

everywhere, covering a tenth of the surface, little bunches of straw colored grass; it is a summer grass, produced by a rain, and dead enough, but the mules eat it with the eagerness of starvation; this desert, so far, has but one other vegetable production, a tall slim bush, called by the Mexicans "stinking wood." There is one other nondescript, a small strange shrub, which grows into a pear-shaped basket frame, the stems or branches all uniting as if tied above. About eighty miles to the west is seen a range of mountains, which we cross; the bushes furnish a small fire for making tea and frying meat.

*January 13.*—I marched at sunrise; it is impossible, it seems, to get in motion earlier, as the mules cannot be distinguished and harnessed in darkness. I found a mile and a half of bad sand, and the dry grass thicker there than where I stopped; thus, to anticipate Francisco and Apollonius, were an injury to me, for, in consequence of their reports, I stopped before sundown, and a mile *short* of half way. The clouds disappeared at 10 o'clock, and it turned out the hottest day we have had. I have seen as cold sunny days at Fort Gibson in June. The road was very sandy, and crooked too.

The advance party got here at sundown yesterday, and I found that they had much improved one of the wells, and had dug a third. The company wagons reached here at 2 o'clock, having come the thirteen miles in seven hours; two staff wagons arrived nearly two hours after, and it was evident that they could not go on through the desert; for here there is nothing for them to eat but a little scattered mezquite, which has not borne fruit; the water is very bad and warm, and the supply is scanty and slow; and *now*, after eight hours, the watering is still going on; the poor animals after drinking seemed unsatisfied, and had to be driven away toward the green bushes, on which they might browse.

After consultation and much reflection, I have directed two wagons to be left, of the two smallest companies, taking a large part of their *team* mules to make out the hospital wagon team, and one for the field and staff-officers, dragoons, and servants, directing the personal baggage of the six officers of these two companies to be carried in the wagons of the other three companies. I have strong hopes of meeting a relief of mules in a day or two; they should be here if they were obtained within a day of Warner's. I am relieved of some apprehension for the party, by finding water here which they could use; but their not returning begins to be alarming otherwise. We have for a day or two been surrounded by smokes—made, too, some of them, at a small distance. *Very* fresh tracks of two horses were seen here yesterday. I have consulted Weaver on the subject; he believes that they can only be Indians.

Weaver and Francisco agree that the *usual* old trail by the "Pozo Hondo" is the shortest by several miles; that it is the best road; that the water there is better to depend on than the Salt lake—its sweet quality considered; and that it divides the distance more equally to the Cariza. Weaver thinks it from five to seven miles nearer than the Salt lake. So I have determined to take that route, and send Lieutenant Stoneman, Weaver, and twenty-five armed men to go through to-morrow, and prepare it for our coming.

They say there is good mezquite rather more than half-way, so I shall leave about 11 o'clock to-morrow.

I am by no means sure that it would not be the safest plan to abandon all the wagons here.

The corporal and two men who acted so foolishly in remaining back to hunt further, after finding and sending to me all the rations I needed, have not come up, and possibly never will. He went back *at all* (more than five miles) on his own responsibility, on receiving the note of information written by the interpreter, Dr. Foster. A man of A company has been missing since we left the river; it is believed he remained to be of assistance to these men, to one or more of whom he was very friendly. I have caused a detail of men to work constantly at the wells, in giving water to all animals that come up, night and day.

*January 14.*—I had the mules driven in at 9½, and ordered the wagon-mules first watered. Mules had been watered, however, as they came up, for the 20 hours. Lieutenant Stoneman *sent* off his party of twenty-five men before sunrise, following more than half an hour after. Long after that, Francisco reported that he, Weaver, and the advance party had all taken the wrong road, and his own mule was missing; so he went afoot to set them right. Afterward, he sent back Apollonius, who went with Weaver, and was to have been left in the best mezquite more than half-way to the well, to guide us by their tracks—Francisco going on to guide them.

