

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

CLEARFIELD, PA. NOVEMBER 13, 1846.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. NO. 39--WHOLE NO. 1037.

TERMS

The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly, on Wednesday mornings, at \$2 per annum—or \$1 75 if paid in advance. No paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editor) until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

From the Washington Union.

Interesting Scenes in the Far West--Gen. Kearney & the Army of the West.

Extracts from the Journal of Lieut. Emory of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, now at Santa Fe.

(Concluded.)

Aug. 15.—Twelve o'clock last night Colonel (General) Kearney was awakened up, and was informed that six hundred men had collected at the pass of the Vegas, two miles distant, and were to oppose his march. In the morning, orders were given to prepare to meet the enemy. At seven the army moved, and just as we made the road leading through the town, Major Swords, of the 3d, and Mr. Dupat joined us from Fort Leavenworth, and presented Col. Kearney with his commission as brigadier general in the army of the United States. At 8 o'clock precisely, the general was in the public square, where he was met by the alcalde and people, many of whom were on horseback, (for these people live on horseback.) The general pointed to the top of one of their houses, which are all of one story high, and flat roofed; and suggested to the alcalde, that if he would go to that place, he and his staff would follow, and from that point, where all could hear and see him, he would say to them what he had to say.

This was a wise precaution. He was thus enabled to speak so that all could hear and see, and we were placed out of the reach of difficulty, of which there might have been some danger, as we were pressed closely in a dense mass of people, the disposition of none of which we then knew.

The colonel, now Brigadier General Kearney, then addressed the multitude, nearly as follows:

"Mr. Alcalde and people of New Mexico: I have come amongst you by the order of my government, to take possession of your country, and extend over it the laws of the United States. We consider it, and have done so for some time, a part of the territory of the United States. We come amongst you as friends, not as enemies; we come to you as protectors, not as conquerors; we come amongst you for your benefit, not for your injury."

"Henceforth I solve you from all allegiance to the Mexican government, and from all obedience to General Armijo. He is no longer your governor. [Great sensation.] I am your governor."

"I shall not expect you to take up arms, and follow me, to fight your own people, who may be in arms against me; but I now tell you that those who remain peaceably at home, attending to their crops and herds, shall be protected by me in their property, their persons, and their religion; and not a pepper or an onion shall be disturbed or taken by my troops, without pay, or without the consent of the owner. But listen! he who is found in arms against me, I will hang."

"From the Mexican government you have never received any protection. The Apaches and the Navajos come down from the mountains and carry off your sheep and your women whenever they please. My government will correct all this. They will keep off the Indians, protect you in your persons and property, and I repeat again, will protect you in your religion. I know you are all good Catholics, and that some of your priests have told you all sorts of stories; that the people were rising, and that Armijo was collecting a formidable force to oppose our march, at the celebrated pass of the canon, fifteen miles from Santa Fe."

"About the middle of the day's march, two Pueblo Indians, previously sent in to sound the chief men of that formidable tribe, were seen in the distance, at full speed, with arms and legs both thumping into the sides of their mules, at every stride. Something was now in the wind for certain. The smallest and foremost of the two, dashed up to the general, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed: 'They are in the canon, my brave! pluck up your courage, and push them out.' His extravagant delight at seeing the prospect of a fight, and the pleasure of communicating it, by and by subsided, and he then gave the general a pretty accurate idea of Armijo's force and his position. He further told him, that the Pueblos were with the army there, by Armijo's orders; that they came voluntarily, and that he might rely upon their assurance that at the first fire, every Pueblo would throw down his rifle, his bow, arrows, and sling, and come over to him, (General Kearney.)"

"The general told him that that was all very well; but that he should like to see, that night, some of the head chiefs, and he wished him to go back and bring them out. The brave little fellow at once assented, but his comrade refused, from fear that Armijo would catch and hang him."

"The road passed over to-day was good, but the face of the country exceedingly rugged and broken; covered with pines

felt, that their burdens, if not relieved, were at least shifted to some ungalled part of the body.

