

We traveled over a sandy plain a few miles, and descended into the wide bed of the Colorado, overgrown thickly with mezquite, willow, and cotton wood; after making about ten miles, we encamped abreast of the ford on a plateau covered with young willows, of which our horses were to lay in a sufficient supply to last them over the desert. Since writing the above, we have found a good patch of grass, and our people have been ordered to cut a ration for each mule to carry along.

The night was excessively cold and damp, and in the morning our blankets were covered with a little dew. For the first time, the bugle calls were distinctly reverberated, showing the atmospheric change as we approach the coast, and descend into the neighborhood of the sea level. In New Mexico, even when surrounded by hills and perpendicular walls, the report of fire arms, and the sound of the bugle, were unattended by any distinct echo. The reports were sharp and unpleasant, not rounded, as here, by the reverberation.

The country, from the Arkansas to this point, more than 1,200 miles, in its adaptation to agriculture, has peculiarities which must forever stamp itself upon the population which inhabits it. All of North Mexico, embracing New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Californias, as far north as the Sacramento, are, as far as the best information goes, the same in the physical character of its surface, and differ but little in climate or products.

In no part of this vast tract can the rains from Heaven be relied upon, to any extent, for the cultivation of the soil. The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever.

A few feeble streams flow in different directions from the great mountains, which in many places traverse this region. These streams are separated, sometimes by plains, and sometimes by mountains, without water and without vegetation, and may be called deserts, so far as they perform any useful part in the sustenance of animal life.

The cultivation of the earth is therefore confined to those narrow strips of land which are within the level of the waters of the streams, and wherever practised in a community with any success, or to any extent, involves a degree of subordination, and absolute obedience to a chief, repugnant to the habits of our people.

The chief who directs the time and the quantity of the precious irrigating water must be implicitly obeyed by the whole community. A departure from his orders, by the waste of water, or unjust distribution of it, or neglect to make the proper embankments, may endanger the means of subsistence of many people. He must therefore be armed with power to punish promptly and immediately.

The profits of labor are too inadequate for the existence of negro slavery. Slavery, as practised by the Mexicans, under the form of peonage, which enables their master to get the services of the adult while in the prime of life, without the obligation of rearing him in infancy, supporting him in old age, or maintaining his family, affords no data for estimating the profits of slave labor, as it exists in the United States.

No one who has ever visited this country, and who is acquainted with the character and value of slave labor in the United States, would ever think of bringing his own slaves here with any view to profit, much less would he purchase slaves for such a purpose. Their labor here, if they could be retained as slaves, among peons, nearly of their own color, would never repay the cost of transportation, much less the additional purchase money.

I made many inquiries as to the character of the vast region of country embraced in the triangle, formed by the Colorado of the west, the Del Norte, and the Gila; and the information collected, will, at some future time, be thrown into notes for the benefit of future explorers, but are not given in this work, as I profess to write only of what I saw.

From all that I learn, the country does not differ, materially, in its physical character from New Mexico, except, perhaps, being less denuded of soil and vegetation. The sources of the Salinas, the San Francisco, Azul, San Carlos, and Prierte, tributaries of the Gila, take their rise in it. About their head waters, and occasionally along their courses, are presented sections of land capable of irrigation.

The whole extent, except on the margin of streams, is said to be destitute of forest trees. The Apaches, a very numerous race, and the Navajoes, are the chief occupants, but there are many minor bands, who, unlike the Apaches and Navajoes, are not nomadic, but have fixed habitations. Amongst the most remarkable of these are the Soones, most of whom are said to be Albinos. The latter cultivate the soil, and live in peace with their more numerous and savage neighbors.

Departing from the ford of the Colorado in the direction of Sonora, there is a fearful desert to encounter. Alta, a small town, with a Mexican garrison, is the nearest settlement.

All accounts concur in representing the journey as one of extreme hardship, and even peril. The distance is not exactly known, but it is variously represented at from four to seven day's journey. Persons bound for Sonora from California, who do not mind a circuitous route, should ascend the Gila as far as the Pimos village, and thence penetrate the province by way of Tucson.

