

them may have to be used, though we have good ground to expect an attack either from these, or a party of Indians reported to be below us a little—and to paint the scene as frightful as possible—we might have both to attack us.

*Friday 29th.* Camp No. 2. Well our travel today of some seven or eight miles has been *safe* though over very heavy roads along the river.

How exceedingly cold it is; water froze to the thickness of an inch and a half in a cup on our table last night, and the inmates of the bed suffered though under a buffalo robe, a counterpane and three pairs of Mackenaw blankets.

*February 1847.*

*Monday 1st.* By the goodness of God we have come this far in safety. We are almost at the mouth of the *Jornada* (the long journey without water) have been traveling slowly the roads being exceedingly heavy, with two or three severe hills; one we passed this morning, about a half mile in length, and the sand so heavy all the teams doubled and were then just able to get over with resting half a dozen times. 'Tis an ugly road very, but they say 'twill be better after this; I hope so indeed, for the poor animals work so hard. One month of this year is gone and eight months since we started on this long journey. I wonder if I shall ever get home again? But 'tis all the same if I do or do not, I must learn to look farther ahead than to earthly things. Now that a conviction has been awakened within my dark and sinful soul, how greater is my sin if I suffer it to die away without seeking my Savior's

pardon for multiplied transgressions against his infinite goodness and forbearance. I am sinful my flesh is prone to do evil, and if I remain in this state what says the Apostle is my doom—"Indignation, wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil. But glory, honour and peace to every man that worketh good." The two great rewards are laid before me, with the command to choose the "evil or the good." What must I do? I am conscious of my great pollution, my unworthiness of God's mercies and shall I stop at this? No, there is certain ruin if I do. If pardon is offered the penitent, "I will arise and go unto my Father and say unto Him Father I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight and am not worthy to be called thy child, make me as one of thy hired servants."

*Tuesday 2nd. Fray Cristobal.* Well we have arrived at the last point on the *River* before taking the *Jornada*. Fray Cristobal is a celebrated place, not from the beauty or number of its houses, but from its being a regular camping-ground never passed without the traveler stops a day or two or at the least the half of a day to rest his animals for the *Jornada*. One would think that as long as they have been passing towns all down the *River*, that this must be one too, or at least a settlement; but no, there is not even the dusky walls of an adobe house to cheer its lonely solitude. Like Valverde it is only a regular camping place with a name. At present I can say nothing of its beauties—the bleak hill sides look lovely enough and feel cold enough. In the summer season though I suspect it is quite attractive; the *River* bottom is then green; the

cottonwoods are leaved; the stream, though at all times dark and ugly, is more brisk and lively in its flow and these now unattractive sand-hills serve as a variation in the scene; with all I guess it is not so disagreeable.

Three men from El Paso, passed us today; the news they bring is little and of little importance. Nothing has been heard of Gen. Wool, they are preparing at Chihuahua to receive Col. Donavan [Doniphan], who will march to accept of their kindness, immediately on the arrival of the artillery at El Paso today or tomorrow.

*Wednesday 3rd.* Three miles from Fray Cristoval tonight, ready to take the *jornada*<sup>85</sup> tomorrow evening. No one has passed us today, at one time this P. M. though we thought to have had some news; soon after we started from F. C. we observed a wagon far off to our right, standing near a little woods, and several oxen feeding a short distance from it. *Mi alma* and Gabriel immediately started off, but soon returned reporting the wagon as empty and the animals (which we take by the way) as broken down. They gave out I suppose and their owner was obliged to leave his wagon for the want of a team to pull it.

Three of the Dctr's men have gone on tonight as

<sup>85</sup> *Jornada del muerto* (the day's journey of the dead man) was along a detour of the highway for a distance of about eighty miles, made necessary by the obstruction of a mountain at the river's edge. In dry seasons there was no water supply along this journey, and a Mexican who tried to make it in a day, without supplies, perished on the road. Hence the name. It was a dangerous pass and cost the lives of many travelers.

express to give Col. D.[oniphan] intelligence of the insurrection above. It is a dangerous journey for only three men to undertake, but I hope and pray they may be protected safely thro' it.

