

We, viz: Doñas Josefita and Rafujio went out from town about a league this P. M. to return the call of Doña Guadalupe Herques or Heques, an old lady who has honoured us in her visit. She is, now I should think, upwards of sixty and perhaps quite 70 years of age; her hair is perfectly gray and of its self calls respect, she has her home affairs carried on with out any bustle or confusion, she is exceedingly active and attends to it herself in person, carrying about her bunch of keys large and heavy enough to fatigue any common woman. Her whole family of children and grand children big and little came in and saluted us; and in half an hour or less after our arrival chocolate was brought. She questioned me a great deal about the U. S., my own family &c. and as she is a lady of no

mounted upon a white horse, so as to be an easy target for the enemy. One of his men is reported as saying that before the battle he shaved and dressed himself with care because "he did not know what might happen and knew of no more honorable or desirable end than to die in battle."

After the arrival of the troops at Chihuahua, Major Owens, who was a Catholic, was buried with great pomp. The ceremonies were conducted by Mexican priests. In the church there was a procession of priests, singing as they marched, with music from different and strange kinds of instruments, and about three hundred lighted candles set around the place where the corpse lay. The body was interred with both Masonic and military honors.

The death of Major Owens was a great loss to the traders; they could better have spared almost any other man. His influence was great and his judgment sound. He was an "outfitter" who would trust them for wagons, teams, provisions, and everything necessary for a trip, and he counseled them as if they were his children.

trifling mind I gave her the best information I had on all subjects; finally she concluded with sympathies for Mama in regard to my being so far from her, and hoped that God would permit me again to return to her in health and happiness.

All day Thursday we have remained without news! What happens?

Friday 10th. Well joy to this family, *el Senor Cura* has at last returned; arrived this morning about 10 o'clock. The news is as we have heard all along. Doniphan is in possession of Chi.[huahua]; the battle was not a severe one lasting only about 30 minutes, and not more than seven to fourteen killed on either side; but it is true in regard to our friend Owens, who was appointed Lieut. Col. of a company formed of the wagoners, and was in the front of the battle; he was shot with two rifle balls one through the head the other through the breast, each of them mortal wounds, and a canon ball broke both legs about the knees; he was interred with military honours in Chi.[huahua] and has left a name behind not soon to fade from the annals of our country; but what does that name profit him now? has it brought him a crown in Heaven, has it won him a seat at his Savior's feet? if not, it may be that name has ruined him.

Sunday 14th. Succorro [Socorro]. We left El Passo this A. M., about 11 o'ck. and after a ride of six hours, jolting over saquias [*acequias*—ditches] till I scarcely knew myself, and stoping under a big tree to lunch, we arrived at this little village south of the Pass, here we remain tonight.

Wednesday 17th. Once more at camp, after remain-

ing two days at the Presidio where we went to from Succorro on Monday, at the house of Montiz, the agent or superintendent to the business of our friend Don Ygnacio Rouquia. I can't like very much this plan of stoping at houses while we are travelling through the settlements. I am better satisfied in my *tent*; there is more ease, more comfort, more independence, tho' our host and hostess exerted themselves no doubt to the fullest extent of their power, and we were contented with all, still the luxuries of this little home surpass the whole. I was sick from the time we got there till we left and for my part, had the cooking been ever so exquisite all would have been alike to me; but my poor *querido* [darling], I am sure he gained no more flesh from eating onions, dried meat, cold beans, and tortillas. I often thought of some of the nicely prepared dishes we had at the Cura's.

Thursday 18th. We have made a long drive today, and crossed a branch of the River, quite a bold little stream, camped tonight on the bank of it, first burning off the tall grass, as this windy March weather insures no safety in case of a fire, and tho' the Rio is near twould take a N. Y. fire co. to save us from being burned to death.

