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EXCERPTS FROM THE MEXICAN DIARY OF
CHARLES ALBERT JAMES, 1871-72

Edited by FLEMING H. JAMES *

Introduction

JAMES'S account of his visit to the northern frontier of Mexico furnishes a glimpse into social, economic, and military conditions during a fermentative period when Mexico was approaching the threshold of significant change. Other sources are rare and obscure. The diary is also a literary document, revealing the observer along with the data observed.

Charles Albert James, son of Henry James and Eliza M. Wills James, was born July 10, 1841, on a plantation in Fluvanna County, Virginia. His father was a prosperous wholesale merchant. In 1859, Charles entered the University of Virginia, concentrating in language studies, but in 1861 he became a cavalry lieutenant in the state's "Laurel Brigade." During a brief captivity in 1863, he contracted lingering pulmonary tuberculosis at Point Lookout prison.

Seeking a warmer climate, Charles came to Texas in 1866, and at Bastrop in 1868, together with two younger brothers and another Virginian, organized the Texas Military Institute, a senior college, which moved to Austin in 1870. Charles served as professor of languages, literature, and history.¹ But his malady remained; hence in 1871, he

* The editor wishes to express gratitude to members of the author's family, especially to Henry James and W. S. James, of Abilene, Texas, for making material, including the diary itself, available in the Fleming W. James collection, archives of the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center, at the University of Texas. The editor is grateful for kindnesses to archivist Winnie Allen, and is also indebted for suggestions and encouragement to Dean L. L. Click and Professor D. M. McKeithan. James's diary was written hastily and left unrevised; hence for the sake of clarity, the editor has taken numerous liberties with the author's punctuation, and has standardized a few other items of form like entry headings.

[Mr. Fleming H. James is a graduate student in history at The University of Texas]

1. See the *Austin Democratic Statesman*, Dec. 14, 1871, p. 4; the *Texas Almanac for 1873* (Galveston, 1873), pp. 106 ff.; [John G. James], *Decennial Register of the Texas Military Institute for 1868 to 1873* (Baltimore [1878]); also Daniel Morley McKeithan (ed.), *Selected Letters: John Garland James to Paul Hamilton Hayne and Mary Middleton Michel Hayne* (Austin, 1946).

sought a cure in Mexico, returning home a year later much improved.

Instead of returning to the T. M. I., Charles married Margaret E. Toole (d. 1885) and took a commercial job; yet on a business jaunt to Mexico soon afterward, his health again broke. Narrowly failing election to State Superintendent of Public Instruction in 1873, Charles and a brother opened a law office at Weatherford, Texas, but his health declined under courtroom strain. He purchased a ranch, intending semi-retirement, but died at Weatherford, September 25, 1875. He was an Episcopalian, also a Mason. An obituary declared:

In law, in science, in literary attainments, he possessed an enlarged understanding. As a scholar, we doubt whether he had a superior in the state. But especially was he remarkable and excellent in all the virtues. . . . He had an ability for making and retaining friends that we have never seen equaled; in this respect there was a magical attraction about him.²

While in Mexico in 1871, Charles viewed an impoverished and unstable nation. Although gaining independence in 1820, Mexico had been internally seared in a conflict between the liberal reformers and the wealthy vested interests, ostensibly a fight between the state and the decadent Mexican Church. The masses, the bewildered Indians, however, had lost all power of resistance, all hope and initiative; their conquerors were growing richer, while they could grow no poorer.

When in 1865 President Benito Juárez, supported by General Porfirio Díaz, led the liberal Reform party to victory, their theoretical rights of man lacked any economic bulwark. Industry and commerce were stifled by cumbersome restrictions. Some regions were virtually autonomous. After 1867, Generals Jeronimo Naranjo and Francisco Treviño "held the states of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila in absolute isolation;

² Unidentified clipping (presumably from the *Weatherford Times*) in the U. T. Barker Archives. See also the *Austin State Gazette*, Oct. 3, 1875, p. 2; and the *Bastrop Advertiser*, Oct. 9, 1875, p. 2.

... they ruled to suit their fancy, alternating power amicably."³

Júarez was re-elected in 1867, but his policies met hard resistance; the fruits of reform had begun to sour. Anxious to continue reconstruction, Júarez was again a candidate in 1871, his chief opponent being Porfirio Díaz. When the new Congress ratified for Júarez, October 12th, the Díaz partisans charged fraud. Blood flowed in the capital; and in the south, Governor Felix Díaz rallied Oaxaca to arms. On the northern frontier, Governor Treviño's army quickly overran Coahuila, moving toward Durango.⁴ Eager to defeat centralization, Treviño even recalled from exile his old enemy General Quiroga. Then on November 8th, Díaz finally accepted leadership of the revolt, issuing his "Plan of La Noria," proposing a provisional government, reconstruction to be effected through state delegates. The frontier welcomed his appeal for "more liberty and less government," but staunch liberals remained wary.⁵

General Sostenes Rocha squelched a mutiny at the capital; yet Saltillo fell late in 1871. Revolutionist General Donato Guerra had meanwhile overrun Durango. So Treviño marched 8,000 rebels toward the capital.⁶ In January, 1872, nevertheless, the revolt in Oaxaca was quelled, and Díaz himself arrived at Zacatecas in February. Rocha whirled back north, and on March 2, charging spectacularly up Bufa hill, he smashed Treviño, Naranjo, and Garcia de la Cadena.⁷ Treviño and Naranjo, however, withdrew to Monterrey, forming another army and shattering a large government

3. José R. del Castillo, *Historia de la Revolución Social de México* (Mexico, D. F., 1915), p. 42 (transl.). See also Carleton Beals, *Porfirio Diaz, Dictator of Mexico* (Philadelphia, 1932), pp. 191 ff.

4. See Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Works* (San Francisco, 1888-89), XIV, 380n.; and Juan E. Guerra, *Lijera Reseña que hace El C. Juan E. Guerra de los Acontecimientos que Tuviron Lugar en los Estados del Norte* (Mexico, D.F., 1873), pp. 4-15.

5. See Ciro B. Ceballos, *Aurora y Ocaso, 1867-1906: Gobierno de Lerdo* (Mexico, D.F., 1912), pp. 31 ff.

6. See Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 381 ff., and XVI, 624; also Beals, *Porfirio Diaz*, p. 182.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 183; and Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, *Memorias Inéditas* (Brownsville, 1912), p. 31 f; also text, note 24.

force in May. In Chihuahua, too, Díaz and Guerra scored several gains.⁸

On July 18, Juárez succumbed to a heart ailment, and Justice Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada succeeded. Rebel arms were rapidly traded for amnesty. Yet Lerdo too failed at controlling factional strife. So after another brief revolution, Díaz became president in 1877. The strong arm of Díaz furnished a transition period in which a strong central government was realized, opening the way for industrialization and the formation of a new economic bulwark. Long outlasting his time, Díaz himself was deposed by a young generation of liberals in 1910.

