

have Indians out with orders to drive up every animal on the ranche; there are four of the General's mules said to be among them; and I have directed Mr. Smith to procure *beeves* of Warner; he will exchange some sheep for them; we have about eighty, but poor. I shall probably be able to procure two fanegas of wheat to issue as rations.

Warner, the Connecticut man turned California proprietor, is quite a study; he exhibits traits of either character which may be considered the opposites of our northern continent.

The Indians have driven up late a number of mules. Charboneaux returned this evening, leaving others to do his business; and they have only brought three, of six or seven mules, from San Isabel. "Bill," the overseer, came with him; and Mr. Stoneman has bargained with him to send for five wagons—the two nearest costing twenty dollars each; he also takes charge of twenty-four of my broken down mules.

Mr. Smith has obtained of Warner twenty-two beef cattle in good order; he gave four sheep for one—a small balance in money being due.

Corporal Muir has not come with the flour, and it is after night. The Indians here, in cold nights, sleep in the stream, lying with their heads ashore.

I bathed to-day (as most others) in the open air, although it was somewhat cloudy.

January 23.—I marched very early; before, however, I saw Banpista, an influential chief of the Cahuillos, a nation of perhaps two thousand men. A somewhat independent band of his nation lately defeated and slew thirty-eight of the San Luis tribe, who were pursuing the Californians. I told him that I regretted that any part of his nation should have taken so unwise a course in favor of the Californians, who would now abandon them; that, if reports were true, the war was nearly over, and I wished him only to stop any attempt to drive horses, mules, and cattle out of the country; that I advised him to settle his people to their usual pursuits for a regular livelihood; that the Americans were pouring in from every quarter, and would forever govern the country; that they were his friends, and were accustomed to do much for the improvement and aid of Indians who were well-behaved and obedient.

Antonio was one of the interpreters. I told him to tell his people to settle down and be more quiet, and to drive in all the captured horses, &c., to Warner, whom I had commanded to take care of them until disposed of by the General.

Antonio then accompanied me with ten Indians; he is guide until I get into the valley of Temecala, Weaver having never followed that part of the cart road.

I found the road pretty good, hilly, with some steep places—particularly one we came down. I have attempted to march to the Pueblo in six days, so I could not stop at the Indian village twelve miles from the Agua Caliente, and come on to this first good ground, with water, six or seven miles further. I encamped rather before sundown. It commenced raining pretty freely before 4 o'clock, and has continued several hours. The beef for supper is only now getting into the hands of the men at 7 and 30'; four or five beeves are killed for a ration. Mr. Warner joined me about mid-day, and is now in camp; what his object is I know not.

Just at dark, Corporal Muir and his party arrived with the flour, *shipwrecked* a third of the way up the Gila. I blamed him for going so far, and staying so long—not coming with the first half which he discovered and sent to me.

He said he did not dare to come without it, and would have expected to have been sent back if he had. There are many of a large bush or tree which we first observed beyond San Bernadino, with polished brass-colored limbs, and a small pale green leaf—it is now in blossom. It is a pretty bush, called, I believe in Spanish, the *agre*. There are others new to us. Very little grass to be seen to-day, and the country here is a mere pass amongst broken mountains and stony hills.

January 24.—8 o'clock, p. m.—From 4 p. m., yesterday, until the same hour to-day, it has rained hard almost incessantly. Last night, the rain was accompanied with high winds, which prostrated *all* of our few tents. In this storm and darkness, the poor mules and cattle passed generally the line of sentinels and strayed, and I have found Antonio and his ten mountain Indians of good service—they soon drove them back to camp, except five or six, which may still be missing; *four* died. With very scant fuel, the ill-clad battalion must have suffered much. My camp was a bare one, exposed to a great draught of wind between the gap of the mountains. I heard of this better spot of brush and trees for shelter three or four miles on; and, at 11 o'clock, when the sun was out a short time, marched. The road was very heavy, but I reached here about 1 o'clock and encamped; the advance guard and pioneers went nearly a mile further, and worked at a spot which they reported would have been impassable in the then state of the road, as was, also, this mountain torrent, *now* roaring behind my camp. It continued to rain hard until near sunset, when happily it cleared up. This is comparatively a warm spot, but the grass is very poor, though enough of it.

The loads must have been much heavier to-day; every blanket was saturated.

Thus, my good beginning to reach the Pueblo in six days, from Warner's, has been defeated at least one day. I trust the matter may not be worse, and that the storm is over, for it is the "rainy season."

