A RAID INTO MEXICO.

BY R. G. CARTER, FIRST LIEUTENANT, U. S. A.

Fort Clark, Texas, is situated in Kinney County, latitude 29° 17' north, longitude 23° 18' west, at an approximate elevation of 1000 feet above the level of the sea. It is 125 miles west of San Antonio de Bexar, and forty-five miles north of Fort Duncan, at Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande River. Its location is on a rocky ridge of limestone, at the foot of which is a magnificent live-oak grove. Amidst its cool, inviting shadows, bubbling and sparkling from a clear and crystal pool, a series of beautiful springs, called the Las Moras (the mulberries), emerge from their hidden sylvan retreat into a smooth and narrow, but sluggish stream. It forms the source of the river bearing the same name, which, flowing on some twenty miles, mingles its waters with the Rio Grande del Norte.

Clark was an old infantry post in 1852. In May, 1873, it was not yet rebuilt, and the dilapidated and limited quarters proved anything but inviting to the wearied troopers of the Fourth United States Cavalry just arrived after a four weeks' march from Fort Richardson, and now bivouacked among the delightful live-oaks referred to, waiting for the Ninth Cavalry to vacate the post. The heat during the first hours of the day was overpowering, but in the early afternoon a cool, refreshing breeze from the Gulf of Mexico sprung up, tempering the air to a soft balminess, and from that time until midnight all lived out of doors under the low, broad, vine-covered verandas—built about all the quarters—from which our te-na-jas, or water coolers, swung in the air. The evenings were particularly fine, warm and dry, requiring no outside wraps. We were indeed in a tropical climate. The water from the deep springs was cold and delicious, and the water-cresses, everywhere abundant on the banks of the Las Moras, furnished us with a crisp and delicate salad for our morning and evening meals. Opposite the post, beyond the creek, on a low, flat piece of land, almost in the mesquite chaparral, is a small town named Brackettsville, the county seat of Kinney County—the exact counterpart of Jacksboro, near Richardson, the ulcer of every garrison, an inevitable fungus growth, only improved or eradicated after much care and trouble. Its composition varied somewhat, but there were the inevitable adobe houses, Mexican ranches, or jacals and picket stores, profusely plastered with mud, used for whisky shops, gambling saloons, etc. Mexican greasers, half-breeds of every hue and complexion, full-blooded descendants of the African persuasion, low down whites and discharged soldiers, composed the population, and at night a fusillade of shots warned us that
it was unsafe venturing over after dark on the one crooked, unlighted and wretched street, Le Boulevard de Brackettsville.

On the 11th of April, the Secretary of War and General Sheridan arrived, which created no little stir in camp. The command was carefully inspected, and at night a brilliant hop was given, partly complimentary to our distinguished guests, and in honor of the arrival of the Fourth Cavalry.

The regimental headquarters with “I” Troop were daily expected from Fort Concho, and pending their arrival and the Adjutant, I was summoned rather unexpectedly, one night, by General Mackenzie, who came to my door. He desired my presence at his quarters, after I had made my rounds and patrolled the town. Upon arriving at his house I found him nervous and uneasy. He frequently arose before stating his business—looked about the quarters, and closely watched to see that there were no listeners. He then, in strictest confidence, informed me, that through some renegade Mexicans and half-breeds he was possessed of certain knowledge with reference to the Indians, who, just previous to our arrival, had raided up the Nueces valley, and committed the massacre at Howard’s Wells. Their trail, with stolen stock, led back across the Rio Grande. He had ascertained their exact locality, numbers, etc., and should immediately commence preparations for an expedition against them. He proposed to effectually check their raids in the future, and punish them for the past. At his dictation I wrote a detailed letter to the department commander—the nature of which it would be improper for me, even at this late day, to divulge; and having enjoined the strictest secrecy upon me until the expedition had proved a success or failure, I left his quarters a burdened soldier—for my wife was included in this sacred pledge. I was a marked man for four weeks. I was shown a reply from department headquarters authorizing the necessary supplies on requisitions, for an expedition, the destination of which was only known to General Mackenzie and myself. Preparations went steadily on until May 15. Horses were carefully shod, pack animals and saddles got in readiness, ammunition obtained in larger quantities, sabres ground, etc. The companies were sent singly, or two or more together, into grazing camps near the post, McL——, the scout, had been in the Kickapoo and Lipan villages, reported his knowledge gained to the General, and all was now ripe for the start. Upon more than one occasion I felt that my good faith was doubted.

