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## The Southwest in 1880

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## THE SOUTHWEST IN 1880

(With a brief note which is self-explanatory, the late Lieut. John G. Bourke, 3rd Cavalry, U. S. A., aide de camp to Brigadier General George Crook, pasted in one of his note-books a newspaper clipping which gives an intimate and somewhat racy account of a visit to Arizona and New Mexico fifty years ago. It is reproduced through the courtesy of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Sara Bourke James of Montclair, New Jersey.—Editor.)

*February 28th (1881) . . . The following extract from the pages of the San Francisco Stock Report appeared in its issue of January 15th and is from the pen of my old friend, Joe Wasson, now a State Senator of California. He describes in a vivid way the country of Arizona and New Mexico, where he and I were once associated on terms of the strictest intimacy.*

## THE SOUTHWEST

A JOURNEY THROUGH ARIZONA AND INTO NEW MEXICO

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THE NEW RAILROADS AND THE COUNTRY THEY  
ARE OPENING UP

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A CURIOUS MINGLING OF INDIAN, MEXICAN AND AMERICAN

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THE WAVE OF SPECULATION WHICH IS TO FLOW INTO  
OLD MEXICO

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A Spicy Resume of Reminiscences and Experiences—Interesting Descriptions of the New Mining and Railroad Cities and the Districts Around Them.

EDITOR DAILY REPORT:—It would require the humor, temper and patience of the late Mr. Sterne himself to make a “sentimental journey” out of the subject of this sketch, which implies about 4,000 miles of travel by railroad, stage, buckboard and on horseback, exclusive of stoppages between San Francisco and Santa Fe, during a period of less than forty days. Yet there was a great deal more of real interest and that which was novel in the trip, than the disagreeable and disgusting. I have no special desire to be a railroad king, for however great his powers, they are limited as compared with my express wants. Nothing much less than omnipotence would ever satisfy me in this mortal American world of ours, where God made plenty of food and the devil made the cooks and keeps them on deck at all hours and at all home stations as well as half-way houses. I am busy with a bill making it a felony for any person to hereafter spell God with a big G and the devil with a lower case d. This condition of things does not apply to Arizona and New Mexico much more than to other parts of the United States, so far as the public eating-places are concerned. If Wendell Phillips does not include cooking in his next lecture on the “Lost Arts,” he will have to be looked after himself; and I have not got the dyspepsia, nor has dyspepsia got me. If necessary I can digest the bowsprits of a Texas steer. But I will not digress. In 1862, when I was an emigrant in the northern mines—Oregon and Idaho—I sought information in all quarters. One day I met a little Indian boy, a body-servant of an adventurer from Los Angeles, who had ridden across the country, inside the Sierras, to Carriboo and back. I interviewed him over every inch of the ground, and the answer to every question was:

“IT IS A LONG COUNTRY”

Did anybody live in it? Is there anything doing in it? “It is a long country.” Poe’s raven was a perfect variety

show on wheels along side of that stoical *aboriginis* on horseback. Having been over all that country, so to speak, since, and much of it again and again, I have concluded, that, considering the time and circumstances, the youthful heathen was wise beyond his years. So much by way of prelude. Leaving out all north of the Central Pacific Railroad, and even beginning with Los Angeles, it is still a "long country." That it is not such a blank in this world's existence as popular opinion has heretofore made out or affected, it will be the purpose of this article to set forth, whether long or short—I mean the article, of course.

It seems but yesterday, though over ten years ago, when I first went to Arizona. The nearest railroad projection toward the Colorado river, was Soledad, Monterey county; the nearest telegraph, San Diego. A "jerk-water" stage swung out from the latter point, detouring over into Mexico or Lower California, and we were five days and four nights in getting to Tucson, the old entrepot or trading-post with respect to Sonora. Now one can sail along from San Francisco to Tucson in a palace car in fifty-six hours, and when they come to shorten up the time between Los Angeles and El Paso, the time to Tucson will be shortened at least ten hours. It would seem conclusive that the world does move. Between Los Angeles and the end of the S.P.R.R. track, passengers are subjected to freight train time, and yet they are not happy. A stage coach is good enough for them; but you should see how glad they are to get in sight of even a construction train, after being pinched up two or three days and nights like a second-class sardine, or swung around in space on the hurricane deck of an Arizona buckboard, or mustang. I long since discovered that Arizona did not contain all the *mal pais* (or bad land) incident to the Pacific coast water-shed. California herself possesses the lion's share of the celebrated Colorado desert, and has a monopoly even of those essentially bad places on land with an elevation below sea level. Mining was carried on at several

points within sight, as it were, of Fort Yuma (California) and Yuma City (Arizona), ten years ago. These interests have been perceptibly extended more recently, until that hot, black and sandy basin has become the centre of

A CIRCLE OF SUBSTANTIAL DISTRICTS,

with the Colorado River leading off north and east to others. However, none of these have ever become sensational, and the old Fort stands on its little volcanic *mesa* (table land) not unlike the Roman soldiers amidst the ruins of Pompeii. The little steamboats and barges in tow are mostly retired before the remorseless sweep of the locomotive. The shapely forms of the Yuma Indians are gradually giving way before the modern style of dress, and the case is rather exceptional where one sees the close-fitting garments of our first parents made perfect. I fear we are all saddest when we sing.

