

by natural barriers. I have ordered the guard of last night put on again to-morrow, as a punishment. The moon was at the full.

Mr. Money asked permission to return to California with me, alone, I believe; it was granted.

It is now after sundown, and Mr. Stoneman is not here. I fear much he has failed, from the shallowness of the river. Weaver states it is lower than he ever saw it before.

The march, eleven or twelve miles.

I think all the mules were recovered this morning; four died last night.

I brought the wheels, &c., of one of the wagons, with some load—four mules drawing it.

*January 3.*—I ordered an early march; Weaver stating it fourteen miles to the next point of the river. No news from Mr. Stoneman, until I had ordered six pack-mules left here grazing, and a note for him to lighten his load, or, if necessary, abandon much of it, sending me on the mules three days' rations of flour for the command; which I considered the only important part of his cargo; adding, I should regret the loss of the corn more, if anything, than the pork; not valuing the ponton bed, which leaked badly.

After that, one of the raftmen came in, and reported that Mr. Stoneman embarked about noon, and that he saw him come about two miles with difficulty. The raft they could not get a quarter of a mile, and abandoned it. I sent him to find Mr. Stoneman, (afoot,) with another similar note, but directing him to signal for the mules to go to him above, if necessary.

I marched over unusually good clay bottom ground about eleven miles, when we crossed a sandy point, and I saw the guides and Mr. Smith (in charge of pioneers) on a great bluff of impalpable sand. I rode up, and found that the trail led there; that it continued the same four or five miles on the high ground. This was the fourteen-miles point, and it was only 1 o'clock. There was here a prospect of some food, on a large island close by, and none ahead. I encamped, and determined that I would not follow that trail; the bottom was considered, and pronounced impassable. Mr. Smith, all the guides, and myself then left the camp to examine the whole bottom. I took to the left, near the bluff, and forcing my way occasionally through brush and willows, found passable clay ground for a mile, down which was much shorter than the bluff trail, and led up to it by an easier ascent, if a little worked on. Mr. Smith and the guides found practicable ground about as far, and then obstacles insuperable to wagons; he returned. Weaver comes in later, and reports, that further back from the edge of the sand bluff than the trail, the ground is much better; so I shall cut off, or avoid part, and find better ground for the others.

There seems to be little or nothing to eat on the island, though Weaver says there was plenty of good grass at a pond there, when he came last fall. I have one more quart of corn for most of the mules, (beside that in the boat,) which I shall give in the morning. Company D had to be supplied with flour at San Bernadino from the others, and again at the Pimos with pork. I found yesterday they had wasted, or made way with half their corn, and this evening a balance of nearly half the remnant is missing. I have ordered the company to be issued a pound and a

quarter of beef only, until they produce 60 quarts of corn, and directed its commander to establish a quarter guard, (under charge of the officer of the day.)

My messenger to Mr. Stoneman came in at sundown. He went five or six miles back to him, through almost impenetrable thickets. Mr. S. told him he would manage to get to the mules, or get them to him; and after lightening, he was determined to get the boat down to the mouth, or until he overtook me. (He has not a single cooking article, and nothing but the pork and flour of his load.)

Mr. Money has not come; his wife was sick; I learn that her father lives at a mining town called Sonia, about sixty miles south of the Pimo village; the town has been built in the last ten years.

We found here the petrefaction of a bone, which Dr. Sanderson pronounces much larger than the corresponding bone of an elephant.

If this river was frequented by mammoths, their extinction seems to have been followed by that of every living thing; one may travel a day without seeing an animal, a reptile, creeping thing, or an insect.

Fortunately, this is the third camp I have formed without losing anything by turning off the road for water or grass.

I find that my marches on this river average quite as long as those on the Rio Grande; soon after I left that river, I commenced my present plan of the companies leading in succession every hour and a quarter, the staff teams taking their turn; each, also, commences the day's march in turn; thus, generally, each set of wagons has a daily average of breaking the way and following a pretty good road.

