"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 Eighties delegate to Congress from Arizona Territory), came to my hands. Mrs. Oury’s diary, of which I secured a copy from the original, was in the possession of her adopted daughter, Mrs. Harry V. Jackson. It is given here just as it was arranged by chapters.

“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. Among those who went to Mexico was Granville H. Oury, late of Florence, Arizona, and with him his bride, the writer of the interesting diary following.

“From San Antonio the Ourys started for Mexico, in which country they travelled for some months, then settled 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.”

October 19th (1865). At nine yesterday morning we bade adieu to our dear, kind host and hostess and their family and left
Mesilla with hearts full of gratitude for their unremitting kindness; there was but one cloud in my horizon, and I began to grow impatient to be moving towards my husband, indeed became oppressed with the "blues." We had awaited for Mr. Aguirre and his family, who declining to start, I feared we would be detained indefinitely, so determined to take the most desperate chances and we have ventured out with a very small force, Mr. Brown\(^1\) being the only one of the party who has any knowledge of the road. He is a friend of Mr. Oury's, is said to be the best traveler in the country and understands the Indian nature perfectly. The others are strangers.

After starting, we followed a man who said he had forded the river the day previous and undertook to pilot us, but his memory was certainly very treacherous, for he took us far below the ford and we had a most disagreeable jolting over boulders in the bottom for some time. Last spring the river (Río Grande) rose very high and deluged the country, deserted its old channel entirely and now runs six miles west of Mesilla instead of one mile east. The river is very swift and the bed is of quicksand, making it dangerous to ford.

When we reached the proper ford, a discouraging spectacle greeted us, in the shape of a "carreta" and six yoke of oxen deeply imbedded in the middle of the stream. By dint of much hallowing, yelling, cutting and slashing, they eventually extricated the outfit. I shuddered at the undertaking, for we were heavily loaded, having the baggage and provisions of the men in our ambulance, the more so when I saw their horses bogging and floundering, but our mules (bless the dear old fellows, they never fail us in any emergency and deserve their freedom and a pension for life) pulled us straight through without once balking. The water came to the very edge of the wagon. We passed through "Picacho," a small town on the bank, where Mr. Maston lives. He is absent but I had one glimpse of dear little "Fanny."

We had a steady pull of several miles up a long, steep and very sandy hill, in the scorching sun, which fatigued the mules greatly, but there was no rest for them 'til eight that night, the first water. It was cold, dark and dreary. However, a bright fire and an excellent supper of good coffee, biscuit, splendid bread, chicken, butter, pie, cake, and "tamales" soon cheered our tired, hungry bodies, but

\(^1\) Probably Charley Brown who was the owner and proprietor of Congress Hall, in Tucson, a famous saloon and gambling house, well known to all old timers in Tucson and the Southwest.
to our amazement, the train we expected to travel with and that had started thirty-six hours in advance of us, was not there, and we were poorly prepared for an Indian encounter—four men (two of whom did not look to be very reassuring), only one gun, three six shooters with loads, two empty five shooters. A more uncomfortable night I never passed. I could not sleep and shook with constant dread and terror of an attack by Indians. The night seemed intransigent. It is very cold during the night now and in the morning, but grows intensely hot by midday.

The gentlemen gathered brush and weeds sufficient to make coffee, boil and fry eggs, warm a chicken and some tamales. We have a supply of bread and crackers. We have no fear of fasting as we have an abundant supply of dried beef, onions, cabbage, eggs, butter, dried pears, preserves, syrup, sausages, etc. While breakfasting, the wagons came up. We will remain here 'til the afternoon, as there is no water for some distance. We have corn for the mules. Mr. Brown has arranged to have my large trunks put into one of the wagons, which will materially lighten the load. We take his messchest instead, which will grow lighter daily.

October 21st. Just as we were leaving camp yesterday, an incident occurred which harrowed my feelings and gave me such a shock that I have not been able to forget it yet. With the train was a large, handsome dog, well known all through this country, as he had made constant trips with the wagons and was invaluable to them. He spent several hours with us, shared our breakfast and dinner as well as our unlimited caresses. How I coveted the noble, grand brute, and then to be an eye witness to his shocking fate. He was lying under one of the huge wagons loaded with four thousand pounds of freight, and the careless, inhuman driver crushed his leg to atoms under a wheel. The heartless, ungrateful wretch drove off and left him in this condition. We stayed to bind up his leg, leave him food and water, as we could not haul him, but finding that he could never survive the terrible mangling, Mr. Brown rode back, after I was beyond hearing and humanely ended his agony with a shot.

