

the United States, and under the name of the Territory of New Mexico."

This overleaps the first announcement which seemed the assertion of the old Texan claim.

The Mormon Battalion is now not expected before October, that will be too late for the northern route to California; and the last information seems to make that by the Gila River impracticable for want of grass, if at all practicable for wagons. And so there would remain only a long route through Sonora. Evidence is all doubtful or false;—false wilfully, or only from lack of judgment as to the needs of a large force compared to that of a few adventurers.

September 7th.—I visited Santa Fè yesterday; a tall, handsome flagstaff has just been erected in the plaza, conveying perhaps some idea of permanency to the ignorant people; while the fort on the hill begins to show itself to the town. Great complaint, however, is made that the volunteers will scarcely work; daily labor was not embraced in their conceptions of war; it goes some way to prove that democracy and discipline—of the military sort—are not entirely congenial. The fort is named Marcy, after the eminent statesman.

I visited to-day the house near camp,—of exceptional character and surroundings; a pleasant portal in front of a fine room, looks upon a small grove of well grown cottonwood trees; these deriving their verdure, or rather their existence, from a fast flowing spring in their midst. From the house we also see the rather narrow winding valley, highly cultivated, walled in by little rock precipices; there is, too, an ancient round tower of two floors,—the upper story of stone; it is loop-holed, and a stone wall crossing some low hills is very remarkable. The happy proprietor is a rather cultivated man; and his Spanish was pleasant to hear.

The country generally, off the river, is not appropriated in severalty. Colonel Doniphan, who is a lawyer of high repute, is codifying and revising the laws; he tells me of this, and many peculiar difficulties; the civil law as adopted by Spain is their basis; its adaptations are rather from many departmental decrees, than National legislation; and so low has been the state of administration of justice in this province, that suits of any importance have been removed seven or eight hundred miles to Chihuahua.

Our fuel is brought nine miles, and the nights

are very cold. This pure atmosphere has often a peculiar haze or blueness which is unaccounted for; the nearest mountains look dark blue, and when covered by cedars and pines, almost black.

September 11th.—I slept last night under a thick blanket and buffalo robe.

The Pueblos bring in for sale melons, onions, corn, sugar and molasses, bread, and above all, delicious grapes; they are as large as musket balls, the bunches of about a pound weight; in no other part of the world, as I think, are there grapes so palatable. The cultivation, and I am told it is the same in California, is peculiar; pruning is so extreme that the growth ceases to be a vine, and becomes a single stem four or five feet high, which supports the short branches and fruit: thus it is a bush. The wine they make here is not highly praised.

The General passed up this afternoon; the national flag is to be hoisted on the new staff, first in his presence, under a national salute.

Some of the staff tell us that their march was a gala procession, extending only ninety miles to San Tomè. They arrived there on their saint's day; long tallow candles were put into the hands of the officers

to carry in procession, following his waxen effigy; and this was considerably protracted, by repeated addresses to his saintship. At night there were fireworks, rockets from doors and windows of the church, bonfires on the adobe turrets, etc. The village was crowded. Families journeyed in their primitive wagons, rough boxes on solid wooden wheels. Women came on donkeys and mules, on which last they invariably ride in front of men, who nevertheless hold the reins. There are few horses in the country.

The officers partook of a collation at the padre s. The ladies never made their appearance at the houses at which the general and officers were entertained; one of them at an accidental interview with an officer proved exceedingly inquisitive as to our country; when questioned as to Armijo, she abused him, and pointing to his shoulder straps, exclaimed, "I don't know how any man wearing these things could run away as he did; he had a good army to back him, and could have driven you all back."

The Navajos are continually making raids on these poor people; they seem to have had the policy to avoid utterly ruining them, and to leave them

the means of increase for the perpetual enforcement of contributions. They have made irruptions within two or three miles of our troops. Protection has been promised, and even compensation for losses since our arrival.

September 22d.—Gen. Kearny approved and decreed an “organic law for the territory of New Mexico, in the United States of America;” it grants the electoral franchise to “all free male citizens of the territory;” and “the first election of a delegate to the Congress of the United States, and for members of the general assembly shall be on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1847.” It comprises the usual “Bill of Rights,” also “Laws for the government of the territory,” including all details of administration, in the judicial, and every other department;—revenue, registry of lands, costs, fees, fines, etc., etc.

