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The memoir and diary of Rebecca Mayer on her 1852 honeymoon  
along the Santa Fe Trail and down El Camino Real  
with her merchant husband Henry Mayer,  
fifty men and five hundred mules.

Joy Poole, Editor

Introduction by Kay Goldman

## **FOREWORD by Joy Poole**

The inspiration for transcribing and annotating the Mayer memoir resulted from viewing a travelling museum exhibition called **Jewish Life in the American West: Generation to Generation** which originated at the Autry Museum of Los Angeles, California.<sup>1</sup> I viewed the touring exhibition at the Eiteljorg Museum of American Indians and Western Art in Indianapolis, Indiana. In the exhibit, the wedding dress of Rebecca Cohen Mayer was prominently displayed with a caption indicating that in 1852 she had travelled on her honeymoon over the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real with her husband Henry, a Santa Fe Trail trader and his company of fifty men and five hundred mules. There was sufficient exhibition text to the extent I came to realize Rebecca had apparently kept a diary. Later I would learn she recorded her memoirs apparently through story telling with her children or dictated oral histories which one of her daughters, a stenographer apparently recorded.

Centuries before American women travelled the trail, women from various Indian tribes would live along and travel portions of what became the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real. Pueblo and Plains Indian women managed households and traversed various segments of these trails and surely observed the monthly cycles of the night skies and modified their lifestyles according the change of seasons. They would have accompanied other tribal members who seasonally hunted game, gathered plants, raided enemies, traded animals, items and even people. Throughout the American Southwest raiding for horses and captives occurred routinely. Captives were bartered and traded for between tribes and the colonists of New Mexico. Pueblo people and other native peoples were also forcefully taken south down El Camino Real for slave labor to work in the

mining communities of Mexico. Decades before the American women would travel the Santa Fe Trail, women of Spanish descent travelled overland along the Santa Fe Trail as a result of one of two legislative decrees which discriminated against Spanish born residents living in the Republic of Mexico. Six women born in Spain travelled with their families to Santa Fe, St. Louis and beyond when they were forced to leave Mexico during the expulsion of the Spaniards from Mexico in 1829. Although they did not keep a written account of their experiences, it is well known through published newspaper accounts that they accompanied an east bound American caravan. The merchants and Spanish families were escorted to the American boundary on the Arkansas River in Rice County, Kansas by Colonel Jose Antonio Viscarra, inspector-general of New Mexican troops and Santiago Abréu, a New Mexican official. From the Arkansas River Major Riley and the American soldiers escorted the caravan eastward. Under Riley's command was a junior officer Lt. Philip St. George Cooke who observed "*a large number of brave Spaniards, exiled from Mexico, and on their way to the United States with much property in stock and gold - their whole equipage Spanish...*"<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately, the names of these individuals and families are unidentified. Josiah Gregg wrote in his book *Commerce of the Prairie* that a Spanish family travelled with him and others in 1831. Gregg remarked that, "*Those who had been banished in 1829, in pursuance of a decree of the Mexican congress and were now returning to their homes in consequence of a suspension of the decree.*"<sup>3</sup>

There is a reference to a "little Dutch woman accompanying her husband" on the spring Santa Fe Trail caravan of 1841. That group organized at Cow Creek in late May

electing Solomon Houck as Captain. The caravan contained 33 wagons, 87 men, 1 woman, 200 mules and some oxen which arrived in Santa Fe in early July of 1841.<sup>4</sup> In March of 1846 just a few months prior to the start of the Mexican American war, Dr. Eugene Leitensdorfer and his family, including his wife Soledad (Abréu) Leitensdorfer travelled the trail. Soledad was the daughter of Santiago Abréu , previously mentioned. Her father had travelled the trail in 1829 with Colonel Viscarra and his men escorting those Spanish families exiled from Mexico eastward to the United States. Later, he briefly served as Governor of New Mexico from 1832-1833.<sup>5</sup> As a result of both her father's appointment and husband's occupation as a trader she had some knowledge and sufficient familiarity of the Santa Fe Trail and its trade to venture eastward with her husband.

Marc Simmons, a prolific author and Santa Fe Trail historian, in his article *Women on the Santa Fe Trail: Diaries, Journals, Memoirs. An Annotated Bibliography* identifies twenty accounts written by women.<sup>6</sup> Half of those accounts are written by military wives or daughters. These are followed by accounts from merchants' wives or brides of Santa Fe Trail traders travelling the Santa Fe Trail and in some cases the Camino Real on their honeymoon. There are a few accounts written by Catholic nuns on missionary journeys to New Mexico in 1852 and 1867.<sup>7</sup> But by far the most moving and detailed account of a women's experience on the Santa Fe Trail are the dictated memoirs of Marion Sloan Russell who travelled the trail five times. Her first trip travelling the trail occurred when she was a little girl with her mother and brother.

Prior to 1846 the year of the Mexican American War, few women travelled the Santa Fe Trail to Mexico. Travel and freighting merchandise along the Santa Fe Trail

could be dangerous due to any number of factors the weather, domestic or international government affairs over the decades. As a result, women were understandably apprehensive or ambivalent. Simmons however notes “*if diaries can be accepted as barometers of true sentiment, there were some [women] who embarked with downright eagerness. The change of routine, the excitement of prairie travel, and life in the open air soon won over others who had started with dread or apprehension.*”

Susan Shelby Magoffin was one of the earliest American women to travel both the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real in 1846. As a bride she accompanied her husband, Samuel Magoffin, an experienced trader and also kept a travel journal which has been edited by Stella Drumm and titled *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico*. Four years before Rebecca Mayer would travel with her husband on her honeymoon, an Independence merchant James White, and his wife Anne Dunn, and daughter Virginia were murdered on the trail in New Mexico by Apaches. Rebecca Mayer’s 1852 account is the second earliest travel diary written by a merchant’s wife and the earliest diary written by a Jewish woman travelling the trail. A decade later, Mamie Bernard, (the daughter of William Bernard, a Westport, MO merchant) met and later married Epifanio Aguirre a freighter of Spanish descent from New Mexico and a native of Chihuahua. At the end of September 1863 after the birth of their son, Pedro she travelled with her husband, their 3 month old son, her father and eldest sister. The Aguirre caravan consisted of ten wagons each pulled by ten mules consisting of 10,000 pounds of freight for which they paid 15 cents per pound of merchandise. They arrived in Santa Fe in late November of 1863 and then travelled southward on El Camino Real arriving in La Mesilla, New Mexico about a week before Christmas of 1863. Her story titled *Spanish*

*Trader's Bride* was first published in the Westport Historical Quarterly Vol. 4, No. 3, Dec. 1968 and subsequently *Journey of the Heart* was written by Annette Gray in 2004. Ernestine Huning's diary was written in 1863 when she accompanied her husband Franz Huning to Santa Fe. It should be noted that while Ms. Huning travelled safely to Santa Fe (with ten caged canaries), her mother and younger brother were killed by Cheyenne "dog soldiers" three years later on the trail. Flora Spiegelberg, a Jewish bride, travelled part of the trail in 1875 and wrote her account of a stage ride from the railhead in southern Colorado to Santa Fe.

Henry Mayer (1816 – 1906) had left his hometown of Ingelheim, Germany, in 1834 at the age of seventeen and landed in New Orleans where he was promptly robbed. Good fortune shone on Henry as he accidently ran into a childhood friend from Ingelheim, Sam Kaufman. Sam convinced Henry to become partners with him, so they invested Sam's savings in dry goods, and both Henry and Sam started peddling dry goods walking with small packs of goods peddling from house to house. Soon they had a horse then a wagon from which to sell their goods for the next two years. They started a store in Richmond, VA where Sam worked as a clerk and Henry continued his peddling trips from Richmond, VA to Vicksburg, MS. During this time he met Bernhard Cohen, and a deep friendship developed between them.

Henry then started freighting along the Santa Fe Trail, and with the profits from each trip eventually extended his business trips south to and from Chihuahua, Mexico. After Mr. Cohen's death Henry continued to visit the Cohens and would entertain Rebecca with stories of his travels along the Santa Fe Trail and his trips to Chihuahua. In 1851, Henry, who was six feet tall and weighed 183 pounds, returned to Cincinnati and

proposed to 15 year old Rebecca. They married in June of 1852. Rebecca Cohen, who stood five feet tall and weighed 90 pounds, spent her honeymoon on a journey to Chihuahua with five hundred mules and fifty men. She travelled on horseback and covered wagon from Independence, Missouri along the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real to Chihuahua. They left Independence, Missouri on August 17, 1852, arriving in Chihuahua at the end of November. They resided in Chihuahua for two years then moved to San Antonio, Texas.

Another person who travelled with the Henry Mayer and Company trade caravan in 1852 was Julius Froebel (1805-1893). Julius was a German geographer, geologist, professor, journalist and politician. He was the leader in the revolutionary movement of 1848 and was a representative to the national assembly that met in Frankfurt. After the revolution was crushed, Julius escaped persecution and came to America. Froebel met Sam Kaufman, Henry's partner, and apparently was invited to travel with Henry on one of his trips to Mexico in 1852. Between 1850 and 1856 Froebel travelled extensively in Central America and portions of western North America. He submitted travel articles to the *New York Tribune* and subsequently published a book in German titled *Seven Years' Travel in Central America, Northern Mexico and the Far West of the United States* of his travels. The English language edition of the book was published in London in 1859. When one reads through the Mayer diary and memoirs and compares them to Froebel's book, the similarities are remarkably extensive, and the two accounts and their use of language phrases are nearly exact. Some scholars have suggested that Froebel may have had Rebecca Mayer's diary at some point and simply used excerpts in his text. It was fairly common in scientific works of the time to use information from women, who

were seen as merely clerical, and never mention them in the published works. It could also be that later in the Mayer's lives that Rebecca may have assisted Julius Froebel in the English language translation of his book. It is possible also that Rebecca rewrote portions of her memoir using a copy of Froebel's book. Thus Rebecca may have used Mr. Froebel's book to expand on her diary and memoirs. Given the rarity of Mr. Froebel's book, I have included long excerpts from his book in the end notes which coincide with the dates, places and events of their shared journey on the Santa Fe and Chihuahua Trails.

Once settled in San Antonio, Texas where the Mayers operated a store, they sponsored Jewish holiday services and an informal religious school to meet the spiritual and educational needs of the small Jewish community and their growing family. After eight years in business in San Antonio, the Civil War broke out. The Mayers had the financial means and therefore decided to take their family abroad. They lived in Europe for ten years. Both Rebecca and Henry were conversant in multiple languages including Spanish, German, French, and English. Henry also knew Hebrew. In 1874 or 1875, they returned to Chicago, IL and engaged in various businesses.

Henry and Rebecca celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in June of 1902. Henry died in 1906 at ninety years old. It could have been after Henry's death that Rebecca wrote in another narrative and stated, "*I, Rebecca H. Mayer am writing this so that my children will know something about their ancestors.*" At the end of the document her daughter Jennie states, "*All of the above was written out in lead pencil by mother and even after she got childish [senile] she would read over these notes making corrections and crossing out words, therefore it was rather hard to read all of it quite accurately but*



*I have used her own language which is wonderful for a woman of her age and I feel proud of it.*” One final note, I’ve learned over the years reading various western trail diaries that it was common for travelers to write daily excerpts quickly by the camp fire if weather and or daily travel preparations permitted. It was also common for the travelers to revisit their diaries later in life and write additional memoirs under safer, more comfortable leisurely circumstances. In this particular instance Rebecca indicates she was writing an account for her relatives back home. I presume she not only wrote an account but also sent letters. The letters were probably saved and later incorporated into the memoirs. It’s also possible that her children, hearing stories about Rebecca’s Santa Fe and Chihuahua Trail honeymoon, may have decided to write down their family history as told by their mother and father. In any event the memoir shifts between 3rd person perspective and Rebecca’s first person diary accounts. Undoubtedly either Rebecca or her family also used Julius Froebel’s book to fill in some of the passages and events she didn’t have time to write about while travelling the Santa Fe Trail and El Camino Real but shared with her husband, Henry and Julius Froebel.

Rebecca died in 1930 at the age of ninety three as stated in the following obituary.

***“Pioneer Woman of Early Trail Days Dies at 93.***

*Mrs. Rebecca Mayer, 93 years old, who as a bride of 15 crossed the old Santa Fe trail died yesterday afternoon in her home. Mrs. Mayer accompanied her husband, Henry Mayer, a trader, on horseback and by covered wagon to Chihuahua, Mexico from the start of the trail in Independence, Mo. On that trip she was surrounded by a buffalo herd as she rode horseback, and was rescued by her husband and other members of the party through what they considered a miracle. Subsequently she took half a dozen other trips with him from Independence to Chihuahua, a distance which took them four months to travel. Mr. and Mrs. Mayer came to Chicago in 1874, where she lived since.”*

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

Inquiries in the search for information on the Mayers facilitated correspondence and communication with a Mayer descendent, Joan Teller of Lake Oswego, Oregon, who kindly provided me with a photograph of Henry Mayer. Through Rebecca's descendent Joan Teller I learned about Kay Goldman of Texas who has written a book of Rebecca and Henry's lives titled *"With a doll in one pocket and a pistol in the other"*.

Excerpts of the memoir written by Rebecca Cohen Mayer are provided courtesy of the Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives, Cincinnati Campus Hebrew Union College, Jewish Institute of Religion. The Spertus Museum – Asher Library in Chicago provided photographs of Rebecca Cohen Mayer.

Finally, I would be remiss if I didn't acknowledge previous research written by my friend Marc Simmons, THE historian of the Santa Fe Trail. As I worked on this memoir, I would ponder and categorize the common themes from other accounts of women who travelled the Santa Fe Trail. As I researched and learned more about the governmental, political and business arenas of Mexico, New Mexico and the United States, I would of course locate his articles and essays interpreting these historical situations. Each time I had a sense of assurance and confirmation, I was on the right investigative path. I appreciate the opportunity to work in his shadow while contributing another trail memoir to the list of known travel journals.

## INTRODUCTION

by **Kay Goldman, Ph.D.** author of *With a Doll in One Pocket and a Pistol in the*

*Other: Rebecca Cohen Mayer, 1837-1930 A Memoir*

Rebecca Cohen Mayer's story is remarkable in several ways. First, it illustrates the westward movement of the American population which began as Colonial Americans moved away from the East Coast and into the back woods of the colonies and then moved over the mountains into the American interior. This movement fulfilled the theory of Manifest Destiny as more and more Americans accepted the idea that Americans had a natural right to conquer and settle the entire North American Continent. Furthermore, the story of Rebecca's family's journey from Europe to America illustrates the process of chain migration—the process where family members or neighbors from one city in Europe followed previous immigrants from that same area and settled in nearby regions of the United States. Rebecca's family illustrated both chain migration and manifest destiny as family members followed one another, settling in Philadelphia and then, as her father and grandfather moved away from the American East Coast, first going south and then to the Midwest, and finally West.

Rebecca's journey was also notable because it differed from the journey made by other women who traveled on the Santa Fe Trail prior to the Civil War. Several of the other women who traveled on the Santa Fe Trail were part of thoroughly Americanized families—families who had arrived in the colonies or who had moved into unsettled lands, over the mountains, across the Mississippi River or into the west.<sup>8</sup> But Rebecca, who was only fifteen when she began her adventure along the Santa Fe Trail in 1852, was a first generation American Jewess who was born in Philadelphia to parents who had

recently arrived from Germany. Rebecca was younger than most of the other pioneers, and unlike women such as Susan Magoffin, she traveled without female companionship. Finally, by the time Rebecca married Henry Mayer in 1852, her life had already been filled with travel, turmoil and tragedy.<sup>9</sup>

Several of Rebecca's uncles, her mother's brothers, and great-uncles, her grandmother's brothers, immigrated to the United States prior to the middle of the 1820s. These men were German born Jewish settlers who joined the small population of Jews already established in the United States. However, their Jewish religious liturgy and culture differed from that of most of the Jews who had arrived during Colonial times. The earliest Jewish settlers were Sephardic Jews primarily of Spanish and Portuguese background--descendants of the Jews who were expelled from the Iberian Peninsula in 1492. These families originally settled in Spanish and Portuguese colonies in the Western Hemisphere, hoping to find refuge from the Inquisition. After being expelled from the Spanish colonies, many moved to British Colonies, which were more welcoming. Although Sephardic and German or Ashkenazi Jews practiced different religious rituals, the basic religious laws were the same, and because the overall number of Jews was small, the groups worked together for the support of the entire community.

Historians estimate that when Rebecca's uncles arrived in America, about 3,000 Jews lived in the country. Most of these men and women lived in or near nine cities, all spread along the East Coast from New York to Savannah and on the Gulf of Mexico in New Orleans. Thus Rebecca's grandparents joined the small group of Jewish immigrants and an even smaller number of Northern European settlers who left Europe hoping to experience freedoms and opportunities offered in America.<sup>10</sup>

Rebecca learned quite a lot about her mother's ancestry. Her maternal grandfather, Benedict Lorch was born in Nancy, France. After his service in the French army ended, Lorch joined his family who had moved to Mainz, Germany. In about 1804 he was introduced to fifteen year old Eleanor Bomeisler. The introduction took place after a proposed marriage between the two young people. Rebecca explained to her children and grandchildren that although the marriage was an arranged match the final decision about whether to agree to the marriage was left up to Eleanor and Benedict. They consented to match, and it produced at least six children, three boys and three girls. In 1825, following the precedent set by Eleanor's father, Benedict Lorch sent his three sons to the United States, most likely to live with his wife's brothers in the Philadelphia area. Eleanor and Benedict remained in Germany for about another ten years. Benedict was fifty-three years old when he decided to uproot the rest of his family and immigrate to the United States. He arranged passage on the "Hope" which left Amsterdam in June of 1834.<sup>11</sup> The family - Benedict, Eleanor and their three daughters, Rachael who was usually called Regina 17, Caroline 11 and Fanny 9 - landed in Baltimore and then traveled to Philadelphia.

Benedict Lorch was not an average immigrant. By the time he decided to leave Europe he was already 53 years old and a prosperous lawyer who could have afforded to live a comfortable life in Europe.<sup>12</sup> Thus, the question arises, what influenced Benedict Lorch to leave Europe? Prior to the emancipation of Jews in Europe which began after 1848, European Jews had few rights. For example, they were not automatically considered citizens of the country or municipality in which they were born or resided. Most Jews could not own property nor take legal action against a non-Jew. Moreover,

many cities severely restricted the number of Jewish families allowed to reside within the community, and town laws also limited the number of Jewish craftsmen who could work within the city. Thus, Jewish couples had to prove that there was an opening in the town for a new couple. When no vacancy existed, the restrictions prevented Jewish couples from marrying unless they moved away and found an opening elsewhere. In addition, the prospective couple had to prove that there was a need for another craftsman in the husband's trade. If no opening existed, Jewish couples were forced to postpone marriage until there was a death in the Jewish community or a Jewish family left the town. So if Benedict Lorch wanted his daughters to have the freedom to find economically successful husbands and create families of their own while they were still young, he was forced to leave Europe and settle in the United States. Finally, because young men often immigrated alone, it is possible that his sons and brothers-in-law told him that his daughters could find Jewish husbands in America.<sup>13</sup>

Although Rebecca knew many of her mother's relatives and much of the family history, she never learned much about her father's family. Based on her own writings and the knowledge of her descendants, she probably never met his parents or close relatives. More than likely Bernhard Cohen immigrated to the United States alone. Furthermore, Rebecca claimed that her father arrived in the United States much earlier than her mother, and she indicated that he was from a rather strict observant Jewish family.<sup>14</sup> Since Rebecca provided so few clues about her father's family, researchers are left to speculate about the history or ancestry of Bernhard H. Cohen.

Rebecca's memoir explained that her parents married in Philadelphia, and more than likely, it was a family affair with the bride's uncles and brothers in attendance.

Furthermore, it is probable that Rachael Regina Lorch and Bernhard Cohen had other Jewish friends present for the wedding ceremony because Philadelphia had one of the largest Jewish communities in the United States. In fact, Philadelphia was one of the few cities in the United States that had a Jewish population large enough to support an organized congregation, and Philadelphia had not one congregation, but two organized congregations.

For a short time Bernhard and Regina lived in Philadelphia where Rebecca was born in 1837. But sometime prior to 1839 Bernhard Cohen decided to leave Philadelphia. The family packed up and moved to Vicksburg, Mississippi. More than likely the family made this trip by sea around Florida since overland travel was difficult. By the time they arrived in Vicksburg, a railroad connected Vicksburg on the Mississippi River to the interior cotton growing area of the state. The port joined the agricultural area of middle Mississippi with the outside world via the Mississippi River and New Orleans. With easy access in and out of the state, Vicksburg became a bustling commercial and agricultural hub serving the plantations and small farms in the inland area. Cotton flowed out of Mississippi, south down the Mississippi River and out into the world market, and staples including luxury goods from Europe came through New Orleans to the Delta.