When the wagons were ready, at 11 o'clock, Apollonius was missing, hunting a mule. I marched then, leaving many mules waiting the slow flow of water into the wells, to be watered. The first mile or two was bad sand, then we descended to a clay flat. I stopped at some mezquite with many fallen leaves and had the pack-animals fed there until many of the company wagons had passed. Then for several miles there was a little sand blown from the hills which were near. Afterward the trail led me over a great flat of baked clay, over which a sheet of water had evidently stood, or gently flowed toward the south; there are miles square of it without a bush or weed; in many places the mules scarcely made a track. I did not overtake the advance guard until 6 o'clock, dark, when I found them here, on the edge of a mezquite thicket, where one of the advance party had been left to point out the place. A mile back I fell into a vast trail of ten thousand mule or horse tracks—herds driven in the last few months to Sonora. Our trail was lost in them, and I had several fires built to mark its course.

The wagons commenced arriving at 7¼. The march was about seventeen miles. I fear there is very poor food here for the mules. The mezquite leaves seem not to have fallen to much extent; the poor animals are eating dry weeds and sticks. The weather is quite warm, but fortunately there were clouds which nearly all the day veiled the mules from the fiery sunshine.

I saw large quantities of sea-shells—some perfect; the ground has evidently been the bottom of the gulf, which has now receded a hundred miles. The salt on this plain confirms the idea.

*January 15.*—I marched before sunrise. The mountains to our left

and front were mingled with clouds; the rising sun painted all with bright and varied hues, and then we saw the distinct colors of a rainbow, its extremity an orange red, and violet spot in the midst; an omen of promise, which only before have we seen in the *other* desert of Tueson.

The road was the same flat clay plain, and much to our surprise, seven or eight miles brought us to the Pozo Hondo. As I approached it, Major Cloud met me with letters. Tesson had brought mules and cattle. The pleasure of this great relief was sadly changed to the most sorrowful feelings, on hearing of our great loss in action, of Captains Moore and Johnston, and twenty-one dragoons. Then was genuine grief shown by all who knew them; our difficult and straightened circumstances were lost sight of for the time.

What a loss to my regiment! Ah, who but loved Johnston—the noble, sterling, valued Johnston! And who had warmer friends than poor Moore! Peace to their ashes! Rest their souls! May their country honor the memories of its heroic champions, who, serving her, have found their graves in distant and desolate regions!

A weight was taken off my mind, and that of others, on hearing of the General's safety, though twice wounded; slightly, it is reported, and we trust truly.

The first report to me was, that there was "plenty" of water; but I soon discovered that it was a woful mistake; there was not enough for the men. It was half-past 10 o'clock. I immediately ordered the water *issued* by measure; a fat beef killed; food cooked; the wild mules caught and harnessed; the march to be continued at 1 o'clock, as far as the reported grass, and then, after a rest, to be resumed for the Cariza. (The Salt lake is now dry.)

Tesson started with fifty-seven mules—thirty-three as wild as tigers; he lost twenty-two. The guide, Leroux, did badly in sending Tesson only, and with mules and cattle together, and we have suffered for it; it took two or three hours hard work to catch and harness these terrible mules; one broke away (and ran off in harness) from three picked men.

The first wagons with the new-broken mules got here at dark; now (8 and 30) one company has not arrived. We came eleven miles; I have ordered the mules kept tied up in harness, and the bunch grass cut for them, (there is very little of it;) the pack-mules to be kept *saddled*; and the march to be resumed at 2 o'clock. Besides being nearly starved, our old mules have had no water since yesterday morning; the men, too, are without it; it is necessary to go on in the coolness of the night speedily, to end this terrible state of things; the ten miles of much dreaded *sand* is before us.

