

COMING OF THE KEARNEY EXPEDITION

Establishing U. S. Authority

The territory now included in the State of Arizona, south of the Gila River, was acquired by the United States as a result of the Gadsden Treaty, which was concluded with Mexico in 1853 and approved in 1854. That portion of Arizona lying north of the Gila River was acquired by the United States as a result of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. Previous to that time the Mexicans in Sonora had maintained a precarious possession of Tucson and a few other settlements in the Santa Cruz Valley. These possessions were frequently preyed upon by the Apache Indians against whom Mexican soldiers afforded little protection to the lives or property of the inhabitants. The Papago Indians, however, were more successful in repelling these Indians. A census report of September, 1848, gave to Tucson 760 inhabitants and Tubac was credited with a population of 249. In Bancroft's history the following appears: "In the meager and fragmentary record of Mexican annals down to 1854, I find only an occasional complaint of impending ruin as in earlier times with appeals for aid, mention of a few Apache depredations and campaigns and the names of a few officials but nothing from which to form anything like a continuous narrative, or to form any definite idea of the general condition of affairs."

In 1846 the first effort was made to plant the American flag and authority in the territory embraced now in New Mexico, which at that time was bordered on the south by the Gila River. The territory, in what is Arizona south of the Gila River, did not come into the United States until the approval of the Gadsden Treaty, in 1854.

The military command of Colonel Kearney, designed for the conquest of New Mexico and the countries beyond, including California, consisted of two batteries of artillery (6-pounders),* under the command of Major Clark; three

squadrons of the first dragoons, under Major Sumner; the first regiment of Missouri cavalry, under Colonel Doniphan and two companies of infantry under Captain Agney. This force was detached in different columns from Fort Leavenworth and was concentrated with admirable order and precision on the first day of August at a camp nine miles below Bent's Fort.

On August 2, 1846, the command of Colonel Kearney was joined by Lieut. W. H. Emory, topographical engineer of the United States Army, in compliance with an army order, issued on June 5, 1846, directing him, with Lieuts. Warner, Albert and Peck, as assistants, to join Colonel Kearney, first dragoons at Fort Leavenworth, as field and topographical engineers of his command. Colonel Kearney had left Fort Leavenworth before the arrival of Lieutenant Emory, who followed and joined the "Army of the West" at Bent's Fort on August 2, 1846.

From Bent's Fort the expedition proceeded towards Santa Fe, then occupied by Mexican civil and military forces under the command of Governor Armijo. On August 7, the Kearney force was ascending the Raton Mountains, which at the point of passage was 7,500 feet high. On August 12, six or eight Mexicans were captured and on their persons were found the proclamation of the Prefect of Taos, based on one of Governor Armijo, calling the citizens to arms for the purpose of repelling the "Americans who were coming to invade their soil and destroy their property and liberties." Other Mexicans were captured on the following days, who claimed to have been sent out to ascertain what constituted the force of Colonel Kearney. These were all held. On the 13th, at the ranch home of a Mr. Bonney, an American, who owned considerable numbers of horses and cattle, a Mr. Spry came into camp, on foot and wearing very little clothing. He had escaped from Santa Fe during the previous night and came to inform Colonel Kearney that Armijo's forces were assembling; that he might expect vigorous resistance and advised that a certain canyon be avoided because of its being fortified. But little attention was given to these stories and warnings, as no doubt

