

THE
MARVELLOUS COUNTRY;

OR,
THREE YEARS IN ARIZONA AND
NEW MEXICO.

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ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

SECOND EDITION.

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to ould Ireland by the first stamer," to which remark the doctor responded,—

"Well, Jimmy; if we lose the wheels again, you'll have to pack it, I'm afraid!"

The next morning found us once more on the road. We travelled all day without seeing any object worthy of note, and just at night came to a distilling camp, near which we pitched our own.



THE WHEEL SCENE.

Here a party of Mexicans and Papago Indians were engaged in distilling mescal, the native whiskey of Arizona.

The maguey, or Mexican aloe, grows in great abundance here, and many come to this vicinity for the purpose of gathering it.

A large pit is first dug, and partially filled with stones; upon these a fire is built, and kept up until the stones are heated red-hot; then the roots of the maguey which have been gathered, each consisting of a bulb about as large as one's head, are placed upon the

stones, and covered with blankets, where they are kept until perfectly soft. Next they are placed in large bags, made of rawhide, and stretched on poles, into which a man climbs, and by trampling upon them, presses out the juice, which runs through small holes in the bottom of the bag, and is caught in pails. This juice is then allowed to ferment, when a liquor is obtained, that, I believe, from Jimmy's appearance when he returned to camp that night, will make a person drunk clear through in a very short space of time.

Jimmy's excuse that it was "pure mountain dew," was accepted; for in taste and smell it more strongly resembled Irish whiskey than any liquor I have ever seen.

An early start the next morning, and just after noon we entered the town of Tucson, nothing having occurred to relieve the monotony of the journey; for Jimmy manifested not the least desire to start on any more expeditions in search of either water or information, although he frequently complained that "thravellin' was very dhry wark."

Tucson, at this time, was the capital of the Territory, with a population of about six hundred inhabitants, nearly one half of which were Mexicans, the balance consisting of a mixture of Apaches, Pimos, Papagoes, and cut-throats. Probably never before in the history of any country were gathered within the walls of a city such a complete assortment of horse-thieves, gamblers, murderers, vagrants, and villains, as were to be found in the city of Tucson.

The general appearance of the place gave one the impression that it had originally been a hill, which, owing to an unexpected but just visitation of Providence, had been struck with lightning; and the dilapidated mud walls, and dismantled *jacals*, that served as a shelter for the festering mass of corruption that breathed upon the site, were the residuum left in the shape of mud deposits, for not a white wall nor a green tree was to be seen there.

The only objects which met the eye were dilapidated bake ovens, old sheds, broken pottery, dead horses, tumble-down corrals, live dogs, drunken Indians, mules, pigs, and naked children. The sight was such an one as I had never before witnessed within the limits of civilization, and completely filled me with disgust.

There was no *fonda*, or other house of entertainment; and when one reached the apology that was called the *plaza*, he stopped, absolutely bewildered, not knowing where to go, or how to get there.

We soon found an unoccupied mud box, that served as a house, spread our blankets on the mud floor, and cooked our food in the mud fire-place; when night came, we brought everything, including wagon, harness, mules and accompaniments, into the mud walls, and shut and barred the doors.

The miserable appearance of the city and its inhabitants determined us to get out of the town as soon as possible, and get out we did, early in the morning, Dr. Parker remarking that "there was little fear of our being *salted* for looking back, though if there ever was a place closely allied to old Sodom, it was Tucson."

