

it! He would at once acknowledge that his venison camp never equaled it.

Mi alma was out this morning on a hunt, but I sincerely hope he will never go again. I am so uneasy from the time he starts till he returns. There is danger attached to it that the excited hunter seldom thinks of till it over take him. His horse may fall and kill him; the buffalo is apt too, to whirl suddenly on his persuer, and often serious if not fatal accidents occur. It is a painful situation to be placed in, to know that the being dearest to you on earth is in momentary danger of loosing his life, or receiving for the remainder of his days, whether long or short, a tormenting wound.

The servant who was with him today, was thrown from his horse by the latter stumbling in a hole, with which the Prairies are covered, and had his head somewhat injured. And *mi alma's* horse was quite unruly.

Wednesday 8th. Camp No. 28. This is our fourth day here. It is quite a pleasant and homelike place this. They are busy in the kitchen (two wagons drawn near up and a hole dug in the ground for a fire place), preparations are making for a long jaunt on the Plains—for it seems they intend keeping us out of Santa Fé almost entirely.

The soldiers are coming in, and if we have to travel behind them, it will be poor living both for man and beast. We have all to be allowanced in our provisions from this out, or we shall have none at all.

A band of more than an hundred buffalo came al-



A BUFFALO HUNT ON THE SOUTHWESTERN PRAIRIES

From a painting by John M. Stanley.
Courtesy United States National Museum.

most within gun shot of the camp this morning, and for the first time I had a good opportunity of seeing the little calves. I sat down immediately and wrote to *Papa*.

Camp No. 29. Thursday 9th. We have permission today to go on as far as the ford of the Arkansas, or to Bent's Fort, as we like, and there to await the arrival of Col. Carney¹³ the commanding officer. We shall prepare to leave here tomorrow or next day.

The Fort is 180 miles, and the Ford some seventy

¹³ Stephen Watts Kearny was born in Newark, New Jersey, in the year 1794. His parents were Philip and Lady Barney Dexter (Ravaud) Kearny. While a student at King's College (now Columbia University) he volunteered for the War of 1812. He was given a commission as first lieutenant of infantry and served under Captain (later General) Wool. Captured by the British at the desperate battle of Queenstown Heights, and later exchanged, he was promoted to a captaincy, and remained in the service after the war. The remainder of his career was in the West and Southwest. In 1825 he went with General Atkinson to the head waters of the Missouri in the "Yellowstone Expedition."

In 1834 he organized the First Dragoons, a new branch of service, and as lieutenant colonel thereof accompanied Colonel Dodge in campaign against the Comanche Indians of the Red River country. The high discipline of this regiment became conspicuous, and General Gaines said: "The First Dragoons are the best troops I ever saw." While in command of the Third Military Department, headquarters at St. Louis, 1842-1846, Colonel Kearny made one of the most extraordinary marches on record. It extended as far as the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, returning by way of Bent's Fort to Fort Leavenworth. He held successful counsel with many Indian tribes, resulting in protection to persons engaged in the Santa Fé trade. As a consequence of these experiences and achievements, he was put in charge of

or eighty. How long we are to be kept there, it is impossible to tell, perhaps it will be for two or three or even *six* months. Almost the length of time my *grandmother* spent in such a *palace!*

Today for the first time I have had a ride on horseback. It is a treat notwithstanding the jolting horse I was on. I am very much disappointed in my fine,

the "Army of the West" in 1846, during the war with Mexico, with rank of brigadier-general, and ordered to take military possession of New Mexico and California.

The selection of General Kearny for this post sent a thrill of joy and security through every man who expected to engage in that expedition, and volunteers rushed forward to enroll under his standard. This military campaign, including his remarkable march to California, resulted in the conquest of that territory. At the battle of San Pasqual, California, December 6, 1846, he was twice wounded. For gallantry and meritorious conduct he was brevetted major-general.

After his return to Washington in the winter of 1847, General Kearny was sent to Mexico. At Vera Cruz he contracted yellow fever, which undermined his health, and he died soon after the war at St. Louis, on October 31, 1848, in the home of Major Meriwether Lewis Clark.

