

NEW MEXICO.

A Newswy Letter About the Territory that is Destined to Become the Next State of the Union.

SANTA FE, May 2, 1883.

Pursuant to arrangements with you, I renew my correspondence that will compass parts of my travels, explorations, observations and experiences in New Mexico and Arizona. There is not an old town or city in New Mexico that I have not visited, as well as its rivers, mountains, cliff-dwellings, its inscription rocks, its ruins of cities that are from two to thirteen miles in length; its Pueblos, inhabited by Indians, descendants of the pre-historic races, and which have laid aside the nomadic customs of the wild and barbaric races; its mineral zones, which in my judgment have no superior on this or any other continent. Such of these as have now become familiar by years of travel and close examination I propose to describe in a series of communications.

Of the many places I explored I have yet to learn of a correspondent who would risk his life to obtain the information. As an illustration and not to boast, the penalty of penetrating too far from camp and companions, was, on one occasion, to be cut off and chased by Indians, having to ride two days without rest or sleep. So many correspondents, within the past year have traveled this country, whom I met during the months of August and September, representing the *Chicago Times*, *Tribune*, *Inter-Ocean*, *Cleveland Herald* and *Leader*, *Cincinnati Gazette*, *Commercial*, (now *Commercia-Gazette*), *Enquirer*, *Pittsburg*, *Buffalo*, *Boston*, *New York*, *Philadelphia* and *Washington* press, that called on me for information, it may be some of the matters of which I may write may have the appearance of plagiaristic matter, when, in fact I have not the name of possessing copies of their correspondence. With these explanations I begin:

About the first questions that are usually asked me are: "What can you tell me of your people, climate, antiquity and productions?" I answered one Chicago correspondent by handing him the first copy I had received from the press of the matter I had supplied for a book of some 300 pages. He kindly thanked me, borrowed it for a few hours, and four days after I received the book by mail, no explanations. I afterwards saw a three-column article taken from my work. No credit. The country, which on the earlier maps was laid down as a barren desert, has been occupied by human beings for a period equally as long as that of the Mongolians, if it is not in fact the first in point of time and from which emigration went, instead of coming to it. My attention was directed to this subject, during the time I was President of the Archaeological Society of Ohio, by the late Dr. Klippart when he showed me the paintings he was having made of such as in his judgment constituted types of pre-historic races, and said to me "that he should not be surprised that when archeologists had completed their work, the result would be a complete change in the present theory of the sources from which came the pre-historic man, and also as to who he was."

This thought was by the intense interest evinced by Dr. Klippart, so impressed upon my mind I determined to pursue the inquiry, and have sought every available opportunity for penetrating the vastness of these mountains and other localities, the homes of the pre-historic races, along the Rocky Mountains, from the British Columbia line down into Old Mexico, and have not yet completed. I am the more determined to pursue this inquiry in consequence of Dr. Klippart's death, and only hope that his valuable papers may fall into such hands as may be able to complete his works, that would prove an acquisition to science on this important work.

All writers of history, so far as I have been able to read, concede these facts, that the pre-historic races, preceded the Aztecs, and the latter were the predecessors of the North American Indians; but as to who preceded the Toltecs, no historian, I believe, has dared to express an opinion, and why? Simply from the fact that they have not dared to take their life in their hand and explore the fields that are so prolific of foot prints, relics and other evidences that tend to throw light upon this subject.

As near as I can estimate the time has taken to crumble the walls of castles, buildings, and the carved inscription rocks, this country had its people before the coming of Christ on earth.

One of the most important of my discoveries is a burial ground on a mountain summit at an altitude of 10,000 feet, and over 2,000 feet perpendicular above a river that meanders at the base of the walls, along which a road passes near a perpendicular wall on the opposite side. When I rode one Sabbath afternoon through this opening of the mountain, the beautiful running stream, the prevalence of the sienite rocks, the perpendicularity of the walls, at the summit of which I thought I saw the hand of a man in the form of a wall, caused me to halt, and while my horse was grazing I brought my glasses into requisition, and discovered I was correct; that the summit had a hand-laid wall of many courses of stone. While my horse took comfort, I sought to find a place to climb the mountain to examine the