At Yuma City the route is up the barren valley of the Gila river. It reminds one very much of the Humboldt in Nevada, though the latter is better defined. There are narrow strips of fertile soil adjacent to the lower Gila, but for 150 miles from its mouth this resource does not foot up much amid the wide expanse of volcanic debris, relieved at intervals by mountain ranges that rise up as clearly cut as so many pyramids. One can trace the Nevada type of mountain range by gradual stages down south into old Mexico, the vegetation, such as it is, blending along accordingly, beginning with sage-brush, grease-wood and mahogany, and ending in every variety of cactus and the mesquite, an excellent firewood. In the moonlight, struggling specimens of cactus stand out like fingerposts, and the imagination can employ itself in creating all sorts of things on the mountain tops, from a ship on a wave down to a sphinx.

The first spread of scoria or black lava is suggestive. It does not seem possible that it ever came from the cone-like

craters with which such results are usually associated. Rather, the whole earth, hundreds of miles in extent, was fissured and fractured and filled again and leveled off. Those mountains do not look either like upheavals in a modern sense, but rather islands in an ocean drawn away to the south, playing the part of the sculptor in the general course of subsidence. It is probable that the western-coast has as gradually risen as the waters have fallen, leaving us Death Valley in Inyo County and the Colorado Desert, in San Bernardino, San Diego, as the missing links, or more properly speaking, the cemeteries strewn with fossils serving as mile-stones, significant of the silent but awful movements of nature.

But suppose we give nature a rest? Along about the Big Bend of the Gila, the weird desolation begins to give way to a more inviting landscape. At this point there is an example of splendid engineering in the way of railroad curves. As level as the Gila valley appears at first glance, there are a good many heavy grades, comparatively speaking. From the Gila Bend there is rather plain sailing into Tucson, passing through the Pimo [Pima] Indian country into that of the Papago, and within sight of the old ruin known as Casa Grande (big house) of the unknown civilization of pre-historic times. It is a mud-built structure, interlarded with more or less wood, and artistically described by Prof. Hanks in a recent number of the *Californian* magazine. Excellent photographs of it are on exhibition in the State Museum, 313 Pine Street.

#### OLD AND NEW

The changes wrought in and about old Tucson since my first sojourn there, are numerous and significant enough of the tramp of Americans toward the old city of Mexico itself. Two-story mercantile structures of modern brick, with wooden floors, and residences studded with bay win-

dows, form an almost amusing contrast. At that time, the whites lived on the reservations and the Apaches ran the country. Now all hands and the cook go up and down in the land with not even the fear of the Lord before them. Tucson contests the claim of Santa Fe, N. M., and St. Augustine, Fla., on the score of being the oldest town in the (now) United States. It is a curious claim, methinks; though I would have to see it first, before I would prefer even the newest. Man is never, but ever to be blest. The romance of old Tucson is sadly compromised, with its harp and guitar hung on the willows, and the banjo, violin and piano having a go-as-you-please walk-over.

That reminds me of an incident one Sunday evening after mass in the old church on the Plaza. I heard an awful rattle of things and scented an awful dust in a little den around the corner. I was tempted and did enter in, and truly there was just cause for that sound of deviltry by night. According to custom, a Spanish girl squatted in one corner on the ground floor, with a harp between her knees. There were other nut-brown maidens swinging round the narrow circle, held in place by as many American teamsters and packers with spurs and six-shooters on. Tam O'Shanter never saw anything half so inviting, and the first thing your correspondent knew he was duly interested, but meeting with such a catastrophe as to suggest the end of things. The spur on the left heel of a big festive cuss got tangled up in my partner's *túnica* (dress) and it came as near winding up the evening's entertainment as it did the entire calico structure. I held on to the upper if not better half of the girl and let the other feller take the ribbons.

I never could account exactly for the existence of

#### TUCSON AS A BUSINESS PLACE

as there are no very paying mines even yet within its immediate vicinity. Yet it grows apace, and to-day has more

business in sight, of all sorts, incident to the country, four times over, than any other one place in the Territory. It is destined to direct railroad connection with Sonora at no distant day. For eight months in the year, the climate is excellent—seldom more than a taste of snow or frost. The other four months, one is inclined to stand from under. But for that 120 degrees in the shade at times, your humble servant might still be a resident, if not solid citizen, of Tucson. After assisting in putting a new head on the military, as several years previous in Idaho, he sought pastures new.

