

ing by a gentle rain which commenced last evening. The road immediately before us is worse than any we have as yet passed, and it is folly to attempt the crossing of these steep hills when they are made slippery by a whole night's rain.

An other company of soldiers has come up today and an express too from Gen. Kearny now about entering Santa Fé. The news he brings is not less favourable than we have formerly received.

A negotiation is being carried on between the two Generals through brother James, who has the confidence of the Mexican Gen. so completely, we may look for pleasant results, and if any thing should go wrong we will be rather the first to receive a warning if it is necessary to remain from Santa Fé, and though we are behind now, if it is necessary to return to the U. S., we will be first.

P. M. Here we are still, they have concluded to have some repairs done to the road before proceeding, as it is almost impassable, so we will not leave till morning. And I have been up on to *the top of an other high mountain*. I shall be quite an experienced climber when we leave the Raton it has been my daily exercise since we entered the mountains and I shall miss it when we reach the plains again.

Wednesday 18th. Camp 13. Rio Colorado. Out of the Raton at last, can it be possible! We have been in it five days, and it seemed that we were never to leave it. This morning the pulling has been worse than ever; some very steep, long, rocky hills, but we passed them without an accident save the breaking of some two or

three wagon bows—this cannot be considered an accident though—they caught in the trees that reached their giant arms across the road seemingly with that intention.

We leave behind us Mr. Howk, and the government wagons. I only wish them our good fortune.

And we may now bid good bye to any game; that is one redeeming quality of the Raton—the furnishing us with wild meat. I left it tho' without seeing *un oso* [a bear], (one horse) though they were several times reported by the wagoners as frequenting the little cañons near us.—We have had fine clear, cool water too, and slightly impregnated with sulphur, not a very disagreeable quality to me.

And I must also dispense with my horseback exercise in some measure. Though it is fine in the mountains, I cannot say the same on the scorching plains. I am quite sorry for it too, I enjoy it so much.

Quite cool today for August, more the appearance of October.

Thursday 20th. Noon. Out on the open Prairie again, but with rather more variety than before. We are surrounded, in the distance, by picturesque mountains, a relief to the eye when one is accustomed to behold nothing save the wide plain stretched far on all sides meeting the edges of the bright blue sky and appearing more like water than land.

We left camp this morning at 7 o'clock crossed "Red River," a picturesque little stream winding its way from the mountains, to the great Arkansas, of which it is generally termed the "Canadian Fork."

The water is fine, clear and cool, as mountain streams always are. The banks have some thing of an "Ash creek" appearance, a good place to upset a carriage, and as this did not correspond with my feeling, I left the little *catrin*, which I have this morning taken instead of *mi caballo*, and mounting the stump of a tree called *mi alma* to my assistance; he most kindly came and took me up on his horse behind him and with little difficulty I was landed on this side of *Rio Colorado*.

Camp P. M. Oh, the everlasting tongue of that boy Comapu! He is eternally singing, even when he is driving *la carratela* [carriage] over the worst kind of stony, hilly, and muddy roads. But it shows a happy disposition, such as every one has not, and therefore I shall not complain of him, tho' it annoys me much.

Had something of a fright this evening, from the tongue of the carriage, while descending a hill, coming out and letting the vehicle fall so much on the mules as to start them prancing and capering till our lives were really in jeopardy.

Friday 21st. A very cool morning—and last night was so cold we found two pair of blankets and a thick coverlid quite acceptable. There has surely been a hail storm some place, my thick shawl is scarcely as warm as I would like it.