January 16.—The last worst desert is passed in safety, but with great suffering. I marched this morning at 2 o'clock exactly, believing it only ten or twelve miles, and a much worse road than I found it. I had a large advance guard and all the guides on duty, telling Weaver to keep the foremost wagon in sight; it was a star-light night. Four miles from our bivouac I halted till all passed, and found that even then a team or two had apparently given out. I gave various orders of relief, transferred mules, &c.; toward daylight it was exceedingly cold, too much so to ride; then the guides got lost, and, by their not obeying strictly my orders, the

wagons lost at least a mile, and over bad road; here the new teams seemed almost exhausted; two companies had each lost a set of harness—accidents by the new mules. I managed to procure others; I found the road was about to prove very much longer than I had been led to believe, and had great misgivings. About 10 o'clock, as usual, it became of summer heat. Finally, near eleven, I reached with the foremost wagon the first water of the Cariza; a clear running stream gladdened our eye after the anxious dependence upon muddy wells for five or six days. One company, which was late in marching, and met with an accident, was so much thrown into the *heat of the day* that the mules entirely failed several miles off, and a new team had to be sent, and it arrived at sunset. I found the march, with the deviation, nineteen miles; thus, without water for near three days (for the animals,) and encamping two nights in succession without water, the battalion made, in forty-eight hours, *four marches* of eighteen, eight, eleven, and nineteen miles, suffering from frost and from summer heat. Fortunately, we found the ground to-day, ascending the dry creek bed, a tolerably good road. It is now evident that the march from the Alamo Morter well here, fifty-six miles, could not have been made in any other way—that is, the push of eighteen miles the afternoon and evening of the first day, the rest, refreshment of meat, and *drink of water* during the heat of the following day; then the evening and night march to grass; and then, after a few hours rest, the march five hours before sunrise, when the extreme cold braced all and postponed the torture of thirst. The sheep got within a mile of camp last night, and to-night I fear are many miles back. I had a ration of two and a half pounds each of fat beef issued to-day on our arrival. We have contented ourselves to-day with a solitary meal; breakfast at 1 or 2 o'clock.

The dry grass here is as salt as brine; I had all the flag grass cut for the mules; there was very little, and succeeded in finding some bunch grass, where the poor animals are now grazing. The loss of mules appears to be sixteen in the two days; our greatest assistance, besides the beef, was in twenty-two of the General's old mules, which were watered yesterday, before my arrival, to clean out the well, (and it was not replaced.) The wild ones would not drink out of buckets, and, indeed, some of our mules went two or three days without water before they would thus drink. Nine Mexicans have overtaken us here; to two principal ones I gave permission at Tueson to follow me; I believe they are poor men seeking to better themselves by moving to California; they are nearly starved; have been living on our dead mules, &c. I have directed that two sheep be given to them; *they met* my foolish corporal and two men going up the Gila for rations; at the crossing of the Colorado they were a day behind us, and met a large war-party of Indians. One of the Mexicans left Tueson eight days after me, but brings no news; he says the military did not return for three or four days after my departure.

I should rest here to-morrow, if there were pasture, considering the hard day the guides represent to be before me—fifteen miles of very sandy road. I have determined to undertake it with a very early start, as they say there is good grass for the rest camps. A *great number* of my men are wholly without shoes, and use every expedient—such as rawhide moccasins and sandals, and even wrapping their feet in pieces of woolen and cotton cloth.

*January 17.*—With reveille, at 5 o'clock this morning, I found that, after light, many of the mules, particularly the wild ones, had escaped the guard. Thus the march was delayed until 9 o'clock; all the mules were believed to be recovered except six, which came forward; I sent the Indians and got them during the march.

