

## ARIZONA—AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE

(Written by PATRICK HAMILTON,  
Arizona Immigration Commissioner in 1884).

The sixteenth century was prolific in memorable events that make many a thrilling page in modern history. None has a greater attraction than those which narrate the doings of the Spanish conquerors in the New World. The glamour of romance which the early chroniclers threw around the lives and the deeds of those famous free-booters is not yet dispelled; and the intrepidity, daring, personal bravery and brilliant achievements of Cortez, Pizarro, Alvarado and Balboa have a fascination for every student of history. Their avarice, selfishness and cruelty have left a blot on their memory; but their fame is more than half redeemed by the wonderful work they wrought. The grandeur of their conquests has covered with a halo of glory their personal failings and imperfections; and the desperate adventurer is forgotten in the hero whose invincible sword conquered an empire. No hardship was too great or no danger too appalling to daunt the hearts of those indomitable free lances. Any enterprise, however desperate, that promised glory of gain, always found in them ready recruits and enthusiastic supporters. No part of the New World was too distant or too dangerous for them to penetrate. Long before other European nations thought of colonizing the western hemisphere, the Spaniards had sent expeditions through all that vast region now embraced by Mexico, Central America, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado. The imperfect records of these various expeditions read like some tale of fiction; and the reckless bravery, the dauntless energy, and the unconquered will of the old cavaliers have never been surpassed, before or since. To those pioneers of the western world we are indebted for our first glimpse of this country. But long before the coming of the Caucasian another people and a different civilization flourished here; but oblivion has so completely

swallowed up their identity that they cut no figure in our annals.

Arizona is an olden land with a modern history. That it was once the home of a semi-civilized race, there is ample evidence in the ruins left by its former occupants, in nearly every valley and mountain range. The origin and history of the people who once held sway in this remote region of the western world are lost in the mists of antiquity, and the lengthening shadows of time afford to their modern successors but a dim conjecture as to who they were, whence they came and what were the causes which led to their complete extinction. These questions suggested themselves to the first Europeans who penetrated the territory, now known as Arizona, nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, and the answers to them were as indefinite then as they are today. There is every reason to believe that the most interesting epoch in Arizona's history lies buried in those mysterious mounds which are an enigma alike to the savant and the sightseer; and the relics which are dug from them suggest mutely, yet eloquently, the time when every valley smiled with prosperity; when mountain and mesa were covered with flocks and herds; when towns and cities adorned the plain and a happy and contented people enjoyed the gifts of bounteous nature in this favored land. This was the golden age of Arizona, but not even tradition gives a whisper as to the causes which brought to so sudden an ending a civilization at once so extensive and unique.

The modern history of the region now embraced within the limits of Arizona Territory begins with the advent of the first Spanish adventurers. More than a quarter of a century before their countrymen laid the foundations of St. Augustine, and long before Captain John Smith established the "first families" at Jamestown, or the Puritan Pilgrims had sighted the inhospitable shores of Massachusetts Bay, the daring Conquistadores had penetrated the wilds of Arizona and New Mexico. To Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca belongs the honor of being the first European to set foot upon Arizona soil. He was treasurer and alcalde of the unfortunate ex-

pedition of Panfilo de Narvaez to the coast of Florida, in 1527. Casting anchor in Tampa Bay, Narvaez, with three hundred and forty men, marched inland, after having arranged that the fleet should follow the coast. But the uniting of the sea and the land forces was never effected. After losing some vessels by storms and spending nearly a year cruising about the coast, the fleet bore away for Cuba, being unable to learn any tidings of the inland expedition.

Narvaez explored the interior for a considerable distance, suffering many hardships. But instead of the golden treasures and the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, which his excited imagination had pictured as lying hidden in the Land of Flowers, he found a wild and inhospitable region whose swamps swarmed with venomous and repulsive reptiles, and whose every breeze bore upon its wings the deadly malaria.

After long and profitless wanderings, the expedition again reached the seaboard, but the fleet was nowhere in sight, nor could any traces of it be found. In their extremity the Spaniards made tools from their stirrups and other articles of iron, and built five boats. In these the remnant of the expedition, now reduced to a little over two hundred men, embarked for Cuba. The boat commanded by Cabeza de Vaca was stranded on an island, and the survivors, more dead than alive, fell into the hands of the savages. As no tidings of the other boats were ever received it is supposed they were swallowed up by the hungry sea, with all their occupants.