Colonel Kearney felt that he had sufficient force to overcome anyone who undertook to oppose him. On August 14, a messenger arrived bearing a letter from Governor Armijo, which on being interpreted read something like this: "You have notified me that you intend to take possession of the country I govern. The people of the country have risen, en masse, in my defense. If you take the country, it will be because you prove the strongest in battle." Colonel Kearney replied to the messenger in the following words: "The road to Santa Fe is now as free to you as to myself. Say to General Armijo I shall soon meet him and I hope it will be as friends." On the same day the American force reached Vegas, a typical adobe one-story town. Here Colonel Kearney, with the town prefect and some of his officers, climbed a ladder to the top of a building facing the plaza, and through an interpreter, spoke to the populace, numbering several hundred, telling them that he had been sent by authority of the United States to take charge of the country and establish a government; that he and his army came as friends and not to molest anyone or interfere with their religion or mode of living. He assured that all who would take the oath of allegiance to the United States would be continued in their local offices. The people seemed dazed, but agreement to become subjects of the new government was reached and soon afterwards Colonel Kearney proceeded with his force towards Santa Fe, in no way disturbed by the prospects for a battle. As they neared Pecos, they saw a column of Mexicans in full retreat. As the advance column entered the town of Pecos a large, fat fellow, mounted on a mule, came at full speed and extending his hand to the Colonel expressed great satisfaction at his arrival, saying with a roar of laughter, "Armijo and his troops have gone to hell."

Santa Fe was entered on August 18 and the American flag was hoisted without the firing of a gun; Armijo and his army, much superior in size to that of the American force, was far down the Rio Grande in swift retreat. Here a fort was located on the hill back of the town; officials were installed, with Colonel Doniphan in supreme command of both civil

and military authority, until he should be relieved by Col. Price's regiment.

On September 15, general orders were issued at Santa Fe designating the force to march on California. It consisted of three hundred United States First Dragoons, under Major Sumner, who were to be followed by the battalion of Mormons, five hundred in number, commanded by Captain Cooke. On September 25, this force made the start for California. The route was down the Rio Grande to what was known as the Copper mines, located between Deming and Mesilla, where they arrived on October 18. The topographical engineer described these copper mines in the following: "The mines are said to be very rich, both in copper and gold and the specimens obtained sustain this assertion. We learned that those who worked them made their fortunes, but the Apaches did not like their proximity and one day turned out and destroyed the mining town, driving off the inhabitants. There are the remains of some twenty or thirty adobe houses and ten or fifteen shafts sinking into the earth. Many veins of copper were found, but the principal ore is the sulphuret. Mr. McKnight, one of the earliest adventurers in New Mexico, was the principal operator of these mines and is said to have amassed an immense fortune. On his arrival in the country he was suspected to be an agent of the United States and thrown into prison in Sonora, where he was kept in irons for twelve years."

From the copper mines the route of the Kearney force was west to the Gila River and down that stream to where it empties into the Colorado at the present city of Yuma. The topographical engineer thus describes the Gila River, where it was struck above the present Clifton-Morenci district. "Some hundred yards before reaching the Gila the roar of its waters made us understand that we were to see something different from the Rio Grande. Its section where we struck it, 4,347 feet above the sea, was fifty feet wide and an average of two feet deep. Clear and swift it came bounding from the great mountains, which appeared to the north about sixty miles distant. We crossed the river, its large, round pebbles

and swift current causing the mules to tread warily. We heard the fish playing in the water and soon those who were disengaged were after them. At first it was supposed they were the mountain trout, but being comparatively fresh from the hills of Maine I soon saw the difference. The shape, general appearance and the color are the same; at a little distance, you will imagine the fish covered with delicate scales, but on closer examination you find that they are only the impression of scales. The meat is soft, something between the trout and cat fish, but more like the latter. They are in great abundance."

On October 22, camp of the California-bound army was made on a bluff high above the river, in view of a rock which was named from its general appearance, "Steeple Rock."

The next day and on succeeding days, ruins of prehistoric towns or settlements were encountered, evidently those of Pueblo Viejo, where Solomonville was afterwards located on the Gila River, some twenty miles below where the river emerges from the box canyon, between Solomonville and Guthrie. On October 26, the expedition reached the mouth of the San Carlos River.