walls. After walking fully an hour I came to a fissure, which I entered and soon discovered I was on the right road to the summit, every now and then finding where rocks had been broken out of the way. At last I came to where a path was worn, by travel, in the solid rocks, that gives some idea or conjecture of the antiquity of the place I was about to visit. At last, leg-weary, I reached the first wall that was laid up—one place that seemed to be in full height was five feet four inches. This outer wall inclosed about 10 acres. Within this were four successive walls, varying in distances from 50 to 100 feet apart, the height of which could not be told, owing to the fact that they had all partly toppled over, but each was constructed as a breast-wall for defense, as if driven in a fearful conflict to a last retreat. The central or last enclosing as I approached it, the westerly wall was the one which I had first discovered while on horseback. After sketching the whole, I began to investigate, and discovered several tombs or sepulchers that had been cut in the solid rock, one of which I explored by breaking a hole at one corner where a fracture appeared, and on succeeding in getting a hole large enough for my body, I entered it, and made valuable discoveries, taking therefrom a mal-pie rock hammer, ornaments, a few bones of the reindeer, a textile fabric too decayed to determine its composition. I explored for human remains by scientific tests applied to the dust within the tomb. I uncovered several human teeth in the mound, but when the air came in contact with them they crumbled to powder—a terrible disappointment. It must have taken thousands of years to produce such a result.

At another point in these mountains, 300 miles further north, I obtained from a cave the petrified foot of a cave bear, with other things. This foot is deprived of hair, but otherwise it is uninjured, the ligaments, toes, cords and cuticle being injected with carbonate of lime.

It is a well understood scientific fact that the reindeer, cave bear and pre-historic man were contemporaneous. When my further explorations of the summer to obtain additional information on the subject as to who preceded the Toltecs are completed, I shall write a distinctive article on the subject, which will evoke much criticism from the scientific press, but they cannot change the facts. I will say now that the opinion I once had, that the first immigration to this continent was by way of Behring Straits, is changed. I now am of the opinion that its first inhabitants came from the South, went North and then returned. Of and on this subject more hereafter. This beginning is long enough for my first letter.

SOLANO.

UTAH FISH STORY

They sat around the White House stove swapping lies, and when Jackson had exhausted his store Jones opened his simple case and began:

"I was down in Water canon, Southeast Nevada, last fall, near Mormon Spring, where the water rushes through and under a mountain thirty five miles across—"

"Tunnelled perhaps," said Jackson.

"No, it's a natural water course, and comes out boiling on 'tother side then runs off in a big stream."

"How does it perforate the mountain?" said Jackson.

"There's a series of beautiful falls, with nice steps leading down, then a deep pool as clear as crystal, with plenty of mountain trout sporting at the bottom. One day a band of Apache Indians pitched their wickiups near this stream, and an old buck and his squaw, hearing the rushing waters below, went down the natural stairway to the stream. The old buck seeing the trout in the bottom, made his squaw dive for them."

"And did she do it?" asked Jackson.

"You bet, for Indian bucks won't stand foolishness. But the squaw didn't come up. She went clear under that mountain and came out 'tother side, thirty five miles."

"Did it drown her," said Jackson, who had become very much interested in the fate of squaw.

"No; she came out dripping wet with a two-pound trout in her mouth and one in each hand."

THE BERNHARDT JEWELS.

Nearly every one of the precious jewels which Madame Bernhardt parted with at the recent sale was a souvenir of the most distinguished homage in the world. Queen Marguerite, of Italy, gave the very handsome collar of pearls and brilliants, representing a garland of foliage, with a palm leaf for a center piece, while her Majesty's brother-in-law, the Duke of Aosta, offered the bracelet in "a mat enriched with a sapphire and a brilliant." The three fine brooches in the form of a winged dragon "are the tribute of a Russian Princess," and an English Prince, who will one day be an English King, gave the "fine Indian bracelet in enamelled gold, representing a serpent with two heads, enriched with rose diamonds and rubies," as well as another trifle of an "Indian bandeau," dotted all over with foolish nothings in emeralds, rubies and pearls. The pretty comb in finely-wrought gold representing an "allegoric trophy of comedy and tragedy," with "Quand meme," Mme. Sarah's own device, beneath, was Emile de Girardin's handsome acknowledgement of a life like portrait bust from her hand.

