

usual—by the main canal of irrigation, through the place.

While my horses were fed, we sat down to a dinner; it was composed of a plate, for each, of poached eggs, and wheaten tortillas; seeing some cheese on a small pine table, I asked for a knife to cut it;—the old man went to a hair trunk, and produced a very common pocket knife. The room had a smooth earthen floor; it was partly covered by a kind of carpeting of primitive manufacture, in white and black—or natural coloring of the wool;—it is called *Jerga*; around the room, mattresses, doubled pillows, and coverlids, composed a kind of divan; the walls were whitewashed, with gypsum,—which rubbing off easily, a breadth of calico was attached to the walls above the divan; there was a doll-like image of the virgin, and two very rude paintings on boards and some small mirrors; the low room was ceiled with puncheons, supporting earth;—there were several rough board chairs. The alcalde's dress was a calico shirt,—very loose white cotton drawers or trowsers, and over them another pair—also very loose,—of leather, open far up at the outer seams. There appeared to be servants,—wild In-

dians of full blood. This may serve for a general picture.

The alcalde—profanely surnamed *Dios*—gave me a very singular missive to his inferior magistrate of the next village; it required him to furnish ten men to watch my camp, that the Utahs should not steal my horses, and my men might sleep. He sent as I afterward learned, a swift express by the mountain paths, to the Governor at Santa Fè.

We passed, a few miles beyond Vegas, the best named natural "gate" I had ever seen,—through a ridge some four hundred feet high. The scenery of my Piedmont route—from Raton to Santa Fè—now greatly improved; wooded hills, many bright streams, some natural parks. There had been a shower here, and the red gravel road, and the buffalo grass, under stately pines and cedars, looked fresh swept and washed; the air was exhilarating, but the charm over all was the almost dazzling sky.

Nine miles brought us to a commanding hill-top, with a view of an extensive valley,—open, smooth, cultivated;—a bold stream was in its meadows; there were herds and flocks on the slopes, and groves of pines; the mountains surrounded all.

Tecolote,—very like Las Vegas—was in the bottom of the valley; the scene must have been peaceful; for apparently forgetful of the war, I left my escort unsaddling for the night, and without showing a flag, rode a quarter of a mile to the large crowd gathered at the entrance of the village; saluting them, I inquired for the *alcalde*, and in barbarous Spanish, told him as I presented the note, that I wanted not men, but corn. And I got some, at three dollars a bushel; and a sheep for a dollar and a half; and milk and eggs and chickens were offered for sale at my little camp.

With Don Santiago and Señor G. came some of their acquaintances to supper in my tent; one of the latter contributed a pocket-flask of *aguadiente*, which could be recommended as strong. Gonzales gave *it* cordial reception; and to his friends,—at second hand,—the liberty and annexation lectures of the *Don* with additions and embellishments.

*August 10th.*—The first novelty I saw this morning was a flock of milk goats going to pasture for the day, in charge of a boy and two shepherd dogs. Singular it is, that the Spaniards occupied on this continent, and expanded over, precisely all the region,—

of mountain and high arid plains,—so resembling Spain, that their national customs of agriculture by irrigation, transportation by pack mules and asses, the raising of flocks, etc., were strictly preserved; and so natural and necessary was their introduction, that it may account in part for their present homogeneity with the aborigines.

I was struck on the road, with the number of people passing, and their lively mood. We fell in with one very merry party; chiefly the family of an old man, as lively and active as a monkey, and not much larger; perhaps it was a wedding party;—a very pretty girl rode on an ass, which took into its solemn head to penetrate our procession of large horses; and in spite of her guiding stick, she was in danger: then a young man who rode a mule, came spurring to her rescue, and seizing the donkey with great vehemence by each ear, dragged him forth; the girl's face was very expressive both of humor and anxiety; as for the old man, his excitement carried his donkey to a gallop, while the hills rang with his shouts and laughter.

San Miguel, built of dull red adobes, in a dull red surrounding country, was now before us on the first

hill beyond the Pecos; this stream is here very pleasant to the eye, running swift and clear, a foot or two deep and a hundred wide, through meadows green with wheat and corn,—this last only three feet up to the tassel,—the former, spring wheat, reaped in September. The town turned out to see us, but I made no stay. The road turning up the Pecos valley, passed for some twenty miles along the rather broken declivity,—hills and deep clay gullies,—of, what to all appearance, was a respectable mountain six hundred feet high; but which in fact is the break of a famous vast table land, destitute of water.

