

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS AND BACK AGAIN.

I.—THE VOYAGE OUT.



FEW years back, my husband having experienced great losses in business, we resolved to try what a new country could do for us—or rather what we could manage

to do in another land, with a fresh field for labour before us, in the way of retrieving our fortunes as well as making a living for ourselves and child.

Having heard a great deal about Texas, of its beautiful climate, the richness of its soil, the abundance of game, fruit, &c., to say nothing of the cheapness of the land, which only wanted to be cultivated to make it the most yielding of the world—we made up our minds that Texas, without a doubt, was the place for us, and to Texas we would go.

And thus it was that my husband, our little boy, aged two-and-a-half, and myself, started on our long voyage of over 5,000 miles to the wild Far West.

On the 10th of December, 1880, on board of the good ship T—, of the Dominion Line, we dropped down the Mersey. It was a bright, cold day, but we remained on deck till we could see land no longer, and by night time we had passed the last lights on shore, and were far out at sea. The following day we sighted some of the Welsh mountains, in Pembrokeshire, I believe, and during that night we passed Land's End. It was rather squally weather, and those who were not seasick began to "take stock," as they express it in Texas, of their fellow travellers. We had about thirty cabin and two hundred steerage passengers, most of whom were bound for Texas or Florida.

The captain, a good officer, and a kind and genial man, exerted himself to amuse us, and did his utmost to render our passage agreeable. It was particularly satisfactory to us to see, every Sunday morning after the service, that at a signal from the boatswain's whistle the crew mustered on deck, every man going direct to his assigned place in the ship's boats, and prepared as if to lower them to the water. This practice Captain C— strictly enforced, so that in case of any serious accident all would know without fail to which boat they belonged, and there would then be no confusion.

On the 14th of December, a bright, starry, and moonlight evening, we steamed into the charming little bay of Corunna, the scene of Sir John Moore's death and burial.

Of course we went ashore the next morning, and saw all that was to be seen; but of this more another day. We were very sorry when our time was up, and after one delightful day ashore, we weighed anchor early on the morning of the 16th, and were soon once more on the open sea and in the so-called stormy Bay of Biscay. Stormy, we did not find it so; the sea was as smooth as the most nervous or delicate of travellers could desire, and more than they expected, a clear sky and a fresh breeze made the passage of the Bay one of pleasure and not of fear. Soon we got into warm seas, and, indeed, before long we found an awning on deck a great boon. For some days, while in the Atlantic, we had a very

heavy, rolling sea, the consequence of bad storms further northward. We found plenty of amusement looking out for the curiosities of the deep. Of flying-fish we saw plenty; we were much disappointed as to their size, they being smaller than we expected. Further south—for we were making for Havana—we saw shoals of sharks, which would follow the vessel for some time, and occasionally a large albatross would fly over our heads at a great height.

Beautiful, too, were the miniature fleets of Portuguese men-o'-war, or nautilus, which would float gracefully by with their tiny sails outspread, sometimes of a lovely violet colour. We mostly spent our evenings on deck, watching with admiration the beautiful phosphorescent lights that followed our track in the water.

Christmas time was approaching—the glorious English festival—and all our thoughts were turned to those at home, and we wondered if they were sitting round the dear old fireside, thinking or talking of us, far away in southern seas. Naturally we began to plan how to make Christmas Day as enjoyable as was possible under the circumstances, especially to the little ones, of whom there were about fifty on board. A Christmas tree was suggested. No doubt my young readers will be highly amused at the bare idea of a Christmas tree in mid-ocean, and be puzzling their brains as to how such a suggestion could be carried into effect. But it was, and this is how we managed it.

With the aid of the carpenter a stand and arrangement of wood was made, which, with the help of copper wire wound round, and spreading in all directions, formed the basis on which to work. This was all pasted over tightly with brown paper, and with the same material, cut to resemble leaves, and fixed on with care, was painted green, and formed a capital substitute for the orthodox one of fir or yew, and as long as it answered the double purpose of being "lighted up," and of bearing presents, would amuse the little ones as much as an expensively got up one at home. Tinfoil was found, and some small wax-tapers, with a little ingenuity and a little wire, were fixed on to the branches all ready for the eventful time. The gifts then had to be prepared; and as no one had had any idea before sailing of having to assist at fitting up a Christmas-tree at sea, it was a marvel how the toys were found or made. Boxes were ransacked, and busy hands set to work in earnest. Some made rag dolls, and painted their faces; another drew and coloured large figures on cardboard, which, when cut out, were set dancing by careful arrangement of strings to pull. Others worked muslin or ribbon bags and filled them with candies; worsted balls were made; little pictures drawn or painted; and plenty of biscuits, apples, oranges, nuts, and cakes were brought from the ship's store to add to the number of good things for the tree. To crown all, a fine old "Grandfather Christmas" was made, all covered with snow—that is, cotton-wool carefully arranged—and bearing in his hands a banner with the dear old English welcome, "A Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!"

Strange it seemed to us to meet each other with the good wishes for that Christmas morn, with the bright blue sky overhead, and the sea with hardly a ripple on its fair bosom; and while we lay under the awning, shaded from the hot sun, to picture our friends far away enjoying the good things of Christmas round the blazing fire, or joining in the ever-glorious strains of the "Adeste Fideles."

After a dinner, which consisted of mock-turtle soup, roast beef and turkey, plum-pudding and mince-pies, healths were drunk all round, and to all absent; and then the tree was lighted up, and the rest of the passengers, with their children and the crew, crowded

into the saloon. Bursts of applause from the steerage passengers, and shouts of delight and clapping of hands from the little ones, testified at once how great was the surprise; and merry were the children that evening, as each received his toy and sweets from off the tree. Games succeeded, and with songs and stories we passed a very jolly evening. The Spaniards who had embarked at Corunna were delighted with the Christmas-tree; but the old game of "snap-dragon" particularly took their fancy. They were not satisfied till they tried their luck with the fiery raisins, and laughed heartily over the burns their unpractised hands received.

Both on Christmas Eve and that night, when we had retired, the sailors paraded the decks and saloons, singing carols and ringing bells. This they also did on New Year's Eve, as the old year was dying out.

On the 3rd of January, 1881, we passed the "Hole in the Wall," and sighted the Bermudas—the "still-vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare's *Tempest*; and by noon the Bahamas passed like a beautiful panorama before our charmed and enchanted gaze. Great was the excitement on board at once more beholding land, and glasses were handed round freely, so that all might have a good view of these pretty isles. Of the Bermudas we could really see nothing; but the Bahamas are rather low-lying, but well wooded, and the scent in the air from their cedars and groves of spices was delicious. A vessel has to be very careful here in steering, for the sea is full of coral reefs all round these islands, some standing high out of the water, forming a large semicircle, and covered with seaweed and shells. St. Salvador, one of these isles, was the scene of the first land fallen in with by Christopher Columbus in his first memorable voyage in 1492. The islands with their white houses looked so charming and inviting that we were truly sorry when they faded from our sight, without our being able to go ashore and make further acquaintance with them.

That evening we had a performance, *Trial by Jury*, which went off exceedingly well. We ladies made the wigs for judge and counsel and the correct lappets for the latter's collars; altogether the different characters were got up very well. The evening finished up with a concert, the proceeds going to some charitable fund for seamen.

On the 4th of January we passed along part of the Coast of Florida, which portion we saw was very flat and uninteresting.

Early the following day—a glorious fine day it was, too—we entered the port of Havana. This is one of the finest and most secure ports in the world, being completely land-locked. The channel from the sea to the harbour is very narrow, and about half a mile in length, and the entrance is well protected by two strong fortresses, El Morro and La Punta, and an almost continuous line of batteries along both sides of the shore. There are high hills all round, so that the town and harbour are completely sheltered from strong winds.

As soon as we had anchored, our vessel was surrounded by boats, which, partly covered with gay-coloured awnings, and with their picturesquely-attired occupants jabbering away in a mixture of Spanish, English, &c., soliciting our attention, was amusing in the extreme. Many boats, too, were filled with fruit—pine-apples, oranges, limes, bananas, plantains, &c.—and I assure you they found us good customers. It was such a treat to get delicious fresh fruit in such quantities, and so cheap. Cheap they seemed then; but we found, on going ashore, that the rascals had made us pay more than double the value, asking us about 5d. or 6d. for a pine, when 2d. was at most the proper price to give for one.

After breakfast some of our party engaged a sailing-boat and coasted round the harbour,

and then ran ashore on the country side and took a good walk. It was intensely hot, and we soon became very thirsty, and on reaching a hut, outside which were seated several negroes, we asked for some milk, for there were a number of goats about. This they freely gave us, and also some red wine and water. We picked some oranges and limes from a grove there, and a quantity of wild flowers, with which we returned to the ship. After an early dinner we left the children on board, for they were tired with their morning walk, and most of us went to the town.

It is quite Spanish in appearance, and has some good buildings and shops; but everything was very expensive in the way of clothing. We went in extensively for iced milk, and took a large bottle back to the ship for our little boy.

Everywhere we received great attention and politeness; and once that afternoon, while we were having some refreshment at a restaurant, several Japanese beggars, who infest the town, followed us in, and kept on pestering us for money. A gentleman entered, and seeing them among us, drove them away. He joined us afterwards, and told us he was English, and in answer to our inquiries, said that he had never found Havanna unhealthy, and had lived there for forty years. Europeans, he said, when first they arrive, live almost entirely on the fruit, and so weaken their constitution; and if they also habitually take strong drinks, fall an easy prey to "Yellow Jack," that scourge of tropical climates; and hence the cause of so many deaths from that terrible fever.

He asked us to guess his age, and we put him down at sixty, at the most. "I am ninety-one now," said he, "and I served under Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar. I trust that I may yet die in Old England. God bless her, and God bless her Queen!" As the old gentleman said this he reverently raised his hat, and brushed his hand hastily across his eyes.

He gave us to understand that he held a prominent position in the town, and walked a great part of the afternoon with us. He arranged to meet us the next day, but we never saw him again, for on our return to the ship we found that Captain C—— had given orders to weigh anchor the next morning instead of a day later. This was very disappointing to us, particularly as it was a *fête* day (the Epiphany), and was to be a gala day also. There was to be a grand market of fruit, a bull-fight (which, however, we did not wish to see), and other festivities. Already the town was gay with flags and other decorations. We had very much wished to visit the last resting-place of that great discoverer of the Western Continent and isles, Christopher Columbus, whose remains, removed from St. Domingo after that town was ceded to the French in 1795, lie in one of the churches in the town.

The captain, however, was anxious to be off, for he feared for the conduct of his crew, as there is always great danger of raw spirit being smuggled on board through the fruit boats, which, if it is drunk in any quantity, and in that hot climate, drives the unlucky and foolish imbibers almost crazy, and may lead to fights and perhaps mutiny.

