

the hospitality of the women, I am frank to confess, for our previous long starvation had given us most excellent and not easily appeased appetites; but if "enough is as good as a feast"—and an old adage says that it is—I can argue from experience that *too much* is worse even than a brief famine, when personal comfort is taken into consideration. No slight can be greater than the rejection of any eatable proffered by a Mexican girl; and so numerous were our *levées* at San Miguel, that we were frequently employed half the day in paying due honour to our *presentations*.

It was on the afternoon of the 17th of September that Colonel Cooke and his men surrendered themselves at Anton Chico. On the morning of the 20th these betrayed and unfortunate men passed through the edge of San Miguel on their long and gloomy march towards the city of Mexico. We were not permitted to see them, but were informed by the women who visited us, that they had been stripped of nearly everything, and were badly treated in every way.

At this point of my narrative—for I cannot find a more fitting place—I will give my readers an account of the agency Lewis had in inducing our companions to surrender their arms at Anton Chico. To show him in his true colours, I will make a few extracts from a statement of the particulars of the surrender made by Lieutenant Lubbock, one of Captain Sutton's officers. Lieutenant L. was taken to the city of Mexico with the rest of the party, but while confined in the convent of Santiago, made a daring escape by leaping from a balcony in the second story, and afterward succeeded in reaching Texas in safety.

It seems that the day after the small party which I accompanied, consisting of Howard, Fitzgerald, Van Ness,

and Lewis, left the large sheepfold on the Gallinas, the main body of the Texans took up the line of march, and travelled as far as Anton Chico. They did not enter the town, but encamped on the edge of a ravine within some two hundred yards, a strong position in case of attack, with an abundance of water running almost at the very feet of the men. Three or four of the Texans, who crossed the river, and entered the small town to purchase provisions, were arrested by Dimasio Salezar, who was then encamped at the place with several hundred men. Salezar immediately sent one of them back to Colonel Cooke and Dr. Brenham, with a request that they would come over to the village and hold a consultation with him. These officers very properly sent back word to him that if he wished to see them he must come to *their* camp. He came over, and the conference resulted in the liberation of the men. Colonel Cooke then asked Salezar what had become of Van Ness, Lewis, Howard, Fitzgerald, and myself. He answered that he had met us, was satisfied with the objects of the mission as we had explained them, had treated us as friends, and sent us on to the governor. That night, according to Lieutenant L., Salezar was re-enforced by a hundred and fifty men, but the rest of his account of the surrender I will give in his own words.

"About ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th of September, it was determined to take up the line of march, when a message was received from Captain Salezar, stating that Governor Armijo would arrive in a few hours, and that, as an evidence of his friendly disposition, he would cross the river that intervened between our encampments, and encamp near us. As he took up the line of march, our men were formed to receive him *en militaire*, and in a proper manner. He march-

ed, however, entirely around our line, and took his position within two hundred yards of us, having received farther re-enforcements, and now numbering about four hundred men. We were then dismissed, but with orders to be ready to seize our arms at a moment's notice. In about fifteen minutes we perceived a party of about a hundred and fifty or two hundred men, advancing to our right and rear. This gave cause for a suspicion of danger, and Colonel Cooke immediately ordered Captain Sutton to form the men for action. In five minutes battle to the death would have been commenced—but some one exclaimed that Captain Lewis was at the head of the party. The order was therefore given to stand at ease, the advancing party uniting, in the mean while, with the party in our front. We then perceived Captain Lewis advancing towards us, with another, whom we afterward ascertained to be the nephew of the governor. Lewis told us that the people were exasperated at our coming, and were in arms; that, in addition to the six hundred troops before us, he himself had seen four thousand of the best-equipped men he had ever met with; that they were on the march, and would be on the ground in a few hours. He farther stated that five thousand men were marching from Chihuahua, and were expected daily, but that the governor had commissioned him to offer, if we would give up our arms, permission to come in and trade, and that at the end of eight days they would be returned to us, together with our recruited horses. He farther stated that *he knew* this to be the custom of the St. Louis traders visiting Santa Fé, that no possible harm would result from such a course, and for the truth of these statements Lewis pledged *his honour*. It was observed, during the conference, that Lewis, in his lan-