Writing under date of October 31, Lieutenant Emory says: "Today we were doomed to another sad disappointment. Reaching the San Francisco about noon, we unsaddled to refresh our horses and allow time to look up a trail by which we could pass the formidable range of mountains through which the Gila cuts its way, making a deep canyon impassable for the howitzers. A yell from the mountain announced the presence of three well mounted Indians and persons were sent out to bring them in. Our mules were now fast failing and the road before us was unknown. These Indians, if willing, could supply us with mules and show us the road. Our anxiety to see the result of the interview was, consequently, very great. It was amusing and at the same time very provoking. They would allow but one of our party to approach. Long was the talk by signs and gestures; at length they consented to come into camp and moved forward about one hundred yards, when a new apprehension seemed

to seize them and they stopped. They said, as well as we understood, that the two old men we had met the day before had informed their chief of our presence and of our desire to obtain mules; that he was on his way with some and had sent them ahead to sound a parley. They were better looking and infinitely better conditioned than the Indians we had met the day before, resembling strongly the Apaches of the copper mines, and like them decked in the plundered garb of Mexicans. The day passed but no Indians came; treacherous themselves they expected treachery in others. At everlasting war with the rest of mankind they kill at sight all who fall within their power. The conduct of the Mexicans to them is equally bad, for they decoy and kill the Apache wherever they can.

The former governor of Sonora employed a bold and intrepid Irishman, named Kirker, to hunt the Apaches. He had in his employment whites and Delaware Indians and was allowed, besides a per diem, \$100 per scalp, and \$25 for a prisoner. A story is also told of one Johnson, an Englishman, an Apache trader, who, allured by the reward, induced a number of these people to come to his camp and placed a barrel of flour for them to help themselves; when the crowd was thickest of men, women and children, he fired a six-pounder amongst them from a concealed place and killed great numbers."

On November 7, the expedition was camped where old Camp Grant was afterwards located, three miles above where the San Pedro River empties into the Gila. Here three Indians came to camp. They feasted heartily and promised to bring in mules, but the promise was all. No mules showed up. At the mouth of the San Pedro flights of geese and myriads of blue quail were encountered and numerous turkeys. Much Indian or prehistoric pottery was found here and further up a dry canyon were the supposed remains of a large Indian settlement. On November 10, the "Army of the West" began to encounter the friendly Pima Indians and on that date some of the command came to the Casa Grande Ruins, described by Lieut. Emory in the following:

“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 were four feet thick and formed by layers of mud, two feet thick. An elaborate sketch was made of every part of this ruin, for it was no doubt built by the same race that had once so thickly peopled this territory. We made a long and careful search for some specimens of household furniture or implement of art, but nothing was found except the corngrinder, always met with among the ruins and on the plains. The marine shell, cut into various ornaments was also found here, which showed that these people either came from the sea coast or trafficked there. No traces of hewn timber were discovered; on the contrary, the sleepers of the ground floor were round and unhewn. They were burnt out of their seats in the wall to the depth of six inches. The whole interior of the house had been burnt out and the walls much defaced. What was left bore marks of having been glazed and on the wall of the north room of the second story were traced some hieroglyphics.

Lieutenant Emory gave an interesting report on the friendly Pima Indians encountered at the villages of this tribe near the ruin. He said:

“When we encamped, eight or nine miles from the Pima villages, we met a Maricopa Indian looking for his cattle. The frank, confident manner in which he approached us was in strange contrast with that of the suspicious Apache. Soon six or eight of the Pimas came in at full speed. Their object was to ascertain who we were and what we wanted. They told us the fresh trail we saw up the river was that of their people sent to watch the movements of their enemies, the Apaches. Being young they became much alarmed on seeing us and returned to the town, giving the alarm that a large body of Apaches were approaching.

“Their joy was unaffected at seeing we were Americans and not Apaches. The chief of the guard at once dispatched news to his chief of the result of his reconnoissance. The town was nine miles distant, yet in three hours our camp

was filled with Pimas loaded with corn, beans, honey, and zandias (watermelons). A brisk trade was at once opened.

"The camp of my party was pitched on the side nearest the town and we saw the first of these people and their mode of approach. It was perfectly frank and unsuspecting. Many would leave their packs in our camp and be absent for hours, theft seeming to be unknown to them. With a mounted guard, which first visited us, was a man on foot, and he appeared to keep pace with the fleetest horses. He was a little out of breath when he reached us, but soon recovering, told us that he was the interpreter to Juan Antonio Llanas, chief of the Pimas.

