned at the "Frio." Mr. Wilson, who is the life and amusement of the mess, was much concerned over the loss of a glove and presently more seriously at the disappearance of his "Caballo." However, his mourning was of short duration, for both were soon found. Killed a beef and had a late dinner—gentlemen all indulged in a siesta while I stitched away on the aforesaid shirt, "seam, gusset and band." In the evening passed through Uvalde,*** where we got some cool well water. Camped two miles out of town, found splendid grass but no water, consequently we broke camp early and without breakfast.

June 24—Saturday: Riding without coffee gave me a violent headache which lasted 'til night. At 8 A. M. we stopped at the "Nueces," breakfasted and the boys indulged in a bath and clean shirts, improving their personal appearance decidedly, after which, with considerable difficulty, they succeeded in constructing a shade, by means of blankets, wagon sheets, etc.—Mr. Oury, the while, being snugly seated in the ambulance, enjoying his cigarettes, and watching with deep interest the progress of the "Shade Making," soon created a vacancy by spreading himself for a nap. My head ached so severely I could not sleep. Addy made me a strong cup of coffee before starting and I bathed my head in cool water and bound it tightly with a handkerchief, but the road was so rough that I got no ease 'til we stopped traveling. We camped on Turkey Creek, some distance off the road, in a low, brushy place, where we had mosquitoes in abundance. Col. Terry's party camped near us, but each kept their distance. I have yet become acquainted with only Judge Oldham, who is quite intelligent and designs writing a book, which he thinks will be highly interesting and instructive. Says he has been a lawyer and a senator and succeeded in both capacities, therefore feels confident that he will succeed as an author. He contemplates locating on the

Note: *Col. or Judge David S. Terry, who in 1858, in California, killed Senator Broderick in an alleged duel. Terry was a fiery Southerner, who died as he had lived—by violence. At the time Mrs. Oury's diary was written he was traveling in Mexico on an irreconcilable.

**The name of this creek is Sabinal, not "Savanal." The place where the Oury party camped on this creek is now the railroad station (S.P.R.R.) of Sabinal.

***This town was originally the site of a military post known as Fort Inge, named for Lieut. Z. M. P. Inge, 2nd U. S. Dragoons who was killed in Capt. May's charge on the Mexican batteries at Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846.

Amazon. So much for the "Judge."* Soon after reaching camp "the boys" slaughtered both a beef and hog. Mr. Oury caught several beautiful cat fish and I promised myself a feast for breakfast, but to my great disappointment our board was fishless. Not one of our mess understanding the scientific operation of preparing a catfish(?).

After dark I repaired to the creek and regaled myself with a thorough ablution which I enjoyed amazingly (Addy stood sentinel), my only trouble being fear of snakes. By-the-by, I saw a long striped snake next morning in the very spot where I had bathed.

June 25—Sunday: My slumbers were disturbed at an early hour by a rather vehement harangue on the subject of "cooking, dish-washing, etc.," from Mr. Wilson, familiarly known in camp as "Billy." He was emphatically asserting that he had done his last cooking and desired to resign his situation as "Steak Frier"—declared that there existed a superfluous number of dishes in camp, and began lessening the number by giving an old tin plate with a hole in the bottom, a very unceremonious pitch into the brushes. "Billy" is a good natured fellow and as is usual with persons of his peculiar temperament, has an unconquerable aversion to work, indeed, the boys not infrequently accuse him of being *lazy*, but as I am a spectator and observe the proceedings with much interest, and I trust impartially, I must say in justice to Billy, that *one* other at least ('twill hardly be necessary to call names) seems equally as averse to bodily exercise as himself. Though by dint of much persuasion, we succeeded in getting numberless little jobs out of both, I believe that neither of them are ever present on dish-washing occasions and Mr. Neville always has the biscuits to make. Well, breakfast came at last and though we had no fish, Mr. Wilson's fry of beef and pork was excellent. The Terry party and ours moved on. Some others, traveling in ambulances, who only intended going to Eagle Pass, laid by to repair an ambulance. The day was excessively warm. Failing to find water we could not stop, as usual at 8 or 9 o'clock, but drove 22 miles and camped for the day. Then some Mexicans, living at a ranch nearby, kindly offered to drive a fat beef into camp. We bought and paid for the calves we killed whenever the owner could be found but, as the country was swarming with cattle, apparently with no owners, "the boys" could see no reason for not having fresh meat when it was so available. Several men on horseback accompanying our party, 'tho not belonging to it (I rejoice to say), met some "Renegades"*** returning to

Note: *The Judge was another irreconcilable, as his intention to locate on the Amazon shows.