guage, disconnected himself from us, using continually the pronoun *you* instead of *we*. This aroused the suspicions of one of the officers, who proposed that we should return to our companions as we came; and if we could not do better, walk, and live upon the horses we had left. The nephew of the governor replied that such a course would never do; that his uncle knew Americans were gentlemen, and that such inhumanity could not be permitted towards them; and again urged us to accept the proposition, and comply with the requisitions made upon all traders visiting Santa Fé. They then started for their camp. While our officers were in consultation, one of them reminded Colonel Cooke of the peculiarity he had observed in Lewis's conversation, and told him that his suspicions were aroused, for the very countenance of the man foreboded evil. Colonel Cooke went after Lewis, and held a private conversation with him. On returning, he said that the officer must be wrong, for Lewis had pledged to him his masonic faith for the correctness of his statements. *That day our arms and equipments were taken from us!*

“We were among strangers—destitute of the very necessaries of life—broken down physically, and well-nigh mentally—two hundred and fifty miles from our companions, and there were no means on the route of supporting nature in an effort to reach them; added to all these, we had the assurance of one of our companions, who had ever been considered a man of honour—we had his plighted faith, that we were among friends, and would be treated accordingly. Could we, would any one have done otherwise than capitulate upon the terms offered? It is painful to denounce one with whom I have associated as a brother officer and fellow-soldier

upon a dangerous expedition, one whom I have looked upon as a man, as a Texan; it is painful, I say, to denounce any one thus situated as a villain and traitor; but the facts are too conclusive—William P. Lewis betrayed his associates to a cruel and inhuman enemy. He has the mark upon his forehead; and will yet be found, recognised, and punished as the Judas of the nineteenth century.

“Just before dark we were ordered to form, and then Mexican faith began to show itself. While we were forming, however, the treachery of Lewis becoming apparent, Colonel Cooke called to him, and in the hearing of his *betrayed*, as well as of his *newly-found associates*, denounced him in language which, if he had any soul at all, must have reached it. He reminded him of his pledged honour, which had been forgotten—of his plighted masonic faith, which had been broken—and declared that but for him his former associates would have died in the ditch.

“After we were formed, our knives, watches, and indeed every article of personal property were taken from us, together with all our baggage except one blanket each. We were then formed double file, marched nearer the *rancho*, or town, and then encamped for the night with our guards all around us.”

Such is Lieutenant Lubbock's account of the agency of Lewis in inducing the surrender of his former friends and companions. The same officer then goes on to speak of the arrival of Armijo on the day after the surrender, saying that the petty tyrant was much exasperated on seeing that the betrayed prisoners were not tied. By his orders they were then bound—four, six, or eight together, as many as the different lariats would confine. The cries among the more open friends of Armijo, du-

ring this operation, were, “*Kill them! kill them! Death to the Americans!*” After nightfall a consultation was held by the officers more immediately in the interest of Armijo, and directly within hearing of the Texans, as to the propriety of either executing them all upon the spot or sending them forthwith to the city of Mexico as trophies of the valour of the New Mexicans. The party in favour of the latter course prevailed by a majority of only *one vote!*

The day following that on which Colonel Cooke and his comrades were marched through San Miguel, we petitioned the old alcalde for a change of quarters, the room we were then occupying, although comfortable in every other respect, being so completely overrun with *chinch*es and other vermin, that it was impossible to sleep at night. After we had waited with great impatience two days, and passed two more sleepless nights, the old fellow finally procured us a clean and comfortable room directly on the plaza. A hint from Van Ness, to the effect that Armijo should be made acquainted with the kind of room the old alcalde had furnished us, probably induced that functionary to hasten our removal. When once established in our new quarters, our time passed more agreeably. Our only occupations were eating, drinking, sleeping, chatting with the girls who made us daily visits, and speculating upon our past reverses, our present position, and future prospects. At dark we would build a fire, for the evenings were now cool among the mountains, and then probably spend half the night in song and story. Each one of our little party had a checkered experience to relate, and the recital of some ludicrous adventure would bring forth a peal of uproarious laughter, much to the astonishment of the little knot of Mexicans congregated

