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J. HOWARD WELLS, Editor.

—TERMS—

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(CONTINUED.)

Letter from the "Ubiquitous."

Tucson, Sept. 25th 1859.

Editor ARIZONIAN, Sir:—We left Dona Ana in a splendid coach, drawn by six fine mules, and an outrider, and did not change animals again for nearly 100 miles, until we passed the *Sierra de la Muerte*, (journey of death,) a desert of 50 miles. It being the rainy season, water was found in abundance all along the desert—the line however, in every instance, when crossing this desert, carries water for the passengers and animals. We stopped several times to feed, make coffee, etc. Saw no living thing, except occasionally, a sneaking Coyote, and one solitary Antelope, which came within one hundred yards of the stage, and stopped going with perfect wonderment, at the moving mammoth on the lonely desert. It fired at but missed it, (as the stage "jogged" along,) when it bounded swiftly away upon its tiny, flinty hoofs, and was soon lost to our view. When we neared the other side of the desert, there were two dead bodies lying by the road side. It was supposed at first, they had perished, for want of water; they had been dead about two weeks. I learned the sad story of these poor fellows, when the stage reached the station on the other side. They had been drinking, and paid for something to eat. They stated they were on their way to California, and were informed that they had better take the river route. They appeared to understand perfectly well what they had to go through, crossing the *Sierra de la Muerte*—each had an army canteen filled with water—and after they had made twenty miles or more, of their journey, the stage met them, gave them water to drink, and filled their empty canteens. The murdered men had been soldiers at Fort Craig, and while at the station house, on the edge of the desert, "flushed" their money in the presence of some "grazers," who appeared to be watching them, and who, no doubt followed, murdered, and robbed them of \$25 each, (all they possessed,) and two dragons—axehounters. It was given out in this Mexican town, that they had perished for want of water, or that the Indians had killed them. It could not have been the work of Indians, for they seldom or never prowl on the desert, and nothing was taken but the money and pistols. Indians would have taken bolts, clothing, etc. And further, in proof that they did not perish for the want of water, a few days after the murder, Col. "Jack" Collins, a citizen of the State of Texas, examined one of the bodies, and found a bullet hole, and blood marks, the other body was lying some distance off, and their being a lady in the stage, who became terribly frightened, Mr. Collins did not stop to examine it. Three weeks afterward, on my return, I saw two fresh made graves, which, noted the resting places (of the little the Coyotes had left) of their mortal remains. I understood that the Commander at Fort Craig, had sent out a file of soldiers to perform this last sad act, for their late unfortunate comrades.

Let me here suggest to the "white" traveler when passing through any portion of the country, populated by the Montanos—whether it is owned by the United States, or not—he must look upon all Mexicans in the light of enemies—for they are naturally so. There are many causes for this, of which it is unnecessary here to go into detail. The Mexicans class all the white population, "gringos," which is meant to convey, emphatically, their contempt for Americans—all whites, by the lower order of Mexicans, are set down as Americans. This evil term is used as a sobriquet, to give word "grasso." There is rarely an instance, that the Mexican can be trusted, (probably Southern California alone, excepted) where he has the American in his power, or in any way, the "best" of him, particularly if the "grasso" can make anything by the operation. There may be exceptions, to the rule I have here laid down, but nevertheless, I again advise all the "gringos," who may have to pass through the "grasso" country, if they want to come out of it unscathed, to be always on the alert.

On the route to Santa Fe, you pass hundreds of heaps of small stones, which have been piled up to mark the burial places of those who have been killed in battle, and many who have been murdered by the ruthless, savage, and treacherous Mexican. Some of these mounds denote the burial places of victims, who have been slain, for years upon years, that have long since passed away. It is considered sacrilege for any one to despoil them of a single stone, and the religiously superstitious Mexican, and Christianized Indian, when passing, always adds another stone, to the already accumulated heap. As many as twenty and even fifty of these mounds are seen at one place. These spots are said to mark the resting places of braves and warriors, who fell in battle with hostile and opposing tribes. Occasionally a wooden cross is erected, to denote the burial place of a murdered Mexican.