November 25.—At the ford, the Colorado is 1,500 feet wide, and flows at the rate of a mile and a half per hour. Its greatest depth in the channel, at the ford where we crossed, is four feet. The banks are low, not more than four feet high, and, judging from indications, sometimes, though not frequently, overflowed. Its general appearance at this point is much like that of the Arkansas, with its turbid waters and many shifting sand islands.

The ford is entered at the lower extremity of the plateau upon which we encamped, and leads down the river, crossing three sand islands, which we sketched, but as they are constantly shifting, will perhaps afford no guide to the traveller, and may even lead him into error. They are therefore not furnished. The ford is narrow and circuitous, and a few feet to the right or left sets a horse afloat. This happened to my own horse.

Report makes the distance of the mouth of the Colorado, from the crossing, eighty miles, but unless the river is very crooked, this cannot be; Lieut. Hardy, of the royal navy, determined the mouth to be in latitude $31^{\circ} 51'$ north, and longitude $114^{\circ} 1'$.

The growth on the river bottom is cotton wood, willow of different kinds, *equisetum hyemale*, (scouring rush,) and a nutritious grass in small quantities.

After crossing, we ascended the river three quarters of a mile, where we encountered an immense sand drift, and from that point until we halted, the great highway between Sonora and California lies along the foot of this drift, which is continually but slowly encroaching down the valley. *Prosopis glandulosa*, wild sage, and *ephedra* compose the growth; the first is luxuriant.

We halted at a dry arroyo, a few feet to the left of the road, leading into the Colorado, where there was a hole five or six feet deep, which by deepening furnished sufficient water for the men.

We are yet, by the indication of the barometer, but 20 or 30 feet above the river, and where the sands from the desert to the north have not encroached, the soil appears good. There are remains of *zequias* about five miles back, and where we halted, the remains of Indian settlements, but it is probable the water has been cut off by the drift, and cannot now be brought from the river above.

I made observations at night for time and latitude, and found the position of the place to be north latitude $32^{\circ} 40' 22''$, and longitude $114^{\circ} 56' 28''$, west of Greenwich.

We tied our animals to the mezquite trees, (*prosopis glandulosa*,) and remarking on the way that they showed an inclination to eat the bean of this plant, we sent the men to collect them; the few gathered were eaten with avidity.

November 26.—The dawn of day found every man on horseback, and a bunch of grass from the Colorado tied behind him on the cantle of his saddle. After getting well under way, the keen air at 26° Fahrenheit made it most comfortable to walk. We traveled four miles along the sand butte, in the same direction as yesterday, about south 75° west, (magnetic,) we mounted the buttes and found, after a short distance, a firmer footing covered with fragments of lava, rounded by water, and many agates. We were now fairly on the desert.

Our course now inclined a few degrees more to the north, and at 10, a. m., we found a large patch of grama, where we halted for an hour, and then pursued our way over the plains covered with fragments of lava, traversed at intervals by sand buttes, until 4 p. m., when, after travelling 24 miles, we reached the Alamo or cotton wood. At this point, the captured Spaniards informed us, that failing to find water, they had gone a league to the west, in pursuit of their horses, where they found a running stream. We accordingly sent parties to search, but neither the water nor their trail could be found.

Neither was there any cotton wood at the Alamo, as its name would signify; but Francisco said that it was nevertheless the place, the tree having probably been covered by the encroachments of the

sand, which here terminates in a bluff 40 feet high, making the arc of a great circle convexing to the north.

Descending this bluff, we found in what had been the channel of a stream, now overgrown with a few ill-conditioned mezquite, a large hole where persons had evidently dug for water. It was necessary to halt to rest our animals, and the time was occupied in deepening this hole, which after a long struggle, showed signs of water. An old champagne basket, used by one of the officers as a pannier, was lowered in the hole, to prevent the crumbling of the sand. After many efforts to keep out the caving sand, a basket-work of willow twigs effected the object, and much to the joy of all, the basket, which was now 15 or 20 feet below the surface, filled with water. The order was now given for each mess to draw a camp-kettle of water, and Captain Turner was placed in charge of the spring, to see fair distribution.