*Friday 5th. A la leguna del muerto.*<sup>86</sup> 2 O'clock last evening we started into the *jornada*, traveled till 5 o'clock and stoped two hours to rest the animals and get a little supper. The wind blew high all the evening and the dust considerable. A short time after we stoped or when the fire was made the scene reminded me of one described by Mr. Gregg, in his *Prairie* scenes the grass caught fire near to our baggage wagon and but for the great activity of the servants and wagoners all of whom collected around, we should have been now with out the wagon or any thing in it and perhaps worse off than that, the consequent explosion of two powder keggs in it might have caused [cost] the life of some of us. They beat it out with blankets, sticks, wagon-whips & in short every thing within their reach, half-dozen of the men pushed the wagon off as fast as the fire advanced towards them, till 'twas entirely extinguished. It is singular how rapidly it will spread in the dry grass—before the alarm could be given yesterday it spread several yards.

About 7 o'clock we again resumed our travel for the

<sup>86</sup> *Laguna del Muerto*, or Dead Man's Lake. Depended upon to water thirsty animals. In dry seasons it was a mere depression in the plains, and to get water the drivers would have to go five or six miles into a narrow gorge to Ojo del Muerto (Dead Man's Spring). Here many of them were killed by Apache Indians, who frequented the neighborhood. (Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, 1844 ed., vol. 2, p. 73.)

night. The ox teams in front, myself and train next, while the mules brought up the rear. *La luna* made her appearance about 10—and afforded us a beautiful light to travel by; the road is hard and level and we made fine progress, arriving at this place about 25 miles by 2 o'clock this morning—and here I am now to describe this place—"The dead man's lake," "*Laguna del muerto*" is some six ms. from where we are camped on the road. Travellers generally stop here and send off their animals to water at this spring quite a long distance too, but tis quite necessary as we shall not find water again till we strike the River forty miles ahead. The exact circumstances of the derivation of the name of "*laguna del muerto*" I do not recollect, but tis from a traveller once in attempting to find a road to the south more practicable than the River course, started through here alone, and was after found dead at the spring. How the appearance of the country is immediately about there I know not, but to judge from the appearances here the regular camping ground, I should fully say the name it bears is not too solitary for it. The country is quite level immediately around us, with dark hills in the distance. The grass is short and dry, the soil sandy, the little Prairie dogs have spread their habitation far and wide around and the whole puts on a gloomy aspect.

*Monday 8th.* Neither yesterday or the day before have I written. Friday night we travelled all night by a fine moon, till daylight, when we stoped and took a rest of a few hours. During the night we met a company of new Mexicans returning from the Pass, and

with them an American gentleman named White<sup>87</sup> for whom *mi alma* wrote for him to come up to take some charge of his business as he is in want of such an one as he is—a persevering, hard working and confidential man—and *mi alma* has now sent him back to buy corn and to "look out" to hear all the sly news, to endeavour to procure if possible some protection from Col. Donaphan, as we do not like the idea of being left entirely behind & alone too—I am not an advocate though for night travelling when I have to be shut up in the carriage in a road I know nothing of, and the driver nodding all the time, and letting the reins drop from his hands to the entire will of the mules. I was kept in a fever the whole night, though every one complained bitterly of cold. Saturday morning early we were off