Most of New Mexico, after leaving the desert, is rather thickly settled. Every few miles of the route, upon both side of and along the river bottom you pass Mexican and Indian villages. The Indians who live in the villages are civilized, and also Christianized, the work of the Jesuits in the golden time. These Indians farm, and raise stock, and are governed by laws of their own; or speaking more to the point, by one of their tribes, whom they adore, and whom they denominate Governor, to whom they refer all their grievances and disputes for adjustment. His power is absolute, and from his decision, there is no appeal.

In nearing our journey's end, and before we reached Townsend's the last resting place, before getting to Santa Fe, we came to a piece of bad road, made by the late heavy rains. The driver stopped to feed the animals, in sight of one of the Indian villages: when to "save horse flesh," and try to get something to eat, we walked over the bad part of the road, to the village. We found the Governor to be a fine looking, middle aged Indian, dressed in full costume—complete state of nudity—except a piece of "manta," girt about his loins. He invited us, or rather we entered his Adobe hut, had a talk with him in Spanish jargon, and endeavored to purchase some cabbages, but to all our questions to him, about something for the inner man, his reply was, "nada, nada." All the time our confab was going on with the Governor, I thought I could perceive a knowing leer in the eye of Maj W, a gentleman who got into the stage near Fort Craig, and who lived within a few miles of the village. I became much better acquainted with the Major afterward, and found him to be a terrible quizz and punster. His whole delight appeared

to enjoy this kind of sport. After we left the Governor's we were met by what appeared to be a more fraternal Indian. The Major suggested to H (who was anxious to buy a small and very good kind of cheese, made by these Indians) to give the Indian a bite to go and get one. The Indian "palmed" the cheese, and left us, promising a speedy return. We waited—no matter how long—but we waited in vain for the return of the Indian with the cheese. At length the stage drove up—it was now dark—and the driver sang out "all aboard," and we were soon rattling on again. In a few moments the Major without cracking a smile, said he felt sorry for the poor Indian—we looked at him inquiringly—he continued, he was an "honest Indian," he had no doubt missed his way, and could not find us—but said the Major we will have that cheese to-morrow, for dinner at the Feuda. So soon as he said Feuda, which we were aware was in Santa Fe, a distance of 50 miles—we burst into a laugh, we then knew we had been sold, and proclaimed as once—"satisfactory!"

The Major then told us, that the Indians had no doubt taken H, and himself to be runaway soldiers, for I had on one of Uncle Sam's overalls, and H had on a pair of army pants, as they knew nothing of our coming in the stage. The Indians are afraid of deserters; they frequently commit depredations upon them, and that was the cause of the Governor treating us so cavalierly, and as for the cheesemonger, he had considered us fair game.

In a short time we arrived at Algodones, the home of our fellow passenger Major W, and he prevailed upon the driver to stop, for a short time, in order that we might partake of the Major's hospitality, by drinking some of his *vino de la patria*, the pure juice of the grape, made from his own vineyard. We did ample justice to the wine, but as our host was a bachelor, and had been absent some time from home, nothing to be had to eat. Our accommodating Jehu, now informed us it was time to start, if we intended to make the regular stopping place that night, each one made tracks for the coach, bearing in hand as a trophy a bottle of the delicately flavored wine. The Major as merry as the merriest of us, followed suit, and agreed to accompany us, to our place of destination, the ancient and far-famed city of Santa Fe.

Late at night we arrived at Townsend's, and went to bed—not feeling the want of it—supperless—thanks to the wine. Like the "booby" bird at sea, when it lights upon a ship, the moment our limbs touched the bed our heads were asleep—swamp in the arms of Morpheus, and enjoying a steam-hoat slumber, by the assistance of glorious old Bacchus.

