TERRITORIAL TIMES

Prescott Arizona Corral of Westerners International

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Volume VII, Number 1

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John Huff created our front cover design. Tom Jonas created the map on p. 10. Territorial Times is printed by EMI Print Works, Prescott.

***Cover Photo*:** Colorado River steamer Cocopah circa 1880. Largely forgotten is the necessary role played by Colorado River paddlewheel steamboats that supplied early Arizona settlements beginning in 1852. Ocean-going ships brought their loads from San Francisco to the mouth of the Colorado where the goods and machinery were off loaded to shallow draft river steamers. They were first used to bring supplies to isolated military outposts at Fort Yuma and Fort Mojave. Then the discovery of gold and silver lodes on the Colorado extended their service to river ports such as La Paz, Ehrenberg and Hardyville (now Bullhead City). From those landing points mule-drawn freight wagon delivered goods to communities and mines further up the river and to the interior towns of Prescott, Wickenburg, Phoenix and Tucson. The importance of the steamer services to Arizona declined with the coming of the railroads and ended in 1909 with completion of the Laguna Dam above Yuma. Please see the Tom Sanders article beginning on page 27 to learn more of what those early times were like.

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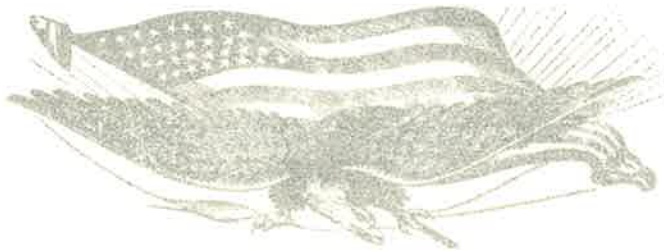
PROCLAMATION.



TO THE PEOPLE OF ARIZONA:

I, JOHN N. GOODWIN, having been appointed by the President of the United States, and duly qualified, as Governor of the TERRITORY OF ARIZONA, do hereby announce that by virtue of the powers with which I am invested by an Act of the Congress of the United States, providing a temporary government for the Territory, I shall this day proceed to organize said government. The provisions of the Act, and all laws and enactments established thereby, will be enforced by the proper Territorial officers from and after this date.

A preliminary census will forthwith be taken, and thereafter the Judicial Districts will be formed, and an election of members of the Legislative Assembly, and the other officers, provided by the Act, be ordered.

I invoke the aid and co-operation of all citizens of the Territory in my efforts to establish a government whereby the security of life and property will be maintained throughout its limits, and its varied resources be rapidly and successfully developed.

The seat of government will for the present be at or near Fort Whipple

JOHN N. GOODWIN.

By the Governor:

RICHARD C. M'CORMICK,

Secretary of the Territory.

Navajo Spring

~~FORT WHIPPLE,~~ ARIZONA

December 29th 1863-

Facsimile copy of the Governor's Proclamation establishing Arizona's Territorial Government on December 29, 1863, while en route to Fort Whipple.

1863: Arizona Territory's First Year

By Al Bates

Arizona Territory came into being on February 24, 1863, with President Abraham Lincoln's signing of the Organic Act severing it from New Mexico Territory. The initial appointment of federal officers for the new Territory was completed within a few weeks, but none of them would appear in the new territory for ten more months.

John A. Gurley, a former Ohio Congressman, was appointed territorial governor in March, but he requested a delay of departure to Arizona until July so that he and other appointed officials could have time to finish up their affairs in the East. By July, illness in the Gurley family caused further delay. Gurley died suddenly in mid-August and the chief justice appointee, John N. Goodwin, a former Congressman from Maine, became his replacement.

Arizona Territorial Governor John Noble Goodwin

The Governor's Party Leaves Civilization

By now there was urgency for the officers to start west and the trek began by railroad and river steamer to Leavenworth, Kansas, and then, at the end of September, by wagon train over military supply roads to join the Santa Fe Trail. The announced destination was Tucson, one of only two significant settlements in the territory. They would be on the trail for four months, leaving behind all the 19th century technical advances—such as railroads, steam-powered boats, the telegraph, and indoor plumbing—going into a wilderness where white men are still outnumbered by often-hostile Indians.

There is little doubt that there was healthy trepidation among the new officials, for the area they were going to (Tucson in particular) had a well-earned reputation for banditry and other violence—and the Apache and Navajo Indians were added menaces. Add to this the threats posed by an Austrian-born Emperor of Mexico—supported by French troops—and our own ongoing Civil War, they were to enter a lightly settled area at a most unsettled time. Thus it was that new Governor Goodwin dispatched Milton Duffield, US Marshal for Arizona, to San Francisco by the fastest means available (by steamship via the Isthmus of Panama) to request that the Army's Department of Pacific assign three additional regiments to Arizona.[1]

One other official would find his own way west; Charles D. Poston, Indian agent for the territory, crossed from the east coast to San Francisco by stage line rather than to be forced to endure company of the other officials for multiple months.[2] Duffield and Poston later would enter Arizona from California

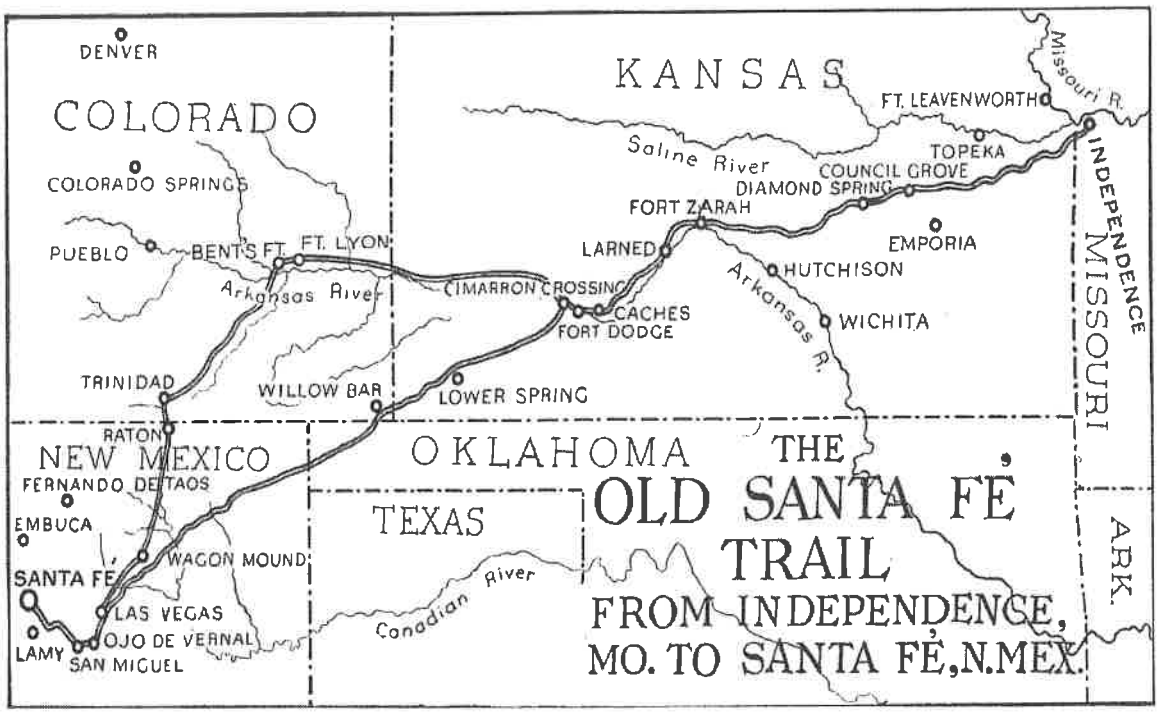
across the Sonoran Desert at the Yuma crossing.

