

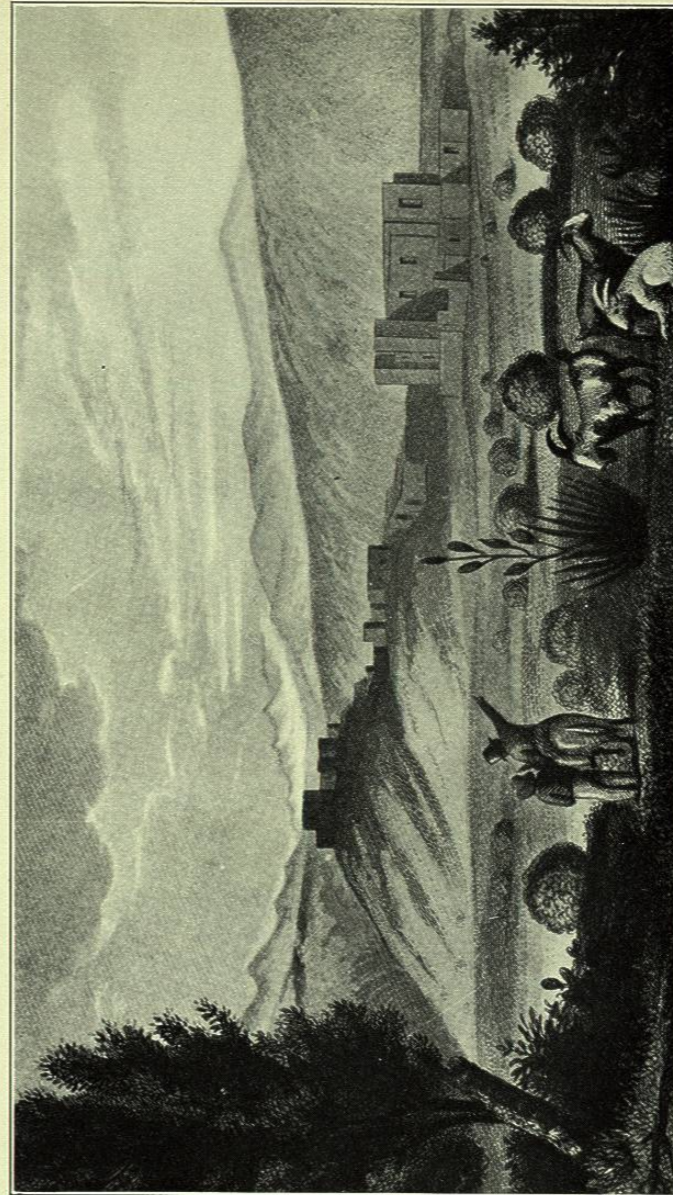
as usual the villagers collected to see the curiosity, and I did think the Mexicans were as void of refinement, judgement &c. as the dumb animals till I heard one of them say "*bonita muchachita*" [pretty little girl]! And now I have reason and certainly a good one for changing my opinion; they are certainly a very *quick and intelligent people*. Many of the *mujeres* came to the carriage shook hands and talked with me. One of them brought some tortillas, new goat's milk and stewed kid's meat with onions, and I found it much more palatable than "the dinner at the Vegas." They are decidedly polite, easy in their manners, perfectly free &c.

The village of San Miguel is both larger and cleaner than any we have passed; it has a church, and public square, neither of which are in the others.

Nooned it on this side some three or four miles.

The road this P. M. has obliged me to ride on horse-back again, and I find it quite as agreeable as when in the Raton. The pure air of the Santa Fé mountains is doing me great good. I love dearly to spend half an hour or an hour in rambling over and among them in the evening when we stop, and before starting. Nature

having some seven wagon-loads with him, and also what they said of his doings in Santa Fé, alluding to its capture by the Americans without resistance. I told him there was but one opinion respecting it expressed all over the country—that Gen. Armijo and the New Mexicans were a pack of arrant cowards; to which he answered: 'Adios! they don't know I had but 75 men to fight 3,000. What could I do?' General Armijo died at Limitar, New Mexico, December 9, 1853.



RUINS OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE OF PÉCOS
From Abert's "Report of his Examination of New Mexico, 1846-1847."

furnishes beautiful reflections for the mind as well as pictures for the eye, in the grand scenes before me.

Saturday 29th. I have visited this morning the ruins of an ancient pueblo,³⁶ or village, now desolate and a home for the wild beast and bird of the forest.