We got on about fifteen miles; caught now and then by a mountain shower, of this the rainy season; and camped at a rain pool, under some fine trees.

*August 11th.*—The Don last night bragged very much of his cook, and of his manufacture of soup of a turtle he had captured. It was poison to me; and so I had to supplement it with a small lump of opium, which, with little relief to my agony, prostrated my strength. And so I had to ride all day in his carriage, and got only a passing view of some interesting ruins; [to Americans, especially, who, with a reputation for boasting, are worst off,—of all things

—for antiquities; and so it happens we make much of “broken pottery;” and when we find in the woods any eccentric hillocks or mounds, or the ruins of adobe huts, straightway a cipher is added to their probable age, and they are pressed into the service of American archæology]. It was the ruins of a walled town called Pecos—which I have visited since—standing on a hill-top, between two branches of Pecos River; three mountain ridges and three valleys meet, (it is something like Harper’s Ferry,) with vistas here of far off peaks. A beautiful panorama! On the bare mountain sides of neutral tints, in this pure rare atmosphere the sun plays master painter,—with floating clouds for his help—and ever changes the picture as he moves.

Here we see, only partially ruined, the temples of two religions which met in rivalry—the Aztec, with unceasing altar fire, and that of Rome, with its graven images; the former an ignorant, honest superstition with a basis of morality; the latter, degenerated in this far isolation, steeped in immorality, embodied in spectacles and ceremonies, and degrading all that is high and holy to the level of sense—the depths of superstition.

Some contend that the Roman Catholic religion was only grafted on the Aztec; that the two were harmoniously blended; this is surely affirmed of the present religion of the Pueblos here. It is stated, (but it sounds like a tradition, such is the ignorance of this people, without a press,) that only some seven years ago, the sacred fire was taken from the estufa here, by a small remnant of the tribe, to the Pueblos of Zuñi, not very distant to the south-west.

But we drove on, and some miles brought us to the wild rocky cañon, where, a few days later, four or five thousand men were very strongly posted to give battle to our army. I took care to find out, however, and observed *how*, it could be turned. My escort got ahead; and when, six or eight miles from Santa Fè, I determined to stop, they, not having discovered the water, had gone on; and so in much suffering and uneasiness I lay down under a bush; my stomach refusing every thing, until after midnight, when I drank a little claret wine, which Don Santiago had kindly insisted on putting within my reach.

Next morning, August 12th, we pushed on, and on the high barren hills, almost in sight of Santa Fè,

to my great relief, the escort joined me: I mounted then, and we approached the "city." At the foot, or at the extremity of a main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, in the midst of a grey barren country without grass, and in the sandy flat valley of a mountain stream, there it was, like a very extensive brick-yard indeed.

Fording the bright and rocky little river, I rode through a long crooked street, passing crowds of people who generally returned my salutation of *buenos dias*, "good morning to you." I lost sight of the carretillas, and going rather at random, suddenly found myself in front of the quarter of a large guard, who at view of my horsemen, howled out their "alarm," with so hideous intonation, that I mistook it for a menace. For the first time, I thought it would not be amiss to air my flag of truce; so I placed a white handkerchief on the point of my sabre, and the officer of the guard advancing to meet me, I announced my mission in a sentence of very formal book-Spanish; he gave me a direction, to the right I thought, and looking up a narrow street, I saw a friendly signal, pushed on, and emerging, found myself and party on the plaza, crowd-

ed by some thousands of soldiers and countrymen, called out en masse, to meet our army. We made our way with some difficulty, toward the "palace," and coming to a halt, my trumpeter sounded a parley. It was some time before I was attended to; and it was a feeling between awkwardness and irritation that was at last relieved by the approach of an officer, the "Mayor de Plaza;" and he again went into the palace and returned, before he was ready to conduct me thither.