A corporal and three butchers drive the cattle every day, and butcher nearly every night; the guard take charge of the beeves as soon as they arrive in camp; the corporal is mounted. A corporal and two assistants drive daily the loose mules; (two of them are mounted.) These, with the other droves, leave daily last with the rear guard. The two shepherds take charge of the sheep day and night. There are twelve pack-saddles to each company, which are mostly used to lighten the wagons; these follow the advance guard and pioneers, and are generally unpacked and grazing before the wagons and companies come up.

The corporal with the pack-mules has just arrived; he thinks Mr. Stoneman passed the camp ground while he was absent above, trying to get to the river, deceived by a signal of *my messenger*, made to discover Mr. Stoneman's whereabouts; and that Mr. Stoneman is a few miles above, where, after dark, he saw a fire at a distance; of course the attempt to lighten the boats has failed thus far.

*January 4.*—I again left a party with seven pack-mules for Lieutenant Stoneman; I marched at 8 o'clock, and passed over the bottom ground I had examined for about a mile, and then ascending the bluff at a more gentle hill; then at places, by winding a little, the soft sand was changed for soft clay and sand covered slightly with pebbles.

After more than three hours of hard pulling, I got into the bottom again; here the guide met me with information that the river bore far off, (he had ascended the mountain partly to look,) and that it was twelve miles before we could strike it again without losing very much; and that there was a good camp and grass at the twelve-miles point. The mules are at that stage when too hard a push will make them give out by teams,

and I could not risk it without a necessity. So, at 12 o'clock, much against my will, I encamped near by an island with the usual mixture of flag grass, young cottonwood, &c. There is much thorny brush, in forcing my way through which to examine the ground, I half tore my clothes off.

Mr. Stoneman's being behind was some consideration; it will give him an opportunity to overtake us.

Francisco says it took the General until 8 o'clock at night to get a little below the point for to-morrow's camp, marching from our last night's camp, five miles above; and, if the guides are to be depended on, it was impossible to go on to-day—the river being two or three miles from the trail.

*Night.*—The pack-mule party came in about sundown without hearing anything of Lieutenant Stoneman.

The camp is at the foot of a volcanic peak of rocks some 500 feet high. The adjutant ascended it before sundown, and believed he could see the river for twenty miles; and again, since dark, I sent him up with Mr. Foster; they could see the appearance of a small fire opposite the camp of the night before last, sixteen or seventeen miles above, opposite a similar mountain point. I have reason to be exceedingly uneasy; Mr. Stoneman's answer to my messenger, giving him to understand that I placed no important value on nearly all his cargo, that "he would stick to it until he got to the mouth or overtook me," together with my knowledge of his indomitable perseverance, has allayed anxiety until now. I know this river is visited by the Tonto Indians, who are only formidable to sleeping men. Mr. S. has two armed men with him, but is himself without arms. Inexperienced and greatly fatigued at night, they may have been found asleep by a fire.

Dr. Foster having volunteered, I have directed him and Appolonius, a guide, to return early to-morrow morning to our last camp, five miles above, and then take the river, and ascend it by the beaches (crossing when necessary) until the matter is discovered. He takes an order for Mr. Stoneman to abandon everything but 500 pounds of flour and the best ponton, and those if necessary; but I send also to the last camp a party with six pack-mules, to remain there three hours—until 12 o'clock—then to start to rejoin me.

The mules this evening, for the first time, crossed the river, where there is better food, and I had to increase the guard to 42 privates, and sent over 24 of them, and still fear that they will escape—some of them into the dense thickets. Starve or risk their loss are the only alternatives.

*January 5.*—The officer of the day reported, at daylight, that the mules had been passing down the river during the night, following some islands; and, accordingly, when they were driven up, but little more than half were present. Nevertheless, by sending some mounted parties, they were found, and I marched at 8½ o'clock.