James's Diary

*August 1, 1871. Hacienda of San Blas.*⁹ The house or houses form a hollow square, one story high and built of stone and adobes. It does not present a very prepossessing appearance, but is like all other large houses I have seen so far in its general aspect. The Don is a very pleasant gentleman and is lord of all he surveys, owning a hundred thousand acres of land in one body, shut in on three sides by mountains and watered by a number of clear streams. He says that he has grazing land enough to keep continually, in wet and dry weather, 40,000 head of cattle, beside the broad acres he irrigates and cultivates, raising immense crops of corn and wheat. He estimates his corn crop this summer at 9,000 bushels, only half a crop owing to the dry season. He says that not one drop of water has fallen for nine months and very little for a year; yet the streams continue to run, the cattle look fat, and the crops are reduced only one-half. His wheat was almost a failure, owing to a severe storm of wind & hail; hence he only made 3,000 bushels, his usual crop being 15,000.

8. See Ramon Frida, *De la Dictadura a la Anarquía!*, p. 26; and text, note 30; also Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 384 n.; and James Creelman, *Díaz, Master of Mexico* (New York, 1912), p. 324.

9. After reaching Muzquiz (or "Santa Rosa"), James and a new friend named Hibler traveled about fifty miles to the Hacienda (plantation) of San Blas, owned by Don Luis Cuna, to sample the renowned mineral waters there.

At *the House*, there are some 200 souls—men, women, & children— all his peons.¹⁰ He seems to be greatly beloved by them and never uses harsh language towards them. His wife & children are absent on a visit. He gives me a fine horse to ride to the spring of San Lucas, about three miles distant in the mountains, where we spent the day to-day, . . . bathing twice and drinking often of the famous waters. . . .

August 2, 1871. Hacienda of San Blas. . . . I can scarcely realize than Don Luis commands the wealth he really does. His mode of life is such that a Va. negro would laugh to see it. The house is built of rough, soft rock, one story, & flat roof, with heavy gallery on the inside of the square; the floor is of dirt, which has to be kept moist or the dust is stifling, and some thirty or forty hogs amuse themselves by rooting into every corner, under the only bed-stead in the establishment, under your chairs, and occasionally running full tilt against you, to your great danger and disgust. Mex[ican] children of all ages, emotions, and of both sexes scamper about or wait upon you in the only dress Nature has given them. It is a fine country for students of the fine arts—Nature in all her naked charms calls upon her priests to worship. Horses are stabled in the court-yard, and one can scarce imagine the variety of *sweet* (?) sounds that welcome us home at evening and charm away all sense of weariness until we fall *willing* captives to the drowsy god. Our beds are spread upon coarse mats to keep them out of the dirt, and all manner of creeping things have a fine opportunity to cultivate our acquaintance. But the manner of eating is still more strange. If Don L[uis] possesses a knife and fork, I have not seen them. He allows us a spoon

10. Peons were persons held for debt. See George W. Hughes, "Memoir Descriptive of the March of a Division of the United States Army, under the Command of Brigadier General John E. Wool, from San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas to Saltillo, in Mexico," *U. S. Executive Documents, 1850*, Vol. X, No. 32, pp. 5-67. He states, "The system of peonage . . . keeps in bondage at least *four-fifths* of northern Mexico. No system of slavery can be more harsh and degrading. . . . And yet Mexico calls herself a free Country!" A substantial reform came late in 1872, but aspects of the system lingered past the turn of the century. See Beals, *Porfirio Diaz*, pp. 305-308; and John De Kay, *Dictators of Mexico: The Land where Hope Marches with Despair* (London, 1914), pp. 103-109.

apiece to stir & sip our coffee with, but teeth and fingers have to tear his tender kid, fat venison, and fine beef. A tortilla is at hand to take up the frijoles and gravy. . . . I have been greatly disappointed in the fruit & vegetables in this country. They are greatly inferior to those in Texas, even—the figs, peaches, & melons are small and of the poorest varieties. . . . And yet Don L[uis] is a man of fine sense, a good farmer, kind to his guests, and exceedingly jolly & full of fun in every way. . . .

August 6, 1871. Hacienda of San Blas. Being the holy Sabbath, we conclude to remain at the house and do without our water. Instead of a day of rest, however, Don Luis makes it his day for settlements with his peons, issues rations, kills beeves, &c. All the morning was consumed in issuing rations of corn, soap, beans, and lard, while the after-noon was given to beef. The day was the most disagreeable one I have spent here. No rain and a great dust all the time.

August 16, 1871. Santa Rosa. Early this morning, started for the mine of Cedral with Messrs Harris, Kapp, Berraine. . . . After a pleasant ride of about two hours, we reached the mouth of the cañon, where the company are erecting houses, furnace &c, preparatory to working the mine, which is a half-mile or more up the cañon.¹¹ The surface rock is a blue-grey limestone, cropping out in huge layers. A few Mexicans are at work for the Co., and others washing the surface dirt out in the little branch. I visited the main shaft, but did not go far in, as it is out of repair and no miners are at work. The ore contains a great deal of silver mixed with lead. It is considered by the natives the richest mine near S[anta] R[osa], & it is also the oldest. Just below the company's settlement is a mine of fine bituminous coal which they use. . . .

August 19, 1871. Santa Rosa. . . . I walked up to the "Mills" of Messrs Kapp & Munsenburger, some half a mile

11. J. H. Harris, of Harris & Randle, was president of the San Rafael Co., which owned the Cedral, and in which William Harris and Robert Harris were also associated. Don Florentino Berraine was James's host for a time at Santa Rosa. Kapp is identified in the following entry.

from the Plaza. Here I was astonished to see what I had never seen before: a flour & grist mill, saw-mill, stave-machine (invented by Mr Kapp), sugar-mill, boilers &c, and a distillery—all under one roof. The machinery is all driven by a breast-wheel; the water, taken from an irrigating creek. Mr. K[app], assisted by a younger brother, built every portion of the machinery at this point, importing his iron, &c, from the U. S. In another house, a few steps off, is his blacksmith shop and carpenter's shop. Everything is on a small scale, being experimental, but will be speedily increased with any demand that may arise. . . .

August 26, 1871. Santa Rosa. . . . The corn is now ripe, and the peons are gathering it, while other lots are only knee high and very green. The cane is looking fine. They plant two kinds here, the speckled cane (caña pinta) and the white (or caña Mexicana); both do well, so that it pays a very heavy profit upon the labor & money invested—good season, as much as \$100.00 clear profit [per acre?]. Cotton matures finely here, but the usual wet season from July to October breeds worms to such a degree that it is not planted. A few plant a little tobacco, which matures finely, but is never fit for use, because the poor ignorant people do not know how to cure or keep it.