Monday 22. Ojo [Spring]. We are just through an other *jornada*. Saturday evening we started into it, travelled all that night nearly; stoped near daylight, rested some two hours, took a little sleep, and started again, travelled till noon, stoped a few hours, and then drove on till mid-night, rested till day—and started again, and now at noon we have made the first water, a mean little spring out in the level plain; the

water is *black*, and standing, the animals are sent off some three miles to a *laguna* where they get fresh water. Here we shall remain tonight, and I hope I shall have something more to do in the sleeping line, than I've had these last two nights past. . . . I wonder where Don Santiago (the Frenchman) is, that he is not up with us today. I fear he with his three little wagons one [may] have gotten into some difficulty, yesterday when our wagons stoped in the road a few minutes and detained him that long, as he was behind, he concluded "he travel well, he go ahead wid his teams"; since he does not "go ahead" I fear for him.

Tuesday 23rd. This morning we have passed a perfect curiosity, a *spring in the top of a hill*; which occupies I think an acre of ground; the spring itself is some six feet wide, the water clear, rather warm and runs off down the side of the hill loosing itself in the sand at its foot. And again this P. M. we visited a warm spring on an other elevation; the sand boils in it all over bursting in one place and then an other, and requiring I should think immense fource; as yet no bottom has been found to it; the water is perfectly clear some eighteen inches in depth, when the sand is met with, it is in constant motion below as far as the clear water will admit of a sight. Of the two springs this to me is the most curious; one is a cold spring *in the top of a high sand-hill*, the other a *boiling spring*, both of them curiosities to any one.

Wednesday 24th. Carazal. Or rather on the sequia [*acequia*—canal] of Carazal, some three quarters of a mile from the village; the water is perfectly *clear lime-stone water*, the first I have seen since we left

Santa Fé, *six months*, and in truth, its pure, sweet taste so astonished me on tasting it, I really stoped to see if I were drinking water, or something else.—I have often heard and read of odd curiosities met with in travels and of curiosities in the form of men composing companies, but there can be none more curious than a few individuals in ours. First on the list I believe stands John the Dutchman—or as he is called by his companions in service "*Dutch*"; his *length* and *breadth* are as near the same as some writers describe as being *equal*, i.e. he is about five feet five inches in height, with shoulders something more than two feet, he suits well for an ox driver with his gees and "wo dares"; he is generally silent, but when he does speak, it is all the most perfectly earnest, dry and in *Dutch English*.—Patrick the Irishman is quaint enough, making one laugh at all his witty sayings which by the way are not a few. He loves his "*drap*" now and then much to the annoyance of his employer the Dctr.; these two with Don Santiago, who by the way is quite angry with "Mr. *Uite*, because he swap me two bad hoxen for my good hox, one of de hoxen he give me I have to leave him in de road and dat is charging me \$18. for my good hoxen. I will remember Mr. *Uite*."

Thursday 25. Ojo Caliente [Hot spring]. Left Caresel this A. M. about 10 o'clock arrived here (twelve miles) by 3 o'clock P. M., here we shall visit a day or two, prior to starting into the *last jornada*.

The "*Ojo Caliente*" is a pretty place; the water bursts out at the foot of a hill making a beautiful pool, which is some four or five feet deep, perfectly clear, and warm; it runs off into a beautiful and long stream;

it is the regular and last camping spot before entering an other *jornada* of 50 miles.

Monday 29th. Guyllego spring. A most beautiful spot indeed, well may one rejoice at passing that last long *jornada*, for they not only leave it behind them forever perhaps—but they exchange it for one of nature's "beauty spots." The spring which takes its name from a place in old Spain, (whether a spring or cave I know not) is at the foot of an exceeding high mountain, so steep and rocky it looks wholly impassable for man; on either side are similar ones, steep, rugged and perpendicular; the spring resembles a cave, though a very small one, the water is rather warm, runs off in a brisk little branch, forming a small pool one hundred yards from the spring; from this first pool it runs off some 100 and twenty to fifty yards, forming two others rather larger than the first; for a quarter of a mile before reaching the spring, are green trees and bushes, all of which are new to me; one resembles the box elder of the U. S., and one the ash, of which they must be species.