According to Rabbi Leo E. Turitz, who wrote *Jews in Early Mississippi*, Jews had settled in Vicksburg as early as the 1820s when the commercial area was called Walnut Hills. Walnut Hills had a questionable reputation and was incorporated as Vicksburg about 1825. When Bernhard Cohen arrived with his young family in Vicksburg sometime around 1839, the Cohen family joined Vicksburg's small Jewish community of about twenty families. Although lacking a synagogue or house of worship, the

community, as was typical in smaller communities without organized Jewish congregations, observed Jewish holidays in private homes or in back rooms or the upper floors of commercial buildings. In 1841, Vicksburg's Jewish families organized a benevolent society, Men of Mercy, which purchased land for a cemetery.<sup>15</sup> Bernhard and his family easily fit into the Jewish community, and Bernhard was welcomed into the merchant society of Vicksburg. He joined the local Freemasons and Odd Fellows lodges and also became a volunteer fireman. In the early 1840s, the Vicksburg Post Office announced the arrival of letters addressed to local residents in the newspaper, and the list often included letters for B. H. Cohen. Thus even after the family left the East Coast, Cohen and his family maintained contact with business associates, friends and relatives around the United States.

Rebecca visualized her father as a well-educated man who was also a talented musician. She said that he played every known instrument, and she recalled that he always seemed happy. She also indicated that he was an expert watchmaker. Even if he was trained as a watchmaker, more than likely he operated a general merchandise shop in Vicksburg. He may also have brokered cotton, selling it to wholesalers in New Orleans. Purchasing bales of cotton wholesale was a common business activity for small town merchants across the South and in Texas. They bought bales of cotton at a discount from local farmers. Then they paid for the bales to be transported to the coast and sold them to wholesalers. They made a small profit on each bale but took the risk of mishaps during transit. This type of business would have been common in the Jewish community.

In Europe, Jews had been prevented from owning land or joining trade guilds. Thus, the only jobs opened to them were as petty merchants, peddlers who might travel



from town to town, or as small craftsmen who sold their goods within the Jewish community. Once in America, some Jews operated import export businesses, but often even well-educated Jewish immigrants operated general mercantile stores or worked as clerks in shops owned by other Jews. In America, some immigrants without any financial backing became peddlers and sold small merchandise around the countryside. Most Jewish men found it easy to become merchants because they arrived from Europe with commercial experience and they also had financial connections. Furthermore, the Jewish population was small, and often Jews in one area would extend credit to family members or friends in other areas. Such connections facilitated commerce from one city to another city or from state to state.

In her writing, Rebecca often skipped important events in her life or failed to date events she did mention, leaving readers to guess exactly when an event took place. One such event was the birth of her brother, Henry. Despite this omission on her part, she continues the story and eventually mentioned that she had a brother. From other documents researchers can determine that Henry B. Cohen was born in 1842 in Vicksburg.<sup>16</sup> Furthermore Rebecca failed to note that her extended family also moved to Vicksburg. Historical records indicate that Rebecca's grandparents, Eleanor and Benedict Lorch, along with her aunts, Fanny and Caroline, settled in Vicksburg.<sup>17</sup> Shortly after the family arrived in Vicksburg, Rachel Regina's sister, Caroline Lorch, married Jacob A. Wolfson. The wedding took place on 15 December, 1838 in Warren County, Mississippi.<sup>18</sup> The Wolfsons remained in Vicksburg for at least two years, and in 1840 their household included a male aged 20-30 and one aged 30-40 and two females aged 20-30.<sup>19</sup> More than likely the two women were Caroline Lorch, Jacob's wife, and

Fanny Lorch, his sister-in-law. In that same census, B.(Bernhard) H. Cohen was listed as the head of a household containing four males aged 20-30 (perhaps lodgers or clerks); one male aged 60-70, perhaps Regina's father, Benedict Lorch; one female aged less than five, Rebecca; one female aged 20-30, Rachael Regina, Bernhard's wife; and one female slave between the ages of 36-55.<sup>20</sup> This last record came as a surprise to Rebecca's present-day descendants who believed that the entire family had been abolitionists.<sup>21</sup> In 1841, B. Lorch transferred a piece of land to Rachael Cohen, wife of Bernhard H. Cohen, for \$1000. The sale included the land and all the goods and cattle on the property, so this record indicates that the Lorch family had settled for at least a few years in Mississippi—long enough to purchase property. Moreover, the transaction indicated that Benedict believed that women could manage their own property.

Both Regina and Bernhard Cohen believed that females should be educated; however, they differed about exactly what type of education their daughter should receive. Bernhard Cohen wanted his daughter to attend public school and be educated with "common" middle-class children, but his wife insisted that Rebecca attend a Convent school where she would not come in contact with the "common people."<sup>22</sup> Rebecca favored the public school because she found public education more interesting than what she received in the Convent. Later in life, however, she admitted that she was glad to have received an education in the Convent, because the sisters were excellent teachers—strict and rigorous in every detail. Rebecca came to respect the nuns' strictness and teaching skills and she learned not only reading, grammar, geography, and mathematics, but self-control, calmness and patience. At the Convent, Rebecca also learned to do fine embroidery work as well as knitting and crocheting.<sup>23</sup>

It was during this time that Rebecca first met her future husband, Henry Mayer, her father's good friend. Although she does not mention exactly when he visited, she explained that he often visited the family, and he probably came with his business partner Samuel Kaufman. Rebecca claimed that Henry knew from the first time he saw her that he would marry her and began calling her his little "Wifey." After she learned to read, Henry asked her to read to him so he could check on her schooling. During these visits, Sam Kaufman courted Fanny Lorch, and in January of 1844, Sam and Fanny married in Warren County.

Rebecca claimed that her father died on an excessively hot July day after walking in a funeral procession. She believed that the heat and walking through town had caused "congestion on the brain;" however, the local paper noted that B. H. Cohen died of "Congestive Fever" which was the archaic name for malaria. Bernhard was only thirty-four when he died in 1844.<sup>24</sup> Bernhard's death left Rachael Regina a 27 year old widow with two small children. By this time her parents had left Mississippi and moved to Cincinnati, Ohio. Rachael Regina buried Bernhard in a metal coffin because she eventually planned to exhume the body and have it taken to Cincinnati, Ohio where she planned to join her parents.<sup>25</sup>

Although Rachael Regina Cohen was determined to take her husband's body to Cincinnati, she found it difficult to have the coffin transported up the Mississippi River because the steamboat crews were superstitious about having a dead body on board. Eventually she found a captain, a fellow Mason, willing to carry Bernhard's remains to Cincinnati. The casket was disinterred and transported to the wharf. However, by the time it got to the loading dock, the crew had mutinied and refused to load the coffin.

Bernhard's body was returned to the cemetery and buried for a second time. Rebecca wrote that her mother tried again to have the coffin taken to Cincinnati, but by the time she wrote the account she herself had forgotten the details of that exhumation. The family later found another captain willing to transport the coffin, but the steamboat on which the coffin was to travel sank down river of Vicksburg as the family stood on the wharf and watched. They re-buried her father again, but hoping to be back soon, her mother did not set a stone to mark the grave. Some time passed, and Rachael Regina Cohen and her children left Vicksburg and proceeded to Cincinnati. Years later, after the Civil War, Rachael Regina and Henry Cohen returned to Vicksburg to try one last time to locate the casket. They spent three months searching for the grave but never found it, so the body of Bernhard H. Cohen has remained ever since in an unmarked grave in the Vicksburg Jewish cemetery.<sup>26</sup>

After the death of her husband, Rachael Regina Lorch Cohen settled in Cincinnati, near her parents. She was an independent twenty-eight year old young widow, and within a year, Regina married Jacob Lowenstein. In 1847, she gave birth to a baby girl, Fanny. Rebecca described Jacob as “worthless” and described the marriage as “very unhappy.” Six months after Fanny’s birth, Rachael Regina divorced Lowenstein and resumed using the name Cohen.<sup>27</sup> Within a few years, Regina married for a third time and gave birth to another child. Between the time the family left Mississippi and 1852 when she married, Rebecca lived through all this turmoil and the death of her grandfather. The one constant during these years was the periodic visits from Henry Mayer. By the time Rebecca became a teenager, she was being courted by several Jewish men. On one trip back to Cincinnati, Henry realized that if he was going to marry his

little “Wifey” he had to take action. In the summer of 1851, he proposed to fourteen year old Rebecca. She said yes, and she and her family began planning the wedding for the following year, 1852. Henry went off to New York to prepare for another trip down the Santa Fe Trail and returned to Cincinnati shortly before the June 1852 wedding.

Fifteen year old Rebecca was the product of enlightened German-Jewish families. She was also given a Jewish religious education. She learned the laws and customs, but she did not feel bound by all the religious rituals. She neither expresses nor experiences old world Jewish superstitions, and instead she evokes the reality of American Jewish life of the 1840s and 1850s when American Jews eagerly sought to be seen as Americans who practiced a modern religion that happened to be Judaism. Moreover her parents, grandparents and even her future husband encouraged her secular education. So she was a well-educated for a woman of her time, something that her husband Henry admired. Finally she came from a family who had traveled widely and willingly embraced new situations and unfamiliar cultures. Her experiences, and the stories she heard from her family, allowed her to mature and become self-confident and enthusiastically embrace adventure. These personality traits allowed her to eagerly welcome the undertaking she faced shortly after her marriage.

## **REBECCA COHEN MAYER MEMOIR and DIARY**

### **I. The Wedding and Trip to Independence, Missouri**

**June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1852**, great preparations are being made and all is bustle and hurry in Rebecca's home, for she is to be married to Henry Mayer at six o'clock.

Wedding presents have been arriving from all over the country and also some have arrived from Germany, sent by the groom's family. The bride's mother and grandmother are superintending the last touches to the bride's veil and her orange-blossom wreath.

Guests began arriving long before the appointed time, some on foot, but most of them in their horse-drawn carriages.

We go upstairs to get a closer view of the bride. She is only fifteen years of age and stands about five feet, while the groom is thirty-five years old and is over six feet tall. She weighs only ninety pounds, while his weight is one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

Her wedding dress is a light shade of grey silk, nearly white, and her veil is a very fine net and with her dress trails along the floor. She has a wonderfully clear white skin, the color coming and going in her cheeks as she becomes animated in her speech. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes such a dark shade of brown that many people think they are black.

Her mother and grandmother are very nervous, but Rebecca is as calm and happy as always, for she is to marry the man she loves and has always loved since she was a baby. She is not excited at all, in spite of the confusion all around her. She recalls how her father always said that Henry would make her an ideal husband—she wishes he could have lived to see this happy event.

The bride's Aunt Fannie, who recently married Sam Kaufman, is poised in front of her harp, ready when the bride shall start down the stairs. The groom and his best man, Sam, are already standing under the flower-bedecked canopy; the Rabbi is facing them, while at each one of the canopy pillars stand[s] one of the younger members of the bride's family. All are awaiting the appearance of the bride and her escorts. The groom is offering up a silent prayer:

“O, Lord, inspire me so that I may be worthy  
Of this wonderful woman I am about to marry.  
Grant us peace and happiness together so that  
All our lives we will bless this sacred day. Amen.”

Here comes the bride! Here comes the bride! The Wedding March is the signal for all heads to be turned toward the stairs where slowly Rebecca appears leaning on her stepfather's arm, Eliza, one of the bride's maids, follows holding up the veil and train of the bride with one hand, while her other hand rests lightly on Robert Feinberg's arm. Two other bride's maids follow, each with one of Eliza's brothers. Last come[s] the mother and the grandmother.

The Rabbi has pronounced them man and wife and the services are over. The bride and groom have received congratulations from friends and relatives.

The dining room doors are now opened and the long tables laden with the wedding feast are revealed to view. As the couples formed into line, the harp is again being played by Aunt Fannie who is now singing a Hymn of Praise. All are charmed by her wonderful voice.

**June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1852**, they left Cincinnati on their wedding trip which was across the Santa Fe Trail to Chihuahua, Mexico.

Henry Mayer made his first trip over the Santa Fe Trail in 1838 with one large wagon and only a few men and he made a profit of one thousand dollars on that venture. After that first trip Henry made the journey across the plains each year and was very fortunate in not being scalped by the Indians. He smoked the pipe of peace with Chiefs of the different tribes. He had many friends among the Indians, who looked upon him as a great man. It was his fearlessness and remarkable strength of character as well as the manliness of his appearance that appealed to the Indians, and the wagons bearing the name of H. Mayer & Co. was never molested when Henry was in charge.

Having made the trip so many times before his marriage and knowing the country well, he did not feel there was any danger in taking his “Little Wife” on such a perilous journey.

The wife’s mother and grandmother made the bride promise to keep a diary so that they would know all about the hardships she was undergoing.

The following is what Rebecca wrote in the first person on her honeymoon:

**June 23, 1852.**

We took passage on a steamboat to Louisville and were obliged to remain in the cabin on account of the rainy weather. In the evening we went up on deck for a short time. I was surprised at the poor construction of the vessel. The planks of the deck bent under our footsteps and it seemed as though the boat would go to pieces at any minute.



**June 24<sup>th</sup>.**

Early this morning we reached Louisville. We will remain here one week and are stopping at the Galt House. Today the air is so chilly that there is a fire in the dining room, where we had our breakfast.

**July 2<sup>nd</sup>.**

We took another boat for St. Louis and expect to remain here about two days.

**July 4<sup>th</sup>.**

We left St. Louis at noon today but on entering the Missouri River our steamer had to struggle against a strong current and a thunderstorm obliged us to lie at anchor for the night. The next morning we proceeded as far as Lexington when our boat ran on a snag in which one wheel of the boat was caught. The steamer cracked and fell on her side and the water rushed over the lower deck extinguishing the fire.<sup>28</sup> There was great excitement on board, but I was amused and not a bit afraid<sup>29</sup>. Henry and another man had me between them, ready to jump overboard and swim to shore. In five or six hours all was right again.

Among the passengers was a very tall woman, who was eloping with a boy who only reached to her shoulders. She must have been about thirty years of age and he not over sixteen. The woman was straddling the rail and had an arm around the lad. She spoke lovingly and encouragingly to him for he was afraid of drowning and she could swim—at least she said so.

When the boat fell on one side, dinner had just been served. The tables were upset. Plates and dishes and all the good things they had prepared for us lay scattered on

the floor and we had to wait until eleven o'clock at night before a fresh dinner could be served. We certainly did full justice to that late dinner for all of us were very hungry<sup>30</sup>.

**July 5<sup>th</sup>.**

We arrived at Wayne City<sup>31</sup> today and got off the boat and this evening will start driving to Independence in a carriage.

**July 7<sup>th</sup>.**

The road was so bad on our way to Independence, Missouri that all of the men got out of the carriage and clung to the side wheels to keep the carriage from skidding down the side of the hill. I remained in the carriage and enjoyed the excitement, but we decided that as we may have to go back and forth between Wayne City and Independence, we will go on horseback instead of by carriage. The other men in the carriage told Henry that I was the bravest young woman they had ever met.

**II. CONTINUING THE DIARY.**

**July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1852.**

We had been in Independence<sup>32</sup> now for some little time and may have to remain longer. We are waiting here for the arrival of merchandise from New York, but I think we will soon start across the plains. Yesterday Henry took me along with him and we rode around the neighborhood on horseback. You see he has to buy more mules because he sold those he took out on his last trip. Henry learned a great deal about horses while on his father's place in Germany. This has helped him in the purchase of mules. He has made a good profit on every mule he has taken over the trail to Mexico.

Our wagons are being loaded at Wayne City and our mules are out at grass in charge of our Mexican boys. Altogether we have five hundred mules; some of them

never have been in harness on them the first time. The noise is deafening. We have fifty men and also a bookkeeper, Julius Froebel,<sup>33</sup> Robert Feinberg and a cook. Most of the men speak English and are friendly and seemed glad to see me.

Henry told me that he prefers Mexicans for teamsters, because they understand how to handle mules better than do any other class of men. They are cool and calm when danger threatens.

**August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1852.**

Yesterday we left Independence.<sup>34</sup> I know that it will please you to learn that Henry bought an ambulance for our bed.<sup>35</sup> Now we will not have to sleep on the ground as do the men. We also have a table and camp chairs and we all sit around the table and eat our meals.<sup>36</sup> Dried beans are our chief article of food. They are especially good the way our Mexican cook prepares them. He boils them in water until soft, when some of the water is poured off. The beans are then put into a pan with fat pork or bacon and allowed to stew a little longer. This dish is never missing at any of our meals and as soon as we make camp, the bean pot is the first thing put on the camp fire.<sup>37</sup>

We rode on horseback and in a few hours after leaving Independence we were out on the plains and had left all traces of civilization behind us. The weather was fine and the plains looked lovely. For the greater part of the day I rode on horseback and at night we camped at "Lone Elm Tree,"<sup>38</sup> but evidently travelers coming there before us wanted fire-wood. We used the pieces of wood scattered all about for our camp fire. So far I have not seen an Indian."

### III. LEARNING

“Where do you buy those enormously big wagons?” asked Rebecca, as she stood watching the men lasso the mules and hitch them to the wagons. There were thirty very large wagons.

“Those wagons are made expressly for us in Philadelphia,” answered Henry. “Each wagon is drawn by ten mules and each generally carries from eight to ten thousand pounds of freight<sup>39</sup>. These wagons are very strongly built and last a long time. In the high regions, where the air is very dry, we have to water the wheels often to keep them from falling apart. A good teamster can take his wagon across the plains without an accident<sup>40</sup>. Of course I know my men, because most of them have worked for me before. They know I watch them, otherwise they would become careless.”

“We carry all important parts of harness and parts of wagons in extra quantities. A broken axle or a worn-out collar, or even a broken chain can be replaced at once. We also carry a stock of shoes for the mules or horses. Tools such as shovels, windlass, levers, crowbars, axes and hatches all of these are absolutely necessary.”

“How many miles do you make in one day?” questioned Rebecca, who was learning a lot from her big, stalwart husband and who was loving and admiring him more as she realized how clever he was.

“On poor roads we can only make a few miles a day. In other parts of the country we make from seventy to eighty miles in twenty-four hours. Often the need of water makes it necessary to travel so fast. We must always keep together and if the roads are bad, the drivers have to assist one another—that is to say the four or five pairs of mules of one wagon have to be attached in a line to the other in order to get through some bad

places, or over some height. Sometimes you will see eight or ten men engaged about a single wagon.”

“I cannot understand how you can tell how much food it will require for all of these men,” continued the young wife.

With a smile Henry answered: “As I have made the trip often I know now about what is required, but at first I ran short occasionally. I allow fifty pounds of flour and bacon for each man, ten pounds of coffee, twenty pounds of sugar, some salt. We use many pounds of dried beans. We get considerable fresh meat as we go along. You know we are all good shots and buffalo, elk and antelope are very abundant. I never give my men any liquor unless they have gone through very hard work or they have been chilled in some manner, even then I give brandy as a medicine<sup>41</sup>. I do give them as much coffee as they want, always twice a day. It is wonderful how it refreshes them after great toil in cold or heat, rain or sunshine.”

Continuing their trip by moonlight, the long line of wagons with their white tops (they were new then) all of the same size and shape, were a strange sight to Rebecca. There was no sound except the bell on the Bell-Mare.

“Why does that one horse have a bell and rope around her neck?” asked Rebecca.

“That horse is led both day and night by a rope and the man who leads the Bell-Mare is told that if Indians attack he must jump on the back of the mare and get into camp as quickly as possible. All of the mules follow their queen, the Bell-Mare, and will go anywhere as long as they hear the bell” Henry explained.<sup>42</sup>

#### **IV. LETTER TO MOTHER AND DIARY AGAIN.**

Dearest Mother:

My husband told me I could write a short letter to you as he expects we will meet a caravan later on. Some of those men go to Cincinnati and will deliver it to you.

This morning I saw the first Indian. I have written all about it in my diary. I ride horseback nearly all day long and I am having a grand time and am enjoying every minute of the journey. I have my own horse. No one else can ride her. Robert tried to mount my horse the other day. She threw him off and he got a lot of bruises. He won't try it again. The horse is always gentle with me and obeys my slightest command.

