

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

here in a state of silent anxiety, what a day may bring forth we know not, tomorrow may turn us back to Santa Fé.

Thursday 3rd. A man from the Pass comes with news that a large army is coming from Chihuahua to carry us off prisoners and to *retake* New Mexico—that Gen. Wool has been ordered to join Gen. Taylor, and that on Sabbath last they were to have had a battle with Santa Anna himself, the last one having been fought by Gen. Ampudia⁷¹—Santa Anna has been long preparing for this, and will doubtless render Gen. Taylor's strongest efforts necessary to save himself from defeat. He also brings news that Gen. Wool has been ordered to join Taylor, and that the Chihuahuans are in consequence coming on to us with a large force.

If this be true, and news should come that Taylor's army had been defeated, we will certainly have to retrace our steps to Santa Fé and enter Fort Marcy for safety, for 'twill inspire this fickle people with such confidence as to his superior and almost immortal skill

⁷¹ General Pedro Ampudia was a Cuban by birth. He joined the Mexican Army in 1842, and served at the head of a regiment during the Texan-Mexico War. He fought several battles against the army of Texas, capturing Generals Fisher, Green, and Murray. During the war with the United States General Ampudia was in command of the army of the north, and capitulated at Monterey to the Americans. Because of this surrender he was court-martialed by Santa Anna, but was acquitted and reinstated as general. He fought against the Americans at Angostura, and against the French Army during the War of Intervention. He died August 7, 1868. (From information supplied by Benjamin M. Read of Santa Fé, New Mexico.)

that en masse they will rise on our heads and murder us without regard. This is rather a dark picture to be painting.

Sunday 6th. An other Sabbath day has been permitted to pass over our heads, and has it departed without doing some good, without making one solemn impression on my mind as to its holiness. Have I "remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy." I fear justice will raise her hand against me. I have read my Bible 'tis true, (and religious books), but not, I fear, with that fervent longing for and praying for light to see my way clearly, to be guided in the strait and narrow way that leads to life eternal.

I have not clung to it and poured over it with that thirsting desire to believe in and to see the face of the Lamb that sitteth in Judgment, that is by him required of one who would see his face. I have not prayed with sufficient fervour to have my weak faith strengthened, my perseverance to find religion increased—to have this "stony heart taken away and to receive a heart of flesh." I have joined in merry and useless conversation. I have spent time foolishly that should have been spent in doing good. I have "left undone those things which I should have done, and have done those things which I ought not to have done." When *conscience* tells me that this is true, a just condemnation, what must be the wrathful sentence of my Judge above? Let me flee and hide myself from the thought and "seek relief in prayer."

Tuesday 8th.

Thursday 11th. We learn today that Col. Dona-

phan, the officer left in command by Gen. Kearny, has returned from the Navijoe [Navaho] country,⁷² where he has for some time been engaged in making a treaty, and is now preparing to march on to Chihuahua, to meet Gen. Wool, who we learn by an other post from the U. S. is on his march there, instead of being with Gen. Taylor as we heard.

The traders, except ourselves, are on fire for him to start, as they can then follow. *Mi alma*, who perhaps has more knowledge of the people and country than any of them, thinks 'twill be a rash step for him to leave here before he has heard positively by an express from Wool himself, that he is near to Chihuahua. He may be misinformed as this news comes not from Government, and if he should march on and even take the city he cannot hold it with *fifteen hundred men*. Why the whole *State*, which is neither small or thinly populated, would rise against him in a day, and not only his whole force cut off, but the traders along with *him*. Will he walk into the calabozo, rather a different place from the *mint* into which they are going—"cuindado" ["caution"], I think should rather be their motto. We

⁷² The treaty was signed November 22, 1846. In the negotiations a young chief named Sarcillo Largo represented the Indians, and Doniphan, through an interpreter, the United States. The latter explained to them that by reason of the conquest of New Mexico by the United States, the Indians, as well as other inhabitants, became subjects of that government; that the government would not permit the warfare which was constantly going on to be continued, and unless they would agree upon terms, he was instructed to make war upon them. These Indians observed the treaty for a short while, but, on the whole, it proved of little value.

shall remain here, if he goes alone, and if the thing ends well, then we can follow immediately, if not we are near enough to retreat to *Fort Marcy*.

William is very sick with fever, a dctr. sent for from the soldiers' camp below.