At the start the overland travelling party included appointed officials Governor Goodwin, Territorial Secretary Richard C. McCormick, Supreme Court Judges William T. Howell and Joseph P. Allyn, District Attorney Almon Gage and Surveyor General Levi Bashford. Chief Justice William F. Turner overtook the company at Fort Larned, Kansas.[3]

The new officers travelling with the governor's party were a relatively young bunch. Justice Howell was the oldest at 53. Three others were in their 40s. Justice Allyn at 30 and secretary McCormick at 31 were the youngest. The governor himself was but 39.

Others of the 18-man party included a physician, Dr. T. P. Seeley; a protestant minister, the Rev. H. W. Reed—appointed as the new territory's first postmaster—and a young man from Michigan named Jonathan Richmond whose letters home provide interesting details of the trip.[4] (They tried to hire a cook for the journey, but evidently were unsuccessful.[5]) Judge Allyn left a lengthy record of the trek with letters published in his hometown newspaper, the Hartford, Conn., *Evening Press*.[6] A few special items of luggage brought from the east were documented. Allyn brought a portable writing desk and ink supply for his correspondence that disappeared into one of the freight wagons to an unknown fate. McCormick brought materials to set up a newspaper, a small library of books, and seeds to help start farming in the wilderness.

Their military escort consisted of two companies of Missouri cavalry and one company of mounted Missouri Militia. The line of march consisted of the cavalry, followed by three mule-drawn "ambulances" (personnel carriers) carrying members of the governor's party and some of their luggage, 30 canvas-covered mule-drawn heavy freight wagons carrying baggage and supplies for the officials and escort. It stretched out for over a mile. Several of the official party, including Governor Goodwin, had obtained horses or mules to ride and often would range well ahead of the slowly moving wagon train.



An Inauspicious Beginning

The departure from Leavenworth on September 25, 1863, was inauspicious and after two days of travel they were still just 10 miles from Leavenworth. The difficulties began with last minute and poorly planned loading of the wagons that delayed the journey's start by two hours.

Judge Allyn wrote,[7] "The scene beggars description; confusion reigned supreme; tents were struck; teams all harnessed; about half the soldiers feeling *good*; they had been paid off the day before and had made free use of their money in town. We left a number behind.

"We followed the troops, the wagons followed us. The road grew worse and worse until it got to be no road at all. Somebody had blundered. The major was behind, where he had been assailed by a mutinous drunken straggler, who fired his revolver at him and was knocked down by a soldier near, badly cutting him, so that he was handed over to the doctor."

They had no guide since they had been assured that it was "impossible to get off the road" that led to the Santa Fe Trail, but they were soon lost, as the road grew rougher, then disappeared completely. A small but steep ravine was encountered. "The ambulances and cavalry crossed safely, but the wagons did so with difficulty, four being overturned and damaged, and the doctor's large, six-mule spring wagon having overturned."[8]

After a cold dinner, followed by a night spent sleeping on the ground and a cold breakfast, they began looking for a way to reach the main road without retracing their steps. To reappear in the Leavenworth vicinity was unthinkable. By removing obstacles such as fences, the cavalry and ambulances reached the main road by noon, but the heavy wagons again had trouble going over rough spots; six were damaged and the doctor's wagon overturned once again, "distributing the medicine in anything but homeopathic doses, and injuring it considerably."[9] By noon they were on the main road, just four miles from Leavenworth and by evening they had reached the spot where they had expected to camp the previous night. The wagons were repacked more logically "by moonlight."

Embarrassing as they were, those initial difficulties did provide a shakedown of the train. In Allyn's words, "We have tested our equipment most thoroughly, and near home where it can be repaired. It was provoking, and yet altogether the comical predominated, and we [on the whole] enjoyed it … " Once on the military supply road that ran from Leavenworth to Fort Riley, the train fell into a regimented routine.

Justice Allyn:[10] "Our plan of march is for reveille to sound before sunrise and the train to move promptly at 6 o'clock, and make the whole march at once, camp leisurely and have plenty of time for sporting. Prairie chickens and quails are abundant, and we have them for dinner. The scene at reveille is perhaps the most striking, as it certainly is the most trying (to one's temper). The moon shines brightly on the white tents and wagons, the mules are browsing in the tall grass, and the slow pacing of *sleeping* sentries is seen, when suddenly the shrill notes of the bugle break on the frosty air, there is a rustling in tents, wagons, and among the sleepers on the ground as of sleepy people turning over under their blankets. Again and again the notes are repeated. By this time the scene is alive; drowsy men creep out, fires begin to flicker all over the field, the mules make the most unearthly noises I ever heard, teamsters swear and the mules kick, coffee pots begin to boil, quails to broil. Again the bugle sounds, and

down go the tents. By this time breakfast is ready; lazy people are brushing their teeth or trying to comb their hair. At last we are all seated shivering around the mess table eating with ravenous appetites and chattering teeth. After breakfast begins the packing, and fortunate is one's temper if it stands the strain of this. There is always something more to get into a wagon after it is full; your ax or your spade is missing, or your blankets are damp. At last everything is picked up, the troops are in line, mules are all harnessed, the saddle horses stand pawing and impatient, and the cavalcade moves off promptly at 6 o'clock. … If you are a sportsman you are off ahead on foot with a gun looking out for chickens or quail, for the only good time to find them is at the rising or the setting of the sun; but in the morning the grass is so wet and so high that you need stout boots and an India rubber coat."


Guide Robert Groom

Because of the late start to the west, the governor's party would have to endure harsh wintry weather and to encounter shortages of essentials—water, firewood and forage for the horses and mules. At times, lacking wood, all the party, including the Governor, spent time collecting dried "buffalo chips" for their fires. The plains and prairies did however provide an ample supply of meat ranging from fish and small game birds to the massive buffalo.

Significant Events in the Territory

Meanwhile in Arizona Territory events as yet unknown to the traveling party were unfolding that would have a major impact on them and on the future of Arizona. In late June letters from Arizona reached Santa Fe, New Mexico, telling of gold discoveries in previously unexplored central Arizona. The first discovery was by a party led by famed western explorer Joseph R. Walker on the Hassayampa River near today's City of Prescott; this was followed closely by finds made by a gold hunting party guided another legendary figure, Paulino Weaver, near today's town of Yarnell.

Reports of these finds were received enthusiastically by General James H. Carleton, the military commander for New Mexico and Arizona Territories, who decided that if the reports were true the territorial capital should be at the diggings, not Tucson. In one of his next letters to his military superiors, Carlton emphasized that, " . . . *it will be absolutely necessary* to post troops in that section of the country; indeed, the capital of Arizona will be sure to be established *there*."[11]

His first action was to send Surveyor General John A. Clark with a military escort headed by Captain Nathaniel Pishon to survey conditions at the diggings. The expedition consisted of 35 men mounted on horses and mules and three wagons, each pulled by a six-mule team, headed for an isolated place none of them had ever seen.