You have heard the old formula of our south border civilization? It is very hackneyed. How they cut wood with a maul, hay with a hoe, chained up the hogs and let the dogs run loose. And also how they never got the yoke on their oxen further back than the horns. This sort of thing is getting to be the exception instead of the rule. Yankee wagons, harness, etc., with native drivers are common. Ten years ago there was but one case of carriage—now there are scores of fine turn-outs. The most startling sign of the times is that of Sam Sing and Ah Sin—"washing and ironing." One more reminiscence, and I'll move on. Ten years ago last November, Gov. Safford and I occupied the same quarters, and sent our clothes out in a common heap. They came back one Saturday night (my first experience) in the most uncommon pile you ever saw. You see, those old Mexican girls were universally too poor to buy *xabón* (soap), *lina* (wood) [*leña*] or anything else; and as a rule, the one who did the washing could not do the ironing. In any event, "Saff" ought to have known better, besides he was eternally bragging on the beautiful customs of the country. However, he forgot himself, and about nine o'clock Saturday night we went to our rooms, expecting a nice cleaning up Sunday morning. The clothes (all we had left) were found in a wet twisted heap in Saff's bed. There was scarcely a button or button-hole left—the washboard consisting of bowlders on the banks of the Santa Cruz river. I was raised an iron-clad

Presbyterian on the old farm in Ohio, but never till that night did I fully realize that form of expression known as weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. We just took turns for about half an hour. Arizona generally possesses a hazy-blue atmosphere, but I have never before or since seen it where you could sweep it out of a house by the bushel basketful. Since the Governor has got rich, he doesn't like to have me mention these trifles. When I see those Celestial signs at every turn, I am so pleased to think that the Chinese must go.

#### EASTWARD FROM TUCSON

From Tucson, I took the train eastward, resolving to see and do New Mexico somewhat before farther investigation in Arizona. The country is rising ground for at least 100 miles, (Railroad Pass is over 7,000 feet above sea level,<sup>1</sup>) or about opposite Fort Bowie, the railroad passing over grassy plains and flanking those pyramid-like mountains at regular intervals. From Tucson east to the New Mexico line and beyond, the country is seldom repulsive, but as a rule inviting and interesting—the mining districts one sees and hears of on either hand lending an unusual air of importance to it. Every station almost assumes more or less an increasing business aspect.

In getting access from the Southern Pacific to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, I met with a most royal deception. It had been given out that there were only 120 miles of staging, whereas it was over 300—one hundred and twenty of it being almost parallel with and in sight of the Southern Pacific R. R. This announcement came from the east. They can beat us western people three to one in drawing the long bow. They are most heavenly liars. They dragged men, women and children all over the country there, night and day, for weeks, at 20 cents per mile, before dis-

1. Possibly a misreading for "4,000." Today, at least, the highest point of the Southern Pacific is only about 4,300 feet.

covered. Had I known the true inwardness of the trap, I'd have quietly sent my little baggage around, and gone down to Mimbres Station, sixty miles beyond Lordsburg, and walked over for 15 miles and got in the stage at Fort Cummings. However, we got to see Silver City and Fort Bayard, 90 miles northeast and 60 out of our way, and were cramped up all one night in a little cold stage.

You may recall the celebrated Burri-burri mines and the town of Ralston excitement ten or more years ago? It got into such flavor that they changed the name to Shakespeare. It is three miles west of the railroad, at Lordsburg station—named after Dr. Lord, a leading merchant of Tucson. The ledges stand up like walls of fortifications, but are apparently dismantled of all other works. They may be good yet, but I surmise the Atchison folks have made the most of them in their railroad posters. The Burri-burri people abandoned the scheme and inaugurated the celebrated diamond enterprise of 1872—Harpending, Arnold, Slack & Co. And I swear right now that it is at least a mistake to say that a rolling-stone gathers no moss. That section of

#### NEW MEXICO

crossed by stage in this instance is historically more interesting than otherwise. It is a mixture of pasturage, prospects for mines, stretches of sand, volcanic debris and general graveyard in the wake of the bloody Victorio and other Indian desperadoes gone before. The operations of Victorio are fresh, and Cook's canyon, approaching Fort Cummings from the west, is lined with graves. Not half the people met with down there believe he is yet out of the way. I think he is, for such a bold leader would have returned ere this.

We came out on the Rio Grande valley early one morning, and after dragging through sand an hour or so, forded the stream and drove up to the leading hotel for breakfast, cold and hungry. If the breakfast itself had been both cold and hungry too, it might have served to keep the peace at

least; but their infernal attempt at warming it over and playing it off on us for something fresh, came near causing something more than the usual Mexican revolution—which is generally bloodless. I shall never forget the damnable preparation set out as coffee. I was so hungry in about an hour—the stage stopped several hours there—that I got a box of sardines and dry crackers at a store across the way, and in a back room sat down to a square meal, mad enough to commit murder, and therefore happy. The atmosphere is so dry in that country that the oil had evaporated through the tin casing.

