

barrier was being dissipated, the destructive agencies of great seasonal changes and excessive rainfall were much more active, persistent, and wearing. Above latitude 40° we do not find the long, gently sloping surfaces of disintegrated material before referred to. As we advance northward, even the steep, sloping hillsides give way to the fiord-like coasts of Vancouver and the islands of the Archipelago Alexander. There, violent storms, excessive moisture and precipitation, and large thermal changes are producing a hundred fold greater effects than to the southward, and obliterating whatever evidence existed of the terrace or other formations. Or the terraces may have been but partially developed on account of the movement of the ice belt not closely following the trend of the coast line, or deflected therefrom at given localities by the seaward pressure of the continental ice sheet, or not exhibited on account of a subsidence of part of the north-westernmost parts of the coast.

And here we had intended to close; but upon recent, although comparatively limited views of the former water-level markings of the Colorado Desert and in the Salt Lake Basin, we were struck by the similarity, or parallelism of action, that sculptured the boundaries of the latter with that graving tool which etched the Pacific Coast line in the same latitude. In these cases two distinctive forms of action have been at work, although not necessarily at the same period. The old ocean level of the Colorado Desert is as sharply and clearly defined as if the waters had been drawn away from this

basin but yesterday, and the boundaries bear the characteristic markings which would be expected should some of our more protected coast line be suddenly and uniformly raised, or the ocean level depressed several hundred feet without catastrophic action. The markings of the old ocean level are on a level with the present surface of the ocean, and no elevation of the land has taken place. No terraces are seen on the eastern shore of this ancient arm of the Gulf of California. Above the line of the sea-level the surface exhibits a washed-out line of sand and gravel; below it the soil is fine, with a comparatively regular surface, and full of marine shells. On the other hand, many of the peculiarities of the Salt Lake Basin (so far only as we have seen, and speaking, therefore, with great reserve) indicate that water above was not the means which effected the sculpturing seen on the lower part of the rocky flanks of the mountains from Promontory to Ogden. As observant travelers well know, the different levels of the lake are plainly scored and cut as narrow lines and terraces into the hard, rocky material of the mountainous shores. They are upon a much smaller scale than upon the Pacific Coast; nevertheless they seem to certify that here similar agencies were also graving its rocky walls, and certainly that the forces were wholly different from those formerly at work in the Colorado Sea. While there may have been no great current to move an ice mass, yet the force of the wind could in part have aided to slowly carry the mass of ice grinding along its borders.

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

## A TRIP INTO SONORA.

Clouds hung low and threatening on an afternoon in last March, as we drove out of Tucson and took the road up the Santa Cruz toward Sonora. "We" consisted of Flory, a mining expert, who originally hailed from Georgia; the Professor, who spoke Spanish; Story, from San Francisco, who wore glasses in a gold frame; and myself. Our driver was a young Mexican with a troublesome name, beginning with Don and a long bugle-blast of vowel-sounds thundering in its wake; so we dubbed him "Colonel Miranda" at once. A liberal supply of colored woolen shirts, blankets (for the nights were still cold on the *mesas*), a lunch basket, pistols, ammunition, and snake-antidote constituted the chief part of our outfit. By the time we had

reached the first *posta* night had fallen with the rain, and the road was becoming slick and heavy. The valley of the Santa Cruz, from Tucson to the Sonora line, seventy-five miles, is a soft volcanic or alluvial soil, with occasional alkaline traces, and cotton-wood, mesquite, cactus, and palo-verde here and there, which, with occasional fields of socaton and scout-grass, form the vegetable growth.

As the night advanced the rain fell more heavily, and as our team was a pair of lazy mules, we crept along the *mesa* slowly from the first, getting slower all the time. When ten miles out, the Professor and Flory concluded to walk on to the next *posta*, and send back a team to meet us. It was eleven o'clock; the rain fell



quietly, but surely, and toward midnight, after talking over a range of subjects as wide as Don Juan dreamed of, Story and I feel asleep. We were awakened by the scraping of limbs against the stage, and the stopping of the team. In his faith that the mules were too lazy to leave the road, Colonel Miranda had fallen asleep, and was served as those who rely on faith generally are. They had wandered far away from the road while we slept. He got out, looked around till he saw we were lost, yawned, and climbed to his seat, prepared to let things happen. Neither of us could talk with him. I got out in the rain, and, by striking matches, followed the trail as we had come, and at last found the road. It would have been quite impossible to recognize it after such a rainfall had not a wagon, with a pole under the axle of a broken shaft, passed, making a broad, deep cut. We were thankful for the misfortunes of others. As it was now too dark to travel we stopped in the road to wait for day, or the other team, and all of us soon fell asleep in the vehicle. During the night I was awakened by the presence of foreigners. These were coyotes; not one or two, but a dozen, at least. The rain had ceased. They whisked their dusky forms here and there, whining not entirely unlike city dogs when striking up an acquaintance and asking after the health of the family. I could hear their light, stealthy foot-falls as they trotted back and forth. While it was as difficult to see one as a minnow in a deep pool, I could easily smell them without a lantern. By odor it was high noon; the air was full of asafœtida and brimstone. At length one of them took the chair, and called the meeting to order. He set the tune in a long howl, and the others struck in. It seemed to say, "Squire, hear us do 'The Battle of Prague.'" It may have been that they mistook Story's snoring for music, and were politely helping him. I leaned out of the window and began a speech of thanks. There was a rustle, that died away out on the *mesa* into a subdued whisper, followed by the stillness of the grave. The serenade was over.

