

mules and Indian goods of him; that he refused, and declared he would resist force with force; he liked us better, who brought useful articles to them—clothing, &c. He said I would see that they were poor and naked, but they were content to live here by hard work on the spot which God had given them, and not like others, to rob and steal; that they did not fear us and run like the Apaches, because they made it a rule to injure no one in any way; and, therefore, believed that no one could injure them. (They have the reputation of escaping molestation from the Apaches on principles of resistance.)

But one mule has been lost on the march over from Tueson; it died in camp, probably of fatigue and thirst.

I have spoken to the two senior captains on the subject of their settling near here; they seem to look favorably upon it. Captain Hunt has asked me permission to talk to the chief on the subject; I have approved of it.

The Pimos are large and fine looking; seem well fed, ride good horses, and are variously clothed, though many have only the centre cloth; they have an extraordinary length and luxuriance of hair. With their large white cotton blankets and streaming hair, they present, when mounted, quite a fine figure; but innocence and cheerfulness are their most distinctive characteristics.

I am told that Mexican officers used every persuasion and promise of plunder to excite their hostility toward us.

*December 22.*—I marched at 8 o'clock. I, however, bought a few bushels of sweet corn, which was issued as rations.

A guide was sent on to look for grass, &c.; after three or four miles of tolerably good road, I was surprised to find it became excellent. Here, in advance, I rode up to a group of women, men, and girls; these last, naked above the hips, were of every age, and pretty; it was a gladdening sight of so much cheerfulness and happiness. One little girl particularly (by a fancied resemblance) excited much interest with me; she was so joyous that she seemed very innocent and pretty; I could not resist tying a red silk handkerchief on her head for a turban; then, if perfect happiness ever momentarily dwells on earth, it seemed that it was with her.

I was met, after marching about nine miles, by Leroux, who stated that here was the only place where there was anything like pasture; and I learned that I should be able to pass the village and find grass to-morrow, about fourteen miles; and so I came here to the first irrigating ditch and encamped.

Mr. Stoneman has bought seventy or eighty bushels of corn two miles further, and I have sent pack-mules for a portion; the other I will take as I pass, and endeavor to have other brought to me below. I have directed exchanges of mules made—two for one—and about six hundred pounds of flour bought, about three days' (half) rations; I have now about thirty-one days on hand at that rate. By estimate, I have forty-five days of meat, and have directed that the ration of fresh meat be raised to two pounds. The animals are falling off and *will* fall off rapidly.

The camp is full of Indians of all sorts; and a great many have flour, corn, beans, or some eatable to trade; and they seem only to want clothing, or cotton cloth and beads. I am sorry that they will be disappointed; it resembles a crowded New Orleans market in numbers and sounds, with the addition of the crying of children; they have watermelons for sale. For the last hundred miles all vegetation is green.

There are at least two thousand people in camp, all enjoying themselves very much. Very many go in pairs, encircling each other with their arms; they are of admirable form and very graceful. Their language certainly resembles in sound the *English*.

I have said much of this isolated, primitive race, because their characteristics are more striking than those of any other—and they are very many—that I ever saw.

I find I make it seven hundred and one miles from Santa Fé to this village, and four hundred and seventy-four miles from the point of the Rio Grande where the General left it, and our paths diverged. Thus, if he had come by the road I marched, about eighteen miles a day would have brought him here in twenty-six days (which I believe was his time,) and it cannot be doubted his mules would have been in far better condition than they were. I have found good grass, and my mules have *improved*. Besides this, I know of some improvements in the road by cutting off distance; and, if water can be found through or skirting the prairie, which Leroux says extends from the Oho de Vaca, about twenty-six miles south of the copper mines, to the point of San Pedro river where I left it, then, perhaps, above eighty miles would be struck off, and probably a much better road gained. Will not this prove the best emigrant's route from Independence to California—by the road I came? Leaving there the middle of July, and refreshing themselves cheaply at Santa Fé, and below, at Tueson and here, they would arrive at San Diego or Los Angeles by the end of the year; and then, if a road, as I believe, can be made to cross the Rio Grande about the middle of the Jornada del Muerto, it would cut off all the worst of this road. But to emigrants from Van Buren, Arkansas, might there not be a connection made of Greg's route with this that would make it all a very direct one?

