

just at this spot is a very large oak with a cross cut in its bark. This is called the pass of Guadalupe. I have no evidence that the same difficulty of a break of the great table land and mountainous descent will not be found to extend to the Gila, and I believe that this is the only wagon pass to the Pacific for a thousand miles to the south. It is the road from Yanos to Fronteras; although this is forty miles north of Fronteras. Dr. Foster states an instance of a large carriage coming from the city of Mexico to Oposura by this spot as the only practicable road.

December 1.—Made six or seven miles, winding down the dry mountain torrent; the road exceedingly hard pulling—as much from immense tufts of grass and sod, as the sand and the rocks in the bed of the stream, and at its many crossings. I encamped here, where the water appears for the last time, about ten o'clock; no guide having returned, and the distance to San Bernadino believed to be at least eight miles. The pioneers went on a mile or two to the verge of the prairie, and returned. Weaver, a little beyond, spoke to an Indian, whom he, with great difficulty, persuaded to approach him, although then alone; he would not come in. It is not surprising, after the murderous treachery of Kirker and Johnson. The weather is rather warm, a little cloudy, wind west. We passed to-day beautiful scenery, the broken mountains about the precipices, and confusion of rocks. Amongst them, mezcal and Spanish bayonet now become true palm trees—the evergreen oaks, the cottonwoods, and sycamores, brilliantly colored by the frost. Messrs. Smith, Hall, and myself, have ascended a mountain nearly some eight hundred feet high. Our view was very extensive. A few miles to the south we saw the Huaqui, which, becoming a large river, empties far down into the gulf of California. To the northwest we saw a prairie for thirty or forty miles, narrowed by the mountains seen everywhere else to a narrow gap-like outlet. We supposed that to be our course. San Bernadino was nowhere visible; we could see toward the Huaqui the mouth of a break in the prairie, in which we believe runs a creek, on which, to the northwest, we saw what may be mezquite wood, and the foundation of an old mud house. The top of the mountain was about thirty yards by fifteen. I suggested what a world's wonder it would be set like a gem in the grounds of the Capitol. The rocks, like all on this mountain, glittered with crystals of silice of white and pink, and even purple; there grew a giant mezcal thirty feet high, and others of this year, bristling spheres of green bayonets three feet long; several plants or shrubs without a name; cacti, from a little pink ball at your feet, to the size of trees—a nondescript, said to be of the family, sending out rods fourteen feet long, with rosin for bark, and two-inch spikes for leaves, which I named “devil rod,” &c.

December 2.—It was a cold night, ice forming thick in my tent; the loads were restored to the wagons, with their usual team of eight mules this morning; for a mile and a half, perhaps, we followed the dry creek, frequently crossing and laboring over the great lumps of sod, but we have a tolerable road, then we turned to the right, and wound up a long ascent to the bluff edge of the high prairie, generally descending; we then passed over good firm ground toward the west, and saw, miles off, the ruins of the ranche of San Bernadino; we descended into the broad flat bottom to the east of it, crossed, and encamped near the old houses, and a remarkably