The same day, “being duly authorized by the President,” etc., he appointed Charles Bent to be Governor; also a secretary, marshal, U. S. district attorney, (Francis P. Blair); a treasurer, auditor, and three judges of the superior court.

September 23d.—There is no mail to the States, and no established communication; but Col. Price’s

regiment is known to be well advanced on his march; and Colonel Doniphan’s regiment is to-day ordered, when relieved by Price’s, to march to Chihuahua. Captain Hudson of Doniphan’s, has been ordered to organize a troop of one hundred men, who will volunteer from that regiment, to be mounted on mules to accompany the Mormon battalion to California.

(Capt. H. failed to raise the troop; the result of a want of specie, and other difficulty in procuring their mount.)

Our horses have become poorer, notwithstanding all efforts to recruit them by all means available.

The days are still hot; we were told on our arrival, August 18, that the rainy season had begun about a week before, and that it lasted two or three weeks; but a gentle sprinkle of the mountain showers reaches us now, nearly every day.

This country is nearly destitute of game. Prairie-dog villages are common, and there is one actually joining my camp; the dogs are not molested, and are very tame. I suppose them to be the most numerous mammals of North America; we find their “towns”

spread all over the high and dry regions; they live on the roots and blades of the grama grasses; and seem to require no water.

The southern promontory of the Rocky Mountains, which overlooks Santa Fè, is now white with snow.

September 25th.—To-morrow is now set for the beginning of our venturesome expedition through the unknown wilderness of mountains and dry plains to the Pacific Ocean; we have had a boisterous, rainy night, our first.

Nothing is heard of the war in Mexico; our position here has been unfortunate, irksome, disheartening—so far from the “sabre clash” of the sunny South! Truly there is a “Fortune of War;” and the pedestal of the goddess is Opportunity! That a soldier should pass through a war without distinction I used to think—and does not the world?—is to be set down to his fault or want of merit. But how near were some of us to being excluded from all action, and in spite of our vehement applications; and how much resignation to the consciousness of mere duty performed, is the only support of our obscure lot, in this field of war’s drudgery!

“The world”—which means that average mass of low grade in intelligence and information, and absorbed, following the law of their natures, in the small but important interests of self,—is only reached by the most brilliant and striking actions, or by long continued great prominence of action. Working in this obscurity, our most faithful, venturesome, long-continued labors, amid all privations and exposures, fruitful though they prove to be in the annexation of imperial extents of territory, conquering Nature itself in its most naked and forbidding shapes, shall be ignorantly accepted—placed in the appendix, as it were, of history. Momentary actions, of excitement so exhilarating as to exclude the thought of danger, shall receive the shouts of crowds, the applause of the nation; and history shall eloquently record the success of deeds resulting from some obscure inspiration, some subordinate act. But the working out shall be done by the heroic rank and file, of whom so many shall moulder in unknown trenches, named only in company records.

To-morrow, three hundred wilderness-worn dragoons, in shabby and patched clothing, who have long been on short allowance of food, set forth to

conquer or "annex" a Pacific empire; to take a leap in the dark of a thousand miles of wild plains and mountains, only known in vague reports as unwatered, and with several deserts of two and three marches where a camel might starve if not perish of thirst.

Our success—we never doubt it! and the very desperation of any alternative must ensure it—shall give us for boundary, that world line of a mighty ocean's coast, looking across to the cradle land of humanity; and shall girdle the earth with civilization. Then, will *one* name be added to the roll of fame? A single dash on a blazing battery shall win more applause, and more reward.

We are haunted by the ghostly shapes of our starving horses. To this camp where they were tied up on bare sand—escaping their guards who are to drive them to Missouri,—passing by fenceless corn-fields; here, as if to make dumb reproach for ingratitude—to forbid this severance of old association, they come threading their way by day and by night through the tents; their gaunt shapes upbraid us, their sunken eyes make pathetic appeal. Some of them, to my knowledge, have served thir-

teen years; would it not be a consolation to inform them that their half-breed successors are chosen for a forlorn hope! But they are cast adrift as useless servants, to take a desperate journey of eight hundred miles, with grass for food, and much of that destroyed by frost. Farewell forever, old friends!

