ARIZONA.

Much difference of opinion prevails concerning the derivation and meaning of the word "Arizona"—the most probable being either *ari*, few or small, and *zoni*, fountain; or *arida*, dry, and *zona*, zone. Either one conveys a correct idea; as the fountains are both small and few, and, generally speaking, it is an arid land. By this it is not intended to say that it is without water or verdure, for that would be very far from the truth; but that there are large areas devoid of water, and almost so of verdure; and that the general impression, from a contemplation of the landscape, is that of a blistered, sun-scorched country. Hundreds of thousands of acres, in bodies, are sandy and dry, upon which gleams the sunshine and alkali. Covering this land, and adding a weird interest to the landscape, is the most unique of all combinations of vegetation. Of grass there cannot, strictly, be said to be any, except at those times when a sporadic rain falls, when a fine crop springs up, thick, tender, and juicy; but, as the air is dry, and the soil is light and full of sand, between the sinking and evaporation, it is in a few days as dry as ever. Then the grass dies.

The most pleasing in appearance of all this vegetation is the *palo verde*—a tree growing frequently to the height of twenty feet, and with long, sweeping branches. The bark is smooth, and of a greenish hue, from which it gets its name. Its fibre is porous, and decays after a few months' exposure. The iron-wood grows about the same size, is of a darker hue, gnarled and hard, and does not readily decay; while the grease-wood is a bush chiefly noted for its objectionable odor, and seems to subserve no purpose whatever in the economy of nature. These, together with the well-known cotton-wood, constitute the wood-growth of the *mesas*, and they—save the grease-wood—are rare, except along the rivers, where cotton-woods attain considerable size. Of course the sage-brush is everywhere. After the woods proper come the cacti, of which there are over twenty distinct varieties.

In the landscape of the *mesa* the *cactus gigantus* forms no inconsiderable item of interest—its tall, fungus-shaped stalk rearing aloft its rounded, leafless form, covered with prickles in rows, and about two inches long. It not unfrequently attains a diameter of one and a height of twenty feet, and its branching is but the outpushing of an arm as leafless and prickly as the parent stalk. In the centre of this stalk is a hard, woody, cylinder-shaped formation, varying in diameter from one to four inches, which encloses the pith, and is itself enveloped by a cushion of spongy material, strongly fibrous. A few strokes of an axe will fell the largest of them; and in a few weeks, owing to the rapid decay, nothing but the cylindrical sheath of the pith can be found. Though the stalk is heavy, the roots are small and short—striking out only a few inches from a large, bulb-shaped termination of the stalk, that rests scarcely under the surface of the ground. It is of a slow growth, and many of them have held aloft their heads on these plains to the bleaching rays of the sun, growing so slowly that years scarcely make any perceptible change—loving the dry winds and the sun-bath—demanding, as the condition of existence, a cloudless sky, a parched soil, dry, hot air, and a century in which to develop.

The *cactus gigantus* is the emblem of sterility. The ingenuity of the nineteenth century, however, has found a use for this plant, and the stalks are cut and shipped to the paper-mills at Santa Cruz, where they are so manipulated as to make a strong, useful paper. Those engaged in its manufacture claim that the finest and best writing-paper can be made of this cactus-pulp. However, when a crop is cut away, it will require half a century to grow another. Yet the commercial world may console itself that when the cactus is cut away something better may take its place. With the lights before us, it is difficult to divine what this may be, unless the mooted question of sinking artesian wells is successfully solved, and the *mesas* furnished with water for irrigation.

Next in point of interest are the cacti known in common parlance as "*choyas*." These are scrub—scarcely ever attaining a height of five feet—and branch profusely; the limbs, particularly toward the ends, bearing large bunches of thorny leaves, whose sharp prickles penetrate the thickest clothing on a slight impact, and the unfortunate who runs against them generally carries away every burr that he touches, whether he wants them or no. If these *choyas* are of any utility, it has never been heard of, nor, in fact, are the other and smaller varieties of cactus, some of which are found in the hot-houses in other latitudes—petted because ex-

otics; here they are ~~damned because they~~ are native, and doomed.