One thing I may notice here that arrested our attention almost directly we entered the harbour, was a large shed-like building on a sort of landing-stage, standing out in the water. On inquiry we found this was the old slave-market, where the poor Africans and other unfortunates were landed from the slave-ships, and there waited patiently for their turn to be bought or sold. Since that disgraceful traffic has ceased, the building is used as stores for the produce of the island by different merchants.

At Havanna we parted with our Spanish

passengers. They all came to the harbour to see us off on the morning of the 6th January, and by noon we were well out to sea. A little land bird from the island accompanied the vessel, and became so tame directly, perching on our shoulders and eating crumbs from our hands. It disappeared in the evening when after a lovely day a heavy thunderstorm succeeded. It was our first experience of rain in the Tropics, and it came down as it only can there; and the lightning was magnificent. The following night we had another storm, and the weather became much colder than we had anticipated, though we knew we were steering for a more northern latitude.

In the evening of the 8th January, we sighted the lights at the entrance of the Mississippi River, and slowly we steamed up it towards New Orleans. The water was very muddy and of a yellow colour, the land all along lay low, and was almost entirely covered with swamps; an occasional orange-grove or a few negroes' huts the only objects that broke the monotony the whole of the seventy dreary miles from the delta to the city. We spent all Sunday, the 9th of January, in the river, as the captain did not want to get in before Monday morning. It was dismal and depressing in the extreme, wet and bitterly cold; and we felt it the more severely, having but three days previous been revelling in the brilliant sunshine by day, and the almost as brilliant nights in the West Indies, with the thermometer at 95 degrees in the saloons.

Monday morning saw us safe in dock at New Orleans, and under a very searching examination at the hands of the Custom House officials, who took good care to fine nearly everybody on board for some part of their belongings, even on old articles, such as a saddle, gun, blankets, and an iron chair-bedstead. They were the more severe, as an English vessel from Liverpool had arrived a day or two before with a quantity of jewellery secreted about the persons of the passengers, one having as many as twenty gold watches hung round his waist. They expected to have disembarked at Havanna, but the vessel did not touch there at all.

Our luggage was all examined on the open quay in the cold and rain, and occupied from nine a. m. till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we bid farewell to the good ship T——, and her gallant captain and officers, after exactly a month's voyage by the date. Then in a large party we set off in various vehicles, over the roughest roads I ever saw in any *civilised* country, to Cassidy's Hotel.

Thankful we were to get to a good fire, and after a hearty tea-supper, we enjoyed a good night's rest. There had been snow before we arrived, and the weather continued very cold.

The next day, the 11th January, we all, to the number of about thirty, started in the railway cars for San Antonio, Texas, which was then the terminus of the line, and our destination for the present. The jolting of the cars was very unpleasant, and many of us were quite "land-sick," or whatever it may be called. Added to this, whenever we tried to doze, we were awakened about every quarter of an hour throughout the night to show our tickets, so that with the continual ringing of the bell on the engine, it was impossible to get any rest.

At eight o'clock the next morning we arrived at Houston city, in Texas, where we had an hour for breakfast, and changed trains. The line the whole way from New Orleans was very uninteresting, not so much as a hill to be seen, and nothing but forest land and swamps almost the whole way, till one could not help calling to mind the journey and subsequent disappointment and sickness of Martin Chuzzlewit, and his humble friend and companion, Mark Tapley, who continued "jolly"

even when at the worst, and in such hopeless surroundings.

Houston was almost under water. This city is one of the principal in Texas; most of the houses, as usual there, being built of wood, and about half the population consisting of coloured people. Some of our party separated from us here, and we continued our way to San Antonio.

After twelve more hours in the cars, through large tracts of prairie-land, we arrived at the end of our long journey from the old country; and thoroughly tired we took the street car from the *dépôt* to the Central Hotel in the Main Plaza. After supper we gladly retired to rest, to dream of our future life in Western America, and what adventures and success Providence had in store for us.

I must reserve for some future time the relation of our life in San Antonio and up country, during the better part of a year, and bid my readers farewell for the present.

JULIA CONRON.

USEFUL HINTS

FRIED BREAD CAKES.—Take any pieces of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk, or milk and water, until perfectly soft; mash fine; add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good.

CREAMED POTATOES.—One cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste; put the butter in a small frying-pan, and when hot, but before it browns, add enough flour to thicken; stir till smooth, and gradually add the milk; have your cold boiled potatoes ready sliced, turn them into this, and let them gradually heat through; a very little nutmeg grated over the potatoes before frying improves the flavour. Salt and pepper and serve.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Cut into neat pieces some tender cold chicken and let them stand awhile in a mixture of *lemon juice*, salt and pepper. Make a batter of milk, egg, flour, and salt, stir the chicken into it, and then fry in boiling lard, putting one bit of chicken in each spoonful of batter. Serve very hot, taking care to drain the fat off well. Garnish with parsley.

SPANISH FRITTERS.—Cut some slices of bread into any shape you like, pour a little brandy on each piece; mix two eggs with two-tablespoonfuls of flour and a little milk; cover the pieces of bread with this batter, let them rest for half an hour, then fry in lard or butter, and serve hot with a little preserve on each fritter.

LAVENDER WATER.—One quart of spirits of wine, one ounce of oil of lavender, one ounce of essence of bergamot, one ounce of essence of musk, quarter of an ounce of essence of ambergris, quarter of an ounce of orris root in two pieces, three drops of oil of cinnamon, fifteen drops of oil of nutmeg, five drops of otto of roses, five drops of oil of orange flowers, half a pint of distilled water. Put all these ingredients into a large glass bottle, cork it tightly, and let it remain for three months, shaking it frequently during that time. At the end of three months, filter it through blotting-paper, put it into bottles, and cork it closely. The longer it is kept the better it becomes.

"GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY."

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

'Tis sweet to roam in the morning hours
And, fresh and fair from the dewy spray,
To pluck the rose in the garden bowers,
Before the lips of the fervid day
Have kissed too warmly the youngling flowers—
Oh, "gather ye rosebuds while ye may!"

'Tis sweet to work in the morning tide,
When the hand is strong, and the heart is gay—
To roam like bees from side to side,

'Mid golden stores that about us lay;
But youth and strength not for aye abide—
So "gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

'Tis sweet to love when the heart o'erflows;
'Tis sweet to brighten the darksome way
Where some less fortunate sister goes
With life and warmth from one's own heart-ray—
In heaven blooms many a deathless rose—
Oh, "gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART II.

UP COUNTRY.



OW arrived at San Antonio, we enjoyed a few days' rest, and made the most of our freedom, after being on board ship for so long, in walking about and seeing all that was to be seen.

Of the history of San Antonio I know but little. Until 1836 Texas, the Lone Star State, was a province of

Mexico. It was very thinly peopled before 1820, and was mostly sought after by the horse Indians during the winter months, when they had plenty of sport, and chased the wild horse and buffaloes on the wide stretches of prairie land. The Mexicans occupied a few towns, the two oldest and best fortified being San Antonio and San Felipe de Bexar; the former was then the capital. There are also some old missions, by name Refugio and San Patricio, founded by Jesuits.

When Texas threw off the Mexican yoke and became an independent State, desperadoes from all countries flocked thither, hence the bad name which it held for so many years. Since the annexation of Texas to the United States, emigrants from the North, followed later by many from other parts of the world, settled in that wild country, and, gradually dispersing the numerous tribes of Indians and Mexicans, are now the undisputed owners of the largest, and perhaps one of the finest States of the great northern portion of the Western Hemisphere.

A finer race of men, I may venture to say, cannot be seen than these hardy settlers, and during the late war of South *versus* North, the Texan Rangers, as the mounted troops they mustered were called, proved themselves to be valiant and capable soldiers, praised and admired by friends and enemies alike for their courage, hardihood, magnificent horsemanship, and expert marksmanship.

San Antonio is now a thriving city, the inhabitants numbering about 22,000, 6,000 of whom are Mexicans, or of Mexican descent;

some few are Northerners, merchants, storekeepers, or otherwise, and a great many coloured folk, who are employed chiefly in the hotels, or make a living at laundry work. To "put washing out" there is decidedly an expensive luxury, the lowest charge being a dollar a dozen for the smaller articles, and that usually does not include starching and ironing!

In the town there are three very large squares or "plazas," the Main, the Military, and the Alamo, the space of which is in the daytime mostly occupied by the waggons coming from and going to the country, and drawn by horses, mules, or steers. Here and there is to be seen an occasional Mexican rider, with highly ornamented accoutrements, and large sombrero, often richly embroidered with silver or beads. These large and shady hats, made of grey felt or of Panama straw, vary in price from \$5 to \$500, according to quality and the amount of silver on them. Frequently, too, may be seen a party of jovial "cowboys" from the mountains and surrounding prairies, also wearing the sombrero, not embroidered, but often completely surrounded by the rattles of those formidable snakes, and who, dressed in their red or blue flannel shirts, jean knee-breeches, jack-boots and spurs, and mounted on their trusty mustangs or mules, are equally, if not more, to be admired.

In the evening the plazas are scattered over with little stalls and benches, where is served that special dainty of Mexicans, *chila con carne*, for the price of 10 cents (5d.) a plate; the vendors thereof being Mexicans. The shops or "stores," as our cousins across the Atlantic call them, are good, but the prices of most articles are very high. Meat was an exception, beef being sold at 6 cents (3d.) a pound, mutton fetched 8 cents (4d.) per pound, and bacon about 8 to 12 cents (4d. to 6d.) per pound. This was during the winter months, for later, when the heat is greater, there is very little killed, only as much as the butchers are sure of selling on the spot.

There are several large churches in the town, a Mexican (Catholic) Cathedral, also another Catholic Cathedral, not built many years ago, for the use of the English-speaking population. Besides these there are a German Catholic Church, a Lutheran, and a Methodist one for the coloured people, who mostly belong to that persuasion.

Finding it very expensive work living at an hotel, the charge being one dollar per head a day, and having to pay for our luggage lying at the depôt, we looked about us for a small cottage, and in the course of our rambles we came across the very thing to suit us. It was a tiny frame house, *i.e.* built entirely of wood,

standing in a piece of ground, and consisting of four rooms, all on the one floor. We inquired the rent, and agreed to take it for a month for \$12 (dollars), about £2 10s.

Another English family shared it with us, and we invested in a good stove and a few cooking utensils, and, after bringing our luggage from the station, we at once installed ourselves in our temporary abode.

Beyond bringing a couple of camp beds—steads from England we had no furniture whatever, but made use of our trunks for sitting on, and out of a packing-case we knocked up a table which did service well enough for us to eat off, and to do our ironing when necessary. A few odds and ends of china, flasks, goblets and tin plates, knives, forks and spoons, answered their purposes just as well as the best silver and china could do.

Altogether we were very happy in our little cottage, and commenced getting our hands into the work necessary for us to do up country. We did our washing, making a large fire in the ground surrounding the house, and were greatly surprised at the rapidity with which the clothes dried, and the beautiful colour they bleached. We also initiated ourselves into the art of baking, etc., and took it in turns to cook.