I walked up a very steep and rocky cañon in Magdalena. We hitched up and started at twelve o'clock in the night, very dark and intensely cold. I coiled up in a space about six inches square and tried to sleep. I have scarcely comfortable sitting room now, the ambulance is so crowded with plunder. Addy tied the reins and got out to walk to get warm and keep awake, declares that he went to sleep walking and fell against the mules several times, once came
near falling under the wheel. All the equestrians voluntarily turned pedestrians in an effort to keep awake and warm.

I aroused myself once and drove down a long, rocky hill. We reached Ft. Cummings about eight, Cook’s Cañon and found a large splendid spring of water, fed our mules and sent them with the herd to graze on the hills. We are detained here waiting for Mr. Aguirre's trains. We expected to apply to the Captain here for an escort (he is absent) but, heard that the Aguirres had started and would be here tomorrow. It is doubtful about our securing an escort. The soldiers are anxious and each desirous of being detailed to go. The Fort is large and systematically conducted, building going on and the soldiers are kept busy, hauling wood, hay, water, etc., to the quarters. They come to our camp and it amuses me to hear them talk. All veritable "Yankees" (Vermontites, I imagine) and such streams of questions as they propound. One seemed quite satisfied with Addy’s reply of “To Company ‘Z’” when asked to what Company he had belonged in the War. They all express a great desire “to git out of this here darned country” and I can’t blame them.

Addy is quite sick and suffered through the night from eating too heartily a supper of eggs, sausages, preserves, etc. I gave him some burned brandy and he seems better.

We have a real “Irish Pat” in our mess, who affords us constant diversions at the expense of “me blissid counthry,” is witty, amiable and a good fighter.

October 22nd, Sunday. Nothing to read, no one to talk to, and I feel unspeakably lonesome. I have been indulging in a series of “day dreams,” trying to leap over the coming week or two and imagine myself safe and happy in the strong embrace of my dear husband, but the discouraging reality breaks rudely upon my pleasant reveries, and my courage almost sinks into despair. Here we are still in the same spot. A man has just returned to inform us that he could see nor hear nothing of them (Aguirre’s train), supposes they will not arrive before two days. We cannot leave until we have a stronger force. The Captain has not returned and our patience and endurance is undergoing a severe trial. I keep within the crowded and uncomfortable ambulance, for privacy, as the

---

\(^2\) Fort Cummings. I remember passing through there in 1876 as a small boy when my father was changing station from Fort Union in northeastern New Mexico to Tucson, Arizona. It was then garrisoned by the 8th Cavalry.
rough, uneducated soldiers are continually around us. Our own boys are not sociable or talkative, so I feel isolated and alone. Oh, for something to read. If I ever travel again my first precaution will be a supply of books and papers. What a strange part has fallen to me in the great Theatre of Life. For more than a month I have been drifting and tossing about in a strange country, with only one familiar face near me, that of my young and inexperienced brother, each day encountering new faces and forming new friendships, and notwithstanding the changing and often trying vicissitudes, the harassing “ups and downs,” so far, my strength and courage have sustained me. Often the prospect appears gloomy and appalling, I feel myself upon the verge of despondency, when an unseen hand kindly rends the thickening clouds and lets through glimpses of sunshine and hope. The responsibility resting upon me is wearing. My judgment and advice is called daily in question. So far I have been able to meet every emergency and I opine that my friends of yore would think me almost a heroine.

October 28th, Saturday. We are now stopping within twenty-five miles of Apache Pass, everybody worn out and the men all lying down. I am very, very tired and not at all well. We will rest only a few hours and then drive about ten miles tonight, in order to lessen the distance for tomorrow, the road being very bad. We left Cook’s Cañon on Wednesday at ten, had heard nothing of Aguirre’s train. Tully’s train is still waiting for it. On Sunday night a sutler came into the fort with an escort of eight soldiers and we concluded to avail ourselves of their protection on their return. Captain Burket returned Sunday evening and Mr. Brown applied to him for an escort, which he would cheerfully have furnished us, but that most of the soldiers were absent and there were no horses at the Fort. Captain Burket, who is a gentleman, called Monday morning and insisted upon my moving up to the fort, offered a room and all the comforts, conveniences, etc., at his command, but I de-

3 Apache Pass, not far from Fort Bowie, Arizona, a bad place, as the Apaches often attacked travelers at this point.
4 This is Mr. Tully, a government contractor of Tucson. He was senior partner of the firm of Tully and Ochoa, well known in the days of the Southwest.
5 It would be of interest to know what regiment Captain Burket belonged to. I am inclined to think he was of the California Volunteers not yet mustered out.
Mr. Staples, who came in with the sutler (or paymaster) brought me a letter from Mr. Oury, which contained the gratifying news that my husband had arrived safely at Santa Cruz, Sonora. I trust no ill has befallen him since. My patience is becoming threadbare. We travel at the rate of thirty miles per day, but it seems an age to me since we started and so much to go over yet. We are very heavily loaded, having to carry the provisions and bedding of the whole party, besides corn for the four mules and Mr. Brown's horse. I was compelled to leave one trunk with the train, also some corn. The trunk, I fear I will never see again, as I have been extremely unfortunate in losing clothes.