According to the story of Alvar Nunez, himself and companions became slaves of their captors. He remained with his Indian taskmasters for nearly six years, naked like themselves, and suffering great hardships. At the end of that time he effected his escape, but he only gained a change of masters, for he was soon again a slave in another tribe. Here he met Andreas Dorante, Alfonso del Castillo Maldonado, and Estevan, an Arabian negro. These were also members of the expedition of Narvaez, who had been wrecked, and were now held in bondage by the Indians. With these

Cabeza de Vaca soon agreed upon a plan of escape. They were in a desperate plight. Before them stretched hundreds of leagues of treacherous sea; behind them lay an unknown region of vast extent, never yet pressed by the foot of a European. As the only chance of ever again seeing friends or civilization, they determined to penetrate the wilderness to the west, and endeavor to join their countrymen in Northern Mexico. It was a bold resolve, but it was the only one that promised deliverance from their present terrible condition. To cross a continent, and brave the unforeseen dangers which lay in their path, required no ordinary daring, but those old Spaniards had hearts for any enterprise and nerves of steel for any emergency.

Their wanderings and adventures read like some story of romance, and only a mere outline of it can be given here. The exact route of these first overland travelers is also a matter of some doubt. They waded the swamps and bayous of Florida and reached the Indian towns of the region now embraced within the States of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The wondering savages, as may be supposed, gazed with astonishment, not unmixed with awe, upon the first white men they had ever beheld. The negro, Estevan, was likewise the subject of wild conjecture and unbounded curiosity, he being the first of his race whom the red men had ever seen. Nunez explained, as best he might, the cause of their unexpected appearance, and their desire to reach the European settlements on the distant Pacific. The natives treated the strangers kindly, supplied them with provisions, and provided comfortable quarters.

How long Cabeza de Vaca and his fellow-travelers remained with these people is not clear, but their stay was evidently a lengthy one.

Bidding adieu at last to their kind entertainers, they turned their faces to the west and pushed on towards the "big water." They discovered the Mississippi nearly ten years before De Soto stood upon its banks and found a resting place beneath its turbid flood. Crossing the stream, they traversed the wide plains, passing through many tribes, with

whom they tarried, and from all of whom they received kindness and succor. To all inquiries of the wondering aborigines, Nunez and his companions pointed toward the setting sun, as the direction of their journey. They at last reached the Arkansas and followed up that stream, meeting with large bands of Indians encamped in its grassy valley. Game was abundant and they feasted right royally in the tepees of their dusky hosts.

Entering what is now New Mexico, they came to the Indian Pueblos on the Rio Grande. These were the first indications the Spaniards had seen during their weary wanderings of anything like civilization. The inhabitants lived in stone houses, cultivated the soil, dressed in deer skins and light cotton stuffs and their mode of life, customs, and surroundings were almost the same as they are at the present day. They received the wayworn and ragged Spaniards with the utmost kindness, set before them abundance of food and provided them with beds of deer and bear skins upon which to lay their weary limbs. The adventurers remained at these towns for a lengthy period, the exact duration of which can only be conjectured. They then pressed on westward to the Zuni and Moqui villages. The people of these villages were found to be similar in all respects to those they had left on the Rio Grande. Their houses, form of government, manners, and customs were exactly the same and the lapse of three hundred and fifty years has made no material change. Vague rumors had already reached these towns about the wonderful race with white skins, and beards on their faces, who had made their appearance far to the south. They looked upon the band of hardy adventurers as being from another world. Nothing was too good for the pale faced strangers and the chief men vied with each other in paying every attention and showing them every kindness. The Spaniards succeeded in making their hosts understand the cause of their coming and the object of their journey. The Indians pointed south toward the snowclad peaks of the San Francisco, meaning they would find their countrymen in that direction.

Leaving the Moqui towns, and well provided with provisions, the party turned southward and passing through central Arizona, reached after many days of weary travel, the Pima settlements on the Gila.