Our firing consisted of logs of wood, as coal, if used at all there, which I doubt, must be an enormous price.

As yet I believe I have made no mention of the weather at that time of the year. The days were glorious, clear blue sky, and bright warm sun, the early mornings and nights being cold; but when a "norther," as they call a cold north wind, blew up, it was bitterly cold while it lasted; it might be for a few hours only, or for a day or two. It seldom rained, but very heavily when it came. Towards the end of February it grew very warm, and we were glad to take the children by the tram-car to the San Pedro Park and Springs, some little way out of the town, and walk home when cooler by sundown.

Orchards of peach trees were then in full blossom.

While we were domiciled in the cottage, in charge of the English gentleman of our party, my husband had been busy. After seeing us settled as comfortably as possible in our little house, he went the rounds of the yards in the town to choose and buy a good horse.

This done, he took a few necessaries for camping out, namely a "blanket" or travelling rug, as we call it, a Mexican saddle, "lariat," or horsehair rope, also a tin coffee-pot and mug, some coffee which we had roasted and ground, a piece of bacon, and salt and bread, all securely packed in the

saddle-bags. Discarding his "billy-cock" and boots of English manufacture, he appeared in jack-boots and large grey felt sombrero, and armed with gun, and belt securing pistol and bullets, he set off "up country" to explore, and look about for land which would be suitable for a ranche, either to rent or buy as we chose.

The horse he bought was a beautiful creature, a roan, with black mane and tail, both very thick and long. He gave about \$30 (£6) for him. In England he would have fetched £50. We named him "Tommie," and he became a great favourite with us later.

My husband was away about ten days, having gone in a northerly direction, but not coming across any suitable land for sale, he altered his course and struck out for the north-west. After three days' riding he arrived at Bandera, a "city" about sixty miles from San Antonio.

Five miles beyond Bandera there was a large tract of land in the market. He went over it, and found it was the very place to suit us, having the Medina River running through it, thereby the one great necessary for a ranche was provided for, together with plenty of good grass. He returned to San Antonio to see the agents and arrange upon the terms for taking it. We agreed to rent it at 45 dollars per year, for five years, with the option of purchasing either then or before, the extent of the land being 3,300 acres.

Next he bought a "Studebaker" waggon, a couple of good strong mules for \$90 (about £18), harness, etc., a plough, farm tools, crowbar, etc., and set off once more to Bandera, and, with the assistance of a carpenter of the neighbourhood, built a little house of rough cedar and cypress lumber, on high ground and near a creek. In a fortnight's time he returned with the waggon to fetch us and our belongings.

A day or two was spent in getting together seeds for planting vegetables, etc., and a few procurable groceries, and on the 1st of March, a glorious day but very hot, we were all safely ensconced in the waggon, another following with the rest of the luggage, and soon left San Antonio behind.

Our English friends were with us, and were going to remain on our land, too, for some time, another little "shanty" being built by them not far from ours. So we made a very jolly party to go up country. Mr. — rode, and my husband drove the waggon, containing the lady and her four children, myself and our little boy, together with part of our luggage, and our rugs, etc., for camping out at night.

San Antonio lies very low; as far as the eye can see it is a dead level on every side, and for some miles out the land is covered with a very short turf and the stumpy mesquit brush, which is useful for nothing, not even affording shade for the herds of cattle which we encountered continually.

About an hour before sundown we camped (that is we dismounted), and after hopping the mules and fastening a bell to their necks, we turned them loose to graze till morning, and proceeded to make our fire, always an easy job when there is plenty of wood and dry grass. When in the midst of boiling the coffee and frying our bacon, a terrible "norther" blew up suddenly, much to our discomfort, and continued all night.

Of course, we had taken good care to make enough bread to last us for three or four days, so the trouble of making it out in the open was saved, and after giving the children a good supper we put them to sleep with the lady on a mattress at the bottom of the waggon. We were glad enough to get a good warm at the fire and roll ourselves in our blankets and get to sleep round it.

About four o'clock in the morning we were

roused and given an hour to be ready to be off again. The gentlemen busied themselves with the fire and in getting some hot coffee and bacon cooked, while we attended to the little ones, who thoroughly disapproved of being awakened and made to get up in dark; but on having some food to warm them they soon got reconciled to the inevitable. By "sun-up" we had caught and harnessed the mules and horses, and were again on our way to Bandera.

The "norther" continued till mid-day, and what with it blowing in our faces and the hot sun scorching them, our lips and cheeks began to smart and burn in a most uncomfortable manner, and we were not sorry when we arrived at Pipe Creek at noon, and camped down for an hour; and while the gentlemen made the fire, we took the little ones, and all had a refreshing wash in the creek.

The scenery now commenced to be very pretty, and increased in beauty and wildness as we went along, and was no longer flat and uninteresting. A few wild flowers, quite new to us, peeped out here and there, and sometimes within our reach hung branches of beautiful purple, crimson, and white blossoms, the forerunners of wild fruits to be tasted by us for the first time. Among the branches of the trees, which now grew more thickly, or flying across our path, we saw many kinds of bright-hued birds, and some with sweet notes but dull of plumage. The bright red cardinal, so prized in England, the little blue-bird, and others with golden and black feathers, were there in quantities, and the voice of the soft dove-coloured mockingbird was continually heard imitating the song of one or other of its feathered companions, and mingling with the tender cooing of the wild dove.

Herds of cattle were to be seen everywhere, their skin in some cases almost covered with letters, numbers, or designs of all descriptions, the brands of the various owners whose hands they had passed through at some time or other. They are "rounded up," with the help of "cowboys," once or twice a year. Now and again we would pass a skeleton of one of their deceased brethren, or of some wilder animal bleaching in the sun; or more unsightly still, a poor beast but recently dead, and on which those hideous though most useful scavengers, the buzzards, had already assembled, gorging themselves with their ghastly feast. Once we passed a swamp in which a poor unfortunate beast was hopelessly stuck fast up to its haunches, dying a slow and frightful death. It was impossible for us to attempt to rescue it, imploringly as it looked towards us as we passed it by, and equally impossible was it for us to shoot it and put it out of its misery, as the law out there is very strict on the subject of stealing, killing, or maiming another person's cattle.*

By nightfall of the second day we camped on the San Jeronymo Creek, a lovely spot, almost like a bit of an old English park, and here we rested till morning. There was a slight frost that night, but when the sun rose and we were once more on our road it became very hot again.

Here the track we followed wound in and out of the most charming bits of scenery in which an artist would have revelled.

Higher and higher the hills rose on either side, the creek running parallel with us, and then after crossing it once more we passed a large frame house. The charitable occupants came out directly we pulled up, and brought us hot coffee and goat's milk, and cakes for the little ones, and after a chat with them we

* It is a common case for cattle thus to get fast in a morass; owing to the length of time they are often without water, they drink to such an extent when they have the opportunity that, being weak from extreme thirst and weighted down from the amount of water inside them, they are rendered perfectly incapable of extricating themselves.

went on our way. Once a herd of fine deer, startled by the approach of our waggons, bounded across our path about half a mile ahead of us.

Through cedar-brakes, which scented the air with their delicious fragrance; now putting the mules to the test, as steady and surefooted climbers, and now holding on like grim death to the break and sides of the waggon, as we went at a rapid pace down steep and rough inclines, through creeks, over rocks, nothing standing in our way, thus we gradually neared our destination, which we counted on doing that night.

Late in the afternoon we reached the city of Bandera. Across the Atlantic all towns are "cities," whether in an advanced state or only in embryo, Bandera city decidedly one in the latter stage. As far as I could make out it consisted of an hotel, a saloon (answering to our inn or public-house), a couple of stores, and about half a dozen small frame or stone cottages; a church which had been used for Catholic service, but was now closed; and that was all!

By this time my husband was well known to the inhabitants, so on seeing our waggons arrive all wanted to have a look at the Englishman's family. The rough but honest fellows shook us warmly by the hand, with a "How-dy, marm, hope you will like your new home," "Guess you will not choose to return to the old country after a while," coupled with plenty of invitations to go and look them up at their various ranches or shanties.

We had still another hour's driving through about six miles of the country to the north of Bandera city, so set off again quickly. There being no twilight, it was dark almost immediately after sunset; but tired as we were, we gazed with delight and awe at the several prairie-fires which lit up the distant mountains with a weird and lurid light. These, I may here notice, were started purposely by those holding the land, as a customary thing every spring, to burn away all the long dry grass, so that the young and fresh can benefit by the rains and sun. Men are stationed at the various points where it is necessary to check it; this is done by beating it out with long sticks or wet cloths, and I need hardly add is done when there is little or no wind, and when in a favourable quarter.

On arriving at our abode on our ranche, the scene which presented itself was picturesque in the extreme. At a little distance from the house a huge camp fire was burning, round which were seated or standing several women and children, and about eighteen to twenty men. The women were busily employed in cooking goat's flesh and bacon, making tea and boiling coffee, and baking cakes of bread in a skillet in the embers; and the men attending to their horses and mules, or chatting and smoking round the fire, watching the preparation of the evening meal. About fifty yards off a tent had been pitched, and several waggons were standing about. Altogether the effect was charming, and with the fitful gleams of the fire lighting up the faces and figures around, worthy of the brush of a Rembrandt.

Within a very few minutes we were seated with the rest around the blazing fire, enjoying a hearty meal, and answering all inquiries regarding our journey, etc., and listening to what the rest had to tell regarding the country and our neighbours. Strange as it may seem, I must here mention that nearly everyone of those camping for the night were perfect strangers, who were only passers-by through the country; but so great and general is the habit there to receive and give hospitality to all alike, that we felt no surprise at finding so many on the ground making themselves comfortable for the night.

After the children had been put to sleep on

mattresses hastily put down on the floor in the house, we returned to the fire, and listened to story upon story, as the demijohn of whiskey was freely passed round, of amusing and interesting adventure with the Indians and Mexicans, or with the snakes, and other wild animals natives of the country, interlarded with recollections of the late war, in which most of those present had served, until, thoroughly tired out, we also thought of sleep, and retired for the night. Some of the women and children slept in the tent, the men lay rolled in their blankets round the fire, a few of them on the floor in our little house. Soon the camp was in sound repose, the stillness alone broken by the bells of the mules and horses which were hopped and turned loose for the night.

At "sun-up" all were astir, and after breakfast round the camp fire, dispersed on their several routes, leaving us to enjoy the comparative quiet of our first day in our new home "up country."

(To be concluded.)

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VIII.

DRESS, VISITORS, SYMPATHY IN CHRISTIAN WORK, ETC.

FORMERLY, there was such a decided difference between the dress of mistress and maid, that there was no mistaking the one for the other. Now, much greater latitude is permitted, and it is sometimes said that, if we wish to distinguish the mistress we must look for the more plainly dressed of the two when the maid is also present.