<sup>87</sup> James White was a merchant of Independence and Santa Fé. In October, 1849, while traveling with his wife and young daughter to Santa Fé, along with the caravan of another trader (F. X. Aubrey), they were attacked by Apache Indians. At the time they were at a place supposed to be past the danger from Indian attack, and were driving some distance in advance of the caravan, accompanied by only eight men. The men were all killed by the Indians, and the woman and child taken captive. The murder was discovered and reported by an American merchant named Spencer, and Major Grier, with Kit Carson and Joachim Leroux as guides, was detailed for their rescue. The guides found the Indians, but in spite of Carson's advice Major Grier stopped for a parley with them, thinking it a sure way to rescue the captives. The momentary delay gave the Indians a chance to escape. Mrs. White ran toward her rescuers, but was mortally wounded by the Indians, and the child was never found. Although the War Department furnished Isaac Dunn, Mrs. White's brother, an escort to search for the child, he failed to find her.

again, travelled till 3 o'clock P. M. when we again stoped to rest our fatigued animals; the grass is fine, and though they are doing with out water and pulling long and hard they are not suffering in this point—the grama-grass is what they are fond of from its being very sweet and slightly green near the roots, it grows in bunches all over the Mountains, has a jointed stem with curling blades & growing out from each joint. It grows to the height of two feet, though in general not more than six or eight inches. At all seasons the taller portion has a white and harvest-like appearance, large fields of it are like hay. Saturday evening we again started and travelled till 12, when we reached the River, camped on a high bluff about two miles from the water, and sent the stock down to it. All day Sunday we remained at this place to recruit a little, and sent Mr. White on ahead to purchase corn at Don Ana or *Don Llana* [Doña Ana]. Notwithstanding the many reports of Indians stealing animals and murdering people about here, I have been bold enough to climb up and down these beautiful and rugged cliffs both yesterday and today, but I shall be more careful hereafter, as it is really dangerous. We are in the heart of the Apache range and *mi alma* thinks I am wrong to go two hundred yards from the camp, we are now putting our little *house mui cirquita de los carros* [within the corral of wagons].

*Wednesday 10th. Don Llana* [Doña Ana]. Last evening we arrived here after a long day's travel—Nooned in on the River about four miles back, and came up this P. M. to the only settlement between the jornada and El Passo, owing to the destructive

disposition of the Apaches, a few nights since they came into this town and drove off twenty yoke of oxen belonging to government. For the protection of the inhabitants against them for the future, Col. Donaphan has left them a canon, and by the way we came near getting ourselves into a fine scrape last night by the wild impudence of some of the wagoners. They went into the village, "got on a spree" and ran off with the canon, brought it to the camp and persisted in taking it as being *unfit for Mexicans*. As 'twas done without provocation, and with seeming hostile intentions, the Alcalde told us this morning, that if *mi alma* had not then sent him an apology then—by Gabriel that the men were drunk and he would have it returned in the morning, he intended raising a fource, and immediately sending an express off to the governor in the Pass informing him of the hostile move made against him, and this morning the old gentleman is in a gib of trouble, for the men on finding they were not allowed to retain their trophy, spiked the touch-hole so that it will not fire, and if the Indians were to come they would be without protection. *Mi alma* could only apologize, take the Alcalde's part, by agreeing with him that an express must be sent to the governor in el Passo, and at the same time has set down in his own private book the names of the two gentleman who committed the depredations.

*Camp 10 miles from Don Llana* [Doña Ana]. Mr. White came up with us this evening; has been twenty miles below El Passo to see Col. Donaphan. The troops have all left the pass—and Col. D. has taken with him five or six of the most influential citi-

zens as hostages for the good behavior of those remaining, to ourselves and all the traders, it is quite a proper step. Many of *mi alma's* friends in the Pass send him word to come on without fear, that they have always been friendly to him and still are, their houses are open to receive us when we arrive. On the whole we could look for nothing better.