Emigrants could *very cheaply* supply themselves with cattle, mules, and sheep, in New Mexico. If their destination was Southern California, there could be no question as to the best route.

*December 23.*—I marched at 8, a. m. At the chief's I stopped a few minutes; I told him I had traveled much and seen many different nations, and that the Pimos were the happiest I had ever seen; that, as long as they adhered to their present principles of honesty, industry, and peace, and cheerful content, they would continue so; that, while they never injured their neighbors, their true safety lay in uniting vigorously to resist the first aggression; that, wishing them well, I desired to add to their comfort and welfare by introducing sheep among them, and to give him for the ultimate use of his people three ewes with young, which I did.

Between the villages I met, to my delight, Francisco and two others with letters from the General and Captain Turner, dated at Warner's, sixty miles from San Diego; the news indicates that the General's arrival is very important not only to the welfare of California, but to its conquest. This party have picked up seven mules, which I have not yet seen.

At the house of the Maracopa chief, Autonia, I stopped, and spoke to him; said "I was glad to see him; I had heard he was a great friend of the Americans; that now I wished him to show it; that I had good information that his people had taken up two good mules lost by the General above, and many more below this; that I required him to have them delivered up; then I should know he was a friend, and should reward him;

and also give the people something for their trouble; that I also wanted corn, fat beeves, and mules; that I should remain until mid-day to-morrow in my camp near him."

I came on here, where there are some holes of water and grass, far from the river, and encamped; instead of twelve miles of good road, I found it fifteen of *some* very bad road; consequently, on account of the grass here, and the hard marches lately made, and the trade, &c., for corn, I determined to rest a day. I now think it will, in the long run, advance my march.

I learn to-night the *name* of a Maracopa that has taken up the mules, and I shall thus be able, I think, to recover them.

I have determined to trade off or throw away all the pack-saddles above twelve to a company; and also to take ten or twelve quarts of corn to each animal, to be fed by little when there is no grass.

I have called for another report of the amount of pork on hand; one company which should have, without wastage, twenty-six days, has eight. What can a commander do with a people who act and manage thus? If they starve, they will be useless, or steal and rob. Another had only seventeen days.

I wish to exchange some of my poorest cattle for fat ones; I have examined them this afternoon, and find there are many in good order; there are about two or three of the oxen left; and it must be considered that they were much reduced when I left Santa Fé: some falling motionless in the road in the first twenty-five miles.

I have made a map or sketch of the route and country from the point where I left the General's trail to this village; my compass has lately become out of order and nearly useless; and as the topographical engineer officers have passed the route I shall now follow, I shall discontinue it.

The camp is on very disagreeable ground; a light dusty efflorescence of salt and clay combined. I have lately seen much of the samphire plant.

*December 24.*—Although remaining in camp, it has been a very busy day, and full of vexations for me.

Two companies had twenty-five days' rations of pork, at half a pound, and I was forced so far to equalize as to raise the lowest to sixteen by reducing the two highest to twenty-two. The plan of issuing the sixty days' to the companies has not answered quite as well as with regulars.

The sheep are poor; they have not done so well lately as I expected. Taking the sheep and cattle as they *are*, I have left, on an average, near forty days' rations of meat. I have about thirty days' rations of flour (at 10 oz.) of the old issue; and I have brought full three days' of corn meal; making thirty-three, which I think will take us to San Diego.

I have reserved twelve pack-saddles to a company and twenty-four sheep-skins; the rest, about a hundred and twenty, or more, and above two hundred skins, I have got rid of, trading the skins and throwing away the rude saddles, as they were not saleable. This reduces weight of baggage considerably; I ordered that the private provisions, bought by persons drawing rations, shall not be transported in the wagons; they have a number of private animals.