Initially, the plan was to follow the route used by the Walker Party—across southern Arizona to Tucson and then up the Hassayampa River—but then a frontiersman named Robert Groom convinced Carleton that he could guide them over a route shorter by 200 miles across northern Arizona—even though a significant portion of that route was unexplored. He was right, and the investigating party arrived at the "diggings" a month later.[12]

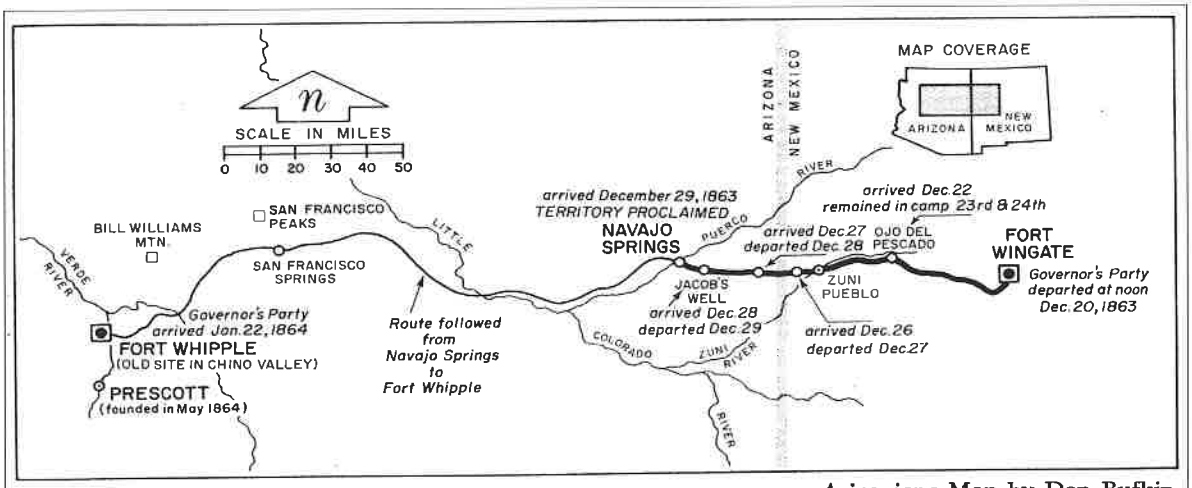
The high point of Clark's visit was left until last, a visit to the unusual—and productive—placer gold find located atop Rich Hill, between today's Prescott and Wickenburg. There he saw "a quantity of the gold which has been picked up in working over the ground with a butcher knife." At that point the placer had already yielded $20,000 (over $1,300,000 at current rates) and less than half the ground had been worked over. Jack Swilling, one of the claim's six partners, gave Clark "a fine specimen" and sent two specimens to General Carleton. Carleton, in turn, would forward his nuggets to Washington where the larger was presented to President Lincoln.[13]

While waiting for Clark to report back, Carleton had additional encouraging letters from men "whose statements are to be credited." These prompted him to send another official letter predicting the new capital, "will be" at the gold fields, "not at insignificant Tucson" which was located in a "sterile" region.[14]

On September 20, following the return of Clark and Pishon, and with their favorable reports in hand—and while the Governor's party was still at Leavenworth, Kansas—General Carleton wrote his superiors in Washington, D. C., "I am making preparations to establish a military post of two companies of infantry at or near the mines." A fortnight later heavy wagons loaded with equipment and supplies started from Fort Union to carry out that plan. After pauses at Albuquerque and Santa Fe, the full party, under command of Major Edward B. Willis of the California Volunteers, departed from Fort Wingate at the end of October. Again, the route pioneered by the Clark/Pishon party was used.

The Fort Whipple founding expedition was composed of two infantry companies of California Volunteers plus Capt. Pishon and a part of his cavalry company. Sixty bull teams; six mule teams and three ambulances were required to carry their equipment and supplies. Civilians in the party included contract surgeon Dr. Charles Lieb and his wife and a "bullwacker" named Albert Franklin Banta who would in a few months aid in the publication of the first issue of the *Arizona Miner* newspaper.[15]

Two members of the Roman Catholic clergy also joined the expedition, Bishop J. B. Lamy, whose diocese included both New Mexico and Arizona, with Father J. M. Coudert as his assistant. Bishop Lamy was making his first



Arizoniana Map by Don Bufkin

Route of the gubernatorial party into Arizona, 1863-1864.

visit to the western portion of his spiritual domain, and while at the diggings offered Christmas Day Mass 1863 for 20 to 25 men kneeling on the snow-covered earth.[16]

Fort Whipple was established December 21, 1863, at Del Rio Springs in Little Chino Valley, but the journey there had not been without incident. Weather across the 35th parallel was exceedingly cold and stormy, and by the time Willis's command reached the base of the San Francisco Peaks the oxen were failing to such an extent that it became necessary to cache some of the stores, leaving behind 11 men to guard them. It was nearly a month before a relief party arrived with 40 mules—all of which were run off by Indians on the night of their arrival. The raiders later were determined to be Navajos, but nearby Hualapai Indians were first blamed with tragic results when 20 innocent Indians were killed. Three weeks later a second relief party arrived bringing oxen to haul the cached materials to Ft. Whipple, arriving there shortly before the Governor's Party.[17]


General James H. Carleton

News Reaches the Governor's Party

The governor's party had no inkling of any of these events until the end of October, while at Fort Lyon in eastern Colorado, when the Santa Fe stage dropped off a newspaper containing an account of the Clark/Pishon visit to the diggings. Gold fever struck the party immediately. Further confirmation was obtained on November 5 when they encountered a cavalry troop from Santa Fe.

The route they had taken from western Kansas followed the Arkansas River, known as the Santa Fe mountain route, rather than the 100-mile shorter but dryer Cimarron "cutoff." Water was not a problem on this route but wood for fires was.

A more serious issue was providing proper feed for their horses and mules as summarized by Judge Allyn in one of his letters to the Harford newspaper, "...want of grass begins to tell upon our animals, or rather too much corn, for it requires rough feed, as they call it, that is—grass, hay, corn-stalks, &c, to digest corn—especially with mules." Some of those malnourished animals died during the crossing of the 8000-foot Raton Pass—which had been anticipated with some dread because of the cold, wintry weather—but otherwise was uneventful.

When the party reached Fort Union (approximately five days travel east of Santa Fe) on November 9, General Carleton was there to greet them and to share the latest information with the Governor, including departure of the expedition to establish a fort near the gold finds. There is no record of their conversations, but when the Governor's party departed for Santa Fe they left with the knowledge that their destination is now Fort Whipple near the diggings, not to Tucson.[18]

Composition of the military escort changed at Fort Union with two of the Missouri units returning east and a new commander, Lt. Col. J. F. Chavez of the New Mexico Volunteers, took charge of the soldiers. Then, at Albu-

querque, Captain Rafael Chacón and 29 troopers of New Mexico volunteer cavalry joined the escort. The presence of the New Mexicans with their experience fighting the Navajos was welcome since there were valid fears of stock loss to Navajo raiders.

A Slow Crossing of New Mexico Territory

Crossing of New Mexico from Fort Union to the Zuni Villages was at a leisurely pace (six weeks), partly self-imposed—with almost nightly attendance at bailés and fandangos—but largely due to the need to reequip the train and to replace mules and horses that were in sore need of rest.