When the messes were supplied, the firmness of the banks gave hopes that the animals might be watered, and each party was notified to have their animals in waiting; the important business of watering then commenced, upon the success of which depended the possibility of their advancing with us a foot further.

Two buckets for each animal were allowed. At 10, a. m., when my turn came, Captain Moore had succeeded, by great exertions, in opening another well, and the one already opened began to flow more freely, in consequence of which, we could afford to give each animal as much as he could drink. The poor brutes, none of which had tasted water in forty-eight hours, and some not for the last sixty, clustered round the well and scrambled for precedence.

At 12 o'clock I had watered all my animals, thirty-seven in number, and turned over the well to Captain Moore.

The animals still had an aching void to fill, and all night was heard the munching of sticks, and their piteous cries for more congenial food.

November 27 and 28.—To-day we started a few minutes after sunrise. Our course was a winding one, to avoid the sand-drifts. The Mexicans had informed us that the waters of the salt lake, some thirty or forty miles distant, were too salt to use, but other information led us to think the intelligence was wrong. We accordingly tried to reach it; about 3, p. m., we disengaged ourselves from the sand and went due (magnetic) west, over an immense level of clay detritus, hard and smooth as a bowling green.

The desert was almost destitute of vegetation, now and then an *ephedra*, *ænothera*, or bunches of *aristida* were seen, and occasionally the level was covered with a growth of *opione canescens*, and a low bush with small oval plaited leaves, unknown.

The heavy sand had proved too much for many horses and some mules, and all the efforts of their drivers could bring them no farther than the middle of this dreary desert. About 8 o'clock, as we approached the lake, the stench of dead animals confirmed the reports of the Mexicans, and put to flight all hopes of our being able to use the water.

The basin of the lake, as well as I could judge at night, is about

three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. The water had receded to a pool, diminished to one-half its size, and the approach to it was through a thick soapy quagmire. It was wholly unfit for man or brute, and we studiously kept the latter from it, thinking that the use of it would but aggravate their thirst.

One or two of the men came in late and, rushing to the lake, threw themselves down and took many swallows before discovering their mistake; but the effect was not injurious except that it increased their thirst.

At the point where we left the sand, sketches were taken of the objects by which our pilot wended his way; these may serve to guide future travellers. From this point the traveller may go directly to the gap exhibited in the sketch, nearly magnetic west, through which the trail passes.

A few mezquite trees and a chenopodiaceous shrub bordered the lake, and on these our mules munched till they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, when the call to saddle was sounded, and we groped silently our way in the dark. The stoutest animals now began to stagger, and when day dawned, scarcely a man was seen mounted.

With the sun rose a heavy fog from the southwest, no doubt from the gulf, and sweeping towards us, enveloped us for two or three hours, wetting our blankets and giving relief to the animals. Before it had dispersed we came to a patch of sun-burned grass.

When the fog had entirely dispersed we found ourselves entering a gap in the mountains, which had been before us for four days. The plain was crossed, but we had not yet found water. The first valley we reached was dry, and it was not till 12 o'clock, m., that we struck the Cariso (cane) creek, within half a mile of one of its sources, and although so close to the source, the sands had already absorbed much of its water, and left but little running. A mile or two below, the creek entirely disappears.

We halted, having made fifty-four miles in the two days, at the source, a magnificent spring, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, highly impregnated with sulphur, and medicinal in its properties. No vessel could be procured to bring home some of the water for analysis, but I scraped a handful of the salt which had effloresced to the surface of the adjacent ground, and Professor Frazer finds it to contain sulphate of lime, magnesia, and chloride of sodium.