The soil formation is as variable as that of California, ranging from the white pebble to the red clay and black alluvion. Differing greatly from geological rules in other sections of the Union, the various deposits seem to defy, in their juxtaposition, manifest reasons, and appear with most unexpected surroundings. Sands are found along streams when fine soil might be expected, while the dark, strong formation is often found upon the *mesa*, where only vegetation of semi-sterility grows. This results not from any want of vegetable nutriment in the soil, but from the absence of water, streams being scarce and rains scarcer. All the evidences seem to point to the formation of this country at a recent date, that of the *mesas* being what is known in common parlance as "made land," and in some places is of such depth as to go beyond the reach of the artesian drill.

Tourists who have braved the scenes of more happy localities, and come here to spy out the wonders of "The Land of the Sun," have all observed the suddenness with which the mountains rise from the plains without the ordinary foot-hills, and their bleak, blistered appearance. True, the cactus, especially the *gigantus*, clambers up to the apex of such high ranges as the Santa Catarinas and Santa Ritas, but they only give to the landscape the jagged appearance they each present in miniature. A mountain carpeted with the purest emerald, and mantled with the purple mist that hangs over the Contra Costa hills of an afternoon, presents quite a different picture in a landscape to the whitish-dun boulders, of this land, piled high on each other, bristling with the cactus, and gleaming in the white glow of a southern sun in high altitudes. So far as landscape beauty is concerned, Arizona can not properly be said to have any; the "magnificent distance" constituting the only element that charms, even for a moment. But the scene changes when at sunset the eye sweeps the expanse of Arizona's sky. Thin clouds drifting like waifs and estrays of infinity up toward the zenith, in a grand transformation of colors, at once the poetry of heaven and the despair of the artist. From the white, scarcely less fleecy and pure than the snow, they catch the blue, yellow, scarlet, and cardinal in rapid succession, and then take on the imperial purple as if to rule in royal grandeur over the night. This results from the remarkable purity of the atmosphere. As on most of the plains of the Union, dead bodies for the most part desiccate in the air.

Fifteen years ago, the Apaches attacked and destroyed a mining camp near the Sonora line, killed nearly all the workmen, and broke the machinery to pieces. Years passed on till the event was almost forgotten in the recurrence of similar troubles, till twelve months ago, when a gentleman on a prospecting tour came across the ruins. Though years had flown by, though thousands of suns had poured their heat upon them, though rains had washed and snows had enveloped them, and they had been exposed to all the changes of the weather, the fragments of the machinery, when found, were as free from oxydization as when first broken and scattered there. The rods and joints that were kept bright and polished did not disclose the least trace of rust, ~~accumulated~~ during all these years ~~of exposure~~. through exposure

In the northern portions of the Territory the climatic conditions are somewhat different, but this is substantially true of all southern Arizona. Perspective is more nearly destroyed here than even in California, owing to the clearness of the air. As a counterpart of this, distances are exceedingly deceptive. Looking toward the Santa Catarinas from Tucson, to the novice of the plains they appear only two or three miles away, while the stunted trees on the apex stand out clearly defined against the sky beyond. Though apparently so near, many miles lie between Tucson and its foot. Trees can be seen on a clear day on the Santa Ritas, thirty miles to the southward, and *cactus gigantus* stalks can be easily seen on the Sierra del Tucson, six miles away. During winter, the air generally has that even temperature that makes one forget that there are such things as extremes of heat or cold. But with summer the conditions change, and the heat becomes intense. A temperature of 110° in the shade is not uncommon during midday of July and August. It is then that the peculiar virtues of the adobe house become apparent. Floors are sprinkled copiously in the morning and the doors closed, thus keeping the air inside cool during the day, while it is nearly blistering outside, the thick mud walls resisting the heat. By evening, however, they have become so heated through that it becomes almost out of the question to sleep in-doors, and the spectacle is presented of hammocks and cots in streets, yards, and porches, and a city sleeping out of doors. Those who have spent summers in Tucson say that all, from dome to pit of social relations, adhere to this custom, and while the *gamin* "lays himself down to pleasant dreams" on the sidewalk, and covers his dusky limbs with mere imagination and starlight, the dark-eyed *señorita* swings in a hammock on the back porch, where the amorous night-winds play with her luxuriant wealth of tress, black as the wing of

night. The great heat during the day would render a wooden house uninhabitable, and, besides, adobe is cheaper than building wood in southern Arizona.