Travel along the well-established Santa Fe Trail had been easy compared to what they would meet ahead. The most difficult stretch of their trip started when they left the primitive Beale road near today's Flagstaff and entered an area with no roads at all. It had taken three months for them to reach the Arizona border from Leavenworth, Kansas; it would take most of an additional month to finish the trip.

Christmas Day found them still in New Mexico and concerned over the perceived need to be within Arizona to fulfill a congressional mandate to be within the territory or possibly forfeit their 1863 salaries.[19] Two days later they were still uncertain that they had crossed the AZ/NM boundary line—despite the presence of the territory's surveyor general, Mr. Bashford—thus they deferred for two more days travel to officially take control. The official proclamation, printed in New Mexico, had to be amended by hand to read "Navajo Springs", not "Fort Whipple."
Another hand-written amendment stated: "The seat of government will for the present be at or near Fort Whipple." When word of this decision reached Tucson and La Paz—then the only other settlements of note in the territory—howls of outrage were heard ushering in a 36-year struggle over the location of the territorial capital.

Governor Goodwin did not read the "Proclamation to the People of Arizona" at the ceremony at Navajo Springs on December 29, 1863, leaving the honors to Territorial Secretary Richard C. McCormick who also made the only reported speech. Rev. H. W. Reed repeated the proclamation in Spanish.[20]

The proclamation included a list of important steps to be undertaken by the new government: a census would be taken, judicial districts would be formed, and an election of members of the Legislative Assembly and other necessary officers would be held. All this and more would be accomplished in the succeeding months.

Frustration with the slow-moving heavy wagons was building, especially with the daunting prospect of their crossing of the aptly named Hell Canyon. When they reached a point some 50 miles from where they expected to find Fort Whipple, a small party including Judge Allyn and Secretary McCormick and 10 infantrymen from the California volunteers, anxious to rejoin their company at the new fort, went on ahead of the rest, arriving at Fort Whipple on January 17, 1864.

Crossing Hell Canyon

Capt. Chacón later wrote of Hell Canyon: "It took us 8 days to go through this canyon. … Carts and wagons were lowered with a team of horses, with the four wheels tied with rope and half a pine tree fastened behind. Thus they lowered them, one by one, with their corresponding cargo. In order to make our way up, we cleared a space large enough in order that three rows of mules with twenty teams in each row could work. They spread them out to the sides and when they were united to-

gether again they had progressed the wagons about eight or ten yards, and we returned to open up the teams until they could get to the top. In this way we climbed up that so appropriately named Devils [Hell] Canyon, and two days later we arrived at the San Francisco [Verde] River."[21]

On January 22, 1864, the Governor's party on horseback and in light wagons officially arrived at Fort Whipple, while the heavy wagons were still negotiating Hell Canyon. Their cross-country trip had taken almost four months, a solid month of that time in delays required to maintain animals and wagons.

Jonathan Richmond, for one, was not impressed with the fort and its surroundings. In a letter home he wrote, "Our arrival here was announced by the firing of a Governor's salute of eighteen guns ... Offers of prayers and thanksgiving should have been made, but upon viewing the site which Major Willis ... had selected for a military post, and, if suitable, for a capitol, we concluded to let the thing slide."[22]

The Whipple site had two important things going for it, plenty of water and grass. On the negative side was a lack of wood for structures and heating—and its remote location on a windswept plain 30 miles from the closest mining activity. But for the time being it would be the seat of Arizona Territory's fledgling government.

The following spring, Governor Goodwin selected a more appropriate site for the territorial government on the banks of Granite Creek 20 miles closer to the diggings where a new town named for noted historian William Hickling Prescott was born.

ENDNOTES

[1] Sacks, Dr. Benjamin, *Arizona's Angry Man, United States Marshal Milton B. Duffield,* Arizona Monograph No. 1, Arizona Historical Foundation, Tempe, November 1970, pp 16-17.
[2] Sacks, *Arizona's Angry Man*, p 16.
[3] Farrish, Thomas Edwin, *History of Arizona, Vol. 3,* Phoenix, 1916, p 68.
[4] Jonathan Richmond came to Arizona under the promise from Judge Howell, that he would become clerk of Justice Howell's court. Farrish, *History of Arizona, Vol. 3, p 47.*
[5] Allyn letter written Sept. 23, 1863.
[6] Judge Allyn's letters, written under the pen name Putnam, covering his experiences from September 1863 to his departure from the west in mid-1866 were published in the *Hartford* (Conn) *Evening Press.* Portions of his letters were published in *The Arizona of Joseph Pratt Allyn, Letters From a Pioneer Judge,* John Nicolson, ed., The University of Arizona Press, 1974. Photocopies of the early letters, written en route to Arizona, as printed in the *Hartford Evening Press,* are available at the Arizona Historical Society, Tempe.
[7] Allyn letter written Sept. 27, 1863.
[8] ibid
[9] ibid
[10] Allyn letter written Oct. 4, 1863.
[11] Farrish, Vol. 3, p 14.
[12] Farrish, Vol. 3, p 7.
[13] General Clark's personal journal, typewritten copy at Sharlot Hall Museum Archives. Farrish, Vol 3., p 22.
[14] Farrish, Vol. 3, p 18.
[15] Farrish, Vol. 3, p 31.
[16] Horgan, Paul, *Lamy of Santa Fe, His Life and Times,* New York, 1975.
[17] Farrish, Vol 3, p 44.
[18] Richmond letter in Farrish, Vol 3. p 55.
[19] Quotation from the Arizona Organic Act, 1863: "Provided, That no salary shall be due or paid the officers created by this act until they have entered upon the duties of their respective offices within the said Territory."
[20] Arizona Miner newspaper, March 9, 1864.
[21] Meketa, Jacqueline Dorgan, *Legacy of Honor, the Life of Rafael Chacón, A Nineteenth-Century New Mexican,* Las Cruces NM, 2000, p 251.
[22] Farrish, Vol. 3., p 65

Notes of an 1871 Trip from Prescott to Arizona City–Part 2

By John H. Marion

INTRODUCTION: The first part of this article—Weekly Arizona Miner Editor John Marion's account of an 1871 trip from Prescott to the Salt River Valley—was included in the May 2013 issue of Territorial Times. This final part of the article, edited and annotated by Fred Veil, begins with the travelers' arrival in Phoenix and concludes at Arizona City (now Yuma).

