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History

of

Arizona

by

THOMAS EDWIN FARISH,

Arizona Historian.

Volume IV.

Phoenix, Arizona,

1916.

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by

Thomas Edwin Farish,

Arizona Historian.

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MARVARD
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CHAPTER I. CONDITIONS IN 1865.

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LETTER OF R. C. MCCORMICK—AREA AND BOUNDARIES OF ARIZONA—METALLIC WEALTH—CLIMATE—APACHES—MEANS AND EXPENSES OF GETTING TO ARIZONA—FIRST COUNTIES-MAIL ROUTES.

No account of conditions in a country, state or territory can be so well stated in after years as related by someone living in the country at the time. On June 1st, 1865, Richard C, Mc-Cormick, then Secretary of the Territory, wrote a letter to the "New York Tribune," which was printed in that paper, and afterwards reproduced in pamphlet form under the title of ARIZONA: ITS RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS. It gives a concise, succinct account of conditions in the territory at that time, and is here reproduced:

“

“New York, June 1, 1865.

“To the Editor of the ‘New York Tribune.’

“Sir,—I have pleasure in responding to your request for a brief and comprehensive account for *The Tribune*, of the resources and prospects of the Territory of Arizona, as now estimated by those familiar with the same. I think with you that such an account will be acceptable to the people of the Atlantic coast, the mass of whom have only a vague and unsatisfactory notion of the boundaries, the climate, the means

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of access, and the general characteristics of the Territory, which is at once one of the largest and richest of our Pacific possessions.

“To be rightly appreciated, Arizona must be taken as a whole. Those who know it only as ‘The Gadsden Purchase,’ those who have no knowledge of more than the Colorado River district, and those who are only familiar with the newly-opened central and northern regions, are incompetent to furnish that complete view of the Territory which is necessary to a correct understanding of its varied and extensive resources, and to a proper estimate of its progress and prospects.

“In the beginning, I wish to correct the common impression that Arizona, as erected into a territory, contains only the tract of land acquired under the treaty with Mexico in 1854, and familiarly known as ‘The Gadsden Purchase.’ While but half of that tract is included in the Territory (that portion west of the 109° longitude, the remainder being in New Mexico), a region of country north of the Gila River, and vastly greater in extent, is comprised within the same. The general lines of the Territory are thus defined in the organic act, approved February 24, 1863:—‘All that portion of the present Territory of New Mexico situate west of a line running due south from the point where the southwest corner of the Territory of Colorado joins the northern boundary of the Territory of New

Mexico to the southern boundary line of said Territory of New Mexico.' In other words, all of New Mexico, as formerly existing, between the 109° longitude and the California line, embracing 120,912 square miles, or 77,383,680

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acres, a district three times as large as the State of New York.

"The locality of this broad area pre-upposes great metallic wealth. The mountain ranges are the prolongation of those which southward in Sonora, Chihuahua and Durango have yielded silver by millions for centuries past, and which northward in Nevada are now amazing the world by their massive returns of the precious ores. The general direction of the mountains and the veins is northwest and southeast, and there are numerous parallel ranges which form long valleys in the same direction. These and the broad and level bottoms of the rivers, which may be easily and cheaply irrigated by acequias or artesian wells, under which treatment the soils return an immense yield, and are independent of the seasons, produce, so far as tested, every variety of grain, grass, vegetables, fruits and flowers. While it has some barren and desolate country, no mineral region belonging to the United States, not excepting California, has, in proportion to its extent, more arable, pastoral and timber lands. Those who have asserted to the contrary have been either superficial and limited in their observations, or willfully inaccurate in their statements. In the language of a recent editorial in *The Arizona Miner*:

"For its extent, there is not a section in the United States which more abounds in glades and vales, and widespreading plains, suitable for cultivation, and only awaiting the hand of industry to blossom as the rose.'

"The climate, considered either in its relations to health and longevity, or to agricultural and mining labor, is unrivaled in the world. Disease

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is unknown, and the warmest suns of the Gila and Colorado River bottoms are less oppressive and enervating than those of the Middle States. The proportion of fine weather is greater than in any other part of the world I have visited or read of.

"In order to a simple description and clear understanding of the whole Territory, I will speak of it in the several divisions created by the First Legislative Assembly, convened at Prescott, in September last. That body authorized the organization of four counties, each to be named after a leading tribe of Indians residing within its borders.

"PIMA COUNTY.

"This county is bounded on the east by the line of the Territory of New Mexico; on the north by the middle of the main channel of the Gila River; on the west by the line of 113° 20' west longitude, and on the south by the Sonora line. The seat of justice is established at Tucson.

"Pima County embraces all of 'The Gadsden Purchase' within the Territorial lines, excepting the small portion west of 113° 20' west longitude (which is in Yuma County), and is the best known portion of Arizona. This comes from its early settlement, the development of its mines, and the extensive travel through its length during the running of the Southern or Butterfield Overland Mail. Its silver veins are among the richest on the continent. Some of them have been worked for centuries, and if they have not constantly yielded a large return it has been more from a lack of prudent management

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or the incursions of hostile Indians than from any defect in the quality or quantity of the ore, or in the facilities for extracting and working the same. The ores are chiefly argentiferous galena, and are best adapted to Smelting.

Some of the mines at a depth, have a silver-copper glance, iodide of silver, and a mineral containing quicksilver. The copper ores of Pima County are surprisingly rich, yielding in some instances as high as 90 per cent of pure copper. They are chiefly red oxides and gray sulphurets.

“Wood and water if not immediately at hand may usually be had at a convenient distance. The Santa Rita Mountains have fine pine forests, and between Tubac and San Xavier is a timber district some miles in width, extending from the Santa Cruz River to the base of the mountains. The timber is mesquit and of a large size; for mining purposes it is well adapted; for building it is too hard and crooked. The cotton-wood is found on the margin of all the streams; it is of rapid growth, and well adapted for building. The adobe or sun-burnt brick is, however, the favorite building material. It is easily and inexpensively made, and laid in thick walls furnishes an enduring and comfortable house; better suited to the climate than any other. The agricultural and pasture lands of Pima County are very extensive. The valleys of the Gila, and Santa Cruz, the San Pedro, and other streams, are large and equal in fertility to any agricultural district in the United states. The San Pedro Valley, over one hundred miles in length, is, perhaps, the best farming district south of the Gila River. The Sonoita Valley,

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which opens into the Santa Cruz near Calabazas, is some fifty miles long.

“Mr. Bartlett, United States Boundary Commissioner, thus describes the valley of the Santa Cruz:

“This valley was traversed by the earliest Spanish explorers in 1535, seduced by the flattering accounts of Cabeza de Vaca, Marco de Niza and Coronado, led their adventurers through it in search of the famed cities of Cibola, north of the Gila; and before the year 1600, its richness having been made known, it was soon after occupied as missionary ground. Remains of several of these missions still exist. The mission church of San Xavier del Bac, erected during the last century, is the finest edifice of the kind in Arizona. Tumacacori, a few miles south of Tubac, was the most extensive mission in this part of the country. The extensive buildings, irrigating canals, and broad cultivated domain here at once attest its advantages.’

“The same authority pronounces the valley one of the finest agricultural districts, and presenting many advantages for settlers.

“In each of these valleys there is an abundance of water for irrigation, and both whites and Indians had raised large crops with little labor. Some of the old ranches now owned by parties engaged in working the mines, are noted for their exuberant growth of every variety of cereals, vegetables and fruits.

“The table-lands of Pima County are covered with a short and luxurious grass, upon which immense herds of cattle have been and still may be raised, and the grazing districts include many

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of the mountain ravines as well as the lesser hills, where gramma-grass is found in abundance, and which is greedily eaten by horses, mules, sheep and horned cattle. This grass is very nutritious, and even when dry and parched by the heat of the summer is eagerly sought after by the animals.

“Tucson, the principal settlement of Pima County, is in the Santa Cruz Valley. It was a prominent station upon the Butterfield route. Of late years it has been much improved, and the recent opening of several rich mines in close proximity to the town will give it increased business and importance. Its population is largely Spanish, and the same may be said of all the settlements in Pima County.

“Other towns in the mining districts south of Tucson and Tubac and upon the Gila River, are becoming of consequence as the agricultural and mineral development of the country progresses.

“Their growth is somewhat retarded, as is the prosperity of the whole country, for the want of an American port upon the Gulf of California, by which route goods and machinery might be speedily and economically received. The great oversight of the United States in the failure to acquire such a port when it might have been had without difficulty or expense is keenly and constantly deplored, and it is the hope of every one living in or interested in Southern Arizona that the government will by negotiation (if coming events do not afford other means) soon secure either the port of Libertad or Guaymas, or both. Indeed, the geographical relations of the State of Sonora to Arizona and our access to the Pacific are such

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that its acquisition seems little less than a matter of duty.

“From Libertad it is but one hundred and fifty miles to the mining regions of the lower portion of Pima County, and from Guaymas the distance is about three hundred miles; both roads are easy and supplied with grass and water. The transportation of mining supplies from Los Angeles or Fort Yuma as is now necessary in order to escape the heavy duties imposed in Sonora, although entirely practicable, involves much more of overland travel and consequently increased delay and expense.

“YUMA COUNTY.