The spring consisted of a series of smaller springs or veins, varying in temperature from 68° to 75°. This variation, however, may have been owing to the different exposures of the fountains in which the thermometer was immersed. The growth was cane, rush, and a coarse grass, such as is found on the marshes near the sea shore.

The desert over which we had passed, ninety miles from water to water, is an immense triangular plain, bounded on one side by the Colorado, on the west by the Cordilleras of California, the coast chain of mountains which now encircle us, extending from the Sacramento river to the southern extremity of Lower California, and on the northeast by a chain of mountains, a continuation of

the same spur noted on the 22d as running southeast and northwest. It is chiefly covered with floating sand, the surface of which in various places, is white with diminutive spinelas, and every where over the whole surface is found the large and soft muscle shell.

I have noted the only two patches of grass found during the "jornada." There were scattered, at wide intervals, the *palafoxia linearis*, *atriplex*, *encelia farinosa*, *daleas*, *euphorbias*, and a *simisia*, described by Dr. Torrey as a new species without rays.

The southern termination of this desert is bounded by the Tecaté chain of mountains and the Colorado; but its northern and eastern boundaries are undefined, and I should suppose from the accounts of trappers, and others, who have attempted the passage from California to the Gila by a more northern route, that it extends many days' travel beyond the chain of barren mountains which bound the horizon in that direction.

The portal to the mountains through which we passed, was formed by immense buttes of yellow clay and sand, with large flakes of mica and seams of gypsum. Nothing could be more forlorn and desolate in appearance. The gypsum had given some consistency to the sand buttes which were washed into fantastic figures. One ridge formed apparently a complete circle, giving it the appearance of a crater; and although some miles to the left, I should have gone to visit it, supposing it to be a crater, but my mule was sinking with thirst, and water was yet at some distance. Many animals were left on the road to die of thirst and hunger, in spite of the generous efforts of the men to bring them to the spring. More than one was brought up, by one man tugging at the halter and another pushing up the brute, by placing his shoulder against its buttocks. Our most serious loss, perhaps, was that of one or two fat mares and colts brought with us for food; for before leaving camp, Major Swords found in a concealed place one of the best pack mules slaughtered, and the choice bits cut from his shoulders and flanks, stealthily done by some mess less provident than others.

I observed at night for time and latitude; for longitude by measuring 18 distances between the ϵ and aldebaran, and the ϵ and fomalhaut.

Latitude 32° 52' 33". Longitude 116° 06' 09".
November 29.—The grass at the spring was anything but desirable for our horses, and there was scarcely a ration left for the men. This last consideration would not prevent our giving the horses a day's rest wherever grass could be found. We followed the dry sandy bed of the Cariso nearly all day, at a snail's pace, and at length reached the "little pools" where the grass was luxuriant but very salt. The water strongly resembled that at the head of the Cariso creek, and the earth, which was very tremulous for many acres about the pools, was covered with salt.

This valley is at no point more than half a mile wide, and on each side are mountains of grey granite and pure quartz, rising from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above it.

A few miles from the spring called Ojo Grande, at the head of the creek, several scattered objects were seen projected against the

cliffs, hailed by the Florida campaigners, some of whom were along, as old friends. They were cabbage trees, and marked the locale of a spring and a small patch of grass. We found also to-day, in full bloom, the *bronnia spinosa*, a rare and beautiful plant; the *planta*, new to our flora; a new species of *erigonum*, very remarkable for its extremely numerous long hair-like fruit stalks and minute flowers.

We rode for miles through thickets of the centennial plant, agave *Americana*, and found one in full bloom. The sharp thorns terminating every leaf of this plant, were a great annoyance to our dismounted and wearied men whose legs were now almost bare. A number of these plants were cut by the soldiers, and the body of them used as food. The day was intensely hot, and the sand deep; the animals, inflated with water and rushes, gave way by scores; and, although we advanced only sixteen miles, many did not arrive at camp until 10 o'clock at night. It was a feast day for the wolves, which followed in packs close on our track, seizing our deserted brutes and making the air resound with their howls as they battled for the carcasses.

