Another way is to remove the scion from the stock and root it. With *Ariocarpus* this is possible but, for some reason, difficult. The removed scions take a long time to callus and to produce new roots. You should be well-experienced in rooting plants before you attempt this operation. But do try—the more you try the more you learn and the better the results will be.

**Suggested Reading**


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**JAMES OHIO PATTIE AND THE SAGUARO**

According to N. L. Britton and J. N. Rose, James Ohio Pattie in 1825 was the first Anglo-Saxon to observe the saguaro. Pattie, an Indian trader and trapper, spent 6 years (1824 to 1830) in the continent's interior. During that time he made many trips up and down the Gila River. In his *The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky*, first published in Cincinnati in 1831, Pattie reminisced: "A species of tree, which I had never seen before, here arrested my attention. It grows to the height of 40 or 50 feet. The top is cone-shaped, and almost without foliage. The bark resembles that of the prickly pear; the body is covered with thorns. I have seen some three feet in diameter at the root, and throwing up twelve distinct shafts." Pattie's plant is unquestionably the saguaro.

*The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky* gives insight into the spirit of the event and of the times. It tells the story of an adventurous American who in the 1820's was vainly seeking his fortune as a trader and trapper in New Mexico and the adjacent regions. James was the son of a frontiersman, and a frontiersman himself. As a youth he went to a distant and savage land; he rescued a beautiful captive maiden, daughter of a governor of New Mexico; he fell upon evil days; and in the midst of his deprivation enjoyed the good fortune to come upon a competent and discriminating editor. Pattie told his story while still in the vigor of youth and fresh from the scenes with which his narration deals.

Despite his publication, little is known personally about James Ohio Pattie (1804?–1850). His grandfather, a Virginian, migrated to pioneer Kentucky during the stormy years of the American Revolution. Here James's father, Sylvester Pattie, was born in 1782. Sylvester eventually moved to Missouri and ultimately established a saw and grist mill to help meet the demand for lumber in St. Louis. He prospered, but the untimely death of his wife threw him into a state of unrest and dissatisfaction.

At the time there were reports of trapping and trading expeditions up the Missouri and in the interior of New Mexico. Sylvester caught the fever and in the spring of 1824, having entrusted his young children to the custody of relatives, organized a small party intent upon a trapping expedition to the upper Missouri.

James, the eldest son, was about 20 at the time and an uneducated man. "Inheriting the love of a rifle through so many generations, and nursed amid such scenes," he induced Sylvester to permit him to participate in this new adventure. Sylvester never returned from the journey. James Ohio came back at the end of six years to become the historian of his own and his father's travels.

Although the party which the Patties joined was not the first to cross the plains from Missouri to New Mexico, it was one of the very early expeditions to traverse the Santa Fe Trail. But having arrived at Santa Fe, James remained in the Southwest for several years, traversing a considerable section of present-day Mexico and sojourning over a year in the present state of California.

Upon his return, without journal or other notes, he told his story to editor Timothy Flint and with the pride and ardent of a youth who had had a great adventure and wanted the acclaim that comes in telling it.

Of Pattie's post-Narrative years, there is only one brief account. Wrote former fur trapper William Waldo in 1880: "This man left my camp in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, amidst the deep snows of the terrible winter of 1849–50; and his sister, whom I met in Missouri 11 years after that, told me that was the last account she had ever received concerning him. I suppose he perished in the deep snow, or was killed by the Indians."

Larry W. Mitich