

LOG CAMINO REAL
Translated from the Spanish of Father Morfi

Dec. 24, 1777 we set out from Rio Grande, through some swamps and mesquite to the famous Rio Grande del Norte, two leagues, N. N. E., to the crossing called French Ford. (446). It was not possible for us to arrive at the next water-hole which is the only one nearby for the horses, so it was necessary to camp on the opposite bank of the river, a pistol-shot's distance away.

Dec. 25, I said mass before dawn. We set out at 7:30, over some hills, arid and rocky which form the opposite bank of the river, and entered a great plain of excellent land of good pasturage without water; and without seeing in any direction a single hill. At the termination of the plain (llano) we went down to a ravine of mesquite and other trees. The land is red, sandy. At the end of the ravine we found a large dry creek which preserves some pools of water all of the year. It is called the Aguaje (waterhole) of San Ambrosio. Having passed this we saw another plain over which we traveled a league and a half to the spring of San Pedro. We did not stop but continued over the same red sandy soil, and at two o'clock arrived at the Aguaje of San Lorenzo, having traveled ten leagues East Northeast. This waterhole is a little pool of muddy water, surrounded by oak (oacinas) and other trees. From the ravine of San Ambrosio we saw many cacti and from San Pedro much verdolaga ^{big heads} (purslain).

On Dec. 26th we set out from San Lorenzo at 7:30, foggy, lasted until 10, when the sun came out. After ascending the hill (loma) near San Lorenzo we found a shrub we call in Spain una de gato (cat-claw). We took a turn towards the east in order to ascend a hill (loma) not seeing anywhere anything but gradual hills (lomas suaves), one arising above the other in the shape of a canoe. On top of it there is much loose and fine stone, which is not found in the ravines and meadows.

At 11 we arrived at the Aguaje of Santa Catarina. It is a little pool of