

seemed almost exhausted; two companies had lost harness and I managed to find some other for them. I found the road was about to prove much longer than I had been informed. About 10 o'clock in the morning as usual, it became of summer heat. Finally, near eleven, I reached, with the foremost wagon, the first water of the Cariza;—a clear running stream gladdened the eyes, after the anxious dependence on muddy wells for five or six days. One company, which met with an accident, was so far delayed into the heat of the day, that the mules entirely failed several miles off; a new team had to be sent, and the wagon came up at sunset. I found the march to be nineteen miles; thus without water for near three days, (for the working animals) and camping two nights, *in succession*, without water, the battalion made in forty-eight hours, four marches, of eighteen, eight, eleven and nineteen miles, suffering from frost, and from summer heat. Considering this, it seems certain that the fifty-six miles from Alamo Mocho, could have been made without great loss in no other way;—the divisions of time for rest, the stop only for a drink and refreshment of meat in the heat of the day, and the cold night marches.

We contented ourselves to-day, with a breakfast at 1 o'clock A. M. The sheep, I fear, are many miles back. A ration of two and a half pounds of fat beef was issued this evening.

The grass here is dry and salty. The loss of mules appears to be sixteen in the two days; our great help has been twenty-two of the General's old mules, which were watered yesterday, 'to clean out the well' before my arrival, (there was a wolf's carcass in it;) but little more water rose after that. A great many of my men are wholly without shoes, and use every expedient, such as rawhide moccasins and sandals, and even wrapping their feet in pieces of woolen and cotton cloth."

January 17th.—Owing to stray mules, the march was late; about mid-day the battalion reached Palm Spring, where there is a clump of twenty or thirty palm trees; but there being no grass, it was necessary to go on, and the march was fifteen miles to a place called Bajiocito, a wet swampy valley, with willow bushes, bad rank grass and no fuel; the road was up the dry bed of a mountain torrent, between mountains, ash-colored and utterly barren. "That this fifteen miles of very bad road was accomplished

under the circumstances, by mules or men, is extraordinary. The men arrived here completely worn down; they staggered as they marched, as they did yesterday. The sheep are not up, but near. It is astonishing to consider what the wild young mules performed and endured; driven thirty miles to meet me, then next day, in its heat, to go through the terrible process of being broken to harness—two hours of the most violent struggles possible; then to draw wagons two marches, and thus without food, to march the third day without water.”

January 18th.—Some of the men did not find strength to reach camp before daylight this morning. The sheep did not come up until after mid-day; there are eighty-eight left. I went through the companies this morning; they were eating their last four ounces of flour; of sugar and coffee, there has been none for some weeks. I have remaining only five public wagons, there are three, private property.

The Indian Alcalde of San Phillipi, brought me a letter, but three days old, from Commander Montgomery of the Portsmouth, and governor of San Diego; he writes that my party arrived on the 14th

instant, welcomes my approach, promises refreshment, etc., for the battalion.

The Alcalde, and his interpreter, also a San Phillipian Indian, are fine looking men, nearly naked, hair long, and faces painted in red spots; their language seems a bad one, somewhat resembling that of the Apaches.

The men, who this morning were prostrate, worn out, hungry, heartless, have recovered their spirits to-night, and are singing and playing the fiddle.

With confused information of hostilities, the march was resumed the 19th, with more military order, and with baggage in the rear. The guides had reported a good firm road, with a rather narrow cañon, etc. After marching three or four miles, up hill, I came to advance guard pioneers and guides, at a standstill. Weaver coolly remarked, “I believe we are penned up;” there was a rugged ridge in front, some two hundred feet high; I ordered him to find a crossing, or I should send a company who would soon do it. With much active work, I got the wagons over in about an hour and a half. Then up the dry bed of a mountain stream, I came to the cañon and found it much worse than I had been led

to expect; there were many rocks to surmount, but the worst was the narrow pass. Setting the example myself, there was much work done on it before the wagons came; the rock was hewn with axes to increase the opening. I thought it wide enough, and going on, found a hill to be ascended, to avoid a still narrower pass, with a great rock to be broken, before it could be crossed. But when a trial was made, at the first pass, it was found too narrow by a foot of solid rock. More work was done, and several trials made. The sun was now only an hour high, and it was about seven miles to the first water. I had a wagon taken to pieces, and carried through.