I only succeeded in trading for two mules; giving for them three, and a blanket; and for *one* beef (for a worthless mule;) but it was so wild that I had to kill it to-day.

After much delay and difficulty, I succeeded in extracting from the Maracopas eight mules, which they have picked up from the General's road; some of them are in pretty good order. With the rest to-day and the corn, I have great hopes of getting on well.

Last night there was a report that an American was following me with a letter. This morning we had repeated accounts of "many Americans" having arrived in the vicinity of the upper village; it was even said they were very hungry. I sent an Indian on his horse with a note for information; he returned this evening with my note, and told me it was all a false report.

Weaver has always reported the cut-off from here, without water, to be forty miles of a good road. That the road he came last time, which the General took, and followed each time by Francisco, is fifty miles, with some part bad for wagons; but that it cuts off ten miles more than the upper one; he thought there was a nearer way for this latter by going through a certain gap; I sent him this morning to examine it; he reports unfavorably—that it takes us through four miles of bad sand; Leroux, Weaver, and Francisco as to the road cannot agree; Leroux tells me, however, that I can depend upon this: that I can find grass to-morrow at sixteen miles, and have not more than twenty next day, of a better road, to the river, and following the dragoon trail. This, considering the grass and the extra water to be taken, and bad, up-hill road, will be the best division of it. I shall march about 11 o'clock to-morrow; Francisco reports that the General did not stop the second day on reaching the river, although there was grass.

These Indians can have but very few cattle; meat is a great rarity with them, so much so that I am even told they ate to-day a poor mule of ours that died in camp. They thrive, however, on the vegetable diet, are large and fat. They have the simplicity of *nature*, and none of the fancied dignified reserve, attributed as a universal characteristic of Indians. At the killing of a beef; at the sound of a trumpet; at the playing of a violin, &c., I have repeatedly seen them rush in a dense crowd to see and hear, with astonishment, curiosity, and delight, all strongly exhibited.

I entered one of their wigwams, rather above the average in size and goodness. It was 18 or 20 feet across, dug slightly below the ground, only about five feet pitch inside, made of rank grass or reeds resting on props and cross-poles, and partially covered with earth; the door, a simple hole about three feet high; the fire in the middle, the hole above very small; they are thus smoky and uncomfortable, and seemingly *very ill* suited to so warm a climate. I found there pottery and various baskets of their manufacture; in these were stowed corn and wheat. They have a pinola, or parched meal, of the mezquite bean. They parch corn, wheat, &c., in a basket by throwing in live coals, and keep it in motion by throwing it up in the air. They raise cotton, and spin and weave excellent blankets; their looms are rude, and slow to work. They make good pumpkin molasses. They have plenty of horses, which are in good order, and live on—what I cannot imagine, except dry-looking brush. I have seen only a bow or two and one or two guns amongst them all.

*December 25.*—This morning I obtained about six bushels more of corn, by trading old wagon-covers, jerga, &c. I gave a written paper for

the chief or "general," commendatory, and authorizing him to collect any mules that might be left on the route, and keep them until called for by some authorized person or persons in employ of government.

The sub-chief and interpreter, Turo, said they would prefer to be under the government of the United States to that of Mexico.

Twenty minutes before 11 o'clock I marched, with about 12 quarts of shelled corn for each mule, and four bushels for the oxen, (twenty-four in number.)

I found the road bad, sandy, and up hill.

Half an hour before sundown, having long seen Leroux's smoke, which I directed him to come on and make after finding the grass, I pushed on to examine the ground before dark. I reached here before it was very dark, and fixed the sentinels so that the mules could be turned loose in the mezquite, without much danger of their thirst leading them off between the sentinels. The wagons did not arrive until 8 o'clock. I have had two quarts of corn fed to the team mules, the others had been an hour feeding on grass in the bushes.