At stables, one evening, the General beckoned me to him: “You have told L—— the secret I reposed in you?”

“I beg your pardon, sir, but I have not.”

“You have, then, told your wife?”

“You are mistaken, sir; I have not told a soul, unless in my dreams.”

“Well, but L—— says he knows that you know, and says he can find it all out through you or your wife!”

“Yes, but General, that is an entirely different matter. He has not found out a thing, nor will he.” And yet L—— was his quartermaster, making every preparation to go—where, he knew not. Our camp was upon the Piedras Pintas (Painted Stones) Creek; I had just returned from a moonlight tour among the luxuriant chaparral everywhere about our delightful camp, after an unsuccessful search for mescal and aguardiente (brandy) pedlars, who, knowing that the men had been paid, had ventured forth from the depths of B—— to demoralize them. I had inspected the guard and was half drowsing by the side of my troop commander, Colonel Beaumont, when Major Mauck rode hurriedly into camp from Fort C—— and gave the orders to “pack up” and saddle immediately. The colonel, turning to me, said: “What is the meaning of this—where are we going?” I quietly replied: “Across the Rio Grande.” All was soon busy preparation, crackling camp-fires were at once started to see to pack by, and at early dawn, led by Ike Cox, the guide, we filed out of camp and marched rapidly across the country to the Lower Las Moras, where we arrived about eight o’clock, and dismounting, awaited the arrival of General Mackenzie, with two companies from Clark—and troop M—from Fort Duncan, which, having lost its way, did not arrive until nearly one P.M. In a few minutes after, the entire column of six companies, A, B, C, E, I and M, and a detachment of Seminole negroes, or half-breed scouts, under Lieutenant John L. Bullis, Twenty-fourth Infantry, was moving rapidly for the ford of the “Rio Bravo.”

In this extreme Southern latitude, the sun, now high in the heavens, beat down with burning force upon our heads, which it was found necessary to protect by wet sponges fastened in our hats. Several short halts were made, and at one General
M—briefly made known the objects of the expedition, the probable results, and the possible risks every man, officer and soldier, would incur in an invasion of Mexican soil. Capture meant hanging—the death of a felon. Notwithstanding the spectral ghost of a gibbet before our eyes, and the tired condition of those who had already marched twenty miles, all were in excellent spirits. The river was reached shortly after eight P.M., sufficiently dark to cross, and the passage commenced. We waited in the middle of the river over an hour, waiting for the head of the column to gain the opposite bank, which, steep and treacherous, retarded its advance. Our reflections were only disturbed by the murmuring of the swift stream and the impatient splashing of our animals. All talking was prohibited. A low "forward!" We stemmed the current, and a few moments later scrambled over the low but steep bank, into the dense canebrake that borders the stream above and below the ford. We debouched from the chaparral upon open ground. It was now too dark to distinguish anything but the dim forms of the moving men. We were indeed upon the soil of Mexico, and without further delay, the start was made for a night's ride upon the distant Indian villages.

