

Wednesday 14th In our travel today we have met many Indians with their backs loaded with *muchas cosas a vender* [many things to sell]. They fill their *serapes*—[Mexican shawls or wraps for men] with whatever it may be, and start off in the trot natural to the Indian, and it is a remarkable thing that nearly every Mexican (of the lower class) and the Indians are either knock-kneed or pigeon-toed. And they have such an odd way, when asked where and how far to such a place, of tooting out their lips in the direction of the place, with a pigish grunt and *cuenta* [answer].

Thursday 15th. Came up with our wagons today at Noon. All is going on smoothly. Nooned it near the River, and as usual had some of the country people to see us. We are kept constantly supplied with eggs and small fruits. The apples all seem to be of one kind, and are not good, having a sickening sweet taste and very tough.

I have opened a regular *mantua* makers [dress-maker's] shop on the Plains. I am sewing on a dress every day at noon and will soon finish it. And I must not wear it out before I get home either—for I wish them to see that I have been doing some thing else

Washington and Oregon territories. General Wool had charge of the Department of the East in 1860, and at the opening of the war between the states saved Fortress Monroe by timely reinforcements, afterwards commanding there at the head of the Department of Virginia. He was promoted major-general in May, 1862, and retired from active service August 1, 1863, being long past the age of retirement. General Wool was a rigid disciplinarian and had no superior in the United States as an organizer of troops.

than roll along idly in the carriage. . . . Came up with Mr. Harmony's wagons this P. M.

Saturday 17th. Left our last night's camp this morning, came only about a mile, over an ugly hill and sandy road—this side found a fine place for the animals and stoped for the whole day, "as we are in no hurry." There is a little town near to us and we are living on the fine Mexican *tortillas*—and they are fine indeed they are.—The process of making them is worth knowing—the corn is first soaked in ley [lime] till the husk is off, 'tis then mashed into a paste with a large flat stone and a small roller made for the purpose; this mixture is passed into the hands of a second woman (by whom they are always made) from the hands of the first, and is made into round cakes like our batter-cakes, and thrown on to a griddle of thin iron or stone; in a few minutes they are done through and *the third person*, in a napkin takes them on to the table, where with a good dish of Frijoles⁶⁶ or any thing of the kind, one does not eat a bad dinner.

Sunday 18th. This day has been passed at the same camping place of yesterday, resting the animals for a

⁶⁶ "Pronounced *freeholeys* by the Mexicans. From the similarity in the pronunciation, the Americans always called them *freeholders*. A species of dark beans of large size, stewed or fried in mutton fat and not too highly seasoned, wind up the substantial part of a dinner, breakfast, or supper, and seldom is this favorite and national dish omitted. In fact frijoles, especially to the lower order of Mexicans, are what potatoes are to the Irish—they can live very well so long as they have them in abundance, and are lost without them. A failure of the bean crop in Mexico would be looked upon as a national calamity." (Kendall, *Narrative of Texan Santa Fé Expedition*, vol. 1, p. 31.)

long pull we are to have in a few days without water—a hard drive.—Had a visit from some of the elite here, this morning. They are real old *comadres*, with few teeth and gray hairs, one of the young ones brought her baby—they asked if I had one and when I said *no*, they asked *how long I had been married*, and on my telling her a year, they opened their eyes with a “*mui muchachita*” [very young girl]. They are very young to be asking me such questions.

Though very inquisitive and prying, I can perceive some thing more of refinement in them than those of the settlements nearer to Santa Fé. Take them all together they are certainly the most inquiring, prying, searching people I ever saw.

Tuesday 20th. More of the *natives* to see me this morning. Three of them came—with a little one of course—just as I was starting out on a *walk in the cotton-wood orchard*, and turned me back. They talked about all things—took hold of, and examined the dress I am making—thought it some thing entirely new.

Wednesday 21st. We have come to a new camping ground six miles farther on. It is near to an other little town and the people are coming and squatting all around the tent door to see the little concerns within. There is one man of middle age, the curiosity of the crowd; he is waiting to escort the remainder of the troops coming with Capt. Cook,⁶⁷ to Calafornia—He

⁶⁷ Philip St. George Cooke was born at Leesburg, Virginia, June 13, 1809. Graduated from West Point in 1827. His first active service was in the Black Hawk War, being in the battle of Bad Axe August 1, 1832. The next year he was commissioned

is a considerable oddity and apparently a great friend of the Americans—talked much of Gen. Kearny and some of his officers—*mi querido* [my darling] told him to get a *superior mule*, and all things attendant, that Armijo was coming to take possession again, that he would the first thing call out *los amigos de los Americanos* [the friends of the Americans]—his name would come in no. one on the paper, and if his steed was not the quickest, his eyes the sharpest, the next thing would be “*mata la*” *fuera con el* [kill him—away with him]. He winked slightly and cutting up his mule called out “never mind me”—a grand scamp—he is prepared with all things and Armijo is a sharp man ever to catch him.

Thursday 22nd. *Mirabile dictu* [wonderful to relate], how these people annoy me. This whole afternoon I have been sitting here, an object of curiosity

lieutenant of the Dragoons, and saw much service on the plains. During the Mexican War he was with Kearny in New Mexico and California; was detailed by Kearny to carry a letter to Governor Armijo, and to serve as escort for James Magoffin. Returning from California he entered the city of Mexico, in 1848, with General Scott's army. During the fifties he served on the Kansas frontier. At the outbreak of the war between the states he decided for the Union, and commanded the cavalry in the Peninsula Campaign. At the close of the war he commanded the departments of the Platte and the Great Lakes. He retired in 1873, having served continuously for forty-six years. He was brevetted lieutenant-colonel February 20, 1847, for meritorious conduct in California; and major-general March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war between the states. A daughter of General Cooke became the wife of J. E. B. Stuart, afterwards famous as a cavalry leader and general in the Confederate Army.

to them—*querida mio* [my darling] was reading to me when they commenced *flocking* about the tent and we thought for him to continue they would soon leave, but it only attracted them more, and in a few minutes they were peeping under the sides of the tent, which had been raised to let in the air—as thick as some flocks of sheep and goats I see here.

