Saw the blue. Today I have seen the first
flowers of the season. I picked a pale sickly
little fellow in the tent, just now.

We are coming to a settled better country.
I think we are on Kansas at any rate we
are very close to the line.

Wednesday April 8. Camp No. 35. Have
come 3 miles and camped in a bend of the
river. Last night the guard were sent
back 4 miles to pick up the whisky of
an old ranchero who insisted on selling
it to soldiers contrary to orders.

And right merrily did the barrels and decanters dance, and
the whisky good creature, was emancipated
and freely flowed over earth. Thank
God it can not steal away her brains as
it does those of porcupine. The weather continues
fine and the roads in splendid order.

Thursday April 9. Camp No. 35. This is
our last camp and the skies so blue we have
made 10 miles today. I have been on guard
last night and today. We have a very pleasant
camping ground. The grass is quite green
down by the river bottom. Cattle smoke
are thicker than flies in June.

Thursday April 10. Camp No. 35. Marched 18
miles and are camped on Big Sandy. There is quite
a settlement here. The bottom is wide and the land
good. The water is not good in the sandy area in the middle.