

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

CHAPTER VII.

AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

(Continued)

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and anoted by*

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This morning Mr. Neville took charge of the wagon, and Mr. Oury is riding his mule. We took the wrong road leaving Mapimi. Mr. Oury rode back, ascertained the desired information, overtook us and started us across brush, briars, holes, etc., he piloting Capt. Dodson, Mr. Wilson, and the wagon, so at the end of an hour we found the right road, and in a half hour's drive, came to good grass and plenty of water. The knowledge of which fact would have spared us fourteen dollars' expense last night, but, it is a deplorable fact that the Mexicans will not tell the truth.

Stopped to graze, cooked "frijoles," fried corn and had a real "square" dinner. At three o'clock hitched up and in three miles found abundance of good grass and water and wood. So we camped here to wait for the Gilletts. It being Sunday, I cannot sew. Since leaving Parras, I have made two nice pairs of linen drawers for Capt. Dodson, finished one calico shirt for Mr. Wilson and have another cut out. I have read Stern's "Sermons," "Letters" and "Sentimental Journey" 'till my poor, weak eyes ache.

"Our Mess" get along swimmingly, all old travelers, campers and the best of friends, all pretty good cooks, and since John came into the mess, we always have clean dishes and the others are rid of a job they detested. "John" is an old sailor who has been all over the Eastern continent and into nearly every seaport except those on the Pacific. No rain last night.

July 31st—Monday: Real fall weather this morning, cold enough for a fire. For breakfast we had a very nice rabbit stew, but like the "rock soup," it required a good many additional ingredients to make it nice. There are thousands of hares* here, but none of our mess think them eatable. No other game save an occasional partridge. About ten o'clock the Gilletts came up, bringing some fresh beef, bought six miles back at "Mapimi," so for dinner had beef stew, frijoles and splendid biscuit. I ate three, and they were huge.

Note: *Certainly here Mrs. Oury is speaking of the jack rabbit so common in our southwest and northwestern Mexico.

For the sake of employment, I punished my aching eyes in making two shirt sleeves.

About twelve a hard shower fell, making our camp very muddy. Started at two, the whole country carpeted with the finest grass I have ever beheld. Mountains covered with it. After coming through the gap and down the slope it gave out and we feared we would be compelled to stop at a ranch in sight, but good fortune favored us and we now camped a short distance off the road, by an old field. Grass knee high, "charcos" of water close by. Mosquitos plentiful and a storm threatening.

August 1st—Tuesday: Very cool, slight rain during the night. The "Cardenas" ranch was untenanted. The main building was of stone, two stories with a small portico above. Our course now turns almost due north. The whole country is covered with the finest grass imaginable, and owing to the daily heavy rains, we find water everywhere. Today we have passed several fine herds of cattle, with herders.

About ten we passed a copper mine,* which is being worked—a league further, another—making five, where we nooned. Here a little "donkey" paid us a visit and completely demoralized two of our mules, which he inveigled off, and it required considerable racing to catch them.

Started at three, came seven miles and camped a mile beyond a ranch "Pelallo." I noticed large herds of sheep and goats and several corn fields, but the tenants at the ranch were a poverty-stricken looking set. Their corn is always full of weeds and as thick as wheat.

Near the house were some beautiful springs. Addy went to a large one where the water was bubbling out of a rock, clear and sparkling, and was not a little surprised and disappointed to find it boiling.

August 2nd—Wednesday: I was quite sick last night from eating imprudently, I presume. Am still so unwell that I am writing in bed. Came down a very steep mountain this afternoon, crossed the "Puente Piedras" (stone bridge), camped six miles beyond, hard rain during the night. We can see it raining somewhere all the time, and frequently have showers two or three times in twenty-four hours.

August 3rd—Thursday: We much dreaded the day's journey of twelve leagues, as stated on our way bill, and were agreeably surprised to find ourselves at the "Arroyo Salitre" at eleven, twelve miles instead of thirty-six. Their measurements are very inaccurate. The French Army had camped here a few days previous and the flies almost devoured us. In the afternoon we reached the "Cerro Gordo," which was high and very swift. Crossed and camped a mile distant.

August 4th—Friday: Rain prevented an early start. Nooned at a charming place. Capt. Dodson cooked some purslane, which the others relished. I did not. Three hours hard labor and all kinds of ma-

Note: *Probably one of the mines near Descubridora, in the northwestern part of the state of Durango.

noeuvering to shoe an unruly mule. The poor brute was well nigh exhausted when they finished. Crossed "La Parida" and passed a nice ranch of same name, some distance from the road. Camped near the ranch "Noria Rufo."