Day dawned, and we moved on slowly. Story growled at the Colonel; the latter didn't resent it. Two hours after we found Flory and the Professor, who had camped at a small house without touching the *posta*. We had traveled thirteen miles in sixteen hours. It was five miles yet to the *posta*. The rain had ceased, but there was plenty of water on the ground. We set out on foot, leaving Colonel Miranda to persuade the lazy mules along at the reckless pace of two miles to the hour. First, we started off with our dress-parade step; after half a mile we pulled up our pants' legs; two

hundred yards farther we put them higher, and kept on till they were knee-breeches. The mud was sticky, and each foot carried along a farm with it. Had we passed over an Irish farm we would have bankrupted the proprietor by taking away all his soil. True, we could have scraped it off after crossing his three acres, and he could have shoveled and carted it back in two months. We needed either a balloon or a bateau. Story was rather fat. Soon his coat came off, then his vest, then his collar and overshirt, while he seemed on the eve of one of Falstaff's great thaws. Besides this, he was short-legged, so that when he would move one foot past the other, a passing promontory would collide with a reposing continent, and stick fast. It was *adobe*. The Professor, however, was made for wading, and could swing one foot around out through the country and bring it in when he wished to step.

All day we were climbing the valley of the Santa Cruz, and toward sunset reached Calabasas—the realization of Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden. Somewhere back in the cob-webbed past the King of Spain issued a grant of this tract, of seven leagues of land, to some old son of the conquest, who gave it the name of Calabasas (little squashes). From the grantee it has come down through all the tangled mazes known to the statutes of descent, distribution, and alienation, till it reached the hands of the company who now own it. Where the valley is nearly surrounded by mountain peaks they laid out the city of Calabasas, and put down the foundation of a hotel. We found, beside the incipient hotel, one small brick building, one *adobe*, and an artesian drill that had grown tired of plunging into dry dirt, and leaned over to rest. A mist was falling, the nearest approach to rain they had had in two years, while clouds crept along the valley and up the mountain sides, to scatter and weave their wraiths of thin, pale mist, in ghostly legions, around the eternal crags. Darting through broken clouds to the westward, the sunshine lit up a small cloud, poised against the mountain's breast, from center to circumference with all the colors born in the prism—a rainbow that had no bow—and retained its changing and recurring tints as the heavy folds, rolling through and about each other, crept up the mountain side. It was a moving volume of color—the unfashioned elements of the Bow of Promise—a mass of glory no painter could catch, sweeping up to the cold peaks to die. Thus the mist closed over the sun, and the sober-hued scene was unbroken, as we gazed from valley to hill. It was a beautiful, a remarkable phenomenon. Flory said it was a rainbow "dumped;" the Professor, who

reaching



used to be on a newspaper "staff," said it was "pied;" while Story remarked that, as this was a new country, he guessed they hadn't "got molds yet to run 'em in."

The scenery about Calabasas is very beautiful. The windings of the Santa Cruz can be traced by the thin fringing of cottonwoods; indeed, at this time, that was the best proof of where the river ran, as that concern had about gone out of business. It was navigable up to the Calabasas landing—by small fish and tadpoles; but even for them it was the head of navigation. Down the valley, hiding among the cottonwoods, stand the crumbling ruins of the old Mission of Tumacacori. From present indications, the city of Calabasas will have to wait half a dozen centuries for its greatness. The river will first have to grow; then they will need an artificial rain-fall, as nature don't attend to that; and the commercial value of its staple—mule rabbits—must be enhanced, for it is a regular rabbit orchard.

Night fell after leaving Calabasas, Story and I going to sleep on the back seat. We were still climbing up the northern side of the "divide" between the valleys of the Santa Cruz and the Magdalena, and the last we remembered ere we went to the "arms of Murphy" (this joke by the Professor) was the slow, weary hauling of the vehicle. Deep were the slumbers on the back seat. Dreams—those wayward phantasies of the half-death of life—stole upon us. We were working a pole-boat up a rugged, swift stream, as I had often seen done in the Cotton States, and the heavy barge, in its concussion with the water at every shove at the pole, seemed to make something complain, and while we were trying industriously in the interest of science to discover whether it was barge or water that thus "spake out in the meeting," the river changed, and the stream began to run down hill toward its original source. Here was a new problem—what had wrought this disturbance? In sheer inability to account for it upon any acknowledged scientific principles, I took refuge in the nursery lore of long lost years, and believed that Tony Bucher had raised up the channel of the river at its mouth. Tony was one of those accommodating creatures who would do anything for any one if requested, but nothing for himself except lie in the shade and tell stories. Clearly did I remember how, in childhood, I had listened with open-eyed wonder to his recital of how he had once carried a steamboat on his back from one river to another on a wager of a pound of tobacco, and how, finding a well without bucket, rope, or windlass, and being thirsty, he picked up the hole and drank till his thirst was quenched. I