General Kearny, though not a product of West Point, was a fine disciplinarian, a brave soldier and military genius. He was influential among the Indians and maintained a degree of good fellowship and esprit de corps among his officers and men, which was seldom equalled at any artillery post. He was at all times courteous, bland, approachable, and just; yet stern, fixed, and unwavering when his decisions were once formed. He inspired respect and confidence alike in officers and men in the ranks.

General Kearny married at St. Louis, September 5, 1830, at the residence of General William Clark, Miss Mary Radford, step-daughter of General Clark. She and several children survived him. (*St. Louis Republican*, November 3, 1848.)

noble bay. He walks and paces hard, but I must attribute it to his being spoiled in the buffalo chase. He is constantly on the lookout and requires all my strength nearly to hold him in. And I have grown to be quite an indifferent horsewoman to what I was in *my younger days!*

Friday. Camp 30th. The same routine of meat drying &c. Still lying by at Pawnee Creek—making some preparations though, to leave tomorrow. I have been sick nearly ever since I came here the consequences of my rare celebration of the 4th I suppose.

Saturday 11th. Camp 31st. Oh how gloomy the Plains have been to me today! I am sick, rather sad feelings and everything around corresponds with them.

We have never had such a perfectly dead level before us as now. The little hillocks which formerly broke the perfectly even view have entirely disappeared. The grass is perfectly short, a real buffalo and Prairie dog and rattle snake region.

We left our camp at Pawnee Fork this morning at 9 o'clock. It is 11 o'clock and one of the warmest and most disagreeable days the Prairie ever gave birth to. We stoped as there was plenty water and the oxen tired pulling over those great steep banks. We are nooning it here.

Some twenty of the Government wagons came up. We started again at 3 o'clock and traveled on till 9½ o'clock. Stoped on the prairie with a little water though enough for the cattle, twelve miles from Pawnee creek.

All the companies are before us, or rather they have taken a new road along the River. We are to go along by ourselves across the Prairie with little wood and perhaps no water, as is most generally the case at this point of the road near the Coon Creeks and heart of the buffalo range.

Coon cr. No. 1—5 ms, from Coon Cr. No. 2. Sunday 12th. Camp 32. About 30 miles from Pawnee Fork.

The Sabbath on the Plains is not altogether without reverence. Every thing is perfectly calm. The blustering, swearing teamsters remembering the duty they owe to their Maker, have thrown aside their abusive language, and are singing the hymns perhaps that were taught by a good pious Mother. The little birds are all quiet and reverential in their songs. And nothing seems disposed to mar that calm, serene silence prevailing over the land. We have not the ringing of church bells, or the privilege of attending public worship, it is true, but we have ample time, sufficient reason &c for thinking on the great wisdom of our Creator, for praising him within ourselves for his excellent greatness in placing before us and entirely at our command so many blessings; in giving us health, minds free from care, the means of knowing and learning his wise designs. &c.

We left our camp early this morning and nooned it out on the Prairie with out more shelter from the scorching sun than that afforded by the carriage. I took so much the advantage of this as to take a quiet evening siesta of half hour. A buffalo robe spread out

on the ground under the *catrin* [carriage] with the cushions for my pillow, was my whole bed, and quite an acceptable one too.

We drove on till about 12 o'clock, for the morning's drive was not a very good one, and the moon shone so bright that *mi alma* wished to drive *all* night even, and gain as much as possible, but some of the men became refractory and stubborn and stoped in the road, refusing to drive any further because it was night, notwithstanding they had driven (on account of the heat) but a short distance during the drive. So there was nothing to be done but form a corral and spend the night here. *The place is called by Mr. Gregg, Coon Creek.*

Monday 13th Noon. Big Coon Creek, No. 3. Left our last night's camp at Little Coon cr. this morning quite late, after 8 o'clock, traveled steadily on till 12 making about eight or nine miles. The day has been rather cloudy and favourable for the oxen.

