

man's shirt was set on fire, and continued to burn until it was extinguished by his blood!

Scarcely was this horrible scene over before we were taken by a strong guard from our prison. Without even being able to divine their intentions, we were marched directly by our late companion, conducted through two or three streets, and finally paraded in front of a small and gloomy hovel having a single window. The movement was conducted silently, and there was a mysterious solemnity about it which, added to the late barbarous murder of one of our party, overwhelmed us with sensations of doubt and alarm, even more insupportable than would have been an order for our instant execution.

Immediately in front of the little window, and at a distance of twelve steps, we were next formed in line by our guard, and ordered not to leave our position or move in the least. All was mystery, uncertainty, anxiety. Soon Armijo, dressed in a blue military jacket, with a sword at his side, was seen to approach the window. One by one he pointed us out to some person behind him, of whom we could not obtain even a glimpse, and as he pointed he asked the concealed individual who and what the person was to whom his finger was now directed, his name, business, and the relation in which he stood with the Texan expedition. These questions were asked in a loud tone of voice, and were distinctly heard by all of us, but the answers did not reach our ears, although we listened with an earnestness and intensity that were almost painful. It seemed to us that we were undergoing an arbitrary trial for our lives—a trial in which we could have no friendly counsel, could bring no witnesses, offer no proofs or arguments to the bloodthirsty and lawless wretch who alone constituted the tribunal. But this torturing suspense

was of short duration, for, after having questioned his concealed agent as to each of us separately, Armijo issued from the little house on an opposite side from the window, and with a pompous dignity of manner slowly approached the spot where we were standing, awaiting, with deep anxiety, a sentence from which we knew there was no appeal.

"Gentlemen," commenced the governor, stopping in front of us, "gentlemen, you told me the truth yesterday—Don Samuel has corroborated your statements—I save your lives. I have ordered Don Samuel to be shot—he will be shot in five minutes. He ran away from Santa Fé, and, in attempting to reach Colonel Cooke's party, has been retaken. You now see the penalty of trying to escape. His fate will be yours if you attempt it. Sergeant of the guard, conduct these gentlemen back to prison." This was delivered in a loud, military voice.

While congratulating ourselves upon this most unexpected termination of a trial of such harrowing interest, and wondering who the Don Samuel was whose testimony had thus evidently saved our lives, our old friend and guide, Howland, was led forth from the little room. The truth now flashed upon us—we knew that his name was Samuel, that he had been acquainted in former years with Armijo, and that the Mexicans seldom use other than the Christian appellation when addressing or speaking of a man. Howland's hands were tied closely behind him, and as he approached us we could plainly see that his left ear and cheek had been cut entirely off, and that his left arm was also much hacked, apparently by a sword. The guard conducted their doomed prisoner directly by us on the left, and when within three yards of us the appearance of his scarred

cheek was ghastly; but as he turned his head to speak, a placid smile, as of heroic resignation to his fate, lit up the other side of his face, forming a contrast almost unearthly. We eagerly stepped forward to address him, but the miscreants who had charge of us pushed us back with their muskets, refusing even the small boon of exchanging a few words with an old companion now about to suffer an ignominious death. Howland saw and felt the movement on our part. He turned upon us another look, a look full of brave resolution as well as resignation, and, in a low but distinct tone, uttered, "*Good-by, boys; I've got to suffer. You must—*" But the rest of the sentence died on his lips, for he was now some yards in the rear of us, and out of hearing.

The guard who had charge of us now wheeled us round, and marched us in the same route taken by our unfortunate guide, and within ten yards of him. A more gloomy procession cannot be imagined. With Howland in advance, we were now conducted to the plaza, and halted close by the spot where, in plain sight, lay the body of our recently-murdered companion. A bandage was placed over the eyes of the new victim, but not until he had seen the corpse of his dead comrade. Worlds would we have given could we be permitted to exchange one word with our unoffending friend—to receive his last, dying request—yet even this poor privilege was denied us. After the cords which confined his arms had been tightened, and the bandage pulled down so as to conceal the greater part of his face, Howland was again ordered to march. With a firm, undaunted step he walked up to the place of execution, and there, by the side of his companion, was compelled to fall upon his knees with his face towards

the wall. Six of the guard then stepped back a yard or two, took deliberate aim at his back, and before the report of their muskets died away poor Howland was in eternity! Thus fell as noble, as generous, and as brave a man as ever walked the earth. He was a native of New-Bedford, Massachusetts, of a good family, and by his gentlemanly and affable deportment had endeared himself to every member of the expedition. In a daring attempt to escape, and reach Colonel Cooke's party, in order to give him important information, he had been retaken after a desperate struggle, and the life he could not lose in the heat of that struggle was taken from him in this base and cowardly manner.

