

"That morning was first seen the *Cereus giganteus*, called in California pitahaya; it is a columnar cactus, from twenty-five to sixty feet high: some of them have no branch. Next morning, when ready for a very early start, an alarm was given, and a hill near by was seen to be lined with horsemen. They were Apaches; one called out in Spanish, that they wished to have a talk; 'one of you put down his rifle and come to us.' Londeau, my employé, immediately complied; I followed; but before marching half way up the steep hill, the Indian espied in my jacket the handle of a large horse pistol. He told me I must put down my pistol before he would meet me. I threw it aside and proceeded to the top of the hill, where, although he was mounted and surrounded by six or eight of his own men, armed with rifles and arrows, he received me with great agitation. The talk was long and tedious. I exhausted every argument to induce him to come into camp. His principal fear seemed to be the howitzers, which recalled at once to my mind the story I had heard of the massacre by Johnson. At last a bold young fellow, tired of the parley, threw down his rifle, and with a step which Forrest in *Metamora*

might have envied, strode off towards camp, piloted by Carson. We were about to follow, when the chief informed us it would be more agreeable to him if we remained until his warrior returned.

"The ice was now broken, most of them seeing that their comrade encountered no danger, followed one by one. They said they belonged to the tribe of Piñon Lanos; that 'they were simple in head, but true of heart.' Presents were distributed; they promised a guide to a spring six miles distant, over the mountain, where they engaged to meet us next day with one hundred mules."*

They accordingly followed the guide to a good camp in a grove of sycamore, with a little water there rising, and sinking within one hundred yards.

November 3d, the General was again disappointed; the Indians came, but only seven mules were obtained in the whole day.

"Our visitors to-day presented the same motley group we have always found the Apaches. Among them was a middle-aged woman, whose garrulity and interference in every trade was the annoyance

* Notes of a Military Reconnoissance.

of Major Swords, who had charge of the trading, but the amusement of the bystanders.

She had on a gauze-like dress, trimmed with the richest and most costly Brussels lace, pillaged, no doubt, from some fandango-going belle of Sonora; she straddled a fine grey horse, and whenever her blanket dropped from her shoulders, her tawny form could be seen through the transparent gauze. After she had sold her mule, she was anxious to sell her horse, and careered about to show his qualities. At one time she charged at full speed up a steep hill. In this, the fastenings of her dress broke and her bare back was exposed to the crowd, who ungallantly raised a shout of laughter. Nothing daunted, she wheeled short round, with surprising dexterity, and seeing the mischief done, coolly slipped the dress from her arms and tucked it between her seat and the saddle. In this state of nudity, she rode through camp, until at last, attaining the object of her ambition, a soldier's red flannel shirt, she bade her adieu in that new costume.

A boy about twelve years of age, of uncommon beauty, was among our visitors. Happy, cheerful,

and contented, he was consulted in every trade, and seemed an idol with the Apaches. It required little penetration to trace his origin from the same land as the gauze of the old woman. We tried to purchase him, but he said it was *long, long*, since he was captured, and that he had no desire to leave his master, who, he was certain, would not sell him for any money. All attempts were vain, and the lad seemed gratified both at the offer to purchase, and the refusal to sell."*

Next day they reached the Gila in about twenty-five miles; they passed several hollows among the hills, where were observed sycamore, oak, willow, cherry, mezquit, senna, cactus, agave, hackberry, ash, walnut, zola, cedar, pine, black gum and grape vines. They crossed large fresh trails of cattle, driven from Sonora.

The camp was so bad, that, although the howitzers had not arrived on the 5th, the march was continued some ten miles. Passing the foot of Saddle Mountain, the bed of a dry stream was followed to the San Pedro River, which was crossed and camp was made a mile from its mouth. Its valley was

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wide and covered with a dense growth of mezquit, cottonwood and willow; but the stream was found very narrow and only a foot deep,—smaller than one hundred miles above.

The bed of the dry stream they had followed, was the road of the Apache raiding parties; it was “deeply cut and turned at sharp angles, forming a zigzag like the bayoux laid by sappers in approaching a fortress, each turn of which, (and they were innumerable) formed a strong defensive position. The Apache once in possession of them is secure from pursuit or invasion from the Mexican.” It was a highway, leading from the plains of Santa Anna, Santa Cruz and Tucson, and distinctly marked by a fresh trail of horses, cattle and mules. “Nature had done her utmost to favor a condition of things which has enabled a savage and uncivilized tribe, armed with the bow and lance, to hold as tributary powers three fertile and once flourishing states, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Durango, peopled by a Christian race, countrymen of the immortal Cortez.”

A day was passed in this camp, on the San Pedro, to wait for the howitzers, and to recruit the mules.

The miserable plight of these last gave serious doubt of the success of the expedition. They were five hundred miles from any white settlement, and with a probable dependence upon their animals for subsistence, as well as transportation.

“In the sandy arroyas . . . that look as if they had been formed but a year or two since, was broken pottery, and the remains of a large building, similar in form, substance and apparent antiquity, to those so often described; . . . my thoughts went back to the States . . . and I was struck most forcibly with the fact that not one object in the whole view, animal, vegetable, or mineral, had anything in common with the products of any State in the Union, with the single exception of the cottonwood. . . . The only animals seen, were lizards, scorpions and tarantulas.”

On the 7th they advanced seventeen miles in the wide bottom of the Gila. There were many geese, blue quail and turkeys; signs of deer, beaver, and the musk hog. Three Indians were seen, and induced to enter the camp; after feasting heartily, they departed with a promise to bring mules; but meeting the howitzers, they were so filled with

astonishment, that they followed the guns to camp in mute wonder.

The next day was through a cañon of the Gila; and there was much obstruction from sand, and dense growth of willow. "Our course was traversed by a seam of yellowish colored igneous rock, shooting up into irregular spires and turrets, one or two thousand feet in height. It ran at right angles to the river, and extended to the north, and to the south, in a chain of mountains as far as the eye could reach. One of these towers was capped with a substance many hundred feet thick, disposed in horizontal strata of different colors, from deep red to bright yellow.

"At night for the first time since leaving Pawnee Fork, I was interrupted for a moment in my observations, by moisture on the glass of my horizontal shade, showing a degree of humidity in the atmosphere not before existing. . . . The effect of the night's dampness was felt in the morning, for, although the thermometer was only thirty-seven degrees, the cold was more sensible than in the dry regions at twenty-five degrees."*

* "Notes of a Military Reconnoissance."

In leaving the mountains, where the grass was a set-off for rugged obstacles, the want of it became a serious danger. On the 9th, they fell upon fresh trails of horses, which they supposed might be those of General Castro, who, Carson had informed them, was to go to Sonora,—of which the settlements were not distant—for recruits, and to return.

CASA DE MONTEZUMA.

November 10th.—"The valley on the southern side of the Gila still grows wider. About the time of the noon halt, a large pile, which seemed the work of human hands, was seen to the left. It was the remains of a three story mud house, sixty feet square, pierced for doors and windows. The walls four feet thick, and formed by layers of mud two feet thick; it was no doubt built by the same race that had once thickly peopled this territory, and left behind the ruins.

"The charred ends of the cedar joists were still in the wall. I examined them, and found they had not been cut with a steel instrument; the joists were round sticks; there were four entrances—the doors about four feet by two—the rooms had the same ar-