Messilla (Mes-seeya) is a very fair specimen of the average town in the Rio Grande valley. The houses are dry mud boxes with the bottom knocked out and the top covered with poles, straw and more mud. The suburbs are too frequently stormed by sand, and in some instances entirely covered up. Las Cruces is a twin sister of Messilla, three miles distant, with railroad favors more promising. Little strips of the valley are irrigated, and wool is grown in the adjacent highlands, mesas, etc. These good people, the old natives, are easily satisfied as to this world's goods. Beyond driving a jackass and listening to his music at off hours, luxury is seldom known or indulged in. The Rio Grande as a river does not come up to its high-sounding title; in fact it hardly comes up to a horse's knees this time of year, and it is so thick with mud and sand as to make it difficult to say whether it is wading or merely pulling through. It gets very hot along this valley during the summer, but I did not hear much complaint of ill health.

From Messilla and Las Cruces we dragged along up the valley north about 90 miles before

#### CONNECTING WITH THE RAILROAD

coming down towards El Paso, the Southern Pacific, etc. Messilla is forty miles north of El Paso, to which the main Atchison road is extending, as well as the road southwest

and crossing the S.P.R.R. at or near Deming. The El Paso part of the Atchison road is destined for the city of Mexico, the Deming portion for Guaymas, as per general report. In that 90 miles we passed through or by several native towns, and crossed the somewhat celebrated "Jornada del Muerta" (journey of death), where the natives are said to pray before starting in on it, and every one else prays when out of it.<sup>2</sup> (A distinction with a good deal of difference.) The railroad has ere this bridged this chasm and the Death Valley of New Mexico will be a thing of the past.

About one o'clock one Sunday our stage pulled into San Marcial. It is situated a few miles above Fort Craig and just across the river from Valverde, celebrated during the early part of the war for one of the sharpest fights between rebel and union soldiers, followed by a succession of skirmishes, and winding up with the battle at Glorietta Pass just east of Santa Fe, where the Texas troops gave it up to the regulars and Colorado volunteers. San Marcial was a rattling railroad town.

Thirty miles further north, I stepped off at the very interesting town of Socorro, also near the river and railroad, in the midst of all sorts of mines, as gold, silver, copper, coal, etc., and distant from five to fifty miles. Magdalena district is especially important in the carbonate sort of ores. Mexican and Indian (Pueblo) towns are strung all along up the valley, 70 miles farther to Albuquerque, where I made something of a stay.

#### ALBUQUERQUE

I believe, is named after a Spanish general of olden times. It is a genuine type of the town Mexican—mud houses inhabited by men with a *serapa* (blanket) of all the glaring colors, looking as if it might be the American flag

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2. The writer's Spanish is a little weak. Here the "jornada del muerto" means the "day's journey of the dead man." Above, "Messilla" should be "Mesilla"; below "serapa" should read "serape."

kicked over their shoulders by a government mule; and women who go about at all hours with one eye done up in a shawl of colors to match. Fill in the fore and back ground with dogs, hogs and jackasses, and call in the man with the camera oscura.

Did'st ever see a Mexican hotel? It is the most perfect of hollow squares, without any roof on, you ever saw outside of San Quentin. They never have more than one story, unless by mistake, or where an earthquake has doubled up on the proprietor. The open court sometimes has a flower-pot or two, but more frequently pots of another color. I was not happy in the first fortification I was thrown into at Albuquerque; there were too many of us, including several Chicago and Kansas City drummers.

#### OLD SANTA FE,

(The Holy Faith) is 70 miles beyond Albuquerque again, and off north from the Atchison road proper, 18 miles on a branch track. It is the most handsomely located place on all the rounds. It is also away from the barren river-valley, nestled in an amphitheatre of wooded hills, with quite a range of mountains not far in the background. It is the Tucson of New Mexico, enlarged and improved. It is a place in which any one could live in comparative comfort and die in peace, if anywhere. The climate is never so hot in day times as elsewhere and the nights never so warm but that a blanket is essential. Of course, it is built on the regular plaza style, with a lively business all round, largely carried on by Americans. It is one of the oldest of the far interior American trading posts. I can remember when Santa Fe seemed so far off it was like a dream. The daily paper, so kind as to announce my arrival, had a whole page devoted to their new gas-works, but among the clippings I ran across the following paragraph: "Jerusalem is to have gas, street cars, passenger elevators, and a telephone exchange. Jerusalem! somebody ought to start a theatre and a dollar store."

Which, for the past three hundred years would have applied equally well to Santa Fe as to Jerusalem or Jericho. A gas company, by the way, is about ready to start operations in Tucson.