It created sad thoughts when I found myself riding almost heedlessly over the work of these once mighty people. There perhaps was pride, power and wealth, carried to its utter most limit, for here tis said the

³⁶ This was the ancient town of Pecos, the largest and most populous of the pueblos of New Mexico. It was situated on an upper branch of the Pecos River, about thirty miles southeast of Santa Fé. At the time of Coronado's visit, in 1540, Pecos contained about 2,500 inhabitants. It consisted of two pueblos, or communal dwellings, each four stories high, one containing five hundred and seventeen and the other five hundred and eighty-five rooms on their respective ground floors. The buildings were erected on a terrace arrangement and must have contained a tremendous number of rooms, so as to make the modern apartment house pale into insignificance. The population in this place dwindled down until 1790, when there were only one hundred and fifty-two souls. It is supposed that most of them were killed in a raid by the Comanche Indians, and that epidemics contributed largely to the depopulation of the place. In 1838 there were only seventeen survivors, who went over the mountains and joined a tribe at Jemez. It is said that they carried with them some of the sacred fire, and in the days of this journal were still maintaining it.

Pecos was once a fortified town, built upon a rock somewhat in the shape of a foot. At one end of the rock, or promontory, were the remains of the Aztec temple, which contained the sacred fire, and at the other end were the remains of the Catholic church, so close that the incense from the Aztec fire was sent through the altars of this Christian church. The place where this sacred fire was kept, known as the *estuffa*, was forty feet in

great Montezuma once lived, though tis probably a false tradition, as the most learned and ancient American historians report that great monarch to have resided much farther south than any portion of New Mexico.

At any rate these pueblos believed in and long-looked for the coming of their king to redeem them from the *Spanish yoke*. And I am told by persons who saw it, that tis only within some two or three years since it was inhabited by one family only, the last of a once numerous population. These continued to keep alive "Montazuma's fire," till it was accidentally extinguished, and they abandoned the place, believing that *Fate* had turned her hand against them. This fire, which was kept in vaults under ground, now almost entirely filled in by the falling ruins, was believed to have been kindled by the king himself, and their ancestors were told to keep it burning till he returned, which he certainly would, to redeem them, and it has been continued down to this time, or within a few years.

But now something of what my own eyes witnessed.—The only part standing is the church. We got off our horses at the door and went in, and I was truly diameter and must have required an enormous amount of labor to keep replenished.

The bones which have been dug from the floor of the Aztec temple, in modern times, were of gigantic size. There is a tradition that this temple—which is supposed to have been in existence over five hundred years before the time mentioned by the diarist—was built by a race of giants, fifteen feet in height, which preceded the Aztecs.

awed. I should think it was sixty feet by thirty. As is the custom among the present inhabitants of Mexico, this pueblo is built of unburnt bricks and stones. The ceiling is very high and doleful in appearance; the sleepers are carved in hiroglyphical figures, as is also the great door, altar and indeed all the little wood-work about it, showing that if they were uncivilized or half-civilized as we generally believe them, they had at least an idea of grandure. Some parts of it, too, have the appearance of turned work, though it is difficult to decide, it is so much battered to pieces. From the church leads several doors, into private apartments of the priests, confession-room, penance chambers &c.

One of them only has a fire place in it, and this is exceedingly small. All around the church at different distantes are ruins; the side of one house remains perfect still, and 'tis plain to see a three storied building once was there. The upper rooms were entered by ladder from the outside—and in case of an enemy's coming these ladders were drawn up, and no communication being afforded below they were perfectly secure to cast stones or any other missil at their not so well protected enemy.

Mi alma pointed out to me the door of a room in which he had once slept all night in some of his trips across the plains, and while some of the inhabitants still remained. It was in the second story of a house, which is now entirely fallen in, and the doors so entirely closed by the rubbish (except this room) that it had nothing of the appearance of having been a house.

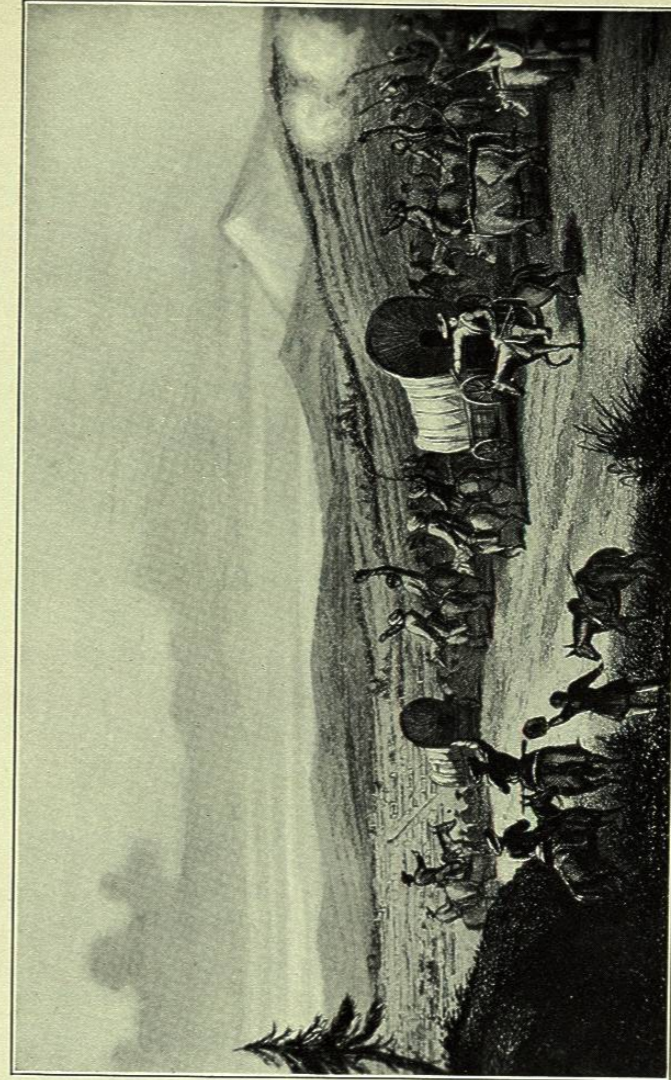
The place too has the appearance of having been once fortified, from the number of great stones lying all around it, and which they must have used in this way as they are too large for the building of houses.