Determining to march soon after *daylight*, I believed the mules could not be collected and fed in time. The march, eighteen miles; and it is now said to be twenty-four miles to the river, but a far better road and down hill. It has been *hot* weather for several days; fortunately, it was cloudy part of to-day. The road is over a desert of white sand, &c., with only a few bushes.

*December 26.*—With reveille at 4½ o'clock, I could only get off 15 minutes before 7. We found the gap in the mountain difficult ground, which consumed much time. I struck the Gila about sundown. The guides had gone on, and following their path, (the wrong one,) it led me through a wretched, uneven, and tangled bottom, and I found them taking their ease at the water's edge, at some miserably dry grass. I marked out the camp by fires made by the packmen who had arrived. The wagons arrived about half-past 7 o'clock. We find the river brackish, and larger and more timbered than I had expected. Salt river, the larger of the two, comes in between this and the Pimo village.

The march, twenty-three miles.

*December 27.*—This is certainly the most desert, uncouth, impracticable country and river of our knowledge. It took about three hours to advance four miles, winding about through mezquite trees and other bushes, and gullies of very soft clay and some sand. The guides who had been sent ahead to find the very best ground in a strip of grass of about four miles were again at fault, and showed me a bushy spot more than half a mile from the river. I sent them on and proceeded, and then found a much more convenient camp, and the grass better at the lower end. What is called "good grass" in this country, as to appearances, would never, by any chance, obtain the *name* of grass in the western States.

It took us an hour this morning to find the mules in the entangled, bushy bottom, and two were found several miles above.

Understanding that there will be no more stony road, I had the mule-shoes cached at this camp, to be relieved of their weight. There are about 150 pairs, and some 60 pounds of nails. The spot may be thus designated: Ascending the river, after leaving the bluff termination of a

cut-off, about sixty miles below Pimo village, and opposite Rock island; after leaving this bluff eight or nine miles, the road goes close by a low bluff bank of the river, and a few hundred yards below descends a bank into the bottom; above, eight steps from the edge of the bank, the cache is in the middle of the road.

Last night a New Mexican, who had been employed in the dragoon camp, and a Chilian rode into camp. They had some news of the capture of a small place above San Diego by a party of dragoons, with a loss of one killed and three wounded. They also describe the failure of an attack several months ago by Commodore Stockton on the Pueblo. They say several hundred Indians are stationed at Warner's, to prevent the passage of people, &c., from the country, and that General Kearny has about two hundred animals half a day's travel from Warner's. They represent that Mr. Money, and another with women and children, are following them, (whom they had sent for provisions,) living on horse-flesh; that Mrs. M. was about being delivered of a child. Terrible situation!

March about seven miles. I fed no corn here.

*December 28.*—I sent Leroux, Charboneaux, and three other guides express this morning; Mr. Hall went with them. Their instructions were, to proceed with caution when there was any reason to expect to meet Mexican troops, or important parties with droves. To observe any discovered until they passed the southern Sonora road from the crossing of the Colorado; otherwise, to endeavor to inform me of their approach; if strong enough, to seize any drove of mules or horses coming out of California without passport, and bring them to me; one or two to go on, if possible, to bear my letter to General Kearny wherever to be found; and, if necessary, one or two of them to examine the road from Warner's to San Diego, and meet me there to guide me, &c., by the 21st of January. To endeavor to bring me from twenty to seventy fresh mules from the vicinity of Warner's to the Colorado, (a part of them assisted by hired hands;) and also eight or ten fat beeves.

I marched at 8 o'clock. I found the road a level plain of bare clay, with bushes, and rather soft. The guides, as usual, misunderstood or neglected their duty, and there was some confusion and delay in getting my camp ground; it is half a mile from the river, and quite as far from grass in the opposite direction, and also from the direct road; this leads from here a cut-off across a bend of twelve or fourteen miles, which it is necessary to commence a day with. The grass seems as rank, dry, and even brittle as possible, but it is a rare article here. I sent the mules to water at (1 and 30') and thence a mile or more to the grass, where they will remain with the guard until daylight to-morrow, when I have directed them driven to water and thence here; when I shall give them two or three pints of corn.

