

women, *their strict virtue, which he said could not be said of the men*, said he had written to his wife all about me, and I am afraid the poor woman, if his account of the letter is true, will, if she ever sees me, be tempted to kill me. Said his was a run away match, and they "were married *on horse back on top of a very high hill*." Talked of his "angel baby," then flew off on to the War, and almost went off into extacies on the subject; he is all eagerness for a fight, and says he has done all things in his power to provoke one. And then he commenced eulogizing every body, flew again to what he had written his wife of me, and ran on at such a rate I absolutely became frightened, and giving *mi alma* the *nod*, turned him over and commenced conversation with Warner. How he happened to be in such a *fix* tonight, is strange, for he is a most perfect gentleman when *sober*.

Friday 25th. The Army is leaving today. Cpts. Johnson, Turner and Clark called to bid me farewell, and to wish me a prosperous and pleasant journey to the South—While "I hoped they might meet with the same good fortune in Calafornia and be safely restored to their happy families." Three more gentlemanly, polite and intelligent men have not entered our house in Santa Fé. The Gen. found so much business to do he was unable to see me, so he sent his adieus, respects &c. by *mi alma*.

Saturday 26th. Gabriel Valdez, brother James' brother-in-law arrived this morning with brothers J's, & W's wagons. He became sick with chills & fever, a sickness in which I truly sympathize with him—ex-

perience the best of teachers, has taught me that the shaking and quaking of bones is not a very agreeable sensation. I must therefore turn his nurse and relieve if possible a brother sufferer.—First here is "Sappington's celebrated fever and ague pills."⁶⁰

Wrote a letter to Sister Mary⁶¹—first since I left Independence—rather shameful treatment that I must allow, and can only excuse myself by fears as to the result of her peculiar situation, having heard not one word whether she might be dead or in fine health &c. I hesitated long as to my course, and wrote at last after reading a long expected letter from Sister Anna, in which (dated June 28th) she says "Sister Mary is still on her feet—not yet in the straw" accordingly my

⁶⁰ About 1840 the most popular medicine in Missouri was Sappington's anti-fever pills. Most of the people lived along the creeks and in the river bottoms, and suffered from malaria. Dr. John Sappington mixed pills, in the preparation of which quinine was used. He wrote a book entitled *Theory and Treatment of Fevers*, which was published at Arrow Rock, Missouri, in 1844. It was commonly called "Sappington on Fevers." Dr. Sappington was one of the most remarkable pioneer citizens and physicians of central Missouri of his day; his practice covering a wide area, including half a dozen counties in the state and an occasional visit to Arkansas. His reputation as a physician extended far beyond Missouri. Three of his daughters became, in succession, the wives of Claiborne Jackson, governor of Missouri. It is related that on the Governor's asking him for the third daughter, the doctor replied: "Yes, you can have her on one condition, that if you lose her, you will not come back for her mother."

⁶¹ Mary Pindell Shelby, daughter of Isaac Shelby, Jr., born May 2, 1822; married Henry Lloyd Tevis, July 5, 1843; died in 1861.

imagination saw her well and a happy & safe termination of the long dreaded hour.

October 1846. Thursday 1st. Oh how dreadfully slow this week goes by, and nothing scarcely occurs worth noticing.

Report today says that Gen. Peredes is again at the head of government and making all possible preparations to prosecute the war with vigor. We may give what credence to this we please.

One would think we made entire associates of drunken soldiers, if they could have chanced to look in here at two particular times only. While sitting here alone this P. M. some one knocked at the door, and thinking it a Mexican I had just seen in *el patio* [the yard], I said "*passa y Señor*" ["come in, Sir"] when in *staggered* a man, I wont say gentleman, with "why you speak Spanish already," and with as much familiarity as though he had been an old acquaintance, and I had never seen him before. Introducing himself as "Lieut. Wooster⁶² of the Army" and he had intended calling on me some time, staggered to a seat where he sat and ran on with foolishness and impudence to which I paid but little attention, and *mi alma* coming in he took him off my hands. He by and bye took a notion to start and accordingly got up,

⁶² Charles F. Wooster was appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy, from New York, the state of his nativity, July 1, 1833. Served as first and second lieutenant from July 1, 1837, to June 10, 1842. He was brevetted captain February 28, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Sacramento; and promoted to captain September 27, 1850. Captain Wooster died February 14, 1856.

staggered about the floor & at length departed. I do think some of my countrymen are disgracing themselves here.

Friday 2nd. News is received today that Peredes is not again in power contradicting the report of yesterday, but that peace has been made. Gen. Taylor recalled from the South, &c. I only hope it may be true, 'tis too soon for us to have received the news from the U. S.