SALT RIVER VALLEY

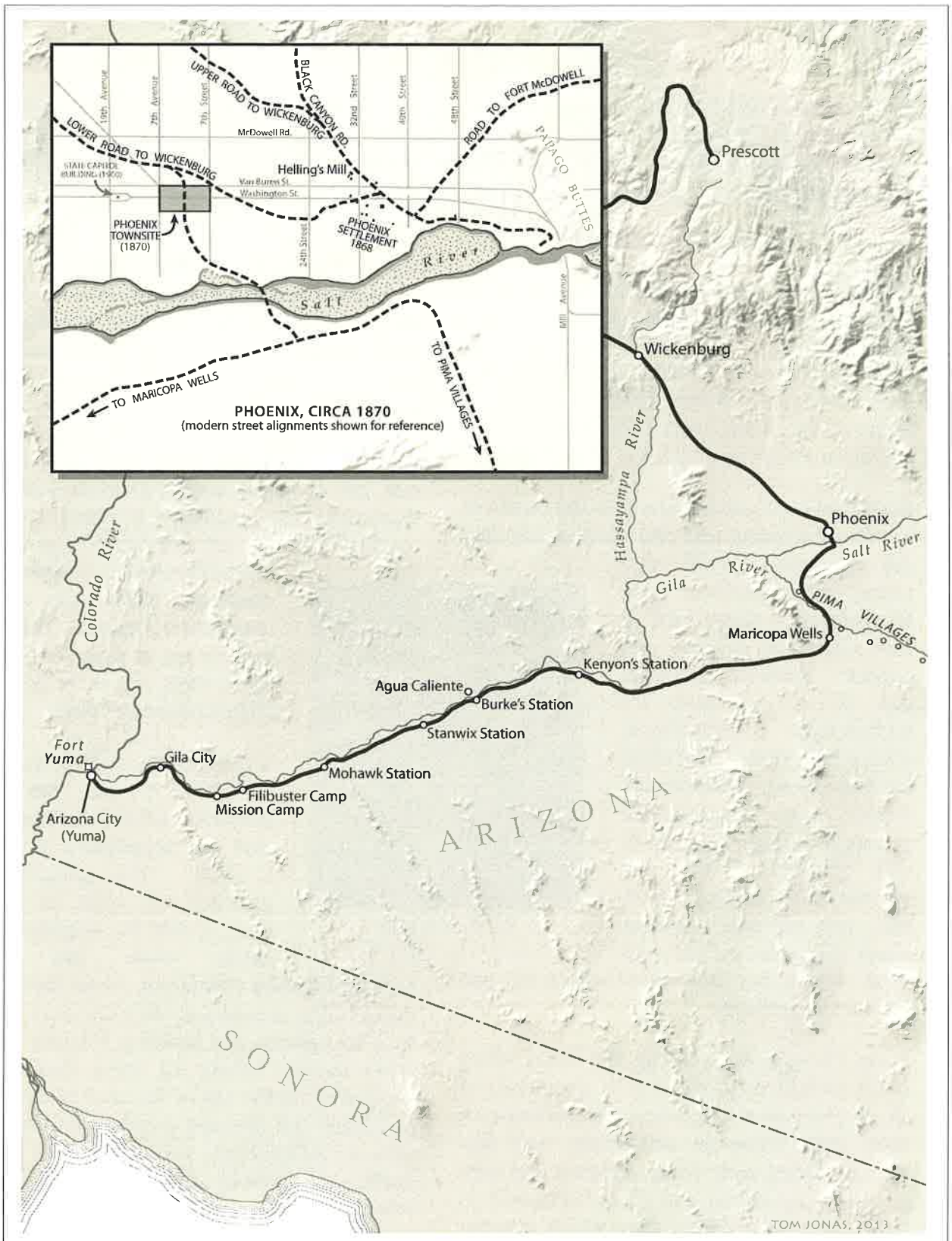
[H]ere we are, in plain view of the Salt River Valley, which is to Arizona almost what the Mississippi is to the "Great West." On we drive past houses, ranches and ditches, the latter containing water, until we arrive at Phoenix, the county seat of Maricopa County, and the commercial emporium of the valley.

Seated on high ground nearly in the center of a valley extending east and west farther than the eye can discern, this young and ambitious town has before it a future such as few towns in Arizona can expect. Scarcely one year old it is a town of considerable importance, containing stores, boarding houses, a jail, schoolhouse, many neat, comfortable private dwellings, blacksmith and carpenter shops, and various other buildings. In it, too, are gathered together many energetic people who think that at last they have "struck it," and who act accordingly.

W. B. Hellings

From Phoenix we went up the valley, three miles to Mill City, the seat of operations of W. B. Hellings & Co., where the evidences of more thrift, enterprise and energy were presented. Being quite dusty, fatigued and hungry upon our arrival, our first efforts were to relieve our poor frame, after which in company with the senior Hellings, his brother and Major Veil, we examined the premises, consisting of a large, well-furnished adobe store, comfortable residences for owners and employees, and last, but not least, the flouring mill—which is a large, three story building, well roofed with lumber and shingles brought all the way from our own mountain home, Prescott. The walls of this building, excepting the portions upon which the heavy timbers rest, are of adobe, and of great strength and thickness. The woodwork is strong, and the machinery is the best that could be procured in San Francisco. To drive this machinery they have a 48-horsepower engine. The mill has two run of stone, and, for a day's work, can make, at least, 30,000 pounds of flour.

It has taken over a year to complete it and the two granaries adjoining, and has cost its proprietors at least $50,000. The granaries in question are built to store, each, 75,000 lbs. of grain. The entire work has been accomplished by Arizonans, under the direction of a Mr. Henderson, who has spent a lifetime in running and building flouring mills. After having beheld all these things, we clambered on the top of the roof of the mill, and from that elevated position, had a good view of valley, river, mountains, etc. To the north, we beheld the Bradshaw range, wherein lies stored sufficient gold and silver to keep Bill Tweed's gang, with all other fast plunderers, for an age. To the east lay the



Editor Marion's 1871 Route from Phoenix to Arizona City

Four Peaks and the hills around Camp McDowell; and further south, Superstition and Pinal mountains were plainly visible. On the south, the valley is surrounded by a barren-looking range of mountains, containing, we were told, gold mines of considerable richness, one of which was then being prospected. To the southwest, there stretched Maricopa Mountain, famous for the stone face that ornaments one end of it. Then, Salt River, which rises several hundred miles to the northeast, and whose waters come pouring down from thousands of springs in Apache-land, comes under view, as it winds through a valley containing at least 60,000 acres of good arable land. And what a noble stream it is, especially for dry Arizona. Being in width, between 250 and 300 feet; and in depth, about 2 ½ feet, it is estimated that, at its lowest stage, it contains from 60,000 to 100,000 inches of water—good clear water, at that, which, rushing headlong over a pebbly bottom, between low, secure banks, offers no obstacles to those who would divert it into ditches, and lead it over the thirsty soil.

Charles H. Veil

Having feasted our eyes upon all these charming things, we descended to *terra firma*, had a good night's sleep, and, next day, rode through a portion of the great valley, visiting friends and seeing new sights. Thanks to J. W. Swilling, the man who first settled permanently in the valley, who has labored hard for its settlement and development, a splendid conveyance was placed at our disposal, and with Dr. Alsop, another pioneer of the valley, for a companion, our movements were both agreeable and instructive. From Messrs. Alsap, J. B. McKinnie, William Osborn, Mr. Gray, Mr. Hancock and many other prominent and ancient "salts," we learned that the soil of the valley was better adapted to the production of wheat and barley, than of corn, owing, we presume, to the want of rain at the proper time. Cotton, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and all kinds of tropical trees grow to perfection. The only trees growing upon the river bottoms are cottonwoods and mesquite and both these are plenty. In fact, the latter are too plenty, and have to be cleared off the land, in order to prepare it for cultivation. The estimated population of the valley is 1,500, and new settlers are every day arriving. Ruins of ancient buildings and canals are met with on every hand, telling us of the present that the place has a past history, unwritten and unknown, save to that Supreme Being, at whose bidding seas dry up and mountains disappear.