“This county is bounded on the east by the line of 113°, 20' west longitude, on the north by the middle of the main stream of the Santa Maria, to its junction with Williams' Fork, thence by the middle of the main channel of said stream to its junction with the Colorado River; on the west by the main channel of the Colorado, and on the south by the Sonora line. The seat of justice is established at La Paz. Of the two counties upon the Colorado (Yuma and Mohave) this has at present the largest population. Until 1862 it was comparatively unknown for any distance above Fort Yuma; indeed, the Colorado had barely been explored. Ives had been up with his little steamer, trappers had taken the beaver, and the Steam Navigation Company had sent government supplies to Fort Mojave, but there were no intermediate settlements, and the Colorado River mines, now widely known, were unheard of.

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“The discovery of gold of the Gila River, about twenty miles from its junction with the Colorado, attracted considerable attention, and prompted the laying out of Gila City, but it was not until 1862 that emigration started up the Colorado. At that date the finding of rich placers at Chimney Peak, twenty miles above Fort Yuma, and at various points from eight to twenty miles back of the site of the present town of La Paz, one hundred and ten miles from the fort, drew a large number of miners and prospectors from California and Sonora. The subsequent discovery of multitudinous silver and copper mines upon and adjacent to the river, in what are now known as the Yuma, Castle Dome, Silver, Eureka, Weaver, Chimehuiva, and La Paz mining districts, and the opening in 1863 of the interior country (Central Arizona) have given it an activity and importance second to that of no portion of the Territory. As yet its settlements are all upon the river. La Paz, the chief of these, is a busy commercial town of adobe buildings, with a population about equally American and Spanish. It has some stores that would not do discredit to San Francisco, and enjoys a large trade, extending up and down the river and to Central Arizona.

“Castle Dome, Mineral City and Olive City, all upon the Colorado, between Fort Yuma and La Paz, are mining towns yet small, but destined to become of consequence as the depots of mining districts of great richness, which cannot long remain undeveloped.

“The silver ores of Yuma County are mostly argentiferous galena. Those of Castle Dome

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district, forty miles above Fort Yuma, according to Prof. Blake, are found in a vein stone of fluor spar.

“The same authority reports the copper ores as nearly all containing silver and gold; some of which gave forty per cent of copper and yield at the rate of sixty ounces of silver to the ton.

“A quicksilver mine discovered near La Paz is attracting considerable attention in San Francisco.

“The face of Yuma County is for the most part mountainous and barren, although the Colorado bottom, and occasional valleys are fertile, and the Indians have fine crops. Wood sufficient for fuel and for present mining operations is found in the mountain ravines and along the streams.

“A main highway from the Colorado to Central Arizona starts from La Paz, and is one of the smoothest natural roads I have ever seen. Its course to the Hassayampa River (one hundred and ten miles) is almost an air line, and in the whole distance there is nothing to obstruct the passage of the frailest vehicle or of the heaviest train. It lacks a sufficiency of water and of grass for animals, and a company chartered by the Legislature is taking steps to provide wells and feeding stations. The road will connect at La Paz with that from San Bernardino, which is smooth, with but little sand, and already provided with tanks and stations. The whole distance from San Bernardino to Prescott, the capital of the Territory, is less than three hundred and fifty miles. Emigrants from California to Central

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Arizona travel by these roads, or by those of about the same length from San Bernardino to Fort Mojave, and from there to Prescott.

“Sixty miles from La Paz, on the road to Prescott, are the Harcuvar Mountains, which contain numerous valuable copper lodes, and the Penhatchapet Mountains, wherein very rich gold quartz has been found.

“*MOHAVE COUNTY.*

“This county is bounded on the east by the line of 113° 20' west longitude; on the north by the parallel of 37° north latitude; on the west by the line of the State of California and the middle of the main channel of the Colorado River, and on the south by Williams' Fork and the main channel of the Santa Maria River above its junction with the latter stream. The seat of justice is established at Mojave City. This county lies directly north of Yuma County and is of the same general character.

“Ascending the Colorado, the first point of interest is Williams' Fork, the southern line of the county. It is the largest tributary of the Colorado, and has its rise in the interior country almost as far east as Prescott. It is not navigable but usually has a good body of water. Some of the richest copper mines in the Territory are near to its bank, and have already been extensively and profitably worked. Quantities of the ore sent to Swansea have give a larger return than was expected, and it is clearly demonstrated that it will pay to ship to that place, or to Boston, if reduction works cannot be reached at a nearer point.

“A road along Williams' Fork and its tributary the Santa Maria, leads to Prescott, but it

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will need considerable work to be made popular. A company was chartered by the Legislature to improve it. In the opinion of Capt. Walker, the veteran pioneer of Central Arizona, and of others, the junction of Williams' Fork and the Colorado is the natural and best point for a large town or city; and a town named Aubry has been laid out there.

“Fort Mojave, upon the Colorado, one hundred and sixty miles above La Paz, is a noted point, and one of the longest occupied in the Territory by the whites. Within a mile of the fort is Mojave City, a sprightly town laid out and chiefly built by the California volunteers stationed at the fort for two or three years past. There are some good

agricultural lands in the vicinity, and gardens abound. The visit of the chief of the Mojave Indians (Iretaba) to New York and Washington in 1863-4, gave him such an exalted opinion of the white man and the power of the general government, that he has not ceased to urge his people to the most friendly relations, and to habits of industry and enterprise.

“At Mojave, as at La Paz and Fort Yuma, there is a well regulated ferry across the Colorado, with scows calculated to convey wagons and stock.

“Hardyville, nine miles above Mojave, upon the Colorado, is a young, but active and hopeful settlement. It has a large trade from the quartz mining districts around it, and even from the Wauba Yuma district, forty miles in the interior, and from Prescott, the capital, one hundred and sixty miles inland.

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“Recently the Utah people have flocked to Hardyville for their annual supplies finding it much easier than to go, as heretofore, to San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

“The mines of the several districts contiguous to Mojave and Hardyville, and of El Dorado Canyon, sixty miles further up the river, are among the most noted and promising in the newly known portions of Arizona. The ledges are many of them very large; the ores both of gold and silver, the latter predominating, are surprisingly rich. Considerable money has already been expended in opening the lodes, one or two mills are in operation, and others are contracted for. Immediately upon the river there is a dearth of wood, but a supply may be had from the Sacramento and Wauba Yuma districts, and from the Vegas, thirty miles north of El Dorado Canyon, or from the Buckskin Mountains, one hundred miles north. Rafted down the river, it would cost but little more than for the cutting.

“The navigation of the Colorado above El Dorado Canyon has only been attempted (excepting by Ives) since the Mormon trade began to attract attention and assume importance. It has now been ascertained by trial that steamboats may ascend at all seasons to a point one hundred miles north of Hardyville, and less than four hundred miles from Great Salt Lake City, by a road over which goods may be hauled without difficulty. At this point upon the River a town named Callville is just begun. It will be the depot for Utah, and, of course, more convenient than Hardyville. Callville is but a little more than one hundred miles south of St.

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George, a thrifty Mormon town close upon the Arizona line, if not within the Territory, and from which place and the fertile district about it, supplies of cheese, butter, vegetables and fruit have already found their way to the mining districts of El Dorado Canyon, Hardyville and Mojave.

“The Colorado is the largest river between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and the only navigable stream in Arizona. Its position between the Territory and California, its connection with the Gulf and the Pacific, the vast mineral wealth of its banks, and the important trade of Arizona and Utah, make it a most valuable highway, and one to the navigation of which careful attention should be given. With a constantly changing channel, a swift current and a bed of quicksand, it requires experience, patience and skill to conduct the steamers with safety. These are necessarily of light draft and limited accommodation for freight. It is believed that those now in use may, by remodeling, be greatly improved in speed and capacity, and that freight may be delivered at much less cost of time and money than is now required. In the upper part of the river are a few obstructions, for the removal of which a small appropriation has been asked from Congress.

“The present rates of freight are from two to three cents per pound from San Francisco to towns as high up the river as La Paz, and four cents to Hardyville; probably six to Callville. Ore is carried to San Francisco for from \$20 to \$25 per ton. This is considerably cheaper than transportation can be had by the roads across California. As yet there is only an irregular

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line of sailing vessels from San Francisco to the mouth of the Colorado (one hundred miles below Fort Yuma), and upon an average, three weeks are consumed in making the voyage. With a line of propellers as projected, this time might be reduced to a week or ten days.

“YAVAPAI COUNTY.

“This county is bounded on the east by the line of the Territory of New Mexico; on the north by the parallel of 37° north latitude; on the west by the line of 113° 20' west longitude; and on the south by the middle of the main channel of the Gila River. The seat of justice is established at Prescott, which is also the capital of the Territory. Yavapai County embraces a part of Arizona as yet unknown to the map makers, and in which the Territorial officers arrived hard upon the heels of the first white inhabitants. Until 1863, saving for a short distance above the Gila, it was even to the daring trapper and adventuresome gold-seeker a *terra incognita*, although one of the richest mineral, agricultural, grazing and timber divisions of the Territory; and abundantly supplied with game. Yavapai County is nearly as large as the State of New York. The Verde and Salinas Rivers, tributaries of the Gila, which run through its center, abound in evidences of a former civilization. Here are the most extensive and impressive ruins to be found in the Territory. Relics of cities, of aqueducts, acequias and canals, of mining and farming operations and of other employments indicating an industrious and enterprising people. Mr. Bartlett refers to these ruins as traditionally reported

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to him to show the extent of the agricultural population formerly supported here, as well as to furnish an argument to sustain the opinion that this is one of the most desirable positions for an agricultural settlement of any between the Rio Grande and the Colorado. The same authority says a district north of and immediately contiguous to the Gila River, is *par excellence*, the finest agricultural district in our territories lying in the same latitude, between Eastern Texas and the Pacific, for the great extent and richness of the soil, the abundance and excellence of the water, the cottonwood timber for building purposes, the fine quarries of stone in the adjacent hills, and for the facility with which it may be approached from every quarter.

