

In 1880 and 1883 across the southern and northern regions of the territory, respectively, a new condition of things supplanted the old. New blood was infused in the scarcely settled parts; immigration increased apace; rustlers and highwaymen were brought to justice; the Apaches were placed on reservations, and warlike bands which broke away were hunted down and killed; the mountains, rich in precious ores, were made to re-echo the sounds of the stamp mill and the miner's pick; the sagebrush plains were turned into waving fields of grain and orchards of golden fruit, and no place exists today where human life is held more sacred or where crimes are less frequent than here.

The most interesting, as well as the oldest, settlement in this almost unknown land is the quaint, quiet town of Tucson, the county seat of Pima county. Under the influences of our modern civilization many of the ancient landmarks of the place have been metamorphosed into monuments of modern progress. The old adobe walls that formed battlements of the ancient pueblo have almost entirely crumbled away, and in their place have arisen the habitations of another race. The city, however, is not without the remnants of a by-gone age, for some of the identical walls is still remaining, and the general aspect of the city, its narrow, irregular streets, with the crumbling walls of the oldest adobe dwellings, diffuse an air impregnated with musty memories and vivid contrasts. It is the city of ages, and notwithstanding its years, has been imbued with the spirit of robust youth.

Ever since the morn of its incipency, when Indian chants alone blended with the gentle zephyrs of the skies, and the daily siesta was unbroken in the sunny silence, it has watched the passing of the uneventful years with listless gaze. Bound around with mud-built walls, its healthful expansion was prevented for centuries; its dusty inhabitants reveled in the luxury of semi-idleness and drew their dreamy intoxication from the balmy ozone of the skies. Save when the ordeals of hostile Indian assaults bestirred to action the encompassed denizens, no vigor of life or enterprise disturbed the even tenor of their way. And as late as fifty years ago the semblance of the town was but little changed from what it had been in its earliest days.

Its survival is one of the curiosities of this land of ancient marvels—a land pregnant with the relics of a civilization long since passed away. Its history is principally entombed in the caverns of the earth, buried by seismic process of unwritten years, and shrouded by the debris of accumulated centuries. What has been ushered into the light of the present civilization through archaeological research, and deciphered from the hieroglyphics thus obtained, must increase and forever retain a profound interest in this sun-kissed land.

The early history of Tucson, however, has been divested of its chiefest claims. The text books of geography and history that are scattered over the land bear with them much information that is wrong. The dates and suppositions in relation to Tucson place it second in years to the venerable Florida settlement, the city of St. Augustine, this being claimed as the oldest city in the United States. It is, therefore, not generally known that Tucson began its "ancient and honorable" career thirteen years before St. Augustine was more than a streak of sand shimmering in the sunlight and lapped by the silvery surf of the Atlantic waves. But such was the case, and the proof of it is contained in a stained and time-worn document of

vellum, signed by their Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, and countersigned by the viceroy of Mexico and General Coronado, who raised the flag of Spain and with his own hand laid the foundation of Tucson. This important paper was lost from that time until a year or two ago when it was discovered among the relics of the ancient mission, San Xavier del Bac, nine miles south of Tucson. For safe keeping it was forwarded to the librarian at Washington in whose custody it now is. The date of Coronado's expedition is recorded in popular works as having begun in April, 1540, and the date of the vellum manuscript referred to is 1552, twelve years later. Accompanying the document is an interesting account of the journey which resulted in the founding of Tucson, is written in the round hand of Friar Marcos Niza. Padre Niza was a Jesuit of intellectual strength and his account has been deemed worthy of acceptance. The record of the padres who accompanied Coronado on his expedition says a vision came to him in which he recognized the form and features of St. Francis Xavier, and this was taken by him as an order to establish a mission of the church.