blushed then, and perhaps did again in my dream, at the notion for not making him President. The barge was now rumbling down the whirling, roaring stream. Then I heard something like pattering feet, that grew more and more distinct, frequently broken into by Apache yells. I was awake now. The patter was from the feet of the wiry Mexican horses, while the Apache became none other than Colonel Miranda. We had crossed the "divide," and were "punching the breeze" for the valley of the Magdalena. Story was snoring a resonant bass to the hoof-falls and rattle of wheels. "The pale moonbeams, piercing the thin tissue of fleecy clouds overhead," as we used to observe in school while "doing" Spartacus, cast a weird light over the scattering mesquite trees, that seemed to whisk by us on their way to the northward. Colonel Miranda had been taking numerous astronomical observations through a bottle that was slanderously charged on the label with having harbored Muscat. We suppose they were entirely satisfactory, from his remarks, thrown out upon the chill air, "Hoop-la, ya-ya, Santa Maria," etc.

Agua Sacra was reached at two o'clock in the morning. This is the station of the Mexican "Coast Guard," consisting of two *adobe* houses, thatched with straw, and a small corral. The post-horses were out, and could not be found at night. We asked for feed for our team, intending to push on, after an hour's rest, to the next *posta*. The *Guarda de la Estacion* had none; never had any since he could remember. The horses are turned out, with the advice to help themselves, as the country lay before them, with plenty of freedom, if not grass. Travelers generally receive the same large-hearted invitation. Flory remarked that there was nothing small about Mexican hospitality. Story, who had now rounded to in his almost interminable bass, and crawled out from his snugery, cut his cables and rashly shouldered the responsibility of a pun on the size of Mexican horses; the Professor began looking among the bottles and pistols, evidently puzzled in deciding which size was most suitable to the defense. Here Story, perceiving the drift of affairs, observed that he guessed Flory's remark was all right, and that he would withdraw his amendment. The Professor now became resolute, and assured us he would "develop things." Peering into the hut of the "Coast Guard," we supposed him to have had the following conversation. As it was in Spanish—a tangled mystery to us—we are left in a sea of conjecture; for the Professor ever afterward stoutly refused to tell us, always remarking, "Oh, well, it's no matter."



Professor—"Hello, friend! Got any feed?"

Coast Guard—"Suppose we have. What then?"

P.—"That's good. We want some. Got plenty of money." Something in the region of his pocket jingled.

C. G.—"Glad to hear you are flush, Colonel."

P.—"Well, what about the feed?"

No answer. Two minutes elapsed.

P.—"What about the feed?"

Two minutes more and no answer.

Here the Professor sat down on a stool, remarking, *sotto voce*, in English:

"He'll come to. You just 'hold your horses' and trust to me. He's thinking it over."

Another minute passed.

"Amigo, what about the feed?"

Another pause in the stillness of hushed expectancy. Then came the answer from the dark recess of the hut: "Gua-ya-yah! Gua-ya-yah! Gua-u-u-wa-u-u! Ga-u-u-w!"

This was in good English. A snore is the same in all languages. He was in the "arms of Murphy," and the Professor's smile shone under a cloud for two days, and ever afterward he has spoken of Mexican courtesy as belonging to the paleozoic age.

That night was passed in blankets around a fire. When day dawned, we had company. One of the Guard, perhaps the one that held the animated discussion with the Professor, was standing by the fire, blanketed, belted, and pistoled. I have seen handsomer men, but never one whose face will remain with me longer. I have seen it often in my dreams since. It was an epitome of villainy. As a precautionary movement, Flory passed the *mescal*, and then the expanse he would have called his face became transformed. The *cañons* and copses where the brigand expression lurked filled up and cleared away with the sunshine of a smile that was pleasant, and so much in contrast with his ordinary expression that it would provoke confidence. He examined the heavens through the bottle and became sociable. Story dubbed him Blucher, because as he rode away he reminded him of the old Prussian's appreciation of London on first view, "Lord, what a city to sack!" He was social, especially with the Professor; indeed, to the extent of examining his luggage. Whether this attention—from which the rest were exempt—had any special reference to the Professor's boast, in their late interview, about "plenty of money," we will never know, as we had only that coincidence, together with a lurking smile that nestled in his scraggy beard and played like sunlight ripples in the aforesaid *cañons*. All of us liked Blucher, except the Professor. How long we would have

had to wait is just such a thing as would cause Dundreary to exclaim, "No fellah can tell," had not Don Conrado Aguirre, a wealthy sheepherder come along. He had some connection with the stage company, and moved up the lazy *Guarda de la Estacion* to something like life. Don Conrado breakfasted with us, and in his kindly attentions, frank, open manners, and cordial bearing, left a memory of himself in the minds of the party not soon to fade.

Out from Agua Sacra fifteen miles we overtook Blucher, who was on horseback. The stage was rattling rapidly along, and Blucher had to gallop to keep up. He turned up a bottle, and "irrigated" without breaking his pace, and the frown that stole in among his grizzly whiskers and climbed up under the shadows of his *sombrero*, made a darker gloaming in the *cañons*. Night was again falling as we rode into Magdalena, the Colonel yelling, "Ha-ha! Yo-yo!" and cracking his whip like pistol shots over the mules' backs. Dogs, people, *burros*, and hogs got out of the street—or took chances. The bells of the Catholic church were ringing and clanging from the tower in the starlight. As ministers of the priesthood they recalled the words of "The Bells:"

"The people, ah, the people,  
They that dwell up in the steeple  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone."