fine spring, fifteen paces in diameter. As we approached, Charboneaux came to meet us, and said no Indian had arrived; but soon we saw them coming in, and as we crossed the bottom, old Manuelita, with a superior chief, and several others, rode out to meet us. There are some dozens of them in camp, but none of them came from the village where Leroux found Manuelita, who was a visiter. I invited the two chiefs to my tent, and told them that we were the true Americans who had just conquered New Mexico; we were friends to the Apaches. That my great chief had gone on, and that he and my government would expect them to assist us with guides and mules to go on, to drive the Mexicans from California; that I was making a road to that country; one which my countrymen would pass; and that it would be the duty of the Apaches to treat them as friends, and help them on; that so long as they conducted thus, we would be their friends; that our traders would supply their wants; and that our government gave annual presents to the tribes who were thus friendly. I asked them to send to the other village for a guide, (we know of,) for mules, &c. The chief replied that if the sun and the moon fell, still they would be friends to the Americans. They made a difficulty about sending, and said the others were afraid to come in. One of them then promised to guide us, and they say it is about seventy miles only to the Pedro; that a man can ride a fine horse there in a day; that our wagons can go in five days. They are poor, dirty Indians, but are generally dressed in cotton shirts, and many in trowsers; they have fine moccasins, which have boot tops. They ride fine horses, which they prefer much to mules, and are armed with very formidable-looking lances, with guns and bows; they are ugly and squalid, wear their hair generally long, and in various fashions. They wear a kind of leather skull cap, now and then ornamented with feathers and with chin pieces. They seem to understand Spanish; their own tongue is by far the most brutal grunt that I have ever heard; their lips scarcely move, and the words come out a stuttering, jerking, gutterel. They have but two or three indifferent mules here. The soil of this great bottom is pronounced very good, but the grass is now very poor, and the rising ground is a “chapperal” of the mezquite wood. The ox, in a perfectly wild state; abounds here; the guides have shot three or four. As we descended from the high ground, an immense red bull rushed by in front at full speed; it was more novel and exciting to me than the sight of buffalo. No doubt there are many Indians about, who, seeing the safety of those here, will come in to-morrow or next day. I would stay several days if the grass were good enough, with advantage, particularly as there is a prospect of subsisting ourselves on wild bulls. There is no fuel but mezquite. The march was nine miles. I presented each of the chiefs with a knife, and three or four yards of domestic cotton. They will only trade for blankets, or they must have a blanket in each trade. We have but one in the small pack of Indian goods, and I have directed Mr. Stoneman to purchase of Chacon as many as he needs. He is taking several mule loads to California; they can be bought at a very fair price. One mule has been bought this evening.

December 3.—Allen, the volunteer, who was absent five days, and was at one time thought to have deserted, returned to camp yesterday evening. He was very badly off; he had come forward the morning we followed

the trail to the brink of the pass, and he came down the trail, and his whole misfortune turned upon his taking it for granted that we could not and would not come that way, but turn to an apparent opening toward the south. He finally struck our road near the dry lake; he describes minutely his having been robbed by a small party of Indians of his musket, knife, and canteen; he ate of the carcase of a dead horse we left near there, and having no knife, had to use his teeth. The village of Apaches first visited by Leroux, have not come in to-day. One man came late, and gave us to understand that they were afraid; but two mules have been purchased or bartered for, and at high prices. The guide engaged, and who went to a village, has not yet returned, but Leroux has confidence that he will not fail us. The hunters have reported the killing of perhaps a dozen wild cattle to-day, and many pack mules have been a long time out, but have not yet brought any in, (7 p. m.) I have had the provisions which were issued to the companies at Santa Fé, weighed, and find that there is a deficiency in pork and flour both, of six or seven days; it has arisen in part from wastage, and the weighing out of flour by small quantities. I have but fifty-one days' rations, (at 10 ounces flour, $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds fresh meat, and 10 ounces of pork.) No meat has been issued to-day. I sent this morning a pioneer party on the old Fronteras trail, which will be ours for seven or eight miles through a gap in mountains to the west. They worked as far as water, and a camping place six miles. This old ranche was abandoned, I suppose, on account of Indian depredations; the owner, S. Elias, of Arispe, is said to have been proprietor of above two hundred miles square, extending to the Gila, and eighty thousand cattle; several rooms of the above houses are still nearly habitable; they were very extensive, and the quadrangle of about 150 yards still has two regular bastions in good preservation; in front and adjoining was an enclosure equally large, but is now in ruins. The wild cattle we will find ranging as far as the San Pedro; they support the Indians just as buffalo, on the plains to the east of the Rocky mountains. Fires would have been disagreeable to-day from 9 a. m. until near sundown. It may be worthy of mention that the 1st dragoons are now serving in four States or departments of Mexico, of vast extent, viz: Chihuahua, New Mexico, Sonora, and California. My camp is about seventy miles from a town of three thousand inhabitants—Arispe.

December 4.—Five days' rations of fresh meat was brought in last night. It is near 10 o'clock and the guide engaged has not come, nor the first village of Indians; there is one here who will go as far as the second water or camp. My guides will go on by noon, and I have ordered the battalion to be in readiness to march at 1 o'clock; the first water is but six miles.