***These "Renegades" were probably Mexican traders with liquor made in the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico, for barter in San Antonio. The "gentlemen" who held the "Renegades" up were some of the rough element that flowed into Texas at the close of the civil war.

San Antonio with loaded wagons, brought them to a halt and in their own vernacular, "quietly went through them"—justifying the shameful act by some complicated mode of reasoning that possibly appeased their leather consciences. They helped themselves to a good supply of Brandy and Wine, would have taken canned fruit but couldn't carry it. On reaching camp they generously presented Mr. Oury with two bottles of Brandy and two of Gin, and to me they gave four bottles of claret, which we dared not refuse as these gentlemen(?) are of the desperate sort and we are too weak to risk offending them. Well, the water is sometimes fearfully unpalatable and the claret will be useful, however dishonorably obtained. "Our boys," after lolling around and discussing the matter for some time, at last ventured out as hot as it was and some had dinner. Then, the Mexican appearing with "the beef," they got no "siesta" for it had to be butchered and jerked forthwith.

Being Sunday I couldn't sew, and the thought occurred to me of keeping a Journal. I was fortunate enough to find a nice blank book among our stores, and with the aid of a lead pencil, have hurriedly jotted down incidents as they occurred to my memory.

Mr. Oury had become exceedingly amiable and good natured and had exerted himself in the preparation of an excellent "stew," which, to our chagrin, did not "get done" for dinner, and was devoured with considerable relish by Billy W. (whose appetite, like his temper, is always good), with Addy's assistance.

June 26—Monday: Mr. Oury rose at daylight. Rode over to Judge Terry's camp and went with him across the Rio Grande into Piedras Negras* to make arrangements for our crossing. We remained in camp 'til evening drying the beef. After breakfast I finished the shirt and employed myself in various ways 'til dinner. Some of the gentlemen indulged rather freely in their impressed brandy, but did not misbehave. We started at 2 and drove to within 6 miles of Eagle Pass. Here we found Mr. Oury who had arrived at 2 and was awaiting us, very tired and hungry, having had neither breakfast nor dinner.

He had succeeded in making arrangements with the Mexican General, who he says is an intelligent and polished gentleman, for us to cross with one pistol and gun each. So he has distributed his five pistols and three guns among our boys. The "five shooter" Capt. Wash Hill gave him, he is going to present to the Mexican General.

Having fasted all day he enjoyed his supper hugely and made a strong appeal to the party to relieve him from guard duty, which

Note: *Piedras Negras (Black Rocks) later became Ciudad Porfirio Diaz—City Porfirio Diaz and now goes by that name. It is on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, opposite the Texas town of Eagle Pass.

they emphatically declared would be impossible, and moreover insisted upon it being necessary for him to exercise two hours in order to digest the quarter of beef he had demolished. His pathetic eloquence seemed to make no impression upon their stony hearts. Then I scolded, upbraided, threatened and at last offered a bottle of brandy, all to no purpose. He must stand his watch, they all said. At midnight when they called him, he quietly rolled over and referred them to Billy Wilson, who readily obeyed the summons, but this morning denies waking at all, and maintains that Mr. Oury's credit is ruined. They joke each other roughly and have some highly interesting and amusing quarrels.

June 27—Tuesday: Immediately after breakfast Mr. Oury started in to complete arrangements for our crossing in to Mexico. We soon after followed and have been waiting here two hours with little prospect of crossing before night. A number of wagons were in ahead of us and we must abide our time. Mr. Oury is on the other side. This is a miserable place, Eagle Pass. General Shelby,* who is still here, is trying to sell his arms to the Mexican General at a great sacrifice. It is believed, indeed he has himself declared his intention of joining the Liberal Party.**

June 28—Wednesday: I am now considerably behind. I handed the book to Mr. Oury and asked him to help me a little. He began reading what I had written and was soon so highly entertained that he went to sleep and dropped the book on the ground, giving me little encouragement to hope for assistance in that quarter. Yesterday I left off, sitting in the ambulance in the center of Eagle Pass. Hungry, tired, disgusted and altogether out of humor. While there, a party, consisting of Mr. Gillett, wife and three children, his brother John Gillett and an Indian servant girl, Mr. Gillock, wife and adopted boy, caught up with us. They were detained at San Antonio a few days and made a very rapid drive through. I have not made their acquaintance yet.

