

Grande down to that place where we knew that a good ford existed, which would enable us to cross the river should we desire to do so.

It was at this place that Don Rafael was to leave us to return to his home in Albuquerque, and we parted from him with many regrets, and thoroughly convinced that Judge Baird's warm encomiums upon his honesty and ability had been richly deserved, for we had found him an intelligent, faithful, as well as honest guide, a *rara avis* in that country.

Our trip down the river was a most tedious one, as we were obliged to travel very slowly, accommodating our movements to Mr. Stewart's enfeebled condition; and not until the afternoon of the third day did we behold the welcome sight of the stars and stripes as they floated on the breeze from the staff in the parade-ground of the fort.

Here our hearts were saddened by hearing the opinion pronounced by Dr. Cooper, whose quick eye detected at a glance that Mr. Stewart was slowly dying, and that it would be extremely doubtful if he ever reached Mesilla alive.

Five days later, ere we had made ourselves comfortable at home, calmly and as peacefully as a child, the old man drew his last breath, happy in the thought and belief that he should cross the dark waters in safety, and join the loved ones on the other shore, whose loss he had so truly and faithfully mourned, and who had so recently preceded him to that brighter and better land "eternal in the heavens."