

seemed to invite the attention, little of which was given. Leaving the great valley of the dry branch, we soon left behind all appearances of broken ground, mezquit or timber; taking our course toward a mountain range, which was white with snow, and from which a northwester cut us to the bone. A vast unbroken slope of prairie was before us; my anxiety became very great, and I pushed on at a fast gait to the guides, and after ascending somewhat, saw a valley indeed, but no other appearance of a stream than a few ash trees in the midst; but they, with numerous cattle paths, gave every promise of water. On we pushed, and finally, but not until within twenty paces, I saw a fine bold stream! There was the San Pedro, so long and anxiously sought. I crossed the stream without difficulty, to the other and smoother side of the valley, at noon, and camped six miles lower down. We were twenty-seven miles without water. My animals get grama grass every night on the hills; it is straw colored, and looks dead, but the mules have lately improved on it, and the thousands of wild cattle and horses are fat.

Next day the march was fifteen miles down the

river. It seemed a fertile valley, the low grounds about a mile wide; salmon trout, eighteen inches long, were caught. The wild cattle were still more numerous, and it was observed that they made dry "wallows" like the buffalo.

On the 11th, there was found very high grass in the bottom, which was also lumpy. At two o'clock, I again came to a cañon, and several men having been wounded, and much meat killed, I encamped.

There was quite an engagement with bulls, and I had to direct the men to load their muskets to defend themselves. The animals attacked in some instances without provocation, and tall grass in some places made the danger greater; one ran on a man, caught him in the thigh, and threw him clear over his body lengthwise; then it charged on a team, ran its head under the first mule and tore out the entrails of the one beyond. Another ran against a sergeant, who escaped with severe bruises, as the horns passed at each side of him; one ran at a horse tied behind a wagon, and as it escaped, the bull struck the wagon with a momentum that forced the hind part of it out of the road. I saw

one rush at some pack mules, and kill one of them. I was very near Corporal Frost, when an immense coal-black bull came charging at us, a hundred yards. Frost aimed his musket, flint lock, very deliberately, and only fired when the beast was within six paces; it fell headlong, almost at our feet. One man, charged on, threw himself flat, and the bull jumped over him and passed on.

A bull, after receiving two balls through its heart, and two through the lungs, ran on a man. I have seen the heart. Lieut. Stoneman was accidentally wounded in the thumb. We crossed a pretty stream which I have named "Bull Run."

The river was followed two more days, twenty-two miles, making sixty-five in all; the ground became more difficult, with the approach to mountains extending to the Gila. Then Leroux and other guides returned from an exploration of the table-land to the west, where at twenty miles distance, they had found water, on a trail to Tucson; at it were a party of Apaches, some Mexicans distilling mezcal whiskey, and some soldiers; they reported a garrison of two hundred men at Tucson. Leroux, to get off, invented some story, and Foster,

the interpreter had thought proper to go on to Tucson, to give it more probability.

The battalion were exercised in arms, and an order was read, announcing a march for Tucson; not specially to attack it, but it was necessary to "overcome all resistance."

December 14th, the battalion turned up the bluff, ascending for nine miles, when the trail was struck.

About six miles from the still-house, I ordered fifty men to follow, and pushed on with my suit, and passed the advance guard and pioneers. Coming to water, I rode in among four or five soldiers in uniform, cutting grass, their horses and arms at their saddles, near by; they seemed scarcely to notice our arrival; a strange simplicity; but indicating a conviction that the savages were their natural and only enemies.

The camp was established at dark, on good ground with water, grass and fuel. The march was twenty miles.

The sergeant of the Mexican party said that reports had been spread which alarmed the people, who were about to fly; and the commandant sent me a request not to pass through the town; that he had

orders to prevent it; but that I might pass on either side. I told the sergeant, that if the garrison was very weak I should probably not molest it; but to go back and tell the people, that we were their friends, and wanted to purchase flour, etc. He soon left.

Next day twelve miles were marched, and the camp was made, as expected, with no water; quite an obstacle was encountered in a new species of cactus, which maddened some of the mules. Four other Mexican soldiers were met, who acted in the same confiding manner, but were secured; on being questioned in camp, the corporal, a son of Comaduran the commandant, said that Foster was under guard, but had been *begged* to come with them, and refused! A note was sent by one of the pioneers, demanding Foster's return to this camp; and adding, that the prisoners were held as hostages.

Another extraordinary variety of cactus was seen which should be called *columnar*; a straight column thirty feet high, near two feet in diameter, fluted very similarly to the Corinthian column, only the capital wanting; some throw out one or more branches, gracefully curved and then vertical, like the branches of a candelabrum.