March eight miles; a bright day, and not very warm day. Last night ice made quite thick; the first time for many days.

I considered maturely, this morning, the idea of taking on by hard marches two hundred of the best men, with a few pack-mules to reinforce the General; leaving the rest to follow with the wagons; but when I considered the probabilities that even then the crisis would be over; that between the General's name and management, and the force he took with him, and Captain Turner's letter to me that Colonel Frémont was daily

expected with a large force, and the navy's; and when I considered the great difficulty now about to be encountered, of this river, with its sands and deficiency of food for animals, and the tierra caliente, or ninety-five miles desert then to be encountered, and how crippled the part left would be in the loss of my constant watchfulness, and in the best men, I concluded reluctantly, I hope wisely, that it should not be done. I do not mention here half the difficulties; for instance, one is, that the men are afoot, and could not *push* on so far; in fact, I am not within what is called "striking distance."

The bluff before us to-morrow has been examined, and much work is to be done on it to-morrow morning to make it practicable.

I feel as if every day here was to be an experiment or venture—a great difficulty to be overcome, and to be then rejoiced as one day less of such.

Now this camp—it is on a dusty clay bank, half a mile of bad ground from water; and three quarters in an opposite direction from some miserable, dry, brittle stuff, called grass; the large drove of mules, difficult to move, has to work backwards and forwards between the two; and is now risked, perhaps a mile from camp for the night; and this is one of the good camps where there is grass; others have none, &c.

The cattle, already poor, of course are starving, and they are my dependence; the sheep are very poor, and are left behind now daily. Many of the men have private mules and horses; they use public corn, or transport their own in public wagons. Great trouble I have to correct such fatal abuses, and guard against their improvidence in consuming the subsistence stores beyond the allowance, as they must have done. To march with knapsack, blanket, musket, &c., gives enormous appetites.

December 29.—With a very early reveille, by my arrangements, the mules were driven a mile and three-quarters from grass to water and back, fed a quart of corn each, and the march begun before 8 o'clock. The pioneers, under Lient. Stoneman, went very early, and by the time we reached the bluff—about two miles—a good road had been made up it with much labor. I found the head of the dry branch we then struck very rough. The road was, however, better than I hoped, for some ten miles to the river, when a lofty bluff of coal black trap-rock forced us into the sands of the river bed, (when high.) This was hard work for two miles, when I regained the bank and encamped. The mules were turned into the flags or cane and willows of the sand bank, until I could get a report of the grass or mezquite, said to be at the foot of a bluff near a mile off. I sent there, however, principally to examine if the wagons could ascend it, and to have a road made. Weaver reporting that, if so, ten miles of a hard road could be found; if *not*, very bad bottoms and the river to be often crossed.

Meanwhile many of the mules came away from the river to pick about for a very little dead black grass under the bushes. Reports were favorable, and between 3 and 4 p. m., I sent the guard with all the mules to keep them out until daylight; also the sheep; the beeves kept at the river; the grass is the white, light, apparently dead kind we have had before, and mezquite.

The pioneers have made a road. The river is quite salty. The weather was *very* cold this morning; it was cloudy and threatened snow.

Twelve miles to-day, and the mules seem to stand it famously.

December 30.—I encountered a very difficult hill, in fact two of them, soon after marching; besides being a cut-off of four or five miles, the bluff must be crossed, or the river, six times. Just after leaving the bluff, (of black rocks,) between 12 and 1 o'clock, I found some grass, and grazed the mules for an hour with their harness on. Proceeding over the soft clay and sand, about 3 o'clock I overtook the pioneers and guides, who stated the river was far off and inaccessible; that Francisco, whom I had sent forward *early* in the morning to look, had found grass three or four miles below; the wagons were then much behind, but I determined to go. After much difficulty, I found the place by sundown—a soft beach, with green cane or flag, willows, and some grass; the wagons did not come up for an hour after dark, the mules much fagged, and many given out.