This is the first knowledge we have of the tribe; and Cabeza de Vaca's narrative describes them as they are today. Like all the other Indians whom the Spaniards had met, the Pimas were spellbound with astonishment at the sight of the strangers. They treated them with the deference due to demigods and supplied them with everything to meet their immediate wants. These aborigines had also heard of the coming of the Europeans to Mexico and directed the party to follow the line of Pima towns to the south and they would lead them to the goal of their desires. Elated with the hope of soon meeting their countrymen, Nunez and his comrades resumed their journey with lighter hearts. They passed through southern Arizona and Sonora and after many hardships and adventures, which space will not admit of detailing here, their longing eyes were at last gladdened by the sight of the banner of Castile and Leon floating from the ramparts of Culiacan, in Sinaloa. Overjoyed at the sight and bursting into tears, they threw themselves upon the ground and offered heart-felt prayers to God for their deliverance. When the four ragged, dirty, unkempt and unshorn men marched into the plaza the whole town turned out to gaze upon them. Years of wandering in unknown wilds had bronzed their faces almost to the color of the savage. Their uncouth garb of tattered deer skins added to their wild appearance and when they spoke, the spectators could hardly believe that those were Christians and Spaniards who stood before them.

The reader who has accompanied Cabeza de Vaca ("Cow's Head") in his tramp across the continent, may desire to know his subsequent history. He was appointed, some years later, to conduct the expedition for the discovery of the Rio de la Plata and the conquest of Paraguay. To make amends for the vicissitudes of his earlier career, fortune showered honors and riches upon him towards its close. His surprising adventures among the savages in the interior of the continent

lost nothing of their thrilling interest by his own narration, which is marked by all the lively colors of the veracious traveler.

Alvar Nunez and his companions gave glowing accounts of the country over which they passed and their highly colored descriptions of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," the Moqui towns, and other points on the route, aroused the spirit of adventure and cupidity among the restless Spaniards, ever ready to face any danger or undergo any hardship that promised glory or gain. The pious ardor of the zealous missionaries was likewise fired by the tales which Nunez and his fellow travelers told of the hordes to the northward, steeped in pagan idolatry and awaiting the coming of those who would lead them to the true God.

An adventurous pioneer of the cross in the western world, Padre Marco de Niza by name, listening to the stories told by Cabeza de Vaca, resolved to satisfy himself as to their truth or falsity. Early in 1539 the good Father, under the patronage of the Viceroy Mendoza, and accompanied by a few followers, and guided by the negro Estevan, set out from Culiacan in search of the "Seven Cities of the Bull." They passed through the country of the Pimas, and up the valley of the Santa Cruz, by the present site of Tucson, thence across to the Pima settlements on the Gila. Here the party were furnished with guides and provisions and traveled north to the valleys of Central Arizona. Here they met the friendly Yavapai tribe, with whom they rested several days. Striking northeast towards the San Francisco mountains they soon came to the Little Colorado and a few days journey beyond their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the first of the mysterious "Seven Cities." Father de Niza sent forward Estevan to the first city to notify the chief of his arrival and the peaceful nature of his mission. It is said the black Lothario became a little too familiar with the Moqui maidens, which so incensed the warriors that they dashed out his brains with their war-clubs. The Father, hearing of the fate that had befallen his dusky follower, did not enter the city, deeming the temper of the inhabitants not in a proper condition for the reception

of the gospel truths. He set up the emblem of Christianity, named the country the New Kingdom of San Francisco and returned to Culiacan.

The public mind throughout New Spain was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by the news which Padre de Niza brought on his return. The desire to extend the dominion of the Cross produced in the breasts of the fathers a feeling of holy adventure; and the thirst for gold and glory possessed alike the belted knight and the sturdy man-at-arms. The Viceroy, Mendoza, became infused with the spirit which surrounded him and fitted out two expeditions to explore the marvelous country to the north; one by land under Vazquez de Coronado and the other by sea under Fernando Alarcon. In April, 1540, Coronado marched out of Culiacan with nearly a thousand men, the greater number being Indians. He entered Arizona by the valley of the Santa Cruz and passed by the present site of Tucson, where he found an Indian rancheria. He then directed his march to the Pima towns on the Gila. While resting here, Coronado visited the ruins of Chichitilaca, which he named "Casa Grande." Crossing over to the Salt River, the Spanish leader followed that stream to its junction with the Verde and up the latter to its source in the Valle de Chino. From this point he struck across to the San Francisco mountain country and thence into the valley of the stream, which he named the "Rio del Lion," from the quantities of wild flax found growing on its banks. The river is now known as the Colorado Chiquito. Directing his course northwest, from this point, two days' march brought him in sight of the Moqui towns, forty-five days after starting from Culiacan.