"We were taking some refreshments at the time and invited him to taste of them. The effect was electric; it made his bright, intelligent eyes flash and loosened his tongue. I asked him, among other things, the origin of the ruins of which we had seen so many; he said all he knew was a tradition among them, that in bygone days a woman, of surpassing beauty, resided in a green spot in the mountains near the place where we were encamped. All the men admired and paid court to her. She received the tributes of their devotion, grain, skins, etc., but gave no love or other favor in return. Her virtue and her determination to remain unmarried were equally firm. There came a drought which threatened the world with famine. In their distress people applied to her and she gave corn from her stock and the supply seemed to be endless. Her goodness was unbounded. One day, as she was lying asleep with her body exposed, a drop of rain fell on her stomach, which produced conception. A son was the issue, who was the founder of a new race which was the builder of all these houses." Later I asked this loquacious interpreter if he believed the fable he had told about the old building ruins. "No," he said, "but most of the Pimas do." We know, in truth, nothing of their origin. It is all enveloped in mystery."

Lieutenant Emory, speaking further of the Pima Indians, says; "We were at once impressed with the beauty, order and disposition of the arrangements for irrigating and draining

the land. Corn, wheat and cotton are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent race of people. All the crops have been gathered in and the stubbles show that they have been luxuriant. The cotton has been picked and stacked, for drying, on the tops of sheds. The fields are subdivided, by ridges of earth, into rectangles of about 200 to 100 feet for the convenience of irrigating. The fences are of sticks, wattled with willow and mesquite, and, in this particular, set an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all."

General Kearney, before leaving for his continued march west, gave a letter to Governor Llanas, stating he was a good man and directing all U. S. troops that might pass in his rear to respect his excellency, his people and their property.

Fifteen miles west of the Pima villages, the Kearney force entered the territory of the Maricopa Indians. Speaking of the Maricopas, Lieutenant Emory says: "This peaceful and industrious race are in possession of a beautiful and fertile basin. Living remote from the civilized world, they are seldom visited by whites and then only by those in distress, to whom they generously furnish horses and food. Aguardiente (brandy) is known among their chief men only, and the abuse of this, with the vices which it entails, are yet unknown. They are without other religion than a belief in one great and overruling spirit. Their peaceful disposition is not the result of incapacity for war, for they are at all times able to meet and vanquish the Apaches in battle. All that has been said of the Pimas is applicable to them.

An incident which occurred on November 22 when the "Army of the West" was above Yuma in the Gila Valley: As the straggling column was moving slowly down the sandy river bottom it came suddenly on an abandoned camp, estimated to have been occupied by no less than one thousand mounted men, who must have left that morning. General Kearney decided that his force of 105 men was entirely too small to be attacked and must be the aggressors in any engagement that might occur. He believed the camp had been occupied by General Castro, who was enroute to California with

an army recruited in Sonora. The general decided that it was necessary for him to learn the identity of the force who had occupied the abandoned camp. He ordered Lieutenant Emory to take a party of fifteen dragoons for the purpose of reconnoitering. When the reconnoitering party overtook the supposed enemy it was found not to be Mexican soldiers but a party of Mexicans with 500 horses from California, on their way to Sonora. Lieutenant Emory took four of the party, in charge of the horses, to the General. The men being examined separately and each gave a different account of the ownership and destination of the horses. The Chief of the party represented himself to be a poor employe of several rich men engaged in supplying the Sonora market with horses. It was subsequently learned that this man was no less a personage than Jose Maria Leguna, a colonel in the Mexican service.

On December 24 General Kearney made camp one and a half miles from the Junction of the Colorado and Gila Rivers, from whence a scouting party visited the junction of the two rivers and returning to camp they encountered a Mexican, well mounted and muffled in his blanket. He carried a bottle in each of his holsters and on the croup of his saddle was a fresh made sack, with other evidences of preparation for a journey. He was taken to General Kearney who searched him and in his wallet was found the mail for California which was opened. Among the letters was one addressed to General Jose Castro, at Alta, one to Antonio Castro and others to men of note in Sonora. All the letters, suspected of relating to public officers were read, they containing many expressions of exultation over a counter revolution in California which had overthrown "the detestable Anglo Yankee Yoke," and congratulating themselves that the tri-color once more floated over California.