Camp No. 15. Poni creek. Here I am both Madam & Mr. of the whole concern. The recent rains have made the banks of the creek, which are naturally steep, quite slippery, and renders it quite necessary that much care be taken or a wagon may be turned over, (the

teams are doubled) therefore *mi alma* after seeing half of them over, placed me on my horse, mounted his own without saddle or bridle only a halter on his neck, and in this manner we crossed what may be termed the second crossing (the first I passed on foot with stepping stones—for the creek is crossed twice in preference to one place worse than these two together perhaps. On this side we were on landing met by Lieutenant Warner³⁰ of the U. S. Malitia, who greeted us with a kind smile notwithstanding he has been well drenched in the cold drizzling rain of this P. M. Don Manuel [Samuel Magoffin] now left me to attend to affairs and returned to see the other wagons over crossing No. 1.—So now I had nothing to do but act out the part allotted to me, and after exchanging a few words with Lieu. W. I rode on and with as much dignity as I am capable of commanding, which upon a pinch is not a little in my own opinion, selected a camping ground, and ordered the Mexican servants about in broken Spanish. Now that they are all at work I seize a few minutes to write a letter.

It is quite winterish this evening, with a little ugly rain falling to make it still more gloomy.

In the distance we see a tall mountain whose high

³⁰ William Horace Warner, born in New York in 1812, and appointed from that state to the United States Military Academy, July 1, 1831. Commissioned second lieutenant of First Artillery July 1, 1836, and later assigned to Topographical Engineers. Brevetted captain December 6, 1846, for gallant and meritorious conduct in California. Captain Warner was killed, September 26, 1849, by hostile Indians in the Sierra Nevada, nine arrows having pierced his body.

crown is white apparently with snow, both to the naked eye and with the glass; this supposition has been confirmed by one of the Mexicans, who appears to know all about it. If 'tis true I have seen snow in August. One of the warmest and most oppressive months of the year, in the States; and the idea of snow there now is absurd in the extreme; and I am sure to tell it there, when they are all suffocating they think with sultry heat, would make the good folks rather doubtful of the person's veracity next time.

Saturday 22nd. Noon at the Rayada Creek. This little creek is a river today; the rain has been quite heavy here, if we may take this as our guide. It is very much warmer too today, and like the rattle snakes after a thunder-storm, we are creeping out in the sun, which to speak the truth is not a bad plan. I don't know that I should have left it so soon either for the carriage, had not the wind driven me. Wrote a long letter to Sister Litty³¹ this evening.

Sunday 23rd. Ocate Creek. Camp No. 17. We are getting in among the hills, pigmy Mountains, again. Our camp last night was at the foot of one, which I ascended. At the top I found a thicket of pine trees, and fearing lest a hungry bruen might be lurking in them, or a *tiger cat*—rather the worst of the two when one comes to fighting with them, for while Mr. Bruen will squeeze you gently till all breath has left you, the other will scratch and bite and tear with his long

³¹ Maria Laetitia Shelby, fourth daughter of Isaac Shelby, Jr., born September 9, 1829; married James Lawrence Dallam, November 20, 1856.

talons till death comes to relieve the sufferer. I did not dare venture farther, but returned to camp.

This morning I have rode some on horse back—the road has been rough and I found it rather more agreeable than the carriage. *Mi alma* drives today, getting into the settlements has inspired one of our drivers—Sandevell—with new love for his *padre, madre y mujer* [father, mother, and wife]; so last night he petitioned to go ahead to see them, and will meet us at the road, the junta [junction], a place where this and the Cimerrone road joins and the waters of some two or three *arollas* [*arroyos*—streams].

Monday 24th. Camp No. 18. Olla [Ojo] de Galinas Travelled late tonight and it has been so dark too, it was almost necessary to feel our way—with *mi alma's* careful driving though, I felt little fear.

How cheering it is to one when groping their way in the dark, over roads and through countries he knew nothing about, all bewildered, and not knowing whether he is about pitching over a precipice, or driving into some deep ravine, hole &c., to have the light of the camp fires of those ahead of them, to break suddenly before the eye. It is like drink to a thirsty traveller, or a straw to a drowning man. It gives him new courage; suddenly his path way is opened to his understanding (not exactly the eye) and he pursues his way with a light heart, and rejoicing.