Our feelings, while looking upon this brutal tragedy, it is impossible to describe. A fearful, a terrible thing it is to see a man shot—one who deserves his fate—even when he is allowed to stand bravely up and die facing his executioners: for much as every human being may dread the king of terrors, there is hardly one so base as not to wish, when death makes his last inexorable call, to meet him face to face. How much more terrible, then, to see a brave and honourable being like Howland, full of manhood and capable of no base or craven deed, led out and shot in a manner so cowardly, and to see this, too, without the power to act in his behalf! Tumultuous feelings did the scene call up—feelings of indignation and deep hatred for his worse than savage murderers; and for him, between whom and us the common ties of friendship had become strengthened and drawn into more than fraternal closeness by our long intercourse in the wilderness, were mixed emotions of regret, pity, love, and admiration at a fate so horrible so heroically met.

The barbarous execution was no sooner over than

we were conducted to the *portales* in front of the soldiers' quartel, and again placed under a strong guard of the regular troops. The sergeant appeared to have more kindness of heart than his fellows, as he gave one of my companions a blanket to spread upon the hard earthen floor which was chosen as our sleeping-place for the ensuing night. The young priest, who had called upon us in the morning, shortly made us a second visit, telling us that we need be under no alarm, as the governor had determined upon saving our lives unless we made an attempt to escape. There appeared to be an exceeding degree of delicacy, not only in the visits, but in the conversation of this young man, which denoted that he possessed finer feelings than either his master or the herd by whom he was surrounded. He was evidently a man of education, acquainted with the usages of the world; and his actions showed that he was anxious to impress us with a belief in our own personal security while scenes of the most sanguinary nature were going on around us. Often, on that eventful day, did recollections of the French Revolution pass through my mind. Armijo I could not look upon but as a second Robespierre, only requiring a field of equal extent to make him equally an assassin, a murderer, a blood-thirsty tyrant. His power, I knew, had been purchased by blood—I saw that it was sustained by blood. Human life he regarded not, so that his base ends were attained; and he would not shrink from sacrificing one man on the altar of his sanguinary ambition, if by so doing he could impress another with a due sense of his boundless authority and power to do whatever might seem meet unto him. The young priest was well aware that we knew the man Armijo, and hence his benevolent desire to quiet any apprehensions that might arise

of our personal safety. It was this feeling which brought him to our prison before the first of our comrades was killed—the same humane motives actuated him in calling upon us after the murder of Howland. But to return to my narrative.

From the time of our first arrival in San Miguel that morning, to the death of Howland, the plaza had been nearly filled with armed men. Two pieces of artillery, badly mounted and every way ineffective, were standing immediately in front of our quarters, in the porch. These cannon were drawn by oxen, the animals yoked and hitched, but lying down after a hard march from Santa Fé and quietly ruminating within ten yards of us. Immediately after the execution of Howland, detachment after detachment of mounted men left the plaza for Anton Chico, where we now learned that Captain Sutton and Colonel Cooke, with their men, were encamped. Next the two pieces of cannon were dragged off in the same direction, surrounded and followed by a motley collection of Indians and badly-armed, half-naked, wretched Mexicans, whom Armijo dignified with the title of *rural militia*. By the middle of the day the town was completely deserted, except by the women and children and some two hundred of the chosen troops and friends of the governor; for, great warrior as he was, he contrived to keep the prudent distance of some thirty miles between himself and the Texans so long as they had arms in their hands. The plans of the very valiant and most puissant Armijo were laid with consummate skill so far as his own personal safety and that of his property were concerned. He had now surrounded Colonel Cooke with at least a thousand of his men, while there were but ninety-four Texans in all. In case the latter defeated the

Mexicans—and Armijo trembled and feared lest they should—his plan was to retreat to his residence at Albuquerque as fast as picked horses would carry him, and then, after gathering all his money and valuables, make his escape into the interior of Mexico. With these intentions he remained behind at San Miguel, and there anxiously awaited the news from the little frontier town of Anton Chico.