among us, who could not conceive how prisoners, in the power of such a man as Armijo, could indulge in such boisterous mirth. For myself, I must say that I have never laughed more heartily than while confined in that little prison-house on the plaza of San Miguel; and could our anxious friends have been *spirited* into that wild and romantic land, and permitted to eavesdrop under the walls of our *carcel* on some of those evenings, they could hardly have deemed us other than a party of merry fellows holding a jolly carousal.

But with all this hilarity, thoughts of an escape frequently entered our minds. The members of our guard, who manifested the greatest astonishment at our indifference to imprisonment, we could at any time have captured and tied, and with their bows and arrows, and a German double-barrelled gun in their possession, we could next have taken the town of San Miguel with the greatest ease. On several occasions, so careless was the guard, we made trials of skill with them with the bow and arrow, Major Howard beating the best of them at a game which may be considered their own; but, even with their arms in our possession, where were we to go? Had we known then, what we afterward ascertained, that so many dreary months of toil and captivity were in store for us; had we been aware that by forced marches we could have reached Bent's Fort in three or four days, we might have made the attempt. There was no one, however, to give us advice, no friend without to aid us in an undertaking of the kind, we knew nothing of the country, and thus were we compelled to give up all thoughts of an escape at a time when the chances of its successful result were altogether in our favour. With the knowledge we have since gained, I doubt whether the same party could be

safely kept another month in San Miguel, at least with so weak a guard, under like circumstances.

We had been but a week in our new quarters before a caravan arrived direct from St. Louis, owned by one of the Chavez family, a rich and powerful connexion in New Mexico. Chavez himself, in a neat buggy wagon, accompanied his men. I could not help reflecting, while gazing at him in the plaza, upon the difference of treatment he had experienced in the United States from that I had met with in his country, knowing, as I did, that my feelings and intentions on entering the latter were precisely the same as his on first setting his foot on that soil where I claimed citizenship. I would cheerfully have endured a month's extra imprisonment for an opportunity of making known my reflections and feelings to Chavez; but this might not be—he did not come within speaking distance.

Three or four days after Chavez passed through San Miguel, another caravan, made up of Americans on their way to California, arrived from St. Louis, and after resting themselves for one day, again took their departure for their new homes west of the Rocky Mountains. Anxious as we were to converse with these men, and gather news of the world without from which we had now been cut off more than four months, we were forbidden the privilege. The *alcalde* undoubtedly had his orders not to allow any intercourse, and scrupulously did he obey them.

Following close upon the heels of this party of Americans, or but three or four days later, came still another caravan, belonging to Mr. Samuel Magoffin a native of the United States, but at this time a merchant of Chihuahua, who was now on his way to that city with more than forty wagons heavily laden with goods.

Mr. Magoffin sent us word, through a Mexican, that he had had an interview with Armijo, who had granted him permission to visit us; but as he had not brought a written order to that effect, the old alcalde would not allow him even to approach within a hundred yards of our prison-house. By the same messenger we were informed that we need not be under the least apprehension for our lives; and in addition, he brought the positive assurance that I was shortly to be liberated, the governor not having any charges against me, and not wishing to detain me after the termination of his expedition against the party of Texans now approaching under General McLeod. This was good news; too good, as I then justly thought, to be true, although at that time, I have little doubt, Armijo intended to give me my liberty, and would have done so had it not been for Lewis.