This Territory has been the scene of a certain species of civilization as early as one hundred and fifty years ago, as is well-known by the ruins scattered over this section. Of course the mound-builders and cliff-dwellers have been here, as in every section along this latitude across the continent; and their foot-prints still live when even the names of their people have been lost in the Lethe of ages. But actors of more recent date attract more interest still. The ruins of the old missions constitute quite a feature in the history and landscape of the country. Of these, more hereafter.

Not only were the original inhabitants of this country possessed of unique ideas—other days, and those within the memory of men yet in the prime of manhood, have witnessed as queer, and, considering the age, still more startling intellectual peculiarities. Near the town of Florence is Primrose Hill, a solitary, cone-like peak, that rises from the *mesa* to the height of many hundred feet. That queer genius, Chas. D. Porter, who some years ago was a delegate in Congress from this Territory, for some reason best known to himself conceived the idea of building upon its apex a temple to the sun, and establishing the religion of the Gheber or Parsee, and went so far as to spend several thousand dollars constructing a road to the top, upon which he planted a flag, bearing a huge sun-disk upon its ample folds. At this point, funds gave out, and the project ended. Though the flag is gone, the road may be seen to-day, winding around, a trailing niche in the precipitous sides of the hill, making a complete circuit before the top is reached. He was, for a time, in correspondence with the Parsees of India on the subject. It is known as "Porter's Folly." This was not all. Primrose Hill stands on a *mesa* more than usually sandy and bleak. Coupled with this scheme of the sun-temple was another, not less startling and original. It was to establish here, upon the *choya*-cursed, sand-made *mesa*, an ostrich farm. What the birds were to eat, besides pebbles, tarantulas, and *choya* burrs, is a problem Mr. Porter never divulged to the public. Two as wild whims never entered human brain, and the regret is that he was not able to carry them out, so that the world could have seen the logical end. With their completion, his professions would have been sufficiently varied, embracing delegate in Congress, ostrich farmer, and Parsee priest.

All this country was the prey of the Apache, from the earliest times of which we have any traditional or written account, a fierce, relentless, cunning, blood-thirsty tribe, that laughed at civilization, and sneered at human rights. The neighborhood of Florence was for a long time the scene of Apache troubles, till a decisive issue was made, a few years ago, in which their power was forever broken in that region. General Stoneman was stationed, with several companies of United States soldiers, at Picket Post, the present site of the celebrated Silver King mills, thirty miles north of Florence, in the Superstition Mountains. The post was in a valley, on Queen's Creek, easily overlooked from a high ledge of the mountains known as Tordello Peak, and all of Stoneman's movements were noted in the inception. On top of this mountain was a rancheria of Pinal Apaches. These occasionally poured down some unknown pathway upon the settlers along the Gila Valley, stealing, burning, and killing, and when pressed by the troops, would vanish in the cañons. The location of the village was suspected, from a solitary Indian now and then seen perched upon these peaks, watching proceedings at the post, from which his station was inaccessible. All attempts by Stoneman to get at them were fruitless. At length, emboldened by their successes, they raided a ranch near Florence, and drove away a band of cattle. The Florentines armed and followed, till, after several days of patient pursuit, they found the trail that led to the rancheria. The Indians, doubtless feeling secure in this fastness, neglected to post videttes, and thus the Florentines were enabled to steal upon them by night, and at day-break attacked the rancheria, which was situate only a few yards back from the brow of the bluff, overlooking Pickett Post. Seeing they were surrounded, they fired a few shots, then threw down their guns, and went to meet the approaching Florentines, with hands raised, in token of surrender; but the latter, seeing the advantage, and remembering that mercy to them was cruelty to the defenseless families on the Gila, determined to make the most of the situation, and continued firing upon them. When about two-thirds had fallen, seeing no chance for quarter, the remainder ran to the bluff, where their videttes had been so long stationed to watch Stoneman, and threw themselves over, striking the rocks two hundred feet below. The Florentines could see their mangled remains from the place where they sprang over. Not a single warrior escaped, but the women and children were turned over to General Stoneman. About fifty bucks went over the bluff. In January last, the writer was there, and, after much and troublesome climbing and clambering over boulders, and cliffs, clinging to

jutting rocks and stout bushes, he reached the place where they fell. A number of bones, including half a dozen skulls, lie bleaching there still. This ended the troubles with the Pinal Apaches.