Evening.—I have marched eight miles to the west into a pass of a low range of mountains; there is a remarkable mound of bare rock, 100 feet high, just back of the camp, and in front a hill peak with a facade of rocks apparently painted green, yellow, and brown; it is moss and the color of the rocks; there is a rocky basin of water between; there is some good grass; apparently hundreds of wild cattle water here daily. The road which we cut is much up hill and generally through thickets of mezquite, generally stony, and producing little else than thorns or thorny bushes. Leroux, with four others, besides the Indian, came on at 11 o'clock; he thinks this Indian can be induced to go as far as necessary; he is to send a

man to meet me early to-morrow, the other Indian who promised me to go through did not make his appearance, nor did any others. This camp I believe to be under twenty miles from Fronteras. A quarter of an hour before marching I sent round instructions to have the camp fires secured, and directed that the rear guard should complete it before leaving the ground; notwithstanding, the prairie caught, and was left burning. Three of the Indians went from our camp yesterday and returned in the evening with about 200 pounds of delicious fat meat, better than the buffalo bull ever is.

December 5.—The defile, though not steep, was long and rough; the tongue of a wagon was broken soon after marching; the wagon had but about 1,200 pounds of load; and I had contemplated leaving it and another belonging to two of the smaller companies. I therefore directed it to be left, bringing some of the useful parts; of course the wagons are not worth their transportation to California, even if I had mules to transport them. I contemplate leaving one from each company, before the march is accomplished, as a matter of necessity in fact, first or last. The condition of many of the mules may be judged from the fact, that two died last night—the warmest for a month, and after several days' rest, and a march of eight miles; after two or three miles, we met Manuel, one of the guides sent back; there was a valley in front eighteen or twenty miles wide; we followed, as I think, a wagon road, and I was much discontented that it turned to the SW, and I believe it is the road to Fronteras; it crossed some hilly ground in doing so, but the road, always hard, has been generally good, the mezquite being the greatest obstacle. Fourteen miles brought me to a large spring, which, as usual, loses itself after running a hundred yards. I met the Indian passing back rapidly on his grey horse, bow in hand, and giving the column a wide birth. I, however, brought him to, and had a little talk with him in barbarous Spanish; he was very uneasy. I thought at first he had run off from Leroux. The wild cattle are very numerous, three were killed to-day on the road, and several others by officers; around this spring is a perfect cattle-yard in appearance; and, I suppose, I myself have seen fifty. One died (that I saw,) only after twenty wounds—a half a dozen fired at ten paces—quite as hard as the buffalo. Mr. Hall, with Dr. Sanderson, was chased by one, and put in some danger by his obstinate mule. The guide points to a gap due west as our course to-morrow. Through it we see a lofty peak, apparently sixty miles off, which the Indian stated is beyond the San Pedro. The position of Fronteras is pointed out, and believed to be about twelve miles to the south, a little west. It has been cloudy all day, with a cold south wind. There is tolerable gamma grass. It was found, after reaching camp, that the axletree of another wagon was damaged past service, and none other would fit, so that I have broken up another. This leaves three companies with two each, and the two largest with three, beside three for the quartermaster's department, field and staff. It is thought that as many as five thousand cattle water at this spring. They are much like the buffalo in their habits, &c.; are rather wilder, and more apt to attack individuals. I measured the spinal process ("hump rib") of one that was eleven inches in length.