The night was soft and warm. The moon soon rose, but, partially hidden by a light haze, shed an uncertain light upon the column. We rode rapidly, going where—we knew not—led by the half-breed guides on their fox-gaited beasts. They knew the importance of reaching the villages by daybreak, in order to surprise them, also the distance, and spared not their horses. Our gait, therefore, was constantly increased from a fast walk to a trot, then a gallop, again to a pushing trot and a rapid fox-gait (between a walk and trot)—sometimes the dust so obscured the column it was with the greatest difficulty the rear companies could be closed up, every break or "arroya" would string the animals out by file, which required a gallop later, to close up on the advance. It becoming evident that our pack-mules could no longer keep up such speed and would so impede our progress before morning as to make our arrival on time uncertain, I was urged to ride to the head of the column and suggest that the "packs be cut loose." I felt that it was a bold suggestion: to sacrifice all our rations at the outset of an Indian raid, and on foreign soil. But I also felt that it was absolutely necessary. I passed C, B, and I troops at an easy gallop, until I reached General Mackenzie. Up to this hour he was ignorant of any difficulty in the rear, or that all was not going well. I modestly opened up the subject. Well, for about a minute one would have surmised that the pack train had "turned loose." But my persuasive argument soon became convincing, and I was rewarded with—

"Yes; tell all the troop commanders I'll halt, and give just five minutes to cut the packs loose. Tell the men to fill their pockets with hard bread."

Time was precious. The knives flashed—and the mules, freed of their burdens, trotted along like kittens the remainder of the night. We again moved forward. Sometimes crossing a ravine, and when the rear was delayed, the only general guide we had was the dust ahead, through which glimmered the moon's rays. Sleep almost overpowered us, and yet on, on we went—conversation had long ago begun to lag. Nothing was heard save the ceaseless pounding of the horses and the jingle of the saddle equipments.

The gray of dawn slowly crept upon us. Then the first faint gleam of daylight streaked the horizon. A dazed, exhausted feeling had begun to steal over our weary bodies, and we seemed sustained only by the exciting novelty of the occasion. For the first time we ascertained that the guides, notwithstanding our tremendous gait during the night, had miscalculated the distance, and we were still some miles from the villages. It was suggested to the General to take a light gallop, but his judgment was opposed to it. He dared not wind the horses before making the final charge. The pace was increased, however, and mile after mile sped rapidly by. At the head of the column, as the daylight gradually increased, was now beheld a curious sight—Green Van, McLain, and the half-breeds on their animals could be seen in their saddles constantly plying their quirts, and with their heels vigorously helping the beasts along, never swerving a hair from the general direction taken the evening before. Then the Seminole negro scouts, with ebony faces, flat noses, and full lips, but with the characteristic high cheek-bones of the Indian, their long crinkly hair plentifully powdered with dust. In the rear, the men— their bronzed faces also covered with dust; their slouch-hats, of every conceivable shape, plentifully sprinkled with the same. Their
OUTING FOR APRIL.

features, haggard with loss of sleep, and the strain of the all-night ride, gave them a kind of hard, desperate appearance that would remind one of the pictures of Italian brigands in their raids for plunder and ransom money. An occasional laugh, the nervous shifting movements in the saddle to relieve the weary, aching limbs, the short pipe to console the tired frame and empty stomach, all went to make up a picture such as was not the good fortune of any “Our artist on the spot” to witness, much less to faithfully interpret. The exhilarating breezes from the mountains, cool, dry and life-giving, gave us new strength and action. We now commenced winding down into a lovely valley, daylight streaming all over the land, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing tinkling bells, and seeing several pony herds, which scampered off at our approach. Immediately after we struck the rocky bed of a stream, thickly skirted with chaparral and small timber. Large round stones, washed clean and smooth, and thrown to the surface by many a flood, impeded our progress at every step.

The stream, a mere thread, soon became a series of large water-holes, from which man and beast now drank in pleasurable companionship, washing the dust from their parched throats. This was the Rey Molina. We slipped from our horses and tightened the girths.