Lieutenant Emory tells of the Colorado river being forded on November 24th where the stream was fifteen hundred feet wide. Here the "Army of the West" is left on California soil. General Kearney was compelled to fight his way through the mountains and lost a considerable number of his men,

killed and wounded, until finally a force of United States Marines came out and met him, escorting him and his tired command into San Diego, California.

Following Kearney but taking a more southern route, that a way might be found for wagons, came Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke with the Mormon Battalion. As we are told by Bancroft's history, Lieutenant Cooke and his force arrived on December 2 at the Rancho of San Bernardino near the southeastern corner of what later became Arizona. Cooke's route from this point to its intersection with Kearney's, at the Pima villages, was an entirely new one to all except an occasional trapper, Indians and Mexicans; was west to the Rio San Pedro, down that river northward some fifty miles, then across to Tucson by the line of the later Southern Pacific railroad, and northwestward, still not far from the railroad route, to the Gila. The march of the Mormons, by reason of their duty of opening a wagon road and their character as infantry, was much more difficult than that of the dragoons, but they were under a special divine protection, presumably not accorded to the less saintly branch of the service. The only active foe encountered by this force was a herd of bulls which they encountered on the San Pedro, with which they had a battle on the eleventh of December, several men being wounded, one of them Lieutenant George Stoneman, who later became Governor of the State of California. Six days later the army camped at Tucson. Captain Comaduran had sent a request to the Americans not to pass through the town, as he had orders to prevent it; and Cooke had in turn proposed the turning over of a few arms as a token of surrender, binding them not to fight during the war. This was declined and the commandant with his garrison abandoned the presidio, as did most of the inhabitants. Accordingly, Cooke left a friendly letter for Governor Gandara, reminding him of Sonora's wrongs at the hands of Mexico and the Indians, suggesting that "the unity of Sonora with the States of the North, now her neighbors, is necessary effectually to subdue these Parthian Apaches;" then he marched on, reaching the Gila on the twenty-first and the Colorado on January 9, 1847.

The wagon road thus opened was not only utilized by the California emigrants in the following years, but as a possible railroad route it was a potent element in promoting the later purchase by the United States of the Arizona territory now south of the Gila River.

During the Mexican War, says Bancroft again, there were no other explorations or marches across Arizona, but in 1848, after the treaty of peace, a battalion of Dragoons, under Major Lawrence P. Graham, marched from Chihuahua to California. Coming from Janos their party reached San Bernardino the fourth of October, but instead of following Cooke's trail, Graham kept on south of the line to Santa Cruz presidio and thence followed the river down to Tucson. The Gila was reached at the end of the month and the Colorado on the twenty-second of November. The Americans were delighted, as had been those under Kearney and Cooke, with the hospitality of the Gila Pimas; the thrift displayed at their villages exceeding anything elsewhere seen in the trans-continental journey. We are told that owing to the drunkenness and consequent incompetence of the leader, this party endured greater hardships than either of the preceding. No narrative of this march has ever been published.

Lieutenant Colonel Cooke in his official report to Brigadier General S. W. Kearney on February 5, 1847, gives in detail his march through Arizona, or rather the country now included within the borders of Arizona of today. From this official report the following, covering the distance from San Bernardino to the Colorado river is extracted, comprising a very interesting story of the incidents and hardships encountered by the Mormon Battalion.

"San Bernardino is a ruined ranch, with buildings enclosed by a wall, with regular bastions. It overlooks a wide, flat and rich valley, watered by a noble spring, which runs into one of the upper branches of the Yaqui river, which is but a few miles distant. Here I succeeded in meeting a few of the Apaches, and obtained a guide, who went about twenty miles, and described the rest of the route to the San Pedro. He was afraid to venture further, and return alone over the

plain; the point where he turned back was within fourteen miles of the presidio of Fronteras. It was in the mountain pass that we first saw the wild bulls, from which the command obtained their exclusive supply of meat for about two weeks. They are the increase from those abandoned, when the two ranches of San Bernardino and San Pedro (on the river of the same name) were broken up, in consequence of incessant Indian attacks. They have spread and increased, so as to cover the country; they were as wild and more dangerous than buffalo.