I entered from the hall, a large and lofty apartment, with a carpeted earth floor, and discovered the governor seated at a table, with six or eight military and civil officials standing. There was no mistaking the governor, a large fine looking man, although his complexion was a shade or two darker than the dubious and varying Spanish; he wore a blue frock coat, with a rolling collar and a general's shoulder straps, blue striped trowsers with gold lace, and a red sash. He rose when I was presented to him; I said I was sent to him by the general commanding the American army, and that I had a letter, which I would present at his convenience. He said he had ordered quarters for me, and that my

horses should be grazed near the town, by his soldiers, there being no corn; he hoped I would remain as long as it pleased me. I then took my leave. I was conducted by Captain Ortiz, Mayor de Plaza, to his quarters, and shown into a large long room, looking upon the court, and told "it was mine;" which truly Spanish politeness was belied soon after by the presence of Señor Gonzales: the room was carpeted, had one rude window, but a dozen, at least, of mirrors—a prevailing New Mexican taste,—and besides the divan, an American bedstead and bed. My men were rather crowded in a small room, on the opposite side of the narrow street, and to show my confidence, the horses were delivered to the Mexican soldier, to be grazed. Immediately a number of American merchants called on me; chocolate and cake, and some whiskey was handed round by the captain's wife.

Soon after, I went with an interpreter, for my official visit to the Governor, and delivered my credentials. He seemed to think that the approach of the army was rather sudden and rapid; and inquired very particularly if its commander, Kearny, was a general or colonel? (he had received his promotion

on the march.) This was evidently to assist his judgment as to the strength of his force; and to follow the Napoleon maxim, to exaggerate the numbers of an army for its moral influence upon the enemy, our government would do well to take the hint; it being somewhat chary of that rank.

I was allowed to walk about the town; and I observed particularly the amount and condition of the ordnance.

Still sick, I had no appetite for dinner, and was disturbed at siesta, by a favorite trumpeter, who contrived to get admittance, and with much mystery of manner, gave me his opinion that a plan or determination had been formed by the soldiers to massacre or attack us in the night; I reassured him to the extent, that sobriety and prudence should not be lost sight of.

Señor Gonzales soon after raised his head from a table and in solemn, *not* sober voice, cried out "Cuchillo, Cuchara,—plata;" when, presto, appeared knives, spoons, plates;—mutton chops, chicken and chilo, tortillas, dulces, tea—whiskey. I could not eat the supper, but drew near the table, to please the Señora. The Don seized two ribs, and tearing them

apart, sank his grizzly muzzle between. "*Un tenedor,*" I cried, mimicking the Don. The fork was brought, but the Don did not take hints then;—La Señora, offered me tea and cake on a silver salver. The Don poured whiskey into a bowl with his tea; and thinking I could put him to sleep, I helped him to more; he soon tumbled on his pallet, and saluted my ears with such horrid sounds that I fancied suffocation and explosion were contending for the mastery over his mountain of flesh.

At 10 P. M., General Armijo came with Don Santiago. It was settled that a "commissioner" should return with me, and that we should set out at sunrise; the Governor would march next day "with six thousand men." I promised to take chocolate with him at that early hour.

Accordingly on the 13th, soon after the sun rose, being all ready to mount, I paid my parting visit to Governor Armijo, when chocolate, cake and bread,—such as only Mexicans or Spaniards can make,—were served on silver plate; it is an article of my culinary creed, that only the Spanish, and their cognate tribes can make chocolate!

I do not go so far in the matter of bread; but

will state that notwithstanding there is not a bolting cloth in the province, their bread and cake cannot be excelled. But meanwhile the Governor is bowing me out, with a suspiciously good-humored smile, and deafening trumpets and drums seem beating to arms. I mount and ride forth, with my escort in compact order; and I pass that same guard-house, and hear the same sullen howl of the sentinel, which I still misunderstand; and rising in my stirrups I turn and with a defiant gesture, call out, in good English, "I'll call again in a week."