*Friday 12th.* We have come over some dark looking ground today. This morning the whole road lay through musquite thickets, which made me rather careful in walking out. The Indian is a wily man, and one cannot be too precausious when in his territory. Yesterday we passed over the spot where a few years since a party of the Apaches attacked Gen. Armijo as he returned from the Pass with a party of troops, and killed some fourteen of his men, the graves of whom, marked by a rude cross, are now seen, he himself received a wound in his leg, from which he will always be lame. This morning we passed the spot were they attacked brother James' little party of a dozen men, this summer, and [de]spoiled them of all their goods. And today we nooned it at *Brasito*, the battle-field long to be remembered by Col. Donaphan and his little band of seven hundred volunteers. I rode over the battle ground, (a perfect plain) and brought off as trophies two cartridges one Mexican the other Amer.

This P. M. we were overtaken by an express mail from Col. Price at Santa Fé to Col. Doniphan, and with orders for the Pass only, as he has left there, and there is no one to receive it in that place. Dctr. Richardson, now with us, as concerned with the army has taken charge of it to send it on tomorrow; he opened it

tonight, and we have all the news contained in the newspapers up to the 27th Nov. from the U. S. and to the 4th do. from Taylor's army, then just leaving Monterey for San Louis Potosi, via, Satilla [Saltillo] and Tampico. Gen. Wool with part of his army is to join him, while the other part is sent on to Chihuahua. I hope and trust they may go and moreover be successful with Col. Doniphan, otherwise we can have no hope of safety farther. The friends of those prisoners taken from the Pass can of course have no very friendly feeling towards us, and if they once get the advantage of us what must the consequences be? I heartily wish we were back at Santa Fé in Fort Marcy, and we would be soon too if our animals were in a condition to carry us. They bring me two letters from Lex.[ington, Kentucky] in which I find news of the death of Aunt McDowell,<sup>88</sup> and Uncle Dick Hart; the marriage of several acquaintances; many wishes for my return, and sorrow that I ever left home at all. I almost wish so myself, since we have been detained so long, and if we get back at all I shall call it God's blessing.

*Saturday 13th.* Today we have come about ten miles. Our camp is not on the River, but five or six miles from it, in a real Indian country. The place is called *La Laguna*, simply a saltwater pond, half grown over with reeds; gloomy looking mountains rear their heads in our rear and sides; the grass has

<sup>88</sup> Sarah Shelby, daughter of Governor Isaac Shelby, born 1785, married, in 1802, Dr. Ephraim McDowell, the most distinguished surgeon of his time. She was always called by her family "Aunt McDowell."

been all *camped* off, and all together it is a gloomy place. The musquite thicket all around us, look the very abodes of the savage red man, and *fear* has at length determined me to remain within my quiet little tent in place of roaming about in search of any little curiosity I might chance to find. Our stay at Bosquesito during the fall months has prevented me from preserving many wild flower seeds as I intended, the birds and wind have well-nigh gathered all.

*Sunday 14th.* Three miles we are from the crossing, today the country improves a little from yesterday. El Rio winds its way through the mountains, and if the naked cottonwood trees and willow bushes scattered along its banks, were only covered with green leaves I know 'twould be pretty. I am beginning to long for a church to attend, *el camino* [the road] has ceased to engage my attention as much as formerly and especially on the Sabbath, but as it is there is no preventative now; I came out on this travel regardless of the Sabbath, not bearing in mind the Lord's command "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy; in it thou shalt not do any work" &c. But God in his infinite mercy has come near unto me, when I was far off, and called me when I sought not after him. My sins and transgressions are heavy on my head, and but for the great and precious promises to the sinner penitent, every where to be met with in the Holy scripture, I should at once and forever despair of peace and pardon in this world or hereafter. There is no excuse for me now, for "the word is very nigh unto me, in my mouth, and in my heart, that I may do it." Though I am now in darkness, the Lord has said "Awake thou