"I'm saddest when I sing," lamented the poet, but if he could have sung for \$5,000 a night he would doubtless have been saddest when he couldn't sing.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Dynamite Scare About Over-New Powers Given the Police Against the Conspirators.

Ireland still holds the foremost place among the topics of the day. While the story of the first great check of the dynamite war is being told in the London and provincial police courts the tragedy of Phoenix Park is having the finishing touches put into it on the witness stand at Dublin. Parliament has passed in a few hours a stringent measure regulating the possession of explosives. This will strengthen the hands of the police, who, without any special powers, have, it is believed, already got their hands upon the throat of the dynamite conspiracy. The increase of their authority will not, of course, put an end to conspiring, but it will make action more difficult. The onus of explanation now rests upon all persons upon whom or under whose control dynamite or kindred agencies of destruction are found. Possession without satisfactory cause is punishable. This, it seems to me, is the severest clause in the bill. In case no criminal intent is established against him the holder of a dangerous explosive who cannot prove that he has obtained it for some lawful purpose, is rendered liable to 14 years' penal servitude. Persons engaged in malicious explosions likely to injure life or property, even if they are unsuccessful in their diabolical work, are to be punished with transportation for life. For "attempts and conspiracies" in the same direction the penalty is 20 years' penal servitude.

British subjects in foreign countries are included in this clause, with a view to cover the operations of some of the agents of O'Donovan Rossa, who, it is feared, is a far more influential person than he is believed to be in New York, which has for so long shrugged its shoulders at him. It is quite open to discussion whether he is not guilty of the crime of "levying war" under the protection of America against a friendly power. London, during the past few days, has had many earnest assurances that America has no sympathy whatever with the Irish advocates of violence; though the repudiation by an American newspaper of the suggestion that the active conspiracy is conducted chiefly through Irish-American agencies raises grim smiles in this metropolis. No better illustration of "where the money comes from" is shown than in the utter failure to raise a decent sum for anything among the Irish at home. Even a national testimonial to Mr. Parnell, after a big demonstration, starts with only a few pounds, and stops there. At the banquet of the Institution of Civil Engineers, held in the Town Hall, Kensington, Mr. Minister Lowell, responding to the toast of "Our Guests," which was coupled with his name and that of Sir Richard Cross, remarked that "though I may not venture to allude to any delicate topics, I am sure I can say this, that no true American, any more than I, no American, any more than any Englishman, believes that assassination is war, or that dynamite is the raw material of politics."

Upon all occasions of public excitement there is a tendency to exaggerate, and for the sake of our common humanity it is to be hoped that the authorities and the press are giving undue extension to the intended operations of the dynamite conspiracy, the chief agents of which in this country it is believed the police have succeeded in capturing. It is stated that the government and police authorities are possessed of the full particulars of the plot which had been formed for the destruction of entire districts of London. The idea was to deposit nitro-glycerine in various quarters of the town, in coffee-houses, hotels, obscure and private lodging-houses, and to explode the lot simultaneously. "There was to be no consideration given to nationality or creed in the matter." Irish as well as English, French, Germans, Americans, who might be living in the localities selected for destruction were to share in the results of the general devastation. The explosion at the Government buildings and the simultaneous attempt on the *Times* office were simply the preliminary tests of a vast operation. Precautions had been taken that contemplated no other failure like that in Printing-house-square or Play-house Yard. The work was to be efficiently done, and Whitehead had enough material (in course of transportation to London) at Birmingham to carry out all O'Donovan Rossa's threats, whether they are vain boasts or founded upon a real knowledge of the conspiracy.

"The chief actors," says the *Times*, "would probably have got safely off, while if any of the subordinate workers had been taken their confessions would probably have been of no avail." The successful carrying out of the plot must have caused a great destruction of both life and property.

JENO.

A bad woman upbraided her husband with his love of money, and said she believed if she was to die he would marry the Devil's eldest daughter; if he could have plenty of money with her. "That may be," answered the husband, "but the worst of it is a man dare not marry two sisters."

Lyman Potter, who was run down and killed by a locomotive in Mississippi the other day, was the original wheelbarrow lunatic. His first feat was trundling one of those vehicles from San Francisco to Albany. At the time of his death he was on a similar tramp from New York to New Orleans.