Soon after, I heard some shots, and was led to believe that Mr. Stoneman had arrived in the vicinity. About noon, Dr. Foster came back to me and reported that he had seen him a few miles above camp, and he had left all his load some twenty miles above the last camp. Foster wrote a note to the corporal with pack-mules, telling him where the flour was,

and leaving it to him to go or not. When I received the report, the flour was at least twenty-eight miles in the rear, and I determined at once not to send then, there being a chance that the corporal had gone. Thus, two seeds of corn, which I had brought thus far, is lost, and when most needed. The loss of the flour straightens me a little, as I have but fourteen days more, not allowing for wastage. I have reduced the rations to 9 ounces again.

I departed from the General's trail some five or six miles back, where it takes to the sand bluff, and have cut one through the bottom; much brush, but pretty good ground. After marching about 12 miles, I encamped at a poor place for grass, but the guides had become so entangled in this immense flat bottom, that they required time to look out the direction.

The march was about six hours. This bottom is called rich ground, and I believe it could easily be irrigated. The river has been a long way off all day.

Mr. Stoneman is boating; Mr. Smith works hard with the pioneers all day; Mr. Merrill, the adjutant, always marches at the head of the column of wagons, (and men,) directing them on the best road, and relieving regularly the leading wagons. Every night I have a long, laborious ride, frequently above my head in dense brush, looking for a camp-ground, for water and for grass.

If Mr. Stoneman had done as I particularly wished and urged, viz: have got off before I did, (we were twenty-one hours in that camp,) my corn and flour would have been saved; for the experiment would have shown itself a failure at once. I had put in but three days' rations of flour, until in the last hour his assurances induced me to add three more. Mr. S. spoke of his experience in rafting or boating.

*January 6.*—The mules, which had a square mile to ramble over last night, and which I think fared pretty well, were very early got into camp by my arrangements, and the advance was sounded, 7 o'clock 50 minutes.

A mile or two brought us back to the dragoon trail; there was much heavy road. After passing some sand-hills, the road descended to a river beach, where I had the mules watered; then, for three or four miles, we passed a constant succession of dry beds of mountain torrents—first of sand, then all of stone.

I was anxious to reach the point of the mountain where the guide had spoken much of a very bad place; but here, Francisco insisted, we were leaving the river, and the last chance for pasture; and so, after coming twelve miles in a little above six hours, I encamped. I fear the mules will do badly, although there is mezquite and some cane. I have two guards above and below, however, and they have free range over a large extent.

The ponton boats are here. The corporal with the pack-mules has not returned, and of course has gone up after a part of the flour.

Mr. Stoneman represents that in many places there are about three or four inches of water to be found in the river.

The weather is like the finest of October weather in Missouri. Last evening Weaver brought me some large cakes, half an inch thick, of pure salt.

This camp in the dust is wretchedly uncomfortable, owing to a high wind. We have seldom any wind on this river.

*January 7.*—I sent Dr. Foster and Francisco this morning to the crossing, believed to be twenty-five miles. They were directed to observe if any troops had come from Sonora, or if troops or droves of mules were approaching from California; also, to find the best ground for grass and a camp, as near as they could to the mouth of the Gila, for to-morrow night.

All the mules, I believe, were recovered this morning. Weaver was sent on very early to examine thoroughly the difficult spot where the volcanic mountains came into the river. Mr. Smith followed very early, with a party to work there; and Mr. Stoneman with another, advanced, as usual, to work upon the road.