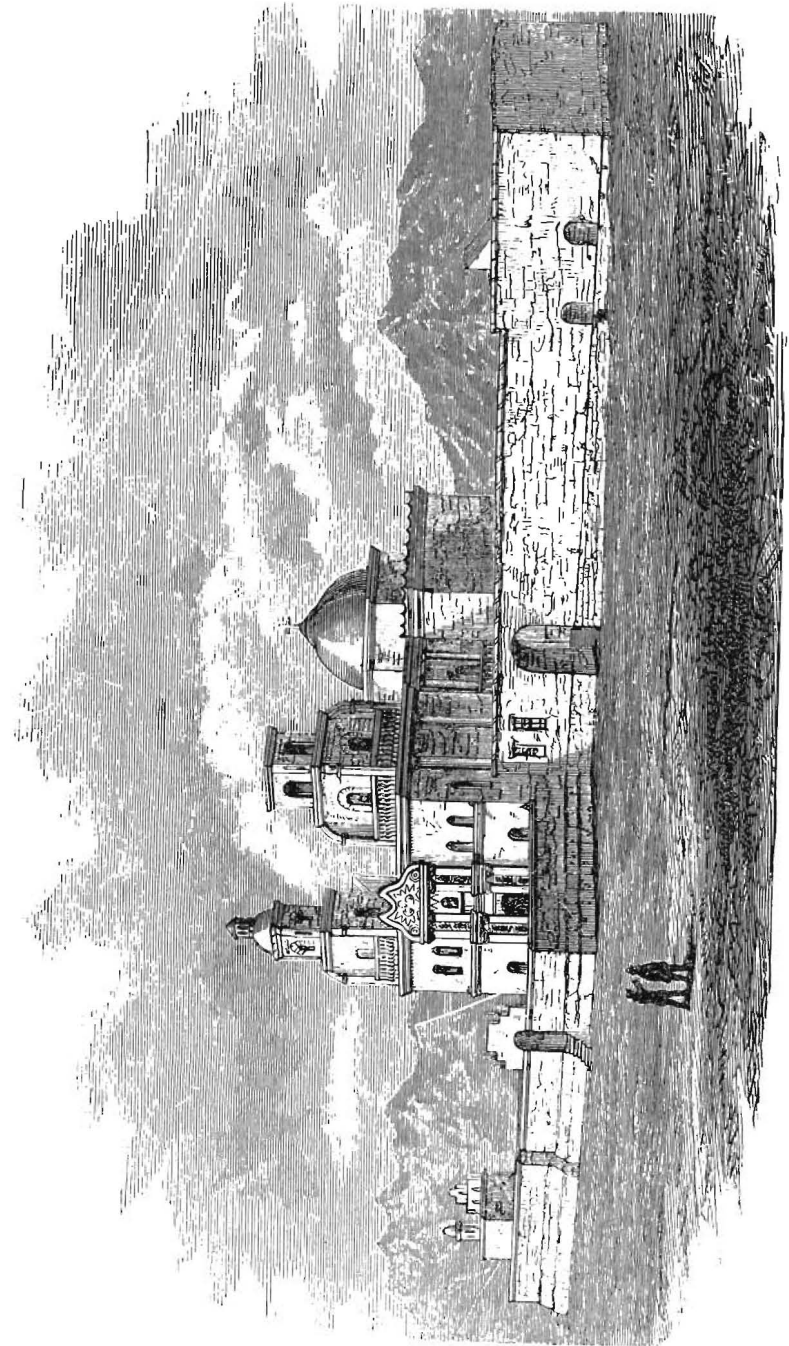
We shortly entered the lovely valley of the Santa Cruz; and here, ten miles from Tucson, we came upon the beautiful mission of San Xavier del Bac, built by the Jesuits in 1678, and the building would be an ornament to any city in the United States.

It is the most beautiful, as well as remarkable, specimen of the Saracenic style of architecture to be found in the country; nor have I ever seen a building in such perfect harmony with its proportions as is this. The moment the eye rests upon it, one experiences a feeling of entire satisfaction, so complete is it in every detail. Its front is richly ornamented with elaborate carving. Standing in niches, and grouped over and around the main entrance, are the remains of the figures of the twelve Apostles, evidently the work of a master's hand. From the front corners rise lofty and beautifully proportioned towers, one of which is surmounted with a most graceful spire. Over the main body of the church, which is cruciform in shape, rises a massive dome; while the walls, both inside and out, are capped by handsome cornices.

Nearly two hundred years had rolled over the walls of this magnificent structure, this splendid monument of the zeal, energy, and civilization of the ancient Jesuits.

It is now but a mere wreck, when compared with its former splendour. Eighty thousand dollars' worth of gold and silver ornamented its altar when the *Te Deum Laudamus* was chanted within its walls, and the mountain-tops around echoed the sound of the vesper bell, calling the poor Indian to prayer.

Alas! Time has blackened its frescoed walls, and sacrilegious hands have defaced its fine statuary and paintings; but the building itself will stand in its massive strength for a thousand years, and its graceful spire, silently pointing upwards, will not fail to remind the beholder that, hundreds of years ago, upon the deserts of



SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

Arizona, the example of the lowly Nazarene was held forth for the guidance of pagan Indians, in obedience to the Divine command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

Does not this magnificent building, with its desert surroundings, teach the stay-at-home-and-take-your-case Christians of the present day a lesson worthy of imitation?

'Twas an inexpressibly sad sight, this crumbling monument of man's faithfulness and devotion in extending the reign of our Lord Jesus Christ: and as I stood before its altar, my eye vainly striving to pierce the deep gloom of its shadowy aisles and recesses, the sight of a venerable-looking old Indian, devoutly kneeling with uncovered head before a little crucifix, carried my thoughts far back to the day and generation when the choir responded to the solemn mass, "Glory to God in the highest;" and I could almost hear the sweet tones of the priest, as they resounded through the arched and gloomy recesses of the old church, repeating, "And on earth peace, good will toward men."