Give my love to grandma and my brother and with love to you  
I am

Your very happy daughter,  
Rebecca

While Henry was busy giving orders to the men, Rebecca had a little time to continue writing in her diary and this is what she wrote:

**August 20<sup>th</sup>.**

“When last I wrote in my diary, I mentioned that I had not seen an Indian. The very next morning I was terribly startled when the curtains of our ambulance were parted and I saw the painted face and bright feathers of an Indian Chief looking down at me. I was reassured when I caught sight of my handsome husband standing immediately behind the Indian. I certainly was very proud of my husband for there was no sign of fear on his face as he stood there so tall and erect, with his wonderful big black eyes looking straight into mine. Henry introduced me to the Chief as his wife, whereupon the Chief said he would give him twenty horses for me. With a hearty laugh, Henry told him I was ‘not for sale.’”

“Today we met a party of Indians armed with lances and tomahawks. They did not molest us and only wanted to take any food that we might leave. Henry gave them some crackers, which seemed to please them greatly. During last night I heard the howling of the wolves for the first time.

**August 23<sup>rd</sup>.**

“We are traveling on. Today Henry caught a few fish on Fish Creek<sup>43</sup>. Later in the day we encountered such a severe storm that the men had to tie the carriages to the heavy wagons for fear the lighter vehicles would blow away.

**August 27<sup>th</sup>, 1852.**

“We have just reached Council Grove.<sup>44</sup> There are only about ten houses here and white men live with Indian squaws for wives. Methodists have established a mission<sup>45</sup> here for the Indians. There is a large stone house called the Mission House. About a mile away is a camp of fifteen little tents used by Indians. Near Diamond Spring<sup>46</sup> we found a stray ox, which we caught and one of our men killed it. We all enjoyed the fresh meat. The ox probably had been lost by some caravan ahead of us.”<sup>47</sup>

**August 28<sup>th</sup>, 1852.**

We arrived at what is called Lost Spring,<sup>48</sup> but we cannot remain long, because a poisonous herb grows here. It is called ‘Mad-herb’ and here also the locusts and the mosquitoes are very bad and of an unusual size. I strayed away from the camp fire and was badly bitten up. I could scarcely open my eyes. The mules and horses also were terribly bothered by the mosquitoes.”<sup>49</sup>

## **V. BUFFALOES—PRAIRIE DOGS.**

**September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1852.**

“We camped on the Little Arkansas<sup>50</sup> today and I saw the first buffaloes. Their number increased continually and by evening we were surprised by small bands of them which were the advance of a very large herd. Henry sent a man out to kill one, but as it was too dark to bring it in, he killed it and left it on the ground.<sup>51</sup>

**September 2<sup>nd</sup>.**

“This morning the buffalo carcass left out on the field last evening could not be found. Henry ordered one of our Mexicans to bring in a buffalo calf alive and have it at our next halting place for me to see. It was such a nice one I was sorry it had to be killed, but we all enjoyed eating the choice tender meat. While there is so much meat to be had, we only kill calves and young cows and of many we eat only the tongue and the marrow out of the leg bones. The air being very dry here, meat keeps a long time without spoiling. We hang a quantity of it behind our wagons to dry and this lasts us for some time after we have left this part of our journey. Naturally keeping it in that manner, it will become coated with sand. A little thing like that doesn't bother us.

“We get very little sleep at night on account of the howling of the wolves. They are so bad that our dog has to fight them off all night long to keep them from stealing the meat fastened to the back of our wagons, which I suppose they smell. Our men could easily shoot the wolves but it is one of Henry's strict rules that no one may shoot unless is absolutely necessary.”

“It is very exciting to see Indians out Buffalo hunting. They act like crazy men. When Henry wants meat he sends only one man. The man selects the animal he wants and then follows it, keeping his horse on the left side of the herd. He approaches the



buffalo he has picked out so closely as almost to touch its shoulder with his pistol before firing. Our men never use more than six shots to bring down the game and generally less.

“After Robert had watched our man ‘Comanche’ kill a buffalo, he asked Henry’s permission to try killing one. Henry said: ‘Robert, you think it is easy to bring down a buffalo. I am a much better shot than you and I know from experience that it is not so easy as it looks. Comanche, you know is a Mexican who lived with the Indians as a slave for eight years.<sup>52</sup> He knows just how to go about it.’”

“However, Robert begged so hard that finally Henry yielded. Robert was very lucky that he got away alive, for he rode over the calf he had selected and was thrown off his horse and had nothing to show for his trial except a few bruises and no buffalo. It is very hard to race with a buffalo herd because the ground is all burrowed by prairie dogs. Those little pests eat all of the grass away and somehow harden the soil.”

### **September 3<sup>rd</sup>.**

“I gave everyone in the camp a fright today when I lost control of my horse. Something frightened her and she started off with a herd of buffalo. Luckily I am wearing trousers and a work shirt when I ride, in place of my long-skirted riding habit, for had I been wearing that it would have been far more dangerous. Of course you know how fond I am of horseback riding. Henry often takes me along when he goes hunting and he is teaching me how to shoot. At first he was dreadfully shocked because I wore trousers, but now he is very glad that I have discarded the long skirts of my riding habit.”

### **September 6<sup>th</sup>.**

“From the first of September until today we have passed through herds of buffalo almost continually.<sup>53</sup> Some of them come very close to our caravan, so close that the

horses and mules shy at them. I think there are at least eight miles of solidly packed buffalo. One of our men told me that there are millions of them—the ground seems to be nothing but a black mass of moving animals.

“Just imagine fifty men and only one woman seated around several fires of buffalo-dung, the leg bones of buffalo thrown on the fire and roasted. When done, the bones are split open with a hatchet and the marrow is eaten with the addition of only salt and bread or crackers. This we call a feast! The liver is also delicious.<sup>54</sup>

“Our cook makes good bread in a skillet using flour water bacon fat and salt. He has tried to make biscuits. They were so heavy that Henry said if we had a cannon we could use them for cannon balls.

“For the first time today I saw prairie dogs. I think they look very much like squirrels. Any number of prairie dogs dig their holes near each other. They throw up a mound of earth with a round opening at the top—that is called a prairie dog village. As they eat up all the grass and do not allow anything to grow near them it is bad for the caravans passing along as they need the grass for their animals. Sometimes these villages extend for miles and miles along the route.

“Prairie dogs seem to share their homes with owls and rattlesnakes. When we get hear a prairie dog village the little dogs are everywhere popping their heads out of the holes or sitting on the heaps of earth near the openings and those that happen to be away from their homes run home. Suddenly there is a whistle and the prairie dogs all disappear, at the same time a little grey-brown owl appears, as if it has to watch the premises. The men told me that this little owl can see in the daytime. I think that is very odd. The third occupant is always a rattlesnake who also comes out at the signal.

“I forgot to mention the herds of antelope we saw. They are somewhat like a deer, with large, beautiful eyes that have a look of sadness, so sad that I begged Henry not to shoot them, but he told me that we must have meat for the men. So that I could look at one more closely, Henry had one brought in alive. I cried when they shot it and Henry said he will not have another animal brought in alive as I have wanted to make a pet out of everyone brought in so far.

## **VI. INDIANS**

### **September 8<sup>th</sup>.**

“The water of the Arkansas River is the color of clay and the bed of the river is full of quicksand.<sup>55</sup> It is dangerous to stand still for a moment, even if attempting to bathe in the river. Today we arrived at the spot where we intended to camp for the night, intending first to cross the river before making camp. At the crossing we met many Indians and the Chief, knowing Henry, had his braves help push the wagons across the river. This they did for a barrel of crackers. While the men of the tribe waded across the river, the squaws and children sat on the bank one behind the other, watching.

“We have a white mule that objects to work and prances away when the other mules are rounded up. Sometimes Henry loses patience and sends two mounted Mexicans out to get her but it is a waste of time and you know every hour counts. If they can catch her, she is harnessed to a wagon for the rest of the day but that does not happen often. The journey is a pleasure trip for her.<sup>56</sup>

“Last night the guard was a little distance from camp and near him was the white mule. It was grazing and acting as if it was the sentinel. Suddenly it left off grazing and looked into the darkness as if it saw something. It gave a snort and a sudden jump

backwards. The whole drove of animals was seized with panic and rushed off at full speed. It came so suddenly that the sentinel had no time to give the alarm. Nevertheless, Henry called all the other men in and they found the boy whose duty it was to lead the Bell-mare had tied the rope to his leg and had then fallen asleep, so when the other animals ran in what is called a 'stampede'<sup>57</sup> the Bell-mare did the same and dragged the boy along for some distance. Fortunately for him the rope broke and the boy was found lying on the prairie with his clothing all in rags. However, he was not hurt—only bruised.

“When Henry aroused the entire camp, some of the men jumped into saddle and mounted the horses which are always tied to the wagons. Two of the men brought back the mules that followed the Bell-mare as soon as she was caught. In about half an hour all were safely back in the corral as the mules had stopped at no great distance away from the camp.”<sup>58</sup>

“That was a very exciting half hour for all of us. A stampede and a surprise by the Indians, or a prairie fire, those are the greatest dangers that have to be guarded against in crossing the plains. Also there is the danger of a man being run over by the frightened mules because it certainly would mean death for anyone caught in a stampede. Then, should there be hostile Indians in the neighborhood, the whole drove might be lost. The loss of the mules means death to the whole force of men and loss of wagons, for the Indians generally burn up the wagons after taking all they want out of them.

### **September 10<sup>th</sup>.**

“Today we were near Fort Atkinson<sup>59</sup> when we saw Indians riding towards us on both sides of the river. We were rather uneasy until we found they were friendly. They

were Comanche out buffalo-hunting. They made eager inquiries about the Pawnees, with whom they are at war and I thought they were afraid of them. They all knew Henry and he had a present for each of the Chiefs.<sup>60</sup>

“Sometimes when we have Indians visiting us at our camp, we have an entertainment for them. Our men put up a target on one of the trees and we see who can hit it in the bull’s eye. The Indians shoot with bows and arrows and we use our pistols. So far Henry has the best score. He nearly always hits the exact center of the target. He also shows them some of the things he can do and none of our men have succeeded in doing them—Henry can pick up an bag of coffee by his teeth and raise it right off the ground and he can let two men grab his arm while it is hanging at his side and then suddenly he lifts up his arm and raises the men off the ground. It is very funny to see the Indians try to do those things. The Indians can shoot with their bows and arrows while hanging onto the side of their ponies and they can stand up straight on their ponies even while riding rapidly. You ought to see me trying to do some of those things, but I am learning to shoot pretty well, at least Henry tells me I am improving very rapidly.”<sup>61</sup>

“Upon arriving at the Fort we were told there had been a gathering of Indian tribes numbering several thousand to receive the money promised them by the United States Government, which was due then in accordance with treaty. The Indians threatened to attack the next caravan that passed if the Government Agent did not arrive as promised. It was fortunate for us that he arrived the day before we did. The Indians were very much pleased, an old Chief told Henry, when calling to make a friendly visit.

“The bright flowers growing in such profusion at Fort Atkinson are such a pleasure to look at after the arid and sandy plains. There were tall yellow sunflowers of various kinds, red zinnias, blue delphiniums and salvias.

“Fort Atkinson consists of a group of adobe houses with canvas roofs. They look like something between a house and a tent. There are only eighty soldiers in the camp and like all camps they have a supply of clothing, saddlery, hardware and all kinds of provisions to sell and even sell champagne and all kinds of liquor. Here caravans nearly always lay in stores of provisions and clothing for the rest of their journey, but we are so well supplied with everything that Henry is selling them goods.

“We camped near an Indian encampment and soon a number of men and women came to visit us. We found that the principal chiefs of the Comanche had been given vouchers by the Government Agent or some commanding officer of the army. These papers are intended to give travelers an idea as to the character of the Indian Chief who presents the paper. Sometimes the wording is extremely funny, for instance:

*‘The possessor of this paper is the Red Sleeve[s], a celebrated Chief of the Apaches, who is on friendly terms with white people.’<sup>62</sup> Travelers will do well to show him kindness and respect, but they must at the same time be consistently on their guard.’*

“Under the above some person had written: *‘Do not trust this fellow. He is a rascal of an Indian.’* “Still another notation stated: *‘The Red Sleeve[s] visited our camp and he and his followers conducted themselves very respectably.’*<sup>63</sup>

“Henry said that when such papers are handed to him, he has to be careful not to smile, because an Indian watches the expression of your face very carefully and there would be serious trouble if he thought you were making fun of him.

“I was much interested in the Comanche warriors, clothed in leather, gay moccasins; their faces daubed with red paint and their heads ornamented with eagle feathers.<sup>64</sup> We meet many notable Chiefs among the different tribes.<sup>65</sup> Henry never gives them anything except coffee or tea to drink. They eat sugar in large quantities and are so suspicious that always we are obliged to taste some of whatever we give them before they will touch it.

“All of our Indian visitors looked with much interest upon me and when told that I am Henry’s wife, they want to know why the other men do not also have white wives. They even offered white women for sale, offering them in exchange for a few cups of coffee. I am told the women they offer are some they have taken as prisoners perhaps from a caravan.

“One old Comanche Chief came to see us wearing the usual leather dress, a blue blanket over it and a red handkerchief twisted like a turban around his head.<sup>66</sup> Our men gave him a pair of old pants, an old coat and also an old silk hat. The Chief was delighted. After taking off his clothing, he tried to put on the pants by getting into them from the bottom of the legs. The men shouted and laughed at his efforts to put the pants on, but at last they had to help him. They then crowned him with the high hat. I handed him a small looking glass. Into this the old man looked in speechless astonishment, until at last he broke out, first in gentle and then in increasingly loud exclamations of joy: ‘*Bueño*’ which in English means ‘good.’

“He was very grateful and in return wanted to give us all he had brought with him besides his clothing—bow, quiver, and arrows and a bag embroidered with pearls, also the red handkerchief. When he found that no one wanted his things, he was greatly

surprised and stretching out his arms, he said: ‘Grand Capatains [Capitans].’ Then he ordered all of his followers to leave, because he had enough and he thought the others should be satisfied. As he drove away, we saw him looking into his small mirror and feeling himself all over with his hands, as though to make sure that he was all there.”

## **VII. CONTINUING WITH THE DIARY.**

### **September 12, 1852.**

“We are now leaving Fort Atkinson and are traveling between the Arkansas and Cimarron Rivers where there are many shallow basins of water, which are called ‘sand-pans’ by our drivers.<sup>67</sup>

“The change from extreme heat to cold sometimes is very sudden and last night a cold north wind caused one of our men to get a sudden attack of rheumatism which disabled him. Henry made him bathe in one of the muddy pools and after that one of the men gave him a good rubbing down. That cured him.<sup>68</sup>

“When we made camp a single horseman came riding up. He dismounted and asked our hospitality. During his stay he confided to us that he shot a man in New Mexico and had to flee.<sup>69</sup> It takes a great deal of courage to travel from New Mexico to Missouri all alone. He had only a horse and gun. We meet deserters from the forts of New Mexico who have traveled on foot for many miles, living for weeks on locusts, frogs, etc. We always feed them and sometimes they are nearly starved.

### **September 15<sup>th</sup>.**

“At last we have arrived at the Cimarron [Crossing],<sup>70</sup> where everything looks nice and green, but the river here is nothing but a dirty pool of stagnant water<sup>71</sup>. Henry



showed me a large hairy spider, called a Tarantula<sup>72</sup>. I must be careful to keep away from them.

### **September 17<sup>th</sup>.**

“Although we have arrived at Middle Springs<sup>73</sup> and it is almost dark, we must hurry along because a storm is approaching and it was nearly nine o’clock in the evening before we reached the spot Henry had decided upon for our camp. It was too dark to finish writing about it last night, so I will tell you about it today. It was a wild scene and the worst storm I ever remember being in. The drivers had to hurriedly bring up their huge wagons to form the corral, then unhitch and collect the mules, all in pitch darkness amidst thunder and lightning. Hardly were they done when the violence of the wind shook even the heaviest wagons. The men put on all their warmest clothing and wrapped themselves in blankets, but still they were cold as the wind came from the north. The animals, horses and mules, crowded together.

“The climate around the Cimarron [river] has a bad name for here it was where a Santa Fe trader<sup>74</sup> lost one hundred mules in one night from cold. The bones are still scattered around.<sup>75</sup>

### **September 20<sup>th</sup>.**

“We broke an axle-tree on one of the large wagons and are delayed. It happened just at nightfall. We wanted a dry bed on the other side of the Cimarron<sup>76</sup> for our camp, but owing to the accident we have to camp on this side and in the morning we will try to cross.<sup>77</sup>

### **September 21<sup>st</sup>.**

“By daybreak the river was so deep that we had to remain where we were for two days before we could cross<sup>78</sup>. While we were resting here Henry told me that you were in San Antonio by this time and that he had given my step-father a position in their San Antonio store.<sup>79</sup> I was delighted to hear it. Now that you are all in Texas I feel that we are much nearer each other. It was nice of him to give both the Feinbergs work.

**September 23<sup>rd</sup>.**

“Today we found a spot where we could risk crossing and we reached the other side without any further accident. The weather now is fine with no clouds to be seen.

**September 24<sup>th</sup>.**

“We now have arrived at Upper Spring<sup>80</sup> having left the banks of the Cimarron in the late afternoon. I rode to the top of the first rise in the ground with Henry and at the highest point we found holes in the rocks filled with clear water. In different places we found breast-works built of stone. Henry thought they were Indian places of ambush. In the distance we could see the Raton Mountains and the tops of Rabbits Ears and Round Mound Mountains.

**September 30<sup>th</sup>, 1852.**

“One of our men riding in advance and looking at something on the ground heard a slight sound behind him. He became frightened for he thought Indians were close at hand. He saw two antelopes looking at him and before he could grasp his gun they were off. We passed the Canadian River<sup>81</sup> and in the valley found an American settler. He must be very brave to be living in such a lonely spot.

## **October 4<sup>th</sup>.**

“We have passed Wolf Creek<sup>82</sup> and Duck Creek and have descended into the Valley of the Mora. We visited Barclay’s Fort, a fortified private dwelling, occupied by a Mexican named Waters and his Mexican servants. We are traveling on until we reach La Junta<sup>83</sup>. Here we are resting for the entire day for the sake of the mules. Henry bought some corn for them, which they needed after their hard toil and the poor food of withered grass they have subsisted on. So far we have not lost a single animal of our drove.”<sup>84</sup>

In their own way the men also enjoyed the rest—some left the camp and did not return until morning and then were quarrelsome and Henry had to scold them. Some, who had been here before, visited among the Mexican girls who live in small cottages.”<sup>85</sup>

## **VIII. LAS VEGAS IN 1852.**

### **October 6, 1852.**

“We now have reached Las Vegas<sup>86</sup> and we find the town is inhabited by a poor class of Mexicans, but the better dwellings are occupied by the few Americans who live here<sup>87</sup>.

Leaving Las Vegas we have come to the Upper Pecos, where we have made camp. A great many sheep are raised here and Henry bought some at one dollar a head. All of us feasted on mutton and you can have no idea how good it tasted.”<sup>88</sup>

“On account of rain we are compelled to stay here for a few days. One of the guards told Henry that a valuable horse had disappeared from the corral and also that a Mexican was missing. The recent rain enabled Henry to track him and to follow. Also some of the men found that their boxes had been broken open and that the thief had

helped himself. Henry found the horse in Las Vegas where the thief had sold it for five dollars. It was worth at least two hundred dollars.

“After pursuing the thief, Henry’s attention was drawn to the boy who had been dragged along the ground the night of the stampede on the Arkansas. Henry thought it probable that the horse was stolen while this boy was on guard at the corral. The other men tied the boy to the wagon wheels in order to make him confess. He confessed that the thief had threatened him with death and therefore he had allowed him to pass and had not given the alarm.

“All of the men now urged Henry to give the boy a good lashing, but I begged him not to do so. He would not allow his men to lash a horse or a mule, then why be so cruel to a human being? While I was pleading with my husband, the boy was saying:

‘For the love of God, sir, do not beat me, also for the sake of your mother’s life and for your wife’s beautiful eyes.’

“Henry told the men he could not withstand such appeals particularly as I was also begging him not to be so cruel. Everyone watched this boy very closely from that time on and for the rest of our journey he behaved himself very well.

### **October 8<sup>th</sup>.**

“Early today we came to a small place called Anton Chico<sup>89</sup>. This is a poor looking place. Leaning against a mud wall I saw a man wrapped in a dirty faded serape, sunning himself. Women and children were squatting on the ground. Half a mile beyond this place we crossed the Pecos, a small muddy river. From Anton Chico a man followed us on foot. I think he was the same man I had noticed leaning against a mud wall. When we stopped for the night he came into our camp. First he asked for food and then he

asked permission to remain all night. The weather is cold and the man has very little clothing, so Henry agreed readily to his requests. But our men protested against allowing him to remain. They said he might be a thief or associated with some band of robbers who wanted to run off our animals, so in order to afford protection to that poor man and also to protect ourselves, Henry asked him if he was willing to be tied to a wagon wheel for the night. He was willing and Henry ordered the men to tie him up after he had prepared a nice warm bed for him close to the wheel and then wrapped him in a blanket for the night and had him well supplied with food, coffee, beans, etc.