Tucson, the most important place in the Territory, has nine thousand inhabitants, and is on the Santa Cruz River, which is here a small, inconsiderable stream, stealing its way along a broad valley, northward, to traverse thirty miles of subterranean passages, and emptying into the Gila. The only agriculture in this region is in this valley, where the fields can be irrigated, and where good crops of barley, wheat, and corn are raised. Tucson is by no means a young place; it was formerly, and for a long time, the capital of Arizona. In the days of the Apache wars it was then, as now, the largest town in all the region inhabited by Mexicans north of Hermosillo. Originally a Mexican town, it still presents the appearances of this nationality. The streets seem to have been laid out on the plan of summer lightning, and have more angles, acute and obtuse, than the character of an old bachelor whose roseate hopes are dead. No street lamps adorn Tucson, no names of streets are up, and not a door is numbered. In seeking any place, directions are given as in the country: "You go up this street to the third one, down that to a house with green blinds, and it is the third door below." To a stranger all the houses are alike—he only learns the way by observing small peculiarities. Up to a short time ago, all the houses were one-story adobes; now, however, there are three or four of brick, and of more pretentious height. Over half the rooms in the town have dirt floors, covered with carpets or *petates*, a kind of mat made from palm, and some have nothing on the dirt. The streets are generally wide apart, and in the rear of the houses is the inevitable and convenient corral. The sidewalks are so narrow and badly paved that it is safer to take the middle of the street, with the ass solemnly trudging along with his huge pack, or a swarthy Mexican astride him.

Probably a few days' experience in Tucson would convey a better idea of the difficulty of finding a place than in any other way. Two days after my arrival, I took a room off from the business part of the town, and at night started off, weary and sleepy, from the hotel, to retire. I could not find the place. Every one I met spoke nothing but Spanish, not a dozen words of which were to me intelligible. It seems, at this distance, at least one hour that the fruitless search was kept up, when at last, in a fit of desperation, I tried the key in a door that looked a little familiar, and, to my great delight, found that it fitted. It opened upon a young Mexican, reading by the fire, who very politely told me, in good English, that my room was next door. Next day a Chinese laundry-man was sent for, who, when he was going out with the soiled linen, whipped out a pencil and wrote something in the quaint hieroglyphics of his tongue upon the door outside. It was his private mark, perhaps, and perchance my door has on it the latest and most aristocratic witch-exorcising quotation from Confucius. It may be not very complimentary, could it be read.

But the street scenes at midday constitute the most interesting feature of the town to the new-comer. A more complete admixture of races and nationalities could not well be gotten together anywhere else—Jews, Swedes, Irish, English, Germans, French, Yankees, Chinese, negroes, Spaniards, Indians, and all conceivable crosses among these. The Mexicans largely predominate in numbers. You see them with eight or ten pairs of mules hitched to the wagon train of the freighter, on *caballos*, or scrubby ponies, with the *reata* coiled about the pommel of the saddle, and spurs that would wake to activity the solemn dignity of the *burro*. When one gets "corned" on *mescal*, he rides up and down the streets at a variety of paces that defy classification, stopping now and then at a group of men to discourse on the fine points of his *caballo*. The sober-minded asses amble along in groups, with loads of wood as large as they are, or with the "pack" of a prospector going to the mountains. Not long ago, while at a ford of the Santa Cruz, some distance above the city, the pack-train of a woodman, consisting of several *burros*, came down the declivity on the opposite side. The Mexican drove them into the stream, sprang up behind the pack of wood on the hindmost one, and, in this amusing attitude, forded the river, yelling "Yah! Yah! Yah!" at the other donkeys. At the same time, a Papajo Indian came up, riding his pony, with a child in his arms, while his wife followed on foot, with a huge bundle of hay on her head, twice as large as she was. Though not quite the style of civilization, it was unique enough to attract attention. It was a market day, and scarcely had this crowd passed beyond the hedge of mesquite, when a dusky Mexican, with a *sombrero* as large as a lady's parasol, and spurs twice as large as Mexican dollars, mounted on a donkey not much bigger than a large Angora goat, crossed over. Thrown across his pack-saddle were the old hide panniers of the style of three thousand years ago—certainly of the style of Sancho Panza, in the memorable campaigns of the crack-brained Don. With