“The district in question lies at the junction, and in a measure forms the delta of the Salinas and Gila Rivers. It lies but a little above the bed of the river, and might be, in consequence, easily irrigated. The arable bottom land is from two to four miles in width, and is overgrown with mesquit, while on the river's margin grow large cottonwoods. The river is from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet wide, from two to four feet deep, and both rapid and clear. In these respects it differs from the Gila, which is sluggish and muddy for two hundred miles.’

“A portion of the Gila Valley is occupied by two tribes of Indians, noted for their good traits, the Pimas and Maricopas. The lands cultivated extend from sixteen to twenty miles along the river, centering at the Pima villages. Irrigating canals conduct the water of the Gila over all the district. The Indians raise wheat,

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corn, millet, beans, pumpkins and melons in great abundance. They also raise a superior quality of cotton from which they spin and weave their own garments. There is a steam grist mill at the Pima villages, and a large quantity of excellent flour is annually made. I have no doubt that the Gila bottoms alone afford arable land sufficient to raise food for a densely populated State. But these are by no means all of the agricultural lands of Yavapai County. The Val de Chino, so called by Whipple, where Fort Whipple was first established, and the Territorial officers first halted, is nearly one hundred miles in length and abounds in tillable and pastoral lands. The valley of the Little Colorado, on the 35th parallel, is large and well adapted to cultivation. There are numerous other valleys near to Prescott, and the road from the Colorado River, via Mojave and Hardyville, to that place, is described by a recent traveller as being ‘for over a hundred miles of the way, a prairie country that would compare

with the best in the world for grazing, and with most of the Western States for agriculture.’

“In timber lands Yavapai County exceeds all others in the Territory. Beginning some miles south of Prescott, and running north of the San Francisco Mountain, is a forest of yellow pine, interspersed with oak, sufficient to supply all the timber for building material, for mining and for fuel that can be required for a large population.

“At a distance of forty miles north of the Gila River, Yavapai County becomes mountainous, and on every side are mines of gold, silver and copper. The placer diggings upon the

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Hassayampa, the Agua Fria, Lynx Creek, and other streams in this region, now known as Central Arizona, were first found by the explorers, Capts. Walker and Weaver, in 1863. They entered the country simultaneously, though without concert of action, one coming from the Gila and one from the Colorado. In the same year the quartz lodes attracted attention, and people flocked to the district from all quarters. The Territorial officers, then on the Rio Grande *en route* for the Territory, were induced to turn westward, via the 35 parallel or Whipple route, and make a personal examination of the country. The investigations of Governor Goodwin, who spent some months in travel over the Territory, going as far south as the Sonora line, and east to the Verde and Salinas, convinced him that this promised to be a most important and populous section, and here he concluded to convene the first Legislative Assembly.

“Prescott, the capital, is in the heart of a mining district, second, in my judgment, to none upon the Pacific coast. The surface ores of thirty mines of gold, silver and copper, which I have had assayed in San Francisco, were pronounced equal to any surface ores ever tested by the metallurgists, who are among the most skillful and experienced in the city, and, as far as ore has been had from a depth, it fully sustains its reputation. The veins are large and boldly defined, and the ores are of varied classes, usually such as to be readily and inexpensively worked, while the facilities for working them are of a superior order. At the ledges is an abundant supply of wood and water; near at hand are grazing and farming lands, and roads may be

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opened in every direction without great cost. Some of the streams are dry at certain seasons, which fact renders placer mining an uncertain enterprise in this part as in other parts of the Territory; but for quartz mining there could not possibly be a more inviting locality. The altitude is so great that the temperature is never oppressively warm; the nights, even in midsummer, are refreshingly cool and bracing. The ascent from the river by the roads from La Paz and Mojave is so easy that with the small amount of work already done upon the same, the heaviest machinery may be readily transported. The distance by either road is about one hundred and sixty miles and the charge for freight from six to eight cents per pound. Contracts may now be made for the delivery of machinery at Prescott from San Francisco, via the Colorado, for ten cents per pound.

“Prescott is built exclusively of wood, and inhabited almost entirely by Americans, mainly from California, and Colorado. Picturesquely located in the pine clad mountains, it resembles a town in Northern New England. The first house was erected in June last, and now the town has some hundreds of inhabitants, and the country for fifty miles about, including a dozen mining districts and farming valleys, is largely taken up by settlers. The valleys will, it is thought, produce good crops without irrigation, as the rains in this region are frequent and heavy.

“Weaver and Wickenburg, upon the Hassayampa, the one fifty and the other seventy miles south of Prescott, and each about one hundred and ten miles east of La Paz, upon the Colorado, are mining towns and centres of a considerable

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business. The former is at the foot of Antelope Hill, upon the summit of which very rich placers were discovered early in 1863, the working of which paid largely for a year or more—and probably would at present with a proper arrangement for the elevation of water. Marieopa Wells and Pima villages in the Maricopa and Pima reservations upon the Gila, about one hundred and twenty-five miles southeast from Prescott, and some eighty miles northwest from Tucson, are places of Indian trade, and depots of grain and other supplies for the troops in the Territory. Eastward from Prescott, upon the Agua Fria, the Verde, the Salinas and other streams, all the way to the New Mexican line, exploring parties have discovered evidences of great mineral wealth and excellent agricultural districts. Northward to the villages of the Moquis, and the San Juan River, the country is but little known, but believed to be prolific in the precious ores, and in timber.

“Some of the most promising districts in the Territory have not yet been prospected at all, and others only in a most superficial manner. It is the opinion of many that the richest mines are yet unfound, and lie eastward from Tucson and Prescott; but if one in ten of those already known yield such a return, upon the introduction of proper machinery, as is promised by the indications and tests had to this time, Arizona will far excel all other territories of the Union in its metallic revenue.

“*CONCLUSIONS.*

“This succinct description of the four counties into which Arizona is at present divided,

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will, I trust, satisfy the reader that the Territory is neither the hopeless desert nor the inaccessible region which some have pronounced it. Its resources are varied, and have only to be rightly improved to render it a prosperous and powerful State. Though hitherto, for the want of roads and the means of conveyance, considered remote and isolated, it is in fact central, and upon the best highways from the Rio Grande to the Pacific. The inevitable continental railroad can follow no parallels more favorable for its economical construction and successful working than the 32d or 35th.

“For a year after the organization of its government the Territory was without a mail or postoffice. Now a weekly mail is established between Los Angeles and Prescott, and eastward to Santa Fe via the 35th parallel, where it connects with that for the Missouri River. Other routes are proposed, and will at once be authorized. A company is organized to furnish telegraphic communication between Los Angeles and Prescott, and it will doubtless be had at an early day, and so put the Territory in immediate communication both with the Pacific and the Atlantic coast. Once built to Prescott, and the project is entirely feasible, the line could soon be extended eastward to Santa Fe and Denver.

“The Indians of Yuma and Mojave Counties are all peaceable and well-disposed to the whites. The Papagoes of Pima County, and the Pimas, Maricopas, Yavapais, Hualapais, and Moquis, of Yavapai County, are equally friendly. Those not already upon reservations will be so placed at an early day, and become a producing people. A reservation for the Colorado tribes was designated

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by the last Congress. It is upon the river between La Paz and Williams' Fork, an exceedingly fertile tract.

“The Apaches alone refuse reconciliation to the whites. Their depredations have been the serious drawback to the settlement and development of the Territory. Far more than any lack of agricultural lands, of water, or of timber, has their hostile presence delayed the incoming of a large white population. By frequent and vigorous onslaughts from military and civil expeditions, their warriors have, it is believed, been reduced to *less than a thousand*. These have their retreats in the rugged mountains eastward of the Verde and the Salinas, and on the upper Gila. Their subjugation or extermination, while a matter of some difficulty, owing to their agile movements and entire familiarity with the country, cannot be a remote consummation if the present military force in the Territory is

allowed to remain undisturbed in its campaign. The difficulty hitherto experienced has been in the interruption, by some new disposition of the troops, of every movement, however well planned. I think I may safely predict that if Arizona is left in its connection with the Department of the Pacific, and under the command of General Mason, who is alive to the necessity of destroying forever the power of the Apache, it will speedily be rendered as safe for residence and business, even to its eastern boundary, as it now is from the Colorado to the Verde.

“If the government had ever dealt with the Apache with the force and pertinacity with which it has handled the Sioux, hundreds of valuable lives would have been saved in Arizona, a

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great population would have entered the Territory, and, long ere this, its opulent mines and agricultural lands would have been so worked as to surprise the nation and the world with their returns.