Some ladies do not interfere in the matter so long as their domestics dress quietly and neatly when on duty.

Without going far into the question, let me give you, dear girls, a little advice on the subject. It will be just the same as I would offer to my own children or to any other girl who might wish for it.

Regulate the amount you spend by your actual requirements. Do not spend all you can upon dress just because you have the money. Remember there are other ways in which your spare wages may be wisely and well laid out or laid by. I say laid by, because whatever be your income, you should try to save something out of it for the proverbial rainy day. There are plenty of ways by which thrifty people may save and invest even very small sums, and by a penny at a time, if they can afford no more.

For instance, the post office will supply you with a form on which you can stick a new postage stamp, bought with a spare penny. When twelve stamps have thus been affixed, you can take them to the post office, receive back their value in the shape of a shilling, and make that your first deposit in the savings bank there.

Make a beginning, and you are almost sure to go on. If you can spare a shilling at a time, you need not buy stamps, but become a savings bank depositor at once.

It is a pleasant thing to have a little money, your own honest earnings, to fall back upon if sickness should come or you are out of place. Or you may help the good father and mother to whom you owe so much, or, if they do not need it, in due time spend your earnings on furnishing your future home.

Which of us has not at some time known a girl who, having spent all her means on "fine feathers," has had to be a burden on hard-working parents in such seasons of trouble as come with sickness or want of employment?

Then, beside laying by money, you should

have some to lend or lay out in our Master's service. Because you are young girls in situations, are you to have no share in Christian work, to do nothing for love of that dear Saviour who gave His life for you? You would be very angry indeed if anyone were to say that you should have neither part nor lot in sending missionaries to the heathen, at home and abroad, in spreading the written Word of God, so that all may possess a copy, or in caring for the sick and suffering in homes and hospitals.

My own experience shows me that many amongst you give almost beyond your means, and contribute nobly and lovingly to many a good work. If some have not done so they will, I trust, take this reminder in good part, and spare a trifle, remembering that most of our great societies owe more to the small contributions of the many than to the larger ones of the few.

Going back to the subject of dress, let me advise you to choose quiet colours and as good a material as you can afford. Such will never become conspicuous, they will wear double the time, look well to the last bit, and cost no more for making than the commonest stuff you could purchase; so there would be a real saving, to begin with, in this last item.

Have your gowns made well, but in a simple style. There is no reason why you should not display excellent taste in this matter. But good taste never chooses staring colours or extreme styles which are likely to attract notice and encourage rude remarks on the *fast* appearance of the wearer. Good taste never loads poor materials with tawdry trimmings, which only make a dress look shabby the sooner, and are equally costly and useless.

Good taste and good sense alike suggest that our clothing should be in accordance with our means, and fitted for the work we have to do and the position we occupy in the world.

The above rules apply equally to every article worn.

Never sacrifice the comfort of having a good supply of warm, well-made underclothing, and of being neatly and strongly shod, for the sake of mere outside finery, such as you are perhaps half-ashamed to wear, knowing that it is unsuitable, and wholly afraid to be seen in by your hard-working, sensible mother.

Lastly, save the money to pay for what you buy at the time when you get it. Those who have to run into debt usually pay dearly for the accommodation, and especially those who can least afford the extra price. Tradesmen know quite well that they run some risk in trusting young girls, who generally have nothing but their wages to fall back upon, and whom sickness might deprive of the power to earn any. Extra risks must mean the putting on of extra profits, and thus those who run into debt pay a higher price for their articles than those who go money in hand.

Now a word about visitors. Some mistresses draw a very hard-and-fast line on this subject, and will allow none. Servants may visit their friends at stated intervals, but they are forbidden to receive even those nearest and dearest to them under the roof which shelters themselves. Most mistresses, I believe, act differently from this, and, considering what their own children would feel if they were amongst strangers, allow all reasonable liberty in this respect. A right-minded girl will never abuse this privilege, or try to introduce into the house of her employers any person of whose presence they would be likely to disapprove.

Remember, dear girls, it is your duty to fall in with the rules of the household in which you serve, and employers have often very good reasons for such as may appear too strict in your eyes. In this, as in all your dealings, act straightforwardly, and never bring in a visitor by stealth, or in the absence of the family. Many a robbery has been successfully carried

out through the folly of young servants who have listened to the flattering words of chance acquaintances whose real object was to obtain a knowledge of the premises, and to find out where the valuables were kept. Through such visitors a servant's character has been lost, and a girl who would not have taken a farthing dishonestly, has been suspected of being an accomplice of thieves and punished as such.

When visitors come by permission of the mistress, I think the latter should always see them, say a few words of kindly welcome, ask after the other members of the absent family, and thus manifest her interest in what gives pleasure to her maid. She will not be the worse served for doing this, and for showing that, amid her own household cares and occupations, she has a heart large enough and warm enough to sympathise with the joys and sorrows of all around her.

But there may be, and I trust there often is, a far stronger bond of union between mistress and servant than any which could result from the mere fact of being placed in these relations one towards another. It is not work well done and wages regularly paid—not the mere ministering on the one hand and being ministered to on the other; not the being members of the same household band and dwelling under the same roof which can create this bond of union to which I have alluded.

No, dear mistresses, dear girls who serve; there is something better still. It is the recognition of the great truth that, while there may be a difference in our social positions and duties here, we are alike servants of a Heavenly Master. If we are both Christians we are sisters in Christ, members of one body and looking to one glorified Head, children of the same family, with God Himself for our Father.

Some years ago I read a brief extract from an article which was published in one of the reviews—I think the *Nineteenth Century*—and by a lady writer. Though I never read the whole article, I remember the little portion I did see, and that the author suggested that we mistresses should give our servants a share with ourselves in some special Christian work, such as visiting and relieving the sick poor, etc.

She also stated her belief that no lady's work could have its full value unless united with such help, and no relations with outside helpers could equal those which might subsist between Christian mistress and maid, living under one roof, knowing each other's weaknesses and engaged in a work where the one who in other respects was first might be last, and the last first.

I have no copy of the words and do not profess to quote them literally. But I remember the impression they produced on my mind, because they agreed not only with my own opinion, but with my practice and the experience of years.

I read the words aloud to a dear young girl who was at the moment preparing the table for dinner, and, as I finished them, said—

"We realised the truth of what this lady has written, a long time ago, did we not?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, her face glowing with honest pleasure, for she was and is my willing and capable helper in the conduct of a large mothers' meeting—entering heart and soul into the work, respected and loved by the members of the class.

And those who are at home whilst she and I are at the class help also, for they take the share of work which does not belong to their departments during her absence. I am thankful to say that we never hear any one of them say, "It is not my place," but that they work together as members of a family, and, above all, as God's children.

Years before, another dear girl who is now a happy wife and mother rendered me the

Thames to London; but the "crafty mariners," put to sore distress by the raging billows and by the storms, which tore the shrouds and "entranced" the masts out of their sockets, sought a nearer haven. They landed her safely, with her plate and jewels, dons and donnas, chaplains and Moorish slaves, on the sweet shore of Devon. Cheers rung along the cliffs at Plymouth—a happy contrast to her mother's chill farewell. She advanced by gentle stages towards London, amid a train of English nobles, knights, and prelates. King Henry and his weak but comely son rode along the rough and sloppy roads to welcome her. In the Bishop of Bath's palace at Dogmersfield, Hants, they saw her face to face; hitherto she had been veiled like a Moorish bride. Prince Arthur was enchanted with his little Guinevere.

On Friday, the 12th of November, 1501, she passed from Lambeth Palace over London Bridge, and through the huzzas of the festive streets, mounted on her mule, and dressed in gold and silk. On the next Sunday morning, at the altar of St. Paul's, the Prince and Princess of Wales—he, all clad in white, and she wearing a hooped gown and a veil of silk and pearls—were pronounced man and wife and blessed by Henry Deane, Archbishop of Canterbury.

When the jading round of banquets and jousts was over, an unwonted paleness was noticed in Arthur's cheeks. At the beginning of the next year the young people were sent away to the castle of Ludlow, from which Catharine might remember the Prince had addressed to her a pretty *billet-doux* two years before. The chilly winter among the hills and meads of Shropshire could not bring health to his feeble constitution, nor could it be very pleasant to the Spanish beauties from the land of pomegranates. Catharine crowned the victors at the jousts with her own fair hands. Arthur led a gentle life; he waited on his bride with the courtesy of a true knight; he ruled his court in peace. "He sought to strengthen and preserve the law, and gave his soul and body to the service of Almighty God."

Men said he was too good to live, and in that Border fortress—perhaps in "Prince Arthur's room," still shown above the buttery of the ruined castle—he breathed his last on the 2nd day of April, 1502, aged fifteen and a half years. Catharine had not been five months a bride when she became Dowager Princess of Wales.

I shall pass over the story of the astuteness of her parents and the avarice of King Henry, and simply mention the fact that the widowed Princess was solemnly betrothed to Arthur's brother Henry on the 24th of December, 1503. Previous to this, she had led a dull and sickly life at Croydon Park amid her Spanish maids, more like that of a conventual sister than of a lively, fresh-hearted sunflower of the South. After her engagement to Henry of Greenwich, Prince of Wales, she stepped out again into the light of day, and mingling in the gaiety of the Court at Richmond and elsewhere, she had the enviable privilege of meeting the blithe and sturdy boy to whom her heart clung with the only passion of her life.

But Henry was not then fourteen. No sooner had he attained that responsible age than his advisers induced him to repudiate the contract. Poor Catharine was once more relegated to the solitude of Croydon. She had no female friend to turn to; her Spanish mother had died at Medina; her English mother, Elizabeth the Good, had died also when still young and beautiful, and now lay, untroubled by earthly cares, in the Abbey of Westminster. For months and months Catharine was enfeebled by a tertian fever; a heap of debt was growing on her; the six ladies who had crossed the seas with her had no

fees paid them; she herself had not had a single maravedi since her arrival in England but what was given to her for food; her servants and maidens had not the wherewithal to get clothes. That was how a Princess of Wales, a daughter of the mighty sovereign of Spain, was treated in the year of grace 1505!

In these years of agony, poverty, and neglect, one little ray of sunshine stole through the chinks of her seclusion. A ship in which her beautiful and merry sister Joan, and her husband, Philip, were sailing from Zealand, was driven on the English coast in 1506. Catharine had the delight of spending a Sunday at Windsor with her.

The horizon grew darker and darker. She was forbidden to take the title of Princess of Wales; she was told plainly by the king that Prince Henry had renounced her hand; she had to part with her jewels. Yet one thing her proud nature had determined—that she would live and die in England, if only she could win the youth she loved. She wrote to her father that she was sure of him; and she was right. The clear, haughty, honest face, the pretty mouth, the sunny hair of the southern Princess had bewitched Henry, and when his father died the marriage knot was secretly tied one June morning in 1509, in a little chapel of the Franciscans at Greenwich. She was afterwards married with splendour in a robe of white satin to the merriest Prince that ever wore the Crown; the two lived as happy as the days were long, and the gallant boy declared in the madness of his joy, that he would not exchange her for any other woman in the world.