the regularity of clock-work, he buried the rowels of the large spurs in the long, thick hair on the donkey's side, while he sang—with lusty and not unmusical voice—a song that perchance had done service beneath a *señorita's* window, in the bowered courts of old Granada, centuries ago. The spirit of the dead troubadour must have been indignant at this plebeian appropriation of the song of chivalric days, but little this fellow cared for the sentiments of those who have been ashes for centuries.

These street scenes are a study, where almost every phase of life is presented. Kid-gloved men, fresh from Eastern cities, are here, full of the idea of plundering Arizona, and going back to enjoy the results; brawny, broad-shouldered stock-men from California, inquiring quietly for large land-grants on the San Pedro and in Sonora; rough, hardy, open-faced miners and prospectors, who talk of nothing but leads, lodes, claims, chlorides, sulphurets, free-milling ore, thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions; swarthy Mexicans, with dark eyes and gleaming teeth; jolly, rollicking negroes, the same under all suns; almond-eyed Chinese, shuffling along; *burros*, dogs innumerable, and Indians, with an occasional woman hooded to the eyes, with the glaring, white sunlight over all, soft and warm, make up the street scenes of Tucson.

West of the town, the Santa Cruz slowly steals its way northward; while two miles beyond, rise the Sierra del Tucson mountains. Toward the north, the peak of Pacocho springs from the *mesa*, and at this distance reminds one of the cathedral of Strasburg; while to the eastward are the Santa Catarinas, trending away to the south-east, to be succeeded, further south, by the Santa Ritas. Southward lies the upper valley of the Santa Cruz, along the western side of which is the Papago Reservation, where they plow with crooked sticks, as did our ancestors four thousand years ago. Near this reservation stand the ruins of the Mission San Xavier del Bac—the most noted of all the relics of the church's dominion in Arizona; though not so old by centuries as the Casa Grande and Cliff Castles, whose people have been lost, even in the tracery of tradition; though not so tumbled down as that of San José of Tumacacori, near the town of Tubac—still, it is the greatest wonder of them all. Over one hundred years ago, a German *padre* began to build this mission by the contributive labor of the Papagoes, who had embraced the cross some years before. It is of the Byzantine style of architecture, and, on approaching it from a distance, has quite a mosque-like appearance. A heavy, low dome rises over the walls, which are twenty-five feet high; while on either side of the front entrance, looking southward, are two towers twenty feet in height. Around and above the roof of the main building is a wall cut in panels, in which huge and rude imitations of wolves' heads glare at each other. Approaching the front, through the broken outer wall, the bas-relief ornamentation of the architrave first attracts the attention. Four statues, in adobe, fill each a niche—two on either side of the door-way—one of which lost his head a few years ago; a barbarous American tourist or plainsman did it with his little pistol, perhaps to see, by practice on a saint, how he could "drop" on a "road-agent" or Apache. Over the door-way the *façade* presents mouldings of no particular significance, except clusters of grapes, indicative either of the wine the priest loved, or that the church was the patron of husbandry. A balcony of wood, opening from the choir-loft, hangs broken and crumbling to dust over the front entrance.