The water comes to the surface in pools at this place. It is a valley surrounded by high bleak mountains destitute of vegetation. The mountains are of a micaceous granite seamed with volcanic matter. The grass, which is coarse, extends for a mile or two along the valley.

A heavy cloud overhung the mountains to the west, and the wind blew a hurricane from that quarter; yet our zenith was never obscured, except for a minute at a time by a fleeting cloud detached from the great bank. A horse was killed for food, which was eaten with great appetite, and all of it consumed.

November 30.—Notwithstanding the water was saltish and in pools, and the grass unfavorable to the horses, yet we were compelled to avail ourselves of it for a day to recruit. The day and night were very unpleasant, from the high wind which came over the snow-clad mountains to the west. The ground, too, was tremulous, and my observations for time, by which I hoped to obtain the rate of my chronometers, were not such as I could desire.

December 1.—We ascended the valley, now destitute of both grass and water, to its termination, and then descended to the deserted Indian village of San Felipe. The mountains on either side are lofty, I suppose from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, and those to the west encrusted on the top with snow and icicles. Our camp was in a long field of grass, three or four miles in extent, through which a warm stream flowed and drained through a cañon to the north, abreast of the village. We went to the barren hills and collected the dry sage and scrub mezquite, with which we made a feeble fire. The *larrea Mexicana* grew here also, but it is unfit for fuel.

About nine miles from the camp, we passed the summit which is said to divide the waters flowing into the Colorado from those flowing into the Pacific, but I think it is a mistake. The pass is much below the peaks on either side, and the height gives no indi-

cation of the elevation of the range, and, indeed, the barometric reading was but an indifferent index of the height of the pass, as the day was stormy. We are still to look for the glowing pictures drawn of California. As yet, barrenness and desolation hold their reign. We longed to stumble upon the rancherias, with their flocks of fat sheep and cattle. Meat of horses, may be very palatable when fat, but ours are poor and tough, and it is hard to satisfy the cravings of hunger with such indifferent food.

Early in the day's march, we met two Indians, a man and woman; they could give us no information of what was passing on the western side of the mountains. They continued on with the utmost indifference, exhibiting no signs of fear or astonishment at this sudden apparition of ragged blue-coats. They had fine athletic figures, but were prematurely wrinkled from poverty and exposure to cold.

December 2 and 3.—We commenced to ascend another "divide," and as we approached the summit the narrow valley leading to it was covered with timber and long grass. On both sides, the ever-green oak grew luxuriantly, and, for the first time since leaving the states, we saw what would even there be called large trees. Emerging from these, we saw in the distance the beautiful valley of the Aqua Caliente, waving with yellow grass, where we expected to find the rancheria owned by an American named Warner.

As we passed, crows and wolves were seen in numbers. Leaving the valley, we ascended the hills to the north covered with mezquite, estafiat, &c. Our progress was slow and painful; we thought Warner's rancheria never would open on our eager sight, when suddenly it burst upon our view at the foot of the hill. We were mistaken for Indians, and soon were seen horsemen at full speed leading off cattle and horses to the mountains. We quickened our pace to arrest this proceeding. The rancheria was in charge of a young fellow from New Hampshire, named Marshall. We ascertained from him, that his employer was a prisoner to the Americans in San Diego, that the Mexicans were still in possession of the whole of the country except that port, San Francisco, and Monterey; that we were near the heart of the enemy's stronghold, whence he drew his supplies of men, cattle and horses, and that we were now in possession of the great pass to Senora, by which he expected to retreat, if defeated, to send his prisoners if successful, and to communicate with Mexico.