But two days' rations of meat had been issued in the last two weeks from the commissary provisions.

After midnight Foster was brought to camp by two officers; one was a "commissioner," authorized to make a special armistice. After a rather long conference, they were dismissed with the proposition, that a few arms should be delivered as tokens of a surrender, which only required them not to serve against the United States during the present war until exchanged.

The last camp proved to be sixteen miles from the town. A few miles out, a fine looking cavalryman well armed was met; he delivered a dispatch, and was suffered to retire without answer; it was merely a refusal of the terms offered. The battalion was made ready for engagement. Very soon after, two Mexicans were met, who gave information that the post had been evacuated, and that most of the inhabitants had also left, forced off by the military; that these last had carried off two brass cannon. But about a dozen well mounted men met and accompanied the battalion into town: some of them were said to be soldiers.

The camp was made about half a mile beyond the town, which is a Pueblo. About a hundred of the perhaps five hundred inhabitants had remained. The barracks are on the highest ground, enclosed by a wall with abutments and battlements in bad repair.

Some provisions were brought to the camp for sale; the battalion was now without salt, and only three bushels could be obtained there.

The valley of the little river, about a mile wide, seemed fertile. The wheat was then green; the only fruits observed were pomegranates and quinces. There being little or no grass, a quantity of wheat found in the forts was used for feed, and as much as could be carried, was ordered to be taken both for mules and men. A party from the garrison had been sent to the Gila, perhaps to observe the march of the battalion, expected to pass by General Kearny's route; they were reported to have passed back that afternoon, making a circuit round the Pueblo.

Next morning, many mules having strayed in the thickets, which would cover approaches to the town and camp, it was thought well to make a demonstra-

tion at least, up the little river, toward a village, eight or ten miles above; its remarkably large stone church had been visible from the hills, in approaching the town. Lieutenant Colonel Cooke, with a dozen officers and others, mounted on mules, and about forty volunteers from the battalion, accordingly passed up; but marching four or five miles, it was found that the thickets had become a dense forest of mezquit trees, which extended to the village, offering to the Mexicans an excellent ambush; and so, while waiting for the straggling footmen to close up, it was concluded that, the demonstration being made, every reasonable object except the examination of the church, was accomplished, and so the detachment returned to camp. Signal smokes had been observed, and it was afterward ascertained, that at this Indian-like announcement of the approach, the Mexicans further retreated; and the reinforcements, which had come from the presidios of Fronteras, Santa Cruz and Tubac, marched to return to their posts.

A note was written to be delivered to Captain Comaduran, on his return, enclosing a letter for Don Manuel Gandara, Governor of Sonora, at Ures,

who was said to be very well disposed to the United States ; it is here given :

Camp at Tucson, Sonora, Dec. 18th, 1846.

Your Excellency :—The undersigned, marching in command of a battalion of United States infantry from New Mexico to California, has found it convenient for the passage of his wagon train, to cross the frontier of Sonora. Having passed within fifteen miles of Fronteras, I have found it necessary to take this presidio in my route to the Gila.

Be assured that I did not come as an enemy of the *people* whom you represent ; they have received only kindness at my hands. Sonora refused to contribute to the support of the present war against my country, alleging the excellent reasons that all her resources were necessary to her defence from the incessant attacks of savages ; that the central government gave her no protection, and was therefore entitled to no support. To this might have been added that *Mexico supports a war upon Sonora*. For I have seen New Mexicans within her boundary trading for the spoil of her people, taken by murderous, cowardly Indians, who attack only to lay waste, rob and fly to the mountains ; and I have certain in-

formation, that this is the practice of many years ; thus one part of Mexico allies itself against another.

The unity of Sonora with the States of the north, now her neighbors, is necessary effectually to subdue these Parthian Apaches.

Meanwhile, I make a wagon road from the streams of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, through the valuable plains, and mountains rich with minerals, of Sonora. This I trust will prove useful to the citizens of either republic, who, if not more closely, may unite in the pursuits of a highly beneficial commerce.

With sentiments of esteem and respect, I am your Excellency's most obedient servant,

P. ST. G. COOKE,

Lieut-colonel of United States Forces.

To his Excel'y, Señ. Don Manuel Gandara.

Governor of Sonora, Ures, Sonora.

A false alarm was made that night ; “ at midnight I was awoke from sound sleep by one of the picket guard, who, all out of breath, assured me that a large Mexican army was coming from the town.