Santa Fe is the capital of the Territory and has a "Palace" for the Governor and other offices. Governor Lew Wallace is a "literary feller," chiefly given to writing novels of an uncertain sort. He is following up the "Fair God" with "Ben-Hur, a Story of the Christ." I protest, as a friend of Christ, that He has been crucified enough already, without having a Territorial Governor after Him. Fancy old Gov. Jim Nye or Gov. Safford writing stories about the Redeemer?<sup>3</sup>

I met with a most agreeable reception in Santa Fe on the part of an old acquaintance of Washington City, who is married and settled. His pretty wife can cook as well as play and sing. But speaking of Christ. Those Yankee tradespeople are not slow in getting on the soft side of the natives. It is very common to see pictures of the Sacred Heart, with an arrow through it, cheek by jowl, with cold pig's liver and pickled chickens; Christ and Him crucified trying to take the ace with the deuce of clubs, etc. There is an air of unconsciousness if not innocence about it all next to that of my girl at Albuquerque. One of the mercantile features of Santa Fe is the pottery made by the Pueblo Indians of the country.

#### BUT THE BIGGEST STORIES

I ever heard about gold, silver and what not in the way of mines, are in circulation. South of there a short distance, begin the celebrated Ortiz (Or-tees) and Cañon del Agua (water canyon) grants of land, embracing many thousand

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3. Governor Wallace was inaugurated on Oct. 1, 1878; his successor, Sheldon, took office on June 4, 1881. From the way in which the writer speaks of Wallace, it would seem doubtful whether he had any personal acquaintance with either Wallace or his literary work. Possibly he is simply reflecting the current views of those who were unfriendly to the governor.

acres. It was with this that ex-President U. S. Grant's name was for awhile associated. Placer gold is considered the grand resource of these grants; the chief drawback consisting of want of water to utilize it. Col. Gillette, formerly of Virginia, is superintending a big scheme for a Boston Company, on the Canyon del Agua. It is estimated that two million dollars will be required in either case to bring water to the ground. On the Ortiz grant, within a few miles of the main railroad, anthracite coal is found, and is used in making steam for a big quartz mill near there. In short, the Santa Fe country is fascinating in both its character and history, and I was very loth to leave it so soon.

On returning to Albuquerque, the train was sidison folks, who are pushing it rapidly but quietly. It will tracked all night on account of a sand-storm in the Rio Grande valley. These interferences have been frequent. The Southern Pacific used to be blockaded on the Colorado desert, also, but I am told such interruptions are much less frequent of late.

You have probably taken little account of the construction of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, westward across northern New Mexico and Arizona.

#### CALIFORNIA WILL HAVE TO WAKE UP

one of these days, especially the mercantile community, to several potent facts. This railroad is better known as the "35th parallel," whose land grant was secured by the Atchiss pass north of Prescott about 80 miles. It possesses a good route, with few exceptions. Its highest altitude, at Continental Divide, 100 miles west of Albuquerque, is 7,200 feet. Its eastern terminus, on paper, is Vinita, Indian territory, but practically it is New Albuquerque, on the east side of the Rio Grande.<sup>4</sup> The trains run down the Atchison-Santa

4. The new town, building up near the railroad, was apparently still separated from the original "Alburquerque" (about half a mile west) by a branch of the Rio Grande which ran approximately where Fourth Street is today.

The road 12 miles; thence turn off west on their own track, which was completed one month ago a distance of 80 miles.

I rode out on it 60 miles to Laguna, one of the most interesting of the Pueblo Indian villages. As I understand the term, the word "pueblo," thus applied, means "town or city builder," that is, Indians who build houses, as distinguished from the Sioux, Apaches, etc., who live in lodges, wickiups, etc. The word is Spanish, of course. These Indians are, doubtless, offshoots from the more celebrated Zuñis, concerning which I will have something to say further on. The Laguna village people number several thousand, their business being the raising of sheep, horses and cattle, their rulers being elective and during good behavior, individuals holding property as Americans.<sup>5</sup> This village stands upon a point of sandstone, fronting south. This rock, like the rock of ages, is worn smooth enough. The children slide down hill upon it, as I used to slide down a strawstack in my father's barnyard. For several generations the Catholics held sway, but latterly the Presbyterians have obtained a foothold, and I felt sort of at home once more.

#### A MISSIONARY FROM THE NORTH OF IRELAND<sup>6</sup>

and his niece are teaching the youngsters how to say the Lord's Prayer, and to "read, write and cipher." I made it a point to visit the school, ostensibly, but more particularly to see the schoolmarm and impart spiritual consolation. A family of railroad people had several little towheads mixed up with the rest of the young savages, lending a cheerful and picturesque air to the institution worthy of mention. That Irish missionary was with Dr. Livingstone in Africa,

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5. The details of this paragraph are inaccurate,—the relationship to Zuñi, the number of the Laguna Indians, term of office, holding of property.

6. The Rev. John Menaul, M. D., Presbyterian missionary. He had met his future wife while both were on shipboard going to Africa. They had begun their work at Laguna in 1876. John Menaul has been confused with his brother, the Rev. James A. Menaul, who had been sent out in 1870 as a Presbyterian missionary to the Navajos and who, in the '90s, was synodical missionary of New Mexico.

and is a genius. He has a printing office at Laguna, and is engaged in translating American schoolbooks for the benefit of the heathen.<sup>7</sup> Herewith is a stanza from the original "Mary had a Little Lamb," which I dropped on immediately, my knowledge of Indian dialects coming to my rescue accordingly:

Muh! iske natse oshtyatthuts.