Here we found a town of three or four thousand inhabitants—at least, that is what they told us. As it was night, we did not take the census. We merely got a supper of *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and scrambled eggs, and a box of cigars. The latter cost two dollars and a half, and could not be purchased in Tucson for less than seven dollars. It was with sadness that we here parted with Colonel Miranda—but the sadness was all on the part of the Colonel. *Cocheros* that sleep both day and night, when not "filling up," are a luxury to be dispensed with. While he was getting full he remained awake, and far be it from me to say aught against his work during those fitful moments of faithful labor. The Professor thought he could gauge the flow of *mescal* to such a scientific nicety as to keep the Colonel in a rosy-hued stage of getting drunk all the time; but the Colonel's mechanism, under the influence of his national drink, was as irregular as the time of a repaired watch. He would just amble along in the most orthodox way imaginable for a while; then, without any perceptible warning, would dash off into a



big drunk, and, turning his muscadine-looking eyes toward the Professor, would yield him the reins, and fall off into sleep with the remark, "Brofezer, you jiz drove while I zlepe—zlep none in a week." At least, this is what Story said was a liberal translation of his remarks. While sober he let things happen; his eyes looked far away into the green pastures of ideality, and his lips murmured snatches of some serenade that had been on duty centuries ago in the bow-  
 ered courts of Granada.

We had another *cochero*, an old friend of the Professor, and the object of his most stilted laudations. We never knew whether this was intended as a sarcasm, or was the result of misplaced confidence. He was the noisiest driver on earth. "Ya-ya-ya! Hoop-la! He-he-he! Hi-hi-hi! Yoh, yoh, yoh!" rolled in one unbroken stream from him. As the preachers say, he "labored" his way. All night long he rained ejaculations. Beginning early, in a mist of complimentary ones, it gradually deepened as the train got slower, till during the latter part of the night it rained "big guns." It dis-  
 counted a coyote convention. It let up only once, when he missed the road, and had to get out and look up the estray. As soon as he was straight again, the windows of his heavens were opened, and the deluge got to business again. Sleep was impossible. As day was struggling for existence we tried to sing one of those simple ballads of youth. Story struck in with a bass not to be mistaken even in a Centennial chorus by those who had ever been near him while he slept. Flory gave us the variations of the "Chamounix," while the Professor trailed in as if afraid to take the lead in anything but buying feed from a Coast Guard. Then there arose on the air a volume of chaos. It was our *cochero*. His soul was moved to music, too. In less than two bars all our guns were spiked, musically speaking, and the *cochero* camped upon the field. At first he tracked the tune, and, in the main, kept to its general direction, though he recognized no grooves. As soon as we ceased he drifted away upon a billowy sea of improvisations, in reckless defiance of the musical compass. He was reveling in a bath of music—of his own make. In the gray dawn we saw the coyote, with tail between his legs and raised bristles, skulking away, growling, behind sage-brush, while mule-rabbits fled for dear life, terror flashing from their peaceful rumps, as they glinted hastily, in long leaps, over the stunt brush. There was nothing like it in rabbit experience or tradition. The folklore of this numerous and prosperous family gives no account of anything so like the time spoken of in Genesis, when chaos had it all its

way. They had evidently not heard Senator Logan's great effort on the Constitution. "*Sauve qui peut*" was written upon everything that could run or fly. It had a moving effect, this song.

I wish to say a word for the Mexican *cochero*. As I have seen him in action, I claim the privilege and the pleasure. I am aware that I tread on semi-sacred ground, for the *cochero* is popular the world over, and I have often heard stories of his social prowess at stations and on the "upland lawn." The *cochero* is not pretty, but he is picturesque and memorable. Neither is he timid. The rolling clouds of dust have for him a charm, while the hottest summer sunbeams just glance off him without injury, and go frying away. He loves *mescal* and cheese. He has a voice of great endurance, and a tongue that never tires. He is generally two, one to hold the reins and yell, the other to use the whip and throw stones. Every few miles he loads up half a bushel of them, the size of goose eggs, and the way they whiz, and pelt, and ricochet about from haunch to ears, is tantalizing to the mules. They dread rocks more than whip or yells. The *cochero* loves music, and, though his taste is not always faultless, his devotion soars above reproach. He is original, and has never been known to follow a tune. He despises that mediocrity of musical power that cannot make its own music on the spur of the occasion. He would "draw" a house in a large American city—but wouldn't promise to hold it long. The coyote fears him only when he sings. That animal's style of getting out of hearing says as plainly as if he spoke in Low Dutch, "There he is, sawing bones again." The *cochero* feels kindly to his passengers, and gives them all kinds of information they wish, unless they become unreasonable and demand accuracy. The Professor asked one for information, and got it:

"How far is it to Hermosillo?"

"A little way."

"Is it a league?"

"Yes."

"Five leagues?"

"Yes."

"Three leagues?"

"Yes."

"Seven leagues?"

"Yes."

"How far is it?"

"Not far."

"Ten leagues?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen leagues?"

"Yes."

"Forty leagues?"



"Yes."

"How many then?"

"Right out yonder."

"Can we get there to-night?"

"Yes."