The nights are cold, we breakfast before daylight, travel 'til three, I sleep little through fear of the Indians. We are traveling through country which has always been infested with Indians, and very recently they have committed depredations and horrible atrocities on this very road. Our party is very small and there would be no escape for us if a party of Apaches were to attack us. We all realize this and are trusting to some good fortune or fate to get through safely. The road is fearfully rough and rocky and not being well, the jolting almost unbearable. So far, we have been able to feed our mules night and morning and but for the delay, would have had ample corn to last us through.

_October 31st, Tuesday, Apache Pass._ We left the “Ciénega” Saturday at five, drove twelve miles. Started at sunrise Sunday and came over the roughest road to be found in the wide world. For ten miles the ambulance was jerked from one sharp rock on to another and I expected momentarily to see it fly to pieces, besides we crossed a hundred or more deep little ravines, straight up and down, slipping, sliding, jolting over the sharp, ragged rocks. It is a new road that runs around the base of the mountains, which we were obliged to travel, there being no water on the old road for fifty miles.

At last we came to the pass, which I should call a peak. The road runs up the side of a mountain and finally over one peak in the center of “the pass,” which is called the “divide.” In places it is very steep and rugged. The mules had been without water for more than twenty-four hours and became almost uncontrollable at sight of the beautiful, clear springs in the ravine far below us. Addy got out to whip them while I drove up the last steep hill. The des-

---

6 Frank Staples, later associated with the firm of Lord and Williams of Tucson, remembered by me as a boy in Tucson.
cent was so abrupt, that I walked down. We camped at twelve, and are here in the same spot, with no prospect of getting away. Mr. Brown has twice applied to the major for an escort, even of four men, which he has refused. The road from here to Tucson is considered the most unsafe one in the territory, and at present, more so than usual, as the Apaches are greatly exasperated on account of the captivity of one of their chiefs, old Francisco. He was inveigled into Fort Goodwin, about 120 miles above here, and they refuse to release him until the Apaches deliver two children captured about three months since on the road. The father and mother were killed. The officers have allowed them only a few days in which to decide and if they do not bring in the children, the old chief is to be shot and then travelers will pay dearly for his death. At daylight Monday, the whole fort was in a state of intense excitement. A party of Indians appeared on one of the adjacent mountains, walking to and fro with their peace flag and had their signal smokes. Just then some soldiers passed our camp with the herds of cattle and horses going out to graze, and reported Indians, 150 strong, at the foot of the hill and 500 nearby. Strange to say, I did not feel at all frightened. Immediately after, runners were sent to bring back the herd, to call in the coal burners, and sentinels were placed on every hill. The Indian leader jabbered and howled industriously, but Major Gorman said he had no authority to make a treaty with them and was in favor of firing on them. Mr. Brown suggested that he and one of the Lieutenants should go out and talk to them, which they did, telling them to return in twelve days and by that time the Major would receive instructions regarding the matter.

The Indians would not come nearer than one hundred yards, but later a young "squaw" spent several hours in the fort. They gave her dinner and a dress. She told them that they were camped near by (which Mr. B. does not believe) and tonight the Major will start out forty soldiers to slaughter them. Yesterday evening he sent fourteen to Fort Goodwin to confer with authorities there. These Indians are old "Cochise's" band and he and "Francisco" are

---

7 This post was established by the California Volunteers in 1863 and named for the first governor of Arizona, John N. Goodwin. I passed by its ruins in 1902 on a journey from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, to Fort Grant, Arizona.