From Mr. Magoffin we received a generous supply of coffee and tobacco, luxuries more welcome than anything he could have sent us. The old alcalde furnished us regularly with tortillas, atole, and occasionally with an earthen pot of boiled mutton; but as we had saved our money, we had the means to purchase occasionally a fat sheep, eggs, good bread, and any little necessary we might wish for; and now that we had coffee and tobacco, and had no employment save the dressing and cooking of our meals, we fared most sumptuously. We contrived to manufacture excellent pipes of corn-cobs; for stems we were indebted to a monkey-faced Mexican named Juan Sandobal, who brought us some branches from a small bush growing upon the river bank, the pith of which could be easily extracted. This fellow Sandobal was a regular loafer in and about our premises, ready at any time to mend our shoes, run on

errands, wash our handkerchiefs, or play us a rude air on a cracked mandolin of which he was the proprietor, and all "for a consideration." He invariably contrived to cheat us in every transaction we had with him, and we as invariably made it a point to tell him that we considered him an arrant knave; yet the fellow had made one trip with the traders to St. Louis, spoke some half dozen words of English, and as he had associated on the road with Americans in the capacity of servant, made bold to call us his *amigos*, or particular friends. There was no such thing as getting rid of his importunities: hints he would not understand, and kicks he appeared to look upon as little innocent familiarities between intimates. Our principal out-door agent, when his time was not otherwise occupied, was Tomas Bustamente, the same personage who purchased the sheep for us on the morning after our first arrival at San Miguel. Don Tomas, as we called him, was always bringing us information of all the movements of Armijo, and was ready at any time to make up a story in case nothing had occurred that might in any way interest us. For us he always manifested the greatest friendship; and as he was a specious, honest-seeming, and open-countenanced fellow, accommodating to a fault, and with far more integrity than Sandobal even pretended to, to him we always intrusted our important commissions. All our little purchases were made by him; and with such scrupulous exactness did he give us the price of every little article bought, and so honestly did he return us our change for the money we placed in his hands, that for a long time we gave him credit for being a perfect *rara avis* among the lower classes in New Mexico—an honest man. But an unfortunate accident

—unfortunate, at least, for Don Tomas—completely overthrew our good opinions of him.

I have before mentioned that an American merchant of San Miguel, Mr. Thomas Rowland, had been arrested by Armijo about the time when Howland was first taken, and that his goods and effects had been confiscated. We had been confined but a couple of weeks before Rowland was released, his effects were given up to him, and he had once more opened his store. Some half dozen times a day our countryman passed within a few yards of our prison, yet was not allowed to communicate with us by word, or even gesture. We knew the circumstances of his arrest, and the constraints under which he laboured; yet I am confident we were indebted to Rowland for many little favours, and I have little doubt that he sent us many luxuries which never reached us, all through the rascality of Tomas Bustamente. The little circumstance, which brought this fellow out in his true colours, I will here relate.

Hearing that our former companion, Lewis, was at a rancho but a few leagues distant, and not knowing at this time of his traitorous conduct, Van Ness and Howard despatched Bustamente to see him, in the hope that we might gain news, or at least obtain a change of linen, our entire wardrobe now consisting simply of what we had upon our backs. As a token that Van Ness had sent this fellow, he placed a ring upon his finger which Lewis well knew, and which would convince him that there was no deceit in the transaction. This was early in the morning. At night our agent returned unsuccessful from his mission, saying that he had been unable to find Lewis or obtain our much-needed supply. While we were regretting the unsuccessful termination of an attempt which we had fondly hoped

would give each of us a clean shirt, if nothing more, Don Tomas casually remarked that the Señora Rowland had accidentally seen the ring sent by Van Ness, and had taken a great fancy to it, at the same time desiring him to ask whether it could be disposed of, and the price. So plausible was this story, that not one of us suspected fraud; and as it was impossible to sell the ring, valuable as it was, to one who had constantly been sending us many little delicacies, it was at once despatched to her as a present, accompanied by the usual ceremonious compliments. This little incident over, nothing more was thought of the ring, and we filled our pipes and began smoking and talking over the unfortunate result of our mission to Lewis.