When she reached her fortieth year she was already an aged and enfeebled woman, for the bright flowers of the South do not last long in our Alpine climate. Of all her children only one girl had survived. Henry began at last to fear that the curse of heaven lay upon their marriage, and, proud as he still was of his haughty Kate, his soul had lost the generous goodness of youth. He was charmed, too, by the learned, witty, and accomplished Anne Boleyn. Thomas Cranmer, the good, but undecided Primate, delivered a decree in 1533 that Catharine was not the King's wife; she was now to be styled Princess of Wales, as Arthur's widow; and in the month of May Anne was crowned Queen of England.

Sad indeed were her last solitary years at Hatfield, Ampthill, Buckden, and Kimbolton Castle in Hunts, now a seat of the Duke of Manchester. The keenest of her griefs was that she was not permitted to look upon the face of her one surviving child. Sick in body, sick at heart, she prayed and plied her needle. Besides the many images and crucifixes in her closet at Kimbolton, she had a little gilded cage for a singing bird. The country people pitied the broken-hearted Queen. It is said that a peasant near Grantham turned up some treasure-trove with his rude plough; it was an old brass pot, containing some parchments, some silver chains and other jewellery, and brought it to her.

"The hour of my death draweth fast on. The tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safety of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part, I do pardon you all; yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you."

Such was the tenor of her last message to her estranged lord. Her wish was to die in England. She sank to rest at Kimbolton on the 7th of January, 1536, spending the night before her death in talking of her innocent young days in Spain.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART III.

UP COUNTRY—CONTINUED.



HAVING parted with the last of our cheery and hospitable company, we set about putting the finishing touches to our house, such as fixing the doors on, and partitioning off a part of the room (for the whole house consisted but of one large room), to act as a sleeping apartment. While these arrangements were being carried out, we continued to cook and bake at our camp fire, sitting round it for our meals, a picnic which lasted some days, and which was highly delightful in the beautiful atmosphere, so warm, yet with a refreshing breeze; and amid the lovely flowers of those hills just bursting into bloom.

There, in the evenings, when the wind was in a suitable quarter, we fired the long dry grass for many acres around our dwellings, and in the valley where we were going to plant our crops. In my last chapter I believe I described the *modus operandi*, so will only say that it was a beautiful sight, and afforded us much amusement in stopping its course at the proper places, and grand fun for the children to witness at a safe and respectable distance.

The next thing to be done was to prepare the ground for our crops; and having got a couple of steers from a Polander*, they were yoked to a plough in order to commence operations on the virgin soil in the valley, about 500 yards from our shanty, and alongside of which ran the creek, which contained our water supply for home purposes.

Well, do you think those beasts would stir? Not a bit of it! "Gee-up" and "Wo" had no effect on them whatever, and when at last they consented to move, they went round and round, and in all directions but the right one; so they were taken back to their former owner as useless for ploughing. Truth to tell, the animals were good workers, and on the Polander taking them in hand himself, did their duty well, but were only accustomed to the Polish lingo, adorned by a few Mexican oaths, which latter they seemed to understand in a most marvellous manner. There being no time to teach them English, or for us to learn the elegant dialect to which they had been used, we left them with the Polander, and sought elsewhere, and obtained, another pair, to which the English language was not altogether unknown.

As we were so late for the season of planting, we could not do very much in the way of crops, but managed to raise some very good potatoes—Irish, as they call them in the South, to distinguish them from the yams, or sweet potatoes, which are more commonly grown here. Also some beans, onions, peas, water-melons, &c. The ground had then to be fenced round to protect it from being trampled by the herds of cattle passing over the land. This was done by cutting small trees down, making posts of them, and twining the branches in between.

Our food at this time consisted of bacon, very fat as it invariably is here; corn-meal, and bread made with white flour, and eggs from our chickens. Also beef when there was any to be got in Bandera city, where they

* Name given to the Polish settlers there.

killed one beast only, once a week. Then there was game to be had, such as deer, wild turkeys, prairie-chickens, &c., throughout the winter months; but during the hot weather they retire into the recesses of the forests, and could not be obtained except by the regular hunters, who gave up their whole time to their pursuit. It soon became too hot also to get beef, or if bought, it would be quite fly-blown before it could be brought to the ranche, even when carefully covered. We found the small wild rabbit, known there as the cotton-tail, very good eating, and very plentiful. These we drove out of the brush by means of dogs, whence they would make for hollow live-oak trees, as they do not burrow as with us here. We would then block the hole, and with an axe chop an opening, about two feet from the ground, in the trunk of the tree, thus easily taking the rabbit out with our hands; keeping our cartridges for better sport. Cat-fish were the largest fish to be caught in the river, and very good eating. They weigh up to 60 lb., and will devour any bait, live or otherwise. Black bass, perch, and eels were also very plentiful. The river was, however, infested with garfish—the alligator-gar as they are generally called. They are a terror to the other fish, and we lost a great many lines by them, as they would snap them and swim off with the bait. We would throw out floating baits, and when they rose, shoot them. They have a hard, scaly skin, and a jaw quite four inches long, full of a double row of sharp teeth. These fish run often up to three feet in length.

Coffee was our drink, as is usual in Texas, for every meal, and drunk without milk or sugar; for milk is a scarcity, and sugar an expensive luxury. We were very anxious, however, to get a cow for our little one, but, strange as it may seem, in that land where cattle abound, a milch cow is hardly to be obtained for love or money. We tried in every likely place, but with no success at that time. The large cattle-men do not trouble to milk the cows in their herds, and so they wander through the country increasing and multiplying. Sometimes one may see a cow with a family of two calves, a yearling and a little one keeping alongside of her. Those who keep their cows for the sake of their milk will not part with them.

The early part of April was very hot, and it was then that we had a terrible time of trouble, for our little boy was taken suddenly very ill, and before many hours he was in strong convulsions. A kind gentleman from Ohio, who owned a ranche some miles off, and who had formerly practised as a doctor, came over and did all in his power for the poor little fellow, who lay insensible for many, many days. We had to fetch a physician, too, from San Antonio, and he told us there was little or no hope. It was a sort of sunstroke, coupled with dysentery and blood poisoning. Again we tried to get a cow, and, with a great deal of persuasion, induced a woman to part with one of hers, together with its calf, for a fancy price; and no doubt the milk, from which the child had been deprived for three months, assisted greatly in pulling him round, though he never was as strong again.

In order to get the milk we found it necessary to pen the calf, and so depend on its mother returning to it every day. Many a time, however, she would join a herd of cattle and wander off a long distance, having to be "cut out of the bunch," and "rounded up" by my husband on horseback before she would return, after an absence of thirty-six hours.

Cattle not being housed or fed as in our colder climes, they instinctively attach themselves to the wandering herds and graze far away from home, even apparently forgetting their calves left behind.

Other cows we had later, but they required to be roped and secured before they could be

milked, so unaccustomed are they to the operation.

The country was at this time, until the end of June, in its glory. The shrubs and cacti were beautiful, and the ground was a gorgeous carpet of flowers up to the doors; and every day we discovered fresh beauties among them, many resembling, if not exactly similar to our carefully-tended foreign hothouse plants, and which were there blooming in profusion around us. Only the pen and brush of Miss North can describe their varied forms and tints. As far as the eye could see, the bank appeared a living carpet of ever-changing loveliness. Day after day we filled our shanty with fresh specimens of the choicest blossoms, whose perfume deliciously pervaded the air, and which made the little place sweet and cheerful within, as well as bright without.

By the river side (the Medina) the scene was one of indescribable charm. The sluggish stream, at this point about 100 feet wide, wound its way between steep bluffs on the one hand and soft grazing land on the other; but fine cypress and cedar trees grew along either bank. Many of them had been cut down, the former for lumber, the latter being mostly cut into "shingles," used for roofing houses; but their fine trunks remained, many of them being 12 feet in circumference, and covered with a luxuriant growth of creepers with lovely blossoms and wild vines. Here, by the river, the flowers grew in the wildest profusion, the eye being almost dazzled with the brilliancy of the colouring, the dark foliage of the trees setting off their beauty still more.

We often came here to fish, at least up to the end of June, for it was too hot later to ride the two miles there, and very little chance of sport in the heat; but once there, we would be forced to stay till the sun had set, and then ride home by moonlight. From choice we did not care to do this, for the river and banks were infested with snakes, the most obnoxious of which was the mocassin, whose bite is deadly. Many a time we shot as many as half-a-dozen during the course of a day's fishing; and often we have seen them dive into the water from the opposite bank, and make direct across to us; and unless we were always on the alert would have struck us silently, swiftly, and surely. The mocassin is about four to five feet long, not so big as the rattlesnake, and of a dark grey colour. They have not the nobleness of the latter, which always warns its enemy, and only strikes in self-defence.

An Englishman, who was fishing with us one day, had a narrow escape from one of these mocassins. It was moonlight, and we were preparing to return home, when he drew his line from the water, feeling a strong pull, and hauled out what he took for a fine eel. In another minute he had it in his hand, and with the other was going to take it off the hook, when someone near saw what it was, and made him drop it, and it was quickly despatched.

Occasionally we found them under the house and near our water-hole, or in the creek, when we flew them to pieces with gun or pistol. Needless to say we were always armed, never stirring from home without a loaded gun, such being the invariable and very necessary custom in the backwoods and prairies.

There are several other kinds of snakes which abound in Texas. The chicken-snake, a large reptile often eight feet long, is not venomous, but is a terrible thief, lying in wait for young chickens and eggs, and after gorging itself would retire into a bush, where we would find it coiled among the branches, and, too torpid to move after such a full meal, allowed itself to be shot or otherwise killed without offering much resistance. I heard an amusing anecdote of a chicken-snake which happened to some neighbours. I must tell you first that these snakes will come into houses at

night in search of mice, or, better still, eggs, and we have often heard them gliding about the floor of our shanty.

Well, one night our neighbours heard one in their room, but being well used to them did not trouble about getting up to hunt it away. Towards morning there was a commotion in the cupboard, where the wife had placed some eggs for safety as she supposed. On rising to discover the cause, they found a large snake wriggling about amongst the crockery, trying to extricate himself from a very great dilemma. He had discovered the eggs, and had swallowed one or more, and in endeavouring to reach another had passed his head through the handle of a jug. He had taken another, when something must have disturbed him, as he was hastily preparing to beat a retreat as our friends approached him, but found it more difficult than he had calculated on. He could neither advance nor retire, for the eggs inside of him forbade it either way. There he was helplessly fixed, with the thin part of his neck in the handle, and the eggs swelling him out at both sides. Mr.— and his wife were so amused, they waited to see how the creature would get out of his difficulty. They had not long to wait, for his struggles brought both him and the pitcher to the floor, as he was either unwilling or unable to disgorge the latter part of his booty; and, smashing the jug in his fall, was free, only to pay the penalty of his greediness and want of perception.