PECULIAR PHASES.

Mrs. Gen. Diaz is only nineteen years old.

Dudes in New York drive tandems, and drive them very badly at that. It is now fashionable to have old brass "knockers" at the front door.

Fred Douglass, who is sixty-six years of age, is said to be worth \$100,000.

Blaine and Conkling back in Congress is what the New York *Herald* hopes.

Mark Twain's "On the Mississippi" starts with a modest edition of 50,000 copies.

James Flood is to build a million-dollar house on the top of Telegraph Hill, the highest hill in San Francisco.

On the night of the Holmes banquet, at Delmonico's, New York, the cheering could be heard four blocks away.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that Spiritualism has obtained a strong foothold in the Catholic community of that city.

A Huguenot Society has been organized in New York. All persons of Huguenot descent will be invited to become members of it.

The London *Post* says it hears that the Marquis of Lorne will probably succeed the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

Mrs. Carlyle described Mrs. Olyphant as a round, motherly little woman with the strongest East Lothian accent, although she had been born and raised in England.

Miss Alice Harris, daughter of ex-Representative Harris, of Massachusetts, is engaged to Representative John D. White, of Kentucky, and will be married at an early date.

The Prince of Wales' palace car is fifty feet long and contains a saloon, study, two bedrooms, two dressing-rooms and a bath room. The furniture is upholstered in old gold silk.

The late Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, is to be honored by the people of Denver, who have decided to name a new park on the outskirts of that city "the Marshall Jewell Park."

Virginia's monument to Robert E. Lee will be unveiled at Lexington on June 5. Jefferson Davis will preside, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston will be chief marshal, Major John W. Daniel, orator.

Mr. C. C. Hutchins, a student at Bowdoin College, has attracted much attention on account of his astronomical achievements. He has now made a valuable improvement in the spectrocope.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake has prepared for publication her recent lectures in reply to the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. They will be immediately issued under the title of "Woman's Place To-day."

Major James W. Cuyler, of the Engineer Corps, United States Army, died at Philadelphia on Monday last. The vacancy thus caused will be filled by the promotion of Capt. Alexander M. Miller, now on duty at Vicksburg.

The Secretary of the Navy and the present President of the United States do not peel their oranges and eat them in conventional fashion. They merely gouge a hole in the juicy fruit and suck the orange in regular schoolboy style.

It is said that at a President's reception Nilsson became regularly named on Justice Gray, of the Supreme Court, who is, after Arthur, the best catch in Washington. She sang her songs to him, and, in fact, made a dead set at the handsome bachelor.

Mr. George Wm. Curtis, in a private letter received in San Francisco, says: "All who are interested in great public politics will naturally attach themselves to parties, but he is a very foolish fellow who makes a party a master instead of an agent."

A recent number of the *Belize Colonial Guardian* announces that its pages will soon be enlarged. It is a literary treat to read this paper, especially its Spanish side, and we are glad to note its increasing prosperity.

Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, is an able but an intolerably vain man. When the Legislature appropriated \$100,000 for the State University he sent all the way down to St. Louis for a \$10 gold pen with which to sign the bill. He then presented the pen to James Russell.

A movement is on foot in Boston to erect a statue to Paul Revere, on Copley Square, in front of the Art Museum. The models for it are expected to be on exhibition at the Art Club building, the 19th of April, which is the 108th anniversary of the famous ride.

Paul Hayne's cottage is a cozy little white affair, set in fifty acres of ground. This house was presented to the poet by ex-Gov. Colquitt, of Georgia, after Hayne's residence was burned down. Mr. Hayne believes that poets should be criticised by poets, novelists by novelists, and so on.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson has just left his lovely home in Iberia parish to fulfill some northern engagements. In his Southern home the line old actor is simply adored. All classes of people are fond of him and apply to him the quaint phrase, "he is just the whitest man that ever lived in this country."

A distinguished Queen's counsel writes to a friend in New York: "Sir George Jessel was the most disagreeable of a dozen disagreeable standing bones of the Athenaeum Club. He was a perverter of youth at whist, and on the bench his insolence passed for acumen."

THE ECLIPSE.