January 25.—A bright morning. I found the stream still belly deep, and afterwards passed through a flooded bottom; the road, also, was very hilly, and a wagon wheel was broken; I left the company with it. The road passes through some high winding valleys in leading from the first stream into the Temecala valley; the scenery has been enchanting, the foliage that of the first of May in the middle States; the mountain sides were, after the rain, of *sparkling green*, while over to our right, towering above all, we saw the lofty San Jacinto and San Bernadino mountains, which had just received a covering of snow of shining unmixed white. At 12 o'clock I came to fine grass, and halted an hour and a half; then the company had repaired its damaged wagon and arrived.

This upper part of the Temecala valley is very pretty, with green meadows of great extent, and snowy, and green mountains to be seen in every direction. I encamped near sundown at the first ranche, which is deserted; here was the slaughter of the San Luis Indians. The party come to bury the bones arrived this evening a little before me—about a

hundred and fifty in number. As I approached the ground, I saw them marching in regular single file, and form a line across the road. We could see the glitter of arms, and the galloping of men about the array; a drum was also beating; few but believed we were about to have an action.

The grass is very scant and indifferent here; little or no fuel; I used an old coral for that purpose. Soon after encamping, I received a letter from the acting assistant adjutant general from San Diego, which, as usual, supposes me to be at Warner's, or beyond, and takes my march to San Diego for granted. It states that the General is returning there; and the bearer informs me that the Pueblo is occupied by Lieutenant Colonel Frémont and a large force; therefore, I consider it plain enough that I should turn off for San Diego; a road leads there from a point very near me. I have answered to that effect, and directed the messenger to return to-morrow.

Antonio requested me to remain until noon to-morrow, to protect the Indians whilst they buried the bones of the slain. I reluctantly told him that I could possibly not do so. They fear, he said, an attack from the "heathen Indians."

The march was about twelve miles.

Mr. Warner states he has *never* known so warm a winter rain; in fact, it was little colder than our summer rains—of equal violence and duration.

January 26.—I marched 7 and 45'. In about two miles the road turned up a steep winding ravine. After working on it, the companies that have wagons had to put about half their force upon them to get up; then the road is pretty good. It wound over very high hills, and nothing but such, of great height and steepness, and mountains, were to be seen in any direction—all covered with verdure. I found the San Luis, which is generally nearly dry, quite a river; the first mules fell in crossing; but after the men and pack-mules had waded over, the wagons had no difficulty—it was uneven quicksands.

After marching seven hours, I encamped on the San Luis, a mile or two above the San Juan ranche; it is a fine place, on a meadow of green new grass, with plenty of dry wood between me and the river.

It is entirely overcast, and just at this moment has commenced to rain a little. I will yet have hard work with the wagons if we have much of it. The mules have been half starved for a week, and this new grass I fear is not strengthening.

The march about sixteen miles.

I have been told that the men eat the head and the *offal* of the beef, and I have ordered five pounds given them to-night.

Many sorts of trees and bushes show their new leaves. The mustard is plenty and large enough for greens, but there is no vinegar of course.

January 27.—It rained a little in the night, and was cloudy and foggy this morning, but cleared off. I marched very early. The road led several miles down the beautiful green meadows of San Luis to the ranche house, which, as most others, is covered with tiles; it was deserted. Just below, the regular road crosses the river, and another turns to the left up the bluffs and leads by Buena Vista; this is the best; but Antonio told

me falsely that it was new and miry at this season, and that the middle road, which did not cross the river, and went much to the left of San Luis, was the best; but I found that it merely led around the bend of the river and to San Luis Rey. This is a fine large church of stuccoed brick, with an immense quadrangle of apartments, with a corridor and pillars, and arches on each side within, and one face without; there are all the arrangements and appurtenances of a monastery, not omitting the wine apartments and brewry. I saw furniture and some paintings, but no occupants. The church was closed; it has a steeple with bells; in the centre of the court is an oblique sundial, with orange and pepper trees, &c., in four large walled beds. The orange tree was bearing fruit of the size of a walnut. The Indians, too, had disappeared; some two hundred of them I left in Temecala. Here I was overtaken by an express from the General; he had come by the other road to the intersection, and followed me. I installed him as guide, and put Antonio at the head of the irregulars with the cattle.

We were sorry to learn that Lieutenant Emory had already sailed (by the isthmus) for the United States. My march is directed to the mission of San Diego, five miles from the town.