8 It would be of interest to know this officer's regiment. I am inclined to think it was one of Carleton's California Volunteer regiments, probably the 1st California Infantry.
sworn friends. During the morning the expressman arrived and in- 
formed me that Mr. Oury and the boys are all safe in Tucson. I 
can get no word to him of our situation, as the expressman is de- 
tained here awaiting news from Fort Goodwin, it will be at least 
six days before I can communicate to him, and then four more, 
before they can come to our relief. Our provisions are nearly ex- 
husted and no hope of replenishing here, the situation seems des- 
perate indeed, these are dark days and not a ray of hope. If I 
could only get word to Mr. Oury, he and the boys would come 
quickly to our aid. But he is expecting us in daily and knows 
nothing of our troubles. We can hear nothing from the train. The 
Major says he can probably furnish us with four men, when they 
get through with his present undertaking, which may be a month 
or more, and they have created such a stir among the Indians now, 
that four soldiers would be far too small an escort. We number 
four men, but have only two guns. Addy has to drive, would have 
little opportunity of using a gun. It would be madness for us to 
venture out in this condition. They are watching our movements, 
know exactly our strength, and are anxiously anticipating our an-
nihilation and a grand feast upon mule meat.

November 1st, Wednesday. It seems to me that this day will 
ever end. I have tried to occupy myself in a hundred ways in 
order to kill the time and it is now only half past one and I am so 
tired. This morning I picked, washed, and put on the “frijoles” to 
cook, watched them and kept hot water ready to add, toasted an 
oven full of coffee and have just finished frying the “frijoles” (beans) 
and, contrary to my usual mode of doing jobs, I did not call on a 
soul for any assistance, not even to make the fire! Mr. Brown was 
greatly surprised, when he returned from the fort, at finding me 
at work. Began scolding the boys roundly, until I succeeded in con- 
vincing him that my tasks were voluntary and self imposed as a 
means of diversion.

I thought for a while this morning that a ray of light was about 
to dawn upon our long, dark night. A Mexican came in last night 
and this morning reported to Mr. Brown that he had passed the 
train twenty-five miles back and that it would arrive in the fore- 
noon. Mr. Brown rode out to a point three miles distant command- 
ing an extensive view and could see nothing of them. However, I 
still hope that they may come in tonight and possibly we may get 
started tomorrow or the day after. I bear the trouble and delay 
more complacently than any of the party. Mr. Brown says I have
more patience and fortitude than any woman he ever saw. My experiences for the past four months have prepared me for almost any exigency. Nothing surprises me and I am schooling myself to endure every imaginable disappointment and vexation, but although I endeavor to appear cheerful, exert myself to seem hopeful, yet I am suffering intensely. My anxiety to see my husband is beyond expressing. Just to think of all we have both gone through with during the past six weeks and now that we are within 120 miles of each other, that I cannot even communicate with him by letter. Today we could have been in Tucson, had the heartless old Major here furnished us the necessary escort and but for the delay at Cook's Canyon, would have reached there five days since.

Ah me, I must possess my soul in patience. Perhaps the silver lining to this cloud will appear eventually.

This afternoon a party of soldiers started out to make a strategical movement upon the Indian camp designated by the squaw. They filled two large wagons with soldiers, and are going to the Pinery, ostensibly for lumber, taking an escort as usual of ten or more men. Also fifteen Mexican Infantry. It is supposed that the Indians, believing that they have come for lumber, and seeing only the escort, will make no attempt to escape, and fall an easy prey, but I doubt it. They are suspicious and wily.

November 2nd, Thursday. Two o'clock. Two of the mules are harnessed and all things being made ready for another start. The train got in this morning and Mr. Brown exhausted all his eloquence in convincing Mr. Aguirre of the propriety of leaving immediately, in view of the trouble and excitement likely to ensue from an attack by the expedition sent out yesterday. Mr. Brown has been remarkably kind and attentive to me, and I regret having caused him such delay and trouble. He has been in this country for about twenty years (though scarcely looks to be twenty-five) and has been entirely excluded from the society of ladies, indeed, having left home at thirteen, he has never known anything of American women. He professes the warmest friendship for Mr. Oury and my husband, and is particularly kind to me on this account. Well, Mr. Brown has brought "Tobe" (one of the mules he took to the fort to be shod) and we will start.

9 At this time, the American and Mexican military cooperated in warring on the Apaches.

10 Mr. Aguirre was a merchant of Tucson, well and favorably known to old timers there.
Magdalena, 1851—from John Bartlett’s *Personal Narrative*. 
November 3rd, Friday. We made but little progress yesterday. However, as Captain Hill used to say, "There is a great deal in a start." So, I feel gratified that we have even made a start. The road is fearful, a succession of very long, steep hills (young mountains). We intended going ten miles and we could have made it easily, also the Aguirre\textsuperscript{11} train, for they have large fine mules, but the Tully\textsuperscript{12} train could hardly climb up the last hill, besides it became so extremely cold that we decided to stop and build fires.