“Primarily a quartz mining country, the settler in Arizona must not expect the quick wealth often obtained from the placers. These while numerous and rich, are not, as before stated, to be depended upon. To engage in quartz mining, on his own account, he will need some means. The introduction of machinery now going forward, both from the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the extensive development of the mines, will make a demand for labor at remunerative wages. There will also be an encouragement for the trades. Mechanics of all kinds will be needed. For farmers and herdsmen there is an immediate inducement. The expense of mining operations can in no way be so speedily reduced and the general prosperity of the Territory advanced, as by the extensive production of bread and meat. This is a first necessity, and may at once be made a source of profit to those who engage in it with willing and persevering hands.

“In conclusion, I recommend Arizona to our discharged volunteers, and to all unemployed persons who seek a wholesome climate, and a new and broad field for energetic industry. To all who are ready to labor, and to wait even a little time for large success, it is full of promise. The day cannot be distant when it will occupy a first rank among the wealthy and populous states. Its mountains and valleys teeming with cities and towns, musical with implements of mining and agriculture, its great river burdened with traffic, and its people thrifty and happy, the

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wonder will be that it was ever neglected by the government, and by capitalists, as an insignificant and unpromising possession.

“The white population of the Territory is largely composed of industrious, intelligent and enterprising persons. Many families have arrived since the organization of the government, and a large emigration from the Missouri, the Rio Grande and the Pacific is expected within the present year.

“The Territorial government is now fully organized in all its departments. Law and order everywhere prevail. The courts are in operation. Schools have been established in the leading settlements, and the printing press is doing its part to build up society and promote substantial prosperity. A code of laws unusually thorough and complete was adopted by the Legislature. The chapter regulating the location, ownership, and development of mining lands, is pronounced the best ever devised upon the subject, and is urged for adoption in some of the older Territories. It is a guarantee to those who acquire mining interests that their rights will be carefully guarded, and it will be likely to save much of the annoying and expensive litigation hitherto common in mining districts.

“This letter would, perhaps, be incomplete without some allusion to the means and expense of getting to Arizona. The emigrant by land from the Missouri may with ordinary wagons and animals make the journey to Tucson or Prescott in 90 days, going via Santa Fe. Arrived in the Territory he may sell his wagons and animals for as much, if not more, than they cost him upon the Missouri. He will experience no danger from Indians on the route if with a party of a

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dozen or more determined men. The roads are good and fairly supplied with grass and water. That via the 35th parallel from Santa Fe on the Rio Grande, being by the pass of Zuni, one of the easiest in the Rocky Mountains; that via the 32d parallel, from Mesilla on the Rio Grande to Tucson, is also level and easy.

“The emigrant going by water may now get passage to San Francisco at a low rate, and from there he may go by land or water to Los Angeles also at a reasonable cost. From the latter point the roads to the Colorado and to Central and Southern Arizona are good. Wagons and animals may be purchased on fair terms at Los Angeles. Those who wish to take goods, mining or agricultural implements with them, can do so from the Missouri better, I think, at this time than from the Pacific, owing to the difference in the currency. All emigrants should start provided with a supply of provisions for one year, and with flannel rather than linen clothing, even for the warmest parts of the Territory.

“Any further information regarding Arizona, its resources and prospects, that I can furnish, is at your command, and that of any who have an interest in the Territory.

“I am, Your Obedient Servant,

“RICHARD C. McCORMICK,

“Secretary of the Territory.”.

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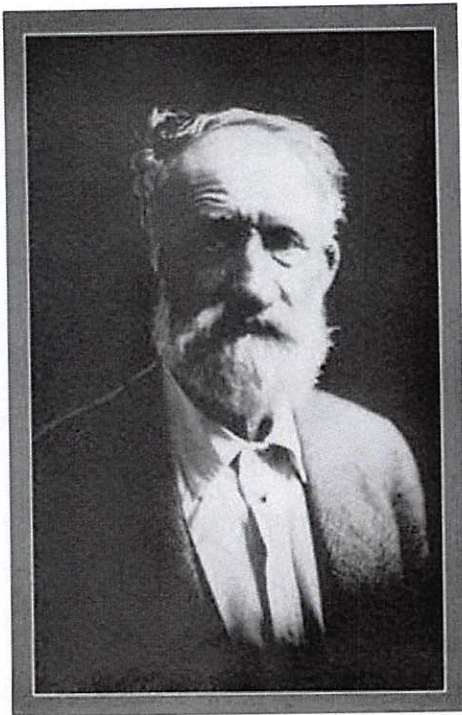
The foregoing letter, in the main, stated the facts as they existed at the time. Very little was known of Arizona. The accompanying map will show the principal places of settlement, which were few and far between. Of course, Secretary McCormick was an optimist, but when he states that all the tribes of Indians along the Colorado were at peace with the whites, that statement can

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be easily controverted. It was dangerous at any time for a small party to go from any point on the Colorado River to Prescott, as their stock would be stolen and their lives endangered, and at the end of the year 1865, the Wallapais, the Yavapais and the Mohaves were at open war with the whites.

There was a reservation established on the Colorado River in the latter part of this year, which was occupied by a portion of the Mohave tribe, but they could not be considered peaceable, for, in the following year, 1866, they killed their Indian agent, as will be seen further on in this work, and anyone who had the hardiness to attempt to make a home beyond the protection of the military, took his life in his own hands.

Secretary McCormick says there was only a thousand warriors among the hostile Apaches, In this he was clearly mistaken. To say nothing of the bands upon the Colorado, which were Yumas and not Apaches, those tribes in the eastern part of the Territory, Mescaleros, Chiricahuas, Pinalenos, Coyoteros, Tontos, White Mountain Apaches, and Apache-Mohaves, a branch of the Mohaves which had separated from their original tribe and affiliated with the Tontos, would probably muster more than two thousand warriors. They were all fighters and strategists, never venturing to fight in the open field unless they far outnumbered the foe. At no time could an immigrant party of ten or twelve, encumbered with wagons, stock and their families, enter Arizona with safety from New Mexico. Particularly was this the case with reference to the lower part of the Territory, along the old Butterfield route, where the bands of Mangus and Cochise held undisputed sway.



CHAS. B. GENUNG.

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CHAPTER XI. EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

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(Continued).

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FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT IN VERDE VALLEY—DR. J. M. SWETNAM'S STORY—MEMBERS OF PARTY—LOCATION OF SETTLEMENT—PRICES OF SUPPLIES—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION—THE CAMP DIVIDED—OPENING IRRIGATION DITCH—NEW ADDITION TO PARTY—INDIAN RAIDS—HARVESTING CROPS—REFUSAL OF U. S. QUARTERMASTER TO PURCHASE CROPS—FINALLY AGREES TO PURCHASE—MORE INDIAN RAIDS—MILITARY PROTECTION.

Soon after the organization of the Territorial Government and the settlement of Prescott, parties of hardy pioneers began to branch out and form settlements in other parts of the Territory. One of these parties, headed by James M. Swetnam, now a practicing physician and surgeon in Phoenix, made the first white settlement in the Verde Valley. I am indebted to Dr. Swetnam for the following account of this settlement:

“

“Early in January, 1865, a party consisting of James M. Swetnam, William L. Osborn, Clayton M. Ralston, Henry D. Morse, Jake Ramstein, Thos. Ruff, Ed. A. Boblett, James Parrish and James Robinson, left Prescott for the purpose of locating a colony for farming purposes in the valley of the Verde River, if a suitable place could be found. At that time the only ranch east of the immediate vicinity of Fort Whipple and Prescott, was that of Col. King S. Woolsey, which was at the upper end of the

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Agua Fria Canyon, twenty-five miles east of Prescott, it being twenty-five miles further east to the Verde Valley.

“The party understood their liability to come in contact with the Apache Indians, but they were well armed, young and brave, and felt themselves equal to the task they had undertaken.

“The men were all on foot, taking along a single horse on which was packed their blankets, cooking utensils, and provisions for ten days. They followed the road to Woolsey's ranch, then the Chaves trail, to near the head of the Copper Canyon, at which point they left the old trail, following down the canyon by an Indian trail to the Verde River, which they reached on the third day at a point almost due east of Prescott, and fifty miles distant.

“At Prescott the ground was covered with snow, and the contrast presented by the valley, not only devoid of snow, but showing evidences of approaching spring, was very agreeable. But the one thing which was not so agreeable was a quantity of fresh Indian signs, and the sight of a couple of columns of blue smoke, lazily ascending at a distance of four or five miles.

“To reach the east side of the river, which was perhaps fifty feet wide and in the deepest part two feet, the party waded across and camped until toward evening, when they moved down the valley something over two miles to a point half a mile north of Clear Fork, where they camped for the night, placing a guard with relief every two

hours.

“When morning came three men were left to guard camp, and the others, dividing into two

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parties, started out to explore, one the region about Clear Fork, the other going north toward the next tributary called Beaver Creek.

“The party passing up Clear Fork had gone less than a mile when they came suddenly upon moccasin tracks, and shortly afterwards a camp fire, with evidence of recent flight.

“Moving cautiously to an elevation, several savages were seen scurrying away toward a rough canyon on the north, which they soon entered, passing out of sight.