"I made the next sixty-two miles, to the San Pedro river, with little more difficulty than cutting my way through dense thickets of mesquite and many other varieties of bushes, all excessively thorny. It was but twenty-seven miles without water over the last divide; there was snow one day, and for about two weeks, at that time, we suffered with cold. I descended the San Pedro fifty-five miles, to a point whence a trail goes to Tucson. The guides represented that it was eighty-five miles of very difficult, if practicable, ground to the mouth of the San Pedro, and one hundred from there to the Pimas; also, very bad, and little or no grass; and, on the other hand, that it was only about ninety miles of a good road, with grass, by Tucson to the same point. I reflected that I was in no condition to go an unnecessary hundred miles, good or bad; and that, if their statements were true, the future road must go by the town. I had previously sent Leroux, Foster and others to examine if there was water on the thirty miles, which was the estimated distance to Tucson. Leroux had just returned; he had found water at a "still-house," twenty miles from the river; and had encountered there a sergeant's party of dragoons. He had made up a story to get off; but, to give it color, Dr. Foster fancied it necessary to go on to the town. Leroux was told, by Indians, that two hundred soldiers, with artillery, had been there concentrated. I reached the water next day, and probably surprised the sergeant's party. I found them cutting grass; but the sergeant, as if the bearer of a flag, delivered me a singular message from the commander, which amounted to a request that I

should not pass his post. Next morning, I made prisoners of four others, who had come, probably, with provisions, and as Dr. Foster's long stay had made me uneasy for him, I dismissed one of them with a note, stating that I should hold the others as hostages for his safety; and promised to release the prisoners if he was sent to me that evening. Deceived as to the distance, but expecting to encamp without water, I marched late and, having made twelve miles on a road very difficult in places, I encamped at sundown, on the high prairie. At midnight, Foster reached me; with him came two officers; one as a "Commissioner," with written instructions to offer a kind of truce, by the terms of which I was to pass the town by a certain point, and to hold no communication with the people. I rejected them and demanded a capitulation, which the commissioner, with great form, wrote, after his own fashion, in Spanish, and I signed it. The terms bound the garrison not to serve against the United States during the present war and, as the only further tokens of surrender, to deliver to me two carbines and three lances; my men to enter freely and trade with the inhabitants of the town. After a tedious conference of two hours, in which we had been very friendly, but very cold, the officers departed, assuring me my terms could not be accepted. Believing I was eight or nine miles from town, I took measures to march at daylight, but unfortunately, the mules being herded in mesquite bushes, and without water, the half of them, in the darkness of night, escaped the guard, and I could not possibly march, with any prudence, before 8 o'clock.

"The distance proved to be sixteen miles. About five miles from town I was met by a dragoon, or lancer, who delivered me a letter, simply refusing my terms. I told him there was no answer, and he rode off. I then ordered the arms to be loaded. Immediately afterward, two citizens rode up and reported that the place had been evacuated. I arrived at 1 o'clock, and having passed through the fort, encamped on the edge of the town. Two small field pieces had been taken off, and all public property of value, except a large store of wheat.

“The garrisons of Tubac, Santa Cruz and Fronteras had been concentrated, and, I understood from Dr. Foster, there were altogether about 230 men; but I have lately learned that he only estimated them at 130. I remained in camp the next day, December 16. There was very little grass, and I fed my mules, cattle and sheep, on the wheat, (and brought off enough for two more days, in the adjoining desert.) That day, to cover some small parties of mule hunters, I made a reconnaissance, with about sixty men, marching half way to an Indian village, ten miles off, where the enemy were stationed. (I intended attacking him under favorable circumstances, but the path led me through a dense mesquite forest, very favorable to an ambush. I learned, however, that this demonstration caused him to continue his retreat.)