August 5th—Saturday: At the "Noria Rufo" we bought a sheep, some onions, green pepper, young pumpkins, cheese and "peloncillos." We are nooning about one mile beyond a very large "hacienda." I have been too unwell for several days to take note of anything. Suffice that the country for the past hundred miles is beautiful beyond description, rolling and covered with the finest grass in the world, two varieties of "Gramma" (peculiar to Mexico) and mesquite. We have all been fascinated with the view and marvelled at finding this by far the most desirable part of Mexico we have seen, almost uninhabited. Not an animal save a few hares derives the least benefit from this vast area of pasturage. Our mules revel in it and travel briskly now. We are nearing the "Rio Florida" and two haciendas are already in sight, one, the "Guadalupe." There is a large acequia here bordered thickly with immense cottonwoods, large fields of corn, and immense fields of beans, upon which they mostly subsist when dried, taking the place of potatoes with the Irish. Everything begins to wear the semblance of civilization except the people. No improvement in them. Crossed the Florida in the afternoon, the largest stream we have seen in Mexico. On this side is a small town, "Refugio,"* which was only a small hacienda fifteen years ago, when Mr. Oury was here enroute to California. Eight hundred French troops were there. We came up three miles and camped on a bare hill, to the disgust of the mules. Grass scarce and inferior now, since leaving the Florida.

August 6th—Sunday: A company of French Infantry passed us early. We passed them at ten, breakfasting. The commanding officers carry many conveniences on pack mules, little tables, chairs, etc. About nine we passed "Concepcion,"** a large hacienda on a pretty little stream. While nooning, the infantry passed us again. I have strained my eyes gazing at the lovely country and am suffering with them.

In the afternoon we passed through just one corner of "El Valle San Bartolo"*** (The Valley of St. Bartholomew) to my disappointment, for I had been hearing for days of this wonderful vale and had promised myself the pleasure of seeing it. I saw here the finest trees that grow. Pecans and English Walnuts that would almost cover an acre of ground, and of immense height. As far the eye can reach, it is greeted with verdure, flourishing fields and trees of every descrip-

Note: *In northern Durango or southern Chihuahua.

**This is in southern Chihuahua, and noted as a place from which many old Spanish expeditions made their final start when going into New Mexico. Don Antonio de Espejo started from here in 1582, as did Onate, in 1598, when he came up from Zacatecas.

tion. Over the high walls, surrounding the yards and gardens, the branches of the fruit trees are hanging, loaded with fruit. I had a hurried glimpse of a handsome church. We crossed a small stream and camped four miles from town.

August 7th—Monday: Came twelve miles and nooned near "Santa Cruz," a ranch. Bought peaches, corn, onions, green pepper and water melons. Mr. Wilson killed a rabbit, so we had a "square dinner." Afternoon: passed several ranches, crossed a little river, traveled down it several miles, finding no water we camped some time after dark and retired supperless.

August 8th—Tuesday: Daylight start. Ten miles, camped on the river. Fried apples and milk for breakfast. The river, which was perfectly clear, rose while we were eating which, however, did not prevent the boys from indulging in a swim, later passed a large hacienda (still traveling down the same river), where a negro, black as Erebus, is employed as cook for a wealthy Mexican, who drinks champagne and enjoys many luxuries. Large cotton fields on the roadside. Camped near by, I finished Mr. Wilson's second shirt.

August 9th—Wednesday: Still clinging to our river. At ten we reached "Santa Rosalia," a place of considerable importance, but as usual, we double quicked through and I had no opportunity of seeing anything. Every street, corner and door was full of French troops, wagons, horses and mules everywhere. We came through and crossed "our river" (I felt lonely, and as though we were losing a friend), and in a few yards another "La Florida," three miles and camped in an old field.

Mr. Oury and others returned and brought beef, sugar and mescal. No shade and the sun beaming on us unmercifully. The two rivers here unite and flow into the "Concho" in a few miles, which is very high. Yesterday five Frenchmen and seven mules were drowned, trying to cross. The Generals and a thousand infantry have crossed, but the Cavalry are water bound here. We came on and camped near the river in order to make an early start crossing. Met many soldiers and their wagons returning to Santa Rosalia to await the falling of the river.