"By to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"It will take us a week, will it not?"

"Yes."

"You know exactly how far it is?"

"Yes."

The Professor said something about truth, but as the *cochero* had drifted away into one of those labyrinths of noise, it was lost on him. This was his old friend.

The team usually consists of six horses or mules, two at the tongue, with four abreast. The roads are hard and level, and they average about seven miles to the hour. The stages are often rheumatic relics of patriarchal times, broken here and there, and lashed up with rawhide, one of the staple commodities of Mexico. When anything is needed, "rawhide" flashes into the Mexican mind like a healthy and decided jack-fish into a clear pool, and then follows a somewhat abbreviated and second-class schedule trailing slowly behind. If Mexican children are like the American animal, the following scene may not unfrequently occur:

*Teacher*—"José, what is the staple commodity of the United Mexican States?"

*Boy*—"Rawhide."

*T.*—"What did Cortes cross the ocean in?"

*B.*—"Rawhide."

*T.*—"Of what are stage-coaches made?"

*B.*—"Rawhide."

*T.*—"What are the elements of cheese?"

*B.*—"Rawhide."

*T.*—"What is money made of?"

*B.*—"Rawhide."

This may account for the irreverent way Arizonians have of speaking of Mexican silver as "rawhide." These people may, and do, in fact, at times, make mistakes in laying all frailties, as well as special virtues, at the door of rawhide; but the practical small boy, the world over, spies out the chances, and in that country cannot fail to attain a decent average by relying upon that popular stage-coach material, and yelling "rawhide" as often as confronted by an interrogation. At length this thought becomes the deepest groove in the intellect, and he is nationalized.

Early in this memorable night a little incident occurred worthy of notice. The night was dark—overcast with clouds—and it was with difficulty the road could be distinguished on the alkaline *mesa*. To prevent the recurrence of

our first night's mishap, Flory had purchased a hand-lantern and a dozen candles. Before our *cochero* had gathered his clouds, and began to rain such floods of ejaculations, it was decided to light the lantern, and hang it over the dashboard, so as to throw the light to the front and upon the road. One was to hold the strap, which was fastened to the handle of the lantern. Its preparation was in the hands of Story and the Professor, who were riding on the front seat with our reservoir of music. After preparing it, the Professor let it down quietly over the iron rim of the coach. Riding on two hundred yards in a gloom as profound as before, Flory leaned forward, and the following interesting conversation took place:

*Flory*—"What's the matter? Light out?"

*Professor*—"Believe it is. Pull her in, Story."

*Story*—"Pull her in? Pull her in yourself."

*Professor*—"How the mischief can I?"

*Story*—"By the strap, of course."

*Professor*—"Pull her in by the strap yourself."

*Story*—"Where is it?"

*Professor*—"Blamed if I know."

*Story*—"Neither do I."

The stage stopped, and all looked and felt for the lantern. Flory got out and looked under the coach, and then remarked:

"By Jove!"

Looking in the direction his dusky arm pointed, there was the lantern, two hundred yards back in the wood, faithfully performing its duty. It looked lonely. The Professor gazed at Story, while the spectacles of the latter were turned upon him; and, catching the faint show of light from a star peeping through a break in the clouds, disclosed a face of blank gravity. It was a face that always inspired confidence. The Professor was one day trying to settle with a *señora* for a dinner for the party, but she distrusted him and a piece of American silver. The Professor could not make her believe. Story turned upon her his look of confirmation, remarking,

"Oh, it is all right; it's good."

Though she knew not one word of English, she was convinced. The Professor afterward remarked, that in that trying hour Story's face, behind his glasses, looked like an affidavit, *jurat* and all. Story thought the Professor held the strap of the lantern, while the latter was equally sure it reposed in the trustful hands of Story, and when he sent the lantern over the dash, concluded that his part of the enterprise was over, and dismissed it from his mind. Story, also, dismissed the subject; and so complete was their mutual confidence that they would have reached Hermosillo believing they had



traveled all night by the light of that lantern. That morning we had a real Mexican *posta* breakfast—not one of those flanked by American adjuncts, and its individuality destroyed by the presence of the foreign element. It was distinctively Sonorian and sternly patriotic. The *Guarda de la Estacion* had a wife and five children that ranged along down from a six-year old, like little stairs, to the wee dusky-limbed fellow rolling about the dirt floor. There was no chimney, fire-place, or range, nor, as the solemn old Be-it-Enacted of the nation would say, "anything of like kind or purpose." A fire burned among some rocks in the center of the house; a piece of sheet-iron lay across them, upon which the *señora* cooked *tortillas*. These are their wafers of wheaten bread, and are good, when one gets to liking them. The *frijoles* were warming in an earthen pot. She scrambled a dozen eggs, and made coffee in an antique tin. There were no chairs nor table in the house; no bed; no furniture. The only comfortable things we saw were a pig and two hens sitting in one corner. Breakfast was served on a palm mat, spread on the ground; we crouched about it in the best way we could, and while we ate felt that we were living in the third century before Christ. All that day we kept a look out for a Rebecca at a well, and would, perhaps, have found her—had there been a well. Two and a half dollars would have been a good price for everything in the room. Here, at last, I had found a family prepared for burglars. They had only to say, "Help yourselves, gentlemen," and the burglars would have been poorer. Story said he liked *tortillas* in the abstract, but, in a practical way, they made him think all the time that he was eating his napkin. *Frijoles* are the national dish of Mexico. While the raw vegetable in size, color, and general direction of taste resembles the southern peas, under Mexican manipulation they acquire a flavor the others never attain. The Mexican cook directs her almost undivided science to this dish. The *frijol* is wholesome and nourishing, and fattens like beer. Flory said that he had a friend who bought another and larger chair every six months for the first year and a half of his stay in Mexico, and then got mad, and had an eight-foot bench made, and camped on that. Fortunately, however, for these people, *tortillas* and *carne seca* counteract the tendencies of the *frijol*.