We descended by the same rickety ladder by which we climbed to the top of the houses, mounted our horses, and rode briskly forward to encounter our 600 Mexicans in the gorge of the mountains, two miles distant. The sun shone with dazzling brightness, the guidons and colors of each squadron, regiment and battalion were, for the first time unfurled.

The drooping horses seemed to take pluck from the gay array, the trumpeters sounded 'to horse' with unusual spirit, and the hills multiplied and re-echoed the call. All looked like a gala day; and as we approached the gorge where the fun was expected, the general broke into a brisk trot, then into a full gallop, preceded by a squadron of horse. He kept close to their heels. The gorge was passed, but no 600 Mexicans were there! One by one the guidons were furled, the men looked disappointed, and a few minutes found us dragging our 'slow length along' with the usual indifference to every subject except that of overcoming space.

Two miles farther brought us to another pass as formidable as the first; and the entire intermediate country was broken, and covered with a dense growth of pine, pinon, and cedar. The mountains now begin to rise to the height of a thousand feet above the road.

Nine miles brought us to Selcolate, where we met the alcalde and people in the cool and spacious apartments of the forum, where a repetition of the drama was again enacted. This was graced by the presence of women, with their bare ankles and slipped feet. Marched ten miles further to the vernal springs; halted at the upper spring, and observed for time and latitude about 500 feet south of the upper spring.

August 16.—Marched to San Miguel, where the general assembled the people, and gave them much the same harangue as at the Vegas; but in swearing the poor old alcalde there was great difficulty. His honor hesitated, faltered, looked at the priest, who held down his head and refused to respond to his enquiring looks; the general was pertinacious.

As we were ascending the ladder, the priest—a famous man in this country; famous for his love of cards, women, and wine—stopped the general to engage him in a discussion on the merits of the question of invasion. He said a great deal that was exceedingly silly and out of place. The general told him so very sharply before all his people. Sinner, as he is, his hold upon his flock is firm and unyielding.

The repartee of the general floored him completely, and made some of his poor deluded flock look aghast. He had previously invited the general to his quarters. Being in our route, we halted. The general told him that he and all his brotherhood were laboring under a great mistake with regard to the intentions of the American government in respect to his religion; that there was not the least intention of disturbing it, or any of its rights and privileges; but if he found any of them stirring up the people to rebellion, he would not let the priest's robe stand between the offender and the rope. This, by the way, he mentioned in his speech to the people, while the priest was made to stand by him in full view of the mass below.

His reverence saw the sort of person he had to deal with, and disclaimed any mischievous intentions. This through, he displayed his Taos brandy, which we drank. The general cracked several jokes with him, and finally took leave, by a cordial embrace and mutual assurance of friendship.

Reports now met us, at every step, that the people were rising, and that Armijo was collecting a formidable force to oppose our march, at the celebrated pass of the canon, fifteen miles from Santa Fe. About the middle of the day's march, two Pueblo Indians, previously sent in to sound the chief men of that formidable tribe, were seen in the distance, at full speed, with arms and legs both thumping into the sides of their mules, at every stride. Something was now in the wind for certain.

The smallest and foremost of the two, dashed up to the general, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed: 'They are in the canon, my brave! pluck up your courage, and push them out.' His extravagant delight at seeing the prospect of a fight, and the pleasure of communicating it, by and by subsided, and he then gave the general a pretty accurate idea of Armijo's force and his position. He further told him, that the Pueblos were with the army there, by Armijo's orders; that they came voluntarily, and that he might rely upon their assurance that at the first fire, every Pueblo would throw down his rifle, his bow, arrows, and sling, and come over to him, (General Kearney.)"

"The general told him that that was all very well; but that he should like to see, that night, some of the head chiefs, and he wished him to go back and bring them out. The brave little fellow at once assented, but his comrade refused, from fear that Armijo would catch and hang him."