On yesterday, I went with Mr Munsenburger to see an old Mex[ican] mill, which he had purchased with the intention of erecting an oil-mill.¹² It is of the simplest construction, one perpendicular shaft being all. . . . This mill is 2½ miles from town, near the foot of the mountains; just above it are the smelting furnaces of the San Juan mine; a mile or so further is the mouth of the mine, in the side of the mountain a few hundred feet above the smelting. . . . The company have not begun work yet in the San Juan.¹³ There are 300 or 400 silver mines near here, all of which yield a

12. i.e., cotton-seed oil.

13. The San Juan was being renovated under new management. See Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 514 f., and *Resources and Development of Mexico* (San Francisco, 1893), p. 126 f. Elsewhere in James's diary appears this notation: "The Miss., San Raphael, Cedral & Conejo Mining Co. — / San Juan mine. El Sacramento. / Santa Gertrudiz el alto y el bajo. / El Pavillon."

rich lead-ore and more or less silver. Every citizen of any standing owns from one to half a dozen silver mines and just works enough to prevent the Gov't from giving his to some one else. The mountains are public property, and the mines are claimed & held by right of discovery. But if one does not work his mine for four consecutive months, another person may "*denounce*" him, as it is here called, and claim the privilege of working it himself. . . .

September 18, 1871. Santa Rosa. The 16, which was Saturday, corresponds to the 4 July in the U. S., and the citizens of this republic celebrate it with more enthusiasm than I had thought they would exhibit upon any occasion.¹⁴ The Plaza was cleared of weeds & grass; all the old muskets about town were rubbed up; the only piece of ordnance, brought from its sacred shelter; and rockets and fireworks, prepared for this birth-day of Liberty. That cannon, though, . . . is stocked musket fashion, but unfortunately the stock is broken off at the breech. It rests on a pivot & would be fine for ducks. . . . The charge was rammed home with a rusty old crow-bar, when a slow match was lighted, and all "stood from under." Eleven guns of various makes and ages, in the hands of a like number of sportive lads, were then discharged, while the three bells of the church united their hoarse and discordant tones to the efforts of the military to announce to the citizens, slumbering and peacefully dreaming, that the hour of mid-night was passed, that the glorious 16th had arrived, and that the authorities, ever watchful and careful of the peoples' liberties and the peoples' holidays, had not forgotten the joyful occasion.

Around and around the plaza marched that devoted dozen, keeping *various* time to the music—a flute, guitar, and fiddle, playing all sorts of waltzes & polkas—while on each corner, some aspiring orator, full of glorious memories & mescal, congratulated the republic on her past achievements and launched his thunder at the diminished heads of tyrants, amid vivas and hic-hic-oughs, until the martial ardor of the

14. On September 15, 1810, Father Miguel Hidalgo, at his Church in Dolores, raised the cry of revolt against Spanish tyranny, sparking the Mexican Revolution.

chivalry could no longer contain itself, and away went the charges of powder again. This fearful din disturbed my dreams for awhile, but finally I yielded to the sweet influence of the drowsy god and did not awake until the sun had risen.

I peeped out and saw those gay and festive youths load & fire again, & proudly floating from the city-hall, a tumble-down old house, the emblem of Mex[ican] independence: a tri-color of dingy red, faded green, and dirty white between, on which a fierce eagle stood with outstretched wings. I heard those horrid bells, only a hundred paces off, ringing as if the whole village was on fire and they were soon to go too. One enterprising citizen in the N.W. quarter of town got out a flag on his own account, and all of those whose houses fronted on the plaza dressed the outside of their iron-barred windows with white & red curtains; some had, however, speckled calico with deep yellow borders. In fact, there was considerable diversity of opinion as to the national colors, if one was to judge from these external decorations on the houses. There was no parade of citizens, no public dinner, no enthusiastic crowd, no inspired orator to awaken national recollections, but a quiet public washed its face and put on its holiday suit. The ladies spent the day peeping out of doors at that devoted band of heroes who were condemned to give expression to the concentrated patriotism of this enlightened community. I had often noticed their disposition to put off everything like labor upon another, but must confess that I was a little surprised to see them rejoice by proxy. There is nothing like the force of habit. . . .

The afternoon passed quietly, as the aforesaid band had rather weakened on the patriotic; and to use an old army phrase, the firing became slack. Towards night the heavens were overcast with angry-looking clouds, rain began to fall, and the baile was postponed. Several American gentlemen, residents here, were determined that we strangers should not be disappointed and hastily sent out invitations to many of the belles & beaux to meet at their house, "la casa pinta," and "trip the light fantastic toe"

October 15, 1871. Santa Rosa. . . . A few rash youths, some dozen or more, have been to the wars—the capture of the little villages of San Fernando and Piedras Negras, where some fifty Gov't troops were stationed. It is said that one unlucky fellow was wounded in the heavy engagements which preceded the capture of those devoted villages & the custom-house. The two parties are about equally divided for Juarez and Diaz, the two leaders.¹⁵ There is no enthusiasm here, no organization, and no chief. The people attend to their ordinary duties as usual. . . .

November 1, 1871. Santa Rosa. The revolution still drags its slow length along. So far the whole of eastern Coahuila has been overrun by the revolutionists. Saltillo still holds out, and the Juarez party seem strong enough there to keep it. No soldiers have come here yet. . . . The Indians here take no part in the war, but most of them are absent on the "big fall-campaign"—gone to the lower Rio Grande, and to the Texas side, I expect. Mexico, a Pottowattami chief, is here; the two most influential Kickapoo chiefs, Wappassi and Sappigua, are gone.¹⁶ They will soon return laden with buck-skins and spoils of war. I think the Mexicans use them to steal horses and cattle from Texas, and then pay them in money.¹⁷ They

15. It was not until November 8th, however, that Díaz accepted leadership of the revolt.

16. The Potawatomis and Kickapoos, originally from the Great Lakes region, had been settled in Kansas during the 'forties. Around 1852, groups entered Mexico. See Frederick W. Hodge, *Bureau of Ethnology Bulletin No. 30* (Washington, D. C., 1906, 1910), II, 289-293, and I, 684. Some interpreneurs at Santa Rosa were friendly toward the Kickapoos, and were in turn shielded from other marauding bands. In 1871 the U. S. was arranging for the return of a group; see *U. S. Executive Documents, 1871-2*, Vol. I, Part 1, No. 1, pp. 648 ff.