August 10th—Thursday: Rose at daylight, breakfasted and drove to the river, which we found very high and swift. Surely none but Mexicans would undertake to ferry* over in such a stream our two wagons, three ambulances, mules, etc., with such appliances as they use. Two huge canoes, dug out of large trees, then lashed together with thongs so as to admit the wheels of one side of a wagon in one, the other side in the other. Each wagon and ambulance required a separate trip, and as they could not approach the shore with their great clumsy raft, we were carried to it in the arms of these amphibious bi-

Note: *I have often seen this method of crossing rivers resorted to in the Philippines.

peders, who, ten in number, hauled the "canoes" some distance up the river before starting, which the current took far below the landing on the opposite shore, then out they jumped and hauled it to the landing, unloaded and pulled it high up the river again, to land on the opposite shore as much below, and repeat the same routine with each trip, on each side. It required all their strength and the most vigorous paddling to prevent being carried down in the middle of the turbulent stream. To our great relief they got us all "bag and baggage" safely over in four hours, at a cost to us of \$11.00.

Passed ranches and fields of cotton and corn going down the "Concho," drove through "Cruz," a small town on the river and camped seven hundred yards below. Poor grass, but splendid water, which the boys found by digging holes in the gravelly bed of a creek. Here we were the victims of a practical *sell*. A Mexican who came to our camp having informed us that we could readily obtain green corn, tomatoes, a goat, etc., in Cruz, Capt. Dodson scoured the town and came back with some *cheese**, resembling pan cakes. The old deceiver waddled off with a generous supply of spoiled beef, for his pains, and we ate heartily of our fried bacon, coffee, cheese and splendid biscuit, in spite of our disappointment. Mrs. Gillock has just sent me a piece of "Peach Cobbler" and there goes Billy to pay his respects to her. Intense heat preceded a severe hail storm and copious rain. Finding good grass, we camped early, as the mules had fared poorly the previous night.

Strong indications of a storm, which induced Messrs. Wilson and Dodson to construct a tent which they trenched around, and with the others are regretting their unnecessary labor, as the impending deluge exhausted itself in wind.

August 11th—Friday: Met a company of French escorting a train back to Santa Rosalia. They are orderly, quiet and well disciplined. At ten we got to "Saucillo," a miserable ranch where we could get nothing except corn. Very few of the thirty-two ears cooked at dinner were left. We all (eight) have good appetites, Mr. Oury being the only moderate eater in the mess. All asleep, and I have nothing to sew. What an oversight, not bringing a plentiful supply of light reading. Still in sight of the Concho, which is skirted with beautiful trees, the only timber in sight.

August 12th—Saturday. Hard rain last night, making the road very heavy. Arriving at the "Rio Santa Cruz," we found it so swollen, that it could not be forded. Retraced our steps through a muddy bottom, took another road leading to a ford some distance above, where the river was very wide and swift. Messrs. Dodson and Wilson ventured across and procured a guide, who crossed immediately in

Note: *This particular kind of cheese, which resembles pan cakes, is called *quesadilla* by the Mexicans. It is rather palatable but quite tough and leathery. In Nicaragua the same cheese is called *quesillo*.

front of our ambulance mules, four in number and strong. Mr. Oury driving and "Ben" using the whip vigorously. Our wagon came right behind us, Mr. Neville driving and Addy leading the lead mule by a strong rope, so we crossed safely and with little trouble and expense. Made a complete semi-circle and dared not permit the mules to step slowly, for fear of their being lifted off their feet and carried along with the current. Old Mr. Gillock and his wife were in an ambulance drawn by two mules, in the rear of our wagon. By some mismanagement he let his ambulance wash below the ford into a deep hole, his mules went under, breaking the harness and axle trees, and it required all the strength of Capt. Dodson, Addy, John Gillett and four Mexicans to drag them ashore. They were greatly frightened but unhurt. However, they had a narrow escape.

Now, after witnessing all the danger and struggle, Henry Gillett deliberately drove in with his ambulance (and two mules) in which was his wife, three small children, a nurse and "plunder," followed by his large wagon (six mules) heavily loaded, Mexican driver, without a guide or even a horseman to lead his mules, as we had had, and to our unspeakable dismay drove ambulance and wagon right into the identical hole in which he had seen the Gillocks so nearly drowned. I was on the bank and witnessed the whole harrowing scene and trust that another such is not in store for me. The single tree broke and down stream they started. Addy plunged in on "Dick" to aid them, and my heart stopped beating, when I saw the horse rear up and fall on his back, with Addy under him, in a second or two, however, they both came to the surface, nothing the worse for the dive, except the loss of a hat.