We are surely getting close to the settlements, as an evidence of this we were met this evening by three rancheros, with their *aguardiente*,³² *quesos, y pan*

³² Aguardiente—a brandy of very great strength, obtained from the bulb or root of the maguay or *agave Mexicana*. This was

[whiskey, cheese, and bread], to sell: They are like the huxter-women after a steamboat.

Though we had no wood to cook with, and must necessarily go without food till some time tomorrow, it was rather preferable to their *pan*, which they sell. It is made of wheat, and very hard, consequently calculated to keep well. Their cheese is clabber and made on the same principal as the Dutch smerecase, though very tough, mean looking, and to me unpalatable.

Tuesday 25th. Noon. "Mora creek and settlement." And such settlements they are—Here is a little hovel, a fit match for some of the genteel pig stys in the States—it is made of mud, and surrounded by a kind of fence made of sticks; this is the *casa grande* [big house]. Its neighbours are smaller, far more inferior, and to them I have no comparison. They are inhabited by *rancheros* as they are called, who attend

the common drink throughout that country. The process of manufacture is unique, and is, therefore, given as follows: "A hole is first dug some ten or twelve feet in diameter, and about three feet deep, and lined with stones. Upon this a fire is built and kept up until the stones are thoroughly heated. A layer of moist grass is then thrown upon the stones, and on this are piled the bulbs of the *maguay*, which vary in size from one's hand to a half a bushel measure, resembling huge onions. These are again covered with a thicker layer of grass; and the whole is allowed to remain until they are thoroughly baked. They are then removed to large leathern bags, and water is poured on them to produce fermentation. At the end of a week the bags are emptied of the *maguay* and its liquor, which, after undergoing the process of distillation, is ready for use." (Bartlett, *Personal narrative of explorations and incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora and Chihuahua*, vol. I, p. 290.)

solely to raising of *vacas* [cattle]. Their food consists of a little cheese made of thin milk, a little *pan de maïs* [corn bread]—and such little fruits & nuts as they can collect in the mountains.

We have sent to all of these ranchos, if possible we may be so fortunate as find *dos or tres huevas o un pollo, pero no nade* [two or three eggs or a chicken, but nothing else]. Such things are seldom seen or heard of here nor any thing else I suspect palatable. But they say my opinion is formed too hastily, for within these places of apparent misery there dwells that "peace of mind" and contentment which princes and kings have oft desired but never found!

Camp. We only crossed the creek this evening—the crossing is exceedingly difficult, we had the hounds of a wagon broken, which must be mended, and therefore necessity compelled us to remain here.

I rode over on horse back while *mi alma* had the mules taken from the carriage and had it brought down the almost perpendicular bank, by the man.

Wednesday 26th. A day of wonders not seen by every one. Well, what wonders I have to write to-night! my brain is so full I don't know where to find a commencement, and if I do begin, how shall I be able to end? We have passed "the Vegas" and encamped on this side some three or four miles, with Mr. Houk and the soldiers, our own wagons being some distance behind. We left them this morning to come on by themselves, as we are "going in" sooner than they.

Well now for my Vegas story—We got in there about 2 o'clock P. M., and dinner was called for, and

while they were preparing it let me take a look around at the premises. We drove down a long hill at the foot of which runs a beautiful clear stream, tempting one whether thirsty, or not to moisten his lips with its cool waters. This circles almost entirely the village of Vegas; crossing it we came immediately in contact with the dwelling houses, pig sties, corn cribs &c.

