

and in something of a tattered condition, she is the possessor of some extraordinary qualities.

Next is a half grown boy with mellons—here he asks me “dos reals por una” [two reals for one] believing me to be like some of my countrymen entirely young in such matters, but he found me different. I looked at him straight till he fell to *un real media* [a real and a half], when I said “*hombre*” in a long voice, as much as to say “man have you a soul to ask so much!” and without hesitation he *gladly* took *una*, the regular market price, and I dare say he will return another time since he was not able to play the cheat, and I am a pretty prompt customer.

Cpts. Johnson and Turner called tonight and sat with us some half hour or more, in pleasant conversation & the former makes rather a more agreeable impression than in his first call.

*Friday 18th.* This has been quite a day of little scenes one way & an other; the gentlemen *mi alma* & William have been absent most of the whole day and all the visitors I have received alone. The Gen. & Mr. Thruston called to pay me an especial visit. How candid and plain spoken the general is; he speaks to me more as my father would do than any one else—it is very kind of him too; so much better than stiff formality. I complimented him a little and my own dear *Kentucky*, at the same time by asking him, for my own private information, if he [came] from Ky. as I believed most or all of the great men were from there, or connected with her in some way. In an instant he replied, “Madam though I am not a native Ken-

tuckian, I have visited there, and Mrs. Kearny is from there,” at once taking the compliment to himself, but as I meant it so, ’twas all right.

Mrs. Leitendorfer (whom I saw at the Fort) and her sister called to see me. They were both dressed rather in American style; with bonnets, scarfs & parasols and dresses made after the fashions there. We carried on quite a sociable chat, and she thinks since she saw me last that my progress has been exceedingly rapid. We are invited to dine, with the Gen. & principal officers of his staff, at her house tomorrow at two o’k—that is to be the first entire Mexican dinner I take.

While sitting here alone reading this afternoon, some one tapped at the door to which I, on raising my head, responded “good evening” and in walked an American whom I supposed to be a wagoner wanting employment, but soon discovered my mistake, for instead of asking for Mr. Magoffin as such men always do, he took a seat unasked and said in half English & Spanish “are you Merican.” I looked at him straight and briefly replied “*yes*”! He now discovered his *mistake* that instead of being in the house of a *low* Mexican he was in that of an American gentleman, and stammering out something as to his surprise in seeing an American lady, and if I was “satisfied at living here,” with a most uneasy twist in his chair for without paying any attention to his words, demanded “if he had any business with Mr. Magoffin the gentleman of this house,” and I may venture to say the poor

fellow's frightened looks showed that he heartily wished himself in other quarters. It was a perfect reel from his chair to the door, and all the while stammering, "now Mam—if you will pl—ease excu—se my int—trusion"—at the door he doffed his beaver and said, "may I wi—sh you go—od even"; he received no other answer to all this than a stern look. Once across the door sill he soon found other quarters.

My little protege too has been here, on leaving she adopted her native manner of saluting, and put her arms around my waist for she could reach them no higher.

*Saturday morning.* A written invitation to dine with Mr. & Mrs. Leitensdorfer today has just been received, and as I am to be somewhat an object of wonder 'twould be best that I put on my best manners, looks, conversation &c.

Well the dinner is over, and can I give a little sketch of the proceedings? I shall try.—

We left here at fifteen minutes to 2 o'clock P. M. passed through the plazo, of course attracting the attention of all idle bystanders—my bonnet being an equal object of wonder with the *white* woman that wore it. We arrived at Mr. L's door followed by the Gen. and his little party of officers, after Mexican style, I suppose, we were met by *tres Senoras*, Mrs. L. and two sisters. We entered the dining room where we found a number of gentlemen seated around on the cushioned benches, and waiting to partake the dainty viands now being placed en la mesa [on the

table]. My bonnet and shawl were soon removed and we seated ourselves at table.

One custom I cannot admire among them, 'tis this the ladies are all placed on one side by themselves, while the gentlemen are also alone; 'tis not at all congenial to my sociable feelings, there is much more enjoyment for the company generally, much more taste, and more sociability when all seat themselves promiscuously around.