Addy worked faithfully for two hours carrying out the children, helping to pull out the ambulance, extricating the drowning mules, assisting to unload the wagon and carry ashore the plunder, 'til poor Dick was well nigh exhausted, bearing up against the current so long, and part of the time having to swim.

Mrs. G. was carried out on a mule. "Silvario," the driver we discharged and who is driving their wagon, made a narrow escape, being for some time in the water between two of the mules that had fallen and were strangling, entangled in the harness. By means of Herculean efforts, and the assistance of eight or ten Mexicans, they succeeded in saving everything.

After seeing them all safe, we drove into town, "Santa Cruz Rosales." The French Commandante examined our passports, found it satisfactory, invited Mr. Oury, Capt. Dodson and myself into his parlor, had "toddy" made, and was exceedingly courteous. Wrote an order for us to get beef at the Commissary (impossible to buy from the Mexicans here) but we could not wait 'til four for them to butcher. The officers seemed anxious to oblige us in every way. They wore (indoors) white pants and elaborately braided white merino saques. The General with a thousand troops had left previous day for Chihuahua,

and he gave us a bundle of dispatches to deliver and insisted upon Mr. Oury calling upon the General. Came nine miles through a succession of fields, engaged a sheep at a ranch, which was never delivered. We were all hungry, having fasted since morning. Billy hunted faithfully, but failed to find even a rabbit. So we supped on fried bacon, bread, coffee and pickles, which we shared with a Mexican pedestrian. The boys stretched blanket tents and sheltered themselves from the rain. We left in disgust at daylight, both man and beast having been preyed upon by the largest and greediest mosquitos imaginable.

August 13th—Sunday: Drove six miles. Rain water standing in holes, and oceans of fine grass. Fat cattle all around us and cannot buy any. Waiting here for the Gilletts. Everything out drying, boys asleep, intensely hot and threatening rain. Just bought some peaches from a Mexican. In sight of "Agua Chimba." I have just overhauled my trunks, got out some fresh supplies of clothing and packed one trunk with soiled clothes. Three wearers, and no washing, accumulates rapidly. Ventured to read a little in Postdeluvian History (Swedenborg). A vender came by with a donkey load of peaches, large and if ripe would be fine, but the Mexicans never allow fruit or melons to ripen; you never see a ripe peach and I am told they prefer green fruit. Thirty-two for a bit;* we invested a dollar and the boys have eaten heartily and made a huge, genuine, cobbler for supper. Gilletts came up during the evening.

August 14th—Monday: No rain last night!!! Fresh beef and pork for breakfast, brought out by the Gilletts. Passed "Agua Chimba" early; large, nice building, orchard and plenty of cattle. Have been traveling in a "Canon" (narrow pass between the mountains) road very rocky and I am jolted into a jelly. Crossed a lovely little mountain stream seven times and will still cross it. Passed a ranch romantically situated on the side of the mountain, river running in front, and skirted with beautiful trees. Bought six chickens and stopped near by to noon.

I stole off to the river and actually washed out (stooping on the edge of the cold running water, noonday sun and no shade, neither washboard, tub or pan) three towels, two handkerchiefs and a blue linen shirt for Mr. Oury, and was so pleased with my success, that but for the scorching sun, would have undertaken quite a formidable washing. Mr. Oury obstinately refuses to don a "boiled shirt" tomorrow, when he calls upon the General, and the one he is wearing, besides being muchly soiled, is out at the elbow (thus appalled, he made his appearance in "Santa Cruz Rosales" among those daintily arrayed officers) so, in a fit of desperation I washed one.

The river branches here into two perfectly transparent streams, flowing swiftly over clean gravel and rock.

Whew! chicken and dumplings for dinner, to which we all did ample justice, and here come the boys from their ablutions, looking

Note: *Ten cents.

completely metamorphosed. Mr. Oury's clean blue linen shirt is decidedly improving to his appearance. O, dear, if we could only stay 'til evening, how I would enjoy a plunge in that cool, limpid water.

Crossed our river four times more and camped where we found abundant grass but no wood. Hard rain during the night.

August 15th—Tuesday: As we were fuelless, left early. About eight stopped near a rapid stream, where some thoughtful campers had left wood for us. Breakfasted, crossed a valley, ascended a slope and the City of Chihuahua burst upon our vision. Camped. Mr. Oury and several of the boys went in, the dispatches for the French General, who had just taken formal possession* of the City, were delivered, passports examined, etc. The French were celebrating Napoleon's birthday. Our boys returned late, with wood, eggs, tomatoes, fresh meat, etc., and we had dinner.