"The road passed over to-day was good, but the face of the country exceedingly rugged and broken; covered with pines

and cedar. To the left, at one or two miles distant, towers a wall nearly perpendicular, 200 feet high, apparently level on the top, and showing, as near as I could judge, from the road, an immense stratum of red sandstone, capped by puddingstone and limestone. The road was red with the disintegrated sandstone. We turned from the road to the creek where there were a few ranchos, to camp, at which place we passed an uncomfortable night; the water being hard to reach, and the grazing very bad.

August 17.—The picket guard, stationed on the road, captured the son of Saliza, who, it is said, is to play the part in this country that Zumilicarguay did in Spain. The son was at San Miguel yesterday, and heard from a concealed place, the general's harangue. It is supposed, at this time, he was examining the position, strength, &c. of our army, to report it to his father.

A rumor has reached camp that 4,000 Mexicans assembled in the canon, have quarrelled amongst themselves; that Armijo, taking advantage of the dissensions, fled with his dragoons and artillery to the south. He was long suspected of wishing an excuse to fly. It was known that he was averse to a battle; but some of his people threatened his life if he failed to fight. He has been, for some days, more in fear of his own people than the American army. He sees what they have failed to see—the hopelessness of resistance. Every assurance has been given him by the general, if he quietly surrendered, he would protect him in his person and property; but it is quite evident he fears the penalty of his long misgovernment.

As we approached the ruins of the ancient town of Pecos, a large fat fellow came towards us at full swing, and extending his hand to the general, congratulated him on the arrival of himself and army. He said, with a roar of laughter, "Armijo and his troops are gone to hell, and the canon is all clear!" This was the alcalde of the settlement, two miles up the Pecos from the ruins, where we encamped—15½ miles from our last camp, and 2 miles from the road.

Pecos, once a fortified town, is built on a promontory of rock, something the shape of a fort. Here burned, until within the last seven years, the eternal fire of Montezuma; and the remains of the architecture exhibit, in a pointed manner, the engraving of the Catholic church upon the ancient religion of the country. At one end of the short spire forming the terminus of the promontory, are the remains of the stupa, with all its parts distinct; at the other, are the remains of the Catholic church—both showing the distinctive marks and emblems peculiar to the two religions. The fires from the stupa burned, and sent its incense through the same altars from which was preached the religion of Christ. Two religions so utterly different in theory, were here, as in all Mexico, blended in harmonious practice, until, about a century since, the town was sacked by the Navaho band of Indians.

Amidst all the havoc of plundering the city, the faithful Asteek managed to keep his fire going in the stupa, and it was continued until, a few years since, the band became almost extinct. Their devotions rapidly diminished their numbers, until they became so few as to be unable to keep going their immense stupa, forty feet in diameter, when they abandoned the place, and joined a tribe of the original Montezuma race, over the mountains, about sixty miles south. There to this day, it is said, they keep their fire, which has never yet been extinguished.

The labor and watchfulness, and exposure to heat, required, is fast diminishing this remnant of the Montezuma race; and a few years will see the end of this interesting people.

The sketches will give a much more accurate description than can be written of the remains of the modern church, with its crosses, its cells, its dark and mysterious cornices and niches, where many a maid sighed out her confessions. The architecture of the modern church differs but little from those of the present day in New Mexico; that of the Asteek part of the ruins presents many peculiarities worthy of notice.

Both are constructed of the same materials: the walls of sun-dried brick, the rafters of well-hewn timber, which could never have been hewn by the miserable little axes now used by the Mexicans, which resemble in shape, and size, the wedges used by our farmers for splitting rails. The corners and drops of the architecture, in the modern church are elaborately carved with a knife.

To-night we found excellent grass on the Rio Pecos, abreast of the ruins. Here is situated the modern village of Pecos, with a very inconsiderable population. To-night there is a sandango, a mile and a half from camp; but anxious as I am to see this dance, the threatening appearance of rain deterred me from going.

August 18.—We are this morning 29 miles from Santa Fe. Reliable information from four or five different sources, reached camp yesterday, and the day before, that dissensions had arisen in Armijo's camp, and that his army was dispersed, and himself fled to the south, carrying with him his artillery and 100 dragoons. Not a hostile rifle or arrow was now be-

tween the army and Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico; and the general determined to make the march in one day, and raise the United States flag over the palace before sun-down.