The rich and populous cities which the adventurers expected to find proved to be but a collection of poor and insignificant villages. The houses were small, built in terraces and laid in rough stone as they are at the present day. The province contained seven villages, each governed by a chief. The people were peaceful, intelligent and industrious. They raised good crops of corn, beans and pumpkins, cultivated fine peaches, wore cotton cloth and dressed deer skins, and

were in no respect materially different from their descendants, the Moquis and Zunis of the present day.

As may be supposed, the inhabitants were greatly alarmed at the appearance of so large a force, but they were given to understand no harm was intended them if they gave up the wealth they were reported to possess to the invaders. But a thorough search failed to bring to light the treasures said to exist in such profusion in the "Seven Cities." Large quantities of corn were found in the store houses, and every dwelling was well supplied with domestic utensils fashioned of baked clay. At one of the towns, which he named Granada, the inhabitants offered resistance, and Coronado took the place by assault, killing a number of the natives. He speaks of the people of these towns as being well disposed and industrious in cultivating the soil. They held their lands in severalty and had a well arranged tribal government. He next visited the Zuni villages, which he found an exact counterpart of those of the Moquis. The former, like the latter, had no treasure to tempt the cupidity of the Spaniards and, beyond being called upon for a supply of provisions, they were left unmolested. Disappointed in his quest, the Spaniard leader turned his face eastward. He visited the New Mexico pueblos on the Rio Grande, which he found larger and more populous than those of the Zunis and Moquis and whose customs, laws, religion and mode of life were exactly similar. But among them, as among the tribes first visited, there was a notable dearth of the royal metal, and save a few silver and copper ornaments, their dwellings were entirely destitute of the wealth they had been reported to contain. Coronado next turned north and explored the country as far as the present site of Denver, and east as far as the Canadian river. During his march through the latter region, he had several brushes with the Comanches and lost a number of his Indian auxiliaries. With the exception of roving bands of savages, he found the country uninhabited.

Disappointed in finding no booty, and cursing his credulity in listening to the tales of Alvar Nunez and Padre de Niza, the Spanish adventurer directed his steps homeward and in

the spring of 1542, after nearly two years of profitless wanderings, the expedition returned to Mexico. While encamped in the San Francisco mountains, Coronado sent out two detachments to explore the country to the west. One of these, commanded by Captain Diaz, discovered the great Colorado below the Canyon and followed it to its mouth.

Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas was sent northward with a command of twelve men and was the first white man to gaze upon the wonders of the Grand Canyon. The expedition of Alarcon set sail about the time Coronado marched. It was intended to co-operate with the land forces but there was little concert of action in the movements of either. Alarcon discovered the Gulf of California, which he named the Sea of Cortez. He also discovered the Colorado and Gila rivers. Not being able to stem the current of the former stream, he manned two boats and ascended it some ninety leagues to the mouth of the Grand Canyon. He then set sail and returned to Mexico.

It was not until 1582, forty years later, that any further efforts were made to explore the region known to the Spaniards as "Arizuma." In that year Antonio de Espejo led an expedition towards the north. He penetrated to the region of the Rio Grande, traveled up that stream some fifteen days and named the country Nueve Mexico. He passed through many pueblos and turning westward visited Zia and Acoma. The former place he speaks of as having a population of 20,000 souls, "and containing eight market places and better houses, the latter plastered and painted in diverse colors." The Zuni pueblos were next visited and named Cibola. From this point, Espejo traveled westward to the Moqui towns, where he was received most hospitably and presented with baskets of corn and mantles of cotton cloth. Tarrying here but a short time, he again journeyed on, and forty-five leagues southwest to Moqui, on a mountain easily ascended, he discovered rich silver ore. The mines were situated near two rivers, whose banks were lined with great quantities of wild grapes, walnut trees and flax "like that of Castile."

There can scarcely be a doubt that one of those streams was

the Rio Verde, and that the mines were situated at no great distance from it, probably in the region of the country now known as the Black Hills. This is the first authentic account we possess of the finding of precious metals within the limits of Arizona and to Antonio de Espejo must be awarded the honor of the discovery. He was the pioneer prospector of our territory and little dreamed what magnificent results were to flow from his find. History is silent as to whether the old cavalier set up his "monuments" and marked his "claim" but as he shortly afterwards returned to Zuni, it is presumed he did not consider his discovery of sufficient importance to merit much attention. From Zuni, Espejo retraced his steps to the Rio Grande, and crossing over to the Rio Pecos, descended that stream to its mouth and then returned to Mexico, where he arrived in 1583.