August 16th—Wednesday: Capt. Dodson and Billy went to market at daylight. After breakfast they all went in and I spent a lonely morning. Cut out and nearly made a nice muslin underskirt. At eleven Addy and Ben came up newly "shod," hitched up and started. I could see very little of the city, riding through in the ambulance, as I cannot roll the curtains high. The streets are generally wide and nicely paved. I noticed five churches, (the main one is a splendid stone edifice) some nice houses and a large fountain in the center of the plaza. There is a mint** here, which I regret not being able to visit. Indeed I feel greatly disappointed and not a little vexed at seeing nothing of the only city of any note or importance lying on our route. I had looked forward anxiously to our arrival here, anticipating much pleasure in a change from the wearing monotony of the road, but so much for being a woman.

The gentlemen "did the City,"*** made purchases, etc., we drove through, crossed the river and camped. Had a real vegetable dinner. Messrs. Dodson and Wilson donned their good clothes and returned to spend the night in the City, attend the theatre, etc. Two American gentlemen drove to our camp, expressly to advise us to put out a double guard, as the Mexicans here are most notorious and dexterous thieves**** known on the globe. But the Gillett's, to whom they gave this desirable information (they stopped at their camp, it being the us, and we, supposing our property more safe than usual, in consequence they came to) did not deem it necessary to communicate it to quence of the rigidity of French discipline, were less vigilant than

Note: *Chihuahua—the French entered this place Aug. 15, 1865, anniversary of the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Ajacio, island of Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769.

**When New Mexico pertained to Mexico, the famous copper mine (discovered 1804) at Santa Rita del Cobre, near Silver City, furnished such a fine grade of copper that much of it was used for minting the copper coins of Mexico, at the mint of Chihuahua.

***It is surprising to see this phrase "did the City" used in 1865.

****Thieves of Mexican cities and towns still have this reputation.

ever before. Two of the Gillett party were in town drunk (one in the guard house) and two others in camp drunk. Unluckily, the two whose turn it was to stand guard were absent, and from midnight til daylight, there was not a single soul on guard or awake, the man from our mess having awakened the one who was to succeed him, supposed of course that he got up and went on duty. So we all slept in fancied security, while all our animals and camp outfit were entirely at the disposal of the most daring and expert thieves in existence.

Well, we lost no animals fortunately, but we were far from escaping their thieving proclivities unscathed—which we might have, if I had only been told of the danger, for I lie awake, with ears strained to catch every conceivable sound, whenever I fancy there is the slightest need, and would have been on the alert with both eyes and ears if I had had the remotest intimation from the Gilletts.

August 17th, Thursday: During the night I heard a noise at the front of the ambulance and called out "Who's there?" Felt certain that I saw a man's head and saw him stoop when I spoke, but Mr. Oury, who was sleeping in the ambulance, ridiculed the idea, insisted upon my lying down and being quiet, said it was a mule stepping over the harness, or, if I saw a man, which he seemed inclined to doubt, it was the man who had been on guard coming in, etc., etc. So I permitted my fears to be quieted and went soundly to sleep, without even raising the curtains (as I desired to do) to ascertain if the man could be seen or not. This morning, however, Mr. Oury credits my story of seeing a man, when he finds his fine beaver hat gone, a very large satchel, in which I carried all our road clothes and such conveniences as we need daily, and which I had replenished the previous day with dresses, collars, handsome boots, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., for my anticipated visit of a whole day in the city, besides a fresh supply of fine linen underwear (we left so unexpectedly that we had no time to lay in road clothes and are using articles altogether unsuitable for such a trip) for each us, four elegant towels, corset, "neck-gear," two fine underskirts, my Bible, my Postdeluvian History, given by my dear Aunt Moore when starting, and which I had just taken out of my trunk, and determined to read while camping, and many other articles too tedious to mention. But most of all \$40.00, which poor "Ben" had put in my care. The satchel had been placed on the front seat, and the noise that awoke me was made in jerking it suddenly off. Our loss, tho somewhat serious to us in our situation, paled into insignificance, when we discovered that Mr. Wilson's trunks and two pairs of fine blankets had been taken from under the ambulance, and that too, with Addy sleeping on the ground partly under and almost touching the trunks. The trunks contained, in addition to quantities of very handsome clothing, linen shirts, etc. (bought at Matamoras from the French) several valuables and curiosities and \$940.00 in gold. Mr. Wilson bears his loss calmly and seems to regret his "fine clothes" more than the money. We all immediately suspected "Sil-