17. Indian incursions from Mexico had become frequent. A U. S. grand jury, reported in the *Dallas Herald*, April 6, 1872, p. 2, declared that "at least 5000 cattle monthly have been . . . driven off into Mexico . . . since the close of the civil war." The *Austin State Gazette*, Feb. 19, 1872, p. 1, remarked that the Mexican insurrection had "augmented the number of Mexican cattle thieves. . . . Mexican authorities are generally associates of the robbers." Stern measures were advocated. It was during the period that Charles's brother, Fleming W. James, heading the Texas Militia, became a leader in a short-lived movement aiming at the conquest of Mexico. Mexican officials, nevertheless, argued that their own ranches were victimized, while the most troublesome Indians had come from the U. S. See *Reports of the Committee of Investigation Sent in 1873 by the Mexican Government to the Frontier of Texas* (New York, 1875). During 1879-80, at any rate, harmony was restored through co-operative agreements.

do not bring many horses here. The Govt gave the two tribes 400 beeves about a month ago.

November 8, 1871. Castaños. . . . We learned some particulars on the capture of Ceinegas by the Diestas. It appears that the inhabitants were generally Juaristas and were supported by about 40 regular soldiers. The commander of the Diestas, Nicavor Valdez, appeared before the place with some 600 troops and demanded the surrender of the town. This was refused, and the fight began. The regular troops deserted the citizens at the first fire, and most of the people became demoralized, but three families barricaded their houses and ascended to their roofs to fight. One of these men, Mr. Appolonio Garcia, an old gentleman of about 80, with his three sons succeeded in keeping off the enemy for a long time and until they had put *hors de combat* about 30, seven of whom were killed outright. After a long time, the enemy succeeded in getting into the ground floor of his house, & the old gentleman sent his son down to bring up all the cartridges. The boy got the ammunition and was nearly to the top of the ladder when he fell, pierced through the brain by a carbine ball—some say at the hands of his father who took him for one of the enemy, & others that he was slain by the Diestas. . . .

November 18, 1871. Castaños. In company with Messrs Robt. Harris & Fly, I left this place for the mine of Portorillos on Monday last, and spent the afternoon & night there. The mine has fallen in and has not been worked for some time, but the same Company that owns the Cedral & other mines at S. Rosa have purchased it and are preparing to work it. They have two fine engines and pumps, as well as a circular saw, ready for work, and are getting up timber, building necessary houses, and repairing the main shafts. The ore is said to be very rich, and from the records of the tithes paid to the church at Monclova, the mine has yielded a very large amount. The work was discontinued by the former owners on account of water, which rose in the different

shafts in such quantities that they were unable to pump it out with the poor contrivances in their possession. . . .¹⁸

*December 13, 1871. Hacienda of Sardinias.*¹⁹ . . . Yesterday late in the afternoon, I returned from hunting and had just eaten dinner, when a Mexican, frantic with fear, rushed his horse at full speed from the Hacienda a quarter of a mile above, shouting "los soldados! vienen! [the soldiers! coming!] get your horses out of the way." Three soldiers were on his heels and reached the mill in the same breath. The Dr had two [horses]; Mess[rs] Harrison & Siebert one each, grazing in front of the house, and they pushed on after them. In five minutes, the soldiers had lassoed three, Mr. Siebert's alone getting off. The soldiers then returned to the Hacienda; and while they were gone, I took our two Mex[ican] servants, and with the assistance of Mr Fly caught Siebert's horse & tied him off in the chaparal, while the others hid our arms and valuables. Scarcely had this been done, when an officer with a squad rode up to the house and said that he had been told that we had some fine guns, rifles, pistols, &c, and that he had orders to get them. We told him that none were in the house, but that he could look for himself, for we had hid them. He said he expected as much, but got down & looked carelessly through the house. Of course he did not find any, and we refused to find them for him; so he returned without any.

The Dr and S[iebert] then went up to get back the three horses and found that the force consisted of some 175 or 200 under the command of Lt. Col. Bueno, being a portion of Col. Pedro Alvincula Valdez' command on its way from Cienega to Piedras Negras.²⁰ The other portion having gone through San Buena. The Lt. Col. Bueno is one of the greatest scoundrels in the country, and as all the rest is only a robber. He took all the horses belonging to the Hacienda, although a blood relation of the proprietor, feasted on the best in the

18. Cf. Hughes, "Memoir Descriptive," p. 23, and Bancroft, *Resources*.

19. James was visiting two Virginias, Dr. Francis L. Bronaugh (b. 1837) and Calvin Siebert, joint owners of "El Molino del Norte," or the Northern Mill, on that plantation, some fifteen miles from San Buena Ventura.

20. Valdez's regiment was retreating after the fall of Saltillo; see note 21.

house, and had his milch cows killed for beef rather than wait an hour for beeves. We tried to get the horses back again this morning for an hour, but could not. He refused to give a receipt stating that he had taken them, and we had to be contented with his promise to return them as soon as he reached the next point where fresh horses could be obtained. He is a regular officer of the army of the Gov't or Juarez party, was drunk all the time, and took along with him in some gentleman's carriage two prostitutes. He even went so far as to threaten to press us into service if we did not go away, but we only invited him to "try it on" & see how it would fit. He found out that he could not frighten us and then became very polite.

He had a shattered, ragged, unclad, & bankrupt fragment of a company of infantry, two or three pieces of cavalry companies, and one of artillery, with a few carts. The artillery consisted of five pieces—two, inch and a half bore, smooth bores, made one in Mexico & the other the maker was ashamed to put his name on; one twelve pound howitzer, about three feet long and of excellent make, I think French; the fourth was a little mortar for twelve pound shells. Each piece was drawn by one mule, and the rude shafts were used for trails when in battery. The whole affair was unique—the harnesses of raw-hide, and the men seemed to be of the same material.

December 24, 1871. Castaños. . . . Saltillo has fallen, and the whole state is now in the hands of the Diez party.²¹ Monclova has been made the capital, and El Sn. Don Anacleto Falcon made Governor. We found a company of cavalry here when we arrived, but all are gone now in pursuit of the last band of Juaristas under Pedro Winker & Bueno, who are now in Piedras Negras and I suppose will soon be in Texas. It is reported that the whole country has revolted. . . .

21. Saltillo lay under siege from early October to December 4th. See Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, pp. 7-15. The *Austin Democratic Statesman*, Dec. 14, 1871, p. 1, reported, "Saltillo is . . . surrendered. Revolutionists marching on San Luis Potosi from Saltillo & advancing from Monterey on Mier." At Monterrey, the revolutionists had already levied a second forced loan.

January 1, 1872. San Buena Ventura. . . . Last night (Sunday), as usual in this strange land, the little band of musicians met on the public square in front of the city-hall and treated us to a fair assortment of Mex[ican] music. There being no moon, a few saucers filled with tallow were stuck around and a small piece of lighted rag put in each, which gave light for the venders of sweet cakes, sausage, tortillas, beans, and coffee to make change, and for the belles and beaux to promenade by. The square was filled with the beauty of the town, trotting around in squads of from two to twenty in the hope of seeing a sweetheart, while the chivalry occupied the main hall of justice, intently interested in the all-absorbing game of *Monte*. . . .