The Professor was the "rustler" of the party, and he *could* rustle. He demonstrated that at Aqua Sacra. We never held him responsible for results; if he *rustled* we were satisfied. If he got into trouble for us we freely forgave him. Having stopped to change horses at a *posta*, he

made known to the *señora* that we wished dinner. She had nothing. No eggs, no chickens, no nothing, but *carne seca* and *frijoles*. She, however, had a pretty, dark-eyed daughter, with a wealth of blue-black hair, cupid-bow lips, and teeth that were perfect. He began praising her beauty. He was coquetting for dinner—the courteous, chivalric Professor. The *señora* said she was looking for a rich husband for her daughter; whereupon, the Professor remarked that he was going below to buy a mine, and on his return would bring a *padre*, and take *Señorita Dolores* away in legal form. He was accepted, and smiles, *tortillas*, coffee with sugar, eggs, and steak, soon graced a small table, supported by a mournful dog; at least, he sat under the table all the time unmolested. We found him there; we left him at his post. After dinner the Professor engaged the mother and daughter in a pleasant chat. We asked him to interpret for us, as we wanted to say something to the pretty girl—only a few remarks. To this he replied, "Not I," and, smilingly, went on with the talk. We were in trouble—wall-flowers in the desert. There was only one Spanish phrase in our united vocabularies; only one shot in our locker—so to speak—and Flory owned that, all unbeknown to the basking Professor. Flory was desperate, and, turning to the *señora*, in the most serious way said:

"Señora, este caballero tiene una esposa y cuatro hijos con cabello rubio en Tucson." (Madam, this gentleman has a wife and four red-headed children in Tucson.)

The sun of the Professor's popularity set suddenly in a great black night, and left not even a gloaming. True, a sickly, sold-out smile spread over the evening sky of the *señora's* face, but it had none of the rosy tints of the dying day in it. Dolores wrapped her *rebozo* about her head, cast one swift, dark, reproachful glance at the Professor, whose face had taken on the lightning-bug glow of his whiskers, then swept it flashing indignation toward Flory, and rushed away to weep bitter tears over the shattered castle of an hour's dream. The Professor vowed it was a falsehood, and when the thunders still gathered in the maternal face, he pronounced it a thin joke, and when that failed, he wanted to go—wasn't in a particular hurry; only wanted to go. As the team was not ready, he went out and studied a solemn looking crow on a picket, and had company enough.

The day we reached Hermosillo was a field day; that is, we had reached the plains where antelope graze and mule-rabbits are numerous. It was a beautiful sight to see a herd of the former dash away, bounding gracefully as the sweep of billows for miles across the open,



grassy plain, to become a scarcely undulating speck in the distance, and thus go out. It almost lulled one to repose to see the graceful sweep of their delicately fashioned bodies, clearly defined against the yellowish brown of the sacaton, heading across the vast <sup>plains</sup> flats for almost an hour in an unbroken gallop, as regular as the movements of an accurately adjusted machine, it seemed so without exertion and flurry. Just as we are enjoying the picture of bounding antelope, yellowish sacaton plains, fringed in the distance by the dark mesquite, and overlooked by solemn, sun-scorched mountains, a mule-rabbit springs from behind a clump of bushes and strikes off. At first it is an easy gallop, with an aristocratic *nonchalance*, his tall ears reared aloft like small sails, and so thin that the sunlight peeped through them with a pinkish hue, added to the usual gray-white. Bang! goes a pistol, and the grass near him quivers. He stops and looks back, his eyes glaring like two small burglar lamps. Bang! goes another shot, that tears up the gravel under him. Then he lays aside the aristocrat and gets to work. By the time the gravel begins to fall, he is twenty yards away, his sails furled, the masts upon which they are rigged are laid flat upon his back, and buoyant, restless, impulsive life has taken possession of his feet. At every spring, a thin mist of dust flies up behind, through which his long form is seen bounding, six feet at a spring, and too rapid to count. Bang! bang! bang! go the other pistols, but it is no use. He is on fast schedule time, and in half a minute the white expanse of rump flashed over a distant bunch of grass and was gone. We shot away several boxes of pistol cartridges, with no other result than some fast time. It generally takes one shot to arrest attention; the second one produces the work, while the third and fourth are thrown away. No man could hit one with a pistol when "down to his knitting," though the ever present flag of truce carried aft is a good mark.