Desolation and decay, however, have left their ineffaceable marks upon the building; and as I left its portals it was with the reflection that, after all, San Xavier was but a picture of life, drawn by a master's hand, whose outlines time never dims, and whose colours never fade.

The building is in charge of the Papago Indians, who still worship in it. There are about two hundred of these Indians, who reside in this vicinity, and cultivate the rich bottom-lands of the Santa Cruz, raising wheat, rye, corn, and vegetables in profusion. They also grow the most delicious pomegranates I ever tasted.

At the time of my visit, they were very much in need of stock, the Apaches having made a raid upon them only a few nights before, and driven off all their animals.

Old José was the chief of the tribe, and claimed a direct descent from royal blood. He informed us, in a peculiar jargon of Spanish, Papago, and English, that he was one hundred and four years of age, a statement that his appearance seemed to substantiate.

Let me attempt a description of him. Imagine, if you can, a short, thick-set person, weighing about two hundred and thirty pounds, clothed in an old-fashioned, snuff-coloured dress-coat, the tails of which gracefully swept the ground. Upon one shoulder an old tarnished epaulet; upon his feet a pair of moccasins, richly

wrought in silk, and ornamented with tiny bells of solid silver; his legs entirely destitute of clothing, and resembling very closely a pair of old-fashioned clothes-pins. His long, black hair, parted in the middle, was braided in a cue, the end ornamented with gaudy-coloured ribbons, which, resting on the top of his high, stiff coat-collar, elevated it to an angle of forty-five degrees, giving his head a very singular and grotesque appearance. The parting of his hair was painted a bright green, while his cheeks were plentifully daubed with ochre and vermilion. In his hand he carried a high-crowned, narrow-rimmed hat, of so small a size that he could, by no possibility, get it on his head.

He informed me, with a smile that was intended to be "child-like and bland," and perfectly displaying his toothless gums, that he was habited in his best garments, for the express purpose of doing us great honour.

I could not avoid offering him a slight token of my appreciation of his politeness, in the shape of a silver coin, which he seized with an avidity that convinced me that this "venerable descendant of his ancestors" had the same overweening desire for filthy lucre that has ever shown itself in human nature, whether descended from royal blood, or born in the plebeian walks of every-day life.

Not wishing to be outdone in politeness, I complimented the old fellow upon his fine personal appearance, telling him that Jimmy had remarked, there was about him that majesty and dignity which could be found only among Ireland's most kingly kings, at which compliment the old fellow turned himself slowly around, to give me a better opportunity to appreciate and admire his elegant dress and majestic bearing; and taking from his capacious pocket a small piece of mirror, he proceeded to take a survey of his ugly features with evident delight and satisfaction slowly repeating "*Si, señor; muy linda, muy linda;*" or, "Yes, sir; very beautiful, very beautiful."

The old fellow's antics reminded me more of a fashionable dandy of the present day, than any animal I ever saw; and I came to the conclusion that one could study human nature quite as well in a Papago Indian as in a Broadway exquisite.

Jimmy was really overpowered by the magnificent strut of Old José, and remarked to Dr. Parker, that "you could aluz tell a borned king whiniver yer seen him," a truism that neither Dr. Parker nor myself could contradict, as this was the first specimen

of the kind we had ever met, and withal as *bare* a specimen of a monarch as ever swayed a sceptre.

That evening we attended vesper service in the old church, for the Papagoes still respect the religion of the Catholic Church, taught to their ancestors more than two centuries ago. I was surprised and delighted by the music; it was novel and charming.

When the priest reached a certain portion of the service, the air seemed suddenly filled by the warbling of ten thousand birds, whose melodious notes rose and fell and swelled and lingered through the arched passages of the church, now dying away as though in the far distance, and again approaching nearer and nearer, until the very air seemed resonant with the notes of the sweetest feathered songsters.

Again we heard it, but so exquisitely soft and low that its cadences more closely resembled the wailings of an Æolian harp, than music created by mortal agency. Once more it swelled into grand and lofty pæans of praise, until it seemed that such exquisite music must be created by a celestial choir. Even Jimmy, who was devoutly kneeling in prayer, stopped and looking up, remarked, "What the devil is that now? I niver heard the likes er that, aven in ould Ireland."

As soon as we could withdraw from the service, the doctor and myself ascended to the gallery of the church, by means of a notched log of wood, that served for stairs.