Thus it was that Tucson became to be. From out the sun-caressed soil the town sprang up in simple form, and at its door the light of religious life made welcome to the Indian tribes. With its matchless situation, within a vale of charming beauty framed around with mountains more than ordinarily grand, it seems sublimely fit to be the outcome of an inspiration from the celestial sphere. But whether true or false may be the story of its founding, the mystery that long has hidden in obscurity the date of its inception, and has evolved from studious minds the supposition that even as far back as 1535 its existence began, it is reasonable to conclude that, after all, the truth of its exact antiquity has been obtained. Notwithstanding, then, the credit due the Spanish conquer, Coronado, whose fertile mind reduced the spiritual essence to the form of tangible things, what shall be said of the noble padres who set up the altar and lit the fires of religious truth, that their civilizing influence might cultivate the heart and mind of the plastic Papago? Men who willingly immerse themselves from the pleasures of their peers and the society of their class and brave the dangers of an unknown land, that it and its people might be subdued to the peaceful dominion of a better civilization, are surely benefactors in the highest meaning of the term. This the early Spanish fathers did, and through the vicissitudes of nearly three hundred and fifty years, save when the light of life and spirituality was extinguished in a deluge of blood, their successors have continued the good work they unostentatiously began.

The edifying influences of religion suffused the rude inhabitants of the region round about, and Mexican and Papago harmoniously pursued their pastoral pursuits. Renegade bands and ruthless pillagers ultimately appeared, and self-protection took the form of concentration within mud-built or adobe walls. Thus did the town or village of Tucson take form and feature, neither partaking of beauty nor artistic design. Its permanence lay in the strength of its wall and the vigilance of its people. And so, down the vista of the years it slowly advanced, until, in the vindication of its fortitude, and because of its situation, it became the commercial center of an extensive region. With the natural increase of internal and external population, when business rivals were unknown throughout a vast expanse of country, embracing the states of Sonora and Chihuahua, in Mexico,

and what is known as southern Arizona as well, Tucson's importance grew, and long before the war it held undisputed commercial sway. For years before the advent of the railroad, and concomitant with the growing settlement of the West, its annual trade was computed in the millions. No other city of equal size in the Union could compare with it. Merchandise commanded prices exorbitantly high, for the cost of freighting from great distances was necessarily high. In these early days the products of the mines made money plentiful, but the coming of the iron horse, and the continual settlement of other parts, both creating diminished freight expenses and increased competition, changed completely the condition of affairs. Notwithstanding this, however, the status of her prosperity remained unchanged.

The inspiration which led to Tucson's location was prophetic of greater things. Because of increased facilities and long established relationships, she has grown and expanded in every way, and not only as the commercial metropolis of the great Southwest (which she has always been) will she ever remain, but the favorite residence city in the territory as well.

In the early days, as far back as records and personal recollections go, the general aspect of Tucson was materially dissimilar to many other rude settlements of subsequent founding. As before stated, it was enclosed with a high adobe wall, upon the interior of which the ends of the houses abutted, the roofs of the dwellings sloping toward the central plaza into which their doors opened. Some distance from the outer walls, but close by, a fort afforded some protection against the frequent onslaughts of murderous foes. It was built of adobe, and on each corner were constructed towers, or torreons, which completely enfiladed the four sides. Up to 1849, the year when the international boundary line between the United States and Mexico was settled, the town had but little improved in appearance from what it had always been, and not until after the civil war did its general importance begin to demand a radical change in prevailing conditions. The American spirit of progress began to assert itself and improvement began with increasing commercial enterprise. In 1871 the reconstruction of the streets was commenced and from that time on the city enjoyed a solid, healthy growth. New buildings sprang up in striking contrast to the neighboring tendajons, or shops, of squalid appearance, and some attention was paid to architectural features in the erection of residences as well. But even today the remnants of the past conditions still exist. In certain quarters the narrow, winding, irregular streets remind one of some old provincial town of Spain. They are prolific of interest to the sight-seeing tourist, and are eloquent in their testimony to the antiquity of the "ancient and honorable pueblo," as the old seal used to read. A few of the ancient landmarks of more than ordinary interest also remain, chief among which are the meager ruins of the old wall and the church on the outskirts of the city. The buildings and dwellings of the Mexican population, generally, are mostly the same; low, one-story, adobe structures, with barred windows and whitewashed walls. Side by side the American, Mexican and Papago pursue the tenor of their way, smoothly, peacefully and successfully, and illustrate the progressive stages of modern civilization. The old things are passing away and all things are becoming new. Gas and electricity have supplanted the gleam of greasewood and the tallow dip; freight wagons and stage coaches have been considerably