Following the Indian guide through this door, we are in the chapel, once paved with cement and stained in mosaics, in which thousands of devotional knees have worn furrows and holes. Opposite, and about forty feet away, is the altar, just back of the rotunda, under the dome, into which the chapel merges. Under the first arch, against the wall, are the broken fragments of the guardian cherubim of the sanctuary. One has only his head and shoulders remaining, and looks down upon us with straining eyes, and creates the impression that he has not yet recovered from the fright gotten at his breaking up, and that perhaps he was choked during the trouble. The other is not quite so badly crippled, but has a sympathetic look. Under the next arch is the covered wooden pulpit, placed high against the wall. Between these arches were once rude frescoes from the life of Christ; but the subjects can not well be distinguished, so dim and defaced are they by the hand of time. The crown of light in the centre of each, over a dusky and dimly-defined human face—as dimly as the shadows of the "separate dying ember" that "wrought its ghost upon the floor"—suggests the Feast of Cana and the Last Supper. The rotunda rises thirty-five feet above the nave; while on either hand, as you face the altar, are shrines—the one on the left, to the twelve Apostles and the principal saints of the third order of Saint Francis; that on the right, to Santa Maria, thus making the chapel in the form of a cross, with the lateral shrines constituting the arms and the altar the head. Back of the altar in a niche is an image of the patron saint of the mission—San Francisco—robed in priestly vestments. Statuettes and paintings, crude and expressionless, clamber up on all

sides, from the still flashing sign of the Host, in a maze of once gaudy and glittering but now time-stained trumperies, up to the very apex of the dome. Guarding the approach to the altar are two wooden Mexican lions, holding candle-sockets between the paws; and though one of these limbs was broken, it mattered not—they tied it on with a string. The Virgin Mother stands in a niche over her altar, dressed in the nun's white robe, a reddish-brocade dress, pea-green mantilla, and lace bordering, her hands tipped together in front in the regulation orthodox style that makes one tired to look at. Passing to the right of the altar, we found a little room in which the priestly vestments have been kept since the foundation of the mission, and where numerous saints in wood and adobe, crippled, crooked, and battered, reposed in stacks after their years of service. They remind one of old soldiers in hospital after the dawn of peace. Through a side-door, near the main entrance, a low, narrow, vaulted stair-way is reached, leading to the choir-loft, just over the entrance. Here can be had a good view of the nave below. Then, for the first time, we saw the angels or women who climbed the rope of hope or faith, it was not clear which. They are painted in costumes suggestive of cheap prints, in long, straight waists, and short skirts, reaching but little lower than the skirts of the modern ballet-dancer.

There is nothing reverential or devotional in the attitudes or expressions of these figures, and in fact the imagination has hard work to place them in the apotheosis of the church. Here the egotistic American had been before us and written his name. "William Gray" and "Henry Swatland," both of Vicksburg, Mississippi, had recorded the fact that they were here on Christmas day, 1857. Subsequent events cast a doubt over this statement. The walls are stained in diagonals, and remind one of the ten of diamonds. Every space had a name written on it. While rambling among these relics of egotism, we heard voices and footfalls coming up the stairs. An inspiration was born. Seizing a pencil, I wrote in a bold hand "Peter Funk, January 20, 1792," and when the two ladies and gentlemen entered, was innocently studying the names on the opposite wall. One of the ladies was a correspondent, and was taking notes in a pretty little book. She soon found the foot-prints of Mr. P. F., and with an exclamation worthy of the spirit of the antiquary, hovered over it with fluttering heart and trembling fingers that rapidly took down the precious item. Something like the following paragraph will be read in an Eastern journal:

"Among the items of deepest interest was a name written in bold characters that bespeak the soldier-pioneer's hand, the name of one who came here in 1792. That hand so bold now lies under the sod—dust and ashes beneath the gentle daisies and tender violets years ago; and this tracery of his career, perhaps all now remembered of him, remains to tell the wondering traveler the mere story that he lived. Bold pioneer! great soul of Peter Funk, farewell! Soon this frail thread that binds thy memory from earth to eternity will be severed, and then the curtain will fall to rise no more upon the light of our 'poor candle' put out forever."

How she hovered about it! how her little heart fluttered, and her vanity congratulated itself! It was mean, but there is a grim satisfaction in fooling any one—even a woman. I moved away, wondering if all curious stories are made of "whole cloth."