In riding through the valley, we discovered with pleasure that almost every farmer had set out an orchard, vineyard, and long lines of shade trees, all of which appeared to be flourishing. Wheat and barley are put into the ground at all times from the first of October to the 20th of March, and, the ground being already wetted to receive these cereals, good crops, with little labor, are generally the result. The market has, so far, been good; yet, as many of the settlers started in poor and have been somewhat careless and extravagant, they are yet poor. Over three millions of pounds of grain were raised last year, and it is confidently expected that as high as 8,000,000 pounds will this year be raised, which, with the vegetables, cane, cotton and fruit, will enable "the valley" to splurge a little. Unoccupied land is yet abundant, and water to irrigate

it is plenty, so that we know of no better place for poor but honest tillers of the soil to locate. Then after a while, it is safe to conclude that the proposed 32nd parallel railroad will pass through the valley when naught can prevent Phoenix, or some other of its aspiring villages from becoming a second Salt Lake City, not, however, in the great number of the wives its citizens will have, but for the position it will occupy as the largest interior city of Arizona.


J. W. (Jack) Swilling

The people of the valley should see to it that inducements sufficient to persuade the Southern Overland Mail Company to run their stages *via* Phoenix are speedily held out, as, just now, mail and traveling facilities are not sufficient for their wants. The next thing for them to do, is to build a road to our mountains, over the route already selected which would confer a two-fold benefit upon them, and be of great service to our miners. The Valley of Salt River is distant from Prescott (by the old road) about 160 miles, *via* Bradshaw, about 100 miles; from Wickenburg, 60 miles; from Bradshaw, 60; from Camp McDowell, 25; from the Pima Villages, on the Gila, about 30; from Florence, on same river, about 40; from Arizona City 190; from Ehrenberg, 190.

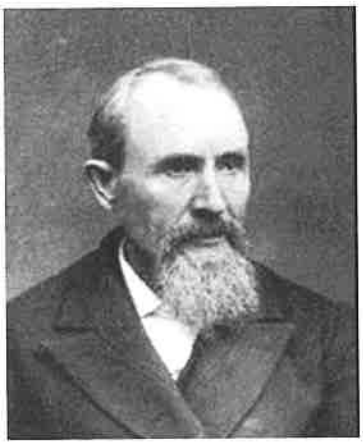
Of ditches, for conveying water, finished, and soon to be finished, we saw the "Salt River Farming Ditch," made to carry 15,000 inches of water; "Swilling Irrigating," 20,000 inches; "Prescott," 5000 inches; "Tempe," 10,000; and two ditches belonging to Mexicans, and two or three ditches belonging to private persons. Still, with all this drain upon old Salt, he is yet plethoric of water, and filled with fishes weighing from one ounce to 40 pounds.

EDITOR: William B. Hellings, the former post trader at Camp McDowell, his brother Edward and others, constructed the Salt River Flouring Mill on the banks of Jack Swilling's irrigation canal just north west of the intersection of Van Buren and 32nd Street in present-day Phoenix. The mill, which went into operation in December 1871, was the largest and most productive in the Territory. Swilling may not have been the Valley's first permanent settler; he did, however, construct the first irrigation canals in the Valley, thereby providing water which led to a booming agricultural industry and, ultimately, the founding of Phoenix.[19]

John T. Alsap, a physician and lawyer by profession, came to the Arizona Territory in 1863 in search of gold. He was the Territory's first treasurer (1864-67) and an owner/operator of the first saloon in Prescott. By 1869 he was situated in the Salt River Valley where he was engaged in farming in partnership with his brother-in-law, William L. Osborn. He served terms on both the Council and the House of Representatives of the Legislative Assembly and was one of three commissioners who oversaw the creation of the town of Phoenix. In 1871, he led the effort to create Maricopa County from the southern part of Yavapai County.[20]

William L. Osborn was the eldest son of early pioneers John and Perlina Osborn, who arrived in Prescott in 1864, established a farming and cattle operation, and opened the first hotel in the newly-created Territorial capital. William soon moved on to the Verde Valley where he farmed land near the present site of Camp Verde. In 1869, William relocated to the Salt River Valley where he partnered with Alsap in a farming operation.[21]

William A. Hancock came to Arizona in 1864 with the California Volunteer Infantry and served through the early years of the Apache Wars. He left the army in 1866, and established a trading post near Ft. McDowell. In 1870 he was hired to survey and plat the townsite for Phoenix. He served as the Phoenix postmaster for eight years (1871-79). At various times, Hancock also held the positions of sheriff, district attorney, and probate judge, all in Maricopa County.[22]



John T. Alsap

James B. McKinnie, who owned and operated a saloon just east of Mill City, and Columbus H. Gray, who had farmland along the southern branch of the Swilling Canal, each proposed competing sites for the location of the Phoenix Townsite (as did Hellings and Swilling, who favored the Mill City site). In the end, they were all out-maneuvered by Alsap, who influenced the selection of a townsite on land situated further to the west.[23]

Marion's reference to the Southern Overland Mail Company is curious, as that company had not operated in Arizona since 1861. More commonly known as the Butterfield Overland Mail Company after its principal owner, John Butterfield, the company provided mail and passenger service between the "eastern" states of Missouri and Tennessee, and California, beginning in 1858. This service was discontinued three years later at the outbreak of the Civil War.[24]

William A. Hancock

Marion's comment respecting the construction of a more direct road between Phoenix and Prescott was prophetic. In late 1873, Hellings and Company, which now included Veil as a full partner, constructed a wagon road from Mill City through the Black Canyon to a point near present-day Dewey where it intersected with an existing military road between Fort Whipple and Camp Verde, thereby providing a shorter route for freight between the Valley and Prescott.[25]

MARICOPA WELLS

Having completed our tour of the Salt River Valley, we moved on to the Gila River, in a conveyance belonging to our old friend Jas. A. Moore, who met us at Mr. Hellings' place, and would have us accompany him home to Maricopa Wells, one of the old stations built in years agone by the Butterfield Company.

The road from Phoenix to the Wells was good, but dusty—so dusty that upon arriving at our destination, our ears, eyes, nose, etc., were "chock full" of the finest kind of dust, which resisted all attempts made by us to remove it by water, and remained wherever it had lodged until after it had dried, when a stiff wind blew it away. Before crossing the Gila, we had a good view of the village of the Maricopa Indians, and passed Mr. Morgan's trading post. The river was about dry where we crossed it and had been so all summer; however, the land between the two rivers is good, and may yet be farmed.

Besides the hospitality of Mr. Moore and his wife and two daughters, we found at Mari-

copa Wells, a large store, well filled with goods of every kind; wagon and blacksmith shops where work of all kinds is done; scores of teams encamped, repairing wagons, etc.; a good well of water, which cannot be dried; and a nice, grassy valley with considerable mesquite timber.

One day, in company with the ladies, Mr. Carr, Mr. Grover and Mr. Baker, agent for the mail company, we took a drive to the Pima Villages, above on the river, saw the good Pimas at home, in the bosom of their families, and learned that the tribe numbered somewhere in the neighborhood of 4,000, while their Maricopa friends cannot count over 400. The Pimas reside in pretty large, oval shaped huts, constructed of mud, poles and straw, and are divided into bands under separate chiefs, all of whom are subject to the head chief, Antonio Azul. They have resided here on the banks of the "Sacred Gila" for centuries, and have earned an honest living by tilling the soil. Hating the wild Apaches with a hatred unknown to us, they never miss a chance to kill one, and as the Apaches hate them fully as bad, if not worse, continual war between both tribes is, and has been, the result. Indeed, the Pimas and Maricopas, watch, unceasingly, for the approach of their hereditary enemies, who are ever on the alert to catch a Pima or Maricopa napping, or to steal their horses, etc. But a short time previous to our visit, a party of Pimas had killed some Apaches, and, as is their custom, the braves who did the killing were housed up, doing penance, we presume. While thus engaged they converse with nobody, and water, provisions, etc., is carried to them. This, we were told lasts for about thirty days.