But now for the dinner; first came *sopa de vermicile* [vermicelli soup], then *sopa de otro* [another kind of soup], this is their custom to bring on something light preparatory to the more weighty dishes. This *sopa* is pretty much a substitute for our fine *soups*. The rice is boiled, dressed with little butter, salt &c. and then covered over with slices of boiled eggs.—Next came the several dishes of *carne de asado*, *carne de cocida* [roasted meat, boiled meat], and some other *carnes*, all of which they placed in plates before me, and of course I *tasted* them. The champain went round without reserve. The Gen. drank and enjoyed it, he has been under the Doctor for some days past and consequently could now do justice to the dishes before him after his fast. For desert we had a dish made of boiled milk and seasoned with cinnamon and nutmeg, and it was very good, the recipe I should like. An other of cake pudding—both Mexican and new to me, fine cool grapes, to which we all did justice. Our General gave us a toast, with the permission of our host, "The U. S. and Mexico—They are now united, may no one ever think of separating." It was trans-

lated into Spanish by Mr. Rubidor,<sup>51</sup> the general's interpreter. 'Twas responded to by Mrs. L's brother, while the Mexican gentlemen around the table cried out "*viva*" "*viva*." After dinner, which lasted some two hours and a half or three, we, the ladies, passed into an adjoining room, took seats on the low cushions

<sup>51</sup> Antoine Robidou (the name is frequently spelled Robidoux), son of Joseph Robidou and Catherine Rollet dit Laderoute, was born in St. Louis, September 22, 1794. He was a brother of Joseph Robidou, the founder of St. Joseph, Missouri, and of François and Louis Robidou, prominent fur traders of the Northwest and Southwest. In 1828 Antoine Robidou married Carmel Benevides at Santa Fé, who accompanied her husband on many trips from Santa Fé to St. Joseph.

Antoine Robidou joined General Kearny's "Army of the West" in June, 1846, and acted thereafter as interpreter. Accompanying Kearny to California, he participated in the battle of San Pasqual, where he was severely wounded. Lieutenant Emory tells of sleeping next to him after the battle, and of the grave doubts of his recovery. Early the morning after the battle Robidou awakened Emory and asked him if he did not smell coffee, and expressed the belief that a cup of that beverage would save his life. Not knowing that there was any coffee in the camp, the lieutenant supposed a delirious dream had carried him back to the cafés of St. Louis and New Orleans. But much to his surprise, upon investigation, he found his cook heating a cup of coffee over a small fire. Lieutenant Emory continuing says: "One of the most agreeable little offices performed in my life, and I believe in the cook's, to whom the coffee belonged, was to pour this precious draught into the waning body of our friend Robidoux. His warmth returned and with it hopes of life. In gratitude he gave me what was then a great rarity, the half of a cake made of brown flour, almost black with dirt, and which had for greater security been hidden in the clothes of his Mexican servant, a man who scorned ablutions. I ate more than half without inspection,

placed around the wall, immediately *cigarretos* were brought, this part I declined. After a little more champagne the gentleman joined us, and by the time a half hour's chat was over 'twas time to depart, they to their respective occupations, and we to return the call of Don Gespar and Senora Ortis. The latter only was at home; we stayed but a short time, in consequence of a threatening thunderstorm.

Madam Ortis is a very talkative and agreeable lady, her house I suppose is one of the best in the city. The entrance first is into a large court-yard (the fashion of all the houses) with portals all around. The long salon to the front, is the sitting room. This is furnished with cushions, no chairs, two steamboat sofas, tables a bed and other little fixtures.

*Sunday 20th.* I accompanied the general to church today with the view of seeing the church, but this was not accomplished, for they placed me around in a recess a seat from whence I could see nothing. The women kneeled all over the floor, there being no pews, while the men stood up, occasionally kneeling and

when, on breaking a piece, the bodies of several of the most loathsome insects were exposed. My hunger, however, overcame my fastidiousness, and the *morceau* did not appear particularly disgusting until after our arrival at San Diego, when several hearty meals had taken off the keenness of my appetite, and suffered my taste to be more delicate."