Passed a great many buffalo, (some thousands) they crossed our road frequently within two or three hundred yards. They are very ugly, ill-shapen things with their long shaggy hair over their heads, and the great hump on their backs, and they look so droll running. Ring had his own fun chasing them. They draw themselves into a perfect knot switching their tails about, and throwing all feet up at once. When the dog got near to any one of them he would whirl around and commence pawing the earth with not a very friendly feeling for his delicately formed pursuer, I imagine.

We have seen several antelope too this morning. It is a noble animal indeed; and there is certainly nothing that moves with more majestic pride, or with more apparent disdain to inferior animals than he does. With his proud head raised aloft, nostrils expanded wide, he moves with all the lightness, ease and grace imaginable.

And we also had a rattle-snake fracas. There were not *hundreds* killed tho', as Mr. Gregg had to do to keep his animals from suffering, but some *two* or *three* were killed in the road by our carriage driver, and these were quite enough to make me sick.

Road to Bent's Fort. Saturday 18th. Camp 38, Bank of the Arkansas. I have written nothing in my journal since Monday, and what a considerable change there has been in affairs.

Tuesday I was taken sick—and recollect that we reached the River at noon that day. Went on about six miles in the evening, struck it again about Sun down, and camped for the night. We now had in company Messrs. Harmony,¹⁴ Davie,¹⁵ Glasgow,¹⁶ and

¹⁴ Manuel X. Harmony, a native of Spain, but a naturalized citizen of the United States, living and doing business in New York. His firm's name was P. Harmony, Nephews & Co. This firm was engaged in trade with northern Mexico, and in the spring of 1846 sent out its regular caravan, in charge of Manuel X. Harmony. With this train of twelve wagons and teams, laden with merchandise, mostly from foreign countries, he left Independence May 27, 1846. Under the orders of General Kearny he was forced to remain with the other traders at Pawnee Fork, and then to travel in the rear of the army to Santa Fé.

Harmony aided Doniphan in two substantial ways; by communicating information relative to movements and designs of the

two companies of soldiers' wagons. Both Wednesday and Thursday we made pretty much the same travel, reached the crossing Thursday, when we nooned it.

enemy; by giving all his means and credit to supply provisions for the quartermaster and commissary department. Doniphan confiscated his wagons and impressed his men into service. M. B. Edwards, in his unpublished diary, has the following entry about him: "Harmony, a trader, formerly from old Spain, had his mules hid under pretense that the Apaches had stolen them, he wanted to remain behind until our battle at Chihuahua, and then come in as a great friend of the victor." Arriving at Chihuahua, Harmony decided that it was unsafe to remain there after the army should depart, so went with the Americans to join General Taylor. Harmony was given an escort of twenty-five American troops and permitted to travel as he wished, but under orders to keep in communication with the army. To avoid the heat he traveled mostly at night and camped during the day. During the fight of Captain Reid with the Indians at El Pozo, Harmony and his escort came up and entered into the fight. Returning to the United States in the fall of 1847, he filed a claim against the government for \$82,956.89, besides a claim of \$20,000 for damages for loss of time, use of his money, expenses, etc., because of his detention by the army and for impressment of his teamsters into the service. A committee of Congress reported a bill for his relief.

¹⁵ Cornelius Davy was a prominent citizen and merchant of Independence in the early days. He returned to Independence from the expedition, here described, on July 13, 1847.

¹⁶ Edward J. Glasgow, son of William and Sarah (Mitchell) Glasgow, was born in Belleville, Illinois, June 7, 1820. In 1827 his father moved his family to St. Louis. Edward Glasgow was educated at the St. Louis University and St. Charles (Missouri) College. Before attaining his majority he was appointed United States Consul at Guaymas by President Van Buren. Later, deciding not to remain at that seaport, he resigned. Glasgow went to Mexico in 1840 to take charge of a business in which he

Here we found it rather better to go on to the Fort especially as some two or three companies had gone before us and the Dctr. with them. Made a tolerable drive that evening, and camped on the River again. I was quite sick now took medicine.