It was broad daylight. The sun tipped the mountains with its golden touch. The beautiful azure of a cloudless Mexican sky, a calm and peaceful morning, was full upon us. It was an inspiring sight as the column, again in motion, wound its way under cover of the fringe of bushes, toward the object of its terrible mission. We were rapidly approaching the Indian villages. All talking ceased, and the clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the stones, the jingling of spurs and rattle of equipments grew painful. The column was hurriedly but silently closed up. As we debouched from the dry bed of the stream, and were beginning to wind around the base of the hill, we saw hurried preparations made ahead which indicated our very near approach to the scene of death. Men began earnestly to look at their weapons, and quietly prepare for the fight. The pack trains were turned out—“fours” were counted—we commenced to descend a long slope, upon which, scattered here and there were thick patches of prickly-pear, many cacti, of every variety, and the ever present mesquite. At the foot we could seem to see the huts and the general outline of an Indian abiding-place. And as the fringe of chaparral grew thinner, the lodges burst suddenly upon our view. We listened almost breathlessly for the fight to begin. The head of the column, now lost to view, again reappeared, this time at a gallop. An order was passed hurriedly to the rear to prepare for a charge, to hold the horses well in hand, and not to scatter out. A shot, followed by another and a third, and the white horses of troop “I” in the lead, could be seen stretching down the slope upon the village, now in full view. “Left front into line! gallop! march!!” rang out from front to rear. “Charge!!!” And then there burst forth such a cheering and yelling from our gallant little column, as that Kickapoo village never heard before. It was caught up from troop to troop, and struck such dismay to the Indians' hearts that they were seen flying in every direction. The sudden charge proved a complete surprise. The leading company was soon among the grass lodges. Carbines were banging, rifles were cracking. The men were incessantly cheering and scattering in pursuit. The warriors yelling and flying in every direction, half naked, from their huts. It was a grand and impressive sight. Sharp and imperative commands alone held the men in ranks, or kept them from dashing individually into the village. Over bushes, rocks, prickly-pear, and the long, dagger-like points of the spanish-bayonet, dashed the
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A CHARGE ON THE VILLAGE.

mad, impetuous column. Here could be
seen a horse gone crazy and unmanageable
with fright, and running off with its rider,
who was wholly powerless to control him.
Small mesquite trees had to be avoided,
and what with controlling the men, dodg-
ing rocks, bushes, and handling our horses,
a more reckless, dare-devil ride we never
had. Soon the rear companies struck the
village, and, dismounting and “fighting on
foot,” were at once engaged. It was short
work. “I” Company was pursuing the
flying warriors across the low, swampy
ground, everywhere cut up and intersected
by irrigating ditches, and with fields of
corn and grain. On the left were the
pony herds, seemingly as intent upon get-
ning away as their masters. We quickly fired
the villages. The fierce crackling of the
flames mingled strangely with the carbines,
rifles, cheers and yells. Taking a part of
Troop “A,” I struck across for the herds,
and, after much hard riding through the
chaparral everywhere skirting the village,
expecting momentarily to be ambushed
by small parties of stampeded Indians, I
succeeded in rounding up most of the
animals, and started back. As I approached
the small stream bordering the smoldering
lodge, riding at a rapid walk, one of the
men shouted, “Look out, Lieutenant, there
are Indians under the bank!” Turning
quickly, I saw, under a large overhanging
bunch of flags, what appeared to be the
form of a large Indian in the act of point-
ing a weapon. It stirred, and gathered,
apparently, to fire. My carbine cracked,
and the Indian fell. The men then opened.
Dismounting and ordering the firing to
cease, I approached the flags, and, parting
them, witnessed one of those most singular
and pitiable spectacles incident to Indian
warfare: A small but faithful cur-dog was
at the entrance, savagely, menacing our
advance. Beneath him lay stretched the
dead body of a gigantic squaw, and behind
there seemed to be more bodies. It was
necessary to kill the dog before we could
proceed farther. The men, reaching in,
then drew forth two small children, respec-
tively two and four years of age, badly shot
through their bodies. One was dead, the
other nearly so. Opening the bush for
further revelations, way in rear we saw
the form of another squaw, apparently
unhurt, but badly frightened. Her black,
glittering eyes were fastened upon the
group of soldiers with a fascinating stare,
not unlike that of a snake. We made
signs for her to come out, but, as she re-
fused, she was quietly, and without harm,
dragged forth. We thought this was all,
but, almost covered up under the immense flags, we found still a third child, a girl of about twelve, badly wounded. It was one of those cruel and unavoidable accidents of grim-visaged war. Gathering up our prisoners, we found we had about forty, with nearly two hundred ponies. About twenty warriors had been killed. Among the prisoners was old Costilietos, chief of the Lipans, who had been caught by a lariat thrown over his head by one of our Seminoles, as he was darting through the bushes. He had been a precious old rascal. Another prisoner brought in and not disarmed by his captor, nearly ended the life of Captain M——. As soon as he fairly realized, by the burning villages, prisoners, etc., what had happened, and how he had been duped, he brought his rifle down quickly upon the captain, but was immediately riddled by bullets as we jumped to his rescue and took in the critical situation. There were many thrilling incidents and adventures during the fight.