September 26th.—At 7.30 this morning began our first march; after the hot and dreary twenty-one miles of table land, we descended into the bottom land of El Rio Grande del Norte; here wholly ours, and its lower course illustrated by our arms, this name can no more swell pleasantly on the tongue of the Mexican.

The camp is on a zequia; and so far from its source, that its bottom is above the camp; and close beyond is a lower one; the fields of maize are near. This mile wide savanna, not too sandy to be very green, I have no doubt was charming to the eyes of our mules,—fasting and thirsting, through a long day of toil; but for them, it is very like seating a famishing man to the dessert of a vanished dinner. Well in truth the comparison is not far-fetched;—for our sole fuel is some cedar boughs we gathered while passing the Galisteo, and the Pu-

eblos from San Domingo have extemporized a very fair market in our camp. They bring only fruit, melons, peaches, and the delightful grapes. I should not omit the onions, for they are truly the finest in the world, and—can be eaten raw.

September 27th.—A day of small mishaps, beginning with a provoking but most lively mule adventure. When the regiment was ready to march, a loose mule of my troop, dragging a long rope, had been pursued for an hour by several men; the march began, leaving me to send out my whole company to catch the perverse and most active beast; and it was actually another hour, the whole of them galloping around, assisted by numbers of Indians on foot, before we succeeded. Fourteen Indians were “in at the death;” one remarkable fellow must have run about six miles.

Then I marched, and in a mile or two found my wagon with the pole broken short off, in passing one of the zequias with the usual troublesome steep banks; if it had been irreparable, it is hard to say what could have been done, with nothing but cottonwoods within a day’s ride.

The bottom now expands, with pleasant groves

in view; it looks more like a habitable country. We passed several pueblos, and then Bernalillo, the prettiest village of the Territory. Its view, as we approached, was refreshing; green meadows, good square houses, and a church, cottonwoods, vineyards, orchards—these jealously walled in; and there were numbers of small fat horses grazing. The people seemed of superior class,—handsomer and cleaner. But parts of this bottom had sand hillocks, with their peculiar arid growths.

At another village I overtook the regiment, and brought it on, leaving the general and some others dining at an immense house owned by young Perea. I made camp seventeen miles from our last, near a village; the grass poor and thin, and no fuel. We have to make the best of weeds and chance fragments. The wagons came up at sunset, some of the mules already breaking down, from the heavy draught of sandy roads.

There are myriads of wild fowl—geese, brant, sand-cranes; the people seem never even to molest them!

For two days, continuing the march, great efforts have been made to exchange mules, evidently

unfit for the expedition, for better, and also to make purchases. Approaching Albuquerque, I rode for miles as through a straggling village. At one of the Armijos I partook, with the General, of a collation of grapes, cakes, and syrup lemonade. The general quizzed a padre of the company, about the relations of the Mexican church with Rome; the padre contended that the suspended relations were the consequence solely of the revolution. I also dined there; the table service presented a mixture of silver gilt with tin and earthenware: we see also silver forks with the commonest bone-handled knives. A son of fifteen lately returned from college at St. Louis, Missouri, remarked he was going to Mexico to finish his education!

At Albuquerque we forded the river, which is about two feet deep and twenty-five yards wide; it is low, but does not rise more than two feet. This is several hundred miles from the sources of the river; but into the account of its swift flowing waters, several zequias should be taken, and these are eight to ten feet wide, and about two feet deep. We marched about seven miles down the river, through a sandy plain, without fuel, scarcely inhabited or cultivated,

and camped at a zequia. We are opposite, it seems, a pass of the Navajos; and but a few days ago they made an irruption, killed several persons, and drove off about two thousand sheep.

The quarter-master has hired several wagons and teams to go a few marches, at eight dollars a day; only five dollars were demanded, if protected, in returning, against the Indians.