I found, after passing many of the stony ridge-points and clay-gullies, that the work was very badly done, and caused the last party to work back to the wagons. I then forced my way through a dense thicket in the bottom round some points, and sent back directions as to the ground, and an order for the party to be increased by ten men. I then came on until I overtook Mr. Smith, and a road was cut through a dense growth of willow, cottonwood, &c., round the last point, and we again ascended to the usual open bottom. Here Weaver represented that it was the best place for forage he knew; that I could easily go to the mouth from it; and could not go further, as the road was entirely off from the rivers from that point to the crossing. So I encamped, and directed the mules all sent across the river, where only there was pasture, flag-grass, young cottonwoods, &c. Having dug a road down the bank, the river was found to be swimming. I then had them sent back through the thicket-road, and they crossed over, many of them swimming. It has given me much uneasiness. The river, where I have wanted it as a barrier to the mules, has always been but a few inches deep; here, where I must cross it, it is swimming. The pasture, I fear, is very poor. The ponton boats came down in time for the rear guard to cross in. The corporal and party after flour, whom I certainly expected this evening, has not come back.

A pair of hounds were broken short off, and another damaged considerably; having none to remedy it, I have directed the wagon abandoned; in fact, there are four others which are not only not necessary, but a great expenditure of force to drag along; but I shall not leave them until necessary, or at a point where I can easily send for them from Warner's.

It was very cold this forenoon; the march was about seven miles; the General's party crossed the river here.

*January 8.*—Mouth of Gila. I got the mules over safely and early; they had icicles on them. Marched, 7 and 45'.

There were still some hills of the "Devil's Point" to pass; then we had a very good road; there is a vast bottom here, extending up from the river's mouth, which seems good land; and, for the first time, there is something like a soil and much dry grass; I stopped about 11 o'clock for three quarters of an hour to graze the mules; but I must doubt that there was any beneficial substance in it, although the mules ate freely.

Nine or ten miles from camp I found Foster and Francisco with the pioneers; there was no appearance below of any party since Leroux's;

they reported there was no grass short of the river mouth; that there was some bunch grass there, but inconvenient to water.

I encamped here about 4 o'clock, and went about half a mile through the mezquite thickets and stationed the advanced guard so as to surround (scantly) a large space with bunch grass thinly scattered; the river is close by; to go nearer the grass I would have had to return in the morning; the mules hold out astonishingly, but great pains is taken; the guard duty very hard, and, apparently, much risk is run of losing some of them at least every night.

There are very many of the new kind of partridge or quail here; some have been shot; they have a yellow head, with a beautiful drooping plume on the top, rising slenderly a couple of inches, and then expanding and curving forward; it is composed of five or six feathers, but looks like one; they are slate colored.

The march was about sixteen miles.

The country around the two rivers is a picture of desolation; nothing like vegetation beyond the bottoms of the rivers; black mountains with wild-looking peaks and stony hills and plains fill the view. We are encamped in the midst of hemp.

*January 9.*—Marched very early. The wagons were six hours reaching the crossing; the road was very bad for sand and soft clay—perhaps half of it; the pioneers did much work, and straightened the trail much. The mules are weak, and their failing, flagging to-day, at ten miles, is very unpromising at this stage, with the dry barren stretch of a hundred miles before them; the grass, too, last night, I considered plenty and pretty good. I found in the great thicket of small willows "grass," but sapless and brittle to the very roots; I endeavored to have cottonwoods cut and brought to them, but it could not be done to-night; I, however, sent out forty men to gather the fruit called "tornia," of a variety of the mezquite; they brought in perhaps twelve or fifteen bushels, which was spread out on a hard part of the sand-bar for them; I have heard later of some grass a mile or two lower down, and have directed the drove sent there early in the morning.

The boats have not arrived; neither has the corporal sent after flour. If I have to make double marches at the 24, 32, and 20 miles distances, without water between here and the Cariza, my rations will not last to Warner's, unless the corporal bring up some of that left; of the last-mentioned twenty miles the half is sand, and it will make two days—the one a hard one.

There has been quite a gale of wind down the river. Francisco was sent across and set fire to the thickets beyond, which thus made a great conflagration; this Weaver highly recommended, as promising great assistance to the pioneer party which I shall send over in the morning to cut a road through the bottom thickets. Francisco says the river is deeper than when he passed before.