New horses and mules were ordered for the artillery, and every thing was braced up for a forced march. The distance was not great, but the road was bad, and the horses on their last legs.

A small detachment was sent ahead at day-break, and at 6 the army followed. Four or five miles from old Pecos the road leads into a canon, with hills on each side from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the road, and in all cases within cannon, and in many cases, point blank musket shot, which continues until within 12 or 15 miles of Santa Fe.

Fifteen miles from Santa Fe, we came upon the position deserted by Armijo. It is a gateway, which, in the hands of a skillful enemy and 100 resolute men, would be perfectly impregnable.

Had the position been defended with any decency, the general would have turned it by a road which branches to the south six miles from Pecos, by the way of Gulisteo.

Armijo's arrangements for defence were very defective. His abatis was placed behind the gorge some 100 yards, by which it is evident that he intended that the gorge should be passed before his fires were opened. This done, his batteries would have been carried without difficulty.

Before we reached the canon, the noon halt was made, in a valley covered with the native potato. It was in full bloom. The fruit was not quite so large as a wren's egg. As we approached the town, a few straggling Mexicans came out, all opening their eyes, in search for the general, who, with his staff, was clad so plainly that they passed us. Another officer and myself were sent down to explore the by-road, for a short distance, by which Armijo fled.

On our return to the main road we saw two Mexicans, one the acting secretary of state, in search of the general. They had allowed him to pass unobserved. When we pointed the way they broke off in a full run, their hands and feet keeping time to the pace of their nags. We followed, in a sharp trot, and, as we thought, at a respectable distance. Our astonishment was great, to find as they wound through the ravine, and through the open well-grown pine tree forest, that they did not leave us perceptibly. "Certainly they are in a full run, and as certainly, we are only in a trot," we both exclaimed. I supposed we were under some delusion, and turned to my servant to see the pace at which he was going—and, said he, "them Mexican horses made a mighty great doing to no purpose." That was the fact. With their large cruel bits, they harass their horses into a gait which enables them to gallop very long without losing sight of the starting place.

The acting secretary brought a letter from the lieutenant governor, informing the general of Armijo's flight, and of his readiness to receive him in Santa Fe, and to extend to him the hospitalities of the city. He was quite a youth, and dressed in the fashion of the Americans.

Here, all persons from the United States are called *Americanos*, and the name is extended to no other race on the continent.

To-day's march was very tedious and vexatious. Wishing to enter Santa Fe in an imposing form, frequent halts were made to allow the artillery to come up. Their horses were on their last legs; and during the day, mule after mule was placed before the guns, until scarcely a horse was left.

The head of the column arrived in sight of the town about three;—it was six before the rear came up. Vigil, the lieutenant governor, and twenty or thirty of the people of the town, received us at the Palace. The general addresses them in a speech little different in substance, but much in manner, which was conversational, from that at the Vegas and San Miguel. We were then asked to partake of wine and brandy, of domestic manufacture. It was from the Passo del Norte. We were too thirsty to judge of its merits. Any thing liquid and cool was palatable. During the repast, and as the sun was setting, the United States flag was hoisted on the palace; and a salute of 13 guns fired from the artillery that was left on an eminence overlooking the town.

The ceremony ended, the general and his staff were invited to supper at Captain Hortise's, a Mexican gentleman, once in the army. The supper was served very much after the manner of a French dinner, one dish succeeding another, in endless succession. A bottle of good wine from the Passo del Norte, and a loaf of bread were placed near each plate. We had been from 5 in the morning without eating, and endless as were the dishes, more endless still were our appetites.