Friday morning I was no better, and *mi alma* sent a man ahead to stop the Dr. He returned in the course of four or five hours, having left the Dr. in waiting some twelve miles ahead of us.

We left camp about 2 o'clock P. M. and leaving the wagons to follow on at leisure, hurried on to this place by sun set, (all the companies save Owens and our own wagons are here).

was interested jointly with James Harrison, and his uncle, James Glasgow. He located at Mazatlan and continued in trade there until 1843. In that year he left Mazatlan, sailing around Cape Horn to New York. He then embarked in the overland trade between Missouri and Chihuahua, forming a partnership with Dr. Henry Connelly, and continued in that business for five years.

When Colonel Doniphan organized a battalion of two companies of traders and their employes, Mr. Glasgow was elected captain of one of the companies. He took part in the battle of Sacramento, and entered Chihuahua with the army. Here he remained until the coming of General Price and his troops. During the latter part of 1847 and a part of 1848, Mr. Glasgow served as United States Commercial Agent at Chihuahua. At the close of the war he returned to St. Louis, where he engaged in the mercantile and banking business.

Mr. Glasgow married Harriet Kennerly, October 27, 1856, and of this union two sons were born, Julian Kennerly Glasgow and William Jefferson Glasgow. Two of Mr. Glasgow's sisters married brothers of General William Clark, of Lewis and Clark fame. Mr. Glasgow died in St. Louis, December 7, 1908.

Now that I am with the Doctor I am satisfied. He is a polite delicate Frenchman (Dr. Masure)¹⁷ from St. Louis. He has sandy hair and whiskers, a lively address and conversation—is called an excellent physician "*especially in female cases,*" and in brevity I have great confidence in his knowledge and capacity of relieving me, though not all at once, for mine is a case to be treated gently, and slowly, a complication of diseases.

The idea of being sick on the Plains is not at all pleasant to me; it is rather terrifying than otherwise, although I have a good nurse in my servant woman Jane, and one of the kindest husbands in the world, all gentleness and affection, and would at any time suffer in my stead.

Notwithstanding the hurry in our passing them, and my sickness, I must say something of "*the Caches,*" rather a celebrated place that! They are situated about 20 miles the other side of the crossing, and

¹⁷ Dr. Philippe Auguste Masure was a native of Belgium, and emigrated to St. Louis in 1827. Here by an advertisement in a local newspaper, he "offered his professional services in different branches of physic, surgery and midwifery." He was the son of Victor and Marie Josephe (Parmentier) Masure. Dr. Masure was married in St. Louis to Marie Magdeleine Chenie, daughter of Antoine and Marie Therese (Papin) Chenie, February 18, 1830. Their children were Athalie Masure, who married William Daggett; Therese Masure, who married Constantine Schmeer, and Auguste Masure. Dr. Masure was the brother of Dr. Henry Masure, who preceded him to Mexico, dying at Santa Ana in March, 1846. Dr. Philippe Masure seems to have spent the remainder of his life in Mexico, as there is no record of his returning to St. Louis.

are large holes dug in the ground somewhat the shape of a jug. They were made there in the winter of 1812¹⁸ by a party of traders (Beard and others) who were overtaken by a severe winter, their animals died, and these pits called "Caches," a word of French origin, were made, the insides lined with moss and whatever else of the kind they could obtain, and their goods concealed in them till the following spring, when after procuring more assistance, they removed them. They are situated about a quarter of a mile from the River, on rather an elevated piece of ground, and within a hundred yards of the road, which runs at present between them and the river. They are quite as noted as any point on the road and few travellers pass without visiting them. I was rather too much of an invalid, though, to go nearer than the road.

Tuesday (Noon) 21st. A ship-wreck on land, is the theme of my story today.

To begin when I last left off, (on Saturday) is unimportant, since but little has occurred of interest till last night.