**October 9<sup>th</sup>.**

“This morning the man was released and I wonder what he thought of our hospitality. We never saw him again.<sup>90</sup>

**October 10<sup>th</sup>.**

“Last night when we camped in Prairie<sup>91</sup>, the man on guard yelled ‘Thief.’ The entire camp, of course, was aroused and all began searching for the thief and firing. No one was found and all that had been stolen was a pair of boots. Later we found the boots in a bush. All our men decided that the man Henry lodged and fed had stolen the boots. We could not decide whether or not he had stolen them and returned them out of gratitude for the hospitality shown him. It seems so unlikely that a man would follow us all the way from Anton Chico to this place in order to steal a pair of high boots.

**October 20<sup>th</sup>.**

“Have had no time to write in my diary for more than a week. We pushed forward until we reached the Ojo de Verendo, in English ‘The Spring of the Antelopes.’

<sup>92</sup> Here there is clear and fine drinking water which we all enjoyed, for our supply was

very nearly exhausted. A short distance away we found another clear spring, where we encamped for the night. Henry shot some snipes here and we had a nice breakfast. I wish I could describe the scenery, but with the mountains towering in the background, it is grander than anything I have ever seen.

“Later in the day we passed through the Manzanas River,<sup>93</sup> which is almost dry. They tell me that at times it is a very large body of water. As we continued on our journey the road led us into a valley between the Sandstone Mountains.<sup>94</sup> From there the descent into the valley was so steep we were afraid we could not make it. We accomplished it only by putting on brakes and fastening long chains and then lowering one wagon at a time. It was a very exciting and dangerous experience.

#### **October 22<sup>nd</sup>.**

“Just imagine how surprised we were to see Indians harvesting corn and working in the fields. Then we passed the old ruins of Cuarra [Quarai]. A few Indian families use the old dwellings of what must have been a mission, because the ruins appear to be that of an old Church. Certainly at some time there must have been a mission here. The Indians plant some corn and gourds and they have a few domestic animals. Henry had great trouble purchasing a half dozen eggs at a high price.<sup>95</sup>

#### **October 24<sup>th</sup>.**

“We have reached the Rio Grande River near some houses which are called Nutrias.<sup>96</sup> We are going along looking for clear water. When we find it those of our men who can be spared will bathe and the animals will be watered. There are many

quicksands which make bathing very dangerous. We saw numerous wild geese and ducks but were not successful in shooting any of them.

**October 25<sup>th</sup>.**

“We passed a beautifully situated place called La Joya.<sup>97</sup> A little further along we camped at La Joyita.<sup>98</sup> The Rio Grande River overflows the valley sometimes, but from the great want of rain at other times, the moisture left after the overflow is not enough so they have many canals for irrigation.”

**IX. APACHE INDIANS.**

**October 25<sup>th</sup>.**

“While we camped at La Joyita I saw the first Apache Indians<sup>99</sup>. The Indians rode up, dismounted, shook hands with us and, as we were taking our noonday meal, invited themselves to partake of it. They were dressed in leather garments and carried good guns, which they laid aside. They said they belonged to a tribe of Mescaleros.<sup>100</sup> One of them claimed to be a Chief. This we doubted on account of his rude manner. Indian Chiefs are very dignified.

“Our men could speak only the Comanche language and addressed them in that language which made them angry and they tried to prove their language was the best<sup>101</sup>. They could speak Spanish and understood all we said in that language. They remained in our camp until evening.

“That night as the cook and another of our men lay near the edge of camp, they were suddenly aroused by the sound of horses’ hoofs and the fierce barking of our large watch dog<sup>102</sup>. They saw two Indians on horseback. The cook and the other man leveled their guns on the pair and the dog seized on of the horses by the neck, as he had been

trained to do. The Indians called out: ‘Don’t you know your friends, the Apaches, who are come again to visit you and drink coffee with you?’

“By that time the entire camp was astir. Henry assured them that we did not drink coffee during the night. He told them to come to breakfast and they would be very welcome to coffee. We saw them ride away with other Indians. They did not come to breakfast and Henry thought they only came to see if we were watching. If the dog had kept quiet and our men had not been armed, they would have attacked us.

“We have had so many narrow escapes, outside of being scalped by the Indians; it is hard to believe them all. However, I am sure that Henry’s friendly manner has a lot to do with our escape in regard to the Indians. The men feel just as I do about it. They are glad to make the trip with a brave man like Henry, who has never lost a man or an animal, although he has made many trips just like I am making for the first time.

“Henry told me that our bookkeeper, who is a German, cannot understand why we treat our men as if they were our equals. Henry told him that in the United States all men are equal and that was one reason why he left Germany and is now an American citizen. ‘But you ask advice of your men at all times and let them think you are abiding by their decision,’ objected the bookkeeper, ‘and you and your wife also sit at the same table and eat with them.’ At this point Henry was called away and did not bother to explain any further because a man of his ideas would never understand.

“One of the most beautiful parts of this neighborhood is the Valverde Bottom,<sup>103</sup> where formerly stood a small town of the same name. This like the rest of this valley is now, inhabited by Indians, but there is one American living here with a few Mexican servants. He has taken possession of the land which does not belong to him<sup>104</sup>.



“Another of the many interesting scenes which the Valley of the Rio Grande reveals is the view from the hills below Parida,<sup>105</sup> with the town of Socorro lying at the foot of High Mountain<sup>106</sup>.

“Rattlesnakes are plentiful everywhere and I do not like them. Henry told me of sleeping under a wagon on a Buffalo hide one night, using a saddle for a pillow. Toward morning he thought he felt something moving under the saddle and much to his surprise he found it was a large rattler. Of course he killed the rattlesnake and kept the rattle as a souvenir.

## **X. STILL GOING.**

### **November 1<sup>st</sup>.**

“Traveling is now so rough and hazardous that I cannot write in my diary each day, but will try to recall what has happened since last I wrote.

“The worst place we came to was called ‘Dead Man’s Journey’ (Jornado del Muerto) which is a ninety mile journey without water.<sup>107</sup> We had to make this ninety mile stretch without stopping. The road is very bad being strewn with rocks and sand. At last we reached a plain on a terrace with half of our wagons, when a severe storm came up suddenly and men and animals were drenched. We had to work almost all night to bring up the balance of our wagons and that was done only by doubling the teams, hitching twenty mules to each wagon. All was done at last and we found there was no grass for the mules, so they had to be taken down again and placed under a double guard so as to prevent a surprise attack by the Indians.

“The next day we traveled through a beautiful stretch of wild flowers. Here we also saw many hares, rabbits and flocks of wild geese. We traveled thirty miles further

along and came to a lagoon or lake where there were ducks and cranes. From here we traveled on, stopping for the night near a small lake left by the late heavy rain. The next day we stopped for a noon day rest, which we did not always do. We were all very tired and needed it. That night we camped about a mile above Dona Ana, a small village.<sup>108</sup>

“At Dona Ana and also at Las Cruces<sup>109</sup> we bought excellent grapes, good apples and also pears, raisins, dried peaches and pears, although they tell me the dried pears of El Paso are considered the best in the world. Fruit forms a considerable source of the trade of these towns. They ship fruit to the Valley of the Rio Grande and to Chihuahua, Mexico.<sup>110</sup> A large fortified house called ‘Fletcher’s Rancho’ stands solitary on the road between Dona Ana and Las Cruces.<sup>111</sup>

“After leaving there we met two American travelers, with whom we talked, and a few days later we heard they had been murdered by Indians not far from the spot where we had stopped to talk to them. Hearing about those men made me feel very sad and wonder why they traveled all alone. They appeared to be such nice men.<sup>112</sup>

“We passed through Fort Fillmore,<sup>113</sup> camping two miles lower down the valley. This valley is uninhabited for a long distance. We made our camp where the road runs close to the River Los Alamos in a grove of poplar trees and our mules and horses graze there. When I say this is the most beautiful spot along the entire route, you will smile as I have written of so many other places that appeared to me to be the most beautiful. It was while here that we found one of our mules had an arrow wound in his leg. This proved that one or more Indians had been near us.

## **XI. EL PASO<sup>114</sup>**

**November 10<sup>th</sup>. 1852.**

“In order to hurry up the arrangements with the custom house, which are very slow, Henry, the bookkeeper and I rode on horseback ahead of the caravan to the frontier of Mexico.

“There was nothing remarkable about that part of the country, as we rode along for about twenty or thirty miles until we came to where the river breaks through a narrow pass above El Paso. At this point the scenery became very interesting.<sup>115</sup>

“At the base of the mountain stands a mill belonging to a Mr. Hart, who is an American officer [who had been] engaged in the Mexican war.<sup>116</sup> His wife is a Mexican belonging to one of the first families of Chihuahua. We were regally entertained here. The mill is a fine building and is fitted up with the best machinery. The only way to reach their house is to ride on horseback as the road is very rocky. It requires great courage to live in such a dangerous part of the country. The roads are unsafe and even drivers of the poorest ox carts carry guns with their whips on account of the Indians. There are mountains on each side of the road and the river runs with a strong current here through fallen rocks.

“It was noon when we reached El Paso [del Norte]. The town is on the west bank of the river, which we forded on horseback. In the evening we returned to the east side and passed the night at Macgoffinville [Magoffinsville].<sup>117</sup> Franklin and Macgoffinville are both on the east side of the river and everyone predicts that these two are the rising towns, as yet there are only a few houses here. Near Franklin we saw the adobe buildings of a former fort of the United States, called Fort Franklin, but which since has been superseded by Fort Bliss nearer to Macgoffinville.

“Our host in Macgoffinville was a German, who had almost forgotten his native tongue and the French which he claimed to have spoken so well. Since coming to the United States he had only learned a very little English and Spanish. Conversing with him was very difficult as we could hardly understand what he said and he did not understand us very well. The accommodations were very poor although the house contained a billiard table and plenty of liquor. Compared to what we had on the road we thought it all very fine, even if not the cleanest. We slept well and next morning we were surprised to be given a long dirty tablecloth in place of a towel. For breakfast we had a good cup of coffee, fresh home-made bread and goat milk.

“To me El Paso looks like a deserted town, although we are told it has a population of five thousand. The town spreads out in houses among fields and meadows along the bank of the river for eight or ten miles down its course.

“The market place presents a very strange scene. On the other side stands the Church, a square building with a flat roofed nave and very ugly, next to that are one-story houses with roofs that project and are supported by rough columns and in the distance you can see the mountains. Under the porches of each of these little houses old women sit and offer onions, beans, and chile and fresh dried fruits. They ask very high prices and as every family grows all they need, the poor women sit there all day long waiting for someone to purchase their wares.<sup>118</sup>

“The country around here is so insecure that Henry’s constant query is: ‘How are the Indians?’ In every instance the answer is: ‘Worse than ever.’

“We were told that a few days before our arrival the Indians had attacked the farms on the American side of the Rio Grande River and had carried off the cattle close

to the houses in Franklin<sup>119</sup> and Macgoffinville. Also several caravans near El Paso had been attacked by Indians.<sup>120</sup>

“Henry met his old friend, Colonel [Emilio] Langberg<sup>121</sup>, here. Colonel Langberg is commanding the troops on the frontier. He advised us to be very careful not to leave the road, even for twenty paces.

“Our wagons camped close to the houses at Franklin, but it was necessary to bring our mules and horses into the empty courtyard at the Fort and to place a double guard around them.

The Apache Indians inhabit the mountains of New Mexico, Chihuahua and Western Texas. They are sneaks and do not fight out in the open.

“Henry’s business with the custom house at El Paso took six days. It took so long because he had to translate the detailed invoice of his large mercantile stock into Spanish. The Custom House officers took advantage of everything possible in settling the amount of duty.

“Some goods are entirely prohibited. As you know I had all the nice things that you and grandma made for me in two trunks, but when we arrived at Chihuahua we found that most of these things had been denounced as contraband. I think this furnished all the custom house authorities with a rich and elegant wardrobe for their wives, free of cost. Nevertheless, Henry paid a duty of ten thousand dollars.

“On November 16<sup>th</sup>, 1852, our caravan crossed the River. We had to use the ferry, because the water was high. At low water the wagons could have been driven over without any difficulty, the only danger being quicksand. On November 17<sup>th</sup> the goods

were examined at the custom house, but this was only a formality as the amount of duty had been settled, as I stated above.

**November 18<sup>th</sup>.**

“We have traveled down the valley to Guadalupe. Here we meet travelers alone and in parties, on foot or on horseback, but all are armed with carbines, pistols, lances, sabers and shields.”<sup>122</sup>

“Colonel Langberg, Henry’s friend, has been sent with his troop to quell a revolt in the military colony near here. The soldiers incited by hunger have driven away their commander, seized some cattle to satisfy their hunger and now are demanding their long overdue back pay. Some of the soldiers deserted into Texas.

“They tell me that the Mexican military colonies are villages for married soldiers who are bound to cultivate the land as well as to defend it and that plan does not always work out. They say that the soldiers starve and have neither horses nor clothing. ‘How can they protect us from the Indians?’ they ask. Just the evening before our arrival the Apaches carried off thirty cows.

**November 19<sup>th</sup>, 1852.**

“We arrived at the ruined village of Carrizal.”<sup>123</sup> At one time this place has been a military post for the protection of the country against the Indians. The Apaches have headquarters in one of the neighborhood mountain chains. There they can watch the herds of cattle which will surely become their prey. Constant warfare has made the white people almost as wild and brutal as the Indians. It is necessary to be well armed and to be on guard continually. The scenery here is just wonderful and this is another place that I wish you could see and enjoy with me.”<sup>124</sup>

## **XII. ACCIDENT.**

The diary Henry's young wife had promised to write ended here. [Kay Goldman has speculated that one of Rebecca's daughters wrote this section based on stories from her parents.]

The "Little Wife" was thrown off her horse and very seriously hurt<sup>125</sup>. The entire caravan remained at Carrizal for a short time. The Alcalde, or Mayor of the Village, offered Henry the use of his house and they carried the sick young woman into a room wherein the furniture consisted of rawhides spread on the floor and a few pallets rolled up and covered with skins which were used during the day as seats.

The young wife's boxes were opened and sheets were taken out and stretched across the room so as to protect here from the cold and also from the curious eyes of outsiders. Also the mattress from the ambulance was placed on the floor for her to lie on. There being no Doctor, two old Mexican women attended her, or rather maltreated her. Among other things they did was to take the wedding rings off fingers of both Henry and his wife. These rings they boiled, adding some kind of herbs, forcing the patient to drink the concoction. They also tied bands of cloth tightly around her waist to keep the devil from jumping out of her mouth, they said.

In later years Rebecca often wondered that she was not killed by their magic. They also heard some months later that the Alcalde in whose house she was sick, had buried the last member of his family just prior to their arrival. His family, wife and six children all died of smallpox.

After a few days of rest at Carrizal, the entire caravan started again. Their next stop was at Ojas Callente [Ojo Caliente]<sup>126</sup> where they remained only part of the night<sup>127</sup>

and although it rained and continued to rain all the next day they hurried on with all possible speed on account of the sick woman who was suffering intense pain. She had been the life of the entire caravan and she was loved and respected by all.

At their next camping place they found the bones of men and animals and that warned Henry that they must be on their guard more than ever. No one was allowed to lay down their arms for it was evident that many travelers had lost their lives here. Whenever they came across human bones, Henry had the men dig a hole, lay the bones in, and then pile rocks on the excavation for a grave<sup>128</sup>.

On November 26<sup>th</sup>, 1852, Henry, his wife, the bookkeeper and one [other] man left the caravan and hurried on ahead. Henry drove the ambulance wherein lay Rebecca, while the men rode on horseback. They went on ahead of the caravan as quickly as possible for the young wife was very urgently in need of medical attention.

Henry sent a messenger ahead to tell his good friend, Don [William] Feldman<sup>129</sup>, at Chihuahua, that he was coming with his bride who was very sick. There was no hotel in Chihuahua at that time, so Henry asked Mr. Feldman to procure accommodations for them also a good Doctor. Feldman prepared a room in his own house and everything was done to make the invalid comfortable<sup>130</sup>.

Later on the few foreigners who lived in Chihuahua at that time told Henry they were very much surprised when he carried his wife into the house in his arms and they thought that very soon they would be called upon to help bury her.

Mr. Feldman having other prospects, Henry arranged to take over his house and store. When the goods arrived and were checked up, it was found out that the custom



house in El Paso had confiscated all the wedding presents, in spite of the fact that they gave their word that the ten thousand dollars duty Henry paid included everything.

### **XIII. END OF YEAR 1852.**

In and around Chihuahua, Mexico, the country was commencing to get settlers and by December 1852 the Revolution had broken out with full force. During that time there was great danger of the rioters breaking into business houses and taking what they found there. During the riots Henry locked up the store and barricaded the doors. There were no windows. A well armed guard was placed on the roof with orders to shoot anyone attempting to get in. The residence also had to be watched. Business had been very good and a great many goods had been sold and money had come in fast, mostly in silver dollars. There was no way of exchanging the dollars for drafts or money orders.

One hundred silver dollars were rolled in paper and then from three to five thousand of those silver dollars were put into burlap and afterwards pieces of green rawhide were bound around each package—the fresh hide laced with strips. The packages were then allowed to dry and were stacked up in the court-yard and an armed guard was placed over them in addition to the guard on the roof.

Mr. Feldman and his wife were coming to the United States; Henry engaged them to take the money there. For that purpose he sent seven wagons, one hundred mules and a number of drivers, who on the way back would act as drivers and bring back more goods.

At this time the firm of H. Mayer & Company had a well established business in San Antonio, Texas. There were two retail stores on Main Street, [in San Antonio,

Texas] managed by Sigmund Feinberg and a wholesale house on the corner of the next street.

Although some of the best Doctors in Mexico examined Rebecca, they did not appear to be able to improve her health and they had to admit that she was steadily growing weaker. They decided that she must leave Chihuahua immediately. As Rebecca's mother, now Mrs. Feinberg, was living in San Antonio, Texas Henry decided to send his young wife to her. Much as he wanted to do so, he was unable to accompany her. He had a large stock of goods which had to be sold and there was no alternative, he just had to send his darling little wife on that perilous journey and he could not go along to protect and shield her from the Indians.

However, Rebecca was as brave as ever, even though she was not now as strong as she had been when first she started out on her trip across the Santa Fe Trail and this was not as far. Henry put Robert Feinberg in charge of the expedition and they had two ambulances and several large wagons. They traveled by way of El Paso to San Antonio. It took four weeks to travel that distance. They had much trouble and inconveniences, due to the fact that Robert did not know how to provide properly for them and he would not listen to the advice of the men. They were caught in a forest fire and but for a fellow traveler, might have all been lost. He taught them how to fight the fire. During the fire a man who had asked to be allowed to travel with the caravan caused great excitement because he kept crying that his wagon contained kegs of gun powder.

It was presumed that Indians had started the fire shortly after the mules and horses belonging to the caravan had been driven off to be watered. The Indians hoped to prevent the animals reaching the caravan again in time to escape with their intended

victims. That night all the food they had was raw venison that had hung behind the ambulance for several days and crackers. They dared not light a fire on account of the Indians.

When Rebecca reached her mother's house, she was a very sick woman. The physician who treated her said that it would take at least a year before she would be strong enough to rejoin her husband. However, at the end of eight months the Doctor pronounced her cured.

As soon as Rebecca was well enough to go out she wanted to go to dances, but her grandmother and her mother would not hear of it, for this sixteen year old woman was married and a married woman was not supposed to care for dancing. After everyone in the house was asleep she would steal down the stairs in her stocking feet. She borrowed her grandmother's little French dancing slippers and wore them out and her grandmother could not account for the worn out condition they were in.

She could hardly wait for Henry to come and get her. She missed him every minute of the day. At last he came and got her. Then took out another caravan consisting of many wagons and mules. Rebecca was ready to under take the long journey back to Chihuahua with him.

When they reached Chihuahua, they found that Mr. Creel, a friend, wanted to rent a house and have them live with them, sharing expenses. They were glad to do this and lived with the Creels until Creel's boy was born. Henry was his God-father and the boy was named Henry Creel. Later on when the Creel family moved out Henry and his wife retained the house. They were still the best of friends.

#### **XIV. CHIHUAHUA 1853.**

On **April 7<sup>th</sup>, 1853**, General [Ángel] Trias<sup>131</sup> paid Henry Three Thousand Dollars for the use of ten of the largest wagons, one hundred mules, muleteers and drivers.

Henry sent his bookkeeper along to look after the interests of H. Mayer & Co.