Robidou had a trading post in Taos in the twenties; built a fort in Colorado in the late thirties, and one in Utah some years later, which was in use during the forties. A stream in Colorado, and a pass in the Rocky Mountains are both named for him. He died at St. Joseph, Missouri, August 29, 1860.

crossing themselves. The priest neither preached nor prayed, leaving each one to pray for himself; he repeated some latin neither understood by himself or his hearers. The latter repeated their aves and pater nosters—ever and anon whispering to a next neighbour and giving a sly glance to the American spectators. Their music consisted of a violin, which all the time they continued to tune, and a thumming gingling guitar; the same tunes they had the other night at the fandango, were played. It is a strange mode of worship to a protestant who has been raised to regard the Sabbath with strictest piety, not even to think of a dancing tune on a violin, let the hearing of it alone. There are some defaced pictures hanging about the Altar, the designs of which, for the numberless scratches and fingerprints, I could not unravel. There is also a statue of Christ covered with a net to protect it from injury—near it is a large waxen doll dressed as a priest and is bearing a cross. As soon as the Priest left the altar, after an hour's stay, we took our departure from the Church and thus ended my first lesson in Catholicism!

*Monday 21st. Mi alma* quite sick in bed all day, and how lonely the day has been, the house is like some vacated castle; no noise is heard save now and then the quick but gentle scamper of a mouse embolden by the silence of the larger inmates, as he steals out from his covert in the earthen floor, to pick a crumb or other morsal around the room. I have read most of the day and watched by the sick bed.

*Tuesday 22nd.* He is better today and out of his room.

Gen. Kearny with his aid Cpt. Johnson and the adjutant General, Cpt. Turner, called tonight and sat a long time in pleasant chat. The Gen. delights in reminding me of my Calafornia tour, says he will write and give me the required information resting the sight for my house, and I must let him have my word that I will go (there will be a little romance in that—and I think we might on the strength of it bring forth a novel, with Capt. Johnson, who they tell me is a good writer to handle the pen). The Gen. will call tomorrow at 10 o'clock to take me to see Fort Marcey.<sup>52</sup>

While the gentlemen sat here we had a fair opportunity of testing the dry virtues of our Mexican house. A hard thunder storm came up and detained them some half hour or more longer than, I presume, they would otherwise called. We continued in pleasant and

<sup>52</sup> Fort Marcey. This fort was on an elevation commanding the city of Santa Fé, and was located by Captain Emory, designed by Lieutenant Gilmer, of the Topographical Corps, and L. A. MacLean, a volunteer of Reid's Company. It was built by the volunteer troops, a certain number of men being detailed each day for the purpose. The fort was within six hundred yards of the heart of Santa Fé and nearly one hundred feet above that city. It was of such a size as to accommodate a great number of cannon and one thousand soldiers. The walls were built of adobe blocks, two feet long, one foot broad, and six inches thick, and was very strong and massive. It was named for Secretary of War W. L. Marcey. (Hughes, *Doniphan's Expedition*, p. 123.) Efforts are being made by the Historical Society of New Mexico to restore the old fort.

merry chat, when suddenly the rain came pating onto the General, from the ceiling, and of course caused a very unceremonious jump, and an inquiring glance to know the meaning of that. The mystery, new alike to all was soon explained by a bolder stream coming through in an other place. Soon we were leaking all around, the mud roof coming with the water, and had the rain not stoped when it did we might soon have been left without a canopy, save the dark forbidding sky.

*Wednesday 23rd.* Agreeable and punctual to his promise, the Gen. mounted on a splendid bay charger, reached our door as my faithful time-piece marked the hour of 10. My horse was soon in trim & leaving *mi alma* "Madam" of affairs, we commenced winding our way through the clogged streets of Santa Fé; first we found ourselves inspecting the artillery, arranged in two rows on one side of an outer street—from this we wound our way along by the barracks, formerly for Armijos troops, where a small party of soldiers were engaged, as the Gen. passed they all touched their beavers with profoundest respect, while he kindly returned the salute. We now ascended a long and rather steep hill, on the summit of which stands fort Marcey, sole master of the entire plain below. It is the most perfect view I ever saw. Not only every house in the city can be torn by the artillery to atoms, but the wide plain beyond is exposed to the fullest view—and far beyond this still are the majestic mountains some of which we passed in coming in. The Fort occupies some two acres of ground, has double walls

built of adobes, the space between being filled with stones and mortar. Dwellings, store houses &c. are to be built within the wall, in the center under ground is the magazine for ammunition. Under the wise superintendence of Lieutenant Gilmer<sup>53</sup> of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, will be, when completed a stronghold as well as a prettily improved spot. — — — On leaving the Fort we rode to the opposite side of the city (*to the West*) to see the Gloriatta, an inclosed public walk.

