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BY
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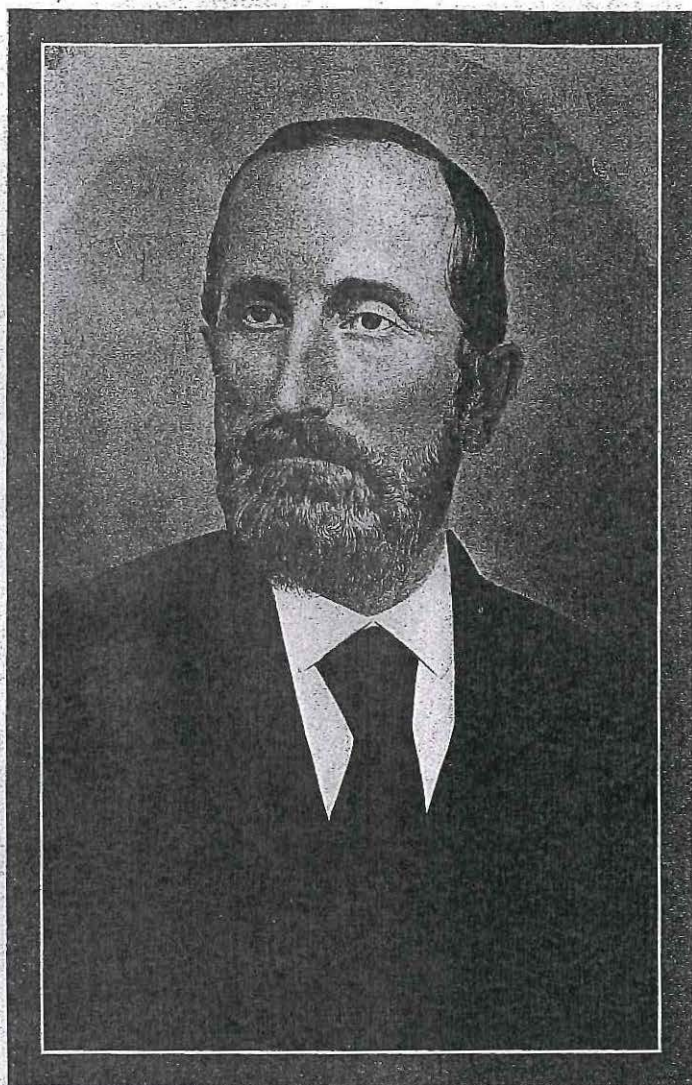
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CHARLES TRUMBULL HAYDEN.

there was quite a population around Phoenix, probably five hundred persons.

This was the beginning of a settlement in the deserts of Arizona which, at this writing, 1918, has developed into a city of 30,000 people, with all modern improvements, paved streets, electric lights, electric cars, large business houses, and banks with deposits aggregating over ten millions of dollars, in the heart of a valley where two hundred thousand acres of land are under cultivation, with annual products approximating twenty millions of dollars, and which is only the beginning of, perhaps, one of the richest and most prosperous communities under the American flag.

A settlement was also started on the south side of the river at what was then known as Hayden's Ferry. The first canal taken out there was projected by Swilling and his associates, and was completed about the year 1869. Charles Trumbull Hayden located there about the year 1870; also Captain Sharp, Winchester Miller, Niels Peterson, and other pioneers of the South Side.

Captain Sharp afterwards moved from Tempe to Alhambra, about three miles from Phoenix, where he died a few years ago. I have been unable to learn anything of his early life. I knew him personally, however. He was an industrious farmer and a good citizen.

Charles Trumbull Hayden, a biography of whom is given in Volume II, was the founder of Tempe, where his son, Carl Hayden, the first representative in Congress of the State of Arizona, was born. Mr. Hayden established the

first ferry there, and also the first mercantile business. He was known as the "Father of Tempe."

In a letter written by Charles Trumbull Hayden, under date of Feby. 8th, 1898, to Joseph Fish, Mr. Hayden, speaking of the time he was Probate Judge says:

"I was the first Probate Judge in Tucson, A. T., under the laws of New Mexico that were extended over this Territory on its formation. They gave the Probate Judge limited civil and criminal jurisdiction, and in the year I occupied the bench, there was no case of death, not a civil case, and only one criminal case before the court, and that crime was committed by a citizen of Sonora. The five hundred Mexicans that constituted nearly all of the population of Tucson, like the American population upon the very extreme frontier, settled their own disputes without the aid of the courts."

Winchester Miller, who was located at Tempe when Charles Trumbull Hayden arrived there, was, according to the Fish manuscript, a native of Ohio, coming to Arizona in 1870, and locating at Tempe, where he died in November, 1893. Of him it is said, in the Arizona "Republican" of Dec. 25th, 1901:

"The early settlers of Tempe in opening up this Territory were called upon not only to endure many hardships but face the greatest dangers as well. Perhaps one of the bravest and most respected of these old timers was Winchester Miller. Miller was a man possessed with a nerve of iron and did not know the meaning of fear. He used to relate an exciting

episode that occurred back in the 70's or thereabouts, when he held the office of sheriff. We give it herewith as he told it to a friend of his. It is claimed to be an absolute fact:

"In executing the duties of his office at one time it unfortunately became necessary for Winchester to hang two Indians. While undoubtedly it was an unpleasant job Miller went about the business and stretched the redskins' necks in the most approved fashion. When he had finished they were good Indians and all they needed was a pair of wings each.

"He was living on the ranch now owned by Mons Ellingson. One day not long after he had given the two Indians their quietus, as Miller was standing in the yard near his house, his quick eye noted rising in the distance a great cloud of dust rapidly approaching. It did not require a second glance for him to realize that a band of painted bloodthirsty savages were swooping down upon him to avenge the death of their two brethren. Stepping into his house the nervy pioneer took his rifle from its peg, buckled on two cartridge belts, stuck in a couple of six shooters and a knife, and returned to the yard. Fortunately there was a fence about his house, behind which he took his stand.

"All this took but a short time, but when Miller reached the fence the savages were in full view, coming pellmell, yelling in their eagerness and excitement in anticipation of plenty of loot, incendiarism and scalps. On they came, a horde of 250, not observing Winchester Miller behind the fence until they bumped up against the end of his gun. As soon as they were in