Later during that year it was decided that Sam Kaufman, Henry's partner and purchaser of all the goods they sold, make a trip across the plains from Texas to California, taking the remnant of their former equipment and adding twenty new wagons. These wagons were ordered from Pittsburgh and were sent by steamer down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans and from there to Port Lavacca [Lovaca] on the coast to Western Texas. The goods had been forwarded from New York, but trouble at the port delayed their removal. This expedition was not a financial success and it was the only time Sam Kaufman had charge of a caravan. He realized that Henry had made a success of every trip across the plains, while he, Sam, had met with failure and he was content to remain the resident partner of the firm.

Owing to the accident that had so nearly cost her life, the doctors in San Antonio assured Rebecca she could never have children. She wanted to adopt a child and told some of her Mexican friends of her desire. One day a woman came who had nine children and she brought all of them along with her, offering any one of them for adoption. She did not feel she could afford to keep so many. Among the children there was a dark skinned little black eyed girl who appeared to take a fancy to Rebecca. That was the child Henry and his wife adopted. She was then three years of age. She never missed her mother or cried for her. She was treated just if she was their own child.

Henry was a rich man by this time and as his brothers had not done so well, he decided that he would write to Germany for one of his brother's children. It took a long

time before his brother could decide to send his young son on such a long journey and by the time the boy arrived Rebecca had given birth to her first child, Fanita.

Shortly after her confinement Rebecca heard a noise and upon ringing the bell, none of the servants appeared. She got up out of bed and walked across the courtyard in [the] rain to where she located the laughter. There she found the servants seated around the dining room table, while all the best of every kind of food and wines were being consumed by them—they were having a party. One of the men saw her and drove her back to bed. He threatened her with a carving knife which he snatched from the table. She locked herself in her room and later when Henry came home, he discharged all of the servants. The result of this excitement was that Rebecca became very ill and they nearly lost their first baby.

A week later the man who had threatened her with a carving knife, got into the house, but this time she got her pistol and frightened him away.

There was another Mexican revolution and a new governor had taken his seat. As before stated, at such times they had to watch their stores at the point of guns. The natives would take the occasion to rob foreigners.

Mexicans of the better class are very particular about the kind of people they invite to their homes, but Henry and his wife found them very hospitable. Just at that time there were very few foreigners in Chihuahua and none as well educated or of as good birth as Henry and Rebecca. They were invited to many dancing parties which they particularly enjoyed as the Mexican houses are so well adapted to such functions.

They remained in Chihuahua for a little over a year and then went to San Antonio where Henry took charge of the business.

## **XV. EPILOGUE**

In San Antonio they bought a house and spent eight happy years in San Antonio. The business of H. Mayer & Company had prospered far beyond the Mayers' fondest expectations when the Civil War broke out. Henry voted for the Union and his sympathies were entirely with the North, yet he was forced to give money, blankets, groceries, etc. to help provide the Confederate soldiers. To avoid any unpleasantness toward his family he entertained both Unionists and Confederates and tried to please everyone. At last he got tired of the situation. As they had shipped all of their cotton, he decided to try to get his family away. It was not an easy task for Henry and his family to get away, for by this time his family consisted of seven children of his own besides the two adopted ones. They crossed the Rio Grande River at Piedras Negras instead of Brownsville and thus got into Mexico safely. From Mexico they went to New York then on to Frankfurt, Germany. Frankfurt was near enough to Henry's old home in Ingelheim so that they could go back and forth in a day and make his old mother happy.

Sam Kaufman came from New York to visit them in Germany. He had lost his entire fortune, while Henry who had not gone into any business since leaving Texas, had all of his money and through careful investments had added considerably to his income. Henry could not resist Sam Kaufman's pleading for Henry to go into business with him again, although Rebecca begged Henry not to do it, but Henry also remembered how Sam had come to his assistance in New Orleans. He now gave Sam a check for eighty thousand dollars to start a bank account for their business which was again to be conducted under the name of H. Mayer & Company.

Henry deliberated between going back to the United States or remaining abroad. They went to London and elected to live and work in Liverpool because it was the best place for the business. In Liverpool they had hosts of friends and lived in luxury. Business was very good and H. Mayer & Company had their agents all over the world. Much to Henry's surprise he learned that Sam Kaufman, who had charge of the New York end of the business, had been speculating and losing vast sums of money belonging to the firm. This caused the failure of the business. Although Henry's English friends offered to tide him over and prevent bankruptcy, his fortune originally had been made in America and he thought he could do the same again. With five thousand dollars from the estate sale of their twenty room mansion they moved to Chicago where they started two businesses. Henry built a grain elevator near Joliet, Illinois. His wife started a Ladies' Underwear Factory, which was later changed to a cloak factory. They successfully continued to engage in various businesses for the remainder of their careers.

In the year 1884, Rebecca travelled from Chicago to Denver and then on down to El Paso, Texas when her daughter Lilly was preparing for the birth of a little girl. While awaiting the birth of her grandchild, Rebecca heard her daughter Lilly played the piano at a concert and Colonel Langberg the violin. Rebecca had not seen Colonel Langberg since 1852 when they traveled together.

On June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1902, Henry and Rebecca celebrated their Golden Wedding. Henry and Rebecca always spent their spring and summer months at Paw Paw Lake, [Michigan]. They continued moving back and forth every six months, until 1906 when Henry died in his ninetieth year. For twenty-three years after Henry's death, Rebecca

lived to see and love her many great grandchildren and one of her great-great grandchildren.



## ENDNOTES

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<sup>1</sup> The exhibition had been curated by James Nottage in collaboration with project director Michael Duchemin when they were employed by the Autry Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Simmons, Marc. "New Mexico's Spanish Exiles" in *New Mexico Historical Review*, 1984. Vol. 59, No. 1. pp. 74-76, and Barry, Louise. *The Beginning of the West*. 1972. Topeka. pp. 163.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Barry. *The Beginning of the West*. pp. 427.

<sup>5</sup> Coincidentally on February 3, 1847, while camped on the Arkansas, in present Ford county, Kansas Lt. James W. Abert recorded, as printed in his military report: "On a fallen tree, against which we built our fires, we read that which follows: 'J. Abrea, Y Litsendorfer, C. Estis, March 11, 1846.'" Barry. *The Beginning of the West*. pp. 572-573.

<sup>6</sup> Simmons, Marc. "Women on the Santa Fe Trail: Diaries, Journals, Memoirs. An Annotated Bibliography." *New Mexico Historical Review*, 1986. Vol. 61, No. 3, pp. 233-243.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid.

<sup>8</sup> For example, Susan Shelby Magoffin was born in Kentucky. Her grandfather had served as the first governor of the state and her ancestors had settled in the area as early as 1719. She traveled with her husband and a personal servant across the Santa Fe Trail in 1846. Her story was published in *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico: The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin 1846-4*.

<sup>9</sup> Much of this information comes from *With a Doll in One Pocket and a Pistol in the Other: Rebecca Cohen Mayer 1837-1930* by Kay Goldman published in 2010.

<sup>10</sup> Information about Jewish population comes from *A Time for Gathering: The Second Migration 1820-1880* by Hasia R. Diner.

<sup>11</sup> Accessed Ancestry.com April 26 Benedict Lorch immigration.

<sup>12</sup> Although a few Jews especially in Western Germany and France were well off, the overwhelming majority were poor tradesmen, merchants or peddlers.

<sup>13</sup> For a longer discussion about Jewish emancipation see *Out of the Ghetto: The Social Background of Jewish Emancipation 1770-1870*, by Jacob Katz.

<sup>14</sup> An observant family, for example, would have obeyed the dietary laws, would have refrained from working, riding, or lighting a fire on the Sabbath, obeyed the laws concerning wear fringes on the corners of their garments, covered their heads, observed ritual cleanliness laws and many others.

<sup>15</sup> This information was provided by Julius Herscovici of Vicksburg, Mississippi, also from the Mississippi census of Warren County 1840.

<sup>16</sup> Prior to the twentieth-century the overwhelming majority of Jewish men in the United States worked as either peddlers, clerks or merchants. This statement is based on a previous unpublished work of the author.

<sup>17</sup> Rebecca Cohen Mayer family papers.

<sup>18</sup> Warren County, Mississippi Marriage Records. The marriage records are for the entire county and do not mention specifically where the marriage took place although it is likely that the couple were actually married in Vicksburg which is the county seat for Warren County.

<sup>19</sup> Warren County census for 1840. Jacob Wolfson was born about 1811, so it is unclear if he was the male in the younger or older category.

<sup>20</sup> Warren, County Census for 1840. Rebecca's grandmother was still alive but somehow not included in this record.

<sup>21</sup> Such beliefs are prevalent since people often project backwards. Today people cannot imagine holding slaves especially Jews who have such strong connections to the American civil rights movement. However, prior to the Civil War, especially in the South, Jewish citizens were as likely as their neighbors to own slaves. The only difference between the two groups was that Jews used the slaves as house servants or in the store rather than as field hands.

<sup>22</sup> Since in the 1830s and 1840s few children actually attended school and fewer females attended school than males, it is doubtful that those who attended public schools would be "common."

<sup>23</sup> It is possible that Rebecca attended a convent school while the Cohen's lived in Vicksburg, but she attended the "Common School of Cincinnati" in 1848. Perhaps Regina felt that the public schools in Cincinnati were better than those in Vicksburg, or it is possible that she could not afford the Convent school

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after her husband died. The family retains a copy of her “Testimonial of Merit” for “good conduct and improvement in her studies.” A copy of this document was provided to the author by Arthur Grossman of Sun City, Arizona.

<sup>24</sup> This is an archaic term for Malaria; however, the term that Rebecca used—congestion of the brain—meant stroke. *Vicksburg Weekly Whig*, Sexton’s Report, July 25, 1844. Rebecca says her father was 33 and the newspaper said he was 34. Evidently, Rebecca knew a few facts about her father’s family and she wrote in other documents that her grandfather was an “Ober Rabiner” in Westphalia. She also thought that her grandfather, Rabbi Cohen, was 100 years old when he died. Rebecca Cohen Mayer family papers. The age of her father when he died would reinforce the speculation that Rebecca’s father arrived in New York in 1835.

<sup>25</sup> The use of a metal coffin is contrary to “traditional” Jewish custom which dictates that the coffins should be a plain wooden box without nails; shrouds should be of linen without knots in the threads, and bodies should not be embalmed. These customs come from the biblical injunction “Dust thou are and dust shall thou shall become” and they facilitate the decay of the body. This fact suggests that Rebecca’s family had already shed some of the more Orthodox customs and were modernizing their faith.

<sup>26</sup> The Vicksburg Jewish Cemetery was included as part of the battleground during the Battle of Vicksburg during the Siege of Vicksburg in 1863 and the cemetery was pitted by cannon fire. The battle itself destroyed many graves and pock marked the ground. Part of the surrounding ground became the Vicksburg National Military Park. Recently the descendants of Bernhard Cohen located a metal coffin believed to hold his remains, and they erected a monument in memory of their ancestor.

<sup>27</sup> The 1850 census for Cincinnati includes Rachel Cohen, 31, born in Germany; her daughter Rebecca, 13, born in Pennsylvania; her son Henry, 10, born in Mississippi; and her daughter Fanny, (listed as a Cohen) 3, born in Ohio. Also living in her house were her mother Eleanor Lorch, age 62, born in Germany, plus Sigmund Feinberg, 23, born Russia and one other boarder. The census record is interesting since Sigmund soon became Rachel’s third husband.

<sup>28</sup> Froebel describes the boat accident. *“The Missouri [River] here makes a great bend – a rapid and impetuous river, difficult to navigate. Its current, on the side of the convex shore, is impeded by large sandbanks; and on the side of the concave bank it is so choked by sunken trees (snags) that it is difficult to steer a boat between these obstructions. A few miles from the mouth of the Fishing river, below Sibley, formerly Fort Osage, we actually ran upon one of these snags, in which one wheel of our boat was caught. The steamer cracked and fell on her side, the water rushed over the lower deck and extinguished the fire. Boxes, casks, and a quantity of furniture which formed part of the freight, fell from the lower, middle, and upper decks in to the water, and floated down the river sideways, and ran the risk of drifting upon other snags and being broken in two. However, we succeeded in reaching the shore, and lay to.”* Froebel, Julius. Seven Years Travel in Central America Northern Mexico and the Far West of the United States. London. 1859. pp. 213-214.

<sup>29</sup> It appears Froebel was impressed with Rebecca Mayer’s calm composure during this steamboat accident. *“The coolness of the Americans – even of the female sex – on such occurrences is exemplary, and compensates in a great measure for their carelessness. The visible danger in which on this occasion we were placed did not at all interrupt the cheerful conversation of the ladies, who were gathered on the stern of the vessel. After six hours labour the boat was free to continue her voyage by moonlight, but we had still to work our way for four or five miles through a dangerous passage, beset with innumerable snags, before getting into safe navigable water, which we reached at one o’clock in the morning.”* Froebel, Seven Years. p. 214.

<sup>30</sup> According to Froebel, *“At the moment the boat fell on one side supper had just been served: the tables were upset; plates and dishes, jugs, cups and saucers, and all the good things prepared for us, lay scattered on the floor, and we had to wait until eleven o’clock before a fresh supper could be prepared.”* Froebel, Seven Years. p. 214.

<sup>31</sup> During the early Santa Fe Trail days, Wayne City Landing served as a port to receive supplies for early pioneers. Wayne City, which is on the National Register of Historic Places, received travelers who were headed west along the Oregon, California and Santa Fe trails, and some of the merchandise unloaded here was carried to Santa Fe. But this steamboat landing, and an earlier ferry operation, was never as successful or used as long as the Lower Independence Landing, which was located two miles downriver. One reason for this may have been the great flood of July 1844, which placed a sandbar in front of the landing and

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encouraged settlers to go farther west to Westport Landing (now in downtown Kansas City, Missouri). Retrieved on January 30, 2011 from <http://www.nps.gov/safe/planyourvisit/places-to-go-in-missouri.htm>.

<sup>32</sup> The following observations are Froebel's impressions of Independence, MO. "*Independence is a small town, with the character of a frontier place engaged in an extensive carrying trade. At a distance of ten to twelve miles from it, on the road to Santa Fé, were the last farms, on the edge of the great Prairie, and at a few days' journey further the road to Oregon separates from that to New Mexico and Chihuahua. The town is surrounded by wheelwrights' shops, large premises filled with new waggons, painted red, green, or blue, and the whole trade of the place consists in supplying the wants of trading and emigrant caravans, which start from this and from a few other stations on the Missouri for New Mexico, Utah, California, and Oregon. At certain times of the year the intercourse with these distant countries imparts great animation to this small town. The communication with Santa Fé and Mexico is not entirely stopped in winter, although a journey across the prairies at that season is always dangerous and fatiguing. Formerly Independence had the exclusive benefit of this communication "over the plains," as this far western region is designated; but at the time of my visit Westport, lying twelve miles higher up the Missouri, disputed the monopoly.*" Froebel, *Seven Years*. pp. 216-217.

<sup>33</sup> Julius Froebel [1806-1893] who in 1850 went to Nicaragua, Santa Fé, and Chihuahua as correspondent of the New York Tribune newspaper. Retrieved from [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Julius\\_Froebel](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Julius_Froebel) on October 2, 2010.

<sup>34</sup> "*I [Froebel] remained at Independence from July 5 to August 17, our [Mayer] caravan being detained for the arrival of merchandize from New York and by the purchase of the necessary mules. Our waggons were loaded at Wayne City in the first week of August, and drawn by hired teams of oxen on to the open prairie, where, in charge of Mexican lads, our mules had been out at grass. On the 17th of August, in company with Mr. Mayer and his wife, I followed the caravan, which, when we overtook it, had already passed the frontier of the State of Missouri, and entered the large tract which at that time still belonged to the Indians west of the United States, but is now opened to the colonization of the whites, under the name of the Kansas territory.*" Froebel, *Seven Years*. pp. 218, 224.

<sup>35</sup> The civilian ambulance took its name from the vehicle intended for the sick and wounded. It was a type of standing top wagon with springs designed to transport several people on extended overland journeys. They were marvels of strength and perfect appliances and adaptations to the uses of a family. They were thoroughly weatherproof and the seats could be converted into a couch or sleeping chambers. Gardner, Mark. *Wagons for the Santa Fe Trade Wheeled Vehicles and their Makers 1822 – 1880*. Albuquerque. 2000. p. 121.

<sup>36</sup> Froebel wrote, "*For the chief table of our caravan, to which I had the advantage to belong, we had a quantity of choice delicacies with us,—preserved meats and fine vegetables, cauliflowers, asparagus, oysters and lobsters, sardines in oil, delicate hams, pickles and preserved fruits, tea and chocolate, claret and champagne. For these luxuries we were indebted to the presence of a lady in our caravan; but the gentlemen of such a party of travellers are generally provided with some of these articles. Sardines are especial favourites, and their consumption in the prairies is so large that the track of tin boxes strewn along the route is alone a sufficient clue to mark the road from Independence to Santa Fé*". Froebel, *Seven Years*. p. 227.

<sup>37</sup> The following excerpt from Julius Froebel who accompanied the Mayers on their trading trip. "*The dried beans form one chief article of food—the indispensable frijoles of the Mexicans and all the other Spanish Americans; but all depends on the kind of beans and the mode of preparing them. They are boiled in water till soft; a part of the water is then evaporated, and a pan, with some fat in it, is placed on the fire; the beans are poured into it, salt is added, they are left to stew for a moment, and the most savoury and nourishing food a hungry traveler can desire is prepared. It is well known that this dish is never wanting at the most luxurious Mexican table, where it invariably concludes the meal before the dessert is served; but to do full justice to it pure soft water is required. The broth, as is well known, contains the most nutritious part, and, indeed, I have often taken it out of the kettle and drank it, when returning from my night-watch to the camp-fire, hungry, frozen, and exhausted, and have found it as good and as strengthening as a cup of broth. Bread is daily baked in the camp, and is generally eaten hot.*" Froebel, *Seven Years*. pp.226-227.

<sup>38</sup> When Froebel passed this place he wrote, "*This point went by the name of the "Lone Elm Tree."* *An elm had stood here; but some travellers, to whom a cup of warm coffee gave greater pleasure than the sight of a tree in the steppes, had cut it down not long before we passed: the barbarous act was already perpetrated, and we might, therefore, use the pieces of wood lying about for our camp-fire. Our way led us*

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through the strip of land between the Kansas and Osage rivers, rising gradually, with beautiful views, on to the neighbouring country. Towards the south the ground sloped gradually down into valleys, and was, on the whole, more flat; but towards the north, the descents into the valleys were steep and precipitous. Far away in both directions were to be seen rivulets, bordered with trees, winding along through the meadows". Froebel, Seven Years, p. 243.

<sup>39</sup> According to Froebel he wrote, "*The waggons generally carry from five to six thousand pounds weight, and are yoked with five pairs, if drawn, like ours, by mules. A single driver guides them, now seated on the saddled mule, now walking by the side. In difficult places the drivers assist one another, and sometimes the teams have to be doubled: that is to say, the three or four fore pairs of the one waggon are attached in a line to the other, in order to get the waggons over some height or through some deep morass. On these occasions sometimes eight or ten men are engaged about a single waggon. As the caravan must keep together, it can only proceed, under such circumstances, a few English miles in a day. I shall hereafter have occasion to speak of an effort that occupied a fortnight to get twenty-six waggons over the short distance of twelve English miles. In other parts, on the contrary, the roads across the prairies are so good that seventy to eighty miles can be travelled in four and twenty hours, if want of water (as is often the case in these parts) renders it necessary to travel so quickly. Of this likewise I shall have occasion to mention a few instances.*" Froebel, Seven Years, p. 225-226.

<sup>40</sup> "*The waggons are very strongly built, and their durability is almost inconceivable. They suffer mostly from the dryness of the air on reaching the higher regions of the West, and for this reason the wheels must be watered whenever an opportunity offers. Without some unfortunate accident, however, a good teamster can take his waggon across the continent without incurring any breakage. Nevertheless, a caravan carries with it the most important articles of harness and parts of the waggon in extra quantities, so that a broken axle, a worn-out collar, or a broken chain, &c., can be instantly replaced. A store of shoes for the mules, which are not always shod, and seldom completely, must likewise be taken; and wheelwrights' tools, shovels and hoes, windlasses, levers, crowbars, axes, and hatchets for cutting wood, are also indispensable articles".* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 226.

<sup>41</sup> According to Julius Froebel, "*Spirits are never given on these journeys, unless the master of conductor of the caravan is induced by great toil or especial privations to unlock his holy on holies, and to give his men a portion to refresh them. Brandy is only taken as medicine; but coffee, on the contrary, is an indispensable article, and is drunk twice a day in large quantities. The refreshing and strengthening effect of this drink, under great toils, in heat as well as cold, in rain and dry, is extraordinary.*" Froebel, Seven Years, p. 226.