Rose early with a slight head-ache—took the usual antidote, and then a good breakfast, and were soon on our last day's ride. After a few miles journeying, we overtook the team of Mr. FARRIS GRAY, one of the owners of the Santa Fe Stage line, and were forced to join him in partaking of some of the good things of this life. Green and his party had camped out over night. We met Mr. Green at Albuquerque, where he had manifested his generosity and politeness towards us. He is a man rarely to be met with, although I have seen many good fellows enjoying frontier life. With "Frank" there's room enough, and each may bring his friend. Late that afternoon we arrived in Santa Fe, which contains a population of about six thousand souls—of which from two to three hundred are "white." It is a great place for business, carried on with the surrounding country. The principal merchants and traders are foreign Jews. I saw as many as one hundred six ox-team loads of goods, enter the city, in a few days. One unaccustomed to such

sights in a small town, will naturally exclaim, what becomes of these goods. The matter explains itself, upon reflection that this is the grand depot for a population of over fifty thousand, which the Territory of New Mexico, is said to contain.

Santa Fe can boast of a magnificently kept Hotel—no man need wish to enter a better in any country. It is now kept by a gentleman and family by the name of Rose. It will be remembered, this is the same family, that were induced to try "Beale's" route to California, and were robbed of all their stock, and a number of the party were murdered by the Indians. Mr. Rose lost over \$20,000 worth of fine stock, among which were some blooded animals, besides the privations he and his family had to undergo; fortunately none of his family were killed, and only his mother-in-law wounded to the wrist, in protecting her little grand-daughter. Nine emigrants in all were killed. Mr. Rose and family before this disaster were in easy circumstance, indeed, for farmers and stock-growers, comparatively rich. They lost all their worldly stock of goods and have now to resort to hotel keeping for a livelihood. This matter, I have been informed, has been brought to the notice of our Government, and I have no doubt, when all the facts of the case are laid before Congress, that body will do full justice to these deserving people.

There is considerable legal talent at the Santa Fe, Bar, and they are as courteous gentlemen as they are gifted advocates; and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Benedict, is an able Judge, and a clear expounder of the law. I listened with great attention and much pleasure, to a learned and elaborate opinion of great length, delivered by him in relation to those Mexicans, (at the time of the conquest) who elected to retain their Mexican citizenship. The learned Judge decided that all those, who had so elected, were to all intents and purposes foreigners; and had to take out naturalization papers, before they could exercise the rights of American citizens. This was an important decision, inasmuch as several hundred of these Mexicans, who had thus thrown away their rights as American citizens, were now the loudest mouthed politicians—some of them even holding office—others of them always upon the grand and petty juries. The question came up upon an exception taken to one of them, sitting as a grand juror. The opinion of the Chief Justice was concurred in, by the two other members of the Court, Messrs. BOOCK & BLACKWELL.

Santa Fe, is the head quarters of the Army, both for New Mexico and Arizona. Those of the officers I had the pleasure of meeting were clever gentlemen. Col. Bonneville had returned from sending an escort with Mr. Phelps, M. C., from Missouri, who had been invited by the Legislature, to visit Santa Fe, and portions of the surrounding country. That he might see for himself the wants and necessities of the Territory, and behold the shameful condition of the Court House and Jail—that is to be—by Congress refusing to make an appropriation for their completion. I never had the pleasure of meeting the honorable gentleman, but for the two weeks I was in Santa Fe, I heard nothing but Phelps—the Phelps dinner—the Phelps battles—Phelps had danced with the "Mojava," &c., &c. In short, if the people of Santa Fe had the power to make the next President, Mr. Phelps would occupy the "White House" for the next four years term. One good turn deserves another, and I have no doubt that Mr. Phelps will stand up manfully for the wants of New Mexico, and as a matter of course, for Arizona too.

In closing this letter, I should like to say something in favor of many of the deserving gentlemen, who hold Federal Commissions, and many other gentlemen residing there at whose hands I was the recipient of favors and politeness, but I am admonished by the compositor that my letter has already reached too great a length. They must therefore take the will for the deed. Wishing my old friend DU MARLE, long life and happiness, I sign myself,

E. McG.