January 20, 1872. San Buena Ventura. Last night the "Fiestas," or yearly festivals were duly opened. . . .²² I attended services at the church early this morning and found the house crowded with fair señoritas and their mamas, but none of the other sex. After service I impudently stood at the door and watched the dusky damsels pass by in laughing bevies, all decked out in holiday garb like so many birds of brilliant plumage. It is strange to note the great variety of shades and hues among them. Some are a very dark olive, and some fair and rosy with bright blue eyes and auburn hair. . . . About 11 O'clock the clown and toreros (bull-fighters) with the band paraded the principal streets, announcing . . . that the bull-fight would take place at 4 P.M. Accordingly I went to the square prepared for the sport. . . . The square is inclosed by a strong wall of adobes eight feet high; inside of which another pen, made by lashing stout poles to posts set deep in the earth, is surrounded by a thick screen of reeds, between which and the pen the people assemble, some on the ground peeping through and others on a platform above. The upper seats are for the aristocracy; and as I felt 25 cts worth of nobility, I took a seat among the upper ten. . . . Five toreros received the fierce animal with their brilliant cloths, and soon he was rushing at first one and then another. . . .

22. The holiday season lasts almost continuously from Christmas to Lent.

The same thing was done to another after letting this one out, until three had been worried down. . . .²³

At 8 P.M. the procession by the priest with lights and the patron saint of San Buena, followed by a motley crowd, marched around the plaza to the music of the band playing the dead march or something of the kind. . . . As we desired the prayers of the righteous, we illuminated our windows and received the benediction of the blessed saint and the prayers of the jolly cura. Old and young of both sexes and all conditions are now enjoying the most exciting of all passions, the passion for gambling; . . . all bet, all laugh, all lose and call it fun.

February 7, 1872. San Buena Ventura. . . . The principal attraction at present is la comedia, or theatre. A poor affair enough, but exceedingly palatable to the people of this little frontier town. A stranger can but be struck with the modest demeanor of the fair señoritas. . . . Between the acts of the theatre, they unroll, readjust the tobacco, light and smoke cigars with all the grace imaginable, while boys with baskets of dulces, fruit and cake, offer them their dainties. . . .

March 14, 1872. San Buena Ventura. The fiestas are over, the plaza is clear of stalls and people, the spring has come, and the trees are all clothed in green, roses are in bloom, and the fruit-trees full of young fruit. The change from winter to spring has been so gradual that I can scarcely realize that it has taken place. The air is soft, balmy, and pure; the soil is dry as usual; no rain, no dark clouds, no fierce thunder have ushered in the smiling dame, but with quiet and modest grace like the daughters of the land she has stolen upon us, and now we acknowledge her presence.

Piedras Negras has been captured; the war has shifted, and now we hear vague rumors of battles and marches away down in the interior about Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi. By the last night's mail, news was brought that Genl Treviño had evacuated Zacatecas, and it is here supposed that he has

23. The dramatic climax of a bullfight traditionally arrives with the slaying of the animal. Here is another indication of the poverty of the region.

been defeated by the Juarist genl.²⁴ The revolutionists are therefore much dispirited. . . .

This is decidedly the finest country in the world for stock and grain; I mean this immense plain, valley or table-land away up in the mountains. . . . Yet the cattle, horses, sheep, goats, & hogs are the poorest I ever saw. It is the result of breeding. If a Mexican has a crippled colt, or one so stunted and diseased that he will make a very unserviceable horse, he is sure to turn him out for a stallion, with the remark that he will do very well to get colts, and so natural defects are increased a hundred fold. . . . The people take advantage of the fertility of the soil and get along with just as little work as possible.

March 28, 1872. San Buena Ventura. . . . All of the "curas," or priests, with whom I am acquainted are inveterate gamblers, fond of a good glass, and wonderful pets with the women, who have given them numerous pledges of their love in the shape of a score or more of shaggy headed little urchins to each worthy expounder of the "Law and the Gospels." The curas are generally the jolliest of fellows, quick witted and better educated than any other class in this region. There are no lawyers and few M.D.'s, but I am told that these professions increase in proportion as you penetrate the most densely populated regions in the interior.

The people are the most quiet, quarrel and fight less than any in the world, I suppose. Even the boys at the most boisterous age seldom romp and play as with us, and then in the most listless don't-care way imaginable. They all prefer to sit in the shade and look—at what, I do not know, unless it be the future. The whole community with few exceptions is a

24. On February 8th, Díaz and a small escort reached Zacatecas, joining Treviño's force of 8,000. Rocha repaired to the interior. Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 282 n., relates: "Treviño started this force toward San Luis Potosi. Rocha was then coming against him from Mexico with 3,500 men, and Corella was moving with 1,500. . . . There was now a favorable opportunity for the pronunciados to defeat the enemy before he got his forces together. . . . These advantages were thrown away by Treviño's retreat." On March 2, Rocha with 8,000 men routed the rebels on Bufa hill. While Rocha pursued scattered remnants, Treviño retreated to Monterrey to form another army. Díaz sped toward the capitol, mistakenly expecting a popular uprising. Thus on April 13th, the Juaristas reoccupied Zacatecas. See also Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, pp. 27 ff.

striking illustration of Mr Macauber, all "waiting for something to turn up"

The poorer people seldom have a jacket or coat, but are always seen with a blanket, which is used for those articles during the day and constitutes bed & bedding by night. . . . The poor have little or no furniture—sit & sleep on the floor, eat without knives & forks, prefer pepper to meat, and seem to be wretchedly happy. If one happens to have a rickety old bed-stead, it is sure to be placed opposite to the door, so that every passerby may see the *rising* condition of the family. The houses are generally built of adobes, one story high, and the ground inside is levelled off a little for a floor. Here the happy family squat around, enjoying the delightful society of muddy pigs, fleay & half-starved dogs, cackling hens, crowing roosters, Mr and Mrs Jackass (if they are fortunate enough to possess them), lice and filth, with a rusty cat or two, while the frijoles simmer on the fire and the cook grinds away on the metate. Of course the rich are better off & live in better styles, but not as one would suppose, at least in this part of the country.

Every man is suspicious of his neighbor, and all the houses are constructed with a view to defense. . . . After nine O'clock, which is announced by the church bells, the streets are generally deserted, and everyone who may have occasion to go out does so with fear and trembling, for many are the stories of robbery & murder, while very few actually occur here on the frontier. Down in the interior, however, there are said to be numerous bands of robbers, whose actions are at times very daring and romantic. A friend tells me that even the boys are educated to the business & that their favorite sport is to play robbing the stage. . . . So it is, each people has its national sports, provident of future destiny. . . .