Tuesday 15th. I am merchant today. *Mi alma* has gone over the River to see some of the troops now passing down to join Col. Donaphan, and also to find a physician to see William, who continues, notwithstanding much physicing, very sick. . . . Some women came in to purchase dresses, but we could not agree as to the price. One of them in particular was a hard customer, but I think she found her equal. I did not yield one *pedazo* [bit] in the price, although she insisted that *mi alma* sold for less,—which was a mistake by the way,—and I told her it was wrong if he let calico go for *two bits*, when the price was *dos e media* [two and a half], and that because he did it I could not. So she concluded to wait till he comes. It is my simple opinion she will find the same hard case to deal with then; 'twill be as hard to persuade him into her measures as 'twas to *frighten* me.

The home folks would think me a great favorite, if they could see how the good people of the village are sending me tortillas, *casas* [*quesos*—cheeses], *dulces* [sweets], and the like.

I learned last night their mode of giving a sweat. The patient is made to sit with his feet in warm water, in which has been boiled some *wheat-brand*, with blankets thrown over him till a profuse perspiration is produced, assisted by drinking some warm tea or hot lemonade. After persevering in this some fifteen

minutes, he is covered up in bed, some *dirt* is now put into a plate, a little fire on this; a few pounded annice seed and black pepers are then thrown onto it, and it is set under the bed cloths till the invalid, bed and all become perfectly *hot* from it. It is both a simple and good method.

P. M. Wrote a long letter to Aunt Susan, to send off tomorrow, the letter of the 26th Nov. was not sent.

Dctr. Hope from Col. Mitchell's⁷³ company of volunteers has arrived, and finds it necessary to give more medicine to his patient,—to remain with him tonight.

Wednesday 16th. 'Tis a pity we cannot govern our tempers at all times. Nothing hurts me more than to have a cross, ill-tempered servant about me. Jane is in a pet this morning has a little more work to do than usual. William's sickness, the dctr's being here, and one of the soldiers who came as an escort to him, of course makes a little more cooking and brisk movements. On giving some necessary directions about

⁷³ David Dawson Mitchell was born in Louisa County, Virginia, July 31, 1806. He came to St. Louis when quite a young man and had a long and honorable career in the fur trade, first as a clerk and then as a partner in the upper Missouri outfit of the American Fur Company. He was the builder of Fort McKenzie in 1832. Colonel Mitchell became United States superintendent of Indian affairs, Central Division, with headquarters at St. Louis, September 20, 1841, and held the position at intervals until 1852. He entered the volunteer service during the war with Mexico and was elected lieutenant-colonel of the 2d Missouri Regiment of Volunteers. Colonel Mitchell was conspicuous in the battle of Sacramento. He married Martha Eliza Berry, daughter of Major James Berry of Kentucky, in 1840, and died in St. Louis, May 31, 1861.

breakfast, without real cause or provocation her insolent answers which I cannot repeat, arose to such an extent that for peace sake I was obliged to leave my work half done and retire from the kitchen. And how shall I tell *mi alma* of this, if he could have heard it, he would be very angry I know.—It is a trifling matter, and I shall not trouble him. I can manage my own domestic concerns without worrying his already perplexed mind, with my little difficulties. The only way to treat a turbulent domestic, is to look above them too much to answer them back, or even to hear their impudence, till it becomes correctable by the rod. In this case I generally have to wait till the effects of an extra dram wears off.

Col. Owens and Mr. Glasgow called this *P. M.* on their way from Santa Fé. The[y] are crazy to get on notwithstanding the danger they may be rushing into. We learn that Maj. Gilpin⁷⁴ with some two or three hundred volunteers, has gone into the jornada as scouts, and will perhaps go on to El Passo, what a blind step, when they may meet a large force!

⁷⁴ William Gilpin was born in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, October 4, 1812. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania and United States Military Academy. He served in the Seminole War, but afterwards resigned from the army. He settled in St. Louis, having charge of the *Missouri Argus*, and espoused the cause of Thomas H. Benton. A few years later he moved to Independence, Missouri, and entered the practice of law.

The troops supplied by the state of Missouri for the Mexican War were received by General Kearny at Fort Leavenworth. Gilpin wanted to be an officer in that contingent, but was not a favorite with General Kearny. However, through gaining entrance as a private to one of the companies, he placed himself in

Thursday 17th. William is some what better today, the Dctr. after spending a day and two nights with him, has left, pronouncing him in a fine way to recover.

We send a boy with the Doctor to bring us what news they may have at the lower camp, the movements of the army &c. &c.—I thought *mi alma* should not know of my difficulty in the kitchen yesterday morning, but it would come out. I found her this morning dipping into a keg of brandy siting in my room, and knowing it to be the cause of her insult, I determined to tell him, which determination was backed by the fact that *I had never concealed anything from him*, and how could I keep this back?