We will start on though in a few days with good faith believing all things for the best. The greatest fears is of Indians, who still continue their mischief, in the Rio Bajo, driving off stock, and killing the inhabitants if they have the opportunity, notwithstanding the troops now among them.

Monday 5th. My back is like a broken stick, I can't do work of any kind but that it cripples me up like a rheumatic—we start tomorrow and as usual, there is much to be done. I've packed and packed, and besides have partly made a dress for the road; this is an other piece of trouble, cutting, fitting &c &c.

I am most tired of Santa Fé & do not regret leaving.

Tuesday 6th. Well we cannot leave today, not exactly ready.

Wednesday 7th. Camp No. 1. El rancho de Delgado. Lo, we are camping again! and after all it is quite as good as staying in Santa Fé. I was impatient to leave. Gabriel [Valdez] and William [Magoffin] are with us now. The wagons are all on ahead, and we'll not reach them yet for some days. Left Santa

Fé about 12 o'clock came on fifteen miles to this place—a little farm, called a rancho—rather a poor place, only a little corn, beans, and an abundance of *chile verde* [green pepper], a few goats, sheep and jacks—the beast of all work—they pack wood on them, ride them, take all their little “fixings” to market in baskets or bags swung on the long-eared animals back &c &c. We camped pretty near the house and of course the peepers are not a few.

The women stand around with their faces awfully painted, some with red which shines like greese, and others are daubed over with flour-paste. The men stand off with crossed arms, and all look with as much wonder as if they were not people themselves.

It is quite cool and our little tent is comfortable enough—it is a fine thing.

Thursday 8th. As we advance farther South more civilization on a small scale is to be seen in the dress of the people, manners, houses &c.

Friday 9th. The boys have been out all day with their guns trying to shoot grullas (sand hill crains) which abound here in the river bottom, feeding off the rancho cornfields—but they returned to be laughed at only—They shot, each, some eight or ten times only, and good sights too, but all were fruitless.

The “table-planes of Mexico,” of which from my youngest school-girl days, I have heard so much, are full in view now—rather different though from what I had expected to see—instead of the perfect plains rising like regular steps one above an other—a plain is only seen in the distance, on arriving at which by descending into a valley, and then rising to the top of

a hill—you find almost a mountain, uneven and rough travelling—little bushes & cedar trees of small growth—We have much pulling through sand and we stop earlier tonight, on the bank of the Rio del Norte—it resembles the Mississippi much, muddy and dark, the banks are low, with no trees—we are buying wood every day—a small arm-full for *un real*.

A parcel of Indians are around the tent peeping in at me and expressing their opinions. It is a novel sight for them. These are the Pueblos or descendants of the original inhabitants—the principal cultivators of the soil—supplying the Mexican inhabitants with fruits, vegetables &c.

Saturday 10th. In passing through a little town this A. M. called Sandia, *my* Indian friend—the one who called to see me once in Santa Fé—who lives there, the big man—head chief among the tribe, stoped the carriage and pressed us to get out and go into his house—he had been expecting and preparing for us. We had no time for this though—and only accepted some grapes at the carriage—he with his family, squaw & children saw us eat them, with pleased faces, and after a little compensation we left them.

Report comes to us that Brother James has been robbed of *all* his things, carriage, mules, trunk, clothes &c &c. by the Apache Indians and escaped with his life only—how he escaped is a miracle to us. In robbing they always want the *scalps*, the principal part of the business.

I hope it is all a falsehood—though every person we meet confirms it. The last we heard he was in the

little town at the Pass of the Del Norte—without a hat.

We have fine grulla today—our hunters have better luck today. They are tender and nice after being boiled nearly all night—the meat is black as pea fowls.

Sunday 11th. Started out on a little walk this morning, but it was cut short by the little sand burrs sticking to my feet and dress till I was entirely unable to walk; they are quite as sharp and hurt as much as briars. I stoped and called for Jane to come to my assistance—after a long time she succeeded in picking them out. My fingers are sore now with the little thorns.

Passing through one of the little towns, Albuquerque we stoped for a few moments at the store of Don Raphel Armijo, which notwithstanding the Sabbath was opened.

While they were counting some money *mi alma* was receiving, I stoped in to take a look at the premises. The building is very spacious, with wide portals in front. Inside is the patio, the store occupying a long room on the street—and the only one that I was in. This is filled with all kinds of little fixings, dry goods, groceries, hard-ware &c.

Over took Brother James's wagons this P. M.