The Rio Colorado here resembles the Missouri in size and color of the water; it has immense bottoms difficult to pass; they are of rich soil.

I believe it to be the most useless of rivers to man; so barren, so desolate and difficult, that it has never been explored—running through volcanic mountains and sand deserts, at places through chasms of vertical rock perhaps 5,000 feet deep; the hapless wanderer, to its verge, is fam-

ished for even a cup of its water, which is more tantalizing to his sight than was ever the mirage of eastern deserts. The rocks of these chasms, I am told, would fit together if restored to the union which has apparently once existed. It cannot be navigable far; this point is about sixty miles to tide, and about a hundred above its mouths.

At the first fountain of this river, in Oregon, the first dragoons encamped eighteen months ago.

*January 10.*—The mules were driven at daylight to tolerable grass in the river below. At 9 and 30 the ponton boats arrived; and, at 10 o'clock, three of the pack-mule party, with 420 pounds of flour; to this I added every pound I could spare of my own and the dragoons, which all makes fifteen or sixteen days at half a pound a day. The corporal and two other men were represented as remaining to hunt for the other deposits of provisions, and that they would not be "up for two days"—a singular notion. I immediately ordered the companies to cross as soon as possible, leaving only their empty wagons, mules, teamsters, and mule and cattle details; the empty wagons to be drawn over as early as possible in the morning. The wind blows again, and slow work is made at crossing; the ford leads far down; I sent Francisco, and several of the teamsters followed him afoot half across, to observe the route; it took his mule in places well up on the side.

The weather is said to be colder than known in many years.

It seems, by Weaver's account, that I have done injustice to this river's uses, &c.; he says it will admit of navigation by steamboats for three hundred and fifty miles from its mouth from April to September, and that the rich bottoms extend that high; it is probable that sugar-cane would flourish here; he says the Cochanos have rich fields as high up as I have named, where the cañons commence; he speaks of a very rich extensive bottom below that does not overflow.

The sick report now numbers ten.

*Night.*—The boat has made exceedingly slow work; but the battalion is crossing, and will continue at it, if necessary, all night; the moon will not rise before 2 o'clock. I have directed the sheep taken over at 5 o'clock in the morning, when the reveille will be sounded; then one load over after daylight will probably complete it. I have directed a man to ride each mule in the teams; the water will take them above half side.

The sheep, of which a hundred and thirty are still remaining, have done better of late than I expected a week or two ago, when a few were left every day; the cattle are very poor; there are ten left to us.

Talking with Dr. Foster, the interpreter, this evening, I for the first time became aware that I had all the time been laboring under a mistake as to the number of Mexican troops at Tucson; that they were about a hundred and thirty, instead of two hundred and thirty, as mentioned in a late official letter to Captain Turner.

*January 11.*—9 p. m.—With my mind full of anxiety, I force myself to the task of recording the deeds of the day. I am in camp at the "well," fifteen miles from the river; I made a firm resolve that here the battalion *should* come to-day; and, for these reasons, I had not rations or time, under the probable state of affairs in California, to spend *another* day beyond the river; and, as the mules must graze on the other side, and they must

pull the wagons over when they came, there would be but little less to do in a day—to-morrow than to-day.

The battalion were crossing, I believe, all night; I heard them until 2 and 30'; but the matter, very difficult indeed in the wide swift river with two wagon beds, was slowly and very badly managed. The first difficulty I encountered this morning was that, instead of the "boat" being in readiness to cross the sheep at reveille, at 5 o'clock, as ordered, it was not over, from before that hour, until a quarter before 7 o'clock; *then* I had all the baggage of the field and staff taken down in ten minutes time, and it was taken over, (and ten men beside.)

I was told then by the adjutant that many loads of company property had still to be taken over; (the trips had averaged an hour and a half;) and on all sides the idea of the impossibility of making the set day's journey was conveyed to me. I told the adjutant that *no more* of the company property should come in the boat; that the sheep only should be brought; the baggage was then put in wagons; the mules had been then driven up at daylight, and I got the wagons started at 8 o'clock.