Captain McL——, that sturdy and intrepid old soldier, whose company led, pursued several Indians some distance, shot at and wounded one, who fell and permitted Captain McL—— to ride up to him. What was the captain's astonishment to see the Indian rise up, deliberately level his rifle, and make a close shot at his head. But a miss is as good as a mile. The next moment he fell by the captain's six-shooter. Another had his pony shot from under him. Quickly jumping from his body and running at full speed, he overtook and leaped up behind a mounted Indian and rode off under fire. Some of the men's horses bogging just at this moment, they both escaped.

Sergeant O'Brien, of "A" Troop, a gray and grisly old soldier who knew no fear was pursuing an Indian, both afoot. He had fired and missed, when the savage, thinking he had no time to reload, turned suddenly, and, whirling a large brass-bound tomahawk, threw it with such precision as just to graze the sergeant's head. Walking deliberately up to him with his carbine, throwing a cartridge quickly, as he advanced, into the chamber from the magazine, O'Brien said, "I have you now, you old spalpane," and shot him dead at fifteen paces. We unsaddled, and, remaining just long enough to treat the wounded (one mortally), to amputate an arm and set a leg and to construct litters, and assign the prisoners to ponies for the ride back, we started. Beyond the Kickapoo village, about one-fourth of a mile, was that of the Lipans. Still farther beyond, in the distance, sharply defined in the clear atmosphere, stretched the Santa Rosa Mountains, whose peaks were now bathed in the mellow sunlight, seeming only a few miles distant, towards which a great many of the Kickapoos and all of the Lipans fled when first aware of our hostile approach. General Mackenzie, when first informed of the relative strength of the two villages, was told he would be compelled to make his main attack upon the largest—the Kickapoo village. But before commencing the charge, one of the guides suggested dividing the force, sending a part around the Lipan village in the direction of the mountains, thus cutting off their escape in that direction, while the remaining companies made a vigorous attack upon the Kickapoos. But the General would not listen to it, owing to his belief that the latter were more numerous. Hence the escape of all the Lipans, before they could be reached over the swampy approaches to their stronghold. The sun was now high in the heavens; the heat was increasing in intensity. We mounted and commenced our retrograde march.