“Three or four days were spent in the valley, the exploration extending from one mile below Clear Fork to ten miles above. But it was finally decided, although the amount of arable land was less than desired, to locate on the ‘V’-shaped point between the Verde and Clear Fork on the north side of the latter. The reasons for this decision were:

“First: The facility and cheapness with which water could be brought from Clear Fork for irrigation.

“Second: Its advantageous position for defense in case of attack from savages, which they had every reason to expect.

“Third: The large amount of stone reduced to the proper shape for building—remains of an ancient edifice, perhaps a temple whose people had been driven from its use and enjoyment hundreds of years ago by the ancestors of these same savage Apaches.

“The location being determined upon, the party returned to Prescott, and began preparations for making a success of the enterprise. This was no easy task. Some of the best informed and oldest settlers about Fort Whipple

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and Prescott tried to dissuade the ‘Hot-headed boys,’ as they styled the principal movers of the scheme, by every possible argument, insisting that the whole thing was impracticable; that it was impossible for a party even of three times the number to go into a region so far from assistance, and surrounded with such Indians as the Apaches, and succeed in holding possession of the valley. Others predicted that the whole party would either be killed or driven out inside of sixty days. But still the work of preparation went on.

“Tools for clearing the land and ditching were purchased. Plows, (cast mould boards), a very inferior utensil, but the best that could be got, were bought at exorbitant prices. Barley and wheat for seed cost \$20.00 per cwt. This was the price in gold, greenbacks being worth seventy cents on the dollar. Corn for seed cost them \$22.00 per cwt., and they had to go eighteen miles to the Hassayamp to get it, then pack it to Prescott on donkeys over an almost impassable trail. Provisions were also high. But all these difficulties were overcome, and early in February the party, numbering nineteen in all with supplies loaded into six wagons drawn by oxen, bade farewell to their friends, and set forth to try the experiment of making a permanent settlement in the midst of a region surrounded by the murderous Apaches.

“Four days later these adventurers reached and passed over the Verde River at the same point where the exploring party had crossed one month before, and pitched their camp. Here the first trouble came, not from Indians, but amongst themselves. Two parties had

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already risen, and the rupture was becoming serious. It had been agreed to plant the permanent camp at Clear Fork, but there was one or two who had all the time favored the little valley where they were now camped. It was larger than the one originally selected, and was very attractive. Those who had favored this locality in the beginning had yielded to the majority for the time, but had been quietly and industriously at work among the new recruits, and now hoped to reconsider the first vote and make the settlement one mile above the present camp. The leader of this party was a man named Parrish, not a bad fellow, but one who liked authority and was obstinate. The selection of the upper valley would be an endorsement of his plans, and virtually make him head of the colony. Those who favored the other location did it because they felt it was for the best interests of all concerned. They argued that the expense in time and muscle, and, of course, in provisions, in getting water upon the upper valley, which would have to come from the Verde River, would be at least four times what it would cost to bring it from Clear Fork into the lower valley. This was a strong argument in favor of the original location. Much work was to be done. Cabins to live in, and a suitable stockade for defense was first to be constructed, and then the land was to be cleared and water put on to it before cultivation could begin, so that it became a necessity to avoid all superfluous work, and save every hour of time if they expected to succeed in raising a crop that season, and a failure to raise and secure a crop was failure of the whole scheme, as nearly every one

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had his all staked upon the success of the enterprise.

“Nothing was decided that afternoon, and though the day had been beautiful, during the night it began to rain, a thing they were not expecting, and were not prepared for. Several of the wagons had no covers, and the rain increasing, the contents became soaked with water. When morning came everything looked gloomy. The men gathered shivering around the fires, which were with difficulty made to burn. Two miles away upon the hills to the south it was snowing, and only the lower altitude kept them from being in a snowstorm where they were. Such was the condition of things on the first morning.

“All were impatient of delay and wanted to have the matter of the exact location of settlement determined. Those favoring the lower valley quietly numbered their forces, and found there were seven voters sure, and three more who were noncommittal, among them Mr. Foster, who had no cattle, and no interest in them, and who would be compelled to rely on some of the others who had. J. M. Swetnam went to him and agreed if he would join those favoring the lower valley, he, Swetnam, would furnish him cattle for breaking and cultivating his ground free of charge. The offer was accepted. There were yet the two who so far as those who favored the lower valley knew, had expressed no opinion.

“About 10 a. m., the same day, the rain ceased, and by noon the sun was shining. The matter of location had been fully discussed during the morning and Parrish, believing himself in the

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majority, was in high spirits, and declared his intention of settling in the upper valley. Those favoring the lower valley had most at stake, and while deprecating the division of the party, determined to make their settlement as originally contemplated.

“One more effort was made to induce Parrish and his followers to yield, and upon their refusal preparations were immediately begun to continue the journey to Clear Fork.

“J. M. Swetnam, W. L. Osborn, H. D. L. Morse, Jo. Melvin, Thomas Ruff, C. M. Ralston, Mac Foster, Ed. Boblett, John Lang, and Jake Ramstein, ten in all, pulled out, and that evening pitched their camp at the place already selected on the point between the river and Clear Fork.

“The first work was to build a place to secure the cattle and provide for their own defense in case of an attack from the Apaches. The next morning before the sun was up they had begun work. The stone of the old ruin previously spoken of, was used to make an enclosure sixty feet long and forty feet wide. The walls were built to a height of seven or eight feet, being four feet thick on the bottom, and two feet thick at the top. A well was also dug that they might have water in case the supply from the river or ditch was interfered with.

“The stone enclosure being completed, they built a cabin on each corner. These cabins were built of poles, notched at the ends, and made a very substantial habitation. The floor was mother earth, wet, levelled, and pounded so as to make it hard and smooth. The cracks between the logs were chinked and plastered with

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mud. There was one door and one window to each cabin, and these were closed with strong shutters. There were also loopholes looking out from the exposed sides and end of each cabin. The covering was made by using poles round or split for a foundation, covering this with grass, and then piling dirt to a depth of fifteen to eighteen inches on top of that. The timber for these purposes was got from the grove which fringed Clear Fork on each side for a distance of over two miles from the mouth. This was willow, cottonwood, and ash.

“The cabins completed, the next work was to open a ditch to bring water to the Fort, as they now called their camp, for irrigating purposes.

“The spot selected for the dam was a point on Clear Fork about one mile and a half from the Fort. This would enable them to cover about four hundred acres with water. The plan was to make the ditch three feet wide at the top, and fifteen inches deep. Then came the survey. For this they had no instruments. Ralston had once carried a chain with some surveyors in Illinois, and thought he could survey the ditch, so he arranged a triangle with a leaden bob, and with the aid of a carpenter's level, the work began. The first half mile was through greasewood and mesquite, which annoyed the surveyors, and afterwards rendered the digging in places quite difficult. The survey being completed up on to the level, from which point the water would have plenty of fall, the work of digging was begun with a will, every man doing his part. There was a division of labor. Two or three men had to remain about the cabins to be on the lookout for Indians and to look after the

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oxen, and two, Jake Ramstein and John Lang, refused to join in with the main party, but took out a small ditch on the south side of Clear Fork. This ditch was less than half a mile long, and covered about forty acres of land, so that reduced the number to work on the main ditch to five at a time. Swetnam was made time-keeper, and the working and watching was so arranged that each man did his share of the digging.

“The work was hard, but they were at it by sunrise in the morning, and sunset often found them wielding the shovel and the spade. Work upon the ditch had continued for over a week when it became necessary to go to Prescott, for provisions were getting low. They had expected to be able to get some game in the valley, but nothing had been killed, excepting two or three geese and as many ducks. A few fish of the sucker family had been caught, but the addition to the larder did not pay for the time spent in catching them. About the 20th of March, five of the party, with one wagon and two yoke of oxen, left on the trip to Prescott.

“At the upper camp they were joined by two men who were leaving the valley in disgust. This increased the number to seven. The Indians on the way up annoyed them some, though they were not attacked. During the absence of the party after supplies, work on the ditch almost ceased, and the time was spent in gardening and such other work as could be done near the Fort.

“The party returned from Prescott in about six days, bringing with them Mrs. Boblett, Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb, father and mother of Mrs.

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Boblett, Charles Yates, and John A. Culbertson, also thirty-three head of cattle belonging to John Osborn, and ten or twelve head belonging to Whitcomb, which, with the oxen they already had, brought the number of cattle on the ranch up to between fifty-five and sixty, and, what was better, gave them three more men, and the civilizing influence of women.

“The cabins were now occupied as follows: The northwest by Swetnam, Ralston and Foster; the northeast by Osborn, Melvin, Morse, Yates and Culbertson; the southeast by Lang and Ramstein, and the southwest by Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Boblett, and Thomas Ruff.

“Work was again vigorously prosecuted on the ditch, but when Culbertson, one of the new arrivals who had had much experience in irrigating in California, came to look the ground over, he insisted that the survey was incorrect, and unless they had the power to make water run up hill, the ditch would be useless if continued on the present survey. Ralston contended that the survey was correct, and to settle the matter a dam, which was intended to be left until the ditch was finished, was now thrown across the stream, and the water turned into the ditch. Though turned on with considerable head, it ran sluggishly for about one hundred feet and stopped. Clear Fork water would not run up hill.