There is a very beautiful snake called the king or coral, but I do not know the scientific name for it. It runs mostly from two to four feet long; its colours—red, black, yellow, and white—are laid in regular rings round its body, the red and yellow bands being about an inch wide, divided by narrower rings of the black and white. This gives it a most dazzling appearance as it glides along in the sun. Some reckon it among the venomous kinds; others, Texans and Mexicans principally, deny that it is so. They aver that it is perfectly harmless, and will pick them up and twine them round their sombreros, and let them remain there while they ride or walk, as long as the beautiful snake likes their company. However, we did not care to make an experiment with them on ourselves, and made a practice of killing all reptiles we came across.

The vine snake is very pretty too; it is small, only about two feet long, and is usually found in the tendrils of the wild vines, and being of the same shade of delicate green as the leaves, it is almost safe from discovery while resting quietly.

I need hardly describe the rattlesnake, he is too well-known—at least by description. Suffice to say, we killed a great many of them. One large one we found within 200 yards of the house; my husband "rocked" him first, and as the creature turned and bit itself, maddened by its wounds, he sprang quickly on its head, crushing it to death. We kept the skin afterwards, together with the rattles, nineteen in number, therefore it must have been twenty-one years old. It was over six feet long.

Of lizards there were plenty, but they are such active little creatures that it is no easy job to catch them. One large one we caught among our garden crops. He was an extraordinary looking beast, about a foot long from his mouth to the end of his tail, and he had an arrow-shaped head (much resembling that of a rattlesnake), which is believed to be the form of any venomous snake or lizard. Whether he was so or no I cannot say, only he fought furiously when caught, snapping and biting at a stick or stone put near him, his sharp teeth holding on firmly. We killed it, of course, and, strange to say, we never saw another like it while we were in Texas. It was of a grey colour, marked with darker shades and green,

and had a bright yellow band round the neck, which gave it the appearance of having a snake's head fastened to a lizard's body.

The quaint-looking little horned-frogs were great pets with us all. We generally found them in the grass by the water, when we would catch them without much difficulty, and bring them up to the houses for the children, for they are quite harmless. They are about four inches long and of a grey colour, and covered with sharp (but only in appearance) points on their skin; two little horns project from the forehead, and as they look up at one, they resemble more than anything the comical little imps in the old prints from Holbein, and the fanciful heads so often to be found in our ancient architecture here, more frequently in the sculpture of our old churches.

They are terrified of the snakes, and if teased with anything like one will make a curious little cry, not unlike the bark of a very tiny dog. These funny little things will exist for a long time without food, and have been sent on long journeys in cardboard boxes, and even in a strong envelope; the stamping at the post-offices not seeming to affect them in any way. Had we been returning direct to England we would have brought some of them over.

Our days were spent much alike, indeed so much so that we hardly knew what day of the week or month it was. The time we could always tell by the sun, also to guide ourselves by it and our shadows in the daytime, and by the stars at night when away from home. We rose at sunrise, as early as four o'clock in the heat of summer, and cooked and ate our breakfast, after which my husband went to work, and I put a large sun-bonnet on our little boy, and let him run about near the house or stay with his father until the sun became too hot for him, which, after his illness, would be about seven or eight o'clock; after that hour he would have to take shelter from the sun indoors till five in the afternoon. Meanwhile I cleaned the rooms, made the beds and baked our corn-meal, or white bread, or did whatever washing and ironing there was to be done. The washing I found the hardest work of all, especially in the very hot weather, not having been used to it before. Here it may not be out of place to pass a few remarks on a subject of which I often thought and spoke then, while leading a wild and rough life in the backwoods.

Why should not all girls, in whatever sphere of life they may move, be taught, not theoretically only, but made to practise, the household work necessary to be done should

they go, as I did, to an almost uncivilised country, where they can obtain no help, and must perforce work for themselves, or live in a state of perpetual untidiness and dirt?

Perhaps they think they may never go abroad, or have any need to work; but who knows what may happen to us at any time? Miss — may to-day marry a wealthy man, and having been brought up in every luxury, with no idea of work in any form, gives no thought of looking forward to a rainy day; never dreaming that their wealth may become a thing of the past—that there are such misfortunes as failures in business, breaking of banks; wars, which influence the markets and undervalue the bonds in which their money is secured. All these things and worse may come to pass at any moment, and the husband ruined, and unable even to afford a servant, must begin life over again, naturally looking to his wife to assist him to the best of her power and share the burthen.

How is this to be done if the woman knows nothing whatever of management or needlework or household work? How is she to set about buying and cooking the dinner, washing and mending the linen, keep her rooms clean and tidy, and look after the children, if she have them?

Not having learnt before, she will find it very hard at first; but to those who have had parents sensible enough not to consider it *infra dig.* to make their daughters practise the humble arts of life, it will not come so irksome to them, and they will easily fit the shoulder to the burthen, and cheerfully show their husbands that they can make themselves good housewives at home, as well as shine as ornaments in society.

Let me add a few words more on this subject. I have seen a great many self-styled "ladies" who think it degrading and lowering themselves to do any little menial office, fearing it will spoil their hands or their complexion or their figure, or again what people—people of their own set—may say of them. These are, generally speaking, the women whose intellectual capacity can go no further than in following the fashions, and trying to outvie their neighbours and friends by the extravagance of their toilette, fancying that money makes the lady; whose mornings are spent in bed over a trashy novel, and their evenings in attending balls and parties.

They do not seem to remember that good old saying, "like mistress, like maid," and that if the mistress neglects her duties, she cannot expect her servants to trouble them-

selves about theirs, and they will never respect her. These are the women who put on the airs and graces and fastidious manners which they seem to imagine to be essential to a lady, considering it quite beneath them to enter their kitchen, examine their larder, handle a piece of raw meat, mend a sock, or ride in a third-class railway carriage; to totally forgetting, or rather seeming to ignore the fact, that no amount of menial work or poverty can alter a lady born. If she is a lady, she will always remain one; it is an indelible stamp which nothing but the loss of her own self-respect can efface, wherever she may be, or to whatever position and hardship she may be brought.

Well, after having had my little say, I must now return to our everyday life in Texas.

During the very hot weather I let the stove fire die out after baking, &c., and sat in the doorway at my needlework until four or five o'clock, when I re-lighted the fire and cooked our supper. At noon we contented ourselves with some milk and bread and honey, or molasses, preferring to have our bacon and beans, &c., when the heat was less intense. This, our last meal, we always tried to have over before the sun went down, on account of the number and variety of winged insects which, on the arrival of the lamp, would flock into the room, covering our food. This nuisance began about the beginning of April, and continued throughout the hottest part of the summer. It was a case of continually clearing our eatables and coffee; and without the lamp on the table, or close to us, we could not well see the invaders. The evenings, too, are so much lost time after dark for the same reason, as one cannot do any needlework or reading in peace for the little creatures buzzing and crawling everywhere, on our necks and faces, and up our sleeves, and darkening the lamp with the bodies of the too venturesome. We gave it up as hopeless, and used to sit outside till we retired to bed. The nights were glorious; the stars so brilliant, and the atmosphere so clear that it was our pleasantest time sitting outside our shanty looking forward to the cool breeze which usually blew from the Gulf of Mexico before midnight. Often, when it was too hot to sleep, we would wander about in the moonlight, sometimes chasing the "cotton-tails," for everything was as clear as daylight for miles around, without the glare and dazzle of the sunshine; and, flooded with the soft radiance of the Queen of Night, the country was lovely indeed.

(To be concluded.)



L I F E .

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

A LITTLE basket cradle-bed,
A little shining curly head;
A little workman, spade in hand;
A little footprint on the sand.

A tremulous star, a wavering flute,
Two souls that speak, though lips are mute;
Two touching faces fixed above,
Two kindred spirits, one through love.

A little cloudlet in the sky,
A mother's pang, an infant's cry;
An autumn leaflet, crisped and sere,
A thoughtful brow, a pensive tear.

A moonlit cypress, zephyr-stirred,
Two moving shadows, silver-haired;
Two mounds of grass upon the lea,
A gleam of light beyond the sea.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART IV.



POSSIBLY my readers may be interested if I mention a few of the insects which annoyed us so much indoors, together with some others. Moths of all varieties, large and small, dull-coloured and beautiful, cockchafers, or may-bugs, as they are sometimes called; flies of all sorts, and later on in the very hot weather came some most extraordinary looking insects, many of which were venomous. Among the numerous specimens of the grasshopper there was one of a very beautiful shade of pale green, quite three inches long, and with extremely long legs. While still they are exactly like a leaf folded, and when in the branches of the trees in the daytime are not easily distinguished from the leaves. They are very noisy too, and make a loud chirruping, and will keep up their music all night long in the rafters, and in the trees day and night. There was a smaller kind, of a grey-brown colour, which caused us more trouble than all the other insects, excepting the ants; for it was continually to be found in the beds and mosquito curtains, and the dresses, etc., hanging on the wall. It would make great holes in them, eating them away far quicker than the moths, and was difficult to catch and kill, for it would spring at us from a great distance with a loud chirrup, and bite.

Of mosquitoes, those noisy little revellers of the night, we had enough, but they were in far greater numbers in the cities like San Antonio, where the land lies low, and by the rivers and swamps. They will attack newcomers for preference, passing over old stagers to taste the blood of the last arrival. We had mosquito curtains, or bars as they are called in America, but when very hot we found it almost impossible to keep them around us, as they seemed to exclude the air. Towards morning the flies were, if anything, more tormenting than the mosquitoes, and during the day they gave us no peace, till at last we set a trap for them, and thus got rid of thousands daily.

Perhaps the most curious-looking insect is a creature of the grasshopper kind, for it has long legs, and can spring a great distance. It is called the devil's horse, and is venomous. Some are small, and I believe they are harmless, though we did not care to try, notwithstanding that we heard that people made pets of them. They are of a light brown colour, and when they settle resemble a man kneeling at prayer with his hands folded. The neck is long, and they have a large round head, with very prominent eyes, which they turn about in all directions, apparently watching everything. The large ones are three to four inches in length. We often amused ourselves watching them and the large green grasshoppers, between which there seemed to be constant war; and wondered at first why the devil's horse kept the two front antennæ folded in such a curious manner under the mouth, but were not long in discovering the motive. The ants, of which I shall speak presently, would run over the table, and here the devil's horse would sit, and, as they passed by him, would drop these arms or claws on them, and pop them into his mouth. It was amusing to see how the green grasshopper would fly in and creep round in the shadows and prepare to make a spring on the devil's

horse, and the other, always on the look-out, would spring at the same instant and hide in the bouquet of flowers which I always kept on the table. There was another curious insect which varied in length, sometimes being four inches long, and was of a grey or brown colour, and which was so like the slim twig of a dead plant that, until it moved its slender legs, which seemed to form the shoots and small branches of the twig, it was quite impossible for an inexperienced eye to distinguish it from the dead grass or plant on which it invariably settled. We understood that it was a poisonous insect.