<sup>42</sup> Froebel wrote, "*From drivers and muleteers we may pass to mules, which are in many respects far more interesting than the former, and whose natural disposition is an attractive subject to the observer of nature. One of the most striking characteristics of the mule is his aversion to the ass, and the pride he takes in his relationship to the horse; which instincts are met, with obtrusiveness in the ass, and by indifference in the horse. If an ass at any time – urged by the vanity peculiar to its race as related to the mule – happens to fall in with a drove of mules, he will, in all probability, be kicked and lamed by his proud relatives. A horse, on the contrary, takes a distinguished position in a drove of mules. The latter crowd round him, and follow his movements, exhibiting a violent jealousy, each striving to stand nearest to their high-bred relative; this instinct is employed to keep together the droves of mules, on a journey or at pasture, by putting a mare to the drove, with a bell round her neck, and called the "Bell-mare," – by the Mexicans, "la yegua madre" (Mother-mare). This animal is led day and night by a cord; and the whole drove is thus kept under control, and will not leave their queen. It is therefore very difficult to separate the drove. The man who leads the mare is instructed, in case of an attack from the Indians, to leap instantly upon the back of his animal, and take refuge in the waggon-encampment, whither the drove is sure to follow him.*" Froebel, Seven Years, pp. 231-232.

<sup>43</sup> Julius Froebel and Henry Mayer both went fishing in Kansas. "*A few days afterwards we encamped on the Fish Creek—an appropriate name. Here we caught with our rods a number of small perch, and as these fish sparked on my line brilliant humming-birds chirped around me.*" Froebel, Seven Years, p. 244.

<sup>44</sup> Froebel observed the following when he passed through Council Grove, Kansas with the Mayers' caravan. "*Council Grove, where we arrived August 27<sup>th</sup>, will unquestionably become one day an important place. The situation is beautiful, and possesses many advantages. At the time we visited it, this place consisted of about ten houses, inhabited by white men and Indian women. A little higher up the brook stood, detached, the Mission-house, a somewhat large stone building, surrounded by hedged-in-fields. This*

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*Mission, which was established by the Methodists among the Caw-Indians, has been, I believe, disturbed by the newer lawless state of the territory of late years. About a mile distant down the stream was a camp, composed of twelve to fifteen leather tents, belonging to the Caws. The country around is rich in natural beauty on a small scale. The rivulets, bordered by trees and bushes, wind along through beautiful flowery valleys, between hills covered with grass. These form the sources of the Neosho, which flows into the Arkansas.*" Froebel, Seven Years, p. 251-252.

<sup>45</sup> The Kaw Mission was built in 1850-1851 of native stone and served as a school for the children of the Kaw or Kansas Indians, upon whose reservation Council Grove was founded. Simmons, Marc & Hal Jackson. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. pp 99-100.

<sup>46</sup> Diamond Spring was a day's wagon journey west of Council Grove, KS. In 1849 Waldo, Hall and Company built a stage station at the site. Simmons, Marc & Hal Jackson. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. pp 100 – 101.

About five years before, while travelling east on the Santa Fe Trail, Henry Mayer encountered Mr. Thomas Hereford who was travelling to Santa Fe. "*I am in company with [James C.] Bean & [Shaw] & Others. In all we have thirty four men. We have had no accident save the capsizing of one wagon belonging to McCauly. I have two excellent men and good drivers. You would be astonished to see how well I get along I have kept my temper well. The weather has been extremely cold since we left & I have worked harder than I ever did. Can drink a quart of coffee and thirst for more, I am dirty and ragged but think it is the best way of regaining health to remain so. Thom is in good health & can eat as much dirt as any person now. He & myself are assistant cooks. I think I shall be well versed in the culinary arts by the time of my return. I met with Mr. [Samuel] Kaufman's partner [Henry] Mayer here by whom I forward this letter find yourself no uneasing about me.*" Personal Correspondence dated May 17, 1847 from Thomas A. Hereford to his wife Margaret Hereford written at Diamond Springs, Kansas. Courtesy of the Manuscript Collection WN 1385 from the Huntington Library Art Collections and Botanical Gardens.

<sup>47</sup> Froebel's description of Diamond Spring. "*Near Diamond Spring, where on one of the heights was an Indian burial-place, an ox was caught by one of our people and slaughtered in the evening. It had evidently strayed from some caravan that had preceded us.*" Froebel, Seven Years, p. 252.

<sup>48</sup> Located in Marion County, Kansas Lost Spring is called lost because it would occasionally dry up and disappear. Early geologist declared it originated in the Rockies and followed a fault line. Wagon travelers claimed it tasted like mountain water. In the late 1840's the army planted strawberries and watercress around it hoping soldiers on patrol would eat them as a preventative to scurvy. Simmons, Marc & Hal Jackson. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. pp 104.

<sup>49</sup> Froebel confirms the mad-herb and mosquitoes as Lost Spring, Kansas. "*We tried to shorten our stay at Lost Spring, where we watered our animals. A certain poisonous plant growing here, called by the Mexicans Yerba-loco (mad-herb), is much feared: the specimen shown to me appeared to be an Astragalus. The ground here is one vast level plain, and the deep bed of the river just mentioned looks like a straight line of tree-tops rising a little above its edge. The grass here was short, and even at this season already withered. Myriads of locusts were hopping around, whilst mosquitoes of an unusual size plagued both man and beast.*" Froebel, Seven Years, p. 252.

<sup>50</sup> On the border of Rice and McPherson counties the crossing of the Little Arkansas River was a spot well known to early teamsters and merchants, for although it was comparatively small it had a muddy bottom and steep banks. Simmons, Marc & Hal Jackson. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. pp 111.

<sup>51</sup> Froebel wrote the following in his book, "*At noon, on September 1<sup>st</sup>, we stopped on the little Arkansas to rest. In this neighbourhood we first saw some single buffaloes, their numbers increasing as we proceeded. Two days before, I had seen at sunrise, standing out against the rosy hue of the eastern horizon, a large black figure, which fixed by attention until I discovered it to be a stray buffalo, which, for some cause or other, had separated from the herds grazing farther west. We, however, saw no more of these animals until we reached these herds. One evening, as our waggons were driving along in a golden glow, we were suddenly surrounded by small bands of buffaloes, which formed the commencement of a large herd. One of the animals was immediately pursued, and the hunter soon returned to the camp, announcing it to be killed, and asking some of our people to ride back with him and fetch the carcass. Night, however, had meanwhile come on, and the animal could not be found; nevertheless, our desire for buffalo tongue and marrow-bones did not go long unsatisfied, and a few days later several of our people even fell sick from feasting immoderately on the flesh. In the morning, on looking around, the plain was covered with innumerable buffaloes. The herd was immense, but divided into separate bodies. From September 1<sup>st</sup> the 8<sup>th</sup> we*

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journeyed through them incessantly. They spread chiefly along the north bank of the Arkansas, but in some places we saw them also covering the opposite shore. Occasionally crowds of them approached so close to our caravan as to threaten to occasion a disorder, and while the oxen of a train of waggons following our caravan were led to drink, it was difficult to prevent their mixing with the buffaloes. During the night the bellowing of these animals was heard all around our camp, accompanied by the howling of innumerable wolves which always follow buffalo herds, killing the calves, the sick, and old. I do not know whether the buffalo-wolf is a distinct species; those we saw were white and very large. On the 6<sup>th</sup>, whilst moving along between Pawnee Fork and Coon Creek, the buffalo herds formed a close line at least eight miles long upon the northern heights. Doubtless this herd, which surrounded up for a week whilst travelling, consisted of millions of animals, and formed one body, journeying along in company. I must, with my own eyes, have seen hundreds of thousands. Further on, after passing through this herd, we found the grass of the prairie cropped closely off, to the great inconvenience of our draught animals. The buffaloes had journeyed along, grazing as they went, and for hundreds of miles farther south the carcasses of these beasts lay scattered about on the plain in such abundance that not a spot was free from the traces of their bones. During our journey through this buffalo-herd we were of course never in want of fresh meat. In half an hour, or less, an animal could always be procured; and even after having left that part of the prairie where the buffaloes were grazing, our store of fresh meat held out for another week, as in these high and dry regions, especially at that season, fresh meat keeps good for a long time and is at last dried up by the air without being corrupted." Froebel, Seven Years, p. 252, 254-255.

<sup>52</sup> Comanche is described in Froebel's book. "Amongst our muleteers was a Mexican, who had been for about eight years a slave among the Comanches, and went by the name of "Comanche" in the caravan. This man was very skilful in flinging the lasso, and caught with it not only several buffalo-calves, but one day a full-grown cow, when, unaided, he threw down the animal and bound its legs. When he announced this feat at the camp I rode back with him to see where the cow lay. After the lad had thrown the lasso round the creature's neck, whilst it stood still resisting its efforts, he rode, continuing to hold the cord tightly, several times round it, and in this manner gradually wound the cord around its legs tighter and tighter, till at last he overthrew the animal with a jerk. He then jumped quickly off his horse, and tied the four legs together with the end of the cord. We killed the animal by a single shot, and "Comanche" immediately began to cut as much flesh from the carcass as we thought needed in the camp, without stopping to skin or clean the beast. As the lad was performing his task with incredible agility, cutting off at every incision several pounds of flesh, he presented a most barbaric appearance: man looked like a wild beast in the spectacle before me. The chief part of the carcass was left to the wolves and vultures, which, as soon as we had left, immediately took possession of their booty." Froebel, Seven Years, pp. 257-258.

<sup>53</sup> "About September 9, [1852] while traveling the "river route" (rather than the "dry" one), the party met numerous bands of Comanches (hunting buffalo). Among the chiefs who visited the Mayer train were To-ho-pe-te-ca-ne (or, the 'White Tent') and Way-ya-ba-tosh-a (or, the 'White Eagle'), and a more important older chief, Osk-akh-tzo-mo." Barry, Louise. The Beginning of the West: Annals of the Kansas Gateway to the American West 1540-1854. 1972. Topeka. p. 1117.

<sup>54</sup> Froebel describes meals of buffalo meat. "During the greatest abundance the flesh of [buffalo] calves and young cows was alone deemed good enough, and of many slain animals we ate only the tongues and marrowbones. The liver also of young animals is delicious, and the marrow from the leg-bones is one of the greatest delicacies. If the reader desires a characteristic picture of good living in the prairie, let him imagine a troop of travellers seated round a fire of buffalo-dung, upon which a buffalo marrowbone is being roasted. When it is believed to be sufficiently done, the bone is split open with a hatchet and the marrow taken out in a solid lump." Froebel, Seven Years, pp. 255-256.

<sup>55</sup> The Santa Fe Trail joined the Arkansas River at its great bend, [Great Bend, KS] sometimes called the north bend, and followed its broad valley towards the southwest and Pawnee Rock. Simmons, Marc & Hal Jackson. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. p. 118.

<sup>56</sup> Froebel shares his observations of the white mule. "A large drove of mules, however, generally contains one or another democratic individual, which has attained to the consciousness of its natural animal dignity and native rights, and therefore asserts a kind of independence. We had, for instance, in our drove, a white mule which regularly separated from the others at the time of harnessing. When the mules were driven from the pasture into the waggon-encampment, where they are caught by the lasso, the white mule accompanied the rest up to the entrance; but here it made a sudden leap aside, ran off to the distance of half-a-mile, and from this point watched the camp with fixed attention, until the caravan was in motion. It

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then returned quietly, and joined the relay. Sometimes, to show who was master, two Mexicans were sent out to catch the fugitive; and the animal was then, of course, harnessed for the day. The loss of time, however, and the fatigue of the saddle-horses, prevented a repetition of these measures. The animal had its own way, and, whilst its brethren were hard worked, it made simply a journey of pleasure from the Missouri to Chihuahua." Froebel, *Seven Years*, p. 233.

<sup>57</sup> Froebel's states his definition of a stampede. "What Greek herdsmen used to term "panic terrors" is called by the American waggoners a "stampede," and next to a surprise by the Indians, and a fire in the prairie, this is one of the greatest dangers incurred on a caravan journey through a North-American wilderness. Besides the fear, in such an occurrence, of a man's being run over and trampled to death by the whole drove of animals (comparatively a trifling misfortune), should there be Indians in the neighbourhood the whole drove may be lost; and for this reason predatory Indians seek to occasion a 'stampede' The loss of the animals generally includes that of the waggons and property and the ruin of the proprietors, not unfrequently attended by the death of some of the party." Froebel, *Seven Years*, pp. 263-264.

<sup>58</sup> Froebel was one of the guards on the night the white mule was spooked and caused a stampede. "One night, when encamped on the Arkansas, I was on guard at about a thousand paces from our camp. Near me was a white mule, which always used to graze with its head turned away from the others, and invariably outside the drove of mules, as if it were their sentinel. As I happened to be looking at the animal it suddenly left off grazing, and looked into the darkness in a watchful and wary manner. On a sudden it snorted loudly and made a tremendous bound backwards: the whole drove, consisting of two hundred animals, was simultaneously seized with a like panic, and rushed off at full speed. All this happened so instantaneously, that before I had recovered from my surprise the sound of their wild flight over the plain was heard receding further and further into the far distance, and I found myself alone in the dark solitude of the prairie. The fires in the camp were extinguished, so that for the moment I knew not whither to turn nor what course to pursue. I soon, however, heard steps close to me, and stumbled upon one of my comrades on guard, then upon a second and third, until I had rejoined the whole body of sentinels, with the exception of a Mexican lad, whose duty it was to lead a bell-mare. In a short time he also was discovered. He had nearly paid the forfeit of his life for a neglect of duty: in order to be able to sleep whilst on guard, he had tied the cord of the bell-mare round his leg, so that when the drove of mules suddenly ran away, he was dragged along with them for some distance. Fortunately the cord got loose and the lad was left lying on the prairie, the only damage done being tattered clothes and some bruises. Meanwhile the camp was astir; the noise made by the mules running away had been heard by our men – some threw themselves on the saddle-horses, which were always tied up to the waggons, and the pursuit of the runaway animals was commenced: fortunately they had stopped at no great distance, and their flight was easily tracked, from the nature of the soil on the banks of the river. In the course of half an hour they were all safely lodged again in the corrals." Froebel, *Seven Years*, pp. 262-263.

<sup>59</sup> Fort Atkinson (1850-1854) was built just west of Dodge City, KS. It was the first regular army post on the Santa Fe trail in the heart of the Indian country. Retrieved on January 30 2011 from <http://www.kshs.org/p/kansas-historical-quarterly-fort-atkinson-on-the-santa-fe-trail-1850-1854/13244>.

<sup>60</sup> Froebel wrote, "On this occasion of the visit of the Comanches to our camp, beside a number of inferior people, the chiefs To-ho-pe-te-ca-ne or the "White Tent," and Way-ya-ba-tosh-a, or the "White Eagle" came to pay their respects. These names, and their translation, are copied from the vouchers which these grand personages presented to us. After these came an older man, distinguished as much by his noble mien as his simple dress. The latter consisted merely of a blue woolen blanket wrapped round his body. His hair was cropped short, after the fashion of the whites, and no ornament of any kind was visible. He was accompanied by a Mexican prisoner, who acted as interpreter, and told us that this was the great chief Okh-akh-tzo-mo, and the reason he appeared in this simple dress and with cropped hair was that he was mourning the death of his son, whom the Pawnees had killed, and for whom he had not yet been able to take blood-revenge." Froebel, Julius. *Seven Years Travel in Central America Northern Mexico and the Far West of the United States*. London. 1859. p. 266.

<sup>61</sup> In Rebecca's diary and memoir written so that her children "would know something of their ancestors" on September 20, 1852 it states "Note: From that time on until her ninetieth birthday she never went to bed without first placing her revolver under her pillow." Rebecca apparently maintained this cautionary habit until her ninetieth birthday on April 23, 1927.

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<sup>62</sup> Mangas Coloradas (1871-1863), Spanish for "Red Sleeves", emerged as the great Chief of the Beonkohes Apache in southwestern New Mexico after the Mexican-instigated massacre of many Apache Indians in 1837. Retrieved February 4, 2011 from <http://www.impurplehawk.com/mangas.html>.

<sup>63</sup> According to Froebel, *"On this occasion several of the principal chiefs of the northern Comanches honoured us with their presence, all provided with written certificates of their names and character, given them partly by the government agents and partly by some officer of the United States army, who holds the command in these parts. These documents, which they eagerly showed us, are intended as vouchers to travellers for the character of the native chiefs, and present, in fact, a ludicrous reverse of the passport system in the Old World, being at the same time the only passports met with in the United States. The wording of these certificates reads ludicrously enough; take, for instance, the following: -- "The possessor of this paper is the Red Sleeve, a celebrated chief of the Apaches, who is on friendly terms with the whites. Travellers will do well to show him kindness and respect, but they must at the same time be on their guard." Under this is written the visa of travelling traders: "The Red Sleeve has visited our camp, and conducted himself, with his followers, respectably." Further on: "Do not trust this fellow - he is a rascally Indian." When such a voucher is presented to you, with that taciturn gravity of which an Indian only is capable, you are obliged to control your features like an Indian, not to betray the humour of the thing, -- an indiscretion [sic] which might have disagreeable consequences."* Froebel, *Seven Years*. pp. 265-266

<sup>64</sup> Froebel also describes the warriors, *"The two younger men had appeared in our presence in the full attire of Comanche warriors, clothed in leather with richly-ornamented moccasins [sic], their faces daubed with red paint, and their heads ornamented with eagle's feathers; their thick and long plaited hair hanging down their backs, loaded with silver plates, growing smaller downward, -- in the neck of the size of a saucer, at the end of the plait as large as half a dollar. These silver plates are made in Mexico expressly for the Comanches, and are an important article in the trade with these savages, which is carried on at the Presidio del Norte, at San Carlos, and at the Presidio del Rio Grande."* Froebel, *Seven Years*. p. 266.

<sup>65</sup> Froebel recorded the names of the chiefs. *"On this occasion of the visit of the Comanches to our camp, beside a number of inferior people, the chiefs To-ho-pe-te-ca-ne, or the 'White Tent,' and Way-ya-ba-tosh-a, or the 'White Eagle,' came to pay their respects. These names, and their translation, are copied from the vouchers which these grand personages presented to us."* Froebel, *Seven Years*. p.266.

<sup>66</sup> Froebel states, *"After these came an older man, distinguished as much by his noble mien as his simple dress. The latter consisted merely of a blue woollen [sic] blanket wrapped round his body. His hair was cropped short, after the fashion of the whites, and no ornament of any kind was visible. He was accompanied by a Mexican prisoner, who acted as interpreter, and told us that this was the great chief Okh-akh-tzo-mo, who had come to visit us; and the reason he appeared in this simple dress and with cropped hair was that he was mourning the death of his son, whom the Pawnees had killed, and for whom he had not yet been able to take blood-revenge."* Froebel, *Seven Years*. p.266.

<sup>67</sup> The following is Froebel's account of sand-pans: *"Water is found in this desert—for such indeed the tract between the Arkansas and the Cimarron must be called—in a second form: in irregular holes in the sand, called by the waggoners "sand-pans." The reader may easily conceive that in both these natural reservoirs the fluid is neither very clear nor pure; and I must remark, that in this journey, as well as on my subsequent travels through the interior of the continent, I speak of pure water as of exceptional occurrence. When I use the term water it generally designates a brackish mud, and for a long time I have drunk water which was not clean enough to wash my face in. On these muddy pools in the desert between the Arkansas and the Cimarron, I was on this journey the first wild ducks. They increased in numbers as we proceeded westward."* Froebel, *Seven Years*. p. 278.

<sup>68</sup> There is a discrepancy as to who recommended the bath when the Mayer employee was stricken with rheumatism. In this published account Froebel claims the credit. *"We travelled throughout the night, and the following morning encamped close to a pool of water. The wind blew cold from the north, and one of our drivers was suffering so much from rheumatism as to be quite disabled from service. I advised him to take a bath in the pool, and after this to have himself rubbed hard. The remedy was completely successful. The wind suddenly shifted from the north, and a very close south wind succeeded, the change causing dizziness and vomiting in several of our people. I found throughout the whole journey that a southerly wind invariably produced a disagreeable and often injurious effect on the body. Even north of the Arkansas, during such a warm wind, one of our drivers, a tall and strong-built blue-eyed Kentuckian, fell senseless and in convulsions on the ground as I was walking by his side and speaking with him. I bled him, by which he recovered."* Froebel, *Seven Years*. pp. 278-279.



