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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.

























“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.**















“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.









“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









“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.

























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.