Their occasional exclamations in muttered, incoherent Spanish, far from indicating a friendly spirit to Los Americanos, foreboded evil to us before striking American soil. It was a scalding day; not a breath of air stirred. The heat hung over the earth in tremulous waves, parching and roasting our brave little command till we could seem to endure it no longer. Had it not been for the numerous lagoons, met frequently during the day, our sufferings would have been intense. Our trail had been discovered going in, and the results of our raid had been communicated by rapid couriers up and down the river. Even then the "long roll" was beating from Piedras Negras to the upper fords, for the volunteers to intercept our march. It was ascertained that a short distance away was another Mescalero Apache village. These Indians, long resident in Mexico, were sworn allies to the Kickapoos, and capable of sending five hundred warriors against us. As darkness settled
about us our anxiety increased, which, added to the exhausted condition of the men and animals, left us in no cheerful frame of mind, or prepared for our long night ride and a possible fight in ambuscade. The moon, yellow and tropical, but dazzling bright, rose and illuminated our trail, now glittering with myriads of dewdrops that everywhere flashed like diamonds under our horses' feet. We wearily rode on. The heavy, overpowering hand of sleep was upon every officer and man. This was the third night that many of us had been absolutely without sleep. The Indian prisoners were heavily guarded in rear, and our Seminole scouts stealthily hovered about our flanks, to guard against ambush or surprise, while our advance guard slowly felt its way ahead. It was a long, long night. Everywhere in the column men drowsed and swayed in their saddles. Officers, obliged to forego even this luxury, were on the alert to keep them awake, and at every halt to urge them to renewed efforts. We had read of stories of the execution of Chinese criminals by sentinels keeping them awake with bayonets until death relieved their sufferings. The eyes seemed strained out of our heads. The tension was so great that the head seemed full to bursting. The physical pain endured cannot be conceived. The imagination pictured all kinds of tangible objects to our overstrained minds. Now in the bright moonlight a huge boulder loomed up before our bewildered eyes, and the horse was guided around the obstacle. Again, we passed through hamlets and large towns, all commenting upon the extravagant illumination which the people had resorted to. We were at all times dodging and stooping to avoid imaginary objects. One man, wandering from the column a short distance while it was at halt, to enjoy an undisturbed rest, awoke, only to find the column gone and a Mexican standing over him. He jumped up, fired his pistol, ran through the bushes, and, following our trail until morning, finally crossed the river and joined the command. Such was our mental condition—an hallucination of the mind bordering upon the insane. Towards morning the Indian pappooses and children—in some cases mounted in threes and fours upon the ponies—began to be troublesome by falling fast asleep and tumbling off, which occasioned frequent halts in order to have the rear closed up for safety. They were finally lashed on with lariats. Several times the Seminoles in the rear reported the enemy in sight. At these times word was passed along to keep the men waked up. But we were not attacked. The gray of dawn found us still dodging about the winding paths and roads among the mesquites leading to the river. At daylight the heavier timber that skirts the Rio Grande was seen, and soon we were upon the banks of the stream. The interminable night of horror, of nightmare, had passed. We made many long, tedious halts in the canebrakes. I looked about me. Scenes which neither pen nor tongue can describe were everywhere about. Some of the men were asleep with their arms about their horses' necks, others were drowsing and nodding bolt upright. Some, by persistent efforts to smoke and talk, barely held their drooping lids from closing. The condition of the prisoners, although ludicrous, was pitiful. They were riding double and by threes on the captured ponies. The children, half naked, and streaked with dust and sweat, deprived, by being lashed, even of the privilege of lying upon their ponies' necks, were fast asleep, their black heads and swarthy skins presenting a striking contrast to the blue-coated troopers that surrounded them. Here was a child of but five or six years; his head was shaved smooth, except a tuft or stiff scalp-lock, running from his forehead over to his neck. His face was painted in partcolored stripes. His infantile warrior spirit had given way! The tears had coursed over the paint and sweat, and the dust adhering, gave him a very ludicrous, yet strangely touching expression. All faces wore that gray, ashy, deathlike appearance indicative of overworked nature and the approach of exhaustion. It took some
time to get the wounded, in the horse-litters, across. But at last the rear of the column stood upon American soil, and we gave vent to our pent-up feelings with a hearty Amen! We bivouacked upon the land of Captain Green Van, a ranchero of some notoriety along that line of the Rio Bravo, who, with undaunted courage, had volunteered to guide us on this hazardous expedition, and of course, now, would travel with his life in his hand, as the Mexicans would turn upon him for revenge. Our stay here was one of continued excitement, as shots were heard and threats were sent over that a large body was gathering to attack us that night. Our position was on a small plateau or table-land, completely surrounded by dense canebrakes. We slept in a circle, and with pickets thrown out, and selected sleeping parties in the brakes. We turned in for sleep. The field proved to be an immense ant-heap, which attacked, bit, persecuted and tortured us until early morning, when we moved to a more secure spot, and after recuperating man and beast with rations and forage dispatched from Fort Clark, we took up the march for the post, arriving about noon on the 21st, there to meet the anxious garrison, who had purposely been kept in ignorance of even our destination, and after a terrible suspense now rejoiced at our safe return. On the 24th, General Mackenzie, hearing well-founded rumors that a large body of Indians and Mexicans were making threatening demonstrations on the opposite bank, took two companies and scouted in the direction of Villa Nueva and other points, and returned on the 26th without seeing or hearing anything. Our scouts, however, reported during the day, that we might expect an attack at any time. The night of the 26th closed in dark, and with every indication of one of those terrible thunderstorms peculiar to the tropics. All was gloom and inky blackness. The eye could distinguish nothing a foot away. The anxiety was intense all over the garrison. Pickets had been thrown about the entire post. Ladies and children gathered in groups in each others' quarters or on the porches, and breathlessly discussed the chances of coming battle, of massacre, and all the attendant horrors of Indian retaliation. The hoarse boom-boom of the thunder, the incessant flash of the lightning glared about the little plateau, bringing out the buildings with startling clearness one moment, only to be succeeded by
impenetrable gloom the next. It rattled and roared in angry succession. It was just such a night as would set an atheist to thinking whether there was really a God in heaven who now controlled the elements, and if he was prepared to meet this Unknown Power. The entire garrison was deeply impressed with the awful sublimity of the scene, when a carbine-shot, another and another in quick succession, and a spluttering rattle by the pickets, caused all to start to their feet, and the ladies and children, with blanched cheeks, to gather and huddle for protection. The "long roll" on the drum vied with the rattling, booming thunder. The cavalry bugles sounded their loudest assembly. Every flash showed the gallant troopers pouring out of the barrack in the dreadful storm, carbine in hand. Officers, with a last word of cheer to the companions of their lives in this far-off wild, buckled on sabre and pistol and hurried to the companies now "falling in" to the music of the drummers. A few moments and every man was under arms. We awaited further developments from the pickets, who had now ceased firing, and maintained an almost provoking silence. Nothing was heard but the roaring of the storm as it rattled and rolled, to disturb the deathlike silence. In a moment or two, however, it was ascertained that one of the pickets had discharged his piece at a hog, and was, of course, followed by a fusillade from the others. All of the officers were immediately summoned to headquarters, where verbal instructions were given to be carried out in case of another alarm or bona-fide attack. One set of stone quarters was designated for the ladies to repair to. The citizens of the town were notified, and thus ended the Mexican scare. The suspense was over. The attack never came! and quiet and peace reigned for many a day on this border of the Rio Grande.