Meanwhile, we still hewed and hammered at the mountain side; but the best road tools had been lost in the boat experiment. The next wagon body was lifted through, and then the running gear, by lifting one side; then I rode on again, and saw a wagon up the very steep hill, and down again to the cañon. The work on the pass was perseveringly continued, and the last two wagons were pulled through by the mules, with loads undisturbed.

We had ascended the main ridge by sunset,

where a guide met me, and pointed to another a mile or two in front, and said it was very bad, and could only be passed by daylight. As there was unusually good grass, I camped; but there had been no provision made for their unexpected privation of water.

After a very cold night, with very little fuel, the march was next morning continued before sunrise; the wagons were got over the second ridge, by the help of ropes. A good descending road for seven miles then led to San Phillippi, which was found to be a small deserted Indian village. The mules were grazed, and two beeves killed for breakfast; there was no other food. In the afternoon the battalion ascended the pass of another low mountain seven miles, and had water, but very scant grass for a camp. The battalion during the march was exercised in a prairie, waiting for the wagons to come up.

The guide Charboneaux returned that day; the Governor of San Diego detaining Leroux and Mr. Hall, the road being very unsafe from hostile Californians.

The battalion was under orders to march to San Diego, and communication with General Kearny

was now cut off. By the best information, the enemy were concentrated at Los Angeles. The General was marching on it from the south, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont approaching from the north; so that a direct march on Los Angeles from the east was evidently the proper course; and especially so, as Captain Montgomery had written, January 15th, that it was generally believed that parties of Californians, headed by leaders who had broken their paroles, would endeavor to effect a retreat to Sonora, rather than submit to our arms.

Also, the district to be thus passed through was that of the most influential and most hostile natives, and of numerous Indians, many of whom were said to be employed, or forced into their ranks by the enemy.

It was determined to take the direct road to Los Angeles; and the guides were sent to Warner's, to collect mules, etc.

One of the five missing adventurers after the lost flour, came up to that camp reporting all safe, but broken down at Bajiocito, with above four hundred pounds of flour. Assistance was sent to them. A captain reported that the two men who stopped

at the river and had joined the corporal, probably misunderstood him, as giving them permission. Such things happen among volunteers.

“January 21st.—A cold cloudy morning, threatening snow. I found the path over the low mountain pass smooth and not difficult; the path, now a road, winds amid a forest of large evergreen oaks. Cold as it was, the fresh deep green grass was springing up every where from the ground. This mountain divides the waters of the Colorado and the Gulf from those which run west to the ocean. The highest ridges are crowned with pine, and we saw some snow among them. I descended rapidly to the lower slopes, and there drilled my battalion again, while the baggage closed up.”

The battalion reached the rancho early, and camped.

Mr. Warner's information, at this time, placed the insurgents at or near Los Angeles, hard pressed and likely to be encountered on the road, passing here, to Sonora. It was found necessary to rest the 22d. (It is remarkable that the battalion arrived at Warner's the day that the guides were instructed, December 28th, to meet it there.) At this time

was commenced the issue of four pounds of fresh meat a day, that being the only food.

"*January 22d.*—A fine April morning, for Missouri or Virginia; a frost however, and a cold night. This is a beautiful little valley, shut in by mountains or high hills on every side, the country is verdant, some large cottonwoods are leafless, but the mistletoe has lent them a green drapery.

"The name, Agua Caliente, comes from a bold stream, issuing from rock fissures at the temperature of 170° ; it now sends up little clouds of steam for half a mile below. The valley, a mile long, is elliptical, and its green smooth surface really oval; at its centre stands a wonderful evergreen oak, its boughs reaching a circle, five feet above the ground, and ninety feet in diameter; the hot stream runs round one side, a cold one around the other. The Indians, of cold nights, select spots below the spring, of agreeable temperature to sleep lying in the stream, with the sod bank for a pillow."

There were a number of San Luis Indians at Warner's; they had brought here a short time before, and killed ten or eleven Californians; but they had lost thirty-eight of their tribe in the Temecala

valley, killed in an ambush by Californians, and Indians of another tribe. They sought now to accompany the battalion to bury the bodies. This was conceded, and Antonio, a chief, was engaged, with ten of his men mounted, to serve as scouts and guides, and to collect and drive cattle for the subsistence of the battalion.

On the 23d of January, before marching, a talk was held with Baupista, an important chief of Co-huillos, a tribe of some two thousand Indians; and it was a rather independent band of them, that, with the Californians, defeated the San Luis tribe. He was warmly counseled as to the folly of taking any part against Americans, who would soon and forever govern the country, etc., etc.