The river was a mile over in the course of the ford, and in several channels hundreds of yards across. It runs swiftly at least four feet deep. In fact, occasionally it swam a small mule. About 9, I got up to the bank opposite the old camp. Here, in high willows which concealed everything, I found everything doubly confused; tents standing, every man doing what suited—some eating, some cooking. The time was passing fast—I hurried all. I then saw a wagon, the only one of company "C," standing in the water half-way across, with the mules taken out, and nothing apparently doing. Half an hour after, a lieutenant of the company reached me with a report that they were stuck, &c., and could not get out. I told him they were not trying; that they had had the same opportunities as the other companies to get baggage over; (the boat had been used turn about;) and that I saw the other wagons get over easily, and even with *men in them*; (that was an abuse that vexed me exceedingly;) that I should march immediately, and could not help them. Meanwhile, the boat came half loaded with men and baggage, (contrary to my orders,) and with less than a third of the sheep, and instantly the crew disappeared, and no one claimed or unloaded the baggage. My orderly threw it out, and I almost forced the men in the boat to take it back. They spent half an hour in water deeper than they could reach with their ten feet poles. So bad seemed the chance of getting over more than one more load, that I sent word by them to Mr. Smith that he should bring over the boat full of the best sheep, and that the rest might be abandoned if they could not swim. (The river had an inch of ice in calm places, and quite a number of mules fell and were drowned, owing to weakness, as we came over.) Then, at 10 o'clock, I forced off the command to march fifteen miles of a bad road, leaving a company in the river, and two-thirds of the sheep on the other side. I knew these last were in good hands, and also that the company would then be excited to do their best. The first mile was ascending, and through deep sand; the mules pinched with cold and sullen; the tar on the wheels stiff with cold. The *prospect* of getting to this camp was almost desperate. I gave orders that when mules failed, the company commanders should first take all the private animals belonging to individuals, excepting those having wives; and then, if necessary, that is, *highly advisable*,

to anticipate the same thing I had determined on to be done *here*—to leave one of their wagons on the road. (Two were thus left.) I rode on, and stopped all pack and loose animals at a fine quantity of mezquite and “*ornia*,” which had fallen to the ground, until all the wagons had passed. The fires which Francisco the day before yesterday, and Weaver yesterday, with the pioneer party, had made, raged around us, and within a few feet. I sent ahead twenty men to collect mezquite beans, believing that the wagons would arrive after dark. I knew there was no grass. I arrived here at 4 o'clock, and was met a few hundred yards off by a man, who told me “there was not a drop of water.” Instantly the twenty-four miles to the next water-hole, where the prospect was worse, and the thirty-two, still further, to the *Salt lake*, were in my mind to fright me for the three hundred and sixty persons who go confidently where I point the way. I found Lieutenant Oman digging most energetically with his pioneers, as I had directed, not only at the old well, but they had commenced another. Soon, in the first, they struck damp sand, and so on to water. When the quicksands were entered, it caved in so as to render it impossible to make the hole more than two or three inches deep. Many expedients were discussed; it was concluded that our only hope was in a *wash-tub* belonging to a captain, who has a wife. The new well progressed slowly through hard clay. The first wagons came at sunset; at dusk the tub arrived. Lieutenant Oman reported to me, to my utter astonishment, that they were unwilling to give up that valuable article; (almost our lives depending on it, it seemed to me.) I had it taken. The well, after a long time, seemed to work pretty well and promisingly. Then again it failed, and I had the tub taken up, and the bottom, which had been bored, knocked out; then it worked better. It was late, however, and anxious expectants for cooking and drinking water thronged the hole. I was seated in my tent, consulting with the guides, when Lieutenant Oman suddenly reported that the well had failed worse than ever.