The road was very deep with sand, and the forenoon very hot, but the teams reached the Palm springs between 12 and 1 o'clock; and there being no grass, I determined to continue the march to Bajiocito; the first wagon arrived just at dark, the others much later; the road, not quite so deep with sand, was much more broken, and obstructed with great lumps of mezcal. Altogether, it is the worst fifteen miles of road since we left the Rio Grande, and that it was accomplished, under all the circumstances, by mules or men, is extraordinary. The men arrived here completely worn down; they staggered as they marched, as they did the day before. Eleven mules, and perhaps a few more, were left on the road; the sheep came up this morning before we marched, but are not up to-night. A half ration of pork has been issued. We have been passing up the winding bed of a dry mountain stream, or rain weather torrent between mountains, utterly barren, looking of the color of ashes; between them are great mounds of clay and sand, sometimes conglomerated with stone and pebbles; these are utterly bare and water-washed. At the Cariza, a fine clear stream gushes out from steep embankments before it disappears in the sand.

Seven miles above, the narrow valley has a bank, from which it is soaked with good water, and forms a few small springs; and there are twenty or thirty palm trees—the first I ever saw.

Here, at the Bajiocito, is a wet flat valley, a mile or more in extent, where grow, besides grass, a few small willows; thus we are nearly without fuel. The grass, which is plentiful, I fear is very poor, as the mules are straggling on the broken ground around.

The night is cloudy, the wind high and cold.

We met an Indian below, who stated the General had captured the Pueblo, with considerable loss of men. It is evident that I could not have brought the two other wagons left at the Alamo Morter wells with the relief received; and equally evident that, if the mules had been sent to me by a careful person, without delay and loss, that they would have reached me there, and that the two wagons could have been brought. The beef cattle sent *separately* would have reached in ample time; and, in fact, they were not absolutely necessary.

But for the Providential clouds and cool wind this afternoon, the mules could not, probably, have performed the day's march. It is astonishing to consider what the wild young mules performed and endured, driven thirty miles to meet me, then next day, in its heat, to go through the terrible process of being broken to harness; two hours of the most violent possible exertions; (I saw one, at least, which a *second time* thrown, lay panting and motionless;) then, to draw wagons two marches, and thus, without food, to arrive the third day without water.

*January 18.*—Same camp at Bajiocito.

Some of the men did not find strength to reach camp until daylight this morning. The sheep did not come up until after mid-day. They

stopped for the night at the palms; a number were left on the road. I went through the companies this morning; they were eating their last 4 ounces of flour. I had beeves killed, and double ration issued early.

The battalion should have eight days' half-rations of flour, by a close account and calculation which I have kept up; and according to the actual quantity on the second December, to that date there had been an equal loss or wastage of eight days. Of sugar and coffee, there has been none for some weeks. Of pork, there should be six days', (at eight ounces,) but there is not much, and I have directed that it should be used with the beef at discretion. I have eighty-eight sheep left, and four of the beeves which I brought from the Rio Grande. With the new beeves, altogether, I have five days' (double) rations of fresh meat. I have five public wagons, and there are three private property. One of those came up late to-day.

I sent back this morning early for mules left within six miles; five were brought up. The party of emigrants from Sonora brought up three good mules which were lost the night before last. These men I keep from starvation; I have given them two more sheep this evening.

The Indian alcalde of San Phillippi brought me to-day a letter, written three days ago by Mr. Montgomery, commander of ship Portsmouth, and governor of San Diego. He writes me that my party arrived the 14th instant; welcomes my approach, and promises refreshment, &c., for the battalion; states he has had credible reports of the General's establishing his camp on the river of the Pueblo, after two day's engagement with artillery, (whilst constantly advancing,) and warns me that several leaders of the Californians who, having broken their parole, are expected to attempt to march for Sonora by this route; says the character of the Californians has been underrated as military men, &c.

I presented the alcalde with a small looking-glass of my own, (having nothing else to give him;) he asked me not to let the other Indians know he had brought the letter, &c. I told him he must look to the Americans hereafter as the rulers of this country, and as his friends; and that he should send me speedy information by by-paths of the vicinity or approach of any body of the Californians; that he should have them watched from the mountains, &c.