We are camping in a beautiful spot, in a little opening in the mountains, entirely surrounded by thickly timbered hills. When the wind cannot reach us it is comparatively warm, notwithstanding the altitude. Wood and grass abundant and our mules are revelling after being tied up five nights in the Pass. There is a little spring about a mile back—the boys have all gone to it, some with mules, the others to bring the keg full, as there is no more water for twenty-two miles. We will start this evening, make a dry camp tonight and get to water early tomorrow.

Mrs. Aguirre and I had a nice tramp over the mountains yesterday, the hills were very steep and all the gentlemen dismounted and walked up. She is quite young, very fleshy and rather pretty, remarkably polite, but cannot speak a word of English. Her husband speaks a little and his younger brother, who spent four years at college in "the States" speaks very fluently. She is on her way to her home in Magdalena, Sonora. Mr. Aguirre, I think will open a store in Tucson.

Every foot of ground for hundreds of yards around our camp has been the scene of the most heart-rending murders and butcheries, the stage has been attacked twice very recently at this very spot, the passengers and driver killed, the horses either killed or carried off and the stage burned.

A train of four wagons and nine men were attacked, five of the men were shot, the other four each tied to a wagon wheel and left to burn to death. Their charred remains were seen long after. In thirty steps of us, the mutilated bodies of five Mexicans were found and buried, and nearby is a tree where the skeletons of six Indians swung for two years. During that time, the Apaches, being very superstitious, made a wide circuit around them.

They have held complete sway in this Pass. It is their stronghold and nature seems to have favored all their demoniacal and

\textsuperscript{11} These trains were bringing supplies from the Rio Grande (which came from the East, via the Santa Fe trail) to Tucson.
fiendish purposes by affording them every conceivable advantage and these wild and inaccessible (to other than Indians) fastnesses. Twenty or thirty tribes make their homes in these mountains.

November 4th, Saturday. We are camping at the Sulphur Springs, twenty-four miles from the Pass, one day's travel, and we have occupied three in making it. So much for having to creep along with a Mexican train, a sore trial to my already threadbare patience, but there is no remedy.

Mr. Brown left us last night, to the regret of the whole party. He is equal in a time of danger to ten of the others. The expressman came along about ten, with an escort of three soldiers and Mr. Brown saddled his horse and went with them. He will get in tomorrow morning if nothing prevents. He thought we would be safe with the train and his business is urgent. He has to make another trip to Mesilla and return with his family and it is getting too cold to travel comfortably over these mountains. He will give Mr. Oury information regarding our welfare, the first since we parted at "Corralitos" nearly seven weeks ago. Not expecting the expressman to pass, I had no letter ready, which was a disappointment.

Eugene Aguirre has just notified me that five Indians were here last night, they have been tracking them and think they are concealed in the bushes nearby. A company of twenty-five well armed and mounted soldiers passed us yesterday to join the ten in search of their camp. A band of Indians were at the fort all day suing for peace. Five squaws entered the fort and remained all night. The "bucks" refused to enter. Yesterday Mr. Brown took us over the mountains and pointed out the two trees upon which the six Indians were hung, now six years ago. Fragments of the ropes are still clinging to the limbs and remnants of their scanty garments are scattered about over the ground. They swung there plainly visible from the road until two years since. General Carleton ordered them to be cut down and buried. A questionable policy.

A few yards off are the graves of three Americans they had lassoed and dragged to death. Every foot of this ground could tell its history of blood curdling deeds of murder. I picked up several

12 Fort Bowie, no doubt.
14 General Carleton, of the famous "California Column," of which my father was a lieutenant, made it hot for all Confederates, and the Indians too. Mrs. Oury, like the rest of the Southerners in the Southwest, had little sympathy with his policies.
Indian bones that had bleached on the mountains and they were tinged through and through.

We left camp at one. Traveled three hours over good road. Mr. Brown maneuvered skillfully in an effort to kill an antelope but did not succeed. They are very wild and one is rarely killed. Started this morning at three, very cold. Addy tied the reins and walked most of the way, so as to keep warm, while I coiled up and slept soundly. On account of a severe headache I had been unable to sleep in the fore part of the night. We had two false alarms. Addy heard them calling and supposed they were preparing to start. Hurried up, tied up his bed, brought up his mules. I dressed and had my bedding all folded up and put away, before we ascertained that they were only awakening the guard relief. This night traveling is terrific! I am constantly on the alert and never sleep soundly.

