

persons either killed or wounded on our side in the fight by fire-arms.

Information was received that the dead, no matter where buried, would be dug up to rob the bodies of their clothes, and orders were given to pack them on mules, with the intention of carrying them to San Diego, but it was found that there were not a sufficient number of strong animals left to convey both the dead and the wounded, and directions were given therefore to inter them at night as secretly as possible.

When night closed in, the bodies of the dead were buried under a willow to the east of our camp, with no other accompaniment than the howling of myriads of wolves attracted by the smell. Thus were put to rest together, and forever, a band of brave and heroic men. The long march of 2,000 miles had brought our little command, both officers and men, to know each other well. Community of hardships, dangers, and privations, had produced relations of mutual regard which caused their loss to sink deeply in our memories.

The general's wounds were so serious, that during the day Captain Turner assumed command and directed operations. There was but one surgeon in our party, Dr. Griffin, and notwithstanding his great skill and assiduity, he did not finish dressing the wounded till late in the afternoon, nor were the ambulances for their transportation completed. This, with the desire to bury our dead under cover of night, caused the forward movement to be postponed till morning.

Our provisions were exhausted, our horses dead, our mules on their last legs, and our men, now reduced to one third of their number, were ragged, worn down by fatigue, and emaciated. The officers of Captain Gillespie's party said there were wheel carriages at San Diego, 39 miles distant, and it was determined to send there for the means of conveying our wounded. Early in the day, Godey, with a few picked men, was on his way by a circuitous route to that place.

Our position was defensible, but the ground, covered with rocks and cacti, made it difficult to get a smooth place to rest, even for the wounded. The night was cold and damp, and notwithstanding our excessive fatigues of the day and night previous, sleep was impossible.

December 7.—Day dawned on the most tattered and ill-fed detachment of men that ever the United States mustered under her colors. The enemy's pickets and a portion of his force were seen in front. The sick, by the indefatigable exertions of Dr. Griffin, were doing well, and the general enabled to mount his horse. The order to march was given, and we moved off to offer the enemy battle, accompanied by our wounded, and the whole of our packs. The ambulances grated on the ground, and the sufferings of the wounded were very distressing. We had made for them the most comfortable conveyance we could, and such as it was, we were indebted principally to the ingenuity of the three remaining mountain men of the party, Peterson, Londeau, and Perrot. The fourth,

the brave François Ménard, had lost his life in the fight of the day before. The general resumed the command, placing Captain Turner, of the dragoons, in command of the remnant of dragoons, which were consolidated into one company.

Arranging our wounded and the packs in the centre, we marched towards San Diego in the direction of the San Barnardo rancheria, taking the right hand road over the hills, and leaving the river San Barnardo to the left. The enemy retired as we advanced. When we arrived at the rancheria of San Barnardo, we watered our horses and killed chickens for the sick. The rancheria was the property of Mr. Snooks, an Englishman; it was deserted except by a few Indians.

Finding no grass about the rancheria, we moved on towards the bed of the river, driving many cattle before us. We had scarcely left the house and proceeded more than a mile, when a cloud of cavalry debouched from the hills in our rear, and a portion of them dashed at full speed to occupy a hill by which we must pass, while the remainder threatened our rear. Thirty or forty of them got possession of the hill, and it was necessary to drive them from it. This was accomplished by a small party of six or eight, upon whom the Californians discharged their fire; and strange to say, not one of our men fell. The capture of the hill was then but the work of a moment, and when we reached the crest, the Californians had mounted their horses and were in full flight. We did not lose a man in the skirmish, but they had several badly wounded. By this movement we lost our cattle, and were convinced that if we attempted any further progress with the ambulances we must lose our sick and our packs. It was impossible to move in the open field with these incumbrances, against an enemy more than twice our numbers, and all superbly mounted. The general, therefore, determined to halt, for the night to have the wounds of the sick redressed, and then to cut our way to San Diego.