He, and his interpreter also, a San Phillipian Indian, are fine-looking men, nearly naked, hair long, and face painted with red spots. Their language seemed bad, somewhat resembling that of the Apaches. I have had a company inspection and a "dress" parade this evening, and have made arrangements and given orders for a regular march to-morrow with military precautions. We have yet hopes of striking a blow.

The men, who this morning were prostrate, worn out, hungry, and heartless, have recovered their spirits to-night, and are singing and playing the fiddle.

*January 19.*—Again, this morning, many of the mules were astray; it is almost impossible to keep our new mules from going on whence they came. Owing to this, the march was delayed until 9 o'clock; the companies marched in front of the baggage, which was placed under the charge of the acting assistant quartermaster. There were pioneers and advance guard of twenty privates, with orders not to go more than a half

mile in advance. The guides had told me it was a good firm road, with a very narrow cañon for a short distance, but that a Mr. Ward's wagon from Sonora had passed it, and no doubt we could, &c. After coming three or four miles up hill, and much of it coarse sand, I found that the guides, with the pioneers, &c., had stopped, and seemed to be doing nothing; there was a rugged mountain, with a gap, in our front, some two hundred feet high. Weaver very coolly turned to me, and remarked that he believed we were penned up. "Ah!" I replied "then you never saw this mountain before I suppose. I have heard nothing of it; find a crossing, or I shall send a company of my men who will soon do it." With much active work, I got the wagons over in about an hour and a half; then, up a mountain torrent bed, I came to the cañon, and found it much worse than I expected—there were many rocks to cross, &c., but the worst was the narrow pass, besides the crookedness of hard high rocks. Setting an example myself, there was much labor done on it before the wagons came—that is, with axes, we found it broke and split, and we hewed the rocks to increase the opening. I thought it was all safe before the wagons came, and went on a short distance and found a hill to be ascended, to avoid a still narrower cañon, with a great rock to be broken to pieces with our axes before it was practicable; much work was done here. When the trial was made with the mules—all taken out—I found that there was at least a foot of solid rock too much. The wagon was run back, more work was done, the trial repeated, until the wagon was so wedged that it could with difficulty be got either way. The sun was now only an hour high, and it was six or seven miles to the first water. I had the body lifted off and carried forward, the running-gear uncoupled, and turned one wheel up, and thus taken through. Meanwhile, we still cut and hewed at the mountain side; the next wagon's body was brought through, and the running-gear run through with difficulty, and by lifting up one side somewhat; then the hospital wagon, being a small one, came through without mules, but all standing. I then pushed on and saw the wagons up the very steep hill, and down to the cañon again, and learn that, with much more persevering labor on the place, the other wagons were brought through with load and mules in.

Then we ascended the sandy stream to the mountain top; at sunset, as I overtook the guide and advance, Francisco met us and pointed to a ridge a mile or two in front, and said it was very bad, and he believed we could not see to work and pass it to-night; and, as there was grass here, he had returned to tell me.

Weaver called it five or six miles to San Phillippi; I sent on the pioneers and advance guard, and told the officer to fire a gun if we could pass it, and I awaited the coming of the wagons; at dusk they came, and hearing no report, I encamped.

We are not only without water, but are entirely unprepared for it. I believe the grass (dry enough) is better than any we have had since we left the last gamma grass—one march east of Tueson.

I have ordered the wild mules hobbled, and the guard to enclose them all, and move at every relief. I had a beef killed for supper; broiled beef created very little thirst. I have ordered the march to be renewed at reveille, to breakfast at the watering place. The road from the Colorado is by far the most difficult of all.

I sent the advance guard through the defile before commencing work to-day.

The weather last night was exceedingly cold, very thick ice forming. The water at the Bajiocito is very disagreeable to the taste; it has probably valuable curative properties, serving to act upon the liver and as a gentle aperient.