that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

*Monday 15th. En casa de Don Agapita* [In the house of Don Agapita]. Leaving the wagons this morning we crossed the River and came into town to the house of *mi alma's* old friend Don Agapita an old Gauchupine [a Mexican name for a native-born Spaniard]. The house is kept by the old gentleman's single daughter Doña Josefita, a very interesting and lady-like girl of twenty two years, she is affable, perfectly easy in her manners, and I think if some of the foreigners who have come into this country, and judged of the whole population from what they have seen—on the frontiers, would, to see her a little time, be entirely satisfied of his error in regard to the refinement of the people, although I have not judged so rashly as most persons, I confess I am surprised a little—and Don Agapita is a man ever to be beloved, for his hospitable feelings extended to all classes of people. He has sympathy for those in distress or trouble and shows it by endeavouring to serve them; he is a man of learning, experience and good sound sense, and more than all he has a sincere heart. When we arrived he met us at the door with a hearty welcome to his old friend and his wife (I hope though he will like me for myself by and by) threw open his house to us with a request for us to take it as our own. I should like to spend *muncho tiempo* [*mucho*—much time] with them, but tomorrow we shall remove to *el Senor Cura's*, as we are invited and the house has been especially prepared for us.

But a little in regard to the house of our host and

hostess and its management &c. &c. *La casa* is not very large but of ordinary size; the sala fronts the street, and is nearly the whole length of the house, the walls instead of papering are painted in flowers, vases, &c and at first had a very antique and singular, but now that a few hours' sight have made it accustomed to my visage, I think it equally as pretty as our papering. From the sala opens a door into our chamber, a pretty, nice little room with one window and a snug fire place, a bed in one corner, a lounge in an other. Outside in the patio are flour-pots, bird-cages, cats playing and pigeons eating, and such a quantity of the latter I have not seen for a long time. A back door opens into a *garden*, where fruit trees and grape vines grow in abundance, with here and there a rose bush, a lilly bed, or some thing of the kind; as it is winter time now of course there are no bright blossoms to cheer the scene, but the weather is so mild the trees are leaving, and in a little time more there will be fruit. Next comes the table in propper routine; we take coffee about 7½ o'clock, breakfast at 10, and dinner at 5—with fruit between meals. Our dishes are all Mexican, but good ones, some are delightful; one great importance they are well cooked; their meats are all boiled, the healthiest way of preparing them, and are in most instances cooked with vegetables, which are onions, cabbage, and tomatoes; with the addition of apples and grapes; the courses for dinner are four, one dish at a time; for breakfast two, ending always with beans. Brandy and wine are regularly put on at each meal, and never go off with out being honoured with the salutations of all the company.

*Tuesday 16th.* The more I see of this family the more I like them, they are so kind and attentive, so desirous to make us easy, so anxious for our welfare in the disturbances of the country. I can't help loving them. The old gentleman remarked at breakfast this morning, that he sympathized—for the experience of many years has taught him that sympathy is a soothing balm—much with me in the troubles, dangers, and difficulties I have been in, those I am now in, and those that I may be in, but with all he says I am learning a lesson that not one could have taught me but experience, the ways of the world. Tis true as he says; I have seen and read of Ky. till I know it all by heart, but who could by telling me, make me sensible of what I have seen and felt since I left home to travel. His arguments are quite phylosophical, and in fine he is a man not met with every day in any part of the world.

*Wednesday 17th. En casa del Senor Cura* [The house of the Curate]. Agreeable to our arrangements we moved our boarding last evening to this the residence of the Priest,<sup>89</sup> who is now a prisoner in the hands of Col. Doniphan, though I hope for no bad

<sup>89</sup> Reverend Ramon Ortiz was curate of El Paso del Norte. He was a shrewd, intelligent, and generous man. Kendall speaks of him in very complimentary terms, as treating with much kindness the Texan prisoners who were brought to El Paso by the notorious Salazar. He not only fed and clothed the men, but also gave them money. During the Mexican War he was suspected of sending information to Chihuahua. For this reason Colonel Doniphan, on his march to Chihuahua, took him, Senor Pino, and several other influential men as hostages. Later when the soldiers were suffering from thirst, and while he was still a prisoner, he