The command of the troops, acting against Colonel Cooke, Armijo had assigned to his few personal friends—toadies and sycophants whom he always has about him, and for whose adherence he pays a good round sum. He well knew that nine tenths of his people inly hated and despised him, and were also inclined for an immediate annexation to Texas; he knew, too, that they feared *him*, and that nothing but their extreme ignorance and timidity had prevented them, years before, from throwing off his yoke. So long as they were commanded by officers in his pay he felt confident that he could make a show if not a fight with them, and he felt equally confident that if parade, fair promises, and treachery could induce the Texans to lay down their arms, he could still retain his ascendancy. Such was his policy, such were his plans, and fate decreed that they should prove successful.

From some of the soldiers of our guard we gathered, during the day, full particulars of Howland and his unfortunate companions. They had reached the settlements some three weeks before us, when Armijo, suspecting their intentions and the object of their mission, had them arrested at San Miguel and sent to Santa Fé. From this place they effected their escape three or four days before we were arrested. Until their recapture they had been secreted in the mountains between the two

places, travelling by night only, and using every exertion to reach Colonel Cooke, of whose approach they had heard from their guard at Santa Fé.

Armijo immediately sent out large parties to retake them, being extremely anxious that they should not reach the Texans and give information of his plans. On the morning of September the 17th they were fallen in with on the side of a mountain, near San Miguel, by a company of Mexicans ten times their number. Although armed only with pistols and swords, which they had taken from their guard when they effected their escape, they still made a brave and vigorous resistance. Rosenbury was killed on the spot, and Howland and Baker were not taken until severely wounded and weak from loss of blood. The latter was the man we saw shot a short time before Howland, the bandage over his face preventing us from recognising him. He could not speak Spanish, and the tyrant Armijo ordered him to death without even saying a word to him. Howland, on the contrary, was well known in New Mexico, having lived in Santa Fé several years before. The governor offered him his life and liberty—the same terms Lewis accepted—if he would betray his companions and assist him in capturing them. The brave and noble-spirited man rejected the offer with scorn, and notwithstanding the disgraceful mode of his execution, his death was an honourable one. Grecian or Roman history, or the heroic deeds of later days, can hardly furnish a parallel to that of Howland—to that of one who fearlessly met the most terrible death conceivable rather than betray his friends.

The bodies of the murdered men were allowed to remain where they had fallen until near night, a large pack of dogs congregating around them, licking their

blood and tearing their clothes. They were then taken to a prairie near the town, denied a burial, and were finally devoured by wolves!

Several Mexican officers called at our quarters during this eventful afternoon, among them a puffy, bloated, sallow-faced wretch, named Manuel Pino. He rode a beautiful and spirited black horse, of which he was so proud that he was continually galloping and fretting him about the square, and spurring him to the execution of such curvettings as would most induce a rattling of his sword, spurs, holsters, and the other jingling appointments of a Mexican horseman. Ever and anon he would dash up to our quarters, throw himself heavily from his truly gallant animal, and recount some exploit which he vainly hoped might excite our admiration. He said that he had not only begged, but prayed Armijo to allow him to lead a charge against our friends at Anton Chico, but that the governor would not consent that so brave a man should leave his side for a moment. In short, this fellow took such particular pains, on all occasions, to impress us with a belief in his prowess and bravery, that we finally became thoroughly convinced of his being an arrant coward; and after circumstances fully justified our opinions.

Not only Pino, but the other Mexican officers attached to the personal staff of Armijo, informed us that a nephew of the latter, in company with Lewis, had departed for Anton Chico with the hope of bringing the Texans to terms. They also said that our friends were surrounded by more than a thousand of the best troops in New Mexico, and that re-enforcements were hourly reaching the spot; and they even went so far as to assure us that, if they did not surrender quietly, our own lives would be sacrificed by a lawless and unrestrained

ble mob—anything but a consoling assurance to men who were perfectly confident that our friends would never surrender without a desperate struggle. That they did not come to the country to make war upon the inhabitants we well knew; we were equally well convinced that such men as Colonel Cooke, Dr. Brenham, Captain Sutton, and the brave spirits under their command, would not tamely submit to be deprived of their arms and made prisoners, intrenched, as we had been informed they were, in a ravine, and so fortified that they could easily defeat ten or even twenty times their number of such cowardly and badly-appointed men as they would have to contend with.