January 20.—Another very cold night, and very little fuel; some of the mules again escaped and came forward. I marched before sunrise, and was soon at the rocky hill, which was very bad; but, by using ropes, the wagons were got over in about an hour. There was an excellent descending road five or six miles to "San Phillippi," the site of a deserted small Indian village. I arrived at about 11 o'clock, turned the mules out to graze, and killed two of the small poor beeves for breakfast; (there is nothing else in camp.) Charboneaux met me here; he left San Diego on the 17th; no further news; no orders for me had been received. Mr. Hall and Leroux were kept there by the governor of the town, who believed the road unsafe; so there is little or no likelihood of communication being soon opened with the General through messengers. Charboneaux says there is very little flour at San Diego. I sent forward three Indians from the noon halt to Warner, telling him to send eighteen cattle to meet me to-morrow at the creek, some seven miles on the road from Warner's to San Diego; expecting myself to turn and encamp there, not going nearer than within seven miles of Warner's ranche. Charboneaux represents it as above five days—some very hard—to San Diego, from *this camp*, by taking that left hand road; he says the best road is by San Pascual, *but he did not go it or come by it.*

At 2 and 15', I marched up the pass seven miles to this ground, where there is good water; but I am disappointed in finding grass very scanty. The camp was made at dark. On the march, in an open prairie, I gave the battalion a short drill whilst the wagons were closing up.

During the march, I considered the subject of the military propriety of my changing my course from San Diego to the Pueblo. These views presented themselves to my mind, *considering myself under orders for San Diego.* The orders were given at a time when it was impossible to know the wants of the service, the circumstances of the country, &c., and evidently because it was believed that the road would take me there—the most practicable road. The General has been there, and left it for a point higher up; he must have left it pacified or quiet, (as is reported to me,) and the place is in our full possession, and commanded from the sea. I have information that the enemy's forces are concentrated at the Pueblo, which is attacked or menaced, by Lieutenant Colonel Frémont, from the north, and the General from the south. If I march there, I approach from the eastern outlet, thus hemming in—almost surrounding—the enemy; or, at best, menacing him from a third quarter; and I approach on the highway, the only one perhaps of his escape to Sonora, or by which he might drive off or secure his plunder of horses, &c. I march through a part of the country not yet passed over by any of our forces, and represented to me as the most disaffected, and possessed by our richest and most influential enemies; and from that district it is said come a very large Indian force, employed by, and probably forced into the service of the enemy. I may communicate with them, or at least, by my pres-

ence, undermine this prop of the enemy's power and dependence. The General has *very few* land forces proper with him. Mr. Montgomery *said* he needed infantry much. The General will evidently need a garrison for the Pueblo, which is not commanded from the sea; the sailors and marines are not suitable, and are probably needed in their proper sphere. His *few* dragoons he will absolutely require for the most active *field service*. I know that *no* orders have been left, or received, at San Diego for me. I have just received a messenger from there. I have others there, who are to bring them to me promptly, if received. I sent to inform the General that I should be at Warner's to-morrow, that I might receive orders; he has probably not yet received my communication. My messengers, three days ago, were detained at San Diego. I ascertained that there is a wagon road to the Pueblo, by which I can reach there almost as soon as to San Diego; and, finally, Captain Montgomery writes me, January 15, it is generally believed that parties of Californians, headed by leaders who have violated their paroles, will endeavor to effect a retreat to Sonora rather than submit to our arms, &c. It thus appears to me that it does not admit of further question. I have ordered Charboneaux and some Indians to go very early and stop the cattle from being sent as before required, and to collect at Warner's all the mules belonging to the public, including those which have escaped from me and gone to San Isabel. One of the five adventurers after the lost flour came up this evening; reports all safe, but broken down at the Bajocita, nineteen or twenty miles back, with above 400 pounds of flour. I have directed two of my extra guides to go there on stout mules, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and assist them up to Warner's with the flour, which, though little, will be vastly welcome to men entirely without. Captain Hunt now says, he believes that the two men who stopped at the Red river to await the others may have misunderstood him as giving them permission.