Here we found, lying flat on their faces upon the floor, a dozen or more youths, before each one of whom stood a small cup of water, in which was inserted one end of split reeds of different sizes, the other end of the reed being hold in their mouths, and blowing through it, they produced the sweet sounds which had so enchanted us.

It seemed impossible that such delicious music could be produced by such simple instruments. The vesper service, in the old mission of San Xavier del Bac, was one never to be forgotten.

We returned to camp that night well pleased with the experiences of the day, and quite delighted with our visit. Jimmy was highly elated, and frequently remarked that "he niver expicted to spend another day in the prisence ov a live king," as he persisted in calling Old José.

The next morning's sun found us *en route* for Tubac, from which point we intended to visit the silver mines of Arizona.

CHAPTER XI.



WENTY miles' drive through the rich bottom-lands of the Santa Cruz brought us to Bill May's ranche. Every one in Arizona knew Bill, —a whole-souled, generous-hearted, daring frontiersman, who never turned a traveller away hungry from his door, or refused the shelter of his roof to the unfortunate. We had passed many ranches on our way, seen many fields of waving corn, but had ridden thus far because we wanted

to see Bill May. We found him at home, and he bade us "Enter" in the loud, cheery tones of a man whose heart was in his words; and the warm, friendly shake of the hand with which he greeted us spoke a sincere welcome.

May was a fine, athletic fellow, fully six feet in height, as brave as Julius Cæsar, and as cool as a cucumber, never losing his presence of mind under any circumstances. He was at war with the Apaches, and took every opportunity to "bag" some of them, as he expressed it. Only a few days before, he had followed a party who had stolen some of his cattle, and not only recovered the stock, but "bagged" two of the Indians, of which fact he felt justly proud.

A hearty supper of venison, with plenty of good coffee to enliven us during the evening, and help us swallow some of the Indian stories Bill entertained us with, together with a clean, sweet bed to sleep in,—the first we had occupied since we left Mesilla,—rested and refreshed us for our morrow's journey.

A delightful drive of some twenty miles through a most beautiful portion of the Territory, was the route for the day. We passed numerous traces of former cultivation, in the shape of unused and dry acequias, extending for miles in all directions, together with the remains of old ranches, and adobe-walls, which presented a sad contrast to the bright beauties of the day and the green bottom-lands of the Santa Cruz. It was late in the afternoon when we reached Tubac, which at that time was the head-quarters of the most refined and intelligent portion of the inhabitants of the Territory,—gentlemen from the East, in charge of the silver mines in this vicinity; scientific men sent out to explore and report upon newly-discovered mines; German metallurgists; officers of the military fort situated near by,—in short, the *élite* of Arizona called Tubac their home. It was also the head-quarters of the Arizona Mining Company: and it was here that we met Mr. Poston, the agent and superintendent of the company.

The town itself was very attractive, with its beautiful groves of acacias, its peach-orchards and its pomegranates, situated, as it is, immediately on the banks of the Santa Cruz, and embowered in the most luxuriant foliage. In close proximity to this town are to be found the Santa Rita, the Heintzleman, and the Cerro Gordo mines, the richest yet discovered in the Territory. Game was very abundant, and our larder was well supplied with venison, wild turkey, fish, and many other creature comforts, much to the evident delight of Jimmy, who, in addition to the fact that he was cook, greatly loved "good aitin."

The population of Tubac consisted of about eight hundred souls, one-sixth of whom were Americans and Germans, the remainder being Sonorians, with a few Yaqui Indians. This town, like Tucson, was originally an old Mexican fort, which, after the establishment of the boundary line, was deserted by the Mexicans, and the first settlement of Americans was made here in the year 1856. The only business transacted was that done by the mining company, if we except the trade in mescal, which was very extensive.

Four miles below Tubac, on a beautiful slope of the Santa Cruz, is another old mission building erected by the Jesuits, known as the mission of San José de Tumacacari, which was built about the time of that of San Xavier del Bac, though it is far from being in as good a state of preservation, owing, no doubt, to the

vandalism of the Americans and the depredations of the Apaches. In fact, the building is but little better than a mass of ruins. Like all these missions, Tumaccari was located in a fine agricultural country, as shown by the remains of old acequias, as well as the many cultivated fields that are plainly discernible for miles around; nor can there be any doubt that the Santa Cruz Valley was once the home of a vast population, though now, owing to the constant raids of the Apaches, 'tis but a barren waste.

Gravestones, or rather head-boards, stand by the road-side like sentinels, bearing the invariable inscription,—

“KILLED BY THE APACHES.”