They whispered among themselves, picked at my dress—a great curiosity—fingered the bed clothes, the stools, and in short every thing "*en la casa bonita*" [in the pretty house] as they call this. Here they staid and apparently with the intention of remaining till the dark curtain of night should hide me from their view, till *mi alma* got up and ordered the tent to be staked down, and they went off to think and talk for the next *muchos anos* [many years].

Friday 23rd. Moved camp today three miles—the road is entirely of sand and exceedingly hard pulling and as we are in but a very little hurry only, we are moving very slowly. Mr. Harmony has crossed the river with his wagons and we are alone now, at least for a few days at least.

I've made the good graces of another old comadre this morning—an old half Indian, half Mexican—she came in soon after we stretched the tent, and sat a good long half hour or more. We talked of all family concerns from the children down to the dogs. She asked if I had mother, father &c. and said I had run off from them "*just for a husband,*" but I laughed and said "*peres es mejor nos*" [Well, is it not better], and with a hearty laugh she assented both to this and my other little question "*el marido es todo del mundo a los*

mujeres" [the husband is the whole world to women]. She thinks though I am *young*, I am old enough.

An express comes to us this evening from all the traders camped below us some thirty miles, with intelligence that a large force is coming up from Chihuahua to take us—that they themselves are about corraling together and sinking their wagon wheels to the hubs for a breast-work in case of an attack—that they have taken the men, whom they suspicion as spies, prisoners—rather a bold step for peaceable traders to take.

And the Express went on to Santa Fé, with a letter to Col. Donathan [Doniphan], the officer in command there, to send down his troops, who are set apart for Chihuahua to protect them. They say all communication has been stoped at "the pass" by the Mexican troops there, no one is allowed to go in or to come out, and the traders on this side are determined to play the same game, and let no one pass their encampment, whom they in the least suspicion as carrying intelligence to the Mexican army.

Saturday 24th. I've had a real tramp this morning through the mud, slipping down the River bank, jumping the *saquia* [*acequia*—ditch or canal], which last, by the way, is quite a feat—and in fine doing all sorts of wonders of the kind. It has been my desire through curiosity only to get onto a sand-bar in the River, so soon after breakfast, notwithstanding the wet grounds from last night's heavy rain, I put on my rubbers and sallied forth. The first adventure was a long slide down the slippery bank of the *saquia*—completely mired. I found some difficulty in again recovering my

balance—this completed however, although tired enough to have come home, I clambered up the opposite bank—steeper than the other but not so slippery, after two or three other ups and downs I found myself standing on a sand-bar and the wide Rio Grande curling its dark waters around me. There is something wildly sublime in the wild deep murmur of a mighty river, as it rolls by us with stately pride, its course pending to the fearful Ocean.

An other Express comes from the camp of Mr. Harmony still behind us, to know what to do; he is frightened at the News of yesterday. We hear he is about to cash his goods and returning to Santa Fé, and we, what shall we do, if the Mexican troops should come upon us, we must make a corral of *our own*, *sink our wheels &c.*

Sunday 25th. Moved our tent today to an other spot—and are lying by till some news is received to justify our travelling on. The day has been passed in reading my "Bible," "the writings of Josephus," and "Morris's Sermons."⁶⁸ The author of the latter work, is a bishop in the Methodist church—a resident of Cincinnati. They are plain of speech, though beautiful—his motives all seem of the purest and most faithful. And if the hearers and readers of these Sermons would but hear and see profitably the good way in which they should walk, pointed out to them by this good man, how many would be the souls saved, and crowns prepared for him in Heaven!

An other old comadre has been to see me this eve-

⁶⁸ *Sermons On Various Occasions*, the author being Thomas Asbury Morris, a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

ning—like the rest of her kind she is curious, and loves to talk—the old lady gave my neck a stinging pinch to see if it was truly as fat as it looks to be, and it surprised her to find it so solid.

Tuesday 27th. How impatiently we are waiting the return of the Express from Santa Fé to see and hear the news.

This has been a dark, gloomy, rainy day—quite enough to give one the hippo, even the sage and philosophical face of *mi alma* is elongated at least an inch—and what must my case be! phaw, what nonsense!

Wednesday 28th. A little Mexican boy of nine or ten years came this morning to *mi alma* to *buy him*. His story though affecting is soon told.—Three years since the Apache Indians beside depredations to other families, murdered his father (his mother was then dead) and carried him off prisoner. After three years of hard servitude among them, the little fellow ran off and found his way to the house of an old Mexican, who resides here on the bank of the River in a lone hut the picture of misery. Here this boy has been for two months under the fostering care of the old *compadre* [godfather], but growing weary of this life, which was not better than that with the Indians, he now wishes to be bought with *the sum of \$7.00* which he owes the old man for his protection. Tomorrow the money is to be paid & hence forth Francisco is our servant.

Noviembre, 1846. En San Gabriel.

Tuesday 17th. You have been sadly neglected, my poor journal, this last three weeks. I have been sick with fever and you have layed quietly and patiently