April 17, 1872. San Buena Ventura. . . . It is rumored that Juarez has been victorious in all parts and that the revolution is about over; yet there are not a dozen men from the town of San Buena in the army. They talk about the war in the most valliant manner, but take good care to keep out of

it. . . . The whole thing is regarded as a chronic disorder, whose present paroxysm will gradually pass off, to return again at intervals as has generally been the case. And so the war drags along, kept alive by a few chiefs, backed by a set of bad men whose only hope for a living is in war, because there they can rob with impunity and kill without fear. . . . There seems to be little unity of action among the leaders; they are always quarreling over the spoils, and each thinks he ought to be *the leader*.

April 20, 1872. Monclova. Night before last, Dr Bronaugh and I [came to Monclova and found] Mr Dwyer and Mr Duvall of San Antonio, who had just arrived from Texas.²⁵ They gave us the news from "the other side" Just out of town to the South and up the river is a fine cotton factory in operation. It is owned by Don Mano. Gonzales Berrera, who seems to be making it pay finely. There is not a single foreigner among the employees. All are Mex[ican] born and raised. There are forty looms, and a very good quality of domestics is made. The machinery is moved by water-power—an immense over-shot water-wheel 49 ft in diameter.²⁶ There are some very good people here, and one notices a little more attention to appearances. Occasionally the sound of a piano is heard, and the ladies dress in better style & with more taste than in any other frontier town I have seen. It supplies in some measure the smaller towns and large haciendas near the Northern frontier with groceries and dry goods. Its population is about 5,000. All seem made of the same material and are generally disposed to be idle. There are, however, some gentlemen here who have seen the capital and the large cities of the U. S. and Europe—men who were educated in Paris. . . . Monclova as well as all these frontier towns was first a mine garrison, established by the Sp[aniard]s to protect the miners and to cultivate cereals for their subsistence. . . . The

25. Possibly Thomas A. Dwyer, of San Antonio, and Thomas H. Duval, of Austin, both lawyers and prominent in public affairs.

26. Hughes, "Memoir Descriptive," p. 23, lamented in 1846 that the region produced only a few coarse fabrics. But in 1893, Bancroft, *Resources*, p. 227, accredited Coahuila with nine mills, weaving 350,000 pieces worth \$1,500,000 a year. See also Bancroft, *Works*, XIV, 520-524.

mine of Portrillos some 25 miles S.W. of this is, I believe, the only one now being worked. It is owned by Messrs Harris & Randle of Texas.

May 2, 1872. Monclova. Several days ago, word was brought by a dusty courier that the noted Col. Pedro Guenca Valdez had again taken the war path and was approaching this place on the Candela road, having crossed from the U. S. at or near Laredo with some 400 men—white, black, and the color of tobacco—enlisted in the U. S. Of course the authorities pricked up their ears and showed signs of fear at this ugly news. The company of Monclova troopers, some 50 strong and then at San Buena, were ordered here, and Capt. Caranza's troop at Cienegas, then stationed at Villa Nueva, put in an appearance soon after. The martial ardor and patriotic fire of the citizens was then stirred to its depths, and finally a force of some 100 men, well mounted and tolerably armed, set out to meet the enemy under the leadership of an old army officer, Col. Ildefonso Fuentes, well and favorably known on this frontier. The enemy were reported to be near Villadama when the soldiers left here three or four days ago. The Col. pushed on, encountered and defeated the enemy at or near Agua Nueva, killing 12 & taking seven prisoners, two of whom are said to be white citizens of the U. S.

To day the news of this victory was received here, together with the cheerful intelligence that the party defeated had gotten between the brave Col. & this place and were actually nearer town than his forces, both coming but by different roads. The gallant Mayor summoned the fathers to defend their homes and announced that all good citizens must assemble at the city-hall at the ringing of the bell. . . . About 2 O'clock the bells rang furiously, and after waiting some half-hour, I went to the city-hall to see the patriotism of "our 'burg." At that time some half-dozen sickly looking youths were standing around the door, two or three well armed men on horseback, and a few dried up old crones. After asking the news and talking over the war probabilities, I returned home having discovered that the Alcalde [mayor]

had reason to believe that the enemy were only four or five leagues off & were advancing rapidly on the town. A panic immediately took possession of the town. Women poked their heads out of doors & anxiously asked the news. In many instances, families left home and went to a friend's house, believing that there is safety in numbers. The bells continued to ring for two hours, and finally some fifty citizens armed to the teeth took possession of the church on the main plaza, a huge massive old pile, rising high above the other houses in the vicinity and offering a fine place for defense, and there they are at this time, awaiting the advance of the dreaded enemy and apparently ready to lose their last drop of blood in defense of their hearthstones. It is near sun-down, no enemy has yet come, the Col. Ildefonso is looked for soon, & the fears of the people have in a measure been quieted.

May 4, 1872. Monclova. On the night of the 2 inst., Col. Ildefonso with some 200 troopers arrived here about 8 O'clock and immediately set out after the enemy. They had left taking the road for S. Buena. He pushed on after them and came up with them at Rancho Nuevo, some 15 miles N.W. of S[an] B[uena] on the Cienegas road. The enemy were dismounted, and their horses were eating corn when the Diaz men came upon the village. They mounted & hastened out of town in some confusion (says a "*reliable gentleman*"), where they dismounted and advanced on foot to fight. The battle lasted several hours, when Col. Ildefonso fell back towards Portsuelos, where he is said to be this morning. The other party took the road towards Cienegas. The gay and gallant boys of the Diaz party did not all keep company with their leader, for some dozen or so were here by dark last night, having made 30 miles after the combat. The town was in great terror all last night, but is somewhat quieter this morning. The killed in the combat yesterday are reported at 8 and the wounded at an unknown number.

It is really distressing that this raid should happen just at this juncture, for the planters are in the midst of wheat and barley harvest & can not get reapers, for they fly to the mountains at the call to arms. It seems that there were no

Americans captured in the combat at Agua Nueva and that Guenca had only some dozen or so with him. He was wounded in the arm and has gone to Laredo to get well. No news from the interior. No one ventures on the road to Saltillo now, as it is reported to be infested by bands of freebooters. . . .

May 19, 1872. Monterrey. . . . We found the town to be all excitement, owing to the failure of Quiroga & Treviño's expedition against Matamoras and the near approach of their army in their return.²⁷ In fact Quiroga is now in the city; and his troops on the road only a few miles off.

Monterey is a very fine city of some 25,000 inhabitants. Splendidly paved and with sidewalks of excellent concrete. The houses are well built and generally of good stone. The people dress after the American style and affect their manners to a greater or less extent. There are many large commercial firms here and much wealth. Being the capital of the state, it is the centre of refinement and education, and the ladies & gentlemen on the plaza in the evening remind one forcibly of a park in a city of the United States. Very few speak English. Trade is at a stand-still, as it is impossible to import through Matamoras, and no communication open with the interior, Saltillo being the last town held by the Revolution. I find all with whom I converse in favor of the Gov't and sanguine of the success of the Juarez party. . . .