Ruined ranches, deserted *haciendas*, and untilled fields stare you in the face whichever way you turn, and tell a story that cannot fail to awaken in the mind of the beholder the most melancholy reflections.

A visit to Fort Buchanan, the next day, at the head of the charming Sonoita Valley, where we met with Captain R. S. Ewell and the officers of his command, was a most enjoyable one in every way. Upon Captain Ewell's expressing a desire to visit some of the silver mines in the vicinity, we urged him so strongly to accompany us that he finally consented: and, accepting the generous hospitality offered by him, we remained over night at the Fort, and the next morning, in company with the captain and an escort of ten mounted men, we left Fort Buchanan for a visit to the silver mines of Southern Arizona. We decided to first visit the Patagonia mine, then owned by Sylvester Mowrey, one of the first American settlers in the Territory. We found Mr. Mowrey at the mine, and received from him some important information concerning it, which may be of interest to the reader.

The mine is situated in the Santa Cruz Mountains, about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is nearly three hundred miles from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, and about ten miles from the Sonora line. It was worked by the Spaniards as early as 1760, abandoned on account of Apache raids in 1820, and was re-discovered by Mr. Mowrey in 1856. At the time of our visit, the company were engaged in putting in a steam-engine, which had been hauled by mules from Lavaca, in Texas, a distance of fourteen hundred miles. A boiler weighing nearly six thousand pounds had also been brought in the same way, to the great terror of the Apaches, who not only kept a respectable distance from it,

but could not be induced to approach it, believing it to be a huge cannon, brought into the country to accomplish their immediate and entire destruction at one discharge.

The necessary buildings for the machinery, the smelting-houses, reduction works, store-houses, and dwellings for the *peons* was a most pleasing sight in contrast to the signs of desolation to be seen in all other directions. The ore taken from this mine is an argentiferous galena, strongly impregnated with arsenic, and is easily mined and reduced. There are three veins, each large and well-defined. The ore was yielding from sixty to seventy dollars per ton, which was considered a large paying yield. Since that time, a day's working, or twenty tons of ore, has yielded as high as sixteen hundred dollars, at an actual cost of about four hundred.

Notwithstanding these results, the proprietors have never been able to realize much profit from it, on account of the depredations of the Indians; and shortly after my visit, a band of Apaches drove off all of the company's stock, and murdered the superintendent and many of the miners: since then the mines have been unworked, the valuable machinery useless, many of the buildings destroyed, and desolation and decay have left their sad marks on all around.

That night we encamped near the foot of the Pintos Mountains, in a beautiful grove of cotton-wood, beside a spring whose clear, sparkling waters we found to be quite as cool as we cared to drink.

Rising early the next morning, I set out for a walk of three or four miles, to visit a pass or cañon in the mountains, whose beauty I had often heard extolled by Captain Ewell. I had gone nearly two miles from camp, and was admiring the grandeur of the mountain scenery before me, whose peaks were fairly gleaming in the rays of the rising sun, when my ear caught the sound of unshod horses' feet resounding on the hard, pebbly soil, like the muffled gallop of a distant squad of cavalry. Failing to detect the sharp ring of the iron hoofs of our American horses, I at once decided that it was a party of Indians approaching. Hastily secreting myself behind a thick clump of hackberry, I breathlessly awaited further developments; nor had I long to wait, for I soon saw approaching a party of eight Apaches, each bestriding an animal gaudily caparisoned with eagles' feathers and brass ornaments.

They passed very near me,—so near, in fact, that I was enabled to note the face and peculiar ornaments of each one of the party. Not a sound was heard save the footsteps of their horses, nor was a word spoken as long as they remained in sight. Each one was naked, save the breech-clout, and carried in his hand the hated spear so well-known and dreaded among the settlers in Arizona, while to the saddles of four of the party was tied an old Mississippi Yauger, of antiquated make and flint lock, yet quite effective in the hands of Apaches. Their faces and bodies were well striped with vermilion, ochre, and black, and as they passed, each brave sitting erect, and as firm as a rock upon the back of his horse, their eyes constantly turning to the right and left, as if scanning every bush and rock that might permit concealment for a foe, I could but admire their dignified and soldier-like bearing, though I well knew that a discovery of my hiding-place would be certain and speedy death to me. I am bound to confess that during the time they were in sight I was more quiet than I had ever been before in my life.

As soon as the Indians were well out of sight, I started for camp. I started in haste, too; not because I was hungry, as much as because I was lonesome and particularly anxious to see my friends.