Here the carriage stoped, and while José, our driver, went in to procure us some little delicacy to eat, I am sure *mi alma* could have made money enough to buy out the whole village, not that his absence was very long, but from the excitement to see his wife a "monkey show" in the States never did a better business than he could have done, if he had set me up at even *dos or tres reales* [two or three reals; i.e., 10 or 15 cents] on sight. My veil was ingenuously drawn down, not only for the better protection of my face from the wind and constant stare of "the natives," but also afforded me a screen from whence to behold my schrutinizing spectators, and while I carried on a conversation with Mr. Houk on the outside respecting them. There were some two or three dozen of children (both sexes) from the infant in the arm up standing around, so thick 'twas hard for any one to pass; none were wholly clad, and some of the little ones in a perfect state of nudity; eyes were opened to their fullest extent, mouths gaped, tongues clattered, and I could only bite my lips and almost swallow my tongue to restrain my laughter.

Mr. H. and *mi alma* were unable to do this, for the idea of my being such an object of curiosity was in-

ducement enough, without seeing the condition of those around them, to provoke the laughter of the most sober heads. When we got out of this place and into "the room" which was pretty much like the "big room" at the Fort, not only the children, but *mujeres* [women] and *hombres* [men] swarmed around me like bees. The women were clad in *camisas* [chemises] and petticoats only; oh, yes, and their far famed "rabosas."³³ The latter made of some Mexican woven cotton, mostly blue, the two former of cotton, & red flannel. All took a look, and a seat, half of them on the floor, some I talked with as far as my Spanish knowledge extended; some of them had their babies under their rabosas. I shant say at what business. I may venture this much though that the little things were taking care of No. 1. When all that were in were seated, out came the little cigarritas,³⁴ and the general smoking commenced.

After this some signs of our dinner made its appearance. The old man came in with a blanket which he spread on a little table placed before me, on this

³³ The *rebozo* was worn by all classes at all times. It was a long scarf, about half a yard wide and three or four yards long, fringed at the ends. It was usually thrown over the shoulders and the ends dangled below the waist. It served the purpose of bonnet, shawl, apron, veil, and bodice. Under no circumstances was it laid aside while the owner was awake, being used dexterously even while working or cooking. It never got in the way of any occupation.

³⁴ Every Mexican, male and female, carried at the girdle a pouch containing a bundle of *hojas* (covering of the ear of Indian corn, cut into oblong pieces about three inches in length and one inch in width), and a small bottle of powdered tobacco.

he spread a clean white cloth, and I thought I was about to have a fine dinner, but woe to me then, for on the top of this he put on an other cloth so black with dirt and greese that it resembled more the common brown, than white sheeting, of which it was really made.

And then the dinner half a dozen *tortillas* [pancakes] made of *blue corn*, and not a plate, but rapped in a napkin twin brother to the *last* table cloth. Oh, how my heart sickened, to say nothing of my stomach, a cheese and, the kind we saw yesterday from the Mora, entirely speckled over, and two earthen *jollas* [ollas—jugs] of a mixture of meat, *chilly verde* [green pepper] & onions boiled together completed course No. 1. We had neither knives, forks or spoons, but made as good substitutes as we could by doubling a piece of *tortilla*, at every mouthful—but by the by there were few mouthfuls taken, for I could not eat a dish so strong, and unaccustomed to my palate. *Mi alma* now called for something else, and they brought us some roasted corn rolled in a napkin rather cleaner than the first & I relished it a little more than the *sopa* [soup]; this and a fried egg completed my meal.

As soon after as possible we made our way to the carriage, followed by the whole crowd of men, women, children and dogs. In a little time we were clearly hid from their view by the surrounding mountains, through which our road wound, and joy beat in my heart, to think that once more I was at liberty to breath the pure air of the prairie, and to sit alone in

my little tent, unmolested by the constant stare of these wild looking strangers!

Thursday 27. Near San Miguel. We have passed through some two or three little settlements today similar to the Vegas, and I am glad to think that much is accomplished of my task. It is truly shocking to my modesty to pass such places with gentlemen.