About eighteen miles were marched; the hills were found very steep for a wagon road, and it rained several hours in the afternoon. The corporal and party came up with the flour, at this camp. He said he "did not dare to come up without it!"

The rain continued twenty-four hours; the battalion had fallen upon the rainy season. All the tents were blown down in the night; the ill-clad battalion were drenched, and suffered much. A

number of mules died, and many strayed, and Antonio was found very useful in recovering them. In the afternoon, a warmer and less exposed camp was found, only three or four miles on.

The morning of January 25th was very bright; the battalion marched over the hills twelve miles into the Temecala valley. The Indians there collected before its arrival, to bury their dead, showed in the distance such military array as to be mistaken for California enemies, and preparations for a combat were made before the truth was made known.

There an official dispatch was received, announcing General Kearny's return to San Diego, and showing that the battalion was expected there, as originally ordered.

Accordingly, a cross road presenting itself, next morning the march was directed toward the San Diego mission. The San Luis, a little river generally dry, was found full of quicksand, and difficult to pass. After a seven hours' march, camp was established in its beautiful valley, near a rancho. It was now found necessary to issue five pounds of beef as a ration.

The 27th the road passed several ranchos, found deserted; then near the important old mission of San Luis Rey. The road wound through smooth green valleys, and over very lofty hills, equally smooth and green. From the top of one of these hills, was caught the first and a magnificent view of the great ocean; and by rare chance perhaps, it was so calm that it shone as a mirror.*

The day's march was sixteen miles. The previous night the herd of cattle had mostly escaped, and orders were given for its increase while marching; in consequence, the zealous irregulars drove to this camp several hundred.

* The charming and startling effect, under our circumstances, of this first view of the ocean could not be expressed; but in an old diary,—once sunk and lost in a river—I find what follows:

"I caught my first sight of the ocean, as smooth as a mirror, and reflecting the full blaze of the declining sun; from these sparkling green hill-tops it seemed that the lower world had turned to impalpable dazzling light, while by contrast, the clear sky looked dim!

"We rode on into a valley which was near, but out of view of the sea; its smooth sod was in sunlight and shade; a gentle brook wound through it; the joyous lark, the gay blackbird, the musical bluebird, even the household wren, warbled together the evening song; it seemed a sweet domestic scene which must have touched the hearts of my rude, far wanderers. But coming to us so suddenly, there was a marvellous accompaniment;—the fitful roar of tide and surf upon a rock-bound shore; while now and then some great roller burst upon the rocks with a booming thunder. It was not a discord!"

That night there was so much dew that the tents seemed wet by a rain; there was also some little frost.

Next day a march of seven and a half hours was made to San Diegetto.

January 29th.—The battalion passed into the Solidad Valley; and then, by cross roads over high hills, miry from rain, into a firm regular road, and sixteen miles in all, to the mission of San Diego.

“The buildings being dilapidated, and in use by some dirty Indians, I camped the battalion on the flat below. There are around us extensive gardens and vineyards, wells and cisterns, more or less fallen into decay and disorder; but also olive and picturesque date trees flourishing and ornamental. There is no fuel for miles around, and the dependence for water is some rather distant pools in the sandy San Diego, which runs (sometimes) down to the ocean. The evening of this day of the march, I rode down, by moonlight, and reported to the General in San Diego.

The battalion seemed to have deserved, and cheered heartily the following order:

HEADQUARTERS MORMON BATTALION.

Mission of San Diego, January 30, 1847.

ORDERS NO. 1.

The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding congratulates the battalion on their safe arrival on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and the conclusion of their march of over two thousand miles.

History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless table-lands where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pick and axe in hand, we have worked our way over mountains, which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific, we have preserved the strength of our mules by herding them over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss. The garrison of four presidios of Sonora concentrated within the walls of Tucson, gave us no pause. We drove them out, with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. Thus, marching half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country.

Arrived at the first settlement of California, after a single day's rest, you cheerfully turned off from the route to this point of promised repose, to enter upon a campaign, and meet, as we supposed, the approach of the enemy; and this too, without even salt to season your sole subsistence of fresh meat.

Lieutenant A. J. Smith and George Stoneman, of the First Dragoons, have shared and given valuable aid in all these labors.

Thus, volunteers, you have exhibited some high and essential qualities of veterans. But much remains undone. Soon, you will turn your attention to the drill, to system and order, to forms also, which are all necessary to the soldier.”

By order, etc.