I have directed the acting assistant quartermaster to make arrangements to leave at the San Isabel ranche some thirty or forty worn down mules; also, to endeavor to send for the wagons left.

January 21.—A cold cloudy morning, threatening snow. I found the path over the mountain smooth and not difficult; the path—now a road—winds amid a forest of large evergreen oaks. Cold as it was, the fresh deep green grass was springing everywhere from the ground. This mountain divides the waters of the Colorado and the gulf from those which run directly west to the ocean; the higher ridges are crowned with pines, and we saw some snow amongst them. From the top, a smooth prairie valley (of the San Luis) opened to the view, but everywhere closely hemmed by mountains. I descended rapidly to the lower slopes, and there drilled my battalion again whilst the baggage closed up.

An Indian, sent by some one, showed me a better wagon road than that of the advance guard and pioneers, which I took, and encamped in the valley, a few hundred yards below Mr. Warner's house. Mr. Warner is here, and I have had much conversation with him; he has detailed very much of the course of events before and since the insurrection. My best information places General Kearny in the capital, which the Californians evacuated the night of the 9th instant; that these then marched to attack

Frémont, who is said to have been, about the 6th instant, within eighty-five miles of the Pueblo; and, finally, that it was the General's intention to pursue from the Pueblo on the 11th. My only conclusion is, that the enemy, if successful at least in escaping disaster, may yet be in force, and likely to encounter me; or else, if broken, that a portion will yet take this road to escape to Sonora. They may, if they choose, evade me beyond this except at certain points.

Charboneaux has not returned from San Isabel. I find here some thirty or more cattle—cows and calves principally—which the San Luis Indians have driven from the farms of some ten or eleven Californians who were captured by the Indians below, and brought here and put to death. It is said that these men were *about* to make their submission. Mr. Warner says, they have several hundred more, besides wild mares, at a valley fifteen miles distant, and wishes me to have the whole taken, and, if not used, put in safety; he also wishes much to get rid of these Indians, who, he says, have nearly ruined him. I have told Antonio, a chief, that I wish him to pick twenty of the Indians to accompany me to the Pueblo, to assist in cattle guarding, driving, and to act as scouts, &c.; he assented. It appears that lately these Indians, attacking a few Californians in the valley of Temecala, were drawn by them into an ambush of Indians of a connected tribe, and thirty-eight slain. He said that several hundred of them from here, and lower down, wished to go with me as far as that valley to bury there their dead. I assented, on condition that they drove there the cattle before mentioned. I told him to send out a party of five or six to watch a pass in the road twelve miles from here; he has sent them.

I consider it absolutely necessary to rest here to-morrow, not only on account of the weak and exhausted condition of the men, but to carry out my objects of collecting the General's mules (and my strays at San Isabel,) and also to enable the party with the flour to overtake me. The men are weak for want of food; I have issued two and a half pounds of meat, but it is poor, and the proportion of bone is great. I shall commence to-morrow an issue of four pounds, and reduce it *if they do not eat it*, which I shall ascertain.

January 22.—11 o'clock, a. m. A fine April morning for Missouri or Virginia; a frost, however, and a *very cold night*. This is a beautiful little valley, shut in by mountains or high hills on every side—the former are nearly covered with green shrubs, amongst which the rocks show themselves, and are crowned with pine and cedar; the latter with oak, and other evergreens, and excellent grass. The grass is just up, and the country looks verdant. Some large cottonwoods are leafless, but the miseltoe has lent them a green drapery.

The name Agua Caliente comes from a bold spring, which issues from fissures in the rock at the temperature of about 170° Fahrenheit; it runs clear and freely, and now sends up clouds of steam for a half a mile below. The little oval valley here, a mile or more in length, is a smooth, symmetrical, gently convex surface; in the centre is an immemorial evergreen oak, whose boughs reach within five feet of the ground in a circle, forming an arbor of ninety feet diameter.

Charboneaux has not yet returned from San Isabel with the mules. I