They say this is our last evening out, that tomorrow we will see Santa Fé. And to this I shall not object, if we are to stay there a whole winter, or even till winter, I must be in and preparing my house.

I do think I have walked three or four miles today; before noon I rode on horseback over all the bad places in the road, but this P. M. I have walked. It will not hurt me though, and especially as much as jolting in the carriage over the hills and rough road we have passed, and being frightened half to death all the while.

An other Spanish beauty, I saw this evening, with her face painted, a custom they have among them when they wish to look *fair and beautiful* at a "Fandango," of covering their faces with paint or flour-paste and letting it remain till it in a measure bleaches them. These I saw one of them had paste—and with it more the appearance of one from the tombs than otherwise. Another had hers fixed off with red paint which I at first thought was blood.

Santa Fé. August 31st 1846. It is really hard to realize it, that I am here in my own house, in a place too where I once would have thought it folly to think of visiting. I have entered the city in a year that will always be remembered by my countrymen; and under the "Star-spangled banner" too, the first American lady, who has come under such auspices, and some of



ARRIVAL OF THE CARAVAN AT SANTA FÉ
From Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies."

our company seem disposed to make me the first under any circumstances that ever crossed the Plains.

We arrived last night, and at such a late hour it was rather difficult for me to form any idea of the city. I know it is situated in a valley; and is to be seen from the top of a long hill, down which I walked; this leads into "the street," which as in any other city has squares; but I must say they are singularly occupied. On one square may be a dwelling-house, a church or something of the kind, and immediately opposite to it occupying the whole square is a cornfield, fine ornament to a *city*, that. A river runs through the place, affording me a fair opportunity to enjoy that luxury to the fullest extent. The church is situated at the Western end, and though I cannot answer for the grandure of the inner side—to say nothing of the "outer walls"—I can vouch for its being well supplied with bells, which are chiming, it seems to me, "all the time" both night and day. Though Gen. Kearny has come in and taken entire possession, seated himself in the former Governor's chair, raised the American flag and holds Santa Fé as a part of the United States, still he has not molested the habits, religion &c. of the people, who so far are well pleased with their truly republican governor.

Nuestra casa [our house] is situated under the shadow of "*la iglesia*" [the church], and quite a nice little place it is. We have four rooms including *la cochina* [the kitchen], our own chamber, storage room, and the reception room, parlour, dining-room, and in short room of all work. This is a long room with dirt

floor (as they all have) plank ceiling, and nicely white-washed sides.

Around one half to the height of six feet is tacked what may be called a schreen for it protects ones back from the white wash, if he should chance to lean against it; it is made of calico, bound at each edge, and looks quite fixy; the seats which are mostly cushioned benches, are placed against it—the floor too at the same end of the room is covered with a kind of Mexican carpeting; made of wool & coloured black and white only. In short we may consider this great hall as two rooms, for one half of it is carpeted and furnished for the parlour, while the other half has a naked floor, the dining table and all things attached to that establishment to occupy it. Our chamber, at one end of the "big room," is a nice cool little room, with two windows, which we can darken, or make light at pleasure, and I must say it is truly pleasant to follow after the Mexican style, which is after dinner to close the shutters and take a short siesta; it both refreshes the mind and body, one is then prepared, without fatigue, of the morning's labours, to go about the duties of the evening.

After our arrival last evening Dctr. Conley,³⁷ a trader, and formerly of Ky. and Col. Owens called.