Friday 18th. The boy has returned from Col. Mitchell's camp with a letter saying the troops will all leave tomorrow for the pass, and the traders will follow. 'Tis a momentous time for us; we are alone, for they have heedlessly [gone] into the very jaws of the enemy. That jornada—(a travel of two or three days for those heavy wagons without a drop of water) may be called the enemy's breastwork, the traders are going *within* it, to be cut to pieces perhaps and we are

position to be chosen by the Volunteers as one of the officers. In this manner he succeeded in being elected major of the 1st Regiment Missouri Volunteers.

It is said that he was the only man in Jackson County, Missouri, to vote for Abraham Lincoln in 1860. He was appointed by Lincoln governor of Colorado, 1861-1863. On February 12, 1874, he married Julia Dickerson, a widow, and the daughter of Bernard Pratte of St. Louis. Gilpin died in Denver, Colorado, January 19, 1894. (Bancroft, *History of the Life of William Gilpin*, San Francisco, 1889.)

here ready for them, when they have devoured that portion of their prey, to destroy as they please.

I wonder what tomorrow will bring forth? We'll see. *Mi alma* dispatches an other courier tomorrow early to remain with them till something more is to be heard.

It is a strange people this. They are not to be called cowards; take them in a mass they are brave, and if they have the right kind of a leader they will stem any tide. Take them one by one and they will not flinch from danger. This man who goes for *mi alma* tomorrow is a sample. For a very small compensation, (which by the way has no weight with him, as he at first offered himself to go not for money, but with the desire to serve only; the reward I may say is gratis) he will go over a road, (perhaps on foot,) infested with Indians, by whom he is liable to be murdered at any moment,—he will perhaps have no water for some days,—at the pass, if he goes so far, he may be taken by his own countrymen, and if found in the employ of an American he will be shot. I am sure the brand of a coward will never stick to him.

Saturday Morning early 19th. What is the news this morning! A man strait from the Pass—he can be relied on too, as he lives here, is well known as a man of integrity and comes to give the news and to take care of his family in case of an attack—says that there are actually seven hundred regular dragoons now in the Pass, all determined resolute men, and *three thousand* more are leaving Chihuahua to come and take us. There is our little army of only *nine hundred* and perhaps three hundred of these (Maj. Gilpin's command) are already prisoners and on their march to

Chihuahua,—if this fource comes against them, and there is scarcely a doubt of it, what will be the consequences—'tis painful to think of it—they must all be cut to pieces, every thing seized, they march on to *us* here. I shall be torn from the dearest object to me on earth, perhaps both of us murdered, or at best he will be put into one prison, while I am sent to an other without even my bible, or my poor journal to comfort me. But though they may deprive me of *these things*, there are others that they cannot move. I have a *soul*, I have a Savior, the means of prayer are always within my reach. It has comforted me more than once—and

Who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

If I could but see *mi alma* easy; he is troubled, does nothing but walk the floor waiting for the next intelligence. I shall be patient and under any circumstances, I hope be resigned and collected. Christ himself warns us that we must not fear those who can kill and in any wise injure the body, and can do nothing to the *immortal* soul. But he says "rather fear Ye him who after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell."

Sunday 20th. The news today is not quite so discouraging. An other man later from the Pass says there are no regular troops there; and only some three or four hundred men—that Maj. Gilpin had not, when he left there (four days since) arrived; but he has sent back by express to Col. Donaphan, that there is "*plenty of water beyond the jornada.*" This is not as discouraging as we expected yesterday to have heard. This man (a Mexican) [Senor Gonzales] is one that

escorted brother James down. He was also sent to jail from whence he broke out, and came to the Pass, where he was retaken and again put in confinement. A second escape though has brought him into the American portion of the Republic, where he deems himself *safe*. He has been very persevering in his efforts; if Brother James, who he says he left in prison, could be as fortunate 'twould be a very fortunate thing.

Monday 21st. We have heard nothing new today, but are constantly expecting something that will either continue us on our journey or turn us back.

Tuesday 22nd. The movements of the army as we hear it is all I can find to write about these days. Some Americans from the copper mines, and lately from Chihuahua, bring the news today, that we have been so long wishing to hear—viz: where Gen. Wool is passing his time—he has joined Gen. Taylor, and together they have with 24,000 men marched on from Montere [Monterey] to San Luis Potosi, there to meet Gen. Santa Anna, and I suppose to determine by one great battle the fate of the traders *here*, as well as many other things resting the Republic. Our presumption is, if the American arms are successful, the war is at an end, without farther say, if not the whole Republic will be so elated and so confident of their superior valour, they will be unwilling to close it till they have been entirely beaten by the still increasing fource of the American Army, as Congress has ordered out 60,000 in case the present army is unable to end the War.

Wednesday 23d. Today brings it that the troops