The day was very cold, with a high west wind. The march, thirteen or fourteen miles—too far, if avoidable, considering the heavy pulls at the hills and over some of the soft road.

December 31.—I mustered and inspected the battalion this morning, commencing before sunrise; meanwhile the mules were eating a feed of corn. I marched between 8 and 9 o'clock. I found the road to-day pretty good; there has been a rain here a week or two ago, which evidently improved the ground; the path, in places, was of hard beaten clay, where mules scarcely made a track. The absence of grass on a river bottom, with our limited information, is difficult to be accounted for, but I think it must be owing to a want of rain; the river does not habitually overflow; it did not last year; and, but for its old reputation for barrenness, it might be supposed that some late great flood has made a deposite so deep as to destroy the grass.

Weaver proposed this morning to burn the bottom, to be rid of dense brush; but I told him it served me as a pavement to the soft clay, which is very loosely deposited from mechanical suspension in water; a few mules following each other, in many places, step regularly in the same deep holes as footmen do in deep snow. There is much large mezquite wood; the leaves are now falling, and are said to be tolerably good food for mules; the beeves are fond of them. The river bottom seems to expand to-day to many miles; for ten or fifteen miles there seems a very flat country at least; the vicinity of the river is ever marked by cottonwoods; but it is a great difficulty of the road that it is so far to the water; also, that it is impossible to more than guess the distance; and again, that it is so inaccessible for thorny brush, sand, and gullies. Francisco met me, with information that he had found several ponds with good grass at them; I found them near the road, and the first thing I did was to send a man down the high bluff bank to taste if it was not too salty and bitter for use; and, accordingly, it was utterly undrinkable for salt, &c.; this had never occurred to Francisco, who had passed them perhaps often. I had now come twelve miles, and it was reported very far to get to the river ahead, or to the right, where it is sandy; Mr. Stoneman went to it, while I marked the time by the watch for his arrival there, to be signalled by a pistol shot; it took twenty-two minutes. As the grass was remarkably good, for the country, in the old slough, I encamped here between 2 and 3 o'clock, determining to send the mules to water near sundown; but several mules that were taken to the river did not drink; the food was green, and a little of the water here they will drink; a *drove*, too, of two

hundred mules is conducted very slowly, and with much dust; so I have not sent them, but will water in the morning within eight miles, making an early march.

The beef, although some of the beeves do not look very poor, has some extraordinary appearances at least, and is scarcely fit to be eaten; one was left to-day (a second time;) the sheep are frequently left; they seem taken sick from eating some herbs, perhaps poisonous; there are many bushes or shrubs here which I am convinced are not known to science; there is very much of a sort which has dry black twisted stems three inches in diameter, but can be broken off by a kick. I saw three spots of grass to-day, but too far from water for a convenient camp; near a point of rocky bluff, called "Painted Rock," I saw a long pile of earth and cinders, which seemed to be thrown up by an eruption.

The day was cold; the mules travelled unusually fast; the march, twelve miles.

I determined this morning to embark one of my ponton wagon bodies with a load on the river, to descend in company at night. Thus an experiment will be made, and I shall save the transportation of not only a wagon, but a wagon load; I cannot try it to-morrow, because I am not on the river, but I shall take the first opportunity; two days ago, two men came the day's travel on a raft, and report that there are no snags.

January 1, 1847.—Marched at half-past 7 o'clock. I soon found that, instead of getting soon to a watering place, the road passed over an extensive upland; and thus the mules were not watered until I struck the river and encamped here at 10 o'clock; the day, too, was unusually warm, although last night was exceedingly cold. The road was pretty good; some bad sand and some bad clay, but much of pebbles.