Than our pipe—our homely, oblivious pipe—we found no greater solace during the many hours of affliction. Far be it from me to say that any pipe is preferable to a cool, finely-flavoured Havana, or that I esteem it under ordinary circumstances; but in a time of adversity and trial, when the mind has no employment but to brood over unavoidable misfortunes, there is more real comfort, more forgetfulness of the present, to be drawn from even a cob pipe, well filled with Virginia tobacco, than from any cigar that has ever been twisted since the day when Sir Walter Raleigh was supposed by his servant to be on fire, and deluged with a flood of cold water. If any of my readers do not credit this assertion, let them ask old campaigners, those who have had abundant experience, and from whose judgment there is no appeal—in the woods. I know that I have drawn much solid comfort from a pipe, and puffed away many weary hours of captivity.

The evening following the return of Don Tomas from his unsuccessful trip, one of our female visitors remarked

that the ring Señora *Bustamente* had received from Van Ness was a beautiful present, and that she was so extremely proud of it that she was showing it about among all her acquaintances! Here was a discovery, and it is almost unnecessary to say that after this Don Tomas fell most essentially in our esteem. We did not let him know, however, that we had detected him in his little swindling operation. He was useful in doing errands, and probably took as little toll out of our money as any of the natives would have done. His delinquency, too, taught us all a useful lesson—it proved to us that the most specious and honest-seeming among this class of Mexicans had their tricks and failings, and that the best men among them were worthy of close watching.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival of a Party of our Companions as Prisoners.—Great Excitement in San Miguel.—Recognition of our Friends, and their Departure.—Don Antonio Baca.—Attachment of one of his Daughters for a Texan Prisoner.—“Old Paint” Caldwell and Nine of his Men brought in Prisoners.—Still greater Excitement in San Miguel.—The Patron Saint brought from his Niche in the Church.—A Mexican Procession.—A funny Figure.—Programme of the Procession.—An old Priest with queer Spectacles.—A Pair of Musicians.—More of San Miguel, the Patron Saint.—End of the Procession.—Startling Information.—Bustamente informs us that all our Comrades have been taken Prisoners.—Great Rejoicing in San Miguel.—General McLeod and other Texans brought into the Plaza.—Mr. Falconer.—Arrival of all the Prisoners.—Dreadful Appearance of the Texans.—Lewis arrives.—News that the Author is to be liberated.—Division of the Spoils.—Agency of Lewis in the Transaction.—A Visit from Lewis.—More of his Treachery and Rascality.—His Departure for Santa Fé.—A veritable History of Don Manuel Armijo, from his Youth upward, being a short but faithful Narrative of his thieving, gambling, assassinating, and other base Acts and Propensities.

WE had now whiled away some eighteen or twenty days in our prison-house at San Miguel, and were anxiously awaiting news of General McLeod's party and

of Armijo's success with this second band of Texans, when Bustamente came hurriedly into our apartment, just as we had finished a late breakfast, and informed us that three or four of our companions had been taken, and were then coming into the town. A crowd of women, girls, and boys, congregated upon the neighbouring housetops and around the door of the *alcalde* on the opposite side of the plaza, soon convinced us that something had occurred to disturb the ordinary quiet which reigned in San Miguel.

We hurried through the door of our room to a little porch, which was our prison limits, anxiously eyeing every figure within view to see if we could discover an acquaintance. Soon a small cavalcade of ragged Mexicans, guarding two mules, upon each of which a couple of men were packed, were seen turning the corner of a street leading into the plaza—the same street by which we had first entered the town. At first we were not near enough to distinguish the faces of the prisoners, but after they had been halted at the door of the *alcalde* we made them out to be Lieutenants Scott and Burgess, young John Howard, a brother of the major who was a prisoner with us, and the Mexican servant named Matias, whom Colonel Cooke had sent back to the prairies, from the Angosturas, with the guide to conduct General McLeod to the settlements. We bowed to our friends, and made signs and gestures that we knew and would like to converse with them; they returned our distant salutations in kind, but farther intercourse than this was not allowed by our guards. After remaining a short time at the *alcalde's*, our friends were sent to a rancho some three miles from San Miguel, and there quartered in the family of a kind-hearted old Mexican, named Don Antonio Baca, a man who