

had to leave Escobedo's head-quarters. These had been removed long ago from the Hacienda de Hercules to the city, and were only a few houses from mine in the same street. As I saw the ominous carriage with four mules before my door, I went there of course, expecting that time would be granted to me to prepare and go upstairs. I was about entering the door of my house, which was ajar, when a little captain, who escorted me, shut the door, and made a movement to seize my arm. This exasperated me. I felt as if I had become suddenly six inches taller and that I became deadly pale. As quick as lightning I drew from under my dress my little revolver, and pointing it at the breast of the horrified captain, I cried, 'Captain, touch me with one finger and you are a dead man!'

The captain protested that he did not intend any force, but that General Escobedo held him responsible, and that he was compelled not to permit me to go out of his sight. I told the poor little fellow that he might accompany me. I should take my time to prepare and pack up, and I was in a rather dangerous humour. I told him then to go where he liked. I would go up, and up I went, revolver in hand, the captain following.

I wanted to gain time, in hopes 'that something might turn up,' and declared now that neither I nor my servant understood packing. I must have some one who could do it, and he might try to get