Corpus Christi, Texas, May 26th 1855.

My dear Frank,

Although I have not written you particularly since my return, still my letters are so general and cover so much ground, that you need not think yourself neglected or slighted. We are in the middle of summer weather thermometer at 90° daily, sometimes higher, and we have been wearing thin clothes and straw hats for the past six weeks. Every thing is burned up with drought, and we are beginning to suffer a good deal from want of drinking water, which on this sand beach is entirely cistern water. We have had two or three fishing excursions within the past month. On two of them I went along, but am getting tired of it except fishing with a rod. The first time I went out, I threw out, took off the fish and baited McLean's Blair's line, while he merely pulled in the fish. He beat all the rest having caught 68 red fish himself, 44 of them in less than an hour. He was completely tired out however, and his hands were very much scarred and cut up. In all we brought back alive about 200, but our count differed between that number and 198! The last time I went for grande-caille alone. These are a very powerful fish, not good to eat, but very game, and making the most gigan