The hours flew swiftly by, couriers constantly departing to, and arriving from, Anton Chico. At one time it was represented to us that a dreadful battle was raging—then, that the parties would come to terms. At sundown, a Mexican came riding into the square with the intelligence that the Texans had all surrendered. Instantly the air was filled with *vivas*, and in ten minutes we received a visit from the governor's secretary and the brute Manuel Pino, corroborating the news. They said the terms were an unconditional surrender; but this we could not believe. Even at this time it was suggested by one of our little party that if Colonel Cooke had surrendered without a terrible fight, treachery had done the work, and that Lewis was the instrument; but such was our confidence in the man that a majority of us could not believe he had turned traitor.

It was but too apparent, however, that our comrades had been taken. Nothing was heard, in any quarter, but rejoicings and congratulation. Shouts of "Long live the Mexican Republic!" "Long live the brave General Armijo!" "Long live the laws!" and "Death to the

*Texans!*" were heard on every side, and these were followed by discharges of musketry, ringing of bells, blowing of trumpets, and such music as may be produced by cracked mandolins and rickety fiddles when execrably played upon. A *Te Deum* was in the mean while sung in the church, a short distance from the plaza, and the guardian saint of the place, San Miguel, with all his finery, feathers, and wings, was dragged from his resting-place to take part in the show. Fandangoes were got up in the different houses on the plaza, a drunken poet was staggering about singing his own hastily-made-up verses in praise of Armijo, taking his pay, probably, in liquor—all went perfectly mad, and spent the night in revel, riot, and rejoicing. A grim, swarthy sentinel, with a face hideously ugly, was stationed directly in front of the little porch where we had cast our weary limbs. As if to add to the general din, he howled forth the dismal "*Centinela alerta!*"\* every ten minutes during the night, and his cry appeared to be the signal for some six or eight others, stationed in different parts of the plaza, to join in the doleful chorus. This startling watchword I thought the most discordant, grating, and hideous sound that had ever greeted my ears. Drawled out to a distressing length by a voice hoarse, cracked, and scarcely human, and then caught up in different parts of the square by men who appeared emulous of making a still more doleful and wo-begone noise, and I, all the while, ignorant of its import—what with all these hellish orgies and cabalistic sounds in our ears, and with all the startling and horrible incidents of the day in our minds, it may be imagined that we slept but little that night.

The shouting, firing, ringing, dancing and carousing

\* Sentinel, be on the look-out, or alert.

were kept up until morning; and why? Because some fifteen hundred or two thousand cowardly wretches had succeeded in capturing ninety-four half-starved Texans—not by the intervention of battle or military strategy, but by the blackest piece of treachery to be found on record.

## CHAPTER XV.

*New Quarters.*—Our Party taken before Armijo.—Reception by that Functionary.—His bombastic Account of the Soldiers of New Mexico.—Again taken to Prison.—Appearance of Armijo.—Description of our Prison.—Overrun with Chinchies.—The Family next Door.—The Zapatero's Wife.—A singular Custom.—The Señora Francisca abandons her Paint.—Dress of the Females of New Mexico.—Its Scantiness.—Freaks of Fashion.—Description of the Reboso and Mantilla.—Beauties of the Women of Mexico.—Kindness of the Girls of San Miguel.—Colonel Cooke's Men marched through San Miguel.—Lieutenant Lubbock's Account of the Surrender.—Agency of Lewis in the Affair.—Change of Quarters.—Prison Occupations.—Manner of passing our Time.—Chances of an Escape canvassed.—Arrival of Caravans from the United States.—We are not permitted Conversation with our Countrymen.—A seasonable Supply of Luxuries.—The Author assured of his personal Release.—A Mexican Loafer.—Tomas Bustamente—Employ him as our principal Agent.—Thomas Rowland—His Release from Arrest.—Bustamente sent on a Mission to Lewis—Its unsuccessful Result.—Thoughts upon Pipes.—Bustamente's Trickery found out.—Confidence lost in the Man.—Come to the Conclusion that the Mexicans will bear watching.

On the morning which followed the night described in the last chapter, we were taken to new quarters in another part of the town, where a small room was provided for our prison. We had barely time to examine our new quarters before the governor sent a guard to escort us to his lodgings at the priest's house. On being brought before him we found the great man surrounded by his principal officers, both military and