Then we went up into the belfry in one of the towers, where hang the chimes that have sent out their solemn peals all this hundred of years to the generations since the sunlight first kissed their brazen lips. Here a fine view in any direction can be had, the best, however, being out over the straggling Indian town and up the valley. Not a breath of air stirred; the sun came down, white and dazzling, but with a pleasant temperature. Leaning against one of the columns, we were lost in the dream of bygone ages, with the stories whose scenes cluster about these voiceless walls. Back drifted human fancy over years of blood, while savage and semi-civilized surged about these walls in a century grapple for supremacy, till we saw the stern-visaged but kind *padre*, who came first, standing here and looking out over the town and fields sleeping in the soft sunlight, and heard him in soliloquy murmur to himself the grand command: "Go ye into every land and preach the Gospel to every creature." Then a long train of cowled and gloomy priests, with their tithes, their mummeries, their dark tyranny over ignorant, trusting, innocent men and women, came here to gloat over their dominion while the sun was shining in mockery, the winds whistling in the trees, far off in the valley, and the dusky devotees toiling in the fields out yonder, and with the brutal spirits of McKenna, murmur:

"They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff
For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave
Which simple natures shall on trust receive,
While craftier fain belief till they believe.

* * * * * *

"That prophet ill sustains his holy call
Who finds not heaven to suit the tastes of all;
Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.

"I love mankind?—I do. I do
As victims love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats,
Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives."

The devotees toiled on, happy in bringing their fruits as an offering to the mystic priest of this vaguely splendid religion, and join their voices in the weird chant with the tyrant of the death-sceptre. What dark deeds were committed here under the shadow of this strange pile of San Xavier, with those who came to trust as in God, and passed out cursed and stained by craft! They come up in a thousand haunting visions to live again.

As we came out through the broken gate-way, a long-limbed Mexican, with jingling spurs, rode by on a wiry pony, and with a graceful wave of the hand and "*Buenos dias, señor!*" dashed on. A woman, whose dark eyes looked out from a swarthy face, half hid by a bright *mantilleta* drawn over her head, upon which was poised an *olla* of water, strode by, and passed into one of the small adobe houses. They looked oriental, while dead years hung their drapery on the crumbling front of San Xavier. We drove away while the vesper bells were ringing, and when far across the valley we turned, once more to see the dome and towers standing out in the clear, sharp light of sunset, while the few clouds in the great expanse of heaven caught the last kiss of day on their lowest drifts, lit up in a crimson flame—and then the sudden darkness that knows no gloaming fell upon the valley of the Santa Cruz.

Birds are fewer in Arizona than in any section of the Union. The raven—the bird "from the night's Plutonian shore"—is seen everywhere—lazily musing from the limb of a dead tree in solemn stateliness—gazing long and attentively upon the sun-blistered landscape, as if it were the dearest scene on earth—then, with a croak, flapping away in the quiet air. Of insects, we boast the tarantula, and that is enough. It is the "black cat" of every newcomer to the territory. It lives everywhere—in the mountains, *mesas*, and even in houses. In the summer, this ugly bundle of repulsive legs and bright eyes invades all places; the weary sleeper turns down the sheet at midnight, and finds the tarantula waiting for him; the plainsman has only lighted his fire for the night, when he finds himself in a colony of them, and they all come out to greet the visitor. Its bite is sometimes as fatal as that of the rattlesnake. Campers on the *mesas* come in close contact with both, but a few drops of boiling water in his house puts the tarantula out of the way. Their houses are models of ~~in~~structive con art. They are constructed of much the material of an Eastern hornet's nest, set in a hole in the ground, and provided with a lid or shutter, which, when down, closes up the house, with a contrivance in principle not unlike the hasp and staple. While the plainsman is dreaming sweetly, after the usual slaughter of tarantulas, not unfrequently the rattlesnake glides his cold length across him, or steals in under the blankets to share the warmth. This latter situation is not enviable, for an incautious movement may rouse the guest to plant his fangs in the sleeper, the result being not unfrequently death. A yell of "Snakes!" at midnight, in camp, with the lights all out, arouses a form of terror surpassing anything in the spectral visions of Dante.

JAMES WYATT OATES.

A GLIMPSE OF THE UNUSUAL.

The office-boy approached my desk, and said:

"The city editor wants you."

I entered the private office of that gentleman.