In thinking the thing over, I am convinced that there is no white man living at the present time, who ever got over more ground in a shorter space of time, than did I in going from the clump of hackberry to our camp. When I reached the camp I was somewhat "blown," and found that I had very carelessly left my hat somewhere on the route. I needed that hat badly, still I decided not go back after it, nor have I seen it to this day.

As soon as I could obtain a sufficient amount of breath to enable me to explain the circumstances of my hasty entry into camp, Captain Ewell started at once with eight of his men, in the hope of overtaking them. We remained here all day, and it was not until late in the evening that the captain and his party returned, without having been able to come up with the Indians, who managed to secrete themselves as soon as they reached the mountains.

The Apaches, when on a raid or on the war-path, are allowed to eat but one meal a day, and to rest but three hours out of the twenty-four. Their discipline when on their excursions is splendid, quite equal to that of any army of civilized soldiers,

while their ability to endure the hardships and discomforts of a campaign is far superior to that of white men.

The Indians whom I encountered in my morning ramble were, undoubtedly, Coytero Apaches, and a part of Deligado's band. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not take any more lonely



I RETURN TO CAMP WITHOUT MY HAT.

rambles, but confined myself strictly to camp, much to the delight of Jimmy, who remarked in my presence, that "such an escape ought to be a warnin' to any man that was in the habit of wanderin' over the country when honest men should be in bed and asleep."

CHAPTER XII.



HE broke camp early the following morning, in order to reach the Santa Rita mine, situated in the Santa Rita Mountains, the next day, the distance being about forty miles. We found at the mine a Mr. Grosvenor, who was the general manager of affairs there. He had but recently been appointed to the position, and was labouring hard to get things in order. He informed us that the Apaches, within the past twelve months, had killed

his three predecessors in the management of the mines; and within six months from that time, Mr. Grosvenor suffered a similar fate.

Up to the time of our visit, several assays of the ore had been made, yielding from sixty to four hundred dollars to the ton. In less than a year afterwards, the Apaches had killed all the miners and stolen the stock, thus forcing the company to abandon the enterprise which had given such promise of great success. In close proximity to the Santa Rita mine, and in the same range, is the Salero mine. This mine is advantageously located as regards wood and water, and at the time of our visit was regarded as one of the most valuable mines in the Territory. Mr. Grosvenor informed us that more than a hundred and twenty years before it was worked under the superintendence of the Jesuits, then living at the mission of Tumaccari, and at that time yielded very large

quantities of silver. The settlers about call it the Salt-cellar mine, and tell the following story of the origin of the name:

At the time the Jesuits were working the mine, the bishop of Sonora, a very distinguished person in those days, took it into his head to visit the good fathers at Tumaccari. He arrived at the mission with a numerous retinue, and surrounded with much pomp and state. Now the bishop was but a man, after all, and a man somewhat noted for the same distinguishing characteristics that our friend Jimmy possessed, viz., he loved "good aitin." So when the holy fathers ascertained whom their guest really was, they hastily bestirred themselves, that they might give him a fitting reception, and an entertainment worthy of his Reverence. Everything was at length satisfactorily arranged. The capons were fat, the mutton fine, the wines delicious, the fruit luscious,—in short everything that could tickle the palate and delight the taste abounded in lavish profusion. The good bishop, however, liked his food well seasoned, and in the midst of the sumptuous repast was confounded to discover a lack of salt, whereupon he called loudly for a salt-cellar.

Imagine the confusion and dismay of the holy fathers at being obliged to confess that within the walls of Tumaccari such an article as a salt-cellar could not be found.

"No salt-cellar!" cried the bishop. "Why, I would as soon think of keeping house without a house, as without a salt-cellar."

Humbly acknowledging their fault, the fathers could only promise that on the morrow the desired article should be procured.

"Well and good," said the bishop; "and for this once the omission shall be pardoned."

After the dinner was over, the good fathers consulted together as to how the missing salt-cellar could be supplied on so short a notice. At length a bright idea dawned upon them; and hastily summoning some *peons*, one of the fathers took them in charge, and started for the mine. The ore was dug, smelted, and ere sunrise the next morning, made into a massive salt-cellar, so wonderful and valuable that the fame of it has descended even to this day and generation, and it is to be seen in the bishop's palace at Hermosillo, the wonder and delight of all beholders.

From this story the mine receives its name of Salero. This mine, together with the Fuller, Encarnation, Bustillo, Crystal, Cazador, and Teuaja, all in the same range, are mines that were

worked many years ago by the Spaniards, and, although yielding largely, were abandoned on account of the Apaches.