December 8.—We bored holes for water, and killed the fattest of our mules for meat. In the morning a flag of truce was sent into our camp, informing us that Andreas Pico, the commander of the Mexican forces, had just captured four Americans, and wished to exchange them for a like number of Californians. We had but one to exchange, and with this fellow I was sent to meet Andreas Pico, whom I found to be a gentlemanly looking, and rather handsome man.

The conversation was short; for I saw the man he wished to exchange was Burgess, one of those sent on the morning of the 6th to San Diego, and we were very anxious to know the result of his mission. Taking rather a contemptuous leave of his late captors, he informed us of the safe arrival of himself and Godey at San Diego. He also stated that when captured, his party, consisting of himself and two others, on their return from San Diego, had previously "cached" their letters under a tree, which he pointed out; but on subsequent examination, we found the letters had been abstracted.

Our wounded were still in no condition to move; to have at-

tempted to transport them would have required one half of our fighting force, and it was decided most expedient to wait until they could be carried on horseback. At night, Lieutenant Beale, of the navy, Mr. Carson, and an Indian, volunteered to go to San Diego, 29 miles distant—an expedition of some peril, as the enemy now occupied all the passes to that town.

The observations made to-night give, for the latitude of this camp, $33^{\circ} 03' 42''$, and the longitude $117^{\circ} 03' 29''$.

Don Antonio Robideaux, a thin man of fifty-five years, slept next to me. The loss of blood from his wounds, added to the coldness of the night, 28° Fahrenheit, made me think he would never see daylight, but I was mistaken. He woke me to ask if I did not smell coffee, and expressed the belief that a cup of that beverage would save his life, and that nothing else would. Not knowing there had been any coffee in camp for many days, I supposed a dream had carried him back to the cafés of St. Louis and New Orleans, and it was with some surprise I found my cook heating a cup of coffee over a small fire made of wild sage. One of the most agreeable little offices performed in my life, and I believe in the cook's, to whom the coffee belonged, was, to pour this precious draught into the waning body of our friend Robideaux. His warmth returned, and with it hopes of life. In gratitude he gave me, what was then a great rarity, the half of a cake made of brown flour, almost black with dirt, and which had, for greater security, been hidden in the clothes of his Mexican servant, a man who scorned ablutions. I eat more than half without inspection, when, on breaking a piece, the bodies of several of the most loathsome insects were exposed to my view. My hunger, however, overcame my fastidiousness, and the morceau did not appear particularly disgusting till after our arrival at San Diego, when several hearty meals had taken off the keenness of my appetite, and suffered my taste to be more delicate.

Last night the brave Sergeant Cox died of his wounds, and was buried to-day deep in the ground, and covered with heavy stones, to prevent the wolves from tearing him up. This was a gallant fellow, who had, just before leaving Fort Leavenworth, married a pretty wife.

December 10.—The enemy attacked our camp, driving before them a band of wild horses, with which they hoped to produce a stampede. Our men behaved with admirable coolness, turning off the wild animals dexterously. Two or three of the fattest were killed in the charge, and formed, in the shape of a gravy-soup, an agreeable substitute for the poor steaks of our worn down brutes, on which we had been feeding for a number of days.

Doctor Griffin gave the welcome information that all the sick, but two, were able to get in the saddle, and orders were given to march the next morning.

There was little expectation that Carson and Lieutenant Beale would succeed in reaching San Diego; the hiding place pointed out by Burgess was examined, and the letters from San Diego were not found.

We were all reposing quietly, but not sleeping, waiting for the break of day, when we were to go down and give the enemy another defeat. One of the men, in the part of the camp assigned to my defence, reported that he heard a man speaking in English. In a few minutes we heard the tramp of a column, followed by the hail of the sentinel. It was a detachment of 100 tars and 80 marines under Lieutenant Gray, sent to meet us by Commodore Stockton, from whom we learned that Lieutenant Beale, Carson, and the Indian, had arrived safely in San Diego. The detachment left San Diego on the night of the 9th, cached themselves during the day of the 10th, and joined us on the night of that day. These gallant fellows busied themselves till day distributing their provisions and clothes to our naked and hungry people.