“ Such a high-sounding announcement only aroused

dreamy thoughts of historical war, but instantly the officer of the day informed me that a picket had fired upon some body of men coming from town. My trumpets instantly rang with the "assembly." I sent a company to the village, with a reconnoitering party under Lieutenant Stoneman in advance, and other dispositions were made. But nothing was discovered."

The best information possible had been sought as to the desert between Tucson and the Gila River; it was a most formidable undertaking for the way-worn footmen.

On the 18th, the march was resumed before ten o'clock; the river sinks within a few miles; the mules were carefully watered about seven miles out, at the last water; the next three miles, down the dry bed was exceedingly difficult, from sand and otherwise. Leaving the course of the stream, the level ground offered much obstruction in mezquit; at dusk more sand was encountered; after that the march was continued three hours over a level baked-clay surface, with a few mezquit thickets. In one of these the camp was made at nine o'clock P.M. without water. There was no moon. The march

had been twenty-four miles. The mules were tied up and scantily fed with wheat.

The march was resumed the 20th, at sunrise; it was fourteen miles to the pass between two isolated small mountains, and a water hole, reported to be there, could not be found. There was nothing to do but march on; there was the same baked-clay surface, with a little sand. At sundown a very small pool was come to; too shallow for dipping with a cup, but enough for most of the men to get a drink by lying down.

At 7 o'clock, after dark, permission was given to the captains to halt their companies at discretion, but not over six hours in all. The mules would certainly go on better in the cold night without water.

At 8.30 o'clock the advance guard, who had been with the guides, were overtaken; they had stopped at a small pool, but the loose and packed mules, which had been sent on, had rushed into it and consumed or spoiled all. Just then an agreed signal of sufficient water was observed, a fire made of dry artemisia. The march was continued; it was cloudy and very dark; after advancing a mile or

two with difficulty over very uneven and bushy ground the fire was reached, and found to have been made by a stupid guide for his own comfort. The mules could go no further over such ground, and a halt for the rest of the night was ordered.

The battalion had then marched twenty-six hours of the last thirty-six; they were almost bare-footed, carried their muskets and knapsacks; the mules had worked forty-seven miles without water. A little wheat was now given to them.

The march was resumed at 7 o'clock A. M.; the guides well ahead.

The road was very bad; after three or four hours Leroux was met, with information of some pools three or four miles on; he was sent on again to search further. At 11 o'clock, part of the battalion arrived there; sentinels were posted to prevent dipping, and one pool was reserved for the bees. (When they reached it, they rushed in headlong, spoiling all.)

Weaver, a guide, had reason to believe it was eighteen miles further to the river; the temperature was almost hot;—but soon, Leroux came again, to illumine the gloomy prospect by the happy an-

nouncement of a sufficiency of rain ponds a mile or two on; and there, soon after noon, the battalion arrived and camped; and there was mezquit for the animals to browse. The guides were sent on.

This great plain of clay, sand and gravel, with artemisias and mezquit, seems unbounded to the west. I am told it extends a hundred miles; with no water or animals; but in the dim distance unconnected fantastically shaped mountains appear. It is a gold district, and reputed to be of the very richest; but never yet worked, on account of its utter barrenness, and the fear of Indians.

I have been mounted thirty-two of the last fifty-two hours; and what with midnight conferences, alarms and marches, have had little rest for five days.

The battalion have marched sixty-two miles from Tucson, in about fifty-one hours; no ration of meat was issued yesterday.

*December 21st.*—The battalion marched at sunrise; the road was very good, and passed between two small mountains, where the columnar cactus abounded; a decayed one showed a framework of wooden poles, cylindrically disposed, and evidently suitable for shafts for lance or spear; the old columns

for some feet above the ground have a bark, and exactly the appearance of the cottonwood.

We were soon gladdened at sight of the trees of the Gila; but the trail bending westward, approached it obliquely, and we found it ten miles to its bank. We had struck Gen. Kearny's route, and here went into camp.

From the point where Gen. Kearny left the Rio Grande, about two hundred and twenty eight miles below Sante Fè, and where our routes diverged, to their camp, near the Pimo village, I made a map and sketch of my road; I had the aid of no instrument but a compass.

Captain Emory of the Topographical Engineers, on the General's staff, had the duty of making a map with the aid, of course, of the best instruments, for determining latitude, longitude, etc. My rude map covered four hundred and seventy-four miles, and it chanced to get into Captain Emory's hands while he was finishing his own map in Washington. The tests which he was able to apply to it, proved its singular accuracy, and he incorporated it with his own. It appears in atlases as "Colonel Cooke's wagon route."