Much has been said about the fleetness of the coyote, but, after all, the Sonora mule-rabbit presents the greatest possibility in the way of unutilized, unreclaimed adaptability of lightning express capacity on record. We never hear of a tired one. Set him going on the largest mesa, and make your nicest calculation—he will be gaining on time as his form whirls, like a gray speck, out of sight behind the impediments two miles away. Walk the distance, and you will take an oath it is five. He never slinks, like the coyote, and his tail is not in the way. It is a perpetual flag of truce, protesting against war and praying for the millennium. His soul loathes personal encounters. The coy-

ote will attack a few weak and defenseless creatures—especially if they are dead—but the mule-rabbit attacks nothing. He has one invincible method of settling controversies. He is a proof of the compensations of nature. His capacious ears can hear the whispers of danger three miles away, and though it approaches on the wings of the storm, when it gets there he is studying the rainbow hues of the sunlight shining through his ears in a valley on the other side of the "divide." All his powers are concentrated in his capacity to run, and were this capacity divided and distributed in equal portions, he would possess the most perfect and rounded character on earth; he would have the strength of an ox, the patience of all the sons of Job, and the self-assurance of the average Congressman. One would suppose, after witnessing a few of these bounds, so full of life and vigor, that he was tenacious of life. A greater mistake could not be made. The Professor, who is something of a naturalist, assured us that a bird-shot through the tip of his right breast <sup>back</sup> will break his left hind leg. We believe he is the victim of his capacities. The chief business of his eyes and ears is to keep a lookout for danger; when they find it they send a kind of telegraphic message to his legs, and they then take charge of the situation. He has no choice in the matter, being, so to speak, in the hands of his legs.

Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, is a beautiful city of nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the Rio Sonora, and surrounded by groves and fields, save on the south, where a bold rock rises several hundred feet above the valley. It overlooks the town, and is said to have been a strategic point during the revolutions. The palm of victory was accorded to him who got possession of it. The city has some pleasant residences, while a plaza, set with orange trees, nestles in the heart of the town. It is the headquarters of the military division of Sonora. But such a military! We saw them on parade, and will take the spectacle along as a fragrant memory. Beginning at the spruce white cap, you pass down the apologetic features of the long blue coat to the greasy linen trousers and *guauches*, or sandals. These are mere rawhide soles, from which strings (also rawhide) pass up between the toes over the unwashed feet, and fasten around the ankle. Traveling from head to foot there is an increase in geometric ratio of shabbiness. The soldier seemed to regard his feet as distant and foreign provinces, that are scarcely worth attention. While in line we noted the Mexican law of variety in the slant of guns and the angle of feet, that ranged from a broad turn-out to a most decided pigeon-toe.



It was necessary, up to a few years ago, to keep a considerable force on hand to prevent revolutions. Politics was then a matter of mere personal following, and the leader had but to beat a drum upon the plaza and a thousand men would rally to his fortunes. These revolutions were never as serious as supposed by the outside world, as every step the news traveled added to its magnitude. In America revolution means bloodshed, and plenty of it; here it means a political change, with a sauce of lawlessness. But be this as it may, they are in Sonora almost, if not actually, things of the past. Most of the inhabitants of this State live in towns. The better informed class are bitterly opposed to these outbreaks, while the lower class are learning that peace and protection to person and property insure development, prosperity, wealth, and happiness, and have so far changed that they, in the later revolutions, fled in great numbers from the leader into the mountains and out of the trouble. Those who understand the temper of the Sonorians now have but little apprehension for the future. American capital and energy are going into Sonora in considerable quantities, and already begin to show signs of their impress upon the order of the country. From what we have seen of the Mexican character, we are induced to believe they went into these revolutions more from a sense of duty to country than from a lawless instinct for plunder. This love of country and pride of native soil is a strong and prominent trait of the Mexican. His excesses are chiefly the fruits of ignorance, now rapidly passing away in Sonora under the attrition of American ideas and precedent. Scattered over Sonora are some of the richest mines and mineral deposits on the globe, and not a few are today being successfully operated by Americans. While traveling through Sonora a distance of six hundred miles, we were never molested or ill treated; on the other hand, we were as well received as the poverty of the people would warrant. We saw nowhere any evidence of hatred toward Americans. It may have existed, but, if so, it was so concealed as to defy our search for it. The number of Americans there mining and ranching is larger than we expected to see. While there, Mr. Doyle, of San Francisco, purchased a large mine for \$200,000, as we learned, and an Eastern firm purchased three-fifths of the great Mulatos lead, perhaps the largest body of free milling gold ore in the world. Up to a few months ago the Apaches held the great chain of the Sierra Madre, and not only kept operators out, but drove away many who were engaged in mining in those rich districts. Now they are in turn

driven out, and the American prospector, with his stout heart and unerring rifle, is here to bring to light the precious metals, and give the Apache such a reception as he don't fancy. The Apache rule in the Sierra Madre is over.

The mining law in Mexico is largely derived from the *Ordenanzas de Minería* of Spain, and, in many respects, is superior to ours. They require work to be carried on eight months in the year; but the political officer has the power, upon a sufficient showing, to grant a prorogue for eight months, which means a practical suspension of that provision of the law as to the particular property. It would transcend the limits of this paper to go into any detailed statement of the peculiar features of this system. Suffice it to say, that as mining, under Spanish domination and since, has been one of the most important industries of Mexico, it has been kindly recognized and carefully fostered by the laws.