December 11.—The junction of our forces was a complete surprise to the enemy, and when the sun rose, but a small squadron of horse was to be seen at Stokes's rancheria. They had fled precipitately, leaving most of the cattle behind them, for which we had been contending for the last three days. None of our men were mounted—theirs were all mounted; and why they should have left their stock is inconceivable. It was certainly not incompatible with their safety to have carried them all away. The only way of accounting for it, is, by supposing our night attack had filled them with the unnecessary fear of being surprised. We drove the cattle before us.

Our march was in close order, over a road leading through a rolling country of light black soil, destitute of trees, and without water, covered with oats indigenous to the soil, now fallen to decay. The grass in protected places was sprouting, but not in sufficient quantity to afford grazing to our stock. After marching twelve miles we arrived at the rancheria of Signor Alvarado, a person who was in the fight against us. The women and children had fled to the mountains, leaving plenty of turkeys, chickens, goats and sheep behind; also two casks of wine, the produce of the country. The havoc committed on the comestibles was immense; the sheep not killed were driven by us into San Diego. The owner had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States and broken it.

The navy took a prisoner at this house as they marched to meet us. He gave us much information, and was then liberated. He stated that Pico's force consisted of 160 men, 100 of which were drawn from the Pueblo, and the balance from the surrounding country. We subsequently received authentic accounts that his number was 180 men engaged in the fight, and that 100 additional men were sent him from the Pueblo, who reached his camp on the 7th.

There was a fine spring at this rancheria, and another two miles below it.

On the hill, before reaching the rancheria, the Pacific opened for the first time to our view, the sight producing strange but agreeable emotions. One of the mountain men who had never seen the ocean

before, opened his arms and exclaimed: "Lord! there is a great prairie without a tree."

December 12.—We followed the Solidad through a deep fertile valley in the shape of a cross. Here we ascended to the left a steep hill to the table lands, which, keeping for a few miles, we descended into a waterless valley, leading into False bay at a point distant two or three miles from San Diego. At this place we were in view of the fort overlooking the town of San Diego and the barren waste which surrounds it.

The town consists of a few adobe houses, two or three of which only have plank floors. It is situated at the foot of a high hill on a sand flat, two miles wide, reaching from the head of San Diego bay to False bay. A high promontory of nearly the same width, runs into the sea four or five miles and is connected by the flat with the main land. The road to the hide houses leads eastward of this promontory, and abreast of them the frigate Congress and the sloop Portsmouth are at anchor. The hide houses are a collection of store houses where the hides of cattle are packed before being shipped; this article forming the only trade of the little town.

The bay is a narrow arm of the sea indenting the land some four or five miles, easily defended, and having twenty feet of water at the lowest tide. The rise is said to be five feet, making the greatest water twenty-five feet.

Standing on the hill which overlooks the town, and looking to the northeast, I saw the mission of San Diego, a fine large building now deserted. The Rio San Diego runs under ground in a direct course from the mission to the town, and sweeping around the hill, discharges itself into the bay. Its original debouche was into False bay, where, meeting the waters rolling in from the seaward, a bar was formed by the deposite of sand, making the entrance of False bay impracticable.

Well grounded fears are entertained that the immense quantity of sand discharged by this river will materially injure, if it does not destroy the harbor of San Diego; but this evil could be arrested at a slight cost, compared with the objects to be obtained. At present San Diego is, all things considered, perhaps one of the best harbors on the coast from Callao to Puget's Sound, with a single exception, that of San Francisco. In the opinion of some intelligent navy officers, it is preferable even to this. The harbor of San Francisco has more water, but that of San Diego has a more uniform climate, better anchorage, and perfect security from winds in any direction. However, the commercial metropolis must be at San Francisco, owing to the greater extent and superiority of the country adjacent, watered by the rivers Sacramento and San Joachim, unless indeed it should be made the terminus of a railroad leading by the route of the Gila to the Del Norte, and thence to the Mississippi and the Atlantic.