November 5th, Sunday. Yesterday afternoon we travelled about fourteen miles, camped in sight of the canyon, which contains the “Dragoon Springs,” a place where Indians are always found. None of our party ventured to the springs. We started at twelve, beautiful moonlight. I felt quite comfortable but the others all complained loudly of the bitter cold. After an unsuccessful attempt to coax myself to sleep, I surrendered my cozy nest to Addy, muffled myself up in a blanket and a shawl and drove 'til daylight, then cuddled up and slept soundly ’til half past nine. While coming through a long, deep ravine, the foremost wagon got a wheel completely smashed, which detained us for some time. It was one of Tully’s. Mr. Aguirre came to the rescue, as the wheel could not be replaced here and we must proceed, he transferred three thousand pounds of the load to his three wagons, they then tied a long pole in the place of the missing wheel and proceeded.

This delay made it late when we got to camp and we were so hungry that we concluded to substitute “flapjacks” for biscuit, as the quicker process, which we ate with molasses. After breakfast Addy baked a nice lot of bread and then indulged in a bath in the “Rio San Pedro.”

I almost felt tempted to do likewise, as it is intensely hot today, but they tell me the water is very cold. There is a station here and ten men are posted to watch for the Indians. Well, unless we meet with some misfortune, two more nights will conclude this tedious and trying journey, and tomorrow we reach the much dreaded Ciénega, where about three months since a whole family were murdered, save two little children who were taken captive
and for whom the officers proposed to give old "Francisco" in exchange.

This morning Mrs. Aguirre called and brought me a present of a can of turkey and one of green peas. The boys insisted upon opening them for breakfast, but I was hard-hearted for you see I am expecting company at tea tomorrow evening and all our luxuries are about exhausted. One of my expected guests is not at all fond of fried bacon, and like a prudent housewife, I must look ahead and be prepared.

November 11th, Tucson. I must run back now for nearly a week and finish up this imperfect record of my long, long, tedious journey, which is at last ended.

Sunday afternoon we made little progress, climbing a very sandy hill. The Tully train gave out and we stopped to rest them 'til the moon rose. The night was unusually dark and sitting round the camp fire I was in constant dread of an arrow whizzing through my body. There is really less danger from Indians during the dark nights, but I never feel half so nervous or apprehensive if I can see all around me.

Eugene Aguirre (the younger brother) spent the evening at our fire and entertained us recounting the most horrible deeds perpetrated by the Federal troops in Missouri during the war 'til I became almost convinced that the Apaches were less savage, brutal, inhuman and fiendish than many of the pale faces who lay claim to civilization and Christianity. Mr. Aguirre resided several years at Westport, Mo., and became familiar with the horrors of our late war.

We were all still awake when the order to "hitch up" was given and we were soon under way again. Sleep soon overcame me and for a while I became oblivious to all danger. After a drive of sixteen miles they halted and allowed the poor boys to take a short nap. Started again two hours before daylight and about nine arrived safely at the "Ciénega." We dispatched breakfast hurriedly in order to give time for a little sleep, but poor Addy found that the tire on one wheel was loose and must be wedged, the ambulance must be greased, so by the time all these jobs were concluded it was twelve,

15 The first time I ever heard of Federal soldiers in Missouri perpetrating "horrible deeds." I have never seen this in history. We know that Quantrell and his gang of guerrillas did perpetrate such deeds in Kansas—he was a Confederate. Mr. Aguirre must have been talking for effect.
the hour for starting, and the long dreaded "Ciénega" to pass. We took the precaution to send five men ahead to reconnoitre, the wagons kept in close file, our ambulance in the center. Eugene had a very fine field glass which he used frequently. "Conrado" the elder brother and husband of the lady, was ubiquitous, here, there, everywhere, constantly on the lookout. He and his wife were both very much frightened, but strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that it is certainly the most "Indiany" looking place on the globe and death and danger seem to be lurking behind every pile of rocks, yet I never once felt the least afraid, but kept the curtains up and my head out, gazing at all the strange sights, perhaps because I have never seen or felt the real danger, as many of them have. Frequently the road ran through a narrow pass, when huge rocks on each side rose to an immense height, completely walling us in. Behind these walls, whole bands of Apaches could secrete themselves, and by firing down upon travelers from above, else rushing suddenly out in front or behind a train, they could annihilate at the first fire almost the entire party. But, thanks to some good fortune or fate, we were spared throughout the whole journey, even the sight of a hostile Indian.

Coming through the "Ciénega" I saw for the first time the far famed giant cactus or "Saguarro," and they really look like giant sentinels posted in every quarter throughout these awe-inspiring wilds. They grow very tall and straight, with arms branching out on every side about half way up, and their favorite locality is on the top or side of a bare rock, where there is no soil to nourish them, and having very short, slender roots, it will always be a mystery to me how they manage to retain their hold, particularly in high winds, as they are much smaller at the base than elsewhere. Yet they never lose this balance, but stand there erect for ages, defying wind and sun, the most vigorous and flourishing growths to be found in the land, entirely independent of rain or soil.