Iske oshtyatthuts nasho hishome.

Hinome saiske oshtyatthuts.

Immee oshtyatthuts natsetsa.

However, I am not happy over the fact that Mary is still going around having little lambs. My advice to Mary is that, for the benefit of her reputation as well as the human race, she had better marry, settle down and have a little baby or two for a change. If you have her address, send her a copy "marked."

Savage or civilized, the Laguna Indians (the women, I mean) are the most natty and attractively dressed of any people I ever saw. They throw a sort of robe over them and pin it one side with marlin-spikes of silver in the most ship-shape style. It comes down slightly below the knees, from where canvas or buckskin leggings complete a very picturesque habit. But when they get an "olla, oyah" (water-jar) on their heads they walk off so straight and graceful that a Kearny-street belle would go wild with envy at sight of them. Some of these good people (the females, I mean) are very pretty. One of the natural curiosities of the country is a weed or shrub, very rooty in character, which they use instead of soap in washing clothes, etc. Two brothers there, American merchants, have married into the tribe and have children, showing that man cannot live on soap alone.

7. A bibliography of the issues from this press would be interesting. The editor has a copy of a Laguna hymn-book, and the Historical Society has another copy. A reader in the Laguna language was issued in 1882. About 1889 it is thought that this press was moved to Albuquerque and was used by Dr. Menaul in printing Spanish tracts. Bancroft xvii, 777, note (based on *Ritch's Blue Book*) mentions *La Solona*, published at Laguna in 1878.

From Laguna to Ft. Wingate, some 90 miles, there is little change of scene. There is one good-sized Spanish town.<sup>8</sup>

#### FORT WINGATE

Was named after an old army officer, who figured before the war. It was, next to Ft. Defiance, the rallying point of the diamond-hunters of 1872. I believe it was Wellington who prayed for "night or Blucher," and Harpending saw the importance of a snow storm, and so shifted the scene up north among the highlands of Wyoming. That is the beauty of precious stones—you can transplant millions in a very small compass, and quickly.

The location of Wingate is exceptionally picturesque. The Zuñi Mountains, and spurs and mesas attending, form a basin, whose rim takes in new forms and colors like the kaleidoscope at every turn. It is largely a sand-stone formation. In plain view, to the north, the wind and rain have sculptured an almost perfect cathedral, known as the Navajo Church. The Navajo Indians are a powerful tribe, given to industrial pursuits. Their woolen blankets are widely celebrated for thickness, compactness and fineness. The Atlantic and Pacific road is graded past Wingate, and several hundred miles of contract let beyond the end of track, which will be favored with abundance of fuel at all points, whether coal or timber, as development progresses.

At Wingate I renewed the buck-board experience, crossing the Zuñi Mountains and reaching the chief and most celebrated village after midnight. It was a tedious ride, the team consisting of an old horse whose sands of life had about run out, and the genuine remains of a Government mule, so experienced in shirking his duty that it kept my Spanish boy driver too busy.

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8. San Rafael, near which was *old* Fort Wingate. The *later*, or *new*, Fort Wingate is the one here visited.

## THE ZUNIS

The word Zuñi is Spanish for flesh," as applied to the tribe which has cost the antiquarians so much trouble. The village stands on an island-like location on the prairie, and has several thousand inhabitants, who are given to the strangest manifestations and ideas of any tribe on the continent. Their belief in the origin of man does not differ much from the protoplasmic theory of Darwin, Tyndall & Co. They practice the most severe ceremonies and rites imaginable, and what is strangest of all, there is an educated white man among them, who has subjected himself to every feature of this awful penance, all for the good of science. He kept this up for several months, when he at last secured their confidence, and the result is likely to be the most thorough research of all others together. His name is F. H. Cushing, ethnologist, of the Smithsonian Institute. I would not, could not, subject myself to the sacrifices he has made for all the wealth of the bonanza firm. As much as they are called "civilized," the idea of eating this wretched cooking as a regular diet is too much. Excepting the coffee, we all took breakfast out of the same pot with our fingers, but it was a case of groundhog with me, you bet. Cushing interested me exceedingly with his accounts of his experience and knowledge of the customs and history of that strange people. He claims that the cliff-builders further north are an offshoot. There is a great high mesa, with perpendicular walls, in plain sight of the present village, to which the Zuñis have been wont to retire in time of siege. A deserted town stands up there to which there is but one access. This style of architecture is quite peculiar, when completed according to the Darwinian theory, etc., a dwelling consists of four steps, including the ground to start with, two houses on top of the

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9. The writer is again inaccurate. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, under "Zuñi" says: "Their tribal name is A'shiwi (sing. Shiwi), 'the flesh' . . . Their common name, Zuni, is a Spanish adaptation of the Keresan *Sjnyitsi*, or *Sj nyitsa*, of unknown origin."

lower or larger, and a third one lending a watch-tower appearance to the whole structure. Access to these is usually by rustic ladders from the outside, entering from the roof. Those Indians have a knowledge of the ocean and believe all life comes from the bottom thereof—your “protoplasm” again—and have the greatest reverence for certain shells. Our buckboard was loaded with a variety of shells sent out by mail from Washington, and those people kept me awake all night with their jabber over the new acquisition.