There are hundreds of mines in the different ranges of mountains in this vicinity, all rich, and many, having yielded enormously when worked, now abandoned and desolate, as it has been proved impossible to work them so long as that common foe to industry and civilization, the Apache, remains unconquered.

Captain Ewell determined to start for Fort Buchanan at once; and we reached the fort about midnight, right glad to once more see around us signs of life and civilization. After refreshments, and a good whiskey toddy, mixed by the captain himself, we retired to our bed, and sought that rest and sleep we so much needed.

The next morning we returned to Tubac, where we remained for the day, to the evident satisfaction of Jimmy, who expressed himself heartily sick of "pokin' his nose into ivery hole in the ground that we come to, and Injuns all around us."

The next day, in company with Mr. Poston and Mr. Cross, we started on a visit to the Cerro Colorado mine, better known as the Heintzleman mine, which derived its name from our brave old general of that name, who in early Arizona times was stationed in the Territory, and who, perhaps, did more to protect the citizens and develop the mineral resources of Arizona than any one man before or since.

The mine when we were there had passed into the hands of a company who have since taken the name of the Arizona Mining Company. The mine is situated in the Cerro Colorado Mountains, at once the richest and most barren range in the whole Territory. It is distant from Tubac about twenty-five miles, and at the time of our visit was in successful operation, employing about two hundred men, and paying a very handsome profit.

Mr. Poston very kindly placed at our command all the facilities in his power to enable us to explore the mine, besides giving us much valuable information concerning it. At that time the main shaft had reached a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, and the ore seemed to yield far better than it had yet done. The ore at a depth of thirty feet had yielded sixty dollars to the ton; at a depth of sixty feet it had yielded nearly two thousand dollars to the ton; and an assay had just been made in San Francisco of the ore at a depth of one hundred feet, and found to yield the enormous sum of nine thousand dollars to the ton.

Mr. Poston was satisfied that the ore would average as high as six hundred dollars per ton, which, even when compared with the richest silver mines in Mexico and Nevada, is very large, their average being from sixty to eighty-five dollars to the ton.

The Heintzleman mine is, without doubt, the richest silver mine in the world; but in 1862, the Apaches made a descent upon it, murdering Mr. Poston and many of the miners, since which time the mine, like nearly all others in Arizona, remains unworked.

The same company of capitalists who own this mine, are also the owners of the celebrated Arrivacca ranche, a few miles distant, which is said to be the most valuable property in the Territory, containing some thirty thousand acres of fine agricultural land, together with many valuable silver leads, some of which have been worked, while others are yet virgin to the miner's hand.

While Dr. Parker in company with Mr. Poston and myself, had been exploring the wonders of the Cerro Colorado, Jimmy had disappeared, and with him an old but highly-prized Sharp's carbine. Becoming somewhat alarmed for his safety, Mr. Poston kindly dispatched two *vaqueros* in search of him.

After an hour or so they struck his trail, and following it for some distance, at last found Jimmy sitting upon the carcass of a fine buck, that, much to his surprise, he had succeeded in shooting.

The Mexicans not being able to speak a word of English, and Jimmy not understanding a word of Spanish, they found much difficulty in forcing him to comprehend their object in coming after him, he resisting all their attempts to bring him back; for, as it was the first deer that Jimmy had ever killed, he had no idea of leaving it until it was brought into camp.

The *vaqueros*, finding their efforts unavailing, returned to Mr. Poston to report. After listening to the story, Dr. Parker volunteered to take a wagon and go with the men to bring the game into camp. Although quite late when the doctor reached the spot, he found Jimmy patiently waiting by the side of his prize for the arrival of some one to assist him to bring the game in.

In the meanwhile Mr. Poston and myself had quietly arranged a plan of action for our evening's amusement. The sound of wheels in the distance, together with voices, Jimmy's "rich Irish brogue" being easily distinguishable, announced the return of the party. Jimmy soon appeared, highly elated, and begging us to go at once and look at the game. We found it a very fine buck;

and Mr. Poston, after examining it attentively for a few moments, gravely remarked to me,—

“Yes, that is the animal; I should have recognised it among a thousand.” And then turning to Jimmy, requested him to relate his story, which he was nothing loath to do.

As soon as he reached the part where, in his own phraseology, “he fired at the deer shure,” we all looked grave and incredulous, but said not a word, much to Jimmy’s surprise and perplexity.

After he had finished his story, I turned to Mr. Poston, and asked him if that was the deer which he had referred to. He replied in the affirmative; and in proof of his assertion brought forward the two *vaqueros*, whose testimony I gravely interpreted into English, to the effect that the deer had been lying in the spot where Jimmy had found it for more than a week; that they had repeatedly seen it there, and that was the cause of their going that way in search of Jimmy.