May 21, 1872. Saltillo. . . . As we approach Saltillo, the face of the country improves, but the sad effects of the war are visible on all sides. Fields are neglected, the crops destroyed, the peons hide half their time in the mountains, and the owners are oppressed with forced loans. . . . We found the hotel occupied by Genl Laing of the revolutionary party. He is the son of an American now resident at Santa Rosa by a Mexican woman, is quite handsome, and . . . has a fine reputation as a soldier, but his force is too small to do anything—only a couple of hundred.²⁸

27. The Matamoras expedition was of small consequence; see Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, pp. 38 ff.

28. Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, p. 30, mentioned Laing's force earlier as 300 cavalry. Like Quiroga and Falson, Laing led an unattached brigade.

May 24, 1872. Saltillo. The revolutionists left Saltillo at 12 M on the 23, in the direction of Monterey, having discovered the approach of the Govt forces. A party returned at night and had a fight with the city police, having ambushed them in the Alameda, killing two and wounding seven, and having their leader wounded. There was great confusion all night, but a squadron of govt cavalry entered town today at 12 M, and now the town is very quiet & orderly. . . . The troops are excellently mounted and armed—having winchester carbines & sabres—tolerably well uniformed, and seem to be under excellent discipline. . . .

May 27, 1872. Saltillo. On the 25th, the army headed by Genl. Corrella and Don Victoriano Cepeda, Governor of Coahuila, entered this place. Notice had been given the day before that they would enter town at 12 M, & so rockets and squibs were prepared, holiday suits brought into requisition, and the whole population flocked to the main street and plaza to welcome the representatives of law and order. The bells rang, rockets popped, drums beat, bands played the national air, and the population shouted itself hoarse. After a small advance of cavalry came the carriage containing the Governor and the Genl, drawn by about fifty citizens (of the lower class), the horses having been taken-out in the suburbs; then followed the two other carriages with distinguished citizens & personal friends of the chief magistrate, flanked by a choice body of troopers, after which came four regiments of infantry, six pieces of artillery, and the cavalry, baggage and ammunition wagons, and the rear-guard of infantry. The windows, balconies, and streets were crowded; the enthusiasm, immense; and the bearing of the officers and men, very soldier-like. The troops were very well uniformed and armed—some in dark blue cloth like that of the U. S., trimmed with the colors of the different branches of the service, infantry red, cavalry blue, and artillery yellow, others in white linen or cotton, all the privates with sandals and a dress hat & pompoon. The infantry are armed with excellent rifles, enfields; and the cavalry, with spencer and winchester carbines and sabres. The cavalry are very well mounted and made a

fine appearance. The artillery consists of two 24# & four 12# bronze guns, but old and apparently not very serviceable. There are about 3,000 men of all arms, and after resting yesterday they set out to-day for Monterey, where the last force of consequence of the enemy is expected to make a fight.

The citizens gave a ball to the Gov. and his military friends last night. I was present and had the honor of an introduction to the Gov., the General, Col. Rivera (of the cavalry & very much distinguished), and many other officers. The affair was very brilliant—an immense table with cakes, confectionaries, wines, champagne, brandies, &c, brilliant lamps, and nearly all the wit, beauty, & chivalry of the town, together with the officers of the army. All went merry as marriage bells. After the long march of some 400 miles, the officers seemed carried away with the pleasures of the hour—the popping of corks, the bursts of laughter, loud and patriotic toasts, sallies of wit and sparkling repartee, soft glances & melting looks, with the voluptuous dances were the order of the day. Everybody seemed to be on good terms with his neighbor & delighted with himself and his capacity for enjoyment. The officers are very polite and gentlemanly and were particularly kind to me. Very few speak English. There were some six or eight Americans present. I left about 1 O'clock A.M., and then the dance was at its best. I did not dance at all & so had no opportunity to cultivate the fair sex, as they either are dancing or ranged in long rows on either side of the room, and it is impossible to speak to them more than a word or two unless in the dance. Anxious Mamas and calculating fathers watched with eager eyes the attentions of the gentlemen. They were generally in handsome costumes tending to Americanism, with waterfalls but no grecians.²⁹ There was very little beauty in the room, but one lady, the wife of a physician here, had enough for a room-full. She was the Queen of the ball and surrounded by such a host of admirers that it was impossible to see her except in the dance.

The contrast between the frontier where I have been and

29. The "waterfall" and "grecian" were fashionable coiffures.

this place or Monterey is just as great and striking as that between the Rio Grande frontier and San Antonio or Austin. The town is well built; the streets, well paved with cobble stones; and the sidewalks, of brick or a hard cement. The climate of Saltillo stands unrivalled, and its beautiful gardens, square, and pleasure grounds are delightful places for an evening's walk. . . .

May 31, 1872. Saltillo. The little army of Genl Corrella, which left here on the 27 inst. with banners flying, bands playing, and hopes full high, are said to be entirely routed near Monterey by Genl Quiroga. About 5 O'clock this evening, news was brought that they met with defeat on yesterday about 2 O'clock P.M., since with time innumerable rumors of the most startling character have been in circulation, and Panic Fear is again the ruling deity in this unlucky capital. It is hard for one who saw the troops pass here, after having seen those of the other side, to believe that such an army, so well equipped and disciplined as they appeared to be, has been so completely routed by those of the other side with such a poor means at command. . . .

June 1, 1872. Saltillo. Battle of San Barnabé. The rumors are not so many this morning, and it now appears that instead of a defeat there has been no battle of consequence. It is asserted, however, that three regiments of San Luis and Guanahuato troops, the same who turned from Treviño at Zacatecas last winter to the Govmt., have again turned over to Treviño, and that the revolutionists are now about as strong as the Govt party. . . .

Later in the day the wildest rumors came, and the town has been the scene of the greatest excitement. Stragglers have been coming in all day, both officers & men, who give the most disheartening account of the defeat & state positively that all is lost. But just before dark, and after every soldier had left for San Luis, after all the prominent Juaristas had gone the same route full of fear, a courier came from Col. Revueeltas, stating that while the right wing met with defeat, the left had captured Monterey, fifteen pieces of artillery, im-

mense stores of ammunition, 500 prisoners, & stating that the enemy were three leagues from town, holding the same position that they (the Juaristas) did before the action, . . . and asking that all the troops in Saltillo be sent down as soon as possible.³⁰ Couriers were immediately dispatched in hot haste after the regiments that had left for S. Luis, and joy spread over the city once more. . . .

June 2, 1872. Saltillo. . . . We have no further news of the situation at or near Monterey, but it is said that Gral. Naranjo & Col. Stule (an American) were both killed.³¹ There are many stragglers here, a sheepish-looking set. They are generally asleep and seem to take no farther interest in the war.