Of scorpions we had plenty, often finding them in the wood collected for the fire, and sometimes on ourselves and in the beds, but luckily none of us received a sting from them. Their sting is very painful, making the part affected swell and smart for several hours, but is not dangerous. We discovered a nest of them under a cupboard, and close to the head of one of the beds. The large centipede, often eight inches long, is very venomous. Each leg has a sharp claw, and in crawling over a person injects poison at each step it takes.

The tarantula spider is perhaps the most dreaded of any insect; its bite is said to drive a man mad if he do not die. We killed a great many of them, one being on the pillow in the bed as I laid our little boy down for the night. Another we found at the bottom of our corn-box when we were destroying some nests of mice. I killed one which I saw crawling across the floor of the sleeping-apartment one night. The largest we found were about two inches across the body irrespective of the legs, and were covered with hair. They would sit up on their hind legs and show fight directly they were approached, and had nasty-looking fangs and claws for attack and defence. The dogs, too, would keep a wide berth when they scented or saw one, and always called our attention to its presence, when, if it were hiding under a bit of rock and would not come forth, we blew it up with gunpowder.

The ants, of which there were several kinds, gave us a great deal of anxiety, for they would make a raid on our vegetables, and in a night destroy a crop which the day before was almost ready for consumption. These were the large red ants, nearly half-an-inch long, with large heads, and they would suddenly appear in myriads where none were to be seen a few minutes earlier, their presence being accounted for by a piece of bacon-rind or rabbit thrown outside for the dogs. These ants sting terribly; indeed, if a child were to fall on one of their nests, it would be stung to death in a very short time. Of their voracity you can judge, when I tell you we have killed and thrown the body of a large snake on one of their nests, and in a day or two at the utmost have found nothing but the bare bones left.

The musk ant is a still greater pest. It is small and red, with a strong musky smell, so strong that everything it touches or gets into tastes and smells horribly of it, rendering it almost, if not quite, uneatable. It will work its way anywhere and everywhere; nothing is safe from it. We tried suspending a tin of honey from the rafters, but they found it out, and crawled down the string, and, though the tin was covered, some managed to get in, and flavour it so as to destroy it. Kerosene oil rubbed on the legs of the tables had no effect after a short time, and the cupboard and our provisions swarmed with them. To stand everything in tin and place them in water was the only way to baulk them; but water was scarce, and thirsty dogs, cats, and chickens were sure to drink it up directly one's back was turned. If, by pouring boiling water on their nests, we tried to destroy them, they would reappear a short

distance off and recommence hostilities; and then again water was too precious, and had to be carried too far, to allow of its being wasted in such quantities. It was wonderful to watch their ingenious plans, carried out in such marvellous order, and the rapidity with which they communicated intelligence of any fresh prey, or the removal of articles of food from one place to another.

The mud-dauber is a large insect, not unlike a hornet, but is black and has very long legs. They build their nests of mud (hence their name) somewhat in the style of swallows, all over the roofs of dwellings, and fly in and out all day long. We used to knock their nests down carefully and examine them. They were of an elongated shape, about two inches in height. The inside was divided into honey-comb cells, each of which was filled to the top with the bodies of small spiders. These were all in the same position, with their legs drawn together and brought forward over their head. On being taken from the nest and laid on the table, they seemed to revive, but were very feeble and not able to stand. We formed the opinion, whether correct or no I cannot say, that the mud-dauber had some means of rendering them torpid or insensible, so that (as a spider can live in captivity a long time without food) the egg, which it had laid at the bottom of each cell, as it hatched and gradually matured as a maggot, found its food fresh daily, which could not have been the case had the spider died. Each cell contained on an average a dozen spiders; and as soon as the maggot had worked its way to the top, it lay in a chrysalis state for some time; and after emerging from the latter state, would burst its mud cell and become a full-blown mud-dauber, and set about building nests on its own account.

The dung-beetle is a natural scavenger. It is large and black; the legs so formed that it can roll its load and crawl either backwards or forwards equally well. It abounds in other warm climates; Italy, Sicily, etc.

The granny-spiders, as the Texan children call them, have a small round grey body, with extremely long legs. They do not make webs, but appear in great numbers towards the end of summer on the walls and on the rafters of the houses, whence they seem to take a special pleasure in dropping on to one's face in the night. I do not believe they bite, but they irritate one sufficiently, in both senses of the word, to make amends.

Before passing on to other subjects I must say that, in order to balance the agreeable with the disagreeable, there are many beautiful and harmless insects too; to wit, the butterflies, which are large and lovely in colouring, and the fireflies, which glance in and out of the trees and bushes all night, their beautiful light proceeding from the under part of their bodies. They are easily caught, for they will fly into the house and alight on the dress or hair, retaining their bright appearance all the while. Then there are the charming little humming birds, so brilliant in plumage, and many other birds in the earlier part of the year and winter months.

Throughout the spring, until the end of May, we had very violent thunderstorms. The storms in our own country are but child's play to them. They are often preceded or followed by a "norther," and the rain would come down with such force that it seemed as if the shingled roof would fall in. Later, when the storms were few and far between, we put every available basin, bath, and kettle out to catch the rainwater, should there be any. We dug hole after hole in the valley, and succeeded sometimes in striking water, generally near the nests of the large ants; but in the course of a couple of days these would go dry too, and we had to begin again somewhere else.

This was very hard at the time that I was laid up, and my husband sick with the "chills and fever," the terrible illness which so prostrated Martin Chuzzlewit and his "jolly" companion. Often we each had to content ourselves with but half a pint of water a day, not knowing sometimes when we could get more, and this during the intolerable heat, and in fever. Many a day had to go by without being able to spare water for washing ourselves or linen.

One of our principal cares was to salt our cattle regularly every other day, otherwise we should have had them constantly round the house. We were much astonished at first to see the strange cattle come up to us, when we were hanging clothes out to dry, and deliberately chew a towel, pinafore, or anything else that was within their reach, and make off with it; and no amount of "rocking," *i.e.*, throwing stones at them, would induce them to stand and deliver. One cow, an ugly animal she was too, made herself so conspicuous as well as obnoxious by her powers of dodging us, and by securing something every time she happened to cross our ranche, that she was nicknamed the "munching cow." One night I was awakened by a violent battering of the wall at the head of my bed. My husband got up and went out to see what was the matter. It was the "munching cow," and she had partially broken with her horns our meat-safe, in order to get the bacon. My husband pelted her with rocks, and the dogs hunted her for some distance. Meanwhile I cleared the safe of everything, and then we went to bed again; but not for long before the noise recommenced. This time she succeeded in smashing it to pieces, and was busy licking the wood when my husband discharged a blank cartridge at her from his gun, which had the desired effect, and she retired from the scene of action, and left us in peace for a time.

As I have said elsewhere, these herds or "bunches" wander about from year to year without their owners looking them up, and of course are not salted, and so take what they can get as a substitute. Indeed, they will chew almost anything. At one time my husband and another gentleman were camping out on the San Jeronimo Creek, and while they were sleeping some cattle came up and munched their sombreros, which they had on, while lying by their camp fire. On rousing, they saw others busily engaged in chewing the harness, and they gave chase to the thieves, who dropped the harness bit by bit and made off. This necessitated them remaining awake to guard the place till daylight, not knowing where to put their hands on the missing pieces, there being no moon, and fearing a return of the beasts should they go to sleep again. That was not all. When daylight came they found the bacon and bread gone, and their ground coffee upset, and so, hungry and tired, had to ride forty miles before reaching any place where they could replenish their bag of provisions.

While ox the subject of cattle, I may as well describe the process of branding them. Out here a man's fortune is judged by the number of his cattle, each being valued at 15 dols. (£3) per head. In order to prevent their being stolen, the owner brands them either in numbers, figures, or letters, which must be registered in the county. The beast to be branded is hunted as near as possible to the fire, lassoed, and the rope no sooner over the horns than the rider gallops round it, allowing the rope almost to drag on the ground, when a sudden pull is given. The animal's four legs are drawn quickly together by this means, and it is thrown sharply to the ground: the rider dismounts, the horse, being trained to this work, does not stir, and the man secures the beast's legs firmly, applies the hot branding-iron to

the hide, gently applies some ointment kept for the purpose, and the animal is released.

My readers may imagine that when I say the cattle are allowed to roam at will from year to year, that, notwithstanding the branding, nothing more may be seen of them or their brand; but such is rarely the case; the owner, riding constantly about the country, knows pretty well where they are, and a cattle thief if detected is lynched.

When the traders come from the Eastern States to buy cattle from the large ranchmen, and they cannot themselves bring together the number required for their market, they seek for and employ the much-abused cow-boy—abused only by the genuine Yankees from the north and east, who know nothing of them or their hard lives beyond seeing accounts of scimmages with firearms, and no allowance made for their hot southern blood being roused when an insult is offered.

The cow-boy is then told the brand, if he does not know it, which is rarely the case, and the number of cattle wanted, and these he is left to round up and drive to the spot assigned by the buyer, and is paid one dollar per head for all he brings up.

It often happened that "bunches" of cattle several thousand strong passed our ranche, and we were greatly interested in watching the movements of the cow-boys in "holding" them together, especially towards sun-down, when they would gallop round and round the herd flourishing their long cowhide whips until the beasts became quiet and at rest for the night. Even then the cow-boy's work was not finished, for while one or two made the camp fire and cooked the bacon, the others continued to ride round the "bunch" all night, each taking his turn at the fire and his share of food.

This would continue day and night till they reached their destination, often driving the cattle "on the trail" 1,400 miles, about sixteen cow-boys being in charge of three thousand beasts.

When a storm arises, the cow-boy's skill is put to the test, and nobody but a cow-boy could hold the herd then. The storms in these regions are often sudden and terrible, but infinitely grand and beautiful, the whole heavens seeming to open and be a dazzling mass of flame; the thunder, rolling majestically from hill to hill, appearing to come from the very bowels of the earth, and accompanied by rain in torrents. The terrified animals stampede, and if not checked by the cow-boys they would be dispersed and lost, and destroy crops, and perhaps themselves in their mad career. These gallant "boys" then gallop at full speed round the "bunch," and at the risk of their lives continue to do so until the storm has abated and the poor frightened beasts quieted.

Few know what hardships these men have to endure; for many months together they are out in the open prairies, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and sleeping out at night, often with no companion but their trusty mustang.