At Hermosillo we met Don Carlos Plitz, a native of Germany, and for many years superintendent of mining in California and Nevada, and who now owns and operates a mine at Chipinaña, near Ures, and from whom we learned many interesting features of practical mining in Sonora. Years ago there grew up a kind of mining law, founded upon peculiar necessities, that is in force to-day. By it the superintendent of a mine has certain civil jurisdiction, subject to the revision of the highest judicial officer of the district, and criminal jurisdiction to the extent of a committing magistrate. He can assume jurisdiction of controversies among the miners, settle disputes, impose small fines, punish offenders, and, in fine, has such powers of local police as are necessary to protect his interests. As the miners are generally remote from towns and cities, where the regular officers reside, the necessity for this power is apparent. The superintendent generally keeps a store near the mine to supply the miners, and the law prescribes a system of bookkeeping between them. Instead of figures they use signs, adopted by legislation, and which, for the illiterate miner, is a protection. The scale is briefly thus:

•	equals three cents.
—	equals half a bit.
—	equals a bit, or 12½ cents.
—	equals half a dollar.
⊙	equals one dollar.
⋈	equals five dollars.
⋈	equals ten dollars.

At the opening of every month each ~~hand~~ <sup>employee</sup> is furnished a *boleta*, or bill in blank, upon which



the superintendent, under the miner's eye, places the price of everything purchased at the time, and also charges it on his books. This *boleto* is kept by the miner in a hollow stick, or quill, and protects him from false charges. So then if, at the end of a month, a miner's *boleto* stands thus:

V / X O • / V O X / I

he knows that he owes \$33.40½, and if the bookkeeper has more charged it cannot be collected. If this miner is receiving \$30.00 per month, the excess of \$3.40½ is carried on to the *boleto* for the second month, and he is to that extent a peon, and belongs to the creditor till it is paid. Or, more properly, the creditor has a lien upon his person for the debt. If he runs away he may be arrested anywhere in the republic, and returned to the creditor, who adds the charges and expenses to the debt owing by the peon, to be worked out, or his life spent in the effort. In the hands of shrewd, unprincipled men they generally do the latter. The system is fine—at least, for the owner of the store. For the peon it is quite another question. The Mexican legislator, perhaps, reasons that the laborer has his *boleto* to show him his financial latitude and longitude, and if he puts his head in the halter it's his own affair.

We left Hermosillo, with its *adobe* walls and beautiful orange, citron, and lime groves, at night, taking a conveyance for Guaymas. Soon we were all asleep, the rumbling of the vehicle over the smooth, hard road making a gentle lullaby. Nothing disturbed us but a *bronco* horse, that concluded that thirty-five miles was enough for one night, and set to kicking. He kicked his partner loose and out of the road, then did likewise to both wheelers, and was paying his respects to the front of the hack, when we got out. There were steps to the sides, but we preferred to get out behind. A piece of trace singing by, on its way out of the country, didn't disturb us. The road was hard, and we lay on each other, Story and Flory on top of me. Mine was a fine strategic position. Both the others would get it first, so I begged them to be still. Coming down, as they did, they weighed a ton; a mad *bronco's* heels would weigh two. Things were flying around generally, and the hack conducting a masterly retreat, every kick threatening to run over us. We moved out to one side. The Pro-

fessor was all this time coolly standing out of danger's way, and advising us to be quiet, that the *bronco* would quit after a while.

During all next day, till four in the afternoon, we dashed along through clouds of dust, whirling up from the powdered road-bed. We had four horses to the hack; four others were driven ahead, while two extra third and fourth assistant drivers cantered alongside our horses, yelling, throwing sticks and stones, and popping whips. Every twenty miles we halted at *postas* to rest a few minutes and let the animals drink. Don't imagine that we were traveling in state. Horses cost little here, and we had given the owner of this outfit a small sum to put us in Guaymas by the evening. Could we have gone by proxy, we would have hired a Pima Indian for a dollar a day, and he would have made the round trip in three days. He stands not very far behind the coyote on questions of personal transportation. These are queer people. They take a pride in being guides, and as such are invaluable and faithful to the utmost of human nature. One will make a contract to travel in the mountains with you. You ride; he foots it in preference. He is skirmisher, vanguard, vidette, cook, and general utility man. With his rifle and wallet of provisions, he climbs mountains and strides over plains without a long breath. You can sleep in safety alone with him one hundred miles from a house. He is the incarnation of faithfulness, 'till you return, settle with him, and give him his discharge. When the obligation is ended, he will steal your knife, a piece of tobacco, or anything, if you are not looking. His faithfulness dams up a reservoir of plundering, covetous wishes that, surging for an outlet, slop over at once when the obligation is ended. He then hoists the flood-gates. He never makes long contracts. Under a long one, he would get so full as to be in danger of an explosion.

After several days spent at Guaymas, Story shipped to San Francisco, and we returned to Hermosillo, where Flory purchased a mule, spurs, hair-rope, blankets, slung his Winchester across his saddle, and started for the mountains. Flory is good rider. We saw him tried. A bucking mule meets its match when it starts to the mountains with Flory. The Professor and I returned at our leisure to Tucson; but of this trip we say, as did the historian who came to two hundred years of which he was ignorant, and disposed of it by writing, "Nothing of importance occurred."

JAMES WYATT OATES.