<sup>53</sup> Jeremy Francis Gilmer, born in Guilford County, North Carolina, February 23, 1818. Graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1839. Receiving the rank of second lieutenant of engineers, he served in the military academy as assistant professor of engineering until June, 1840, and then as assistant engineer in the building of Fort Schuyler, New York harbor, until 1844, following which he was assistant to the chief engineer at Washington, D. C., until 1846. During the Mexican War he was chief engineer of the Army of the West in New Mexico, constructing Fort Marcy at Santa Fé. He was promoted to the rank of captain July 1, 1853. As a member of various commissions of engineers, he was continually engaged in fortification work, and in the improvement of rivers throughout the South until 1858. From that time Captain Gilmer was in charge of the construction of defenses at the entrance of San Francisco Bay until June 29, 1861, when he resigned to join the Confederate Army. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, corps of engineers, in September, 1861; was severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh. Subsequently he was promoted to brigadier-general, and on August 4, 1862, was made chief engineer of the department of northern Virginia. A few months later he became chief of the engineer bureau of the Confederate States War Department. In 1863 he was promoted to major-general. After the war he engaged in railroad and other enterprises in Georgia, and from 1867 to 1883 was president and engineer of the Savannah Gaslight Company. He died December 1, 1883, at Savannah, Georgia.

It was commenced by *Gov. Gen. Garcia Conde*,<sup>54</sup> being planted altogether in indifferent looking Cotton-woods it is quite susceptible of improvement—a Yankee's ingenuity and *Kentuckian's* taste is wanting to make it a beautiful place. Leaving this little spot we wound our way home again after a ride of an hour's length. The Gen. came in and sat half hour with us—in the mean time an ambassador from the Comanche Indians called with his staff of treaty, and as this was a business to be transacted at home he left for "The Palace" with his Indians friends. — — —

Lieutenant Warner, who has been in Touse [Taos] on duty (surveying) for a week, called to bid me "good bye" as he leaves in The Calafornia expedition on the 25th. He is a warm-hearted good kind of a man—a true friend I should think from the little I've seen of him—he regrets deeply that we will may be not see each other again, but hopes that in the long run of things, my travelling so much, and his being stationed in all parts of The U. S. chance may bring us together again.

*Thursday 24th.* This morning's work is to tell of the ball last night, given to the Gen. & his Corps by the

<sup>54</sup> General Pedro García Condé was an accomplished engineer and one of the commanding officers at the battle of Sacramento; planning the whole Mexican defense in this action. He held many important positions under his government, being at various times Secretary of War and Navy, director of the Military College, deputy to the Mexican Congress, and Mexican commissioner in the United States-Mexican Boundary Commission of 1850. While serving in this last mentioned office he died at Arispe, Mexico, on December 19, 1850. He was but forty-seven years old at the time.

newly appointed officials and citizen merchants. It is rather too long to go through the whole, so I'll sketch it slightly. 'Twas given at the Government house, "The Palace,"<sup>55</sup> the first I've ever been in.

On entering the room every one turned to look at me and seemed particularly attracted by a scarlet Canton crape shawl I wore, to be in trim with the "Natives." I was conducted to a seat by Mr. Smith,<sup>56</sup> one of the managers, and soon was surrounded by the Gen. and officers of his staff. Maj. Swords, Capts. Turner, Johnson, Clark,<sup>57</sup> (who I was introduced to

<sup>55</sup> "Palace of the Governors." This old building has seen governors and governments come and go, from 1698 to the present day. Until 1886 it was the home of the governor and seat of government both under Spanish and American rule. Subsequently it became the home of the Historical Society of New Mexico. It is said that Governor Lew Wallace wrote the last chapters of *Ben Hur* in one of the rooms of this building. The building is of adobe construction and extends east and west along the north side of the Plaza, presenting a front of about three hundred feet, with a depth of forty feet. It is one story high, has walls three feet thick, and a portico along the entire front.