The rain fell in torrents as we entered the town, and it was my singular fate here, as in Santa Fé, to be quartered in the calaboose, a miserable hut, of one room, some 40 + 30 feet square. A huge

old gun was mounted in this hovel, looking through an embrasure to the westward. In this building I was told that I could stow my party and my instruments safely.

We preferred the open air and the muddy plaza, saturated with all sorts of filth, to this wretched hole; but having no alternative, our chronometers and instruments were stowed in it and guarded by the indefatigable Mr. Bestor. I went off to accept from the hospitality of a friend the first bed I had seen in many months. About midnight there was one of those false alarms which ever and anon disturbed this goodly town. Four burly fellows rushed to man this gun, but they found themselves unexpectedly opposed by Mr. Bestor and two or three of my party. But for this timely resistance, my whole little stock of chronometers, barometer, &c., would have been totally destroyed. In the morning, through the kind exertions of my friend, Captain Gillespie, I was enabled to get a house with two rooms, the only unoccupied quarters in the town. Foreseeing employment of a different nature, my little party occupied themselves busily in collecting and bringing up the notes of our field-work.

On the 28th December I received notification from General Kearny to leave my party in San Diego and report to him for duty, as the acting adjutant general of the forces; Captain Turner, his adjutant general, having been assigned by him to the command of the remnant of the company of the 1st dragoons.

Mr. Warner was still too unwell, from the wounds received at San Pasqual, to accompany us, or to commence the survey of San Diego bay. Wishing to have a secure place to deposite my instruments, notes, &c., I applied to Captain Dupont to give them a place on board the Cyane. He granted this request, and kindly insisted that Mr. Bestor and Mr. Stanly should also go on board, where they could pursue their work unmolested.

I should be very ungrateful if I did not here make my acknowledgments to Captain Dupont, and all the officers of the navy with whom we were thrown in contact, for the uniform kindness and the generous hospitality with which they always supplied our personal wants, and the promptness with which they rendered assistance in any public enterprise.

My work as topographical engineer may be considered to end at this place; and that portion of the map embraced between San Diego and the Pueblo or Ciudad de los Angeles is compiled from existing maps, with slight alterations made by myself from a view of the ground, without the aid of instruments.

The coast is taken from old Spanish charts, published in Madrid in 1825, kindly furnished me by Captain Wilkes. The harbor of San Diego has been surveyed by Captain, Sir Edward Belcher, of the royal navy, whose determination of the longitude of the spit to the south of Punta Loma, published in his "voyage round the world," has been adopted, in the absence of time or instruments to enable me to make the requisite observations.

The longitude of the same point by Malispina $117^{\circ} 17'$, and the chronometric longitude brought by myself from my last station

over the mountains, where lunar distances were observed, $117^{\circ} 14'$; but I have not hesitated to take the results of Sir Edward Belcher, although I have had no opportunity of seeing his observations.

Malispina's observations were made long since, and the results from the chronometers brought overland by me are liable to objections: first, from the imperfection in the determination of my intermediate stations by lunar distances, and, next, from the disturbances to which the chronometers were subjected in the battle of the 6th December, and the skirmish of the 7th, but more particularly the last, where a sudden charge was made in an open plain on our baggage by the enemy's cavalry.

The harbor was originally explored by Sebastian Vizcaino in 1603, but no settlement was made at San Diego until 1769.

Vessels may ride at anchor in the harbor, perfectly land-locked, but in very heavy southerly gales some inconvenience may be felt by those not provided with good ground tackle, from the immense volumes of kelp driven into the harbor.

The kelp (*fucus gigantens*) occupies a space in front of the harbor some miles in length and half a mile wide. At a distance, I took the kelp for a low island, but was informed of my error by Captain Schenck, who told me vessels were forced through it in a stiff breeze.

On the morning of the 29th December we marched out of San Diego with the following force:

	Capt.	Lieut.	Sergt.	Corpl.	Bug.	Privates.
Dragoons.....	1	1	2	4	2	47
Sailors acting artillery..	1	1	2	4	-	39
Sailors and marines acting infantry.....	8	10	17	17	-	345
Volunteers.....	3	3	6	-	-	48

Three employes of the topographical engineers, three medical officers, and twenty-five men, Indians, and Californians; the whole divided into four divisions or battalions, commanded respectively by Captain Turner, Lieutenant Renshaw, Lieutenant Zielin, and Captain Gillespie.