December 6.—It blew very hard last night, and also rained; this morning it was clear, but there is snow on the lofty mountains—particularly the one in front, seen through the gap of the next ridge. One of the three shepherds deserted last night; he never has been paid. Marched at half-past eight o'clock a half mile or more from camp, where we struck the creek; water was found. Then ascending five or six miles somewhat north of west, it was necessary to cut our way through mezquite. The pioneers left an hour and a quarter in advance, but the wagons were upon their heels in three or four miles. A guide was met early in the day, and conducted us to a hole in the hills and mountains where water appears above ground. Here is a fine grove of ash and walnut; and, to make it still more comfortable, an old cattle-pen of dry wood. We were thankful, for this afternoon it rained and snowed, with a very cold wind. Leroux only left here this morning; he sent word that if he found water he would send back here; but if not, he would go on to the San Pedro to ascertain the distance. This rain may prove a favorable circumstance. The mules are now grazing at will over about a half mile square of valleys, surrounded by eight pickets, stationed on ridges and hills. The wild cattle were again numerous, and quite a number very fat were killed. The meat becomes quite an incumbrance. It may be well if the guide comes not, to stay a day here, if only to dry it. The animal thus wild, seems to grow physically like the buffalo in several respects, and they certainly die quite as hard. The cows and calves keep separate; very few of these have been seen, and none killed. A black-tailed deer was killed yesterday—a doe; a buck was wounded. If one is obtained, I shall preserve the skin for mounting. The mules, &c., were so much confined by the neglect of the guard last night, that I have ordered the whole of them (officer of the day included) to be put on again to-morrow. The march, perhaps twelve miles; the pioneers were seven and a half hours coming. The Apaches trade to New Mexico the spoil of Sonora; they have done so for years. I have met two or three parties of New Mexicans among the Apaches trading. I have found them in what is considered Sonora, trading for mules just taken with bloodshed from Opósura. Thus a central government permits or suffers one State or territory to abet, to ally itself, *de facto*, with the enemies of another, with savages, their common enemy. Mexico has utterly forfeited all claim to the allegiance of Sonora. Sonora has not for years acknowledged the control of the supreme government. Its present governor holds office independently of, and is not acknowledged by, the supreme government. The last troops sent to Sonora were sent to put down a party which defied the general government; they were bought up by this party, who thus in civil war triumphed. When Sonora was called on to contribute its contingent in money to the present war of Mexico with our country, they refused, and answered that the government who gave them no protection had no claim on them, and that all their public and individual resources were inadequate to their protection against the savages who incessantly attacked them. Sonora would do well, and is not ill-disposed, to claim the protection of the United States.

December 7.—It is clear again to-day. All our rains have accompanied a wind from south to west. I sent out pioneers this morning; they went about three miles westward, following the tracks of the guides, which are in a large old trail. As the country looked open, with very little mezquite, they returned according to instructions. I await the return of the

guides; meanwhile much beef is smoking. For the last three miles, yesterday, there was a comparative intermission of mezquite, and a reappearance of Spanish bayonet. I don't know that I have mentioned that the pounded root of this plant is used as a substitute for soap in New Mexico. A party I had at La Joya several weeks, tell me they use nothing else in that village. I saw yesterday a new bush or tree—it resembles cedar at a distance; it has a gnarled stalk, resembling artemisia; it bears a small red berry, and has thorns.

Night.—The guide came in this afternoon, having gone only twelve or fifteen miles to the west without finding water, but report the grass remarkably green, and the San Pedro scarcely as far beyond. I have directed water to be taken in the few kegs the companies have, and other preparations for encamping without water to-morrow night. The meat of several bulls killed and slaughtered yesterday afternoon was sent for and brought very early this morning, and others have been killed to-day near by; the command have been busy all day smoking the meat. The Indian gave very accurate information and directions of the whole route from San Bernardino to the San Pedro. Weaver recognized points on the San Pedro. I have questioned him very closely; he says we shall strike it about the old ranche of San Pedro, about sixty miles above the Tres Alamos. From this point it is about a hundred and eighty-five miles by the mouth of the San Pedro to the Pima village; and it is a very bad road, rough, much mezquite, and very little grass. From this same point—Tres Alamos—it is about 105 or 110 miles to the Pima village by Tucson—a good beaten trail, and much descending; to Tucson, about thirty miles; in the other 75 or 80 miles there is generally but one water, and he has been told about half way.