³⁷ Dr. Henry Connelly was a native of Nelson (now Spencer) County, Kentucky, where he was born in the year 1800. He was graduated as a doctor of medicine from Transylvania University in 1828, and soon afterwards opened an office in Liberty, Missouri. However, the lure of the trail, coupled with the family tendency toward trading and mercantile pursuits, was too strong for him, and before a year passed he had abandoned his office and joined

Brother James [Magoffin], received us at our door, and supped with us on *oysters* and *Champaign*, for 'twas too late to prepare a warm supper, and this by the bye was not a very bad one, though cold. And he dined with us today too. As he is the fore-runner of Gen. Kearny, he is to start for Chihuahua tomorrow, a day before the Gen. — — — "Speak of something & his imps will appear," is what I have heard in my life, and it has been the case this P. M., for just as I fin-

a party bound for Chihuahua. These men endured great hardships, but finally reached their destination. Dr. Connelly became clerk in a store and afterwards bought out his proprietor. In this business he had occasion for many years to travel back and forth to the Missouri River; first with pack mules, and later with his own wagon train.

In 1843 Dr. Connelly formed a partnership with Edward J. Glasgow of St. Louis for the overland trade between Chihuahua, Mexico, and Independence, Missouri. Dr. Connelly acted as an emissary of Armijo in communications with General Kearny, before the latter had advanced to Santa Fé. He was later arrested at El Paso and taken to Chihuahua, but there released without trial. He was probably a naturalized Mexican citizen, as he made an effort to become such in 1832. However, after the war with the United States, he moved to New Mexico, where he passed the remainder of his life, dying of accidental poisoning in July, 1866. He established the largest mercantile business in New Mexico, having houses at Peralta, Albuquerque, Santa Fé, and Las Vegas. In 1861 he was appointed Governor of New Mexico by President Lincoln and reappointed in 1864. His influence is said to have kept New Mexico out of the Southern Confederacy.

Dr. Connelly's family were Irish, but came to America in colonial days, settling at Albemarle Point, South Carolina. He was the son of John Donaldson and Frances (Brent) Connelly. Dr. Connelly was twice married, both times in Mexico and to Mexican women.

ished writing *General*, an hour ago, he came walking in, accompanied by Mr. Thruston³⁸ of Ky. formerly.

I had made up my mind that the Gen. was quite a different man in every respect; he is small of stature, very agreeable in conversation and manners, conducts himself with ease, can receive and return compliments, a few of which I gave him; as I hope, & *mi alma* thinks, they were of the right kind, and in their time and place, so I am satisfied. He says as he is the Gov. now I must come under his government, and at the same time he places himself at my command, to serve me when I wish will be his pleasure &c. This I am sure is quite flattering, *United States General No. 1* en-

³⁸ Lucius Falkland Thruston. A contemporary said of him: "He stood six feet, six inches in his moccasins." He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, July 18, 1799, son of John Thruston and Elizabeth Thruston Whiting; his father and mother being cousins. His father (son of Reverend and Colonel Charles Mynn Thruston of Gloucester and Mary Buckner) served as a cornet in George Rogers Clark's campaign in the Illinois country during the Revolutionary War. Lucius Falkland Thruston went to New Mexico about 1827 and spent the remainder of his life in the Mexican country. He was arrested and confined in jail at Chihuahua by reason of a letter of introduction, directed to him, having been found among the papers of a member of the ill-fated Texas-Santa Fé Expedition of 1841. After the American occupation of Santa Fé, General Kearny appointed him a Prefect, because of his knowledge of the Spanish language and his acquaintance with the Mexicans. Mr. Thruston had some years previous become a citizen of Mexico. He belonged to the prominent Thruston family of Kentucky, of which a well-known member is Hon. R. C. Ballard Thruston of Louisville. The name is often confused with that of Thurston.

tirely at my disposal, ready and will feel himself flattered to be my servant.

Mr. T. [Thruston] is a friend of Gen. Kearny's and I believe about to receive an office from him, he is a gentleman I should judge who had seen a good deal of the world; is easy and familiar in his manners. As he leaves with the Gen. day after tomorrow, he will be happy to call on me on his return two weeks hence, and learn something of his old friends in Ky., a number of whom I am acquainted with. . . . This has been my evening's business to receive these gentlemen, write of it, and to receive a visit from an American lady formerly a resident of "Illinois" I may speak of her anon.

This morning a Mexican lady, Dona Juliana, called to see me. She is a woman poor in the goods of this world, a great friend to the Americans and especially to the Magoffins whom she calls a *muy bien famille* [*muy buena familia*—very good family]. Though my knowledge of Spanish is quite limited we carried on conversation for half an hour alone, and whether correct or not she insists that I am a good scholar.

Tuesday September 1st. Today has been passed pretty much as yesterday, in receiving the visits of my countrymen. Dr. Measure called early, before I had pulled off my wrapper, to congratulate me on my good fortune in getting through the Raton without a fractured limb.

Mr. Houck called too. Brother James dined with us, and also supped on oyster-soup and champain. Like the rest of his brothers he is quite lively, and this