Chief Azul of the Pima Tribe

Owing to the scarcity of water in the Gila the past three years, those Indians have raised short crops of wheat, and but a very little corn and pumpkins, so that they really need some assistance from Government. They need, besides provisions, carts for farm work, and we earnestly hope they will get them soon. Meanwhile, they were beseeching their God (whom they call "Montezuma,") to send rain and snow so that the Gila would again fill up, and enable them to raise plenty of grain and vegetables, and it is to be hoped that God will give them more than they are clamoring for.

On returning to the Wells we got a good view of the stone face on the southeastern end of Maricopa Mountain, which looked very much like the face and head of an Indian, and which, the Indians say, is a profile of Montezuma.

EDITOR: Maricopa Wells was strategically located at the intersection of the major roads that served to supply the communities and military posts of the Arizona Territory in the 1850s and 60s. It served as a distribution point for shipments from California and wheat raised by the Pima and Maricopa Indians. The stage station located there was the largest of those built by the Butterfield Overland Stage Company on the route between Tucson and Arizona City. In earlier years, Hooper & Co. of Arizona City, the largest mercantile establishment in the Territory, had a branch store at the Wells, and Henry Morgan operated a trading post and a ferry near there. In 1870, Larkin W. Carr and James A. Moore acquired the stage station and operated the store and shops described by Marion. Two years later they purchased the Tucson, Arizona City & San Diego Stage line.[26]

The Pima Villages were comprised of ten Pima Indian Villages and two Maricopa Indian villages. Situated about twelve miles east of Maricopa Wells, the Villages were also the site of an early flourmill operated by Ammi White.[27]

The Pimas are among the oldest inhabitants of the American Southwest. Their occupation of the Gila River Valley predated the arrival of the Spanish in the late 1600s. Predominately an agricultural society, they traded with the Spanish and later, the Americans, and enjoyed friendly relations with both. In the early 1800s they welcomed the Maricopas into the Valley and the two groups formed a strong defensive alliance. In 1857, the two tribes routed an invading force of Yumas, Mohaves and Yavapai. The Pimas (and the Maricopas) were indeed archenemies of the Apaches. They willingly scouted for the Army against the Apaches in the early post-Civil War period of the Indian Wars in Arizona, although they were decidedly ineffective in that respect.[28]

King S. Woolsey

The Grover referenced by Marion was undoubtedly Edwin W. Grover, a partner in the Hellings & Company business. In 1873, Grover and Hellings had a falling out and on September 19 of that year, Hellings shot and killed Grover during an altercation on Prescott's Whisky Row. Hellings was tried for murder, but acquitted by a Maricopa County jury. Mail agent John W. Baker also met an untimely death, as Indians at Blue Water Station killed him within days after he accompanied Marion and Veil on their trip to the Pima Villages.[29]

From Maricopa Wells, Marion and Veil turned westward toward Arizona City, following the route along the Gila River established by Spanish explorer Juan Bautista de Anza nearly 100 years earlier as a southern route to California. Their travels took them through Gila Bend and stage stops at Kenyon Station and Burke's Station before arriving at the Agua Caliente ranch of Col. King Woolsey, where they spent a pleasant five or six days visiting with the famed Indian fighter and partaking of the hot springs for which the ranch was famous. Thereafter the travelers moved on to Gila City, passing through Stanwix and Mohawk stations and the camps of Filibuster and Mission while en route.[30]

The Stanwix and Filibuster stations have an interesting history. On March 29, 1862 the former was the site of the westernmost engagement of the Civil War, a minor skirmish between a detachment of Confederates on a mission to destroy hay stored at the station and a larger force of California volunteers. The Confederates retreated after a brief exchange of gunfire and returned to Tucson.[31]

Filibuster was named for Henry A. Crabb's party of "filibusters" who used the site as a staging point for their infamous foray into Sonora, Mexico in 1857. Crabb, a former California state senator, pursuant to an agreement with a Mexican revolutionary named Pesqueira, raised a force of 1000 Americans to support Pesqueira efforts to oust the duly-elected governor of Sonora, in exchange for which the Americans would each receive 160 acres of land adjacent to the U.S.-Mexico border. However, by the time Crabb entered Mexico with an advance party of approximately 100 men, Pesqueira had succeeded with his coup. No longer needing Crabb's filibusters, and perhaps not wanting

to be embarrassed by an association with the "Gringos," he turned his followers against the Americans. All but one of Crabb's party were either killed in the ensuing battle or captured and executed by the Mexicans. Crabb's dismembered head was sent to Mexico City, apparently to demonstrate the loyalty of the Mexican commander.[32]

GILA CITY

At Gila City, eighteen miles east of Arizona City, we met Mr. Hackett, and several other men, who showed us about ten ounces of coarse gold, which had recently been taken from auriferous gravel in the neighborhood. We also saw, at a distance, the mill, outhouses, etc., which a mining company engaged in working quartz, had recently erected. The gravel alluded to is plenty in the vicinity, and some pans of it have paid over an ounce to the pan. Years ago, the "cream" of those diggings was taken away, but the bed-rock strata were left untouched, and people have just found out that they are far richer and more extensive than were the surface strata. Hackett & Co., were running tunnels and carting the gravel to the river.

EDITOR: Gila City was established as a stage station on the Southern Overland Route in 1858, about the same time that Jacob Snively discovered placers at that location. Snively's discovery led to the influx of more than a thousand miners who successfully worked the diggings for about four years.[33]

ARIZONA CITY

As we approach Arizona City, the valley of the Gila widens, and evidences of civilization, in the shape of houses, fenced fields and domestic animals, increase, until, finally, the whole valley becomes "taken up," with the city and its suburbs, and we enter wide streets, between rows of comfortable houses. The second, if not the first, largest town in the Territory, Arizona City is destined to be a city of vast proportions, located as it is on the Great Colorado, near the mouth of the Gila, and at the only point on the Colorado where a bridge can be built for the 32nd parallel railroad.

Arriving early in the afternoon, we met with a hearty welcome from John S. Carr, (of the old, reliable and enterprising mercantile firm of Hooper & Co.), George Martin, and numerous other ancient Arizonans. And what was our surprise at beholding a large, thriving town on ground where in 1863 but two business houses were to be seen—Hooper & Co's and one other. We gaze, wonderingly; at the work which, in a few years, Americans have accomplished on what was once Mexican soil! Here are business houses belonging to Wm. B. Hooper & Co., David Neahr, I. Sumpter, Hall Hanlon, C. F. W. Nisses & Co., W. R. Larkin, Mr. McCarthy, H. E. Baker, George Martin, and others, which would do credit to old towns in any State of the Union. Besides the houses named there are several others occupied by Mexican traders, 1 hotel, 2 restaurants, 2 breweries, 4 or 5 saloons, many stables and corrals, numerous offices where law and medicine are practiced and studied, and last, but not least, the fine building occupied by the Sheriff, his deputies and prisoners—commonly called "The Courthouse." Surrounding these are numerous private residences, some of which looked both neat and comfortable. Then, the Mexicans have their houses, which, although they are not so pretentious as those of their American neighbors, are comfortable and answer for all the purposes of homes. But, best and costliest of all are the houses belonging to the Colorado Steam Navigation Company, and the Depot buildings belonging to Uncle Samuel, situated on the western line of town, overlooking the Colorado River. Both these establishments are finished in good style, extensive, and portions of them are shaded by trees, which, in summer—and summer here lasts nearly the

year around—must afford grateful shades. The residence of the Quartermaster, near the Depot, is surrounded by a garden in which, we were told, "every tropical tree and plant grew and flourished." The premises are well supplied with water, which is pumped from the river into a large stone tank, from which it is led, through pipes, to every portion of the place. With this precaution, and the many preparations for overcoming fire, it ought to be a long time before another Depot is burned at this place.