Note: *In the Kansas City Star of March 18, 1929, was a long article on Gen'l Joe Shelby. The article says, in part:

"General Joe Shelby, scion of a distinguished American stock, with innate predilections for the Southern Cause, equipped a company in LaFayette county at the beginning of the Civil War and followed the war in a mingled spirit of devotion to the cause and a love of pure adventure, romance and daring which invested his personality with a glamor of knight-errant days. As a Brigadier General he bore the brunt of battle at Westport Highlands in 1864 and led a spectacular expedition into Mexico to tender his sword to Maximilian."

The article also states that Shelby took 1000 men with him to Mexico. The writer of this article is evidently in error, for Mrs. Oury's diary shows plainly that he wished to espouse the cause of the "Liberals," who were against Maximilian. Mrs. Oury makes no mention of Gen'l. Shelby's 1000 men.

**The "Liberal" party was the party of Juarez, opposing Maximilian.

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I am the youngest woman of any party and by far too timid and retiring to seek acquaintances—fear I go to the opposite extreme and rather repel advances. Col. Dorsey, an old Missouri acquaintance of Mr. Oury's, is with Gen'l. Shelby. He is very anxious to go on with us and is trying to raise twenty men to enable him to do so. We did not commence crossing 'til late, and it required some time, as their boats are miserably constructed affairs. I remained on the bank 'til the last and had ample opportunity for observing. On the Texas side a great many of Shelby's men were selling flour, etc., to the Mexicans. The bank was also lined with the lowest class of Mexicans, half clad women and men, peddling bread, watermelons, etc., but that which most excited my disgust, was a number of Mexican men in a perfect state of nudity, swimming up and down the river and parading the banks. I afterwards learned that these creatures are employed to assist in swimming cattle across. Several droves were crossed while I was there. At last my turn came, the boat had to be dragged up the river some distance, by those thinly clad bipeds, and there attached to the cable. The river is very muddy and swift. Piedras Negras is an abominable place, narrow, crowded streets, where we were compelled to remain while the gentlemen rushed around making various purchases—onions, "frijoles" (beans), pickles, bread, etc. Capt. Strobe presented Mr. Oury with five bottles of whiskey. Mr. Oury gave the Mexican General the "five shooter," a large box of cartridges and two guns. We left town late, drove fast, crossed Little River, a very pretty little stream, passed through a little Mexican settlement and camped a short distance beyond. This was my first night in Mexico, indeed, my first step beyond Texas soil for nearly eighteen years. I forgot to state that several Negroes* took leave of absence while in town and several have since left, belonging mostly to Capt. Strobe, a gentleman traveling with the Terry party. He has lost forty since starting. The Gillett party came out and the whole outfit camped together.

Hitched up and drove a mile or more to good grass, laid by to rest the teams. Mr. John Henry Brown, an old Missouri friend of Mr. Oury's (cousin of Mrs. Andrew Neil of Seguin), was camped near by with his family. He is well acquainted with all the "Mo. kin"*** and had once met my father in Seguin. He and his son Julius came to call on us—wanted us to persuade his father, whom we found equally anxious, but they were traveling with a family whose destination was

Note: *Evidently Capt. Strobe—in seeking a new country—believed he still owned slaves, but the Negroes, as it appears above, thought otherwise.

***The "Mo. kin" (Missouri kin) of Bowling Green and Louisiana, in Pike County, Mo. When the Oury family (and the Sanders family, from whom Mrs. Oury came) left Virginia in 1833, some went to Missouri, others to Texas; among the latter Wm. S. Oury, brother of Granville and my grandfather (mother's father), who was one of the dispatch carriers for Travis out of the Alamo in 1836.

"Sinaloa," and he could not leave them. Julius hung around all day and gave up reluctantly. They were both intelligent, clever gentlemen and I regret that they could not join us. I did not see Mrs. Brown. The gentlemen ate watermelons, drank whiskey, took "siestas," ate dinner and then went back to the river and bathed.

I stitched away on another shirt. Had a long talk with Julius Brown later in the afternoon. I called to young David Terry, son of Col. Terry, to pay him \$40 for two little mules Mr. Oury had bought of him. Conversed with him for some time on various topics. He was an intimate friend of Marcus Gordon and speaks highly of him. About midnight we had a genuine thunder storm. "The boys" hopped around briskly in search of a shelter. Mr. Oury crept into my apartment, which was perfectly dry, but somewhat crowded. Addy found a snug place underneath. The lightning was vivid, accompanied with continual roars of deafening thunder, and you can imagine I felt rather nervous.