We were just emerging from the "Ciénega" when Eugene Aguirre, who was riding by the side of the ambulance described the approach of a buggy containing two gentlemen and without waiting for further information, guided solely by intuition, I impulsively disengaged myself and before I well knew what I really meant to do, found myself in the road, running toward the coming vehicle, with a feeling of perfect certainty that I was rushing into the arms of my husband, and my intuition was correct.

The other occupant was a Mr. Veramendi, an old friend of Mr. Oury's, formerly from San Antonio, Texas, a cousin of the Navarros
and Rodríguez, and whose father was once Governor of "Nuevo Leon." Of course I exchanged seats with Mr. Veramendi and rode with my husband.

Just here we passed the spot where the family before alluded to were murdered and for some distance around, the ground was strewn with fragments of their equipage. The family were in a wagon. The gentleman, on horseback, had gone about 200 yards ahead. It was raining very hard and all the guns had been put in the wagon. The Indians were crouching behind the bushes and the men passed without discovering them; when the wagon came up, they rushed out, cutting loose the mules, while others leaped in behind and murdered the mother and children; the father killed one Indian before he fell. As the others were without guns they could do nothing, but tried to save themselves by flight.

Well, as soon as Addy could pass the wagons in front of him, which required some time as we were on the side of a steep hill, we drove ahead about eight miles and camped, the Irishman and the Jew coming with us. Mr. Oury had brought out a bag of nice fresh biscuits and some mutton, and Addy, with Mr. Veramendi’s assistance soon spread out an inviting supper.

Our program was to start about two hours before daylight, but Mr. V. rather overdid the matter by rousing a little past midnight. Mr. Oury was driving a handsome pair of grays belonging to Wm. Oury (indeed, one of them is the swiftest horse in Texas) and he was compelled to check their speed continually, else we would have disturbed Wm. Oury’s household at a very unreasonable hour; as it was, it was hardly daylight when we arrived (twenty miles) but we found a cheerful fire burning and the family soon arrayed themselves and came out to give us a warm welcome.

Addy stopped to breakfast on the road and did not get in 'til eleven. The ambulance is unloaded, the mules sent to pasture, and for the present the journey is ended.

For nearly five months we have been wanderers, have endured hardships, privations, dangers and trials of every description. At last we have drifted into port, but alas! I look around me with a sinking heart and wonder if this can be the goal we have been striving so hard to reach. Excepting the wretched, squalid town of “Janos” in Mexico, where we were forced to sojourn for a week, I do not remember of ever having seen a less inviting, less promising

16 The state of Nuevo Leon (of which Monterey is the capital) in northeastern Mexico.
prospect for a home. Tucson is certainly the most forlorn, dreary, desolate, God forsaken spot of earth ever trodden by the foot of a white man. The low, mud hovels are constructed regardless of comfort or convenience, there are but one or two glass windows in the town and not a single board floor. Narrow, crooked, filthy streets, very few white washed walls. Mr. Oury lives more comfortably than any other person here. He keeps a splendid Durham cow that gives an abundance of richest milk, and from his ranch they get delicious butter, an unknown luxury outside their establishment.

His wife is an excellent manager, stirring, and possessed of much executive ability. They keep five or six servants, have a large garden, a large corral, fat mules, horses and fat hogs and entertain a great deal. They are very kind to me and try to make us as comfortable as possible. I scarcely ever leave my room except at meals. There is not an American woman in the town and but one or two American men whom I would be willing to know. Mrs. Oury speaks and understands very little English. Louise, her daughter of ten, not a word and is shy and timid. Frank, is a promising boy of ten months. My eyes are in such condition I cannot avail myself of this splendid opportunity to read, provided I had anything to read. A few of Mr. Oury’s books were saved from the wreck, also a few pictures and articles of furniture. The bulk of all his Possessions, the Federal officers and soldiers appropriated and ruthlessly destroyed. His horses were confiscated and are now serving at hospital, barracks, etc. for the troops. If we remain here, we must pay rent for a house, although he rightfully owns several. So far, nothing offers in the way of business, and the prices of all necessaries are absolutely appalling. Lard $1 per pound. Sugar $1 per

17 Mrs. Oury is certainly correct in this description of Tucson in 1865, for I remember it as a boy in the late Seventies and early Eighties, and it certainly was a jumping off place—no trees, no lawns, no flowers—a dry, sun-parched, miserable mud town. Today, because of the development of water, and from other causes it is a beautiful little city.