Monday 12th. Stoped to noon it today for the first time since we started. The pulling has been altogether through sand & of course the animals are quite fatigued, and after a hard pull of two miles through entire sand, they fare much better to stop. Our resting place is on the river bank opposite to an Indian village on the other side, and the warriors and squaws are

coming over in flocks to see the wonderful objects of curiosity—They bring things to sell—eggs, sandias, tortillas, grapes and the like. They wish to trade for bottles instead of money. They readily give *four bits a piece* for an empty bottle, making a fine proffit for the owners. We can buy in the States the filled bottles for three or four dollars a dozen, drink the liquor, and then sell the empty bottles for six dollars per doz. They peep into the carriage at me, and talk among themselves, and are altogether curious in their inquiries of how some things about the carriage and my clothes are made.

We camp tonight in a large piece of woodland belonging to some of the Chavez's—the ricos of New Mexico. The trees are all cotton-woods, which I suppose from the sterility of the soil, are much stunted and from the manner of their situation they resemble an apple orchard—and especially from a distant sight.

Tuesday 13th. Noon. This morning we called to see the widow of Don Mariano Chaviz,⁶³ who was one of the chief men in New Mexico till his death, about a year since. His wealth was immense, and his lands (for

⁶³ Don Mariano Chavez y Castillo was of the most wealthy and influential family in New Mexico. He was a gentleman of rare qualities and a leading citizen. Don Chavez was acting governor of New Mexico in 1835, and was one of five citizens nominated in 1845, from whom it was arranged a central government should select a permanent governor, but he died five weeks after the nomination. It is said that he aided Col. Cooke's division of Texas prisoners, by supplying them with provisions and clothing. His wife also is said to have supplied comforts to the Texans, having crossed the river from the village of Padillas, the place of their residence. (Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, vol. 2, p. 172.)

Mexico) were improved accordingly. The house is very large—the sala measuring some — feet. This is well furnished with handsome Brussels carpet, crimson worsted curtains, with gilded rings and cornice, white marble slab pier tables—hair and crimson worsted chairs, chandelebras. And all the Mexicans have the greatest passion for framed pictures and looking-glasses. In this room of Chavez's house are eight or ten gilt-framed mirrors all around the wall. Around the patio are chambers, store-room, kitchen and others. All is exceedingly neat and clean.

La Senora met us and opened the *great door*, she was very polite, friendly, and invited us to spend sometime with her. All was with true hospitality, and I truly regret we were not able to do so.

We had more squaws to see us this morning—they came trading with *tortillas*; *cebollas* [onions] water-melons, and *manzanas* [apples]. Bottles are their great passion, and especially thick black ones. One old woman took a fancy to me, and so we got to trading. *Mi alma* told her he did not want her to have it, (in a joke only) but *I* made him give it, it pleased her so much she called me "*comadre*" [godmother] all the time, and on separating we parted almost like old friends. She *presented* me with some *tortillas*. I warrant if I should see her ten years hence she would recollect her "*Comadre*" and the *black bottle*. We hear that Calafornia has been taken by Com. Stockton,⁶⁴

⁶⁴ Robert Field Stockton was born in Princeton, New Jersey, August 20, 1795, and died there October 7, 1866. He entered the navy as midshipman September 1, 1811, and served in the War of 1812. December 8, 1838, he was promoted to the rank of

and that Gen. Kearny will send all his men back, save one hundred dragoons as his body-guard principally. A vague rumor also comes that Gen. Wool⁶⁵ has taken Chihuahua.

captain, while sailing with Commodore Hull in the Mediterranean Squadron. October, 1845, found him commander-in-chief of the Pacific Squadron, on the eve of the Mexican War. Commodore Stockton assumed command of all the American forces on the coast by proclamation, July 23, 1846. Organizing a civil government in California, he appointed John C. Fremont governor. On January 17, 1847, he started homeward, and on May 28, 1850, resigned from the navy. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1851, served two years, resigned and retired to private life.

Commodore Stockton always took an interest in politics, and also in the turf. He imported from England some of the finest stock of blooded horses.

⁶⁵ John Ellis Wool, born in Newburgh, New York, February 20, 1784; died November 10, 1869. Raising a company of volunteers in Troy, he was commissioned captain in the 13th United States Infantry, April 14, 1812. He greatly distinguished himself at Queenstown Heights, October 13, 1812, and on September 11, 1814, he received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel for gallantry. On April 26, 1816, he was made inspector-general of the army with the rank of colonel. Colonel Wool was sent abroad in 1832 to inspect the military establishments of Europe for the benefit of the United States. On June 25, 1841, he was appointed brigadier-general. At the beginning of the Mexican War he was active in preparing volunteer forces for the field. He was General Zachary Taylor's second in command at Buena Vista. For gallant and meritorious conduct in that battle he was brevetted major-general February 23, 1847, and for his services during the war with Mexico Congress awarded him a vote of thanks and a sword of honor. From 1848-1853 he was in command of the eastern division of the army, and from 1854-1857 of the department of the Pacific, putting an end to Indian disturbances in