As these expeditions were undertaken solely with the hope of acquiring sudden wealth, like that which rewarded the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, no effort was made to found colonies and a century elapsed before any effort was made to establish a permanent settlement in "Arizuma." In 1686 the Jesuit missionary, Fray Eusebio Francisco Kino, left the City of Mexico and journeyed to the north, with the intention of spreading the light of Christianity among the wild tribes of Sinaloa and Sonora. Being joined by Padre Juan Maria Salvatierra, the two pious friars pushed on to the country of Sobahipuris and in the year 1687 the first mission within the territory, now known as Arizona, was established at Guevavi, some distance south of Tucson, The Mission of San Xavier del Bac ("of the water") was founded about the same time, or not long after. The first mission building was a very pretentious structure and it was nearly a hundred years later before the present edifice was erected. The zealous propagandists preached the gospel truths to the tribes living along the Gila, many of whom ranged themselves beneath the banner of the Cross. Fray Kino and another priest pushed their apostolic peregrinations to the Gulf of California and calculated the width of that desolate sea to be about fifty miles, from shore to shore. In one of their visits to the Gila, they

tried, but unsuccessfully, to establish a mission near the ruins of Casa Grande.

In 1720, or thirty-three years after the founding of Guevavi, there were nine missions, all in a prosperous condition, within the present limits of the territory. The population of those missions was almost entirely composed of converts from the Pima tribe, who took the name of Papago ("baptized"), and a few subjugated Apaches. The missions were prosperous and the untiring labors of the pious Fathers brought forth good fruit in the peaceful and industrious Indian colonies which grew up about them. The neophytes were taught the art of tillage and large bodies of land were brought under cultivation. Sheep and cattle were introduced, rich mines were opened and worked, comfortable houses were erected and order and industry took place of savagery and sloth. The mission colonies were on the high road to prosperity, were self-sustaining and doing good work, not only in teaching the Indians the truths of Christianity but in developing the material resources of the country. But they were subject to constant raids from the untamed Apache, and in 1751 an outbreak occurred among the Pimas, many of the priests were killed and several of the missions destroyed. After this insurrection, the vice-regal government established the presidios of Tucson and Tubac and maintained therein small garrisons for the protection of the neighboring missions.

In the year 1765, a royal decree was issued, at Madrid, ordering the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain and her colonies. This was a severe blow to the missions in "Arizuma," and one from which they never recovered. The decree was not carried into effect until 1767, when the last of the followers of Loyola were driven from the scenes of their labors and triumphs in Southern Arizona. In May, 1768, fourteen Franciscan friars arrived in Tucson, from Mexico, to take the place of the expelled Jesuits. On their arrival they found the missions in a declining condition and subject to frequent attacks from the savage Apache. Life and enterprise seem to have fled with their founders and they maintained an uncertain and constantly harassed existence until the breaking out of the

war for Mexican Independence. Being deprived of the fostering care and protection of the vice-regal government, they rapidly declined and were finally abandoned by a decree of the Mexican government in 1828. During the regime of the mission fathers, many prospecting and exploring parties penetrated Southern Arizona and a number of settlements were established. Besides the presidios of Tucson and Tubac, there were flourishing haciendas at San Bernardino, Barbacamori, San Pedro, Arivaca and Calabasas. These settlements possessed large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Mining was also prosecuted vigorously, especially at Arivaca and Cababi. Some of the silver ores were reduced on the ground by simple adobe furnaces, while the richest was transported on the backs of mules to Sonora and Sinaloa. Most of the valuable gold and silver ornaments of the mission churches came from the mines which surrounded them, and at Guavavi, the remains of sixteen arrastras could be distinctly traced, a few years ago. After the breaking up of the missions these prosperous colonies were despoiled by the savages and abandoned by those who escaped the tomahawk and torch.

By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1847, all that portion of the territory north of the Gila River was ceded to the United States. At that time there was not a single white inhabitant in all that vast region stretching from the Gila to the Utah boundary, and from the Colorado of the West to the present line of New Mexico. Northern and Central Arizona was an untrodden wild and the unconquered Apache was lord of the mountain, river and plain. The few inhabitants who eked out a precarious existence within the miserable presidios of Tucson and Tubac were the only inhabitants of the country, then called Pimeria Alta. In 1854, that portion of the present territory lying south of the Gila was acquired from Mexico by the treaty negotiated by James Gadsden, then minister to our sister republic. The price paid for the purchase, embracing some forty thousand square miles, was ten millions of dollars. A good deal of ridicule was cast upon Mr. Gadsden for throwing such a sum

upon a "worthless desert" and it was generally considered that the Mexicans had decidedly the best of the bargain. But although Minister Gadsden failed in achieving the main object he had in mind—the securing of Guaymas and the control of the gulf—yet, in view of the marvelous mineral wealth contained in the territory acquired, it must be considered a cheap and valuable acquisition.