Peculiar Phases of the Great Phenomena and the Imposing Features Discovered by Astronomers.

The line of total obscuration lies wholly in the Pacific Ocean, beginning at a point within a few hundred miles of Australia and ending at a similar distance from South America. The first apparent contact of the moon against the sun's disk in that line will be visible at about 155 degrees of longitude west of Greenwich and in latitude about 35 degrees south of the equator. It will describe a circular path ending at longitude about 85 west of Greenwich and latitude 12 or 15 south. It is singular that almost all valuable solar eclipses are visible only in barbarous or inaccessible places. The expeditions sent to view the approaching eclipse must necessarily visit the Pacific Ocean, and to utilize the event to the greatest advantage the line of complete eclipse must be entered upon. The only islands of any note lying within this path are the Marquesas, at 140 west of Greenwich and 8 south.

It is well known that a solar occultation or eclipse, which derives its name from the fact that it is only visible in the ecliptic, occurs when the moon in its monthly path around the earth passes between us and the sun, thereby cutting off our usual supply of light from our luminary and casting the lunar shadow across the terrestrial disk. It follows, of course, that such observation can only continue for any one place as long a time as is required by the moon to pass across that portion of her orbit which equals in extent her own diameter, and even then it is only the point of the shadow which reaches the earth. Another feature may modify this statement somewhat—that is, that the moon's distance from us may prolong or shorten the passage according to its position in apogee or perigee. It is affected, too, by the earth's orbital motion and by the position of the earth in respect to its perihelion or aphelion. From these facts it is deduced that the eclipse continues longest when the moon is nearest the earth and the earth is farthest from the sun, and that it is shortest when the earth is nearest the sun and the moon is in the most distant portion of her orbit from us.

The reason is that when we are at aphelion and the moon is in perigee the solar disc is apparently smaller than at other times and the lunar disc is larger, and, consequently, the moon's passage requires a longer time. On account of the comparative nearness of the moon there is no retardation in the appearance of the shadow as compared with the predicted time. The light from the sun travels at the rate of 186,660 miles per second, and the moon being distant only 238,000 miles, the discrepancy amounts only to about a second and a third of time.

The physical features of a total eclipse, apart from its scientific value, are very imposing. There are indications on every hand that an unusual event is about to take place. During totality the darkness is frequently so intense that the stars are visible, flowers close, birds seek their resting places and the entire face of nature assumes an earthly hue. It is sometimes accompanied by a sudden and decided fall of temperature. In early times these occurrences were regarded with superstitious feelings, which is shared even now by barbarous people. Chambers tells of a singular custom among the Hindoos. He says: "When during a solar eclipse the black disc of our satellite is seen advancing over the sun the natives believe that the jaws of some monster are gradually eating it up. They then commence beating gongs and rending the air with the most discordant screams of terror and shouts of vengeance. For a time their efforts are productive of no good results—the eclipse still progresses. At length, however, the terrific uproar has the desired effect on the voracious monster; it appears to pause, and then, like a fish that has nearly swallowed a bait and then rejects it, it gradually disgorges the fiery mouthful. The natives then disperse, satisfied that they have so successfully relieved their deity."

Observations during former eclipses have shown several very striking features. It has been noted that immediately before the beginning and after the end of a total observation the remaining crescent appears as a bright band of brilliant points, separated at regular intervals by dark spaces, giving it the appearance of a string of beads. This is called Bailey's beads, from the name of the observer who first described them, Mr. Francis Bailey. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of this phenomenon, although it is suggested that it is due to the projection of some of the lunar mountains upon the solar disk. The indentations are too regular to be explained in that way.

"Why don't you dress better?" asked a merchant of a newspaper man. "You needn't say that you can't for you bought a suit of clothes from me last month."

"Yes," replied the editor, "and I haven't paid you yet. Now, if I were to wear the clothes, every time I passed, you would say: 'That man owes me for that suit of clothes.' And again, other men that I owe would come to me and say: 'Look here, it seems to me that a man who can afford to dress so well should return borrowed money.' See?"

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

YOSEMITE FALLS.

A Vivid Picture of the Great Natural Wonder of the Pacific Coast so Attractive to Tourists From all Over the World.