September 30th.—We pass to-day immense corn-fields; the fruitfulness of the sandy soil is attributed to a gypsum ingredient; the common houses have window lights of its laminated crystals. We pass several handsome villages;—Padillas, Isletta. This last is a Pueblo, and is on a swell of the bottom, surrounded by green meadows, and sand hillocks. On the river we saw large groves;*—the vineyards are, as usual, protected by high adobe walls. I observed there a singular fashion of the women; the short skirts revealed the legs bandaged to an evidently unnatural size. But they were not destitute of beauty.

* If it were possible for the reader to put himself in full sympathy with any participator in the marches and explorations of this volume, he would not wonder at an unfailing and glad mention of any green thing,—especially those masterpieces of the vegetable kingdom, to wit, *trees*. Pleasing and strange to his eyes!—strong reminders of home! and, so suggestive of the infinite comfort of fuel!

After a black frost last night, the heat to-day was severe; we marched but thirteen miles; but were in all respects in miserable plight for such an expedition. We are endeavoring, as we go, to complete our outfit in *one* important particular,—that of mules.

October 1st.—Still warm weather and distressing dust. All the houses and villages we are now passing are adorned by cottonwood; but all the same, we are much straitened for fuel; I paid twenty-five cents for a small stick. The Quartermaster crossed over to Valencia this morning seeking mules; he should succeed there, for it is the residence of several nabobs; but it is disaffection as much as want of specie which prevents our supply; we should have dealt with a higher hand; campaigns cannot wait for the “inheritance” of meekness. At Valencia resides a Widow C., whose husband was murdered by Americans a few years ago; they went out, several hundred miles from Independence, Mo., to rob him, knowing he had with him a large sum; they murdered him in cold blood; and it is satisfactory to add, that they were hanged for it, at Saint Louis. The widow is fair and *firm*; for, *on dit*, she refuses to wed her com-

panion, preferring to remain mistress of her very considerable wealth. Her house is said to be furnished splendidly.

October 2d.—Between the very decided descent of the valley, and our progress south, the days are hot. This morning we passed unusually thick settlements, and the large village of Savinal, with its handsome church, and unusually picturesque surroundings. Below there are very few houses; and after noon, we passed a vast baked plain, whitened by salts, with a burning sun overhead; our progress to-day was sixteen miles, and our camp is opposite La Joya de Ciboletta, the “jewel of a little bull,” or “little buffalo;” I consider it an outlandish name; there must be a little tale to it, if one could only get hold of it; but perhaps, after all, it should be spelled Cebolletta; the little onion!

This camp has more variegated surroundings than any we have had; the scenery is pretty; it is on a bend of the river, which here has groves of cottonwoods; sand hills below us approach close to the river, on both sides, and shut up the valley. A very friendly mayor-domo of a neighboring ranche, has sent us word that forty of the Navajos passed the

river last night; thus warning us to be watchful of our animals.

An express has arrived from Santa Fè; Colonel Price reports his arrival; he confirms the death of Colonel Allen of the Mormon Volunteers. And now, at night, I have been selected to succeed him; which, of course, must turn my face to Santa Fè to-morrow. That is turning a very sharp corner indeed; it is very military; (but it is said to be a manœuvre not unknown to another profession.)

October 3d.—The camp is not moved to-day; a very remarkable thing for General Kearny; but the Mexican wagons, assisting transportation temporarily, had this time to be waited for. It happens very conveniently, as I have my company and property to deliver to my lieutenant; I am kindly allowed to keep three of my men, and shall leave two of them in this neighborhood in charge of my baggage, until my return.

And now comes a messenger with foaming steed; he tells of a village twelve miles below, Pulvidera, being attacked by Navajos, and a troop of dragoons is ordered to their relief.

Orders were sent to-day to Colonel Doniphan to

make a campaign against the Navajos before proceeding on his adventures to the South.