December 8.—I marched a few minutes after 9 o'clock. The night had been so cold, with so much frost on the grass, that the mules would scarcely drink. The morning was rather warm, but a southwest wind rose very high and cold. The road this morning was over very hilly ground, and was, therefore, quite crooked; the ground was barren and hard, and good for a road, except in places covered with loose stones. Near the base of a lofty mountain to our left we struck smooth prairie, and were then troubled with mezquite. The snow lay on the mountain nearly to the foot, and within a mile of us. We could then see a great valley running toward the north, but no other sign of the San Pedro. The guides saw the wood of it, they say, from a peak of the mountain. We have come about seventeen miles—three further than they. Finding good grass and mezquite brush in the little valley of a dry branch, I encamped when the sun was more than a half hour high. The bottom of the valley, that is, the San Pedro; seemed so near that I first asked the guides if they thought that I could not reach it this evening—there is no water here. We saw, not distant, a gang of wild horses with colts. No wild cattle were killed; some were fired at far from the route by officers. The course this afternoon was WNW. (See map.)

December 9.—I marched this morning soon after sunrise. As we approached the broken ground with a long black streak of mezquite, &c., where we imagined we should find the San Pedro, we were much disappointed. We fell into the smooth valley of the dry branch of the night's camp, which wound round in one northwestern course, and I finally con

cluded we had passed too far south for the river, or that this was the *head* of it—the guides had all become doubtful themselves. Troops of wild horses and cattle, and antelope seemed to invite attention, little of which was given. Leaving the great valley of the dry branch, we passed all appearances of broken ground, mezquite, or timber beyond, toward the mountain towering before us, white with snow, from which a north-wester cut us to the bone. We had seen only a smooth slope of prairie. My anxiety became very great, and I pushed in at a fast gait to the guides, and after ascending a hill saw a valley indeed, but no other appearance of a stream than a few ash trees in the midst; but they, with the numerous cattle paths, gave every promise of *water*. On we pushed, and finally, when twenty paces off, I saw a fine bold stream. There was the San Pedro we had so long and anxiously pursued. The western mountains being more distant than the eastern, and the ground smoother, I crossed the stream without difficulty, and at 12 o'clock moved on down it. Then Leroux, Weaver, Dr. Foster, Chacon, and Tesson went on ahead with instructions to strike off at a certain point—perhaps fifty or sixty miles below—for Tueson, examine the ground so far, and obtain information of the road beyond to the Pimo village, particularly what water may be found in it at this season. If I go by the mouth of the Pedro, I go round an angle slightly acute and pass a difficult country: passing through a cañon of the Gila, where it will be necessary for my infantry to cross the river repeatedly; the mezquite very bad and the grass poor. Thus, by Tueson, with a good road, is eighty miles shorter. On the other hand, Weaver thinks it is eighty miles from Tueson to the Pimo, with but one permanent watering place, and it is a town perhaps garrisoned, which it is remote from my object to attack. But it is too much in my way, and would put the command to too severe a trial to go round, and I certainly shall pass through if possible.

I make it twenty-seven miles, without water, to the San Pedro. I came on six miles further and encamped on its bank. Those who have been at the fork of several ranges of mountains in the vicinity, represent the grass as luxuriant. My animals obtain the gamma grass every night on hills—it is of a straw color, and looks dead; but the mules have lately improved on it with short marches, and the thousands of wild cattle and horses are fat.

To our south is a lofty mountain, perhaps forty or fifty miles; there is Santa Cruz; and there heads a stream running south into the Sonora, and another north to Tueson; this is lost, like the Sonora, in the plains. This vicinity is said to be the coldest part of Sonora without exception. We are, then, probably now at the coldest part of our march.

This stream runs north.

A bull was killed on the road to-day, and one at our camp last night.

I should have mentioned that a man servant of Captain Davis died very suddenly yesterday morning.

The wind having died away since noon, it is now quite moderate. It was the first northwest wind I remember since the second day from the Rio Grande. March sixteen miles.

The San Pedro was frozen in places this morning. Somewhere near here is a deserted ranche named San Pedro; it belonged to the proprietor of San Bernadino, and like that was broken up by the Indians. From it the wild cattle are derived; and they are the thickest at their old haunts.