No wonder the Indians reverence the beautiful Yosemite Falls. Even the white settlers in the valley can not resist their influence, but speak of them with an admiration that amounts to love. Some spend the winter in the valley, and they told me that if I could see the falls in their winter robes, all fringed with icicles, I should gain a glimpse of fairyland. At the base of the great fall the fairies build a real ice palace, sometimes more than 100 feet high. It is formed by the ever-falling, freezing spray, and the bright sun gleams on this glittering palace of crystal, and the falling water striking upon it shoots off in showers like myriad opals and diamonds. But when first I beheld them, on a bright May morning, not an icicle remained, and the falls were in their glory. I had never dreamed of anything so lovely. I confess that I am not a keen lover of waterfalls in general, and am often inclined to vote them a bore, when enthusiastic people insist on leaving the blessed sunshine to go over so far down a dank, damp ravine, to see some foolish driblet. But here we stand in the glorious sunlight, among pine trees a couple of hundred feet in height, and they are pigmies, like ourselves, in presence of even the lowest step of the stately fall which leaps and dashes from so vast a height that it loses all semblance of water. It is a splendid bouquet of glistening rockets, which, instead of rushing heavenward, shoot down from the blue canopy which seems to touch the brink, 2,700 feet above us. Like myriad-falling stars they flash, each keeping its separate course for several hundred feet, till at length it blends with 10,000 more in the grand avalanche of frothy, fleecy foam, which forever and forever falls, boiling and raging like a whirlpool, among the huge black boulders in the deep cañon below, and throwing black clouds of mist and vapor. The most exquisite moment occurs when you reach some spot where the sun's rays streaming past you, transform the light vapor into brilliant rainbow prisms, which gird the fall with vivid iris bars. As the water-rockets flash through these radiant belts, they seem to carry the color onward as they fall; and sometimes it wavers and trembles in the breeze, so that the rainbow knows not where to rest, but forms a moving column of radiant tricolor. So large a body of water rushing through the air naturally produces a strong current, which, passing between the face of the rock and the fall, carries the latter well forward, so that it becomes the sport of every breeze that dances through the valley; hence this great column is forever vibrating from side to side, and often forms a semicircular curve. The width of the stream at the summit is about 20 to 30 feet, but at the base of the upper fall it has expanded to a width of fully 300 feet; and, as the wind carries it to one side or other, it plays over a space of about a thousand feet in width of a precipitous rock face, 1,600 feet in depth. This is the height of the upper fall. As seen from below, the Yosemite, though divided into three distinct falls, is apparently all on one plane. It is only when you reach some point from which you can see it sideways that you realize that the great upper fall lies fully a quarter of a mile further back than the middle and lower falls, and that it rushes down this space in boiling cascades till it reaches a perpendicular rock, over which it leaps about 600 feet, and then gives a third and final plunge of about 500, making a total of little under 2,700. Now, if you can realize that the height of Niagara is 162 feet, you will perceive that if some potent magician could bring it into the valley, it would be effectually concealed by trees of fully its own height, many far overtopping it. Niagara, of course, makes up in width what she lacks in height. The Horseshoe or Canadian Fall is about 150 feet. The width is 2,100 feet. The American Fall is about 160 feet in height and 1,100 in width. The total width, inclusive of Goat Island, is 4,200 feet.—[The Cornhill Magazine.]

WILD MAN OF KANSAS.—FOR MORE than a year a veritable wild man has been terrorizing the Kansas plains to Utah. Where he came from, who he was or where he staid was so much of a mystery that many of those inclined to be superstitious believed him to be one of the Danites, or "Avengers of Blood," sent back from perdition to carry on the work of destruction among the Gentiles. A few days ago he made a descent on two prospectors, one of whom carried a double barreled shotgun and the other an ax. The contents of the gun were emptied into the bowels of the infuriated being and he fell with his face in the sand. A moment later he jumped up and started to run, but was felled with a blow on the head with the ax and killed. He was probably crazed by injuries received at the Mountain Meadow massacre, and had been running wild ever since.

A bit about beauty: "Well, she isn't my style of beauty," was the contemptuous remark of the lady with the snub nose. "So I perceive," said Mrs. Blunt. As there was no chance for an argument the subject was dropped instanter.