Wild as is the life they lead, and hardened as these men are to danger in many a form, still so sensitive are they to the least approach to doubt of their honour, that the offender would have to answer for it on the spot, unless, should he desire to escape from the deadly aim of the insulted cow-boy's six-shooter, he retracts and apologises. No doubt it is owing to this, and to the habit usual to them and others out West, when gambling in the saloons, to lay their revolver across their money on the table, as a challenge to anyone daring to cheat, that has given rise to the idea prevalent amongst most people that the cow-boys of Texas are a desperate and lawless set of men, all more or less of the Jesse and Frank James type.

This I most strongly deny, and short as was my stay in Texas, my experience of them during that period was not small, and I gladly and boldly stand forward in their defence.

Merry and light-hearted they always are, and never have I met such true gentlemen by nature, respectful and courteous to every woman; and, I venture to add, none more ready and willing to stand by and shed his last drop of blood in defence of a woman, be she who she may.

Of the Indians we saw nothing, though they occasionally came within a few miles. They were peaceable and friendly, but one never knows when they may cease to be so. A family of whites was massacred by them at no very great distance from us, during our stay there. Sometimes they made raids on the farms and ranches further out West, taking the horses and cattle; however, we did not fear any danger of an attack from them.

Ladies thinking of going out to Texas to live up country will no doubt be glad to know what things, clothing principally, they would be likely to require.

For winter use any ordinary dress of cloth, or serge made lightly, and in the hot weather, loose cotton dresses are the most comfortable and useful, and under-linen of a fine and light texture and make, having no more material in them than is absolutely necessary.

A riding habit is indispensable, and is best made of a strong though light material, and as short as possible. Grey of a light shade or pale brown are colours which would attract the sun the least.

An English saddle also she should take with her, although she would in all probability have to pay duty on it; but ours for men are of no use, those of Mexican make alone being serviceable, having the "tree" in front for the lariat, and for securing articles for camping out, etc.; also the stirrups are large, and have a covering of leather for the feet, as a protection in going through the "brush."

Men seldom wear any but the coloured flannel shirts, finding them in reality healthier than the linen and cotton next the skin, for the latter, in the heat, get saturated almost immediately with the perspiration, and strike cold and clammy, and are very apt to chill. Ladies, too, I feel sure, would find a soft flannel or merino vest to be an advantage; and with the necessary under-linen and white or coloured cotton petticoat and dress, sufficient clothing during the warm weather. Corsets, while it is so hot, are almost out of the question, for, as I said above, the looser the clothing, so much the cooler.

It is better to wear strong boots all the time up country, thin shoes being of no service when one is in and out of the house so much, the grass, etc., being full of tiny shrubs covered with thorns, and also as a slight protection from the ants and other stinging insects. Besides, the heat causes the feet to swell, and without the ankles are properly supported become unsightly as well as uncomfortable.

A large sun-bonnet made of any white or coloured cotton material is worn throughout the summer by all women and children: standing far out from the face to protect the eyes from the glare, and kept in place by slips of cardboard let in for the purpose. A long curtain at the back keeps the sun from the neck and shoulders.

I took out with me from England a good stock of needles, cottons, buttons, tapes, darning wools, etc., and I was very glad I did so, as everything in that way is very dear, a reel or spool of cotton costing 5 cts. or 2½d.—and so on with the rest. Cotton materials for dresses, etc., can be bought at the stores in the cities, but did not appear to be of a very superior quality.

I would advise all to take out a well-stocked medicine chest with them. Quinine in powder form is very necessary, and for the "chills and fevers" (malaria and ague), which are so prevalent there and throughout the States, is an invaluable article. It is very expensive if bought out there, and can only be got in the large cities. Cooling medicines, such as Seidlitz powders, citrate of magnesia, etc., which we brought in large quantities, proved very useful and refreshing, forming a delicious beverage when overheated and tired.

It was owing to my husband being so very ill with the chills and fever that we determined to leave Texas and go North. We had no difficulty in selling the lease of our rancho and belongings, as many were anxious to secure our land, as it was considered by far the best for grazing in the county.

When my little girl was born, my husband, sick as he was, had to act as doctor and nurse in one, so difficult is it to obtain any assistance. On the fourth day after, our little boy ran in to tell me the grass was all on fire; and so it was, and rapidly spreading towards the houses. My husband had left by moonlight the night before to go some fifteen miles off to "round" a cow up that had joined a "bunch." I got up and dressed, and prepared to get the horses, which were grazing in the valley, for the fire continued to spread, and though we had taken the precaution on first arriving of burning the long dead grass all round the houses, still we were seriously alarmed, for we were almost surrounded by the flames, and the heat was that of a furnace, with a blazing sun overhead. Some other ranche-men and cow-boys had seen the fire, and came to our assistance and beat the fire down near us; but it burnt all that day and night, and in the morning 400 acres were found blackened and useless for grazing that season.

My husband returned towards morning, riding home by moonlight. He was always better as soon as the sun went down, and at last, when the chills took such a hold on him, he became insensible every day about ten o'clock when the sun was almost at its height, returning to consciousness at sundown, and was then able to get about, though weak, and do the "chores"—a Yankeeism for the odds and ends of house work, such as drawing water, chopping wood, etc.

As soon as I could travel we bade adieu to our ranche and shanty, and once more started for San Antonio. We were some days on the road with the waggon, and camped out at night as before. The rainy season had commenced, and while it was cooler for driving, was not quite so pleasant under foot, the wheels of the waggon often sinking up to the axles, making it difficult to get along in some parts of the track, not being able to do more than twelve miles a day. Nevertheless, it was a great boon to be able to find water all the way both for the horses and ourselves. The heat being less intense, too, my husband regained his strength, the attacks of the "chills" being of less frequent occurrence.

Arrived in San Antonio, we remained a fortnight at a boarding-house kept by an Englishman who came out to Texas at the same time as ourselves, being a fellow-passenger on board the ship. Here we waited until the sheep arrived, which were being driven there from the hills, and were bound for the Chicago market. My husband went with them to Chicago, starting twelve days before me. I then left San Antonio with the two little ones for New York, where we had arranged to meet in a certain hotel. It was a Saturday morning when I took the cars, and very warm weather. On the Tuesday at eight a.m. we arrived at St. Louis, and it was bitterly cold, a dull day, and a hard frost.

The night before we had been shunted for

four hours at Sedalia, a town where a few years back during the war there had been a terrible massacre of soldiers. The conductors and porters had a jovial time of it, for they took turns in going to the saloons, each spending a couple of hours in the town. I was the only lady in the Pullman car at the time, and so, not being able to go out at that time of night and get any food, the conductor sent a darkey to me with a "lunch," as they call any slight refreshment, consisting of a piece of fried chicken, a roll, and a cup of coffee. I went to bed, and was then left the solitary occupant of the car, except for the two children, for the better part of four hours.

Another night, when in bed, we felt a violent shaking and bumping, and all the men sprang out of their bunks and rushed frantically to the door where the conductor was standing. He quietly told them in answer to their inquiries that he "Guessed they had only gone off the line a little way." Somehow we managed to get on again after a short delay and a little bit more bumping.

St. Louis is one of the largest cities in the States, but of course I had not any opportunity of seeing it, except from the railroad, having the little ones with me. The waiting-room is very large, open to all in a country where there is no distinction of classes; and when we entered it was occupied by quite three hundred people, most of whom were German emigrants who had been there all night, waiting for the cars in the morning to take them out West. Some were awake and others still slumbering; the floor strewn with the refuse of broken victuals and paper.

There were a couple of stoves in the room, and a refreshment stand at the further end. To this we made our way, but with some difficulty, and managed to get some coffee and a stale bun for my little boy and myself; then we seated ourselves on our hand-bags almost frozen with the cold, for it was out of the question trying to get near the stoves. After a while I contrived to get part of a seat, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances with our wraps. Shortly after, a sad incident occurred. A very old lady, whom I had noticed seated by one of the stoves all day, and who, I understood afterwards, was expecting her daughter to meet her there, suddenly received the news that the young woman had just died on the way to her. The shock was too great, and the poor woman fell down in a fit, and was stricken with paralysis. The police, who constantly pass in and out of the room, lifted her up and desired me to let her lie on the seat and use my wraps. She lay there for some two or three hours before she was moved, and taken tenderly away by some friends in a dying state.

We had to wait in that room till seven p.m. for the cars to go on to New York. On the Wednesday we crossed the Detroit River into a portion of Canada. Passing thus into British Dominion, our luggage was examined, formally only, and ticketed accordingly.

That night late we arrived in Buffalo. This is the usual point for alighting to proceed to the Niagara Falls. Being dark, I could only see the great expanse of water, but could hear in the distance the grand thunder of the giant falls. We were now again on American soil, and the following morning (Thursday) at six o'clock arrived at Albany. There we had once more to change cars; and, strange to say, I had hardly seated myself, when in the dull grey light of the early morning I saw my husband walk through the car.

He had just arrived from Chicago, having been a fortnight on the railroad.

We greatly enjoyed the last few hours of our journey to New York. The line from Albany to New York is charming on a bright sunny morning such as that was, although the

beginning of November. The railroad runs along the banks of the Hudson, through pretty country towns and villages and past a great many charming residences.

New York was reached soon after noon, and here we remained nine months before returning to dear old England once more.

So much has been written about New York and its inhabitants by more experienced travellers and authors, notably our own Charles Dickens, that I will content myself with saying that I hope this little narrative may prove of some interest and use to any lady contemplating a life in Texas, more poetically termed the "Lone Star State."

JULIA COURON.

VARIETIES.

DARK HOUSES.—A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula and rickets among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it.—*Miss Nightingale.*

MUSIC AND MORALS.—The effect of music on the moral nature can scarcely be better expressed than in the words of good old Bishop Beveridge, who thus speaks of the influence of the divine art on himself:—"It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears truth commonly flows the clearest in my mind, and hence it is that my soul is become more harmonious by being accustomed so much to harmony."

A TALE OF A ROOKERY.—A farmer rented a farm in the county of Essex some years ago, where he had not resided long before a number of rooks came and built their nests upon trees immediately surrounding the premises, and multiplied so much in the course of three or four years as to form a considerable rookery, which he much prized. About this time, however, he was induced to take a larger farm, which obliged him to change his residence and forsake his rooks; but, to his great surprise and pleasure, the whole rookery manifested such an attachment to him as led them to desert their former habitation and accompany him to his new abode, which was about three-quarters of a mile off, and there they have continued to flourish ever since.—*Bishop Stanley.*

FOR THE SAKE OF TALKING.—Some read to think—these are rare; some to write—these are common; some read to talk—and these form the greater majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purpose of this latter class, of whom it has been said, that they treat books as some do lords—they inform themselves of their titles, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

THE EFFECT OF CALUMNY.—Calumny can make a cloud seem a mountain; can make a cloud become a mountain.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF SUCCESS.—Success frequently does not add much to happiness. So long as an object is unattained we may clothe it in such ethereal colours as we please; when it is achieved, the ideal has become material; it is as good, perhaps, as what we ought to have expected, but it is not what we did expect.