To appease hunger, however, was the first consideration. Seven of my men eat, at one single meal, a fat full grown sheep. Our camp was pitched on the road to the Pueblo, leading a little north of west. To the south, down the valley of the Aqua Caliente, lay the road to San Diego. Above us was Mr. Warner's backwoods, American looking house, built of adobe and covered with a thatched roof. Around, were the thatched huts of the more than half naked Indians, who are held in a sort of serfdom, by the master of the rancheria. I visited one or two of these huts, and found the inmates living in great poverty. The thermometer was at 30°, they had no fires, and no coverings but sheepskins. They told me, that

when they were under the charge of the missions they were all comfortable and happy, but since the good priests had been removed, and the missions placed in the hands of the people of the country, they had been ill-treated. This change took place in 1836, and many of the missions passed into the hands of men and their connexions, who had effected the change.

Near the house is the source of the Aqua Caliente, a magnificent hot spring, of the temperature of 137° Fahrenheit, discharging from the fissure of a granite rock a large volume of water, which, for a long distance down, charges the air with the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. Above it, and draining down the same valley, is a cold spring of the temperature of 45°, and without the aid of any mechanical instrument, the cold and warm water may be commingled to suit the temperature of the bather.

The Indians have made pools for bathing. They huddle around the basin of the spring to catch the genial warmth of its vapors, and in cold nights immerse themselves in the pools to keep warm. A day will come, no doubt, when the invalid and pleasure seeking portion of the white race, will assemble here to drink and bathe in these waters, ramble over the hills which surround it on all sides, and sit under the shade of the great live oaks that grow in the valley.

Our information in reference to the state of affairs in California was yet very imperfect and unsatisfactory. Marshall spoke of a Mr. Stokes, an Englishman, who lived fifteen miles distant, on the road to San Diego. The general at once despatched Marshall to him, and in three hours he appeared in our camp, presenting a very singular and striking appearance. His dress was a black velvet English hunting coat, a pair of black velvet trowsers, cut off at the knee and open on the outside to the hip, beneath which were drawers of spotless white; his leggins were of black buck-skin, and his heels armed with spurs six inches long. Above the whole bloomed the broad merry face of Mr. Stokes, the Englishman. He was very frank, proclaimed himself a neutral, but gave us all the information he possessed; which was, that Commodore Stockton was in possession of San Diego, and that all the country between that place and Santa Barbara was in possession of the "country people." He confirmed all that Marshall had said, and stated he was going to San Diego the next morning. The general gave him a letter for that place.

I made observations at night for time and latitude, but the flying clouds, and the trembling ground on which we were encamped, made it a delicate operation.

Information was received on the 2d, that fifteen miles distant, on the road to the Pueblo, a band of horses and mules were caught, belonging to General Flores and others. Tired as our people were, nightfall found twenty-five of them in the saddle, with fresh horses, under the command of Lieut. Davidson, accompanied by Carson, on their way in pursuit of the cache. Davidson was successful, and returned with the horses on the 3d, about meridian; but the animals,

like those we captured at the mouth of the Gila, were mostly unbroken, and not of much service.

My observations give for the latitude of our camp of this date, which was on the meadow to the south of the rancheria, 33° 16' 57".

We remained in camp on the 3d to rest.

December 4.—The morning was murky, and we did not start till 9 o'clock, about which time it commenced to rain heavily, and the rain lasted all day. Our route was chiefly through narrow valleys overtopped by high hills of some fertility, covered with oaks. We were now in the region of rains, and the vegetation, though not luxuriant, was very much changed, but it was too late in the fall to get the flowers or fruits to determine the plants.

Our camp was pitched, after marching 13½ miles, in the valley of the Rio Isabel, near the rancheria of Mr. Stokes, formerly the mission of Saint Isabel.

Mr. S. had gone, but he left his keys with a man whom the Spaniards called Signor Beel, with directions to entertain us. The Signor was a deserter from an English merchant-man, and had lived in the neighboring mountains some ten years; during this time he had acquired a little property, and some knowledge of Spanish, but the sailor was visible in all his acts. Before night Mr. Beel had made good use of his keys, and shone in his true colors as sailor Bill.