Subsequent to the ratification of the Gadsden treaty, the territory was attached to the County of Dona Ana, New Mexico. In 1855 the country was formally turned over to the United States by the Mexican authorities; American troops took possession of Tucson and Tubac; the Mexican colors were lowered, the stars and stripes hoisted in their place and the authority of the Great Republic established where Spaniard and Mexican held sway for more than two hundred years.

After the acquisition of Southern Arizona, several expeditions were sent out by the War Department to explore the almost unknown territory of the southwest. The reports of Lieutenants Whipple and Ives were the first valuable contribution to our knowledge of Arizona. In 1854, Lieutenant Williamson made a survey of the country north of the Gila, with the object of discovering a route for a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the same year, Lieutenant Gray surveyed the route from Marshall, Texas, to Tubac, and from thence to Port Lobos, on the Gulf, and also to Fort Yuma and San Diego. A year later, Lieutenant Beale made numerous surveys throughout Northern Arizona. He followed the line of the 35th parallel and opened a road from the Rio Grande to Fort Tejon, in California, which for years was known as the "Beale Route." The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad follows the line of the old road from the Rio Grande to the Colorado.

On the last day of December, 1854, a memorial to Congress was introduced in the Legislature of New Mexico, by the representative from Dona Ana County, praying for the organization of the territory into a separate political division. The name first chosen was "Pimeria," but the one afterwards

adopted was "Arizona." Authorities differ as to the origin of the name. It is a corruption of "Arizuma," first applied to the country by the early Spanish explorers. Some maintain that the word is of Pima origin, and means "Little Creek," while others hold that its derivation is from the two Pima words "Ari," a maiden, and "Zon," a valley or country, having reference to the traditional maiden queen who once ruled over all the Pima Nation.

Near the southern line of the territory, there was formerly a pueblo attached to the Mission of Saric, half a league from the mining town of Agua Caliente. This pueblo took its name from the mountain near by, which was known as the "Arizona Mountain." From this the name came to be applied to the entire territory. The pueblo of "Arizona" was established by Padres Kino and Salvatierra in 1690. It was destroyed by the revolt of the Pimas in 1751.

The first attempt to secure a territorial government proved a failure. But this did not deter energetic and enterprising men from pushing their way into Southern Arizona. In August, 1856, an expedition, under the leadership of Charles D. Poston, entered the territory from San Antonio, Texas, for the purpose of working the rich silver mines said to exist in the Santa Rita and Arivaca districts. About the same time the government established two military posts in the Gadsden Purchase, one at the head of the Sonoita, some sixty miles east of Tucson, called Fort Buchanan, and the other on the lower San Pedro, near the mouth of the Arivapai, and known as Fort Breckenridge. In August, 1858, the Butterfield Stage route was established. This line extended from Marshall, Texas, to San Diego, and carried mails and passengers three times a week. During the next two years a large amount of capital was invested in mining development; and notwithstanding the enormous cost of supplies and materials of all kinds, which had to be transported hundreds of miles over wretched roads, the country made steady progress. Companies organized in New York and Cincinnati operated extensively in the Santa Rita, Patagonia, Cerro Colorado and Ajo districts. Tubac became the headquarters

for nearly all of these corporations and a live, energetic population of 500 souls was gathered there in 1858-59-60. A weekly newspaper was started, known as the *Arizonan*, the pioneer journal of the territory. The great natural resources of the country were becoming known and it seemed to have entered on a high road to prosperity, when the breaking out of the Civil War brought to an abrupt ending Arizona's onward march on the highway of progress. The troops at Forts Buchanan and Breckenridge received orders to evacuate the territory, burn and destroy all government property they could not carry away and fall back to the Rio Grande. The two forts were reduced to ashes, together with large quantities of government stores and the military abandoned the country. About the same time the Butterfield mail line, deprived of all protection against hostile savages, was stopped, and the route changed further north.