About noon, accompanied by my bugler, I left camp for Santa Fè. Near Savinal, I forded the river, being desirous of seeing the eastern side of the valley. I was told it was eight miles to San Tomè; two miles further on a villager informed me it was twelve miles from there; riding on several miles through fine meadows, a respectably dressed native told me it was just fifteen miles from there; several miles further I met a man on foot who assured me it was twenty miles; I had been all the time approaching the phantom village. Several miles further on, at dark, I came to the camp of a caravan merchant, who offered me supper; he informed me it was really six miles from there to Tomè; and so I found it, and without a house on the road. In the edge of the village however, some trees and a corn-field round a house, tempted me to seek lodgings there, as it was quite dark. The fellow opened the door, and the light, at sight of horsemen, was instantly blown out; he jerked out, like a pistol shot, "no hai" (there's nothing here). I could not at the moment make the allowance of his fright or

fear, which was prudence in such a country, for the rudeness of his inhospitality: and so returned a bad word or two in bad Spanish, as I turned off to enter the town. There my wants were ministered to at the padre's. In some after supper chat, I discovered that my deficiency in Spanish could be helped out by some command of Latin words common to the priest and myself.

October 4th.—I arrived at breakfast time at the straggling village of Valencia, and went to the house of Señor Otero; one of the large residences here, which are unlike any European or American. You ride in at a great gate into a very spacious court, surrounded on four sides by apartments, store rooms, offices, provision for all the requirements of the family, the farm, and for trade; all one story, of thick plastered and whitewashed walls. It was Sunday morning; I encountered first an Indian slave woman, carrying to the chamber of a young man, on a silver salver, chocolate and sponge cake, which they take at rising; he was the store-keeper, and a Texan by birth; and such was my own introduction to a substantial breakfast, which came later.

I had some political chat with Señor Otero

who, like the few other men of large wealth was malcontent; they must dread, perhaps rather vaguely, the loss of their iniquitous privileges; but he discreetly vented his spleen on Armijo and his conduct which he regarded as disgraceful; and *professed* that he would have favored a voluntary annexation.

I wanted to get mules of Otero; his prices were exorbitant.

I rode here a small brown horse, with a Roman nose, that I think possessed the greatest virtues and vices of the horse and the ass, with a trace or two of the goat. Last year, on the last quarter of a two thousand mile ride, on poor grass, he resented a solitary application of spurs, by whirling around like a dancing dervish, making several goat leaps, and then prancing thirty miles;—put a severe bit on him, and he would run away. He was the best buffalo horse I ever rode; nervous to timidity, he would nevertheless carry you along side of the shaggiest monster of ten thousand rushing with a concussion to shake the earth, regardless of the polished tip of horn and the malignant black eye rolling toward him; only shrinking slightly with half averted head, in expectancy of the pistol shot; his

motion all the while so steady you could adjust the nicest aim: and I have thus brought down, on him, a noble elk, surrounded by a forest of antlers, and to the music of a thousand hoofs ringing like castanets! Poor Brown!—Of all our enquiries, discussions, and doubts, as to our destined California “bourne,” perhaps there has been but one agreed conclusion, viz: that no horse could reach it, much less “return.” Well, I had set out with Bolinski, trusting in his virtues, or else, resigned to the worst that might befall his vices.

But this morning, although I was confident that he had hitherto tried and exercised my patience to virtuous perfection, in an unhappy moment, for both of us, perhaps, he outdid himself and patience. Approaching Otero's house, after a very free indulgence in eccentricities, he reached a crisis by trotting off, *backwards*, until we soused into a muddy and profound zequia. I swapped him to Otero, for a mule. Poor Bolinski!

Continuing my journey with my attendant, I arrived late, and spent the night at Señor Sandoval's, three miles below Albuquerque; this is another of the imposing feudal residences of this

primitive society. And here I had the unhopèd success of purchasing of Señor Sandoval twenty fine mules, to be delivered at Santa Fè, for one thousand dollars.

On the 5th, we lay at Algodones; on the 6th, at the picturesque rancho of Señor Vaca y Delgado, my old acquaintance, where I camped so long, and on the 7th reached Santa Fè.

The battalion had not arrived.

I find the quarter-master department without funds; and with much allowance for disaffection, and primitive ignorance, it is strange to add, with little credit. The principal capitalists of the territory are caravan merchants whose trade to the United States has been almost wholly balanced by specie, for which they have accepted bills of exchange.

The consequence seems almost fatal to my expedition. A reasonable anticipation of its difficulties demands a very careful and perfect outfit; and especially in the now scarce and very expensive article of draft mules.

It is interesting to read now from the Washington correspondence of a famous New York daily—dated July 3d, that “In the capture of the city