Having to kill six or seven days of time at this place, waiting for a steamer to take us up the river, we had the opportunity to learn many useful facts concerning the city, fort, rivers and surrounding country, which we will now try to relate.

First—the city is built upon a sand bed between two *mesas*, and it is not strange that the houses, fences, etc., look as dusty as the soil. And, speaking of fences, we are reminded that Arizona City is notable for the number and great height of its fences. For instance, every Mexican who has a house has it surrounded with a high fence, made of upright poles.

The walls of the houses, and the roofs, are all thick, so as to keep the inmates cool in summer, when the sun gets hot enough to cook eggs. Nor are they very well provided with windows, which, you know, would be worse than useless in such a climate. The winter weather is, of course, delicious. Balmy breezes from the Gulf of California, sweep over the country, gladdening and strengthening man and every living thing that breathes them. Rain seldom falls, and it is a hard, cold night that can produce anything like ice, although fog we have seen.

Notwithstanding the great heat of summer, the town is healthy, and was it not for the indiscretions of men and women, doctors could not make a living in it.

The stores are well filled with goods—notably that of Wm. B. Hooper & Co.—which is the largest wholesale establishment in the Territory. The trade of the place is immense, and the money that is cast adrift by Government and the Navigation Company occasions lively times and active movements of businessmen.

Through it there runs, every week, six coaches, conveying mails and passengers between Tucson, Arizona; San Diego, California, and many other points. Wells, Fargo & Co. also has a branch office here.

The population, we were told, counting "Indians not taxed," is not far from 2,000, and a look into the streets satisfied us that many of the population came under the foregoing head.

The tables of the hotel and restaurants were well provided with meats and fish, but few vegetables were to be seen, although tons upon tons of fruit and vegetables might be raised, annually upon the bottoms of the Gila and Colorado.

Not a public bath could we find in the place, which was a great drawback to us, and must have been to other dusty travelers. Board and lodging are cheap, and work appeared to be plenty. The only hotel in the place—the Colorado—is kept by a Chinaman, or, rather, an American citizen of Chinese extraction.

"The Heads," as the people call the bluffs upon each side of the Colorado, and upon which they confidently expect will rest the first railroad bridge that will span the Colorado, are several hundred feet in height, and rest upon pretty solid foundations. Near them, Mr. Yager [*sic*], who has resided near Fort Yuma for over a quarter of a century, has a fine ferryboat, and keeps a well-regulated ferry between California and Arizona.

The county seat of one of the richest counties in the Territory, Arizona City is the location of the largest military depot south of San Francisco; headquarters of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company; supply port for all of Southern Arizona, a portion of Northern Arizona and Mexico; and a prominent point of the proposed 32nd parallel railroad. It will be strange, indeed, if it does not expand, in dimensions, until it becomes the first city south of Los Angeles. This, its location warrants us in prophesying.


L. J. F. Jaeger

It is 175 miles from good anchorage ground at the head of the Gulf of California; 50 miles from tide water on the Colorado; and about 200 miles from San Diego, California. The mouth of the Colorado, all of the country along both banks to within a short distance of Arizona City, as well as the country bordering the Gulf, belongs to Mexico, but cannot long remain the property of that "nation," as it is very essential to the rounding and squaring of United States lines which must soon take place. Indeed, we covet this region, for its mines, seaports, farming and grazing lands, fish, pearls, etc., and for the case and protection it will give us whenever we become possessed of it.

While in Arizona City, we visited "The Yumas"—Fort and people. The fort was commanded by Captain Vivian; the Indians, by Pasqual. Captain Vivian received us kindly, and so did Pasqual. Our observations, while among the Yuma Indians, led us to believe that all of them that have remained virtuous are happy, while those who have departed from the paths of virtue, and taken the trail of vice, are abandoned wretches, not fit to live and unwilling to die. Pasqual was suffering from old age and a sprained knee. He and his tribe have been friendly with all whites ever since the whites thrashed them into submission, over 20 years ago. They like us believe in "curing" the Apaches by the saltpeter process.

EDITOR: Arizona City was founded in 1851 as Colorado City, three years before the area on which it stood would be annexed into the United States as a result of the Gadsden Purchase. It was subsequently renamed Arizona City and, in 1873, the name was again changed, to Yuma, by an act of the Territorial Legislature. From its early days it was the major distribution point for supplying Arizona with the goods and other provisions.[34]

George F. Hooper established a mercantile business at Arizona City in 1851, primarily to supply provisions for the emigrants passing through that location en route to the California gold fields. Although he sold his interest in 1868, the firm continued under various names (including the William B. Hooper Co.) and by 1871 was operating branch stores in Maricopa Wells, Sacaton, Sweetwater, Camp McDowell and Ehrenberg, all in Arizona, and Ft. Yuma, on the California side of the Colorado River. John S. Carr was a partner in the firm and attended to its business in Arizona City.[35]

George Martin had a drug and retail store in Arizona City as early as 1856. In the early 1860s he partnered with King Woolsey to establish the Agua Caliente ranch. He sold his interest to Woolsey in1865 and returned to Arizona City where he was employed by Hooper & Company until 1872, when he re-established a drug business in that city.[36]

David Neahr came to Arizona City in 1854 as a steamboat engineer for the Colorado Steam

Navigation Company. Later, he served as the forwarding agent for the Mark L. Jacobs Co., arranging for the transshipment of goods from Yuma to the company's retail establishment in Tucson. In 1879 he constructed a 15-stamp mill on the west bank of the Colorado River to process the ore from the Picacho Mine situated in California's Imperial County.[37]

Hall Hanlon also came to Arizona City in 1854, via the California gold fields. Initially employed as a carpenter constructing buildings at Fort Yuma, he later operated a retail store, raised cattle on land south of the city, where he also managed a ferry across the Colorado River.[38]

L. J. F. Jaeger attempted to establish a ferry business on the Colorado River south of the site that would become Fort Yuma in 1850, but was driven off by the Yuma Indians. He returned a year later with the Army and, under military protection, reestablished a ferry to transport passengers, cattle, sheep and products and materials across the river. Jaeger contracted with the government to haul supplies to the military posts within Arizona until 1863. He was an original stockholder in the Swilling Irrigation and Canal Company, the first irrigation canal builders in the Salt River Valley. Jaeger operated his ferry until 1877 when the Southern Pacific Railroad extended its line through Yuma and completed the bridge across the Colorado.[39]

In 1851 the U.S. Army established a garrison on a hill on the California