Every enterprise came to a standstill, and every American who could get away fled to California or Sonora. The Apache marauders swept down from their mountain strongholds and carried death and destruction throughout Southern Arizona. Mines, ranches and stock ranges were abandoned and the few whites left in the country took refuge within the walls of Tucson. The savages indulged in a saturnalia of slaughter and the last glimmer of civilization seemed about to be quenched in blood. The Indians advanced to the outskirts of the town, carrying death and devastation in their track. They swept the scattered settlements, killing and destroying everything in their path. The horribly mutilated bodies of men, women and children marked nearly every mile of the road to the Rio Grande. The blaze from many a comfortable home lit up the midnight sky and the agonizing shrieks of the victims, and the fiendish yells of the red demons, were the sights and sounds throughout the Gadsden Purchase. This frightful condition of things existed for nearly a year after the withdrawal of the troops.

In February, 1862, Captain Hunter, with a company of Texans, entered Tucson, and took possession of the territory, in the name of the Confederate States. The majority of the

white population were in sympathy with the cause he represented. Some time before his arrival they held a meeting and with all the solemnity which the occasion demanded, had passed an ordinance proclaiming the secession of Arizona from the Union. The Stars and Bars, however, did not long continue to float over the Old Pueblo. Hunter held possession of the place until May, when the advance of the California Volunteers caused him to retreat to the Rio Grande. With the advent of the California troops, and the feeling of security which their presence inspired, the country began slowly to awaken from the horrible nightmare which had crushed out every vestige of peaceful industry. The discovery of rich gold diggings on the Colorado, at Weaver Hill, and on the Hassayampa, gave a fresh impetus to immigration and business of every kind began to revive. The people had long clamored for a territorial government. A bill looking to that end was introduced in the Congress of 1857, but failed to pass. Again, in 1860, the people made an effort in the same direction, and Sylvester Mowry was elected to proceed to Washington and urge upon the National Legislature the necessity for such a measure.

Another bill was introduced but political jealousies defeated the effort and the breaking out of the Great Rebellion indefinitely postponed the matter. Arizona remained attached to New Mexico until the 24th day of February, 1863, when the bill giving it a separate political existence received the President's signature. The civil officers appointed to conduct the affairs of the new territory entered upon their duties at Navajo Springs the 29th day of December, 1863. The national colors were given to the breeze, a salute was fired, an address delivered, and the territorial government formally inaugurated. The seat of government was first established at Fort Whipple, which had been built by order of General Carleton, for the protection of the miners then working the rich placers of the Sierra Prietta. It was afterwards removed to Prescott, where it remained until 1867, when it was removed to Tucson. Ten years later it was again changed to Prescott. (In 1889 the territorial capital was located at Phoenix and on February

24th, 1901, the present state capitol building was dedicated to the purpose of housing the territorial government. After the territory had been admitted as a state an addition was built to the capitol. All available space in this enlarged building is now occupied and more room is urgently needed, as a number of state officials are now domiciled outside the capitol building.—Geo. H. Kelly, State Historian).

On the 9th day of April, 1864, the newly appointed governor, John N. Goodwin, issued a proclamation dividing the newly organized territory into three judicial districts. On the 26th day of May, 1864, he issued a supplementary paper establishing election precincts in the several districts and authorizing the holding of the first election in the territory for delegate to congress and members of the legislature. The first legislative assembly convened in Prescott on the 26th day of September, 1864. Most of these pioneer law-makers have long since "crossed over the divide." Of the twenty-seven members who composed the first legislature but four are left in the territory: Robert W. Groom, Edw. D. Tuttle, Henry A. Bigelow and Jesus M. Elias. At this first session the territory was divided into four counties, namely, Pima, Yuma, Yavapai and Mohave.

From 1864 to 1874 the history of Arizona is written in blood. Isolated from the world, and with the most imperfect and irregular means of communication, population increased slowly; the few who had the hardihood to run the risk of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were attracted by the rich mineral discoveries in Northern Arizona and that portion of the territory received the larger portion of the immigration. The government established military posts at different points for the protection of the scattered settlements but the Apache stubbornly resisted the advance of the whites. Many an adventurous pioneer fell a victim to savage treachery and left his bones to bleach on the desert plain or bleak mountain side. In the ten years from 1864 to 1874 it is estimated that not less than one thousand victims of savage atrocity found bloody graves in Arizona.