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<sup>69</sup> Froebel's account of this lone horseman is very similar to Rebecca Mayer. "*Whilst encamped by this pool we saw a single horseman come up to us across the plain; he dismounted and claimed hospitality. During his stay he confided to us the fact that he had shot a man in New Mexico, and had, in consequence, been obliged to flee. It requires desperate resolution to travel from New Mexico to Missouri alone; this man, however, had a horse and a gun. We repeatedly met, at different points of our journey, deserters from the forts of New Mexico, who had travelled on foot for many hundred miles over the wilderness alone and unarmed. Some of them had subsisted for weeks together on locusts, lizards and frogs, before we supplied them with provisions.*" Froebel, Seven Years. p. 279.

<sup>70</sup> The Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas River was a major landmark for trail travelers since it was the midpoint of the journey, roughly halfway between Independence and Santa Fe and travelers had to choose between taking the Cimarron Cut-Off or the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail. Simmons, Marc & Hal Jackson. Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. p. 134.

<sup>71</sup> Froebel's observations of the Cimarron River as published, "*On the third day of our journey through the desert, towards evening, the refraction raised into the air, above the horizon, the picture of the heights on the other side of the Cimarron. This effect of the unequally-heated strata of air often produces strange phenomena on the plains. Objects which appear on the horizon are lengthened out to a gigantic size, and a buffalo-herd on the Arkansas looked like a group of trees. Soon after, we had in reality a view of the valley of the Cimarron. With the green pasture, but without either tree or shrub, enclosed on both sides by banks of sandstone and conglomerate, this slight depression presented a true oasis in the desert, between the greyish-brown barren heights of the plateau on either side. But the oasis itself is here only a milder form of desert nature. The river—if I may call it so—formed at the point where we reached it a small stagnant and brackish brook, running amongst reeds and rushes. On its bank, however, we found some springs of sweet water, the so-named 'Lower Springs,' near which we halted.*" Froebel, Seven Years. pp. 280-281.

<sup>72</sup> Froebel comments on the Tarantula: "*Here I saw, for the first time, one of those large hairy spiders called tarantula by the Mexicans, but differing from the European tarantula. They are found in the deserts and steppes from the Arkansas to California, as well as throughout a great part of Mexico; and this insect, the very sight of which creates a disagreeable feeling, is with reason more feared than the rattlesnake. Its bite is perhaps less immediately dangerous, but its consequences are far more difficult of cure than those of the bite of the rattlesnake.*" Froebel, Seven Years. pp. 279-280.

<sup>73</sup> Middle Springs is northwest of present day Elkhart, Morton County, KS. Middle Springs was half a mile north from the Cimarron River, and near a mile below Point of Rocks in Kansas. Brown, William. The Santa Fe Trail. St. Louis. 1988. p. 113.

<sup>74</sup> Albert Speyer, who was travelling with Drs. Henry Connelly and Edward J. Glasgow, lost about 100 mules in an early winter storm at Willow Creek [Bar] on the Cimarron in 1844. They left Independence the middle of September. Barry. The Beginning. p. 527.

<sup>75</sup> Froebel states the following about the climate. "*The climate of the country around the Cimarron is in bad repute: it was here that, a few years ago, more than a hundred mules perished in one night from cold, belonging to Mr. Speier [Speyer], a well-known trader to Santa-Fe and Chihuahua. Their scattered bones are still to be seen.*" Froebel, Seven Years. pp. 282-283.

<sup>76</sup> The Mayer caravan took the Cimarron Cutoff. The first of three springs along the Cimarron River Valley would have been the Lower Spring which was later called Wagon Bed Spring. Upon reaching the Middle Springs, 36 miles beyond they would have been on the north side of the Cimarron River. They would have been crossing over to the south side of the river at Willow Bar "which got its name from a stand of Willow trees growing on a sandbar midstream." Simmons & Jackson, Following the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe. 2001. pp. 174-176.

<sup>77</sup> "*On the 20<sup>th</sup> the caravan was delayed by a team becoming restive and breaking the axletree of a wagon, just as at nightfall we were about to pass the dry bed of the Cimarron to encamp on the other side. We remained on the north side.*" Froebel, Seven Years. p. 282.

<sup>78</sup> Froebel's account of this river crossing follows: "*The next morning, at daybreak, the bed of the river was filled with a deep and rapid stream, which rendered it passage impossible: here we halted two days to await the subsistence of the water. From the banks of the Cimarron, which we left on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of September, the general level of the country rises much more steeply than hitherto. We have travelled from Independence to Council Grove at a mean elevation of about 1100 feet above the level of the sea.*" Froebel, Seven Years. p. 282.

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<sup>79</sup> Rebecca is referring to her mother and step father Feinberg who had moved to San Antonio. Goldman, Kay. *With a Doll in One Pocket and a Pistol in the Other*. Lexington. 2010. p. 49.

<sup>80</sup> Upper Spring also was known as Flag Spring. It is located in Cimarron County, OK. From this campsite trail travelers could see Rabbit Ears in NM a trail landmark. Brown, William. *The Santa Fe Trail*. St. Louis. 1988. p. 119.

<sup>81</sup> The Rock Crossing of the Canadian was an important landmark and road junction on the Santa Fe Trail. Brown, William. *The Santa Fe Trail*. St. Louis. 1988. p. 135.

<sup>82</sup> The late Harry Myers and T.J. Sperry who both worked for the National Park Service at Fort Union National Monument wrote about Kearney's army of the west reaching "*a flat table land in the valley of Wolf Creek where they camped that night. The campsite, called Los Pozos was within a mile of where the first Fort Union would be located*". Retrieved September 21, 2011 from <http://www.kansasheritage.org/research/sft/ft-union.htm>.

<sup>83</sup> The Mountain and Cimarron branches of the Santa Fe Trail joined at the Mora River. Which here forms a pleasant tree-lined valley know since Spanish times as la junta de los rios Mora & Sapello, the junction of the Mora and Sapello Rivers. Samuel Watrous settled with his family in La Junta in 1849. One of Watrous's daughter married William Tipton who went into partnership with his father-in-law and settled on the north side of the Mora one mile from Barclay's Fort. Brown, William. *The Santa Fe Trail*. St. Louis. 1988. p. 148.

<sup>84</sup> Froebel's description of La Junta or Watrous, New Mexico. "*From the Junta downward the little river Mora, after leaving the plain, enters a wooded valley partly enclosed by rocks, which lower down deepens and narrows into a hollow, conducting the clear water of the Mora to the Canadian River. We rested here a whole day for the sake of our mules, and bought for them some maize for fodder, which they greatly needed after their hard toil and the poor food of the withered winter grass. Nevertheless, we had not hitherto lost a single animal of our drove. The Anglo-Americans call the little river whose valley we here reached, as well as the little town, "Moro," – probably from the word "moor." But the name is Mora, a word which signifies a mulberry, or the mulberry-tree. Near the house of Mr. Waters [Watrous], which, being the first dwelling of civilized man after a wilderness of many hundred miles, deserves mention, two small rivers meet, one of which is the Mora – properly so called; the other a tributary of it. From this circumstance the place is called the "Junta," or the Confluence. The country around this spot and up the two small rivers forms a splendid plain surrounded by mountains, and covered partly with natural pasture and partly with fields of maize. It belongs to a company, who propose to found here a town, for which the locality is especially adapted. Insecurity from the marauding Indians is perhaps the only obstacle opposed to the success of such an enterprise [sic]. About a mile above the Junta stands Barclay's Fort, on the Mora, a quadrangle of buildings surrounded by a wall, and provided with two cannon. I have before mentioned that this is simply a private dwelling. Such names as Barclay's Fort, Bent's Fort, Layton's Fort, often give erroneous notions to European geographers: these spots are merely fortified private establishments.*" Froebel, *Seven Years*. pp. 289- 290.

<sup>85</sup> Froebel's remembrance of the Red Light district near Barclay's Fort. "*Our people too gave themselves up to enjoyment, after their fashion; some got intoxicated, and began quarrelling; others disappeared from the camp, and did not return till the next morning, -- when I heard that this frontier locality, but just reclaimed from a perfect desert, was inhabited by a number of Mexican girls, who make a trade of selling their favours to passing travellers. Small cottages, situated here and there in some corner, are the dwellings of these girls. I was told that even larger establishments, devoted to this traffic, are connected with certain settlements in this part of the country. Thus here, on the western edge of the great North American desert, are found the counterpart of African caravan-stations. On the other hand, it was pleasing to see here the beginnings of a sound culture, and to witness the courage with which this has been attempted. The new works of irrigation, for which the river has been used (throughout New Mexico the basis of all agriculture), and the maize-fields and plantations of other vegetables, produced an agreeable impression. No one who has not experienced this can, perhaps, quite understand the charm that attaches to any spot where human effort is perceptible after a long residence in a perfect wilderness. The buildings of this infant settlement are erected of adobes, with flat roofs, in the Mexican fashion, which carries one – although in a territory of the United States – quite into another world. Indeed, the whole of New Mexico has, and will retain, a character quite foreign to the spirit of the United States.*" Froebel, *Seven Years*. pp. 290-291.

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<sup>86</sup> For a decade before the founding of the La Junta settlement, Las Vegas marked the New Mexican frontier for the Santa Fe traders. Here on well-watered *vegas* or meadows, they camped and gave their animals a rest before striking through the mountain on the final leg of their journey to Santa Fe. Brown, William. The Santa Fe Trail. St. Louis. 1988. p. 151.

<sup>87</sup> Froebel's account of Las Vegas, NM is similar to that of Mrs. Mayer. *"On the 5<sup>th</sup> of October we arrived at Las Vegas, a miserable place in a valley running north and south, at the foot of the sandstone mountain mentioned in the preceding chapter. The valley lies at an elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet above the sea. Wheat and maize are grown here. The inhabitants of Las Vegas are a miserable population of New Mexicans; amongst them have settled some Anglo-American retail dealers, innkeepers, and speculators, who inhabit the less miserable dwellings. The buildings are all constructed of adobes, mostly consisting of a single room, and furnished with a small hole for a window. Upon the mud walls unhewn rafters are laid, which are covered with clay, forming a flat-roof. If the little window-aperture is closed with a plate of gypsum, this is a domestic luxury of very rare occurrence. It is difficult to picture oneself the wretched appearance of such a New Mexican frontier town. When, in addition to all this, an isolation from the world greater than that upon any of the larger islands in the Pacific, and the constant insecurity of life and property from wild Indians is considered, the reader may imagine the life of a man who has been accustomed to civilization. Nevertheless, its position on the Santa Fé road offers great advantages, which some foreigners settled here have turned to advantage. A German resident has grown rich here, leaving at his death a considerable fortune, which gave rise to a lawsuit respecting the inheritance."* Froebel, Seven Years. pp. 290-292.

<sup>88</sup> This is the valley that goes between the Manzano Mountains and the Los Pintos Mountains between the modern day Highway 60 and the railroad tracks of the Burlington Northern Railroad.

Froebel's description of the sheep coincides with the Mayer account. *"A considerable breeding of sheep is carried on in this part of New Mexico [Upper Pecos], as well as in other sections of the territory; and we met, in these deserts, large flocks of sheep, under the care of shepherds, armed with bow and arrow. They are driven for the night into sheep-folds, to protect them against the wolves; but whenever the Indians have an appetite for roast mutton, flocks and shepherds are pretty much at their mercy. We paid a dollar a-piece for some sheep purchased for our caravan. The breed is a small one. I do not venture to judge of the value of the wool, but the meat has an excellent flavour."* Froebel, Seven Years. pp. 293-294.

<sup>89</sup> By the middle of the 19<sup>th</sup> century when traders who had come west on the Santa Fe Trail were continuing onto Mexico, they often took a more direct route therefore bypassing Santa Fe and passing through Anton Chico and heading south of the Manzano mountains for El Camino Real. After the first grant settlement of Anton Chico was abandoned it was reestablished in about 1834 by thirteen settlers. Anton Chico was a typical isolated frontier town at the time the United States acquired jurisdiction over the area. The town was located in a beautiful valley and protected by the surrounding high table lands from the cold stormy winds. Since the town was off a "beaten track," commerce could reach the town only by a circuitous route from Santa Fe or Las Vegas. The chief occupation of its inhabitants was sheep raising and their homes were all constructed of adobe. The space between the houses and the Pecos River was laid out in gardens and maize fields, which required irrigation. However, the environs were too little favored by nature for agriculture ever to become extensive. The town had a population of about 500 persons, a church, and one fandango saloon. Conversation with Marc Simmons and the following website <http://www.newmexicohistory.org/filedetails.php?fileID=24814> retrieved on January 30, 2011.

<sup>90</sup> Froebel describes the Anton Chico resident who followed the Mayer Caravan. *"Anton Chico is a small place of wretched appearance resembling Las Vegas; but which has a still more deathlike aspect from its distance from the high-road. The stony heights of the surrounding country, dotted here an there with single juniper-bushes, impart to it a desolate and gloomy character; and the dilapidated mud-walls, against which, wrapt in his old shabby serape, a man is occasionally seen leaning, to thaw his stiffened limbs in the sun, with groups of women and children seated on the ground, all present a concentrated picture of North Mexican misery. From Anton Chico a man had followed us on foot, who now approached our camp-fires and begged permission to pass the night under our protection, being afraid of lighting a fire for himself alone in the wilderness. The night was very cold, and this fellow had scarcely sufficient clothing to cover himself. Objections were raised in our camp against admitting this stranger: he might be associated with some band of robbers, and engaged in plundering our caravan, or, at all events, he might run off in the night with one of our animals. In order, therefore to afford protection to this man, and guard at the same time our own safety, we required that he should let himself be tied to a waggon-wheel for the night: to this*

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he assented. Our Mexicans brought a cord, and, with all kinds of good humoured bantering, they tied their countryman fast. The prisoner was of course allowed all sufficient comforts of his night's rest. The prepared him a warm bed close to the wheel, brought him tortillas, frijoles, and coffee, wrapped him in a blanket, and then left him till the morning, when he was released." Froebel, Seven Years, pp. 296-297.

<sup>91</sup> Depending on the pace of their daily travels this is 20-30 miles beyond Anton Chico, NM and before Antelope Springs in Torrance County, NM.

<sup>92</sup> Antelope Springs is a former railroad town in Torrance County between Moriarty and Estancia named for Antelope Springs, in turn for the antelopes that grazed there. The site had long been a stopping place for travelers. Julyan, Robert. Place Names of New Mexico. 1998. Albuquerque. p.18.

<sup>93</sup> Today, Arroyo de Manzano flows ESE from Manzano, NM.

<sup>94</sup> This is the valley used today by the Burlington Northern and Santa Fe railroad and U.S. Hwy 60 that goes between the Manzano Mountains of Bernalillo and Torrance counties and the Los Pinos Mountains of Socorro county near Abo Pass. Froebel describes the geology around the Manzanos River. "*We rode through the Manzanos river, over glittering masses of micaceous slate; and, judging by the detached blocks and the width of its bed, now almost dry, it must at times have a large mass of water. The road soon after led into an ascending valley between sandstone mountains, which, projecting eastward, rise above the level plain. The mountains appeared to form a jagged part of the summit of the plateau itself.*" Froebel, Seven Years, p. 300.

<sup>95</sup> The Mayers and Froebel secured food at Cuarrà. "*A few large-leaved poplars were growing by the side of a clear brook, descending into the valley with a steep fall. Then succeeded fields of maize, in which the people were busied with the harvest; and suddenly there stood before me some old and high walls of brown sandstone, in the middle of a valley, between high poplars and pines, with a wooded mountain in the background. These were the ruins of Cuarrà, which have without doubt a Christian origin, although, like many others in New Mexico, they have been attributed to the Indians. They consist of the walls of a church, build of sandstone without mortar. The builders were doubtless Indians, but the architect, some missionary, must have had a Byzantine type in his mind when designing the building. The ruin has but little historic interest. Very probably the church, together with the other buildings of a flourishing mission, the walls of which still exist, was destroyed in the great rising of the Indians, when the Spaniards, after their first settlement in New Mexico, were driven out of the country, and had to conquer it a second time. At no great distance from Cuarrà, and doubtless connected with the same history. The site of Cuarrà is remarkable: we seem transplanted into a mountainous corner of Germany, with the ruins of some old robber-castle; until, on closer examination, we are reminded of being in the land of the Cactus and of the Indians, and that the building was no castle, but a church. Cuarrà has the rank of an Indian pueblo, but the number of the inhabitants is limited to a few families, who have used the old ruins as their dwelling. The pueblo erected on the ruins, after the destruction of the mission, has evidently never had many inhabitants, otherwise there must have been remains of a second period. The present tenants cultivate a few fields of maize and gourds, and keep a few domestic animals. I had great difficulty in procuring half a dozen eggs.*" Froebel, Seven Years, pp. 300-302.

<sup>96</sup> *Las Nutrias*, the Beavers, is named for a South American rodent similar to the North American beaver. *Las Nutrias* appears to have been a landmark and paraje on the seventeenth century trail and there are several mentions of the site in colonial documents. In the 1760s there were petitions filed for land around *Las Nutrias* and by 1766 *Las Nutrias* was a newly formed town of thirty families. Some of these pioneers stayed into the 1770s but the settlement was short-lived. The settlement was surrounded by fertile, well-irrigated farmland, suitable for livestock but the Apaches drove settlers away from the site. *Las Nutrias* was re-settled about fifty years later and San Isidro Mission Church, a mission of Our Lady of Sorrows Parish in La Joya on the eastside of the highway, is probably close to the site of the nineteenth century settlement. Adams, Eleanor B. and Fray Angelico Chavez, eds. The Missions of New Mexico, 1776. Albuquerque. 1956. p. 254.

<sup>97</sup> La Joya was the site of the northernmost Piro pueblo, known as *Selocú*. The Oñate expedition first saw the modest pueblo, rising above a marshy area on the east side of the Rio Grande, and thought of Sevilla, Spain so they called it *Sevilleta*, or Little Sevilla. The Franciscans returned to *Sevilleta* in the 1620s. They gathered the Piro from the surrounding countryside and brought them back to the site where they founded the *San Luis Obispo Mission*, dedicated to Saint Louis, a thirteenth century French bishop. The mission and pueblo at *Sevilleta* were abandoned during the 1680 Pueblo Indian Revolt. By the early nineteenth century there was renewed interest in opening the Rio Abajo to Spanish settlement but it is not entirely clear when

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the first people moved back to La Joya de Sevilleta. There may have been a few pioneers here by the 1790s as landless farmers from the north, especially from Santa Fe, Santa Cruz de la Cañada and San Juan Pueblo, moved into the area just below the old pueblo ruins along the east side of the river. By the 1810s formal applications for a land grant were prepared and in 1819 the La Joya de Sevilleta land grant, comprising of more than 220,000 acres, was authorized for sixty-seven grantees. During the 1840s the town once again became known as *La Joya*. Livestock herds and commercial caravans passed through the area on the old Camino Real. Marshall, Michael P. and Henry J. Walt. Rio Abajo: Prehistory and History of a Rio Grande Province. Santa Fe. 1984. p. 274.

<sup>98</sup> *La Joyita*, is Spanish for the Little Jewel, was a campsite and Mexican era village a few miles below La Joya de Sevilleta. Marshall and Walt. Rio Abajo. p. 275.

<sup>99</sup> *"In our camp at Joyita I first saw face to face some Indians of the dreaded Apache nation. Whilst taking our noonday meal, two Indians came riding up, who dismounted, shook hands with us, and invited themselves with great naivete to partake of our repast. They were clothed in leather, and armed with good guns, which they laid aside. They told us they belonged to the tribe of the Mescaleros, and one of them pretended to be a chieftain, an assertion however which the fellow's bad manners proved to be false. In general, the Indian chieftains observe a dignified demeanour, and marked etiquette. The physiognomy of these two men, who after a short time were joined by a woman, nearly approached the common Chinese type, chiefly in the broad flat nose; but there are also seen among these people very various physiognomies, and I afterwards saw several sharply cut profiles of noble proportions."* Froebel, Seven Years. p. 309.

<sup>100</sup> The Mescalero Apache lived in the San Andrés and Sacramento Mountains east of the Jornada del Muerto and the Tularosa Basin. They were a constant threat to caravans, stagecoaches, and other travelers in the Jornada del Muerto until the 1870s. Crouch, Brodie. Jornada del Muerto: A Pageant of the Desert. Spokane. 1989. p. 76.

<sup>101</sup> *"I [Julius Froebel] wish to avail myself of this opportunity to collect a few words of the Apache language, but I had great difficulty in attaining my object, even to a very limited extend. My questions at first displeased them, and I received no answers: I then bethought me of a ruse, which was successful. I declared that I knew the Apache language, and uttered the Comanche words which I had on a former occasion noted down. The hatred of the Apaches for the Comanches aroused such indignation among our guests, that, to prove the superiority of their language to that of the Comanches, they told me a number of words. I learned from these people that not all the Apache tribes speak the same language: for instance that of the Coppermine Apaches and Gila Apaches differs widely from theirs, and is not understood by them."* Froebel, Seven Years. p. 309.

