

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

on the shelf till now. I was sick in the tent several days taking medicine all the time, and on getting a little better *mi alma* rented a house here in the village and moved me to it. A physician was sent for to the camp of the traders below us, and Dctr. Simpson⁶⁹ of the dragoons, came to my relief. He prescribed blue pills, oil and other nauseating doses, and though they relieved me some, the chief cure was "Dctr. Sappington's Pills," which I must ever eulogize as a medicine of fine qualities. One box of them administered by *mi alma* cured me, or at least broke the fever. After great prostration of body I am again creeping about.

In the mean time what has happened at home and abroad. One thing I have had a letter from *home*, yes, all the way from Lex.[ington, Kentucky]! It bears date as late as the 10th of Sept., and brings good news respecting every thing; it almost makes me long to be there, they seem so happy—But I won't be impatient, if we live, the time is coming around for us to be together again.

No news is yet received of Gen. Wool's arrival at Chihuahua, and the traders are likely to be detained here all the winter from all appearances. No express has been sent—no one is allowed to go into the Pass or to come out, and we are in rather a dumb predicament. If we remain here during the winter, I must learn a good many of the New Mexican ways of living, manufacturing *serapes*, *raboxos*, to make *tortillas*,

⁶⁹ Dr. Richard French Simpson, born in Virginia; entered the army from that state as assistant surgeon, August 1, 1840, and was commissioned major surgeon June 23, 1860. Dr. Simpson died July 4, 1861.

chily peppers, and *cholote* [chocolate], which by the way I do know a little something about—I made myself a passable cup this afternoon.

Wednesday 18th. This is the first day I have dined at table for *two whole weeks*. I found my way out as dinner came in, and sat down to table. Our dinner of *chily* with *carne de carnero* [mutton], stewed chicken with *cibollas* [cebollas—onions], and a dessert made of bread and grapes, a kind of pudding I suppose, was furnished by our landlord and lady. This is a great feast day with the good people of the village, and they have been preparing their dainties for a week. This morning Don José, the owner of our house, came and told us to cook no dinner, and as we obeyed his command, at noon he brought us the repast just named.

Tonight the Priestly portion of the community followed by a crowd, has paraded the patron St. of San Gabriel, with the cross bourn before it, around the plazo, which was illuminated by many small heaps of burning wood and torches bourn by the procession. As I could not go out, I saw from our door the whole proceeding; the music I believe consisted of a kind of *drum*, violins and I suppose the ever constant accompaniment of the triangle, though I could not distinguish it at that distance. The procession is broken up now, and all have gone off to the *bayle* [*baile*—ball], *monte* &c.

It is rather odd to see the women coming from other towns in ox-carts, alias, *Rio Baja* steamboats. The whole family, wife, children, servants, dogs and all get, or rather pile themselves, up in the vehicle of all

work and the *dueno de todos* [their lord and master], with his long pole gets his horned animals under way, and off they start squeaking, squealing, barking and other noises accompanying such crowds. Once into town they begin to jump out, or pulled out, turned and tumbled out, and a happier set never got together.

But my new house as yet goes undescribed. Here is the long sala or hall common to all the houses,—it has a nice little fire place in one corner, a door opens, at the same end into a room, which we have not the use of. I dare say though it is nicely whitened and kept in fine order—perhaps 'tis used as a sitting room by the family when they are [all together], now 'tis occupied by the sundries of the house-hold, and kept locked. At the opposite end of the sala are two doors,—one opens into a fine nice little kitchen—this is as white and nice about the walls as any part of the establishment—it has in it what I have seen for the first time in my life, viz. the stones used in grinding corn for tortillas, called *mola* stones. They are wedge-shaped, some eighteen inches in length by six or eight in breadth—the next thing is to see some of the natives at work with them.

The next place is my bed-room—a cozy little place it is, walls covered with pink rosetts, pictures, two or three paintings of Saints, and two waxen figures each about twelve inches in height. One is some saint; the other represents our Savior's mother, with a crown on her head, and standing with her hands raised as if in the act of blessing some poor mortal. There is one window and this is filled in with izing-glass, which I suppose they find out in the hills as we do in the states.