#### ONE OF THE STRIKING FEATURES

of this society is the Albino element—men and women of the purest blonde type; white hair and blue eyes. Science has not yet fully determined the answer to this human conundrum. These Indians are rather small of stature. Like the Pueblos, they were once considerably Catholicized, but latterly they are also bedeviled by the Presbyterians, who have a station near by, which in a year or so more will be obliterated by sandstorms. There are a thousand things funny in themselves worth relating about these people, but I will close the paragraph with an item regarding their custom of naming their children after their mother in all cases. They don't want to take any chances. Like seven months' children among white folks, they rarely come but once in the same family.

The route from Zuñi to Fort Apache, A. T., passes through the Mormon settlement of St. Johns, on the Little Colorado River. The whole country is over 6,000 feet above the sea, interspersed with timbered mesas, grassy valleys, plateaus, and finally blending west and south with the well-defined Mogollon and White Mountains—all one range. Mogollon (pronounced Mo-go-yone) is Spanish for spur,<sup>10</sup>

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10. Lieutenant Bourke entered the following note here: “Not so. Mogollon-Bummer.” It is more probable that the true derivation is from the name of Gov. Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollón, who held office in New Mexico from 1712 to 1715, although this connection has never been established.

and the range might be designated the Sierra Nevada of Arizona. It is a finely-timbered section of country, for several hundred miles north and south; all from twenty-five to seventy-five inches in width. The water-shed west is a lovely mountain country, White, Black, Rio Verde, the Gila and their branches containing trout and other fish and the mountains considerable game, as deer, bear, antelope, wild turkey and other things. Much of this interesting country is within the jurisdiction of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Coal of a good quality is traced across from New Mexico. Speaking of the Mormon settlement, it is growing aggressive, and the Gentiles are already opposing it and hating it as in Utah. At the election last Fall the ticket was simply for or against "the faith." There is a big grazing interest established, but room for much greater over all Western New Mexico and Eastern Arizona. Gold and silver is not so commonly reported as copper and coal, and a railroad north from some point on the S. P. railroad would serve a great purpose.

#### FORT APACHE

is one of the pleasantest located military posts I ever saw. The bulk of the Apache Indians, who surrendered to Gen. Crook several years ago, are located farther down White river, and do not threaten further trouble.

There is one item worthy of Huxley's special consideration. I refer to the Apache Indian cats. They are given to forked tails. Given a certain quantity of regular tail, say six inches from the cat, and from two to three prongs will start out, some of which will reach a length of two inches. Otherwise these cats do not differ from those Thomases and Tabbies that render my temporary residence at Sacramento especially agreeable.

From Fort Apache to Fort Thomas the distance is 80 miles. There is a good wagon road, but roundabout; but as I had to make it horseback, I made it a good deal longer through trying to cut off the crooked places. A certain old

white mustang and I suffered occasionally with thirst and hunger. We would meet armed Apaches out hunting and at times feel rather uneasy, notwithstanding their schooling under Crook. Fort Thomas is located on the Gila River, seventy miles north of the railroad, at Wilcox Station. It is not distinguished for anything in particular. The Gila valley above and below is farmed to some extent and is susceptible of additional settlement. There are gold quartz ledges, rich but rather small, located in the granite mountains in sight of Thomas. In all the expanse of country between Albuquerque and Thomas prospecting of any kind has been meager and scattered, and the country is practically a fresh field.

#### WILCOX STATION

is located over 100 miles east of Tucson, and is named after the General commanding the department, headquarters at Prescott. It is the first of importance east of Benson, from which point Tombstone receives its chief supply. Wilcox is in plain view of the Dos Cabezas (two heads) district which promises well. It is in the north end of the Chiricahua<sup>11</sup> (Cheer-a-caw-wa) range, which also contains the California District Mines, promising better still. Both districts are very accessible and California is exceptionally favored as to wood, water and pleasing location, fronting east and reached from San Simon station, next east of Wilcox. The Bisbee copper mines of the Dragoon range are also rapidly approached from Wilcox—all south of the railroad. It is a curious fact that, except the celebrated copper mines at Clifton and the Silver King mine in the Globe District, all mining districts of sensational character are as yet located south of the railroad. So far as Arizona is concerned, I am not sure but San Simón (Si-mone) station is destined to be a point of distribution of leading importance on the railroad

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11. Chiricahua.

east of Tucson. There is a singular feature existing at Wilcox, with respect to the obtaining of good water almost anywhere in the apparently dry valley at a very shallow depth—six to ten feet. The supply also appears to be inexhaustible. Speaking of San Simon, there is a feature of social life rather prevalent throughout the two territories. I mean the so-called "cow-boy" element. These are mostly recent importations from Texas, where they learned that rough style as vaqueros, or cattle-herders. To excel in throwing a lasso or handling a six-shooter, is the height of their ambition. They are generally naturally bright and genial fellows, but dangerous when "interfered" with very much. San Simon tells some tough stories about them.