There are numerous traces of them, as of buffalo in their range; and the same even to "wallows." Their numbers are concealed by the vast thicket of mezquite. This seems a fertile valley; the low grounds about a mile wide; the highlands evidently fatten numerous herds in *winter*.

December 10.—It was exceedingly cold last night. This morning, I believe Fahrenheit's thermometer would have stood below ten degrees. There being no wind, it has been warm to-day. After marching seven or eight miles, the hills approaching the river, we had to pass over a low bluff; and afterwards to wind much over and among the hills, as the ground is exceedingly hilly and mountainous, forming a cañon. Just there, on the eastern bank, stands a deserted ranche, or possibly only an adobe cattle-pen. At 2 o'clock, I turned to the right a fourth of a mile, and encamped on the point of a spur of the bluff; the grass fine, and the river three or four hundred yards off; two dry creeks put in opposite each other at right angles to the river just below; that on this side has walnut timber on it, (the nuts are the size of a "pig-nut.") The pioneers, &c., had gone on a mile and a half and stopped; so I preferred an inconvenient camp, after marching six hours, to the risk of not being able to touch the river in season. Just as the mules were unharnessed, I received a message that there was a fine camping-ground on the river within two miles.

Marched about fifteen miles.

Fish are abundant in this pretty stream. Salmon-trout are caught by the men in great numbers; I have seen them eighteen inches long. There is not on the open prairies of Clay county, Missouri, so many traces of the passage of cattle and horses as we see every day.

December 11.—Marched very early. The road to-day was quite crooked, and rather difficult to open; the bottom having very high grass and being lumpy. At 2 o'clock, again I came to a cañon, and several men having been wounded and much meat killed, I encamped, sending Charboneaux to examine the country. He came immediately in view of a deserted "village," which I presume is the true San Pedro.

There was quite an engagement with bulls, as I had to direct the men to load their muskets to defend themselves. They attacked in some instances without provocation; one ran on a man, caught him in the thigh, and threw him clear over his body lengthwise; then it charged on a team, ran his head *under* the first mule, tore out the entrails of the one beyond, and threw them both over. Another ran against a sergeant, who escaped with severe bruises, as the horns went each side of him; a third ran at a horse tied to a wagon, and, as it escaped, its great momentum forced the hind part of the wagon from the road. I saw one rush at some pack-mules and gore one so that its entrails came out broken. I also saw an immense coal black bull charge on Corporal Frost of A company; he stood his ground, while the animal rushed right on for one hundred yards. I was close by, and believed the man was in great danger of his life, and spoke to him; he aimed his musket very deliberately, and only fired when the beast was within ten paces, and it fell headlong almost at his feet. One man, when charged on, threw himself flat on the ground, and the bull jumped over him and passed on.

I have seen the heart of a bull with two balls through it, that ran on a man with those wounds, and two others through the lungs. Lieutenant Stoneman was accidentally wounded in the thumb.

An abundance of fine fish are caught, some that are three feet long; they are said to be salmon-trout. It was exceedingly cold again last night; but, there being no wind, it was disagreeably warm to-day.

Our course is very little west of north, and I fear it is much further than was supposed to the Tres Alamos. The march to-day about eleven miles. We crossed a pretty stream, which I have called "Bull run." About ten bulls were killed and butchered. I have directed that not more than rations for two days be carried away in the morning.

December 12.—Passing around the cañon and the ruined rancho, which is probably the true San Pedro, three miles brought us to the bottom again. The country is broken and rough, and we at times pass behind isolated hills; the bottom grass is very tall and sometimes difficult to pass through. These bottoms average above a mile, and are good land; the hills are stony and barren; the mezquite here becomes a small tree, and with others, this afternoon, gave quite a wooded appearance to much of the bottom. I reluctantly crossed the stream to-day and back immediately; a deep steep gully or dry creek and hilly ground seemed to make it advisable; no doubt it might be avoided. After coming twelve miles, the trail of the guides sent to Tueson seemed to lead off from the river and toward a gap. Other appearances indicated the spot which Weaver had described. We saw, too, on the verge of the bluff, in the gap, a tall post. Manuel was sent on the trail; the stick was, I believe, a "Spanish bayonet," and the trail led I cannot find out where. Charboneaux still thinks the gap the one we are to pass, and that it is only accessible for wagons some ten miles lower down; so I have determined to send early in the morning to have the trail followed; it is probable that it was taken as a near cut to the river below.