Take the whole together we have quite comfortable winter quarters if we are compelled to remain in New Mexico during the whole winter.

Wednesday 25th. A memorable day this, the anniversary of our wedding—and though perhaps already forgotten by many present at the ceremony that made the "twain one," still 'twill ever be fresh in the minds of those most concerned. Yes, we have been married a whole year today! and what a short one it has been. Mrs. Green would say 'tis the novelities of matrimony that has made it so. Whether that or those of travelling—for we have not been stationary any time since that event—I know not but this I do know that I cannot remember one as short. And it has been a happy one too. I shall be contented if all we pass together are like it. Have written to Aunt Susan today,⁷⁰ first time since we left.

Thursday 26th. The wife and daughter of Don José, the owner of this house, came today with their mola stone and corn to show me how to make tortillas. What a deal of trouble it is too. I had not thought half the work. The corn had been previously soaked in lay till the husk was off, and it made some what soft. She placed a handfull or two on the stone, which is some what hollow in the center, about eighteen inches in length, and a foot wide. With an other oblong stone of some eight or ten pounds weight, she continued (on

⁷⁰ Susanna Shelby, daughter of Governor Isaac Shelby, born in 1791, died 1868. She married four times: first, James McDowell; second, James Shannon, minister to Mexico and *chargé d'affairs* to Central America; third, Col. John McKinney; and, fourth, Rev. James Fishback.

her knees all the time, a position most fatiguing to the back and indeed the whole frame) to rub the corn up and down on the other till it was ground to a paste. This was slipped off onto a broad, and thin piece of iron lying at the other end of the stone, more corn was put on and ground till the whole stew panful disappeared. The [entire] mass was now put on and ground still finer, being occasionally wetted with a little water. A third time it was put on, and as she ground she divided it into little pieces the size of a biscuit, each of which were taken from the plate, now supplying the place of the sheet of iron, which was now placed over the fire as a griddle, by an other senorita and patted out into the tortillas. She greased the griddle a little, and layed one on it, she turned this over several times while she patted out an other which took the place of the cooked one, now layed on a plate. In this way the whole mass was disposed of. When they were finished the good lady presented me with a plate full of fine tortillas. I have now seen the whole operation from beginning to end. The old lady also brought over her knitting, which like the tortillas is done in a way tedious enough, notwithstanding, for curiosity to those at home, I learned how she did it. On showing her the much easier mode of the U. S. she seemed much surprised and delighted.

Saturday 28th. *Mi alma* has opened a bale of calicos, and the women of the village like children in a toy shop are nearly run crazy. They are coming in by the dozen for several days, and it seems they cannot see or buy enough. The whole bale of some forty-five pieces, will not last many days longer, I imagine. The flashy

colours take best, and how the husbands are obliged to bring in their money, bags of corn, flour &c &c.

December, 1846.

Tuesday 1st. News comes in very ugly today. An Englishman from Chihuahua, direct, says that the three traders, Dr. Conley, Mr. McMannus and brother James, who went on ahead to C. have been taken prisoners, the two former lodged in the calabozos [calabozo—jail] while Brother James is on a *trial for his life*, on account of his interview with Armijo at Santa Fé, which they say was one cause of the latter's having acted as he did in regard to the American Army—and also on account of a letter from President Polk introducing him to Gen. Wool and saying he had resided in the country some time and might perhaps be of service to him in his operations. This makes him appear in their eyes something as a spy, though his intentions were of an entire different nature, and his motives, his feelings to all parties of the purest kind. 'Tis a hard case and distressing to us; how, or when, or where 'twill end is unknown to us. Let us hope and pray, therefore, that our Almighty Father, The Just Judge will be with him, and deliver him from the hands of his enemies.

We also learn that Gen. Taylor has taken Monterey, after a very severe battle, in which he lost one-sixth of his little army of six thousand men; that there is now a cessation of arms for eight weeks, which time has now expired, as it commenced the first of Oct.

Wednesday 2nd. No news today more than a confirmation of that we heard yesterday, we are lying