"Sit down," he said.

I obeyed.

"Read that." He handed me a note, which ran thus:

"CITY EDITOR 'FOG HORN':—I shall take one of your reporters with me next Sunday, if agreeable.

"J. H. WHITESIDES."

"Well?" I interrogated.

"Will you go?" he asked, with a fixed look.

"Certainly."

"You are not afraid?"

I smiled.

"I knew it," he said.

I blushed.

"That will do."

I left the office. There must have been an unusual expression on my face, for a reporter asked me:

"What did he want?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, carelessly; but my face evidently belied my words.

"I believe it was——"

"What?"

"The balloon."

"Yes."

"And he selected you?"

"Of course."

There was doubtless an accent in my tone that conveyed an idea of my importance; for several, who had overheard the conversation, gathered around me in a state of excitement tinctured with envy. I was calm, proud, superior; which proves that some reporters have sensibilities—of certain kinds. Two of our corps had already made ascensions.

"Bah!" they exclaimed, disdainfully, "it is nothing."

Nevertheless, I had a triumph. The news soon spread. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, condolence, pity, praise, adjurations, advice, solicitations, warnings, dire forebodings. I was called brave; several persons took the liberty of saying I was a fool. Some predicted that my heart would fail at the last moment; others contested the point, and bets were made, with the odds against my nerve. Why should I fail? it was argued. Had I not frequently concealed myself under the table at a caucus—been shot at—gone disguised into gambling hells—tied the knot at hangings—had my nose smashed and my jaw broken? Oh, yes, it was answered; but those adventures proved merely the fact that I was endowed with physical courage. I was sadly lacking in moral courage; for instance—but I decline to publish others' opinions of my depravity. I was the egg in this boiling pot, and was hardened.

"I will show you," I thought, but said nothing.

There were but three incidents connected with the ascension that are worthy of mention.

The first incident: I was introduced to Professor Whitesides, late of Chicago, now of San Francisco. He grasped my hand and remarked:

"I am glad to meet you."

"Thanks."

"What do you weigh?"

"Hundred and twenty-five."

"Good."

We were standing under the balloon, which had been inflated, and which the high wind caused to tug at its fastenings. The professor asked:

"Ever been up before?"

"No."

"We shall start in thirty minutes."

"All right."

He looked me straight in the face and asked:

"How do you feel?"

I experienced a feeling of shame in admitting that the question seemed strange. I reflected that it is customary to ask questions concerning health at the commencement of a conversation. I had no idea that he meant anything else. Furthermore, the form of the question seemed irregular. Why had he not asked me, in the usual way, if I were well? Still, I reflected that perhaps the method he had chosen was current in Chicago, so I answered:

"Very well, thanks."

He actually stared at me. I saw I had committed a blunder, and, to repair the damage, added:

"How are you?"

This made matters worse.

"Oh, never better."

As he said this he turned away to conceal a smile. When he had recovered his composure he again looked me full in the face, and said:

"You'll do."

The second incident: I was chatting with a reporter for a rival paper. He had made an ascension. In the course of conversation I asked him quite naturally, quite idly, and for no reason whatever, that I can imagine:

"How did it feel?"

A strange look came into his eyes, his under lip quivered, and he did not answer the question, pretending not to have heard it. This conduct, more than anything else, involved the science of ballooning in a profound mystery.

The third incident: We were sailing along bravely at an altitude of five thousand feet. The professor pointed out familiar landmarks. Suddenly he regarded me with a degree of interest, and repeated this remarkable question:

"How do you feel?"

I was confused. He was shaking the curtain behind which was concealed the mystery. I remembered that I had committed a grave indiscretion on the former occasion, doubtless through misunderstanding him. In the latter instance, with that self-complacency that characterizes reporters, I made the unpardonable mistake of neglecting to inquire of him his meaning. Many thoughts flashed through my mind. It was a supreme moment. I became desperate, and answered in one word—

"Dry."

He stared more fixedly than in the first case, then burst into laughter. I was offended. He noticed it, and made the same remark as before:

"You'll do."

I mention only these three incidents, as they all touched on something which I could not comprehend, and which has affected my whole