Wednesday 31. Salt Lake. We made our travel for today, last night leaving the Guyllego spring at 2 o'clock yesterday P. M. we made this water twenty five or thirty miles, at two drives, by 1 o'clock last night. Here we find *Don Santiago* who came ahead of us on Monday. I suppose he still think he go very well, as he *believe* he go ahead in de morning. We are getting into the neighborhood of Chihuahua, having passed some two or three ranchos. The lake we are encamped on is some ten miles in length, situated on the right side of the road. Well the *Dctr. has left us*, gone

on to report himself not yet *dead or lost*, but only remaining behind till all the battles are fought. I shant say for what—I suppose he himself knows.

Thursday 1st April 1847. Today we are encamped on a little stream seperating us from the little village of Ynsenias [Encinillas], the place where Mr. Gregg had his little difficulty with Gov. Trius [Triás], in regard to beef cattle he unceremoniously took, here a similar occurance has taken place with us, without any law suits however; two beeves were shot down yesterday by our half-starved camp, while they were at work skinning &c. the owner made his appearance and demanded his pay, which was promptly done—\$12. in goods each, and he disappeared rather better satisfied than his excellency the Governor is represented to have been. Our travels now are made altogether after night on account of the heat. Though it is not very agreeable to me, as my head and stomach are somewhat delicate of late. I came to travel and therefore take it patiently, as a custom of the road.

Saltillo May 23rd 1847. I have been so negligent of late I scarcely know how to begin my journal again. Since the 1st of April has been a long time, many things have transpired, and we have travelled a long distance. I cannot now go into full detail but will merely give a brief sketch. We arrived at Chihuahua on the 4th April; here we found Col. Doniphan's command occupying the city, and a beautiful sight they have made of it in some respects. Instead of seeing it in its original beauty as I thought to have done twelve months since, I saw it filled with Missouri volunteers who though good to fight are not careful at all

how much they soil the property of a friend much less an enemy. The good citizens of Chi. had never dreamed I dare say that their loved homes would be turned into quarters for common soldiers, their fine houses many of them turned into stables, the rooves made kitchens of, their public *pila* [drinking fountain] used as a bathing trough, the fine trees of their beautiful *alamador* [*alameda*—public walk] barked and forever spoiled, and a hundred other deprivations equal to any of these, but yet all has been done; Chihuahua was quite an indifferent looking place when I saw it. We took a comfortable house a square off from the plaza, as none could be had in it, and spent three weeks in it as pleasantly as we could under the circumstances; the families all had left, so I of course saw none of them. I only made the acquaintance of two gentlemen only, Don José Cordero and Don Pedro Olivares, two of the first in the place and friends of my husband's. The latter is a very affable man, intelligent, has visited the U. S. and speaks some English; we often had hearty laughs, he and I. He always spoke to me in English and I to him in Spanish and I think I learned quite as much in the few conversations I had with him, as I have with any one person in a much longer time. The family of Mr. Potts⁹² an

⁹² John Potts, an Englishman, was acting English consul at Chihuahua, and president of the Mining Company and Mint. When Colonel David D. Mitchell arrived in Chihuahua he was directed to make search of all the principal houses for contraband of war. On March 4, 1847, he reached the residence of Governor Trias, who had deserted the city. Finding it locked he called for the key. Mr. Potts came forward and stated that the governor

Englishman, and owner of the mint, I visited several times, dined with them once, supped twice, and rode with the Ladies, i.e. Mrs. P. and her sister Miss Meadows to see their summer retreat. They are quite lively, play on the harp and piano, and make the time of their visitors pass agreeably.

After a short stay, and on a very short notice, the troops having been ordered to join Gen. Taylor, or to return by this route home, we left there on the 28th April.⁹³

And now for our travel down; I must first say I

had left the house and its contents in his charge, and that neither Colonel Mitchell nor anyone else should enter it. He contended that it was under the British flag, and any violation would be reported to his government. Colonel Mitchell replied that he must go in; and that he had a key which would open the door. He sent his sergeant for two howitzers, which he had referred to as the key, lit a match and was advancing, when the Englishman begged him not to fire, as his brother was in the house. He then surrendered the key to Colonel Mitchell. An examination of the house was made and nothing but private property was found, which was respected.