#### BENSON

is 60 miles east of Tucson and 25 from Tombstone, the chief centre of attraction at present. The road is almost as level and smooth as that to the Cliff House. There is a curious drift or belt of sandstone boulders near the town and mines, through which a smooth, natural pass or road is made. The town stands on a little mesa or cap of limestone, sloping off every way except to the east, affording an excellent site for a healthy town. The mines in several instances dip under the town, but, where mostly worked, they are distant from one-eighth to three-fourths of a mile, with a gradual slope to them, in all not more than 250 feet above the town. The surface of the district is as free of inequalities or obstructions almost as a lawn. The croppings consist of a broad red stain of iron. The formation is a mixture of limestone, quartzite and a rock they call porphyry, with occasional indications of granite. The ore is chloride of silver, very easily reduced, and in this case as easily extracted. As yet the mills are confined to the San Pedro river, distant from seven to ten miles. Water works to connect with a stream in the Huachuca (Waw-chu-ca) range, seven miles distant, are under way, which promises to afford a supply for mills as

well as the town. This town is a well laid out, as well as a well constructed place and has little or none of the architecture native to the country about it. I feel safe in saying that there is now exposed above the 400-foot levels more ore in this district than in any other district in the United States—silver ore that will yield at least \$100 per ton. There is an air of dullness throughout, everything being overdone early, and owing to the few miners required to extract the ore necessary to run the mills on hand. Had the district fallen into San Francisco hands in the first place, matters no doubt would be much further advanced. It is a rather comical sight for one used to other ways, to see a pair of mules and the front gear of a wagon serving as a hoisting works over “propositions” said to be worth “millions.” As slow as things seem, owners or claimants of undeveloped properties are not slow in piling up terms. I have no doubt the S.P.R.R. Co. will connect Tombstone by rail at an early day.

Almost due south of Tombstone is Harshaw District, west of which is Oro Blanco, Arivaja and other sections of note south of Tucson. Crossing into Sonora there is a succession of districts reported. Stage lines connect everywhere and we can come and go at pleasure. I met a score of old mining acquaintances who had been across the border in quest of mines, lands and general adventure, all telling one story—that Sonora, Chihuahua and other Mexican States constituted “the place to go.” And go they will. In conclusion,

#### THE WAVE OF SPECULATION

to the southward is already irresistible and increasing in volume every day. The Mexican rulers and people see and recognize it, and are spreading their sails accordingly. The conquest will be a peaceful one—largely by purchase, the rest by chicanery and cheek. California has raised up an army alone sufficient to overrun the whole country, once

the railroad magnates make the first big opening. Capt. Eads and others are attacking the poor old republic in the rear, and the next five years will see his ship railroad connected with roads now pushing south toward the City of Mexico. Guaymas will make quite a little seaport right along, and in the vicinity of El Paso will grow up a self-supporting inland city of no mean dimensions. The railroad shops and men alone will do it. It would seem that San Francisco merchants and manufacturers, what there are of them, are slow to realize that all this is and has been going on under their very noses for two or three years past. If they have not already waked up to it, they will get their eyes fully opened very soon after the two roads are connected and the great East obtains direct, full swing. As long as there is a mile of road unfinished, the public will have to wait. The Atchison-Santa Fe trains were regularly behind on account of construction materials, fuel, etc. The Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge road is an enterprise of great and comprehensive magnitude, destined to play a part second to none, owing to its vast resource in coal alone. It is pushing down the valley in the wake of the Atchison road. Should the Atlantic and Pacific road extend through to San Diego as threatened, it would nip off another slice of San Francisco's bread and butter. One cannot realize the extent and importance of this movement of human forces by reading of them. To go over the ground, however, and see and hear for one's self, is another thing. The impression is convincing. I have spoken of ten years ago, yet all this business has been practically accomplished in half that time. This long costly Southern Pacific has been built to Texas without subsidy, such have been the inducements held out by nature to its owner. Now, that the hard work is done, and capital for such purposes seems unlimited, is it not easy to predict what another five years will bring forth in the same direction? Macaulay grew eloquent over the conquests by Lord Clive in the jungles of India—was inclined to underrate

those of Cortez in the New World, where there is every resource, tropical as well, and a land of comparative health. It may remain to be seen whose achievements conferred the greater blessings on mankind.

There is so much to say about Arizona, New Mexico, etc., just now that one does not know how to begin or stop. I was satisfied with the hurried trip, and if your readers are not pleased with this more hasty account of it, they are simply out of luck.

JOS. WASSON.