We left our camp at 4 o'clock P. M. with a storm blowing over head; we stoped for the night, quite in good time, set up the *house*, which from necessity had but a "*sand foundation*," and eat supper, and went to bed by a little past 8 o'clock. But this was destined to be of very short duration. In a moment the elements

¹⁸ Mrs. Magoffin is mistaken in this date. It was in the spring of 1823 that James Baird and his party made the *caches*. After his release from Chihuahua prison he returned to the States in 1822, and in the fall of that year he and his friend, Samuel Chambers, started on their second expedition to Santa Fé.

seemed in deadliest warfare. The lightning flashed its awful tongue in all directions, till the whole heavens seemed in one light blaze. The angry thunder raised its coarse notes, peal after peal. And the dark clouds, jealous lest they should be overcome by their two combatants, poured down the rain, till it was quite impossible to hear a word spoken within or without. The tent shook violently and we could almost feel the sand loosening from the pegs. *Mi alma* sprang up, and dressed himself, (I following his example) and "yelled loud and long" till he succeeded in calling to his assistance, for he saw that the whole fabric must soon sink beneath the tempest, our three Mexican servants Jose, Sendavel and Tabino. His object was to have me carried to the carriage before the fall; but it was impossible. Our gallant vessel unable longer to bear the storm gave way in her might, and without a *groan* sunk to the flooded Earth! I was extricated I scarcely know how from the ropes &c., the pole fell on me—and by some means or other found my way to the carriage, though not without a good soaking. I was wet through and through. *Mi alma* rolled me in blankets. There I remained till after midnight, when the storm had entirely abated, and I crept off to Jane's carriage (in which she sleeps) and begged quarters, for our little concern was too small and full of water to think of sitting in it longer. This was cheerfully granted me and I stretched myself out on her bed, not with an eye to sleep, but with a longing heart for *daylight*.

I cannot end "The Ship-wreck on land" though

without eulogizing our Mexican servants for their faithful exertions to shield us from any exposure. They got us in the carriage and pulled it to the baggage wagon and tied their wheels to prevent a turn over, and then gave us their *blankets*, even depriving themselves in a measure, with the hope of keeping us dry. They are truly faithful, and are worthy our sincere thanks.

This morning has been quite eventful too.

A narrow but deep creek detained the whole company for more than two hours. Our wagons were the first to pass, which they did with safety, save the breaking a bow or two on one of them, by running it against a tree limb overhanging the bank. It took a great deal of whooping and cracking of whips to make the oxen pass over without stopping to quench their parched thirst in the cool stream they were wading through up to their very throats.

It is rather a new and novel sight to see *mi alma*, which he did today, mount a bare-back horse without a bridle, with only a halter, and ride through this deep water, with his feet drawn almost up to the horse's back after the manner of mill boys.

We nooned it on this side of the little stream.

A most delightful dinner we had, of *dos patos asado y frijoles cocido* [two roasted ducks and baked beans]. It was a splendid dinner that, and many people in "the States" have set down to worse.—

A thunder storm this evening has made us stop very early. I hope we'll not have another *wreck*, bah!

Bent's Fort, July 27, 1846. Monday noon. I have

been rather negligent in my writing lately. The last I wrote was on Tuesday 21st, after our little ship-wreck. After this was over I supposed an Indian fracas would be our next adventure, for the day following we passed their sign, such as old *mockasins*, and a post set in the ground, with a fork at the other end, in which were a sword and bundle of fagots, *many in number*, representing, as I was told a sign to some other of their tribe passing after them, the army of the whites they were numerous: The sword was painted red, for the use they made with it, and it also had several notches cut in it to represent the number of days since they passed.

We met with no very strange adventure. I was careful enough at every little hill to get out and walk, for the last narrow escape we had is not out of my mind yet.

One evening we had an abundance of mosquitoes and another slight thunder storm. It was not so fearful tho' as the other in more than one respect. We had the tent secured by ropes fastened to the top of the pole and to the carriage and *la cara* [*carro*—wagon] wheels.

The road has been very sandy and almost on the river bank, which are poorly timbered till some 120 miles from the crossing it is rather thicker for ten or 12 miles, and taller the trees, with more the appearance of the Mississippi banks. In some places the country is hilly and covered with large stones, but generally speaking it is perfectly level plain, destitute