“The garrison attempted to force all the inhabitants to leave the town with them. Some of them returned whilst I lay there, and I took pains that all should be treated with kindness. The day I arrived there; a detachment of twenty-five men, who had been posted at the Pimas, to observe or harass my march, having been sent for by express, passed unobserved round a mountain, near town, and joined the main body. (I afterward learned that they had made a threatening demand for the mules and goods left for me with the Indian chief. He refused, and expressed his determination to resist, by force, any attempt to take them.) On leaving T., I sent to its late commander, Captain Compaduran, by a citizen messenger, a letter for the governor of Sonora, (and I afterward received an answer that it would be transmitted.) It is appended. All things considered, I thought it a proper course to take toward a reputed popular governor of a State, believed to be disgusted and disaffected to the imbecile central government. It was intimated to me, whilst in Tucson, that if I would march toward the capital of the department, I would be joined by sufficient numbers to effect a revolution.

“On the 17th, I marched late, as I did not expect to find water. At 8 o'clock, p. m., I encamped 24 miles from Tucson, with no water or grass. Ten or fifteen miles farther there is

a little water in a mountain, close to the road, but it could not be found; and I marched, the second day, thirty miles, and, at 9, p. m., again encamped, without water, but the men, about sundown, had a drink from a small puddle, too shallow for the water to be dipped with a cup. On the third day, I marched, early, eight or nine miles, and encamped at rain water pools. The next day, I found it ten miles to the Gila, at a small grass bottom, above the Pima villages. The mules were forty-eight hours without water; the men marched twenty-six of thirty-six consecutive hours, and sixty-two miles in rather more than two days, (in one of which no meat ration was issued.)

“Thus the ninety miles of the guides turned out to be 128 to the village; 57 miles nearer than the reputed distance by the San Pedro. Excepting four or five miles, the road was excellent; but over a true desert. There is, however, a better watered road from Tucson, which strikes the Gila higher up. I believe this route can be well taken for six months in the year; and, that like much of the road of this side, it is impassable in summer, unless for travelers. It is a great gold district; rich mines have been discovered in many of the mountains in view; but it is so barren and destitute of water that even a mining population can scarcely occupy it.

“I halted one day near the villages of this friendly, guileless and singularly innocent and cheerful people, the Pimas. There Francisco met me with your letter from Warner’s ranch; he brought with him seven mules found on the Gila; and, altogether, I obtained, at the villages, twenty, which had belonged to the dragoons. They were not sufficiently recruited to be of much service. I traded the Indian goods, and every spare article, for corn. After feeding it several days, I brought away twelve quarts for each public animal, which was fed in very small quantities.

“With the aid of a compass, and closely estimating the distances, I have made a rude sketch of my route from the point on the Rio Grande, where our roads diverged, to their junction, near the villages. It is herewith submitted. I have good reason to believe that, even with pack mules, better time

can be made on my route than yours, and the mules kept in good order, for mine improved on the greater part of it. On the 27th of December, (after making the forced march, without water, across the bend of the Gila) in consequence of the information received in your letter, I determined to send my useless guides express, to give you information of my approach, &c; hoping thus, as I said, to meet orders at Warner's ranch on the 21st of January, and to be of service to your active operations. I also sent for assistance in mules, understanding that you had placed a number of them in that vicinity.

"Sixty or seventy miles above the mouth of the Gila, having more wagons than necessary, and scarcely able to get them on, I tried the experiment, with very flattering assurances of success, of boating with two pontoon wagon beds, and a raft for the running gear. I embarked a portion of the rations, some road tools, and corn. The experiment signally failed, owing to the shallowness of the water on the bars; the river was very low. In consequence of the difficulty of approaching the river, orders mistaken, &c., the flour only was saved from the loading, and the pontoons were floated empty to the crossing of the Rio Colorado, where they were used as a ferry boat. I passed that river on the tenth and eleventh of January. On the first day and night, the loading of the wagons, and many men, were boated over. On the morning of the 11th, the mules were driven two miles, from grass; then drew the wagons through the long ford of a mile, nearly swimming. The wagons were then loaded in the willow thicket, and I marched fifteen miles over the sandy road, to the first well, the same day; a great effort and labor."