We were drenched to the skin, and looked forward with some pleasure to the idea of once more entering a house, with a blazing fire and plenty to eat and drink. In the last two items we were entirely satisfied, but sadly disappointed in finding no fire, the only chimney about the rancheria being in the kitchen.

The dragoons took the dinner intended for the officers, and we were obliged to stand, cracking our heels in the cold damp chapel, now converted into a hall, for two hours, before the Signor, or rather Sailor Bill, could cook another dinner.

The appearance of desolation which the rancheria presents is little calculated to impress us with favorable notions of the agricultural resources of this part of California. The land in the narrow valleys is good, but surrounded every where by high barren mountains, and where the land is good, the seasons are too dry for men to attempt cultivation without facilities for irrigation.

December 5.—A cold rainy day, and the naked Indians of the rancheria gathered around our fires. We marched from the rancheria of San Isabel to that of Santa Maria. On the way we met Capt. Gillespie, Lieut. Beale, and Midshipman Duncan of the navy, with a party of thirty-five men, sent from San Diego with a despatch to Gen. Kearny. We arrived at the rancheria after dark, where we heard that the enemy was in force nine miles distant, and not finding any grass about the rancheria, we pushed on and encamped in a cañon two miles below. It was long after night when we halted, and though there may have been plenty of grass, we could not find it. Besides the rain, a heavy fog obscured the landscape, and little could be seen of the country during the day's jour-

neying; what we did see, however, did not impress us favorably as to its fertility.

Although this was the rainy season, no flowing streams were crossed after leaving the San Isabel, and the ground was destitute of grass. Our camp was in a valley, overgrown with large oak trees and other shrubbery; but it was too dark to distinguish their character.

A party under Lieut. Hammond was sent to reconnoitre the enemy, reported to be near at hand. By some accident the party was discovered, and the enemy placed on the qui vive. We were now on the main road to San Diego, all the "by-ways" being in our rear, and it was therefore deemed necessary to attack the enemy, and force a passage. About 2 o'clock, a. m., the call to horse was sounded.

December 6.—We marched nine miles before day-break over a hilly country, leaving our packs to come on in the rear. The general invited Mr. Warner and myself to ride with him, and taking four of my party, I left Messrs. Bestor and Stanly with the rest, six in number, to take care of the baggage, and look after the instruments and notes.

When within a mile of the enemy, whose force was not known to us, his fires shone brightly. The general and his party were in advance, preceded only by the advanced guard of twelve men under Captain Johnston. He ordered a trot, then a charge, and soon we found ourselves engaged in a hand to hand conflict with a largely superior force.

For an account of this engagement, reference may be made to the official report of the general, which has been published. The subjoined topographical sketch will show the first and second position of the enemy, and his final rout. As day dawned, the smoke cleared away, and we commenced collecting our dead and wounded. We found 18 of our officers and men were killed on the field, and 13 wounded.

Amongst the killed were Captains Moore and Johnston, and Lieutenant Hammond of the 1st dragoons.

The general, Capt. Gillespie, Capt. Gibson, Lieut. Warner, and Mr. Robideau badly wounded.

A large body of horsemen were seen in our rear, and fears were entertained lest Major Swords and the baggage should fall into their hands. The general directed me to take a party of men and go back for Major Swords and his party. We met at the foot of the first hill, a mile in rear of the enemy's first position. Returning, I scoured the village to look for the dead and wounded. The first object which met my eye was the manly figure of Capt Johnston. He was perfectly lifeless, a ball having passed directly through the centre of his head.

The work of plundering the dead had already commenced; his watch was gone, nothing being left of it but a fragment of the gold chain by which it was suspended from his neck. By my directions Sergeant Falls and four men took charge of the body and carried it into camp. Captain Johnston and one dragoon were the only

SKETCH
OF THE
ACTIONS
FOUGHT AT
SAN PASQUAL
IN
UPPER CALIFORNIA
Between the Americans
and Mexicans
DEC. 6TH &
7TH 1846.