“The atmosphere grew blue and sulphurous for a little while. Many days of hard labor had been lost by the blunder, but they were not the kind of men to repine. The upper end of the ditch was lowered, the survey made on a little lower level, and the work progressed without interruption

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until the ditch was completed, and an abundance of water, clear as crystal, running therein.

“The work of clearing off the land and breaking had begun, and was prosecuted with such vigor that by the 10th of May over two hundred acres had been planted in barley, wheat, corn, potatoes, beans, melons, and garden stuff, and was growing with a rapidity only seen where there is rich soil, a hot sun, and plenty of moisture.

“Two or three times the Indians had made their appearance on the hills, and twice tracks were found within twenty rods of the cabins where the savages had been the night before, but up to the first of May there had been no particular annoyance, and the settlers began to have hopes that the Indians would not molest them, and became careless. The cattle were allowed to wander without someone being with them all the time, though they were looked after, brought up at noon, and kept corralled every night.

“One morning in the early part of May, the settlers were engaged on their different tracts of land when the cry of ‘Indians! Indians!’ rang out upon the startled ears of the settlers, and in a minute every man was hurrying to the Fort. Mr. Whitcomb, whose duty it was to look after the cattle, had, just before 10 a. m., missed three head of oxen. It was but a few moments work to reach the spot where he had seen them half an hour before, some sixty rods away from the cabins. He soon struck their trail and, following it, were moccasin tracks. This explained their disappearance.

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“Twenty minutes after the alarm was given, Melvin, Ralston, Osborn, Swetnam and Morse were upon their track in hot pursuit. The direction of the trail was south of east, crossing Clear Fork not far from the head of the ditch, and coming out on the mesa nearly three miles from the Fort, the general direction being Tonto Basin, for which point the Indians were evidently heading.

“The cattle were in good condition, and the Indians, probably a small foraging party numbering nine or ten, were

sparing no effort to get away with their booty, and with three-quarters of an hour start, through a region every foot of which the Indians knew, and of which their pursuers knew little, it could be nothing else than a dangerous and a long chase. But this only increased the determination of the boys to recapture the cattle. 'For,' said Ralston, 'this is their first raid and, if successful, they will soon come again, but if defeated in this effort, it will teach them to let us alone in the future.'

"At a distance of about four miles the trail entered the mountains, where the rocky condition of the ground rendered the trail, in places, quite indistinct, thus hindering the pursuers. At this point Thomas Ruff, mounted upon the only horse in the valley, and with a supply of bacon, flour and coffee for two days, and bread for one meal, overtook the boys, increasing their number to six.

"About half-past one p. m., they came to a beautiful clear cool stream of water. Here they stopped for twenty minutes and ate a lunch of raw bacon and bread, washed down with cold water, and no banquet was ever better relished.

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"The little rest and food greatly refreshed them, and the boys strode over those wild, rough and rocky mountains at the rate of five miles an hour.

"By two o'clock there was no trouble in following the trail, the droppings from the overheated cattle, and the little flecks of foam, not yet dry, showed that the distance between the pursued and the pursuers was growing rapidly less.

"At four o'clock a small stream was reached where the cattle tracks in the water had not yet cleared, and the boys knew their game was near. Here the trail was almost directly up the mountain side, which was covered with pretty thick brush, necessitating a little more caution in the advance, but the speed was not lessened. With faces flushed with the muscular exertion, guns in position for immediate use, and every eye and ear upon the alert, they ascended the mountains for nearly a mile, Swetnam in the lead, Melvin at his heels, and Osborn next, thus reaching what seemed to be the top. In a hollow some fifty steps ahead stood the cattle, with tongues hanging out, panting for breath, and a number of arrows sticking in each, but no Indians in sight. Beyond the cattle was another short rise, and the savages, finding the pursuit so close that they could not get their booty in its exhausted condition over the edge before the boys came in sight, concluded to abandon the cattle and save themselves.

"A halt, only long enough to pull the arrows from the wounds of the bleeding cattle, was made. Then they hastened on after the Indians, but all trace was soon lost. Still they continued

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on for perhaps a mile further, coming to the extreme top of the mountain, when, looking off to the south, east and west, a vast region of country came into sight, the valley of the Salt River and its tributaries, beyond which the mountains shone dim and blue, a region in which no white man had dared attempt to make his home.

"Further pursuit was useless, and the boys returned to where the cattle had been left, one of which was found to be badly wounded, but they turned them toward home and immediately began the journey.

"About six o'clock they met John Lang (the cattle belonged to him and Jake Ramstein). John's face was covered with dust, his hat was off, his shirt bosom was open, the sight was knocked from his gun, and the stock broken.

"'Well, John,' said Melvin, 'did you expect to overtake us?'

"'Vell, I t'ot I would as you come back,' was his reply.

"Upon questioning him regarding his broken gun, it developed that he, being at work south of Clear Fork, did not

hear of his loss for half an hour after the party had started in pursuit, when, against all remonstrance, he started to follow, and, on his way, came across an Indian who had evidently been left behind to watch and report. Lang got up near enough to him to shoot, but he did not kill the Indian, and this made him so angry that he threw the gun away and charged the Indian with his sixshooter, but the savage soon disappeared. Then Lang returned, picked up his gun, and followed on the trail. When asked why he threw the gun away, he said, 'The tam gun, is no goot.' He felt

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there would have been one dead Apache had the gun 'been goot.'

"An hour before dark the party halted long enough to prepare and eat supper, after which they resumed their journey, reaching home at three o'clock the next morning, having been out seventeen hours, and travelled fifty miles. The cattle stood the trip home, but one of them died from the effects of his wounds on the day following. The other two lived to be again captured, and again rescued.

"About this time the upper camp was abandoned entirely. Too late they found that they could not get water on to the ground in time for a crop, and, becoming discouraged, they gave up entirely, Parrish and four or five of his followers going back to Prescott, and the remainder joining the lower camp.

"Everything went on smoothly for some time, except that the horse was one evening run off by the Indians. Corn had been planted, and the grain and vegetables were looking well, though the grain had been planted late. The corn began to need cultivating, but without horses how was this to be done? Three or four shovel plows had been brought down, and these could be stocked if the motive power could be got. It has been said, 'necessity is the mother of invention.' Short yokes were made, a harness improvised, and single oxen were put to plowing between the rows of corn, and, though slow, they did the work very well. But in this instance the command, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox,' had to be disobeyed, or there would have been no corn, and no plowing.

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"The living was not elaborate. It was coffee, bacon, beans and bread for breakfast; beans, coffee, bread and bacon for dinner, and bread, coffee, bacon and beans for supper.

"At Prescott flour was \$30.00 per cwt., in greenbacks; bacon 50¢ per lb. But when the new vegetables were ready for use, they fared better, and when the sweet corn and green beans came, followed by potatoes and melons, they lived like kings.

"Late in May a man by the name of Sanford, an old Californian, joined the colony, and about this time a man from Texas, named Elliott, with his wife and three or four children came. Another cabin was built on the east side, the end being placed immediately against the stone enclosure. Crops were now growing vigorously, and the boys began to feel in good spirits. Work was now less pressing, and the company being larger, more trips were made to Prescott, and upon each of these occasions one or more persons would accompany the party back to the valley.

"Prescott being the nearest postoffice, letters and papers were received at intervals of three or four weeks. Books were few, and amusements, outside of cards or target shooting, were scarce. There was no game to hunt, and altogether it was rather a humdrum life to lead, except when the Indians gave them a little excitement.

"Scarcely a man in the whole valley went by his own name, nicknames being given to each. For instance Clayton Ralston, because he got a letter stating that his sister had a boy, was immediately dubbed 'Uncle Clayton'; Boblett and

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his wife, although married over ten years, had no children, but he was called 'Pap'; Culbertson was a slim, long legged fellow, and he was known as 'Fly-up-the-Creek'; Osborn was 'Stubbs' Swetnam, 'Scrappy'; Morse, 'Muggins,' Foster, 'Scroggins'; Melvin, 'Schimerhorn,' and so on.

"The latter part of May, while five or six of the party were on a trip to Prescott for supplies, just after the noon hour, the ditch was found to be without water. There could be but one explanation, either the dam or ditch was cut, and only Indians would do it. The breach must be repaired and the camp protected. This might be a scheme on the part of the Indians to divide the force left in the valley, and then attack the cabins. The cattle were corralled, and Culbertson and Swetnam volunteered to make the attempt to find the break and repair it. In addition to their usual fighting implements they took an axe, and a spade, and followed up the ditch. They had not gone more than one-third the distance to the dam when a column of smoke was seen rising from a point on the mesa, south of the dam. The redskins were there, and were watching the settlers. The boys, after reconnoitering for some time, finally reached the dam, which had been cut and the water turned into the main channel. Three or four hours steady work, one standing guard while the other labored, was sufficient to repair the breach and throw an abundance of water into the ditch. The boys quit just before night and returned safely to the Fort.

"There was no more disturbance from the Indians until June 23rd, That morning a party had returned from Prescott, bringing in two or three visitors and two horses with them, and

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those left in the valley received them with great joy, for they were several days behind their expected return and for two days the commissariat of those at the Fort had been reduced to coffee, beans, and green vegetables, so that when they did return, everybody knocked off work and made a kind of a holiday of it.