The women slap about with their arms and necks bare, perhaps their bosoms exposed (and they are none of the prettiest or whitest) if they are about to cross the little creek that is near all the villages, regardless of those about them, they pull their dresses, which in the first place but little more than cover their calves—up above their knees and paddle through the water like ducks, sloshing and spattering every thing about them. Some of them wear leather shoes, from the States, but most have buckskin mockersins, Indian style.

And it is repulsive to see the children running about perfectly naked, or if they have on a chimese it is in such ribbands it had better be off at once. I am constrained to keep my veil drawn closely over my face all the time to protect my blushes.

We nooned it today at the ojo de Bunal [Bernal]. Had fine fried chicken, corn and bean soup for dinner, not a disagreeable dinner that, and especially when compared with the one of yesterday.

Tonight our camp is among the pine trees at the foot of a mountain, with no other camp near us.

Sent today by the first express that has returned, letters to Sisters Anna and Lettitia.

The news from Santa Fé is that A[r]mijo³⁵ has fled, and Gen. Kearny, who is in possession of his house, is fortifying the city—so we may just fix ourselves there for the winter.

Friday 28th. This has been rather a more agreeable day than yesterday, though we met with a little acci-

³⁵ In spite of his various ranks of dignity, both as soldier and statesman, Manuel Armijo was by habit and training essentially a merchant and trader. His peculiar cunning in this field of action gave him the position and power to gain ascendancy in politics and in the ranks of the Mexican Army. From all accounts of him, the methods he adopted in business were decidedly dishonest. His career began with petty larcenies, and while still a youth his business of stealing sheep grew into large proportions. He was born and raised at or near Albuquerque, his parents being persons of bad repute. A large plantation owner in that neighborhood, by the name of Chavez, conducted a business of purchasing sheep from his poor neighbors at very reduced prices, and he collected so many herds that he could not get time to mark them. He had no means of recognizing his own sheep, simply kept them in the charge of shepherds, who were supposed to watch the sheep and prevent their being lost, by straying, or theft. Armijo adopted the method of stealing these sheep while the shepherds were asleep, and of bribing the wakeful ones, so that he accumulated considerable property. In due time he would sell the stolen property back to Chavez, who thus paid for his own property over and over again. With these ill-gotten gains and considerable luck in gambling, he managed to build up quite a fortune. Later he launched into the trade along the Santa Fé trail, purchasing his goods in the East, or in St. Louis, and starting, as the others did, from Independence.

It appears that while Governor of New Mexico, and while the Mexican War was in progress, Armijo had a train of goods, consisting mostly of ammunition, in command of Speyers, which arrived at Santa Fé June 24, 1846. Speyers brought the informa-

tion that American troops were approaching and Armijo sold his interest to Speyers. Captain Waldo had reported to General Kearny that "Governor Armijo has about \$70,000 worth of goods near the head of the Cimarron that left Independence about a fortnight since."

Armijo's first accomplishment in politics was his appointment as collector of customs at Santa Fé. He later became lieutenant-governor, and then, following the assassination of Governor Perez, was made governor, which office he retained, excepting a short interval, until the American invasion. In these official capacities he became commander of the troops. He ruled as a despot, and was a man of cruel nature and oppressive both to foreigners and to his own people.

While Governor Armijo left the way open for Kearny to enter Santa Fé, he had previously filled the minds of his people with hatred and dread of the Americans; telling them that the United States intended to rob their churches, desecrate their altars, and visit every kind of oppression upon them. Colonel James Magoffin seems to have been able to dispel this falsehood and reconcile the people to a change in government.

After the war, General Armijo was tried at the city of Mexico for cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy. Witnesses were brought from New Mexico, but the trial resulted in his acquittal. An English traveler named Ruxton, in his book, *Adventures in Mexico*, p. 118, speaks of meeting Armijo on his way north from the city of Mexico, the year following Armijo's flight from Santa Fé, as follows: "I stopped and had a long chat with Armijo, who, a mountain of fat, rolled out of his American 'dear-born' and inquired the price of cotton goods in Durango, he