June 29—Thursday: We breakfasted late—everything was wet and we waited awhile "to dry." While in Piedras Negras Mr. Oury obtained a way bill of the road from Mr. Jones, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with all the roads in this country. On the 28th the several parties consolidated and forced Mr. Oury, much against his will, to take charge of the whole, as it was necessary to have a leader. He started the "train" out in order and rode in front to pilot. After climbing over two or three hills and traveling some distance, Judge Terry hurried to the front to inform him that Mr. La Spiers, who had come through here three months since, advised us to take another road, which he presented as nearer and better. After a short conference, the party wound around and commenced a retrograde. Mr. Oury is not fully convinced yet that this road is better, thinks Mr. Jones would have advised it, if so, and fears some obstacles, but Mr. La-Spiers made such a positive statement that he was forced to yield.

After reaching the road we traveled some distance before finding grass and water. We had all become tired, impatient and out of humor. It was hot and the mules tired. At last Capt. Dodson and some of the front scouts discovered a beautiful pond of water and tolerably good grass a mile from the road, whither we hurried. "The boys" employed themselves in cooking dinner, for we were all hungry—while I seated myself to patching. Had to cut the pockets out of one pair of pants to patch another pair with. Mr. Oury had only started with the "road clothes" he supposed would be sufficient for himself, but had to divide every garment with Addy, so the supply will be short. Hunger increased the number of cooks and dinner was soon ready. Mr. Wilson felt exultant over his success in making a dish of "picadio."* This consists of dried beef, beaten on an ax with

Note: "Picadillo," the Spanish word for hash.

a hammer, then stewed with onions, salt, green pepper and tomatoes, and then fried, with a little fat added. It is a nice camp dish and we have it daily. Mr. Neville has a cut finger and had been making "flap jacks," but finding that these consumed too much lard or bacon grease, Mr. Dodson began a regular siege of leather cakes (which I regret to say has undergone no abatement since).

Our supper was eaten with a keen relish and the boys soon spread down and retired. Mr. Oury was on guard in the middle of the night and was taken very sick, but continued his round without letting it be known.

June 30—Friday: The Mexican driver of Mr. Gillett absconded in the night, with one of his horses, to their great inconvenience and regret. It was also soon ascertained that the Terrys were minus seven animals. However, these were recovered before leaving. Dave Terry very peremptorily discharged a valuable Negro boy, whom he detected making preparations to steal away. The Negro was very penitent and begged hard to be allowed to remain but Dave was immovable and left the poor fellow alone in camp several miles from *anywhere*. I hope he found his way back to "Piedras Negras."

After a few miles we came to a ditch* running for miles and thickly bordered with timber. The country is full of them—they were dug years ago by "Piones"*** and now resemble natural streams, except that they are so straight and regular. The water is beautifully clear—all the farms through the country are irrigated by means of smaller ditches leading from the mother ditch, which often runs 100 miles. We followed this one several miles and came to a small town called "Morales,"*** rather a pretty Mexican town. Here we found a few Americans. We bought green corn and peloncillos (small loaves of sugar). The ditches were running through the town in every direction and the verdure was almost rank. Patches of corn at every corner, upon which the natives seem to subsist—for at every door, gate and corner were to be seen bare headed, black Mexicans standing (shirt on the outside of their pants) eating ears of roasted corn. We went down and across every street, and leaving town we still followed the "Acequia" (ditch) which extended thirty miles on our road, traveled through brush and thickets 'til we began to despair of ever finding good grass.

In the meantime our *Cavalry* had taken a wrong road and hearing at a ranch that the country was full of Comanches, Kicapooos and Choctaws, I began to feel very uneasy. At four we found a beau-

Note: *The large ditch is called the acequia madre, mother ditch; the smaller ones, running from the main large ones, acequias.

**Peons or peones, laborers.

***Morelos, not Morales.

tiful camp, large, level and covered with a carpet of tender mesquite grass, on the border of another large ditch. The "Cavalry," having followed their road into the ditch, turned and came up, just as we were halting.