<sup>56</sup> William T. Smith. He was a clerk for John Scolly, trader and merchant in Santa Fé.

<sup>57</sup> Meriwether Lewis Clark, son of William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and Julia Hancock, was born in St. Louis, January 10, 1809. He was appointed a cadet in the United States Military Academy July 1, 1825. Served in the Black Hawk War as colonel and assistant adjutant-general of Illinois Volunteers from May 9 to October 11, 1832, and was wounded in action. Colonel Clark resigned his commission May 31, 1833, and entered civil life as a civil engineer. He was a member of the House of Representatives of Missouri from 1836 to 1838; recorder of the city of St. Louis, 1843; and United States surveyor-general for

for the first time, a fine looking gentleman, with auburn hair & whiskers; claims kin with me, through his wife, who was a Miss Churchill of Louisville, Ky.), Lieutenants Gilmer, Hammond, Warner and Peck,<sup>58</sup> beside many gentlemen of the city. It kept my tongue constantly going to keep them entertained, and I trust my efforts were not ineffectual, as I think there is nothing more pleasing than to see a lady agreeable and entertaining in her conversation, and I am sure as it is *mi alma's* wish that I should excell, it is never

the state of Missouri, 1848 to 1853. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he was commissioned major of a Missouri battalion of artillery. Was in the battle of Sacramento, and during the occupation of Chihuahua he took up his quarters in the Palace Library. While there he found that the books were not properly classified, so with his penchant for doing things thoroughly he ordered a detail to do the work properly. He was honorably mustered out June 24, 1847. Colonel Clark served in the Confederate Army as colonel and aide-de-camp from 1861 to 1865. He married, first, Abigail Churchill, and second, Julia Davidson. Colonel Clark died at Frankfort, Kentucky, October 28, 1881.

<sup>58</sup> Lieutenant William Guy Peck was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, October 16, 1820. He was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1844 at the head of his class, and was assigned to the topographical engineers; served in the third expedition of John C. Fremont through the Rocky Mountains in 1845. During the war with Mexico he was with the Army of the West. He was a mathematician of note, and resigned from the army in 1855 to accept the professorship of physics and civil engineering in the University of Michigan, remaining there until 1857, when he accepted a position in Columbia University. He was the author of a number of school and text books on mathematics. He died February 7, 1892.

an exertion but the greatest pleasure to make myself so.

The company of ladies, they say, was not so large or select as on some other occasion owing to the death of an old gentleman, a few days since, the relation of half the city. They were dressed in the Mexican style; large sleeves, short waists, ruffled skirts, and no bustles—which latter looks exceedingly odd in this day of grass skirts and pillows. All danced and smoke cigarritos, from the old woman with false hair and teeth, (Dona Tula), to the little child. "The Cuna"<sup>59</sup> was danced, and was indeed beautiful; it commences with only two and ends when the floor gets too full for any more to come on—One lady and gentleman danced a figure (the name I now forget, but it resembled the "old Virginia" negro shuffle). We left at 11 o'clock, and soon after our arrival home it commenced raining hard and this morning it is disagreeably cold, snow is to be seen on the adjacent Mountains, and we are in the valley living on fine vegetables, and most delightful peaches, grapes, melons &c.

Lieuts. Warner & Hammond called since tea to bid us good bye, they are of the Calafornia expedition. The latter, (I do not mean to slander him at all) has taken a little more of "the ingredient" than he can well bear. He constantly talked of the American

<sup>59</sup> The Mexicans' favorite dance, and appropriately called *Cuna*, or cradle. It is somewhat similar to the waltz. The couple stand face to face, the gentleman encircling his partner's waist with both arms, the lady's similarly disposed, complete the sides of the cradle, which is not bottomless, for both parties lean well back as they swing around.