General Armijo, with little or no military experience, distrustful of the loyalty of the population he has habitually fleeced, and of their feeble ignorance which has been much impressed by our long commercial intercourse, is said to be in painful doubt and irresolution; halting between loyalty to his army commission, lately bestowed, and a desire to escape the dangers of war upon terms of personal advantage. Although perhaps much superior to those about him, he is unequal to the trying circumstances of his present situation. Even the patriotic spirit developed by his proclamation appears to embarrass as well as surprise him. Undoubtedly he

must go on to direct this current, but to some weak and disgraceful conclusion. And Armijo's avarice, fortified by ignorance, probably excites in him some hope to handle the tariff dues of the large caravans which follow our column of invasion—an incident of war, strange to us, which must mystify him;—and it is a surprising fact that nearly all the merchants would prefer to get their clearances here; for three-fourths of their goods, in original packages, are destined for Chihuahua and even beyond; the Santa Fè custom house is a great favorite with them. Thus an almost prohibitory tariff, evaded by bribery, costs the people some thousand or two miles of land transportation; and thus a bad, corrupt government finds its account in abuses.

I was accompanied on my return by the "Commissioner," Dr. Conolly, an Englishman.

The second afternoon we passed the scene of a very recent murder and robbery; the Indians, as usual, are excited by the prospect of war, and the poor territory, never in the least protected by the handful of regulars at the capital, is now harried by these savages with unusual severity. My dragoons were chiefly intended for protection against them;

they, and not the New Mexicans, seem to be considered as our enemies.

Next morning, hearing of the approach of the army, I left my escort to rest their horses at the spring where we had slept, rode on, and was soon gladdened at sight of it, descending in gallant array the long hill to Tecolote.

There a halt was made. The General and suit were conducted by the *alcalde* to his house; and there, through his interpreter, General Kearny addressed him and the village notables; informing them of the annexation and its great advantages to them. He required the *alcalde* to take the oath of allegiance, and then confirmed him in his office, and pronounced them all released from their allegiance to Mexico, and citizens of the United States.

The march was then continued—the business with the *alcalde* having occupied only the space of time necessary for watering the horses, and the camp was established for the night at Bernal Spring.

My diary adds no word of comment! What a triumph of discipline!—I dismissed, as in a parenthesis, this accompaniment of a water-call. The great boon of American citizenship thus thrust, through an

interpreter, by the mailed hand, upon eighty thousand mongrels who cannot read,—who are almost heathens,—the great mass reared in real slavery, called, peonism, but still imbued by nature with enough patriotism to resent this outrage of being forced to swear an alien allegiance, by an officer who had just passed their frontier. This people who have been taught more respect for a corporal than a judge, must still have been astonished at this first lesson in liberty.

The General's authority for this course has no ampler record than may be found in the following extracts from confidential instructions received from the Secretary of War, and dated June 3d, 1846. "Should you conquer and take possession of New Mexico and Upper California, you will establish temporary civil governments therein, abolishing all arbitrary restrictions that may exist, so far as it may be done with safety. In performing this duty it would be wise and prudent to continue in their employment all such of the existing officers as are known to be friendly to the United States, and will take the oath of allegiance to them. . . . You may assure the people of those provinces that it is the wish



and design of the United States to provide for them a free government, with the least possible delay, similar to that which exists in our Territories. They will then be called on to exercise the rights of freemen in electing their own representatives to the territorial legislature. It is foreseen that what relates to the civil government will be a difficult and unpleasant part of your duty, and much must necessarily be left to your own discretion.

"In your whole conduct you will act in such a manner as best to conciliate the inhabitants, and render them friendly to the United States."

Mr. Marcy also states, "No proclamation for circulation was ever furnished to General Kearny."

These instructions are the production of a politician and a lawyer; and it is necessary to add that their consummate author was well acquainted with Gen. Kearny.

The President, in communicating the above to Congress, said, "If any excess of power has been exercised, the departure has been the offspring of a patriotic desire to give to the inhabitants the privileges and immunities so cherished by the people of our own country. . . . Any such excess has resulted

in no practical injury, but can and will be early corrected, in a manner to alienate as little as possible the good feelings of the inhabitants of the conquered territory." (December 22, 1846.)

The next day, with only a short halt of the column, a similar scene was enacted at San Miguel. I remained in town with a squadron; there was a great crowd; the General and his staff, the alcalde and a priest and a few others, ascended a flat house top overlooking the plaza; the General, through his interpreter, delivered his address with the advantage of its success at Tecolote, but, whether from the priest's influence, the crowd, or his own peculiar firmness, the alcalde positively refused to take the oath. The General then enlarged upon the perfect freedom of religion under our government, —mentioning that his chief of staff, then present, was a Roman Catholic. All persuasion failed, and at last the old man was forced to go through the form and semblance of swearing allegiance.