18 Her brother-in-law, William S. Oury.


20 Later graduated from University of California as mining engineer. He was killed by Mexican bandits at Arivaca, Arizona, in Sept., 1893, aged twenty-nine. My mother, the eldest of these children, was at that time (1865) away at school—Sacred Heart Convent, St. Louis, Mo.
pound. Coffee $1 per pound. Soap $1. Eggs $1.25 per dozen. Plates $1 each. Cup and saucer, second hand and not mates $1.50 and so on. I fear we have made a fatal mistake in settling in such a place. The prospect is discouraging in the extreme, and even Mr. Oury with his sanguine, hopeful nature, cannot wholly disguise his disappointment. We are all blue.

Florence, Arizona, October 9th, 1881. We so far managed to overcome the innumerable difficulties and trials that beset our pathway, as to be alive and in the enjoyment of tolerable good health and spirits at this date, tho have struggled through some trying vicissitudes.

We are now on the eve of visiting the home of my childhood for the first time since we left in June, 1865. Addy has married and has lived all of the time in Tucson. “Billy” went back immediately to Texas and died in the insane asylum a few years since. Mr. Neville spent a few months in Tucson, became discouraged, went to Texas and soon after died on the Rio Grande “en route” to Tucson again. Mr. Dodson left Tucson after a month’s sojourn, wandered all over Mexico, spent a few years in Texas, lost his health entirely, learning which fact Mr. Oury sent for him and for the past two years he has been a much esteemed and honored member of our household.

Captain Swope was murdered in this town in 1871 or 1872. Colonel Showalter settled in Guaymas or Mazatlan and was killed by young Mr. Kavanaugh soon after, in self defense. The Colonel had many noble qualities, but fell a victim of his passion for whiskey. Judge Terry and Captain Strobe located in Guadalajara but were not successful in farming and made short stays. Judge Terry lives in California. Was defeated last year for Congress on the Workingmen’s ticket. (This is the same Judge Terry, who as Chief Justice of the State of California, just prior to the Civil War, killed Senator David C. Broderick in an alleged duel, and later himself came to a violent death in California.)

Note that this entry is sixteen years after the first entry of this diary.
REMARKS

The route followed by the Oury party to reach Guaymas from San Antonio was a very roundabout one and what Mrs. Oury states in her entry of July 29 is essentially true: "I neglected to mention the fact, that when we arrived at Parras, we had traveled five hundred miles and been one month on the road, with all the wear, tear, and expense, and found ourselves precisely at the same distance from Guaymas as we were at San Antonio." Had they gone direct to Chihuahua they would have cut off a great bend or bow. Of course the chief reason for taking this roundabout way was that it was the usually traveled route and the Comanches and other Indians were bad on a direct route from San Antonio to Chihuahua, from whence they could go straight to Guaymas. It is interesting to note that their road was what in after years became railroad routes, showing that "once a trail always a trail" is a maxim. The real reason for the roundabout route followed by the Oury party is given in the next paragraph.

Mrs. Oury states in her entry of July 27 that General Joe Shelby at Piedras Negras declared his intention of joining the "Liberal" party in Mexico. This party's principal exponent was the famous Benito Juárez who took a prominent part in the events leading up to the execution of Maximilian. At the time Shelby and Mr. Oury were in Piedras Negras there were a number of Confederate officers there who had in view offering their services to either the French (Maximilian), or to the Liberals (Juárez). Mr. Oury himself (though it is not stated in his wife's diary) along with Colonel Terry, and Colonel Showalter, I believe, contemplated joining Maximilian, but of this, for some reason, they opportunely thought better. It may be that Sheridan's "corps of observation" which was ordered to the Río Grande soon after the Civil War had something to do with the change of plans of Mr. Oury, and the others just mentioned.

From San Antonio to Eagle Pass the party went over what later became the route of the Southern Pacific Railroad; and from Piedras Negras (on the opposite side of the Río Grande from Eagle Pass) to Torreón and Mapimi—through Parras—they went over what years afterwards became the National Railroad of Mexico.

In her entry of June 20 (the day they left San Antonio) she says, "camped nine miles from town (San Antonio), two miles west of the León." To those who know this part of Texas, this is of course the León creek which is the outlet of León springs. In her June 21
entry she speaks of Colonel Showalter as a member of the party. This is the same man who was known to the "California Column" as "Dan Showalter," and neither the officers nor men of this command gave him a very good name. But that is all in the point of view, the "California Column" being Federals and the Oury party, Confederates. The Colonel Showalter who was killed at Guaymas, Mexico, in a drunken quarrel with a man named Kavanaugh, is the same mentioned in the diary as having been along with the Ourys and Terrys on their journey in Mexico; and who was the owner of race horses which he had with him on this trip.