"The cattle had been brought up to the corral at noon, but had not been put inside. The two horses were picketed within a hundred feet of the northeast cabin, and there was no thought of Indians. Dinner had been eaten and several of the boys were lounging in the northwest cabin, the window of which looked directly up the river. During the dinner hour the cattle had wandered off up the stream perhaps a half a mile, and half as far from the river, it being another half mile to the bluffs to the northeast. Some one glancing up the river saw four naked men running from the cover of the bank directly toward the cattle. 'Indians! Indians!' was the cry. Swetnam, Ralston and Foster, seized their guns and started on the run to save the cattle, the other boys hurrying to their own cabins for their guns. The intention was to reach the cattle before the stampeders could get them to the bluffs. Swetnam, being the fastest runner, was in front, Ralston next, and then Foster, but the latter had thought of the horses, and, leaping on the back of the best one, passed Ralston and overtook Swetnam when nearly half a mile from the Fort. Swetnam here mounted on behind Foster. From four Indians first in sight, the number had increased to over sixty, and they had formed a hollow square around about twenty-five of the cattle, and were hurrying them on the run to the

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mouth of a ragged canyon half a mile from where the cattle had been captured.

"It was a beautiful sight. The Apaches were naked except for the breechclout, and armed with rifles, long handled spears, and bows and arrows. The spears were freely used in urging the cattle forward, but five or six of them broke away from their captors and escaped.

"Foster and Swetnam both urged the horse to as great a speed as possible, and, without stopping to consider the danger, did their best to reach the canyon before the Indians, but the distance was too great; they were still eighty yards away when the mouth of the canyon was entered by the savages, who divided into three columns, one moving up the center after the cattle, and one up each side of the canyon. Swetnam here leaped from the horse and dropped on one knee, when there was a roar of firearms, and the bullets knocked up the ground all around him. He selected his Indian and fired. Foster, armed with a double barreled shotgun, urged the horse forward almost into the mouth of the canyon, and emptied both barrels in the face of a shower of balls and arrows from the foes who

had taken shelter behind rocks. Foster then wheeled his horse, which had been shot through the neck, and rode back to where Swetnam was watching a chance to pick off a savage if opportunity occurred. In a few minutes Ralston, Culbertson, Osborn, Melvin, Boblett and one or two others came up, and, leaving the wounded horse behind, they continued the pursuit, the Indians having disappeared in the retreat. The boys followed for perhaps two miles through the hills, hoping that they might

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recapture some of the cattle, but in this they were unsuccessful, They found one large ox that had been killed and left lying as he fell. The Indians got away with nineteen head of cattle, worth at the time between three and four thousand dollars. The wounded horse began to recover, but in less than two weeks both the horses, in spite of all vigilance, became the property of the Apache thieves.

“About this time the harvesting began. The barley was so short that it could not be well cut with a scythe and cradle, so the boys pulled it like flax. The grain was then beaten out with flails, or tramped out with oxen on dirt floors, and the grain separated from the chaff by a man standing on a stool and pouring it slowly on to the ground, thus allowing the wind to blow the chaff and straw away. By repeating this several times the grain was got pretty clean, except for gravel and dirt, more or less of which had unavoidably got into the grain from the roots and the thrashing upon the ground.

“In the latter part of July the settlers were scattered about among their respective crops, Lang, Ramstein and Yates across Clear Fork, where they had been camped for two or three days thrashing their wheat, having two yoke of oxen with them; Whitcomb with the herd between the Fort and the river; Culbertson forty rods to the south of him at work in the field, and the other settlers at work to the east of and about the Fort and the cabins.

“About two o'clock in the afternoon rapid firing was heard at the Dutch camp across Clear Fork, and at almost the same instant the Indians attacked the herder, and attempted

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to stampede the cattle. Culbertson immediately rushed to the assistance of Whitcomb, who had been hit with two balls at the first attack, but stood obstinately trying to defend himself and protect the cattle. Culbertson's onset caused the savages to seek cover. The cattle, in the meantime, ran to the corral where they were secured. The Indians, eleven in number, then ran up the river, crossed over, and disappeared. Whitcomb had been only slightly wounded, one bullet striking his pistol, and another wounding him in the hands.

“That the camp across Clear Fork had been attacked there was no doubt, but a belt of timber between it and the Fort prevented anything from being seen. Half a dozen brave fellows at once volunteered to go to the assistance of the Dutch Camp, nearly a mile distant, and started at the double quick, when the lookout called their attention to a party of Indians hurrying down the west side of the river in the same direction. This was the band that had made the attack upon Whitcomb, and they were evidently hurrying to join their companions who had made the main attack upon the weaker camp. Matters began to look serious. No time was lost in speculation for there seemed bloody work before them. When about half way through the timber, they met Lang and Yates with one yoke of oxen, and the wagon, Ramstein lying in the bottom with a severe bullet wound in the hip. It seemed that Ramstein had been alone in the camp when the attack was made, Yates and Lang having gone into the field for a lead of wheat. Ramstein fell at the first fire, and Lang and Yates, leaving the team,

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hurried to his assistance, driving the Indians away, but not until they had plundered the camp. Ramstein, by half crawling and half running, managed to get out, and thus save his scalp. The Indians driven from the camp, Lang turned his attention to the oxen, half a dozen Indians being engaged in trying to get them loose from the wagon.

With Dutch oaths he started shooting as he ran to save his cattle. The savages had loosened one pair of cattle, but the wheelers were fastened to the pole with a patent catch that the Indians could not unfasten, so they started to the river with the oxen and wagon. But Lang, swearing at every jump, and flourishing his six shooter, which he had now emptied, forced them to abandon the oxen, and he then drove them to camp, where Ramstein was loaded in by himself and Yates, and started off for the Fort, on the way to which they were met as already stated.

“Determined not to leave the savages in peaceable possession of that side of the creek, it was agreed that the wounded man, accompanied by all but four men, should go on to the Fort, and that these four should return and give battle to the Apaches, who numbered about seventy-five warriors. C. M. Ralston, Polk, James Boblett, and Swetnam, volunteered for this work, and immediately began a cautious but rapid movement in the direction of the enemy, distant not more than eighty rods, and whose chattering and exulting shouts could be plainly heard. When the boys had reached a spot about forty feet from the open ground, they came to a stop, and Swetnam, getting into the bed of a dry ditch, crawled along to the

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edge of the brush. Cautiously raising his head, he saw a dozen or more Indians, some searching the abandoned camp, and others with torches setting fire to the dry and still unthreshed barley and wheat, while west of him and not more than twenty rods from his companions, was such a din, hubbub and chattering as it seemed nothing less than a hundred tongues all wagging at once could make. Hastening back with the report of his reconnoissance, the boys changed their course so as to get the edge of the thick brush about one hundred feet to the northeast of where the bulk of the savages were so busily engaged. All this had not taken ten minutes from the time they left the wagon, and in three more minutes they were crouching at the edge of the brush. About fifteen Indians could now be seen across the field at a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, but at that distance they might miss, while the boys knew that others, while hidden by a tongue of brush, were in fifty feet of them, still keeping up that outlandish chattering. While discussing in whispers what was the best course to pursue, seven or eight stalwart warriors came out from behind a point of bushes not more than fifty steps away, and marched off in single file, in a direction quartering to the southeast.

“The question was solved. Swetnam and James each selected his Indian and fired, Boblett and Ralston reserving. Each of the Apaches fell, as is their custom when fired upon from close quarters, and as those who were able arose, Ralston and Boblett sent a couple more leaden messengers into them. The chattering was immediately changed into the war

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whoop, and painted warriors poured forth like angry bees from a hive, but the boys simply backed a few steps into the willows, and reloaded as rapidly as possible. We might here state that all the guns in the valley were muzzle loaders, useless for long distances, but very effective at any distance under one hundred yards. Before the guns were reloaded, the savages were heard plunging into the river, less than a hundred yards away. The boys then knew the retreat had begun, but they moved from their cover very cautiously. It was proposed to follow and give one more volley as they crossed the river, but this suggestion was rejected, such action being considered too hazardous as the enemy would be on his guard. The mystery of the chattering was then solved. The captured oxen, which probably weighed fifteen hundred pounds each, gross, had been butchered and distributed within the space of less than half an hour, and to increase the wonder, nearly every particle, even to the intestines, had been carried away, the only pieces of meat found being those dropped by the little bunch of savages fired upon. The boys did what they could to arrest the fire started by the thieves, and then returned to the fort.

“It now became evident that the Indians were bent on destruction, and the settlers felt that they had got their harvest ready and that they deserved protection from the government. Earnest appeals were made to that effect to the authorities at Fort Whipple, and fair promises made that were not fulfilled. Peace reigned again for nearly a month, during which time a party of prospectors left Prescott, nineteen

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in number, crossing the river about fifteen miles above the settlement, then crossing over to Beaver Creek, near which they were attacked by the Apaches with such vigor and obstinacy, that the party gave up the enterprise, coming into the Camp Verde settlement, where they left one man who was severely wounded. Ramstein was lying wounded at the same time, but through the skill of Culbertson, who acted as surgeon and doctor, both men recovered.