But steadily the red man yielded to his destiny. The

gaps in the ranks of the pioneers were rapidly filled and the tales of the marvelous mineral wealth of this region drew hither a large contingent of that army of restless adventurers ever on the wing for fresh fields. For such men Apache ferocity had no terrors, if there was a chance of unearthing some mineral treasure in the wilds of the southwest. Settlements took root around the several posts; towns and camps sprung into existence in different parts of the territory; the fertile valleys and rich bottom lands were brought under cultivation; herds of cattle were brought into the country and foot by foot the dauntless pioneers won this rich domain from the fiends whose presence so long had cursed it.

The rich mines were the lodestones which drew population hither. The discovery of the Bradshaw mines, south of Prescott, in 1870, attracted a large number of people to that region. In 1874 and 1875, the remarkably rich silver deposits of Globe district drew thousands from all parts of the Pacific Coast and the discovery of the Silver King about the same time attracted the attention of the mining world to the wonderful wealth hidden in the mountains of Arizona. Before these discoveries were made, General Crook had brought to terms the hitherto unconquered Apache, and after centuries of murder, rapine and robbery, he was placed on reservations in the latter part of 1873. Before that, the hardy settler followed his calling under difficulties that would have disheartened most men. He tilled the soil with his trusty rifle strapped to the plow and his ready six-shooter belted about him. If a miner, his "pard," armed to the teeth, took position on some commanding eminence above the claim and kept a bright lookout for the sneaking foe. If a stock owner, he had to maintain an armed guard day and night around his herd, and even then the least negligence on his part would often cause the loss of every hoof.

The intrepidity, daring and self-sacrifice of the heroic band who, during those terrible years of savage warfare held this outpost of civilization, are worthy to be embalmed in the pages of Arizona's history and handed down for the emulation of those who possess the land which their valor so gallantly

won. Rough, perhaps, were they in manner and rude of speech, but they had those sterling virtues which flourish best on the border and which ennoble our common humanity. For those that are gone, peace to their ashes, and forever green be the memory of their dauntless deeds in the hearts of their countrymen!

In 1878, the Southern Pacific Railroad entered the territory. The laying of the iron rails marks the brightest epoch in Arizona's history. Before the advance of the locomotive, the barriers of isolation were removed and the last vestiges of savagery swept aside. Arizona was wedded to the realms of civilization and her matchless resources were made known to the world. Population rapidly increased; towns and settlements sprung up along the line of the road; new life was infused into every branch of industry; property values more than doubled and the country entered on an era of prosperity it had never before known.

The discovery of the rich mineral deposits in the Tombstone district, some time before, firmly established the reputation of the territory abroad as a mining region second to no other on the globe. Thousands rushed to the new finds and soon a city of 6,000 inhabitants rose where but a few years before the Apache roamed at will. The amount of treasure which these mines have already added to the world's wealth has made Tombstone the foremost mining camp on the Pacific Coast.

Early in 1883, the Atlantic and Pacific Railway was completed across Northern Arizona to the Colorado River and another transcontinental line bound the territory with iron bands to the outside world. The prosperity enjoyed by the southern portion of the territory was soon duplicated in the north. Mining, farming, stock-raising and every industrial pursuit has felt the beneficial efforts of cheap and rapid communication; population has more than doubled; the country's hidden resources are being brought to light; capital is seeking investment; wealth is increasing and Northern Arizona has entered upon a career of development and material progress which promises to be lasting. This is the

condition of Arizona today—1884. The long night of weary waiting is over at last and the sun of a brighter day is bathing hill, mountain, valley and plain with the beams of peace and prosperity; savagery has fled before its dazzling light and isolation has vanished with the darkness which gave it birth.

In this brief sketch the reader has the principal events in the history of Arizona, from its discovery up to the present time, a period of more than 340 years—the expeditions and explorations of the early Spaniards; the pious labors of the mission fathers and their efforts for Christianity and civilization; the advent of the Americans; the years of warfare with the Apaches; the subjugation of the savages and the opening of railroads. It is a history with many a dark and bloody page and only here and there a bright one. But the future is brilliant with assurances that will more than make amends for the past. Arizona is no longer an unknown region, savage-infested and difficult to reach. She stands on the highway of nations and the fiery annihilator of time and space has heralded throughout the land the richness of her mines, the fertility of her soil, the salubrity of her climate and the grand opportunities which she offers to the immigrant and capitalist.

One of the first discovered regions of the western world, it is only within the past few years that its grand resources and almost unlimited possibilities have become known and understood. It has entered on the full tide of prosperity, and throughout the Union eager eyes are casting longing looks towards the land of sunshine and silver.