Wherever there is a bed where water sometimes runs, we find more or less grass; this favors the belief that want of rain prevents its growth; but the bottoms are covered frequently with efflorescences of salt; this, on the Rio Grande, is said to make the land unproductive; also, much of it seems of pure clay; and that, *I think*, will not produce vegetation.

The river here runs against a vertical bluff, but the guides have found a road; there is very little grass indeed, but it is a bottom of green weeds and willows and young cottonwoods; I gave the mules a pint of corn, and turned them out.

We found here the party described by the two Mexicans we met. Mrs. M. was happily delivered of a fine child two days ago; she travelled yesterday ten miles on horseback.

They tell us it is under seventy miles to the crossing, and report favorably of grass and mezquite, but say the wells, or holes of water, the General wrote me of, are dried up; but it is more probable that they have filled up with sand; their account of news varies from the former story; and we only know that the General had a sharp engagement, in which an Indian reported some killed on both sides.

I have several wagons that are worth very little, and their transportation, considering the *future*, may be fatal to many mules and more or less cripple my movements. I am now preparing a boat of two ponton wagon bodies lashed together, end to end, between two dry cottonwood logs; in this I shall put all the baggage that I can risk, and, after a trial, probably much more.

The Gila is a rapid stream of clear water, in places three or four feet deep, and here about 150 yards wide; the water is decidedly salty; in fact, Salt river is said to be the larger.

I asked one of this party we met if there was late news in California of the progress of the war, &c.; he said that half the people did not believe there *was* a war. Speaking of Mr. Money, he said "he is just like a Spaniard, and would rather believe a lie than the truth."

I have determined to send Mr. Stoneman at first in charge of the boats; they have been fresh pitched; but one of them still leaks to-night, perhaps in the morning it will not; it is owing to the shrinking of the wood in this dry climate; even old gun stocks show it plainly. I shall take with me the running gear of one of them; that of the other, and an entire wagon of company A, which it no longer needs, some men will take down on a raft.

It appears that the most authentic information leaves General Kearny engaged with a superior force, strongly posted in a fortified defile defended by one or more 12-pounders. This gives me much anxiety; I do not doubt our success; but what valuable lives may have paid for it, who can tell?

March, ten miles.

January 2.—After a very cold night and a hot morning, the day fortunately turned out cloudy and cold. About half the mules had escaped the guard this morning, wandering through bushes, small cottonwoods, &c., in search of food. I separated about 2,500 pounds of provisions, corn, &c., for Mr. Stoneman's flotilla; it consisted of pork, above thirteen days' rations, (to which quantity two of the companies had been before reduced,) and flour, above eighteen days' rations, and seven or eight bushels of corn, some tools, part of my own baggage, &c.

Although I did not sound the advance until 9½ o'clock, Mr. Stoneman's men, whom he had sent at daybreak to bring down some cottonwood logs, partly prepared the day before, had not come. I did not consider them necessary; I thought two poles would answer, and it was a *part of my plan to see* a successful commencement, at least, of the experiment.

We ascended immediately a steep bluff, which we followed five or six miles, a part of the ground quite deep with sand, then through a clay bottom, winding round to the foot of the mountain, and at the point very near the river I encamped, soon after 3 o'clock—the guides representing that I could not strike the river again for fourteen or fifteen miles. I saw on the hill small eruptions, apparently of mud, but I found it a conglomerate of stony hardness, crusted from fusion. I believe that the one seen at the "pointed rocks" yesterday morning was the same. The mountain close by utterly bare, and composed of black confused rocks. Everything indicates volcanic action, and some of a late date.

The Santa Maria stream, of Mitchell's & Tanner's maps of 1846, seems to have no existence; we pass the mouth of no river.

The large flat bottom above this is composed of little, confused, long hillocks and flat ground, white with efflorescent salts—in places quite thick. There is also a moist appearance; very likely produced by deliquescence. There is here much of "beach" vegetation, called *grass*, as some of it is; the mules are turned loose upon it. I habitually post the advance guard as the first relief, surrounding a large space, generally aided