“In August the first load of barley was taken to Prescott. It was not choice, but it was the fruit of hard and dangerous labor. In gathering the grain up, which was done by hand, the boys were often stung by scorpions, and sometimes a rattlesnake would roll out of the bunch and go wriggling away, but it was the Apache that was the bane of life. On arriving at Prescott with the barley, the quarter-master was asked to buy it at eighteen dollars per hundred, what it cost to get it from San Francisco. He refused because it had gravel in it and was not so good as the California barley. When questioned as to what price he would pay, he answered: ‘Don't think I want it at any price.’ J. M. Swetnam, who was trying to make the sale, then said: ‘This is a shame. Soldiers are sent here by the government to protect the people and their property, but instead of doing that they lie around the forts where there is no danger, and leave the settlers to protect themselves. Here are a few men who, for the purpose of developing the country, have staked all they had and gone into a region where twice the number of soldiers would not dare to attempt to stop for one month.’

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They have gone out in the fields to work in the morning, the chances being even that they would be scalped before night. They have appealed to the authorities here for aid, yet no aid has come. They have taken out ditches, and toiled early and late. Their cattle and horses have been stolen and run off, and part of their crops destroyed, and when a load of grain, the proceeds of all their labors, dangers and disappointments, is offered to a government quartermaster, he refuses to buy.’ The officer smiled and said: ‘Come back in an hour and I'll see what can be done.’ The end was that he took the barley at seventeen dollars per hundred, and agreed to take all they had to sell at the same price.

“The settlers now had a much easier time; wheat and barley had been harvested; the corn was growing finely, vegetables of all kind were plenty so that, but for the Apaches, it would have been a life of ease, though monotonous. Corn was in roasting ear, and the Indians began to pillage. They would pass through a field of corn at night, and not only carry off, but pull, bite and destroy. This offended the boys very much. The most of the depredations were upon the corn of the Dutch boys across Clear Fork, that being the furthest away. ‘After consultation it was determined to watch the field at night, kill an Indian, and hang him up on a pole as a warning. Lots were drawn for who should stand first, and for each succeeding night until all had stood, or the object secured. Osburn and Ruff came first, so they left the fort at dark, and slipped over into the field, where they remained until midnight,

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and no Indians appearing, they returned to camp. The next couple was Swetnam and Polk James, the latter a rather mysterious young fellow, claiming to be from Texas, who had been with them not more than a couple of months, and who was as brave as a lion. These two left the camp the next evening, and took their station in the cornfield near the river, where they thought it most likely the thieves would enter. James was armed with a rifle, and Swetnam with a double barrelled shotgun, with sixteen buckshot in each barrel. They also had pistols and knives. They took their position, and sat there, annoyed by mosquitoes, until about ten o'clock, when an ear of corn was heard to snap in the other side of the field. Each sprang to his feet. There was another snap, and another. The Indians were there. Then began a cautious and steady march across to where the Indians were, both stepping at the same time, and trying to time the step with the snapping of the corn. It was tedious work, but after what seemed to

be the best part of an hour, they got to the edge of a small piece of Mexican corn which, being the riper, was chosen by the savages for carrying away. It was the night of August 27th. The young moon had sunk behind the hill. A small cloud had gathered almost immediately over them, and it was quite dark, but yet not so dark but what something could be seen indistinctly moving. Swetnam levelled his gun at what he thought was an Indian, and fired. The object fell, and following the report was a stillness that was oppressive. Swetnam stepped forward and

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placed his foot against the prostrate body. At that moment an arrow whizzed between their heads. 'Look out,' cried James, 'there was an arrow.' Before he had finished speaking, an arrow grazed his shoulder. At that moment there came a flash of lightning, the only flash too, as it happened that the cloud emitted, discovering to them an Indian crouching only fifteen feet away and shooting at them. Seeing that he was discovered he uttered his war-whoop, and in the double darkness that followed the lightning, although shot at by both the watchers, he escaped. His whoop was answered by several others. When the boys understood their danger, they reached clown at their feet, caught and drew the body that had fallen, fifteen or twenty feet back into a taller piece of corn, where they reloaded as speedily and silently as possible. The body they had drawn back with them was only a bag made of an Indian blanket, and filled with ears of corn, and the blanket showed that Swetnam's aim had been good, for he had put the whole sixteen buckshot into one hole. The Indian had the bag, which saved his life, upon his back, and was not more than twenty feet away when the shot was fired.

"The guns loaded, the boys listened breathlessly for some sound, when there came a rustling in the corn all around them. It was a terrible moment; each felt as if he were surrounded by Apaches; as if his time had come. For five minutes they stood, trying by the force of their willpower to quiet the tumultuous beatings of their own hearts. Silence again surrounded them when, the excessive strain relaxing, they sat

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down on their bag of corn to wait. After a lapse of a few minutes more, there was another slight rustling, and again all was still. Quiet as the grave they sat there for an hour, but ere this it began to dawn upon them that the rattling sound that their heated imaginations had wrought into the stealthy movements of a score of crouching, murderous Apaches, was only the rubbing of rank corn blades together, as they were stirred by the light breeze. This was proven the next morning when, by daylight, a search was made, and no Indian track found immediately around where they were. The arrows which had been shot at them were found, also the trail by which the Indians had escaped. The blanket was secured and kept by Swetnam for a long time as a trophy. This ended the pilfering, but three weeks later the Indians came in force and, judging by the trail which they made no attempt to conceal, there must have been a hundred and fifty; there were even tracks of children not more than eight or nine years old in the party, and they got away with at least one hundred bushels of corn, worth six dollars per bushel. The theft was not discovered until the next morning. The moon was at its full, and the next evening, a little after dark, ten men started upon the trail, but after a few miles the Indians scattered in different directions, and though the boys followed for fifteen miles, they found no Indians.

"About the middle of September, Lieut. Baty, with sixteen men, was detailed by the commander of Fort Whipple for the protection of the settlers of the Verde valley. But they were of little use, several of the men, from one cause

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and another, being unfit for duty, and the lieutenant commanding was a coward. On the way down, within seven miles of the settlement, the soldiers were attacked by the Apaches, the commissary wagon captured and burned, one or two troopers wounded, and two government mules killed. It was a notorious fact throughout the country that Indians would not hesitate to attack a party of troops double the number of a party of settlers or miners that would be left unmolested, the reason being that the soldiers had little heart in the fight and, up to the days of General Crook, were poorly commanded, while the settlers and miners were fighting for their homes, for honor,

for life itself.

“When the soldiers had been in the valley about one month, the savages made another attack, capturing all the remaining cattle except seven, being the last but seven of a herd of fifty-five head brought into the valley less than eight months before. In this raid the direction and management of the defenses was left to the military, though the settlers joined them with their old-time vigor. Lieutenant Baty gave his orders, detailing a sergeant to execute them, and was immediately taken ill, returning to his tent, keeping a man to fan him, and did not come out again for more than an hour, not until the fight was over and the Indians gone. The savages had made the raid from the hills northeast of the fort, and were back again with their booty under cover before the sergeant with nine troopers and eight settlers got started in pursuit. But half a mile back in the bluffs they made a stand, and but for the watchfulness and intrepidity of two of the settlers, Culbertson and Sanford, part of

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the troops would have been surrounded and probably killed. The Indians were well managed, a large party of them rapidly retreating, followed by the sergeant and five men, not knowing that another party of Indians were concealed while the troops were passing them. But several of the settlers coming at an angle, discovered a savage belonging to the concealed band, and knowing that a trap had been set, began firing. This brought the savages from their cover, and made the soldiers aware of their danger. The latter at once began to retreat, and the Indians, leaping forth by dozens, turned their whole attention to the settlers, who stood their ground manfully, and finding that the savages were being reinforced, and that it was retreat or be scalped, Melvin and Ruff immediately sought the shelter of a ravine and escaped unhurt, but Culbertson and Sanford were not so fortunate. The latter was surrounded, and defending himself as best he could, when Culbertson rushed to his assistance. The savages were then driven back, and the two men then began to dodge from cover to cover, loading and firing as opportunity offered, until assistance arrived and the Apaches fell back. Both men were wounded, Culbertson quite seriously. In the meantime the sergeant had succeeded in extricating his men from what came near being a serious ambush.

“Although October, the day was hot, and one of the funny incidents connected with the fight was the appearance of one of the Indians, evidently a chief from the active part he took, wearing during the whole time a soldier's heavy cape overcoat.

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“A few weeks after this, Baty was relieved of the command, Lieutenant McNeal, with a small reinforcement, being sent to take his place. McNeal was a very good man, who seemed to realize the situation.

“The government made arrangements to take all the corn and grain which the settlers wished to sell, paying for the corn, without its being shelled, thirteen dollars per hundred. This was some compensation, but when it is remembered that during the season the Indians had destroyed or carried away barley and corn to the amount of nearly \$2,000, driven off horses to the value of \$500, and cattle to the value of over \$6,000, for none of which the settlers have ever received any reimbursement, the profits were not large, considering the labor, anxiety and privations, not to mention the sufferings of the men who established and maintained the first settlement in the valley of the Verde.”

Never in the history of the world did men have to contend against so formidable a foe as did the pioneer settlers of Arizona. Harassed on all sides by the relentless Apaches, cut off from civilization by the desert plains of New Mexico and California, they lived a life of warfare and privations, a few determined men against hordes of savage foes. Many of these hardy settlers fell victims to Indian cunning, and the finding of a few bleached bones in after years was all the record left of their untimely departure.

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