Requesting Dr. Parker to examine the wound, he did so, pronouncing it to be an old one, and assuring us that the deer must have been dead some time, and evidently had died from weakness occasioned by loss of blood.

Jimmy was confounded,—utterly nonplussed! In vain did he show the rifle, and declare “by the blissid Virgin” that he killed the deer. The more he protested, the stronger grew the evidence against him, until at last the poor fellow was made to believe that he had had no hand in the death of the animal, although he remarked, that “this was the most deceptive counthry that any mon iver lived in, and that he would like to lave it at onct for a place where a mon’s eyesight didn’t deceave him in the outrageous manner it did here.”

After convincing him beyond all doubt, by the most positive evidence, that he did not kill the deer, the *vaqueros* proceeded to dress it, and we feasted that night on the most delicious venison steak we had yet found in the country; nor did we give Jimmy the credit he so much deserved for killing the deer, until some days later.

One fact impressed us most forcibly during our visit to this portion of the Territory, viz., all the mountains are, to a greater or less extent, exceedingly rich, being filled with valuable deposits of silver and gold. Since our visit, the Heintzleman mine, like all the others, has been deserted, in consequence of the depredations of the Apaches. Ruins alone mark the place which but a few

years since was the home of thrift and industry. How long this state of affairs will continue, who can tell? There is no protection for life or property there, nor can I see how the government can adequately garrison such a vast extent of territory as would be necessary to protect the mining interests in this section of the country. With the experiences of the past, no capitalists can be found willing to invest their money in speculations of so uncertain a character as silver mining, without protection, in Arizona.



JIMMY'S TRIAL.

There are many other mines equal in value to these I have named, particularly in and around Arrivacca. The Cahuabia, Bahia, and, in fact, dozens of mines could be mentioned, all rich, and lacking but one thing to make them valuable,—protection. Give the silver mines of Arizona but this, and there can be no doubt but that they would rival the richest silver mines in the world in their productions.

Leaving the Heintzleman mine, we drove to Tubac, where

we remained for the night, enjoying the hospitality of the Arizona Mining Company, and early the next morning were on the road once more for Tucson. It was a beautiful day, and as we drove along, enjoying the delicious breeze from the mountains, we could but exclaim at the prodigality with which nature had bestowed her fairest gifts upon a country, whose inhabitants, like Tantalus, were doomed to see, but not to enjoy.

We spent the night with our friend Bill May, who, after administering to the comforts of the inner man, entertained us until a late hour with a history of the wild and adventurous life he had led upon the Mexican frontier, he having been one of the few who escaped of the party that formed the Crabbe expedition into Sonora in 1851.

The next morning we again started, and long ere night reached the Papago village, nestled under the shadow of the spires of San Xavier. Here we remained for the night; for the sight of the green fields and waving grain were far preferable to the mud walls and filthy surroundings of Tucson. Jimmy was delighted to see the "king" once again, as he persistently called Old José.

That evening, while we were lying on the grass watching Jimmy prepare the venison steaks for our supper, Dr. Parker said to him,—

"Jimmy, that is the finest venison we have yet seen in the country, and we are really indebted to you for it, for you killed it."

"Did I shoot that deer meself?" asked Jimmy, with the utmost surprise depicted on his expressive features.

"Yes, Jimmy, you shot it yourself."

"An' the ividence agin me wuz a lie?"

"All a lie, Jimmy."

"Thin by the powers," said Jimmy, "don't I wish I had thim vicarus here now! To think of 'em thryin' to stael the honour from a stranger in the counthry—and they livin' in it too. Wouldn't I like to give 'em a bit of an ould Irish shillalah, tho'?"

The only animosity Jimmy exhibited was towards the unfortunate *vaqueros*, whose testimony had been manufactured by me to suit the occasion; and I very much fear that could he have found them, he would have administered the sound drubbing he threatened, in spite of anything we could do to prevent it.

In the evening we attended vespers for the last time in the

old church, and once more listened to the soul-entrancing music of the Papago choralists. After the service, we witnessed in the yard of the church a regular Spanish "cock-fight," at which silver ounces freely changed hands. Each cock was armed with the old-fashioned Spanish slasher, a long, thin, steel blade, shaped somewhat like a hook, and most effective in destroying the life of the bird in whose body it is once sheathed.

The priest who officiated at vespers was the owner of the winning cock, his opponent having been brought from Tucson. Of course we congratulated him upon his good fortune, and his hearty "*Mil gracias*," convinced us that his soul was quite as much with his bird, as it had been with his service.