Six pieces of artillery, of various calibre, got up with great exertion, under the orders of Commodore Stockton, by Lieutenant Tilghman of the navy, acting as captain of artillery.

A wagon train, consisting of one four-wheel carriage and ten ox carts, under the charge of Lieutenant Minor of the navy. The wagons were heavily laden, and our progress was slow in the extreme. We did not reach the Solidad, the first watering place, till 8 o'clock at night.

I was ordered to ride forward and lay out a defensive camp, hoping to give confidence to the sailors, many of whom were now, for the first time, transferred to a new element.

We soon found their habits of discipline aboard ship made the transition easy, and I speedily arrived at the conclusion that Jack, properly handled, made a very good infantry soldier.

The plan of the camp being approved, I was directed to make it the habitual order of encamping wherever the configuration of the ground would admit. The plan was the natural one to protect ourselves from the night attacks of the enemy, who were all mounted. The mode in which they designed to make their night attacks was to drive into our camp a manada of wild mares, and then take advantage of the confusion they might create to deliver a charge.

December 30.—We encamped at the rancharia of Alvear.

December 31.—We encamped at the San Barnardo, having gone in three days only 30 miles. The ground passed over was the same as that described in the last two days of our march into San Diego.

January 1.—To-day we obtained some fresh oxen and a few fresh horses, which enabled us to do better and to make 17 miles before sunset. Our road to-day diverged from that heretofore described, and laid over a rolling country, destitute of water and trees. Cattle were seen, in small numbers, covering the plains in all directions, proving to us that the enemy had found it impracticable to fulfil their boast, that we should not get a hoof from the day we left San Diego.

We pitched our camp at the Indian settlement of Buena Vista, passing by the way a deserted rancharia, where there was a puddle of stagnant water, the only water on the route.

January 2.—Six and a half miles march brought us to the deserted mission of San Luis Rey. The keys of this mission were in charge of the alcalde of the Indian village, a mile distant. He was at the door to receive us and deliver up possession.

There we halted for the day to let the sailors, who suffered dreadfully from sore feet, recruit a little.

This building is one which, for magnitude, convenience, and durability of architecture, would do honor to any country.

The walls are of adobe, and the roofs of well made tile. It was built about sixty years since by the Indians of the country, under the guidance of a zealous priest. At that time the Indians were very numerous, and under the absolute sway of the missionaries. These missionaries at one time bid fair to christianize the Indians of California. Under grants from the Mexican government, they collected them into missions, built immense houses, and commenced successfully to till the soil by the hands of the Indians for the benefit of the Indians.

The habits of the priests, and the avarice of the military rulers of the territory, however, soon converted these missions into instruments of oppression and slavery of the Indian race.

The revolution of 1836 saw the downfall of the priests, and most of these missions passed by fraud into the hands of private individuals, and with them the Indians were transferred as serfs of the land.

This race, which, in our country, has never been reduced to slavery, is in that degraded condition throughout California, and do the only labor performed in the country. Nothing can exceed their present degraded condition.

For negligence or refusal to work, the lash is freely applied, and

in many instances life has been taken by the Californians without being held accountable by the laws of the land.

This mission of San Luis Rey was, until the invasion of California by the Americans, in 1846, considered as public property. Just before that event took place, a sale was made of it for a small consideration, by the Mexican authorities to some of their own people, who felt their power passing away, and wished to turn an *honest penny* whilst there was power left; but this sale was undoubtedly fraudulent, and will, I trust, not be acknowledged by the American government. Many other missions have been transferred in the same way; and the new government of California must be very pure in its administration to avoid the temptations which these fictitious sales, made by the retiring Mexican authorities, offer for accumulating large fortunes at the expense of the government.