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ROMAN REMAINS IN MERRY ENGLAND.

A RAMBLE ON THE IRON DUKE'S DEMESNE.

BY MARY GRAY MORRISON.

In the summer of every year hundreds of Americans go to England, walk through its cathedrals, sit in its abbeys, and sign their names in the books kept for that purpose at birth-places; and naturally their way of doing these things, if it be for the first time, is awed, interested, and quite unoriginal. But rarely, indeed, do travelers who come even many times to "our old home," discover that within fifty miles of London there is a spot of ground having the charm of novelty, of mystery and suggestion, and of that antiquity which is so enticing to an American in the case of any continent but his own. It is the site of the city called by the Saxons Silchester, the Roman Calleva Atrebatum, which the Duke of Wellington is excavating on his estate of Strathfieldsaye. Mortimer, the station nearest it, is only six miles from Basingstoke and on the direct road from Salisbury to Oxford, yet who visits the place? Who knows that one of the strongest and largest cities of that nation which during four centuries occupied and ruled over Britain has been slowly coming to the light of day, in quiet, almost unheeded except by learned men, and grimly reticent even to them?

It has long been known that a buried town lay beneath the grain-fields of Strathfieldsaye, for before the middle of the last century coins had been found there by hundreds and the plough has grazed the pavements below, crushing the mosaics for a century and a half. In 1864 the farm-lease having expired, so that the late duke's lands came into his own hands, he determined upon a faithful examination into that fruit of his fields over which seed-time and harvest had no other effect than destruction. At his desire the Rev. Mr. Joyce, the rector of Strathfieldsaye, undertook the charge of the excavations,