vario," he being thoroughly familiar with all the details of our camp, knew exactly where we kept money, etc., the contents of each trunk, as he saw them frequently opened. His actions also aroused suspicion. So Messrs. Dodson, Wilson and Oury went over and brought the Chief of Police and some French soldiers, arrested him, searched a house nearby, took a note of missing articles (Mr. W. offering \$100.00 for delivery), put "Silvario" in prison and several times examined him, but having no proof, released him. Doubtless, if we had been where summary measures could have been resorted to, he could have been made to disgorge. Suspicion pointed also to the Mexican who spent a night in our camp, and who told us he was on an errand to "Agua Chimba," and would return immediately to Santa Cruz, when we found he was in the city and remembered how closely he had observed all our arrangements, etc. An accomplice he was at least. But, as there exists not a shadow of hope of recovering anything, it imports little to know who the lucky thief is.

As usual our camp has been besieged with beggars, notwithstanding all the excitement and annoyance. We all ate heartily as we had a "square dinner" of fresh meat, vegetables, etc.

August 18th, Friday: After breakfast they all went to the city to make some purchases, and ascertain if any clue had been found, and leaving me in charge of the camp where the ladies spent most of the morning. I wrote a letter to my father to be taken to El Paso and mailed, and then assisted John in preparing all the vegetables for soup, cut off green corn to fry, cut up squash, onions, green pepper, tomatoes, etc. The boys returned, not having succeeded in finding any clue. We "gathered up" and bade Chihuahua a not unwilling adieu. Camped near a little stream, fine grass.

August 19th, Saturday: Capt. Sharp and Judge Holt joined our mess. We crossed several pretty streams, saw thousands of cattle; camped in a sea of grass, but the boys gathered weeds, roots and grass to cook with. Two Mexicans joined us, enroute to "Carmel." They report the country full of Apaches, traveling dangerous, alike from Apaches and the disbanded "Liberals"* who are committing atrocious outrages.

August 20th, Sunday: Two months on the road. Daylight start. I escaped the headache by drinking some cold coffee. Traveled 'til ten through an extensive swamp, water deep in some places, clear and running everywhere. More rain this season than for twelve years.

Country flooded, plains covered with water flowing from mountain springs. Grass knee high. At last we reached a large ranch (in sight when we started and appeared to be a short distance) the property of a wealthy

Note: *On the approach of the French—whom we have seen had reached Chihuahua on August 15th—the Liberals took to the woods, as the saying is.

man* who owns the whole valley, many ranches, cattle, horses, sheep, etc.

We bought a fat sheep, eggs, corn, etc. Capt. Dodson killed two ducks. Mrs. Gillock gave me a saucer of butter (the first we have seen since I started) and we sat down to an inviting breakfast, or dinner. We nooned near the ranch, under large cottonwood trees, close to a fine spring of water. Soon our camp was literally overrun with a horde of Mexican men, women and children, begging bread, etc., gathering up scraps, going off in raptures, with the skin and head of the sheep, which will feed them a week. Such a naked, starved, abject set, I have never beheld.

At the ranch, there lives a family of half Americans, the mother is a sister of the owner, the father (a Mr. Miller, well known to several of our party) is now in California. The children are beautiful, skin transparently white, hair light and auburn. A boy of twelve, who came to camp, has fine dark blue eyes, light hair, fine features, and is intelligent. The American blood proclaims itself in form, feature and carriage. He wore handsome clothes, bosom of shirt elaborately embroidered. Mr. Douglas, a Scotchman, who lives in "Hermosillo" and is acquainted with several of our party, overtook us here. He had promised in Chihuahua to accompany the Gilletts to "El Paso" whither he is going on business and hopes to overtake us. With him is a pleasant young Englishman and two piones in charge of pack mules. They met Mr. W. Oury in Hermosillo very recently. Started at three. The little Englishman was taken sick and rode in the ambulance while Addy rode his mule. He slept on my mattress.

Immediately after starting, we came in sight of the "Laguna," now over twenty miles long. The whole plain is inundated with water running into it from the mountains. At night, in addition to our tenacious friends, the mosquitos, we had myriads of gnats. I made my patient a nice cup of tea and gave him some cookies sent me by Mrs. Gillock.

Note: *This wealthy man was undoubtedly Don Luis Terrazas, the cattle king of Mexico. I used to see him in El Paso when stationed there with my regiment in 1918. He was then 90 years old, but chipper as could be.

(To be continued)