The road wound through smooth green valleys, and over very lofty hills, equally smooth and green. This afternoon, from the tops of these hills, we had magnificent views of the ocean, a mile or two off. The sun was sinking beyond, and so placid was the sea that it shone a vast space of seemingly transparent light, which, by contrast, gave to the clear sky a dusky shade. What a strange spectacle was that! The earth more ærally clear and bright than the cloudless heavens!

I encamped, after marching above eight hours and sixteen miles, at another deserted ranche named Agua Hedionda.

Last night the wild cattle of my little herd mostly escaped; and, after receiving the General's letter, I directed that it should be increased on the road. My zealous irregulars—the Indians—in consequence, drove in here some hundreds of all sorts.

I directed a selection of them made and driven, at dark, into a coval for the night. (I issued but two pounds of beef for a ration.)

We passed near San Luis a small herd of very fine jennies belonging to the mission; that is, to the government. The wild oats are six or eight inches high.

January 28.—I marched very early. The dew was so copious as to wet the tents as a rain. On the driest objects there was some frost.

The road was very hilly and heavy in places. I reached San Diegetto at 2 o'clock, all the wagons not getting there before 3. Seven and a half hours of travel. I was forced by the state of the mules—not to say of the men—to encamp, as the next ground with water was reported from seven to nine miles. Grass is short here, and pools of water at an inconvenient distance. Some Californians were in camp an hour or more. Mr. Foster, &c., just from San Diego. They give a very distressing account of the state of affairs—a decided variance between the high government functionaries, &c. We hear, as last night, the loud roar of the ocean. All of the staff officers have asked and obtained permission to ride to San Diego to-morrow morning. It was reported to me that

the General intended sailing for San Francisco the day after to-morrow.

January 29.—Marched at 7 and 30'. Soon got into the valley called Salidad. Here was water and a luxuriant thick growth of grass. I then followed the guide on a by-road which led to the mission of San Diego, six miles west of the seaport of the same name. It led up a hill about 300 feet high, after ascending which, finding excellent green bunch grass, I rested and grazed the mules half an hour. Then, on this lofty table land, the crooked *new* road was for a mile or two over ground covered with pools of rain water and saturated. A mule could scarcely be ridden, and in the absence of the guide, I had thoughts of returning to extricate the baggage; but the wagons being very lightly loaded were got through at one of the bad hills; also, a wagon was upset—the first instance on the march from Santa Fé. I soon after fell into the old road from San Barnado to the mission, which was firm; and a few miles more brought us to the *mission of San Diego*. A march of about sixteen miles.

The building being dilapidated and full of Indians and dirt, I have encamped the squadron on the flat below. There are around us extensive gardens and vineyards, wells and cisterns, more or less fallen into decay and disorder; but olive and the picturesque date trees flourishing and ornamental. There is no fuel for miles around, and the dependance for water is some rather distant pools in a sandy stream which runs (sometimes) down to the ocean. The grass is very short. This evening I rode down by moonlight and reported to the *General in San Diego*.

ORDERS, }
No. 1. }

HEADQUARTERS MORMON BATTALION,
MISSION OF SAN DIEGO,

January 30, 1847.

The Lieutenant-colonel commanding congratulates the battalion on their safe arrival on the shore of the Pacific ocean, and the conclusion of the march of over two thousand miles.

History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Nine-tenths of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, from want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveller will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless prairies where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pick and axe in hand, we have worked our way over mountains which seemed to defy ought save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific, we have preserved the strength of our mules by herding them ever over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss. The garrisons of four presidios of Soñora concentrated within the walls of Tueson, gave us no pause. We drove them out with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. Thus, marching half-naked and half-fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country.

Arrived at the first settlement of California after a single day's rest, you cheerfully turned off from the route to this point of promised repose, to enter upon a campaign, and meet, as we believed, the approach of the enemy, and this, too, without even salt to season your sole subsistence of fresh meat.

Lieutenants A. I. Smith and Geo. Stoneman, of the 1st dragoons, have shared and given valuable aid in all these labors.

Thus, volunteers, you have exhibited some high and essential qualities of veterans. But much remains undone. Soon you will turn your strict attention to the drill, to system and order, to forms, also, which are all necessary to the soldiers.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel P. St. Geo. Cooke:

P. C. MERRILL, *Adjutant*.

A true copy from my daily record.

P. ST. GEO. COOKE,
Lieutenant Colonel commanding.

SAN LUIS REGIMENT, February 22, 1847.

WILLIAM ALMOND
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