⁹³ On March 1, 1847, the Americans entered Chihuahua. Doniphan issued a proclamation based upon those previously issued by General Kearny, in which he announced that the United States by virtue of its conquest laid claim to the state of Chihuahua. General Wool not having coöperated with him, Doniphan was at a loss to know what to do. He sent a small body of men to General Wool asking to be allowed to join Taylor's army. On April 22 this detachment returned and shortly afterwards Doniphan with his whole force abandoned Chihuahua and started towards Saltillo. They reported to General Wool on May 22 and were reviewed by him near the field of Buena Vista. In his general orders General Wool highly complimented these Missourians. On May

trust fortune will never compel me to make the same again. I thought I had done some very hard travelling before and in truth I had, but, this has surpassed all. We travelled regularly 20, 25, 30 and 35 miles a day, for three successive weeks, resting but two days of the time, and over the worst roads I ever saw in my life. Many nights I have layed down not to sleep for my bones ached too much for that, even had I had the time, but to rest an hour or two prior to traveling the remainder and greater portion of the night to get a little ahead of the command; some times I slept not above two hours out of the twenty-four. The dust every day was almost suffocating; if we went a head of all, we had no satisfaction in any thing, if we stoped to rest a few moments, they crowded on too.

Saltillo, Mexico June 20th 1847. An alarm this morning of the approach of the enemy, one or two piquets cut off. Gen. Wool has ordered the citizens to form a company, to assemble on the hill above the city, at the firing of a cannon, for its defense; he himself has taken several pieces of cannon from the fortification, to his encampment, there to act from circumstances, to be governed by the movements of the foe. Our forces are small not more than 2000 and probably only 1,500, while those of the enemy are reported 14,000, nine to one. I've heard of wars and rumours of wars and have been as I thought almost in them, but this is nearer than ever—I presume long ere this an

27 they reported to General Taylor at Monterey. From there they proceeded by way of Matamoras and New Orleans to St. Louis, reaching home about the first of July, 1847, after an absence of thirteen months.

express has been despatched to Gen Taylor at Monterey, and in a little time reinforcements must be here. 'twill take a day to go there, and one and a half to come, so we ought to have assistance by Tuesday morning. The enemy are on what is called Pelomas road from San Luis Potosi.

6 o'clock P. M. Cpt Howard⁹⁴ has just stoped a minute at the street window and gives us the latest. One of the piquets reported to have been taken has returned, the other not yet heard of. Dr. Johnson the Gen's interpreter out from town some five or six miles was attacked by a small party of he thinks regular cavalry and wounded in the arm, and a book in his cap only saved his skull from being cleaved the cap and one back of the book having been cut in its place. Scouting parties have been sent out in all directions, well mounted and prepared to retreat if necessary. Cpt H is just starting himself with a few dragoons to learn something of the enemy . . . Maj. Washington⁹⁵ I see is active in moving some of the artillery

⁹⁴ John Eager Howard was born in Maryland. He was commissioned captain of a company of infantry February 23, 1847, and brevetted major September 13, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec, Mexico. Major Howard was honorably discharged August 25, 1848. He died in 1862.

⁹⁵ John M. Washington was a native of Virginia and a graduate of West Point. He was appointed October 24, 1814, and assigned to artillery July 17, 1817; served in Florida War 1836-1838, and with General Wool's column in war with Mexico, as major. Washington commanded a battery at Buena Vista and was promoted for gallantry in that engagement. He was acting governor of Saltillo, Mexico, June 24 to December 14, 1847;

to a more advantageous situation than he has probably occupied. . . . I am really tired—we have counted and baled up all the money in the house, ready to send it to a safer place in case of necessity. All the pistols and guns have been cleaned and loaded. I shall say I had a hand in this too. Dr. [James] Hewitson has been down and very kindly invited us to go to his house in the plaza, which perhaps not more safe than our own, will be rather more cheerful if there can be anything cheerful in such times. I've thrown a few things into my trunk in case of a retreat.