We returned to the place, where we found Mr. Thurston an American, with an invitation to another supper, at the celebrated Madame Tula's. This is a lady who has amassed a large fortune here and at Chihuahua, by gambling and other accomplishments. A few of us went down. We found the lady a little *passé*, but by far the most vivacious and intelligent Mexican we had yet seen. I wished to make observations; and, after gratifying my cu-

riosity by a survey of her spacious and well-furnished halls, I returned to my quarters, where I found my people all so much fatigued that I determined to follow their example and go to bed. The room assigned me was very close and disagreeable, and I had my blankets moved to the piazza, where I slept till the sun was high in the heavens, and horses, mules, and men had been trampling around and about me for some hours.

August 19th.—Received an order to make a reconnaissance of the town, and select a site for, assisted by Lieut. Gilmer of the engineers. This occupied me diligently on the 19th and 20th, and on the 21st the general was furnished with the map, a copy of which is sent to the Adjutant General, and another to the topographical bureau.

The site selected, and marked on the maps, is within 600 yards of the heart of the town, and is from 60 to 100 feet above it. The contour of the ground is unfavorable for the trace of a regular work; but being the only point which commands the entire town, and which is itself commanded by no other, we did not hesitate to recommend it. The recommendation was approved by the general, who viewed it in person. On the 22d we submitted a complete plan of the work, which was also approved, and a copy of which will hereafter be forwarded to the department. It is computed for a garrison of 280 men.—Its irregular shape is the natural consequence of the ground; and, estimating its merits, due consideration must be given to the objects in erecting it. It is to be a magazine of ammunition, and a citadel in case of extremities, into which a few troops can retreat, and hold at bay, until help arrives, a large number of an opposing force.

But the chief object which its imposing position will doubtless achieve is the moral effect over a feeble and distracted race, who are now, since our capture of their artillery, without a single gun. Their own guns will be chiefly used to garrison the fort; and with them every house in Santa Fe could be leveled on the least appearance of revolt. On the 23d the work was commenced with a small force, and on the 27th, the requisition being complied with, I set to work 100 laborers, detailed from the soldiers of the army, and on the 31st, thirty-one Mexican brick-masons were added, which will form the permanent force until the work is completed.

It being determined to send an express to the States, on the 25th inst. I recommended to project and plat my maps of the route of the army of the West, that the government might have at once the benefit of my labors. This was a bold undertaking—to compass in a few days the work of months. My astronomical observations were brought up from day to day as we progressed on the march, without which the undertaking would have been impracticable. We all worked day and night, and with the assistance of several gentlemen of the volunteers I succeeded in accomplishing the undertaking, not, however, in a very satisfactory way, as the accompanying letter to General Kearney, forwarded by him with the express, will show. Should this journal ever appear, that letter will form part of it, and explain what I have here stated more fully. I am now preparing, at more ease and with more care, another trace of my maps, which, together with my additional observations for the position of Santa Fe, the lunar observations at Bent's Fort, which confirm, in the most satisfactory manner, my chronometric determinations, and the altitude of each camp and place of note, will be forwarded direct to the bureau by an express which leaves here on the 5th or 6th of September.

Events at the palace now begin to crowd upon each other in quick succession; but my duties keep me so constantly occupied in my office and in the field, they will not be chronicled in regular order, or in much detail.

On the morning of the 19th the general assembled all the people at the palace, and addressed them in about the same language as at Vegas; the principal difference being, that he notified all those who were dissatisfied with the new order of things, they had full liberty to quit the country without molestation. The next day the chiefs and head men of the Pueblo Indians came in to give in their adhesion, and to express their great satisfaction at his arrival. This large and formidable band are amongst the best and most peaceable citizens of New Mexico. They, early after the conquest, embraced the forms of religion and the manners and customs of their *then* more civilized masters—the Spaniards. Their interview was long and interesting. They expressed what was a tradition among them, that the white man would come from the Far East, and release them from the bonds and shackles which the Spaniards have imposed, not in the name, but in a worse form than slavery.

They, and the numerous half-breeds, in whose veins flow their blood, are our fast friends now and forever. Three hundred years of oppression and injustice have failed to extinguish in this race the recollection that they were once the peaceable and inoffensive masters of the country. The day of retribution has now come, and they have their revenge.

The same afternoon, just as twilight had