My doubts seemed converted to the certainty of evil and disaster. I then learned that the company I had left was encamped six miles back, their team having given out. So much for their wretched management in bringing their wagon loaded, &c.

I sent for Weaver to inquire of the road long ago anticipated for the command to follow—the river some sixty miles down; he came, and so represented the country as to give scarce a *hope* of its practicability under our circumstances. Once more I went to the well, and ordered a fresh detail to be put to the new one; they had found, in ten feet, only muddy clay, and its upper surface was two feet lower than that of the old one, which is about nine or ten feet deep. I then, as I said with a mind full of trouble, sat down to write. In half an hour, Lieutenant Oman came and reported, in the new well, he had “come to plenty of water that could be dipped with a camp kettle.”

It threw a radiant glow of light over all the gloom which was settling deeply on every avenue where hope had lingered. I am writing with only an effort to suppress feeling; it must be remembered that this well failing, what had I to expect of the next, which I know to be dry now, and not like this, deriving its supply from a great river, and to be reached after going without water for a night and two days, in addition to this hard day;

and the next hope, three almost of our average days' journey, still further on, and *behind*, *starvation and failure*.

My faith had not failed; for, at the worst, I gave orders for a beef to be killed at daylight and cooked before 10 o'clock, and other preparations for a night without water. The sheep were all got over.

I think I shall send Mr. Oman, to whose energetic industry I am much indebted, through to the next well to-morrow, to dig in anticipation of our arrival next day. Many mules gave out to-day, and, at best, our prospect is bad; there is not only so little water, but so very little for the poor animals to *eat*. I had about five bushels of the mezquite “*ornia*” collected yesterday by each company and brought here.

I found here, on the high bank above the well, stuck on a pole, “No water; January 2.—Charboneaux.” This fills me with fearfulness not only for the full success of my party, but almost for their safety, for they had rode their tired animals hard so far, were disappointed for water here, and would be for fifty-seven miles further.

It is half-past 10 o'clock. I have just ordered a party of twelve well-armed picked men, under Lieutenant Oman, with a guide, to go through to the Alamo Inoctro well to-morrow, to dig and prepare for us; also a picket guard posted up the trail, for here parties are most apt to arrive at a watering place at night; and all the guard to-night, as generally heretofore, is employed in herding the mules.

Eighteen hours of increasing labor has been my lot to-day, of anxiety, enough to turn one gray. I knew the battalion *could* be brought here to-day in season; and they were brought and encamped before dark, it seemed, in spite of themselves.

*January 12.*—The company came up about 10 o'clock. The mules, after being fed with mezquite beans and watered last night, were driven about by the guard to the mezquite groves, where they ate the fallen leaves and browsed.

About 9 o'clock this morning, I commenced watering, intending to march at eleven. The well was replenished rather slowly; and at 11 and 30' I marched with three companies, whose mules had been watered; leaving two, which I had commenced, with orders to follow as soon as it was well done. Mr. Smith remained also to water the sheep and bees. The sheep, he tells me, drank twenty-five buckets of water; there are 128.

It has fortunately been cloudy; for the weather yesterday and to-day, when the sun shone, was a moderate summer heat.

The ascent to the bluff, a tolerably long hill of impalpable sand, was very severe, but with the help of the men the wagons were soon up. I left two wagons in the camp; there are now one to each company, and two others; *one* is quite sufficient for all the load of a company; and it is a great risk of losing all to attempt to take through empty wagons; they can easily be sent for with fresh mules.

At 4 o'clock, I came up to the pioneers' guard and guides; they had stopped where they found Appolonius at the grass, and which he and Francisco both believe to be more than half-way to the Alamo Inoctro, or well, which the General wrote me was twenty-four miles; but I thought I had only come ten miles. But, everything considered, I encamped the foremost wagon nearly an hour to sunset, but the last *after*. On a wilderness of sand, strewed and mixed with small stones and gravel, we see