June 5, 1872. Saltillo. After several days of uncertainty, a courier brings the news that the Juarez party have evacuated Monterey and are falling back on this place. It is said that they are near 2,000 strong and left Monterey because the citizens refused provisions &c inside, and Quiroga prevented foraging without, that they have 17 pieces of artillery, and that their two Grals, Cepeda and Corrella, have not been heard from since the first day's action. . . .

About 10 O'clock to-day, the remnant of Corrella's forces arrived from Monterey; they are about 1,200—500 infantry and 700 horses, with five field pieces (one 12#, four 6#) & four Gatlin guns, so called; I did not see the latter. The enemy did not molest the march, but they have lost their train & all their money &c. . . .

June 6, 1872. Saltillo. Gral Gonzales Herera with some 150 cav[alry] & 50 inf[an]try arrived here from Parras about 4 O'clock P.M. No news.

30. Corella had an army of 4,000 recently interned at the border. At San Bernabe, according to Guerra, *Lijera Reseña*, p. 48 f. (transl.): "The right wing and center of Corella's force were defeated by some of Treviño's generals. . . . Revueltas with 500 men . . . took refuge in Monterrey. . . . [Treviño] returned two days later; . . . with him came the stupidity, the vacillation, the negotiations. . . . Final result: Revueltas left the bishop's palace where he had become strong without even being conscious of Treviño! . . . a military disgrace!" The battle "moved the whole Republic and rocked Juarez in the president's chair." Yet Treviño lost the advantage of his victory, delaying too long to bargain.

31. Naranjo, at least, was certainly not dead.

June 8, 1872. Saltillo. It is reported that the troops of Quiroga are advancing and are already more than half way between here & Monterey. They were reported 800 strong (cavalry) at "La Riveconda" last evening. Col. Revueltas, in command here, has only some 1,400 men, mostly cav[alry], and can not possibly hold this place against his enemy if he [Quiroga] prove as strong as reports make him. . . .

June 10, 1872. Saltillo. A report came yesterday that the enemy were advancing; and the troops were got under arms, marched to the plaza, and put in a position for a move forward or in retreat. They remained under arms all night, while scouts were sent out to feel for the enemy. This morning word was brought that they were advancing and had attacked the outpost. The troops here were moved out of town in the direction of the enemy, and took position some half mile from the town, where they remained in line of battle all day. . . . The troops here claim that they are spoiling for a fight, but I do not think they will make much of a stand.

June 15, 1872. Saltillo. For the past four days, the troops here have been busily engaged barricading the streets, & now nearly all approaches from the N., E., & W. are very strongly defended by heavy earth-works thrown up across the streets. The enemy advanced to within some 8 or 10 miles of town, and from that position has skirmished continually, though with much caution; and the result has been that neither party has suffered loss. This morning all is quiet along the lines, & the report that the enemy has retired is gaining ground. The town has been highly excited for more than a week night & day, and all of us will be glad to get rid of the soldiers by day & the horrid howlings of the sentinels by night—as they yell every fifteen minutes "sentinela alerto" [sentry awake].

June 19, 1872. Saltillo. The disappearance of the enemy from the front has been found to be a flank movement by which he has thrown himself around this place and now keeps watch on the roads leading to the interior, so that it

will be impossible for the Govt to reinforce this place, from that direction at least, before driving him from his position. The centre of the town, including the commercial plaza and the markets, is strongly defended by heavy earthworks, but the high hills, upon which are the forts and from which the town can be shelled, are neglected. Should the enemy get possession of these forts & place his two 24# & four 12# there, the town would be at his mercy. There are no rumors afloat this morning, but the officers here are evidently confused and do not understand the object of the enemy's move. They look for an attack every night and expect the enemy on all sides. The weather is delightful for military movements. The farmers are suffering greatly because they can not keep their hands at work while the troops are at hand; and besides, both parties take and destroy grain & stock of all kinds, & rob them of money under the name of "prestamo," or loan.

June 24, 1872. Saltillo. . . . The jingling of spurs, clanking of sabres, and rattle of carbines are familiar sounds, while the presence of artillery and regiments of dirty soldiers in the main plaza are constant reminders of the existing conditions under which we all live. The enemy has made no demonstration upon the town, although his advanced posts are reported to be within ten leagues of here. Genl Rocha is reported to be at Parras, 40 leagues off, and we expect to hear of an engagement between him and Treviño in two or three days, more or less. He is said to have 4,000 men, 12 pieces of artillery. Treviño cannot have more than 2,500 (if so many) and 9 pieces. The battle will be desperate, for all the hopes of the frontier are staked upon the issue. . . . Dr Carothers and myself got a passport the other day & went some 10 miles into the country hunting rabbits. . . . I took dinner in company with Mr Webber of Monterey at Mr Juan O'Sullivan's and spent a delightful time with the family. After tea, a game of whist, and then home to my room at the hotel.

June 28, 1872. Saltillo. Yesterday a soldier in legion shot an officer of artillery, and the poor criminal was executed

to-day before the troops. . . . Could we get rid of the soldiers and the restrictions put upon our personal liberty by the commander, this would be a very pleasant summer. I am very much disappointed in the quality of the fruit raised here. . . . The best Parras wine is worth about 35¢ a bottle. The vegetable market is well supplied and improving, although the trouble with the soldiers keeps out much from the country. My health is better here than anywhere else, & it may be that God in his mercy intends to restore me to my former strength and vigor.³²

I have made the acquaintance of all the foreigners here. They are very kind and pleasant to me and do much towards making my residence among them agreeable. There are now here—from Texas, Genl Bee & family,³³ Mr Willett & family, and Mr Montgomery—Dr Carothers, brother & family from Penn., Mr Buss (a German) & family, Mr Brainard from Vermont, & Mr Peterson—all of whom have been kind to me. There is also the family of Mr Juan O'Sullivan, who treat me as a relative. . . . I feel that I am among friends, & it cheers me up a great deal and helps to drive away the sad & lonely feelings that one is apt to have among strangers.³⁴

32. James inserted this notation:

"Comte. Batn. No. 23) Mex. Infantry at Saltillo
"Tomás Robles Lonaes) During June 1872."

33. Hamilton P. Bee (1822-1897) had been the Confederate general in charge of the Brownsville port of entry. He resided in Mexico from 1865 to 1876. See the *D. A. B.*, II, 125. The *Dallas Herald*, Aug. 5, 1871, p. 1, reported that Bee operated a large cotton plantation at San Jose de los Alamos, where irrigation was utilized, labor was quite well paid, and profits were sizeable.

34. Here on the last page of James's notebook, the diary necessarily terminated, but with the promise, "I shall try a description of Saltillo in a short time."