9 o'clock—still nothing positive, the streets are quiet, a strong patrol is moving thro' all parts of the city, some three or four hundred of the N. C. volunteers from Monterey will be in by 11 o'clock as the express to meet them reports them but a little distance off, and marching. I think I'll now retire, to rest an attack is expected by some, tho' all is quiet now, to morrows sun may tell another story for Saltillo.

Monday 21st. The sun rises as bright as ever this morning, and brings us no news of troops being very near; this after all, I believe is going to be what Cpt. Donaldson calls a stampede, I hope so. *Mi querido* [my darling], since he sees no danger yet, has ventured to tell me what I did not know last night. An at-

chief of artillery of General Wool's division March 12 to December 9, 1847, and of the army of occupation December 9 to May 30, 1848. Was civil and military governor of New Mexico October, 1848, to October, 1849. On December 24, 1853, he was washed overboard during a violent storm and drowned, with a number of the troops, while traveling to California. Of one hundred and eighty soldiers and four officers only two survived.

tack was certainly expected, he had made the arrangements with Cpt. Donaldson⁹⁶ to attach himself to his company after having taken me to the safest point nearest the redoubt on the hill, he was too sad all last evening to speak scarcely and no wonder, when all dear to him in the world might be ere long left in a stranger land with out a protector and heart broken. The reflection that the next day might put an end to his existence and this must then be the consequence, or even if he should survive to be left penniless with more than himself to feel its effects, (tho' God knows this would have been cheerfully bourn by me) either were enough to dround even the feeling of any one more especially of one who has the soul to feel as he has. I was alarmed and sad enough to think of the danger we must be in in any house, that Wm who attached himself to the company of citizens might be killed, that numbers of my countrymen must perish and perhaps all of us cut off by the over whelming number of the enemy, tis well I knew nothing of my husbands thoughts or designs. I am only thankful now that none of the latter were fourced into execution, and that we are still safe; as we hear from San Luis potosi direct this morning and no one from there

⁹⁶ James Lowry Donaldson was appointed to the United States Military Academy from Maryland, his native state, on September 1, 1832. He was sent from there into the 3d Artillery July 1, 1836, and after successive promotions was made major, February 23, 1847, for gallantry in battle of Buena Vista. On March 13, 1865, he was made a major-general, on account of meritorious service in war between the states. He resigned January 1, 1874, and died November 4, 1885.

is coming. Tis said that a letter has been intercepted by Gen Taylor's spies, from Gen Urea⁹⁷ to the wealthy Sanchez of this place telling him to be ready on the 20th (yesterday) with his rancheros, that he himself would be here that day with 6000 men to sack the city. Those seen yesterday & the day before might have been his spies but he knowing of his failure in his express has kept himself at a propper distance.

Friday 25th A company of Virginians has just past out to Buena Vista. Tis sad to see them really, and my heart ached as I looked on so many manly forms and fearless faces, who have left homes and friends many of them destined never to return; all looked determined and eager. I particularly marked one of them a youth of apparently eighteen years; his face was pale, young and innocent; he moved with a step worthy of riper years; his musket was bourn on his right side clasped firmly by his left hand, on the finger of which I observed a ring, placed there perhaps by a fond and only sister—or it may be the pledge of the maiden of his youthful heart, whose love

⁹⁷ General José Urrea distinguished himself in the Texan-Mexican War by capturing a small force of Texans under the command of Captain King, March 11, 1835. Two days later General Urrea captured the entire force of Colonel Ward, a Texan, consisting of 112 men; he also captured Colonel Fannin, another Texan, and all his men. In 1839 Urrea headed a revolution against President Anastacio Bustamante, and had the audacity to undertake, surreptitiously, the capture and apprehension of Bustamante by surprising the guard at the presidential mansion and entering the president's sleeping apartment. Bustamante was attacked and arrested before he could realize what was happening. (Benjamin M. Read, of Santa Fé, New Mexico.)