This camp is at a very good gamma grass; the first good spot seen to-day in a march of fifteen miles. There is plenty of mezquite wood.

Eight p. m.—Leroux has returned alone. This is the pass opposite, and truly we must go down some ten miles before turning off. The party reached an old rancho about fifteen miles from the river, and found a considerable of party—perhaps twenty-five Apaches, with their families, and some Mexicans who were there making mezcal whiskey. They are a portion of the Apaches friendly to the Sonorians. Leroux passed his party for trappers who had sold out to this command, which had been seen coming a day or two since, &c. They said Tueson was "close by"—probably twelve or fifteen miles; that the garrisons of all the little frontier posts had been collected there, but did not exceed two hundred in number; that the General had passed by the Pimas only twenty days before, and had evidently had some communication with Tueson; in fact, three of his people were said to be there; (but who I cannot imagine.)

They spoke of some "treaty" by which Americans could pass anywhere, but were to prevent the Coyoteros (Apaches who live north of the Gila) from attacking them. Dr. Foster proposed to go on to Tueson; it was necessary, to keep up their assumed character, that some such course should be taken, as the mules of the party being tired down, they anticipated being pursued and taken if they revealed their true business by returning unceremoniously. So Weaver, Tesson, and Chacon also set out for Tueson but a little later, and were instructed by Leroux to turn off and return by the hills or mountains. Leroux managed to hire a horse

to return, (leaving his mule.) He got an excellent account of the road beyond Tueson—two roads in fact; one with two camping places, or "waters," the other three; that it was a two and a half days' journey for pack-horses. So it must be about one hundred miles nearer, and a far better road. The Apaches he saw were the people who pursued those we met and recaptured the horses and mules. These had left the rancho in charge of a few soldiers half an hour before Leroux arrived.

December 13.—Marched early down the river bottom. This is a mile or two wide, and a plain on either side, inclined both to the river and down the stream, the mezquite in places taking the exact resemblance of orchards; the road was smooth. We came about seven miles and encamped, where, unfortunately, grass and water were both distant; this was necessary, or otherwise to leave very much our direction for to-morrow. The march to-morrow is represented to be eighteen or twenty miles.

At 3 o'clock, I had an inspection of arms and a long drill, drilling myself, first a company in front of the others, and then the battalion, principally at loading and firing, and in forming column from line and line from column.

Then the following order was read to the battalion, viz :

ORDERS, }
No. 19. }

HEADQUARTERS MORMON BATTALION,
CAMP ON THE SAN PEDRO,
December 13, 1846.

Thus far on our course to California we have followed the guides furnished by the General. These guides now point to Tueson, a garrisoned town, as our road, and they assert that any other course is a hundred miles out of the way, and over a trackless wilderness of mountains and river hills.

We will march then to Tueson.

We came not to make war against Sonora, and less still to destroy an unimportant outpost of defence against Indians. But we will take the straight course before us and overcome all resistance.

But shall I remind you that the American soldier ever shows justice and kindness to the unarmed and unresisting; the property of individuals you will hold sacred—the *people* of Sonora are not our enemies.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel Cooke:

P. C. MERRILL, *Adjutant.*

Weaver and his two companions came in this afternoon; they had nothing material to add to Laroux's report. Dr. Foster has not come. I march on the Tueson trail at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The weather is fine and has much moderated. There was much good grass on the route to-day, though unluckily none convenient to this camp; and there has also been extreme difficulty in getting the animals down to water.

December 14.—With reveille before 5 o'clock, I essayed to march at 7; but the distance of water, &c., and some neglect of the guard, made it near 8 o'clock. We wound up the bluffs without difficulty, but ascending ground lasted nine miles, the first two giving severe work to the pioneers, cutting palmetto and mezquite principally; the ground sandy, but firm, and well covered with grass. We then struck the trail to Tueson.