The treaty of peace and boundaries with Mexico established the Gila River as a boundary between the two countries. A new administration, in which southern interests prevailed, with the great problem of the practicability and best location of a Pacific Railroad under investigation, had the map of this wagon route before them, with its continuance to the west, and perceived that it gave exactly the solution of its unknown element; that a southern route would avoid both the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada, with their snows, and would meet no obstacle in this great interval. The new "Gadsden Treaty" with Mexico was the result; it was signed December 30th, 1853.

Accordingly it is found that the new boundary agreed upon, is constituted chiefly of arbitrary right lines; the most southern one being nearly a tangent of the southern bend of the road.

This most costly acquisition of parts of Sonora and Chihuahua became an important part of the New Territory, which received the name of Arizona.

Before we arrived here, although eight miles above the Pimo village, there were many Indians on the ground, and they have since flocked into camp,



some mounted, and bring small sacks of corn, flour, beans, etc. One brought me letters from General Kearny and Major Swords, Quarter-master, which mention eleven broken down mules and two bales of Indian goods left for me with the Pimos. Being informed that there is very little corn at the villages, the guides were directed to open trade here; but they reported the prices such, that they could do nothing; and I have forbidden individuals to trade for corn or wheat until further orders.

Many of these Indians, I was somewhat surprised to see, are nearly naked; they manufacture cotton blankets, and show every desire to be clothed; they are good looking and very lively; they know nothing of the value of money, and little of weights and measures; their language is a pleasant one. A few speak the Spanish, and I was surprised to see one, who spoke it well, have recourse to his fingers to explain the subtraction of five mules, dead, from the eleven left for me.

The weather is like early October in New Mexico; warm days and cold nights. Cottonwoods, the only tree here, are only partially yellowed by frosts.

I have conversed with the principal chief, Juan Antonjo, and he and another have supped with me. He said the commander of Tucson sent to demand the mules and Indian goods left with him; that he refused, and declared he would resist force with force. He said I could see they were poor and naked, but they were content to live here by hard work on the spot which God had given them; and not like others to rob or steal; that they did not fear us, and run like the Apaches, because they made it a rule to injure no one in any way, and therefore never expected any one to injure them. In fact the Apaches do not molest them; but it is owing to experience of their prowess.

I have spoken to the two senior captains of the battalion on the subject of their settling near here; they seem to look upon it favorably. Captain Hunt asked my permission to talk to the chief on the subject, and I approved of it.

The Pimos are large and fine looking, seem well fed, ride good horses, and are variously clothed, though many have only the centre cloth; the men and women have extraordinary luxuriance and length of hair. With clean white blankets and

streaming hair, they present mounted quite a fine figure. But innocence and cheerfulness are their most distinctive characteristics. I am told the Mexican officers used every persuasion, and promise of plunder, to excite hostility toward us.

A few bushels of sweet corn were bought, and issued as rations.

*December 22d*, the march was resumed. Several miles short of the village, groups of men, women and girls were met, coming to welcome the battalion; "These last, naked generally above the hips, were of every age and pretty, walking often by twos with encircling arms; it was a gladdening sight, so much cheerfulness and happiness. One little girl particularly, by a fancied resemblance, interested me much; she was so joyous that she seemed very pretty and innocent; I could not resist tying on her head, as a turban, a bright new silk handkerchief, which I happened to wear to-day; the effect was beautiful to see—a picture of happiness!"

The camp is full of the Indians, and a great many have some eatables, including watermelons, to trade; and they seem only to want clothing or cotton cloth, and beads. I am sorry they will be

disappointed. It reminds me of a crowded New Orleans market. There must be two thousand in camp, all enjoying themselves very much; they stroll about, their arms around each other, graceful and admirable in form; their language certainly sounds like ours; their honesty is perfect!

The march was resumed the 23d. At the chief's house I stopped a few minutes; I told him I had seen many tribes, and that the Pimos were the happiest and most prosperous I had ever seen; that as long as they adhered to their principles of industry, honesty, peace and cheerful content, they would continue so; that while they never injured their neighbors, their true safety lay in uniting to resist vigorously every aggression; that wishing them well, I desired to add to their comfort and welfare by introducing sheep among them, by giving him for the ultimate use of his people, three ewes with young, which was the best I could do.

I received to-day a letter from General Kearny, written at Warner's rancho, California; indicating that his arrival was very important, not only to the welfare of California, but to its conquest.

The march was fifteen miles. The whole dis-