<sup>102</sup> *"In the evening our guests took their leave. That night I [Julius Froebel] slept at the edge of our camp, which was a level plain near the village; and near me lay our cook. On a sudden we aroused by the sound of horses' hoofs, and the fierce barking of our dog. Scarcely five paces distant we saw two mounted Indians. In an instant my gun was leveled at one, and the cook, snatching up one of my pistols, aimed at the other, whilst the dog seized on the horses by the throat. "No tira, compadre!" (don't fire, comrade!) exclaimed one of the men. "Don't you know your friends, the Apaches, who are come again to drink coffee with you?" An explanation followed, in which we made them to understand that we could not receive their visit at night, and that they must go away; but they would be very welcome to join our early breakfast. They reluctantly yielded, but not without lively protestations; and when some way off, one shouted to me "Hark ye, comrade! The Apaches are good – the Apaches are your friends – but yonder dwells rogues!" meaning the people of the neighbouring village, the name of which, La Joyita, signified "the little jewel." The next morning we waited in vain for our guests at breakfast, and afterwards saw them riding with eight or ten others over a neighbouring hill. The object of their nocturnal visit had doubtless been to test our vigilance' and as our complete guard was about half mile off, with the drove of mules, disagreeable occurrences might have happened at the camp."* Froebel, Seven Years. pp. 309-310.

<sup>103</sup> *Valverde*, the Green Valley, was a popular paraje at the northern edge of the Jornada del Muerto where a good river ford allowed access to the west bank. It was probably named for Governor Antonio Valverde y Cosío, who served from 1717 to 1722. It was located within an 1819 land grant obtained by don Pedro de Armendáriz, the only colonial land grant in the Jornada del Muerto. The settlement lasted only a few years as Navajo attacks caused the Armendáriz clan to abandon the area by 1824. In 1851, after Americans had secured the region, Fort Conrad was established on the west bank of the river. A few settlers came to Valverde and built their mud and thatch homes south of the old village site and the population grew to

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about 90 people prospering due to the economies of Fort Conrad and Fort Craig. Crouch, Jornada del Muerto. pp. 105, 121.

<sup>104</sup> *“One of the most beautiful sections in his neighbourhood is the Valverde bottom, where a small town of the same name formerly stood. Were it not, like the rest of the valley, exposed to the attacks of the Indians, this would be one of the most eligible spots for a settlement that I have seen in the course of my American wanderings. At the time of our passing, only one North American resided there, with a few Mexican servants. The land did not belong to him, but he had taken possession of it.”* Froebel, Seven Years. p. 314.

<sup>105</sup> *La Parida*, the Birth, is first listed as a rancho along the Santa Fe-Chihuahua mail route in the 1830s. The village was located along the east bank of the river but after years of flooding washed away orchards and cornfields, it was moved to higher elevations. By 1850 *La Parida* attracted more settlers and had orchards, vineyards, and fields of corn and wheat. About one hundred and fifty people lived in the area trading with settlements along both sides of the river. *La Parida* was located near Parida Hill, considered a particularly difficult segment of the trail that ran along the east bank, often covered with sandy patches that made bogged down carts and wagons. Marshall, Michael. “Parida (LA 31718).” National Register of Historic Places Inventory-Nomination Form. Santa Fe, NM. 1986. pp. 2-3.

<sup>106</sup> *“One of the many interesting scenes of landscape which the valley of the Rio Grande present to the traveler, is the view from the hills below Parida, on to the opposite side of the valley, with the town of Socorro lying at the foot of high mountains. The road on the hill runs close to the edge of a steep precipice, at the foot of which the Rio Grande – its bed half filled up with grey sandbanks- winds between poplars and willows, through extensive meadows. On the limit of the latter, indicated in the distance by the sharp line of an irrigation canal, lies the town, with its flat roof; and behind it rises the mountain – bare of trees from the base to the summit in terraces, one above another, and supported by columnar rocks”.* Froebel, Seven Years. p. 314.

<sup>107</sup> The *Jornada del Muerto* is a long, flat high desert plain that lies east of the Rio Grande, about forty-five miles wide, and extending almost one hundred miles in length. It spreads from the northern end of the Mesilla Valley, past today’s Elephant Butte Reservoir, and into the Socorro Valley. Hemmed in by the Oscura and San Andres Mountains on the east side, and the Caballo and Fray Cristóbal Mountains on the west, the *Jornada* spans the monotonous flat prairie with occasional rolling foothills, jutting rocks, and shallow depressions. Crouch, Jornada del Muerto. pp. 43- 45.

<sup>108</sup> Doña Ana was the first permanent settlement in the Mesilla Valley, founded during the Mexican era. For centuries it was a trail paraje along the river near the Doña Ana range, which reaches thirteen hundred feet above the valley floor. The site is probably named for a Mesilla Valley ranch owned by Doña Ana Maria de Córdoba that was attacked by Indians in the 1690s. Today’s Doña Ana dates from the Mexican era. In 1839 José Maria Costales and 115 others filed a petition for a land grant called El Ancón de Doña Ana or the Doña Ana Bend Colony Grant, formally surveyed in January 1844. During the Mexican-American War Doña Ana was the only settlement in the Mesilla Valley. It was soon designated the county seat of Doña Ana County. While Doña Ana briefly thrived in the early 1850s, the settlement of Las Cruces and La Mesilla, the establishment of Fort Fillmore, the Gadsden Purchase, and the arrival of the railroad in 1881 all diverted attention south and Doña Ana soon returned to being a quiet agricultural village by the late nineteenth century. Today, historic Doña Ana village is one of the best preserved sites along the Camino Real de Tierra Adentro National Historic Trail in southern New Mexico. Torok, George D. “Historic Doña Ana Village on El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro.” *Chronicles of the Trail* 4 (Winter 2008). pp. 15-20.

<sup>109</sup> Las Cruces was one of the first new American settlements established along the Camino Real after the Mexican-American War. There are several popular stories that explain how the site became known as *Las Cruces* or The Crosses, all referring to crosses marking the site of a killing or massacre but none are corroborated by any historical evidence. In 1848 Doña Ana’s Justice of the Peace Pablo Melendres requested that the U.S. Army help lay out a new town south of his village. The Army agreed and offered Doña Ana residents free town lots in the new settlement. Because of Indian raids throughout the Mesilla Valley the new community was well-fortified and ready for an attack. The Las Cruces area grew steadily in the 1850s but remained small with only a few hundred residents. It was often overshadowed by the larger, and more heavily populated, La Mesilla nearby. The arrival of the railroad in April 1881 brought changes to the town and shifted the commercial emphasis from La Mesilla to Las Cruces. Las Cruces grew in the 1880s from about 1500 to 2300 residents but never experienced the great boom that Albuquerque and El Paso did. Harris, Linda G. Las Cruces: An Illustrated History. Las Cruces: 1993. pp. 4, 26, 42-43.

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<sup>110</sup> Froebel confirms the Mayer accounts. *“Fruit trees and the vine are much cultivated in this valley. At Donana, and afterwards at Las Cruces, we bought excellent grapes, good apples, and tolerable pears. Wine, raisins, dried peaches and pears, form a considerable source of trade, and are exported from the valley of the Rio Grande to Chihuahua. The dried pears of El Paso are the best in the world.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 321.

<sup>111</sup> Froebel comments on Fletcher’s Rancho. *“A large fortified house, named from its owner, Fletcher’s Rancho, stands solitary on the road between Dona Ana and Las Cruces. An extensive estate belongs to it, but the owner pays more attention to trade than to agriculture, and the house is in fact a large store. The locality of this magazine was, in all probability, chosen with reference to the smuggling trade with Mesilla.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 321.

<sup>112</sup> Froebel comments on a murder along El Camino Real. *“Here I received a very practical warning as to the need for caution upon the high road, through the most populous parts of New Mexico. I had remained at Fletcher’s Rancho about half an hour after our caravan had started, and was riding after it, when I met two North Americans with whom I exchanged a few words. Some days afterwards, at El Paso, I learned that they had been murdered by some Indians, at no great distance from the spot where I had spoken to them.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 322.

<sup>113</sup> Fort Fillmore was established in 1851 and named for President Millard Fillmore. It was close to the new international border between the United States and Mexico. The fort was primarily designed to protect travelers and settlers from area Apache attacks and keep new roads to California open. In the fall of 1861 Fort Fillmore fell to Confederate forces as they made their way from Texas into New Mexico. It was never re-occupied and was officially closed in 1862. Sonnichsen, C.L. Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande 2 vols. El Paso. pp. 127, 155.

<sup>114</sup> El Paso del Norte is today’s Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, on the south bank of the Rio Grande. El Paso, Texas grew from a series of scattered settlements on the north bank during the 1850s. Anson Mills, who first surveyed the area of today’s downtown, is credited with re-naming the American community “El Paso” in 1859. In 1888, El Paso del Norte, Chihuahua’s name was changed to Ciudad Juárez, in honor of Benito Juárez. Sonnichsen, Pass of the North, pp. 144, 387.

<sup>115</sup> El Paso Canyon was one of the worst stretches of the trail. They traveled just above the river, close to the path of the railroad tracks today. Metz, Leon. El Paso: Guided Through Time. El Paso. 1999. pp. 207-210.

<sup>116</sup> Simeon Hart (1816-1874) was born in Kentucky, raised in Missouri, and came to the Southwest during the Mexican War with the Missouri Cavalry. He received a commendation for his role in the Battle of Santa Cruz de Rosales in March 1848. After the war Hart married into a Chihuahua City merchant family and moved north to the new American territory opposite El Paso del Norte. By 1849 he opened a small mill where he ground corn and wheat into flour and meal and later expanded his operations to include a much larger gristmill, a sawmill, and two fanning mills. He also outfitted wagons, sold livestock, and contracted for mail delivery. Hart’s Mill, or *El Molino*, became an important meeting place and center of commerce along the trail. Hart’s Mill was the one of the earliest settlements on the north bank and the old Hart home is one of the earliest residential buildings in American El Paso, still in use today, constructed in 1850 shortly after the mill was operating. The Hart homestead served as a restaurant, providing food and comfort to weary stage and wagon train travelers. Over the years his commercial enterprises thrived, Hart became the wealthiest man in the Pass, and his residence was soon a prominent social center. Strickland, Rex W. Six Who Came to El Paso: Pioneers of the 1840s. El Paso. 1963. pp. 37-40.

<sup>117</sup> James Wiley Magoffin (1799-1868) was born in Harrodsburg, Kentucky into a frontier family who ventured in land sales, merchandising, and banking. In 1832 Magoffin traveled to Chihuahua City where he established himself as a successful entrepreneur, became fluent in Spanish, and accumulated enough wealth to become known in local circles as Don Santiago. By the mid-1830s he had married into a prominent San Antonio de Béxar family and developed new merchandising efforts and participated in the lucrative Chihuahua Trail [Santa Fe, NM to Chihuahua, MX] trade. He settled along the Rio Grande in today’s downtown El Paso, Texas and established Magoffinsville in June 1849, midway between Santa Fe and Chihuahua City. Magoffinsville became a thriving commercial center, the most important in the American Southwest. Strickland, Six Who Came, pp. 26-30.

<sup>118</sup> The church is the Guadalupe Mission, built in 1659, still standing on the plaza in Cd. Juárez. In the 1850s it was the only settlement of any significant size in the region and one of the few places to re-supply.

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Emigrants to California had driven up prices for the often scarce goods. Sonnichsen. Pass of the North. p. 128.

<sup>119</sup> In January 1827 Maria Ponce de Leon, a wealthy and influential citizen of Mexican El Paso del Norte petitioned the city's *ayuntamiento* for a land grant on the north bank of the Rio Grande, about one mile from the plaza. This land formed the base for the Ponce de León Hacienda, the first settlement in what would later become American El Paso. American merchant Benjamin Franklin Coons bought the Ponce de León grant and leased part of it to the U.S. Army's Third Infantry in 1849. The settlement became known as Coon's Ranch, and was later called Franklin. The military base was called the Post Opposite El Paso (referring to El Paso del Norte). By 1858 Franklin became one of the main stations of the Butterfield Overland Mail, located midway across its 2,700 mile route through the American West. Sonnichsen. Pass of the North. pp. 127, 141-42.

<sup>120</sup> The Apache Indians were an extended, nomadic group that roamed the area of today's Texas, northern Mexico, and the American Southwest. They are usually divided between eastern and western Apaches, with the Rio Grande as the dividing line. The Spanish tried to control Apache raiding on colonial sites and Indian pueblos by concentrating the Apaches at peace settlements where they were given rations and encouraged to adopt a more sedentary, agricultural lifestyle. San Elizario, Texas, about thirty miles southeast of today's El Paso, was the site of a major Spanish peace settlement in the late eighteenth century. With Mexican independence and the arrival of Anglo-Americans in the region, the Apaches were once again a problem. Both the U.S. and Mexico waged extensive military campaigns against the Apaches until they were finally subdued in the 1880s. Hendricks, Rick and W.H. Timmons. San Elizario: Spanish Presidio to Texas County Seat. El Paso. 1998. pp. 23, 45.

<sup>121</sup> Edvard Emil Landberg (1810–1866). At the invitation of his brother Ludvig, who was living in Mexico, he immigrated from Denmark in 1835 via Hamburg and New Orleans to Matamoros, Mexico. That year he joined Gen. Antonio López de Santa Anna's army. During the Mexican War he served as a cavalry officer under Gen. Gabriel Valencia in Tula and in Victoria, Tamaulipas. Under Gen. José de Urrea he participated in successful guerrilla attacks upon American forces at Marín (near Monterrey), Agua Negra, and Cerralvo, in Nuevo León. These campaigns were to disrupt American supply lines and assist Santa Anna's movement against Gen. Zachary Taylor in 1847. Near Mexico City Langberg fought in battles at Contreras and Churubusco; he was decorated for his service fighting the Americans. In 1849 Langberg was appointed subinspector of the military colonies in Chihuahua. During that time he provided an escort for the American and Mexican parties surveying the new international boundary, made reports on the status of the military colonies, and made a reconnaissance of the Big Bend area on a trip from San Carlos, Chihuahua, to Monclova el Viejo, Coahuila, Mexico (on the Rio Grande). He also fought several Indian battles; the one at Laguna de Jaco against the Comanches was the most notable. He led Chihuahuan forces opposing efforts by New Mexico governor Henry Carr Lane to take control of the Mesilla area in New Mexico. During his service in Chihuahua he had contacts with American officers at Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, and at El Paso, Texas, and worked with officials trying to stop contraband trade and filibustering on the frontier. He resigned in 1854. Retrieved Oct 9, 2010 from <http://www.tshaonline.org/handbook/online/articles/LL/flapv.html>.

<sup>122</sup> They followed the road south to Guadalupe, Chihuahua on the main road to Chihuahua City. This allowed them to avoid the worst of the Samalayuca sand dunes. Moorhead, Max L. New Mexico's Royal Road: Trade and Travel on the Chihuahua Trail. Norman. 1958. p. 44.

<sup>123</sup> The only inhabited site between Chihuahua City and El Paso del Norte was *Carrizal*, the Reeds, an isolated oasis, established as the last refuge for weary Camino Real de Tierra Adentro travelers. Carrizal was founded in 1758 as the town of *San Fernando de las Amarillas*, and by 1774 a new fortress, *Presidio de San Fernando de Carrizal* was established to take the war to the Apache frontier and protect traffic along the trail. The Spanish built a walled fortress-village where as many as three hundred soldiers and their families lived. The troops patrolled Apache strongholds and often accompanied large caravans along stretches of the trail that were particularly dangerous. The fort was active until the Mexican-American War when it was abandoned as Colonel Doniphan's troops invaded the state of Chihuahua. Brown, Roy Bernard. "Arqueología Colonial en Chihuahua: El Caso de El Carrizal," in Jose de la Cruz Pacheco and Joseph P. Sánchez, eds. *Memorias del Coloquio Internacional El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro*. Mexico, D.F.: Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia. 2000. pp. 50-51.

<sup>124</sup> Froebel describes Carrizal "*On the morning of the 17<sup>th</sup> we arrived at Carrizal, an important but now ruinous village, formerly a presidio or military post for the protection of the country against the Apaches.*



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*These foes of all civilized existence have a Rancheria in one of the neighbouring mountain chains. The locality of their fastness was pointed out to me from the houses in Carrizal, and the robbers can, at all times, from their rocky pinnacles watch the remnant of the numerous herds of cattle which must inevitably become their prey. The inhabitants, as in all North Mexican localities, are literally the shepherds to the Apaches; not indeed willing ones, for every man carried his gun. Such constant warfare has made the inhabitants of Carrizal itself wild and brutal, so that the traveller had better be on his guard against them.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 338.

<sup>125</sup> Froebel describes the accident. *“Our lady traveller, having met with a serious accident, was compelled to trust herself to the medical care of some of the women of the place. They prepared a decoction from the branches of a shrub, in which at the same time they boiled the gold ring which their patient usually wore. This circumstance caused the caravan to rest here a day. We encamped close to the houses, but our sleep was disturbed by the howling of a pack of wolves, which, during the whole night, fought with the dogs of the village over the carcase [sic] of a mule which had died that evening.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 339.

<sup>126</sup> *Ojo Caliente*, was a popular campsite on the Camino Real de Tierra Adentro. It was the site of a warm spring, one of the few sources of water on the trail between El Paso del Norte and Chihuahua City. *Ojo Caliente* was located about ten miles south of today’s Carrizal, near the ford of the Rio Carmen. Moorhead, New Mexico’s Royal Road, 1958. pp. 16, 44, 108.

<sup>127</sup> Froebel made various scientific observations. *“We started again on the afternoon of the 19<sup>th</sup>, and reached towards evening a warm spring of rather high temperature, named Ojo Caliente, which rises at the base of a group of phonolitic hills. The water, which is clear, and pure in taste, forms a considerable stream; but I am not sure whether it reaches the Laguna de los Patos, or is retained in the plain for purposes of irrigation. I could not ascertain the exact degree of the temperature, from want of the necessary instruments; but the numerous fish which sported in its waters seemed to find it very enjoyable. We remained here a portion of the night.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 338.

<sup>128</sup> Froebel comments on the final approach to Chihuahua. *“The next was one of the very few rainy days of our journey. We travelled nevertheless from morning till evening, between bare mountains, over rocky, treeless, but grass-covered hills, and passed a portion of the night on the broad level pass of Chihuata, a notorious place, where numerous bones of men and animals warned us not to leave hold of our arms. Many parties of travellers have been attacked here by the Indians with much loss of life.”* Froebel, Seven Years, pp. 339-340.

<sup>129</sup> Froebel identified Mr. Feldman. *“Arrived in the town, I was hospitably received by a German merchant, Mr. William Feldman, of Hamburg.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 341.

<sup>130</sup> There is a date discrepancy here between the Mayer and the Froebel accounts. *“We continued our journey along the east shore of the lake. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November I hastened forward, with Mr. and Mrs. M., to Chihuahua. From our last encampment the distance was fifty miles, which we accomplished between four in the morning and one in the afternoon; Mr. and Mrs. M. in a carriage, and I, with a servant, on horseback. The road passes the buildings of the Rancho del Sacramento, -- an estate which, during the Mexican war, gave its name to an important battle. Arrived in the town, I was hospitably received by a German merchant, Mr. William Feldman, of Hamburg.”* Froebel, Seven Years, p. 341.

<sup>131</sup> General Ángel Trias Álvarez [1809-1867] studied in Europe and returned to his country in 1834. He hired bounty hunter James Kirker to help the Mexicans fight the Apaches. He served as Alcalde of Chihuahua starting in 1838 and later became governor of Chihuahua in 1845. During the U.S. Mexican War U.S. Army Colonel Doniphan fought the Mexican Army under the command of General Heredia and General Ángel Trias, who was then governor of Chihuahua, as second in command. General Trias was in charge of the frontier defense at the outbreak of the Mexican-American War and ordered troops to El Paso del Norte to halt the American invasion. His Mexican troop fought and were defeated at Brazito. By December of 1852 Trias introduced a *Plan del Hospicio* which opposed the sale of La Mesilla. Rives, George. The United States and Mexico 1821-1848: A History of the Relations between the Two Countries from the Independence of Mexico to the Close of the War with the United States. New York. 1913. pp. 372-373. Alvarez, Jose Rogelio. Enciclopedia de México Volume XII. Ciudad de México. 1978. pp. 217-218. Sonnichsen. Pass of the North. pp. 94, 110, 112, 131, 133.