The lands belonging to this mission are extensive, well watered, and very fertile. It is said, and I believe it probable from appearances, that wheat will grow in the valleys adjacent, without irrigation.

January 3.—After marching a few miles the wide Pacific opened to our view. We passed the St. Marguerita rancharia, once a dependency of San Luis Rey, now in the possession of the Pico family. We encamped near Flores, a deserted mission. Just below it, and near the ocean, is an Indian village. Cattle were seen in great numbers to-day, and several well broken pairs of oxen were picked up on the way.

Distance 10.5 miles.

January 4.—After leaving Flores a few miles, the high broken ground projects close in upon the sea, leaving but a narrow, uneven banquette, along which the road wends through a growth of chapparal.

Here we met three persons, bearing a flag of truce; one an Englishman, named Workman, another Fluge, a German, the third a Californian.

They brought a letter from Flores, who signed himself governor and captain general of the department of California, proposing to suspend hostilities in California, and leave the battle to be fought elsewhere between the United States and Mexico, upon which was to depend the fate of California. There was a great deal of other matter in the letter, useless to repeat. The commission returned with a peremptory refusal of the proposition of the governor and captain general Flores.

After going nine miles from Flores, the high land impinges so close on the sea that the road lies along the sea beach for a distance of eight miles. Fortunately for us the tide was out, and we had the advantage of a hard, smooth road. Notwithstanding this, our column stretched out a great distance, and we were compelled to make frequent halts for the rear to come up.

This pass presents a formidable military obstacle, and, in the hands of an intrepid and skilful enemy, we could have been severely checked, if not beaten back from it; but we passed unmolested, and encamped late at night on an open plain at the mouth

of the stream leading from the mission of San Juan de Capristano, and about two miles from the mission.

It was so dark I could not see to lay off the lines of the camp accurately, and I was glad, in the morning, that an early start gave no time for criticism. Distance 18.8 miles.

January 5.—The mission of San Juan has passed into the hands of the Pico family. The cathedral was once a fine strong building, with an arched cupola; only one-half of the building, capped by a segment of the cupola, is now standing, the other part having been thrown down by an earthquake in the year 1822, killing some thirty or forty persons who had fled to it for refuge.

Attracted by a house having a brush-fence round the door, as if to keep out intruders, I was told there were four men within, in the agonies of death, from wounds received at the battle of San Pasqual.

We moved to the Alisos (Sycamore) rancharia, where we found a spring of good water, but nothing to eat. Through the kindness of Mr. Foster, an Englishman, we received here a supply of fresh horses.

The road was principally through the valley of the stream watering the mission. On each side were beautiful rounded hills, covered with a delicate tinge of green from the grass, which was now sprouting freely near the sea-coast.

Up to this point, except a small patch at Flores, I had not seen the mark of a plough or any other instrument of husbandry. The rancharias were entirely supported by rearing cattle and horses. Distance 11.1 miles.

January 6.—To-day we made a long march of 19 miles to the upper Santa Anna, a town situated on the river of the same name. We were now near the enemy, and the town gave evidence of it. Not a soul was to be seen; the few persons remaining in it were old women, who, on our approach, had bolted their doors. The leaders of the Californians, as a means of inciting their people to arms, made them believe we would plunder their houses and violate their women.

Taking advantage of a deep ditch for one face of the camp, it was laid off in a very defensible position between the town and the river, expecting the men would have an undisturbed night's rest, to be in the morning ready for the fight, which might now be expected daily. In this hope we were mistaken. The wind blew a hurricane, (something very unusual in this part of California,) and the atmosphere was filled with particles of fine dust, so that one could not see and but with difficulty breathe.

January 7.—The wind continued to blow violently, which the enemy should have taken advantage of to attack us. Our weapons were chiefly fire-arms; his, the lance; and I was quite certain that in such a gale of wind as then blew, the difficulty of loading our arms would have proved a serious matter.

The Santa Anna is a fine, dashing stream, knee-deep, and about 100 yards wide, flowing over a sandy bed. In its valley are many valuable vineyards and corn fields. It is capable of affording water to a great many more. On its banks are considerable tracts