Dinner over, Mr. Oury and I went fishing and caught several small fish. In the evening Judge Terry and lady called, they are both quite agreeable and intelligent. Mrs. Terry is a large, fine looking woman, has red hair and a lovely complexion, which she preserves by wearing a brown linen mask. She is a woman of considerable character and energy, drives a two horse buggy, frequently harnesses her own horses and assists generally in their camp. (Altogether a striking contrast to my easy life.) The Judge is handsome and inclined to be sociable. They have three interesting boys.

PART II.

July 1—Saturday: While breakfasting, we were told that two large mules (Mr. Wilson's) were missing. All our boys set out in search of them. Mr. Neville found them with a herd of horses and with difficulty separated them. Then it was some time before the others came in. The Mexican driver had ridden off a mule with the harness on. Addy found him at last and after considerable delay we got started. Mr. Griffin (one of the Terry party) lost a mule, which doubtless was stolen. We nooned on the top of a mountain three hours. Fortunately for us, it has been raining ahead and we find water in all the holes. Mrs. Terry had her tent thrown over our wagon and Col. Showalter's, making an excellent shade between, where she took her lunch and "siesta." About 5 we found a large "laguna" (lake), filled our barrels, watered the animals and drove back a mile to good grass. Here I assisted Addy a little in preparing another dish of corn. Mr. Oury's slumbers were much disturbed by an old mule promenading through camp and eating green shucks. Col. Showalter complained that Mr. Oury kept him awake "fussing" with the mule.

July 2—Sunday: Continued our route over the mountain, the ascent is so gradual that we are scarcely conscious of climbing, the tall range in front of us affords a grand view and at a distance seems impassable, but there is a gap which is just coming into view. Finding no water, we did not noon, but drove on to the "San Juan Sabinas," having crossed a little stream three miles back called the "Alamo." On the Sabinas is a ranch belonging to Dr. Smith, who is now at "Saltillo." It is occupied by Mexican Piones. There is a beautiful "Acequia" running near the house and several fields of corn in sight. The houses are all built of adobe, flat roofed and no windows, narrow carved doors. The huts of the "Piones" are mostly constructed of twigs or stalks of some kind, thatched roofs and apparently entirely unfurnished, except with myriads of dirty, naked children. No

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signs of civilization are visible. They are existing emphatically in a purely primitive state, but, during the afternoon, there came under my observation, a far more degraded and uncivilized race of human beings, the "Kicapoos," who were camped near us and disposed to be very sociable. As I had never seen an Indian, and all my ideas of them were borrowed from Cooper's novels, I watched their movements with curious interest, which very soon resolved itself into extreme disgust and abhorrence. Ugh! the filthy, horrid creatures, and the most persistent "beggars" I ever saw. They had fought with the Federal Army in Arkansas and were partly *civilized*. I drank a cup of coffee and went fishing, soon caught two beautiful fish, then gave my hook to Mr. Wilson. In all we caught a nice mess for supper. Owing to the proximity of the Indians, it became necessary to put out a double guard, which, however, did not prevent the stealing of one of our horses. I spent a sleepless night, haunted by the sight of those horrid, loathsome creatures.

July 3rd—Monday: Early, the Indians were prowling round and making themselves disagreeably familiar in camp, begging tobacco, coffee, etc., like a set of hungry wolves, except that wolves are not so civilized as to know the use of tobacco, whiskey, etc.

The evening previous, Judge Terry had found, three miles distant, an excellent camp, where he proposed remaining a few days, in order to have some washing done and recruit the animals. We crossed the Sabinas, passed another ranch, where we engaged the washing, came two miles further and camped on a large pond of rain water, where we have oceans of the finest mesquite grass I ever saw, and the mules are enjoying a perfect feast.

Our mess cut willows and constructed such a cool, shady and comfortable wigwam that they came out reluctantly into the sun to cook. Yesterday we had a mess of "frijoles" and they are palatable. The soup is also good. In the afternoon I took a long nap, finished my second shirt and cut the third one. Those indefatigable Indians found us again and began begging tobacco. We put out a double guard and lost no animals.

July 4th—Tuesday: After breakfast Mr. Oury and Billy Wilson went back to the river to fish. I paid Mrs. Terry a call, took a nap and have nearly finished shirt No. 3.

Mr. Oury and Billy have just come in with a long string of fish, tired and hungry. Addy and Capt. Dodson fixed dinner for them and they ate hugely. Col. Showalter, who can now walk a little with crutches, has just come over to have a talk with us.

(To be continued)