The army's second camp beyond San Miguel was on the hills of Pecos River, close to the ruins of the ancient temple, and of the church. That day General Armijo was posted at the defile, a very few

miles beyond, with all his artillery, and a vast crowd of enemies.

The army marched very early August 18th; I commanded the advance guard, and held to the main road, not receiving orders to take the obscure route, known by the General, which turned the position at the cañon. As I passed it, I concluded that important information had been received in the night. So it proved, and I found at the rocky gorge only a rude breastwork of large trees felled across it. It had evidently proved impossible to give coherence to the wretched mass of our opponents, who were now for the first time assembled together.

They became panic-stricken at once on the approach of such an imposing array of horsemen of a superior race, and, it appeared, over-estimated our numbers, which the reports of ignorance and fear had vastly magnified.

Want of water compelled the extraordinary march of twenty-eight miles, and the arrival before Santa Fè near sundown. The dragoons were there alone, for a time, then came the regiment of volunteer cavalry; and the town had been summoned before the arrival of the artillery. Then we marched

into the city, raised and saluted the national flag in the plaza, and marched back to make camp on the barren hill top. The baggage had not arrived; there were no provisions, no grass or other forage, no fuel; as a conquering army we fared badly. Before it was dark, the inhabitants were driving donkeys into camp loaded with fuel, and not long after the train came up; very few rations did it contain.

I took charge of the city for the night, with a guard of only fifty men; the General sleeping on the floor in the palace. The taverns and saloons were overrun by the hungry and thirsty volunteers, and at last I had to drive them all out. After midnight I lay down in my cloak in the main hall, or passage of the "palace," and there, with my saddle for a pillow, slept soundly.

The "Army of the West" marched from Bent's Fort with only rations calculated to last, by uninterrupted and most rapid marches, until it should arrive at Santa Fè. Is this war? Tested by the rules of the science, this expedition is anomalous, not to say Quixotic. A colonel's command, called an army, marches eight hundred miles beyond its base, its communication liable to be cut off by the slightest

effort of the enemy—mostly through a desert—the whole distance almost totally destitute of resources, to conquer a territory of 250,000 square miles; without a military chest, the people of this territory are declared citizens of the United States, and the invaders are thus debarred the rights of war to seize needful supplies; they arrive without food before the capital—a city two hundred and forty years old, habitually garrisoned by regular troops! I much doubt if any officer of rank, but Stephen W. Kearny, would have undertaken the enterprise; or, if induced to do so, would have accomplished it successfully.

This is the art of war as practiced in America.

The horses were sent the day after our occupation of Santa Fe to a distant grazing camp, and the greater part of the troops were quartered in the town. The Indians have been coming in, and seem pleased at the new order of things; temporary civil officers have been sworn in. The authorities of Taos have submitted, and the prefect taken the oath of allegiance. Some of the civilized or "Pueblo" Indians from that quarter have visited us. These are a remarkable element in the New Mexican population. They are of the full blood, live in

villages of houses of many stories, without doors—entered each story from its top, which is reached by a movable ladder: their diligently cultivated grounds they hold in fee; they speak the Spanish, besides an original language; comparatively moral, they profess the Roman Catholic religion, slightly modified by some cherished heathen customs and ceremonies, but are reputed far more moral christians than the New Mexicans proper, that is, of mixed blood; of these, the priests being preëminent scoundrels, their flocks are generally earnest in an imitation, where their inferior means and abilities do not admit of a possible success.

The market is well supplied; mutton of true mountain flavor, red peppers, onions, apples, apricots, etc. Coffee is fifty, and sugar forty cents a pound. Fandangos of the lowest class are now a great success.

Four of us have taken possession, temporarily, of the large parlor at my old quarters with the "Mayor de Plaza;" the captain has very quietly subsided into a civic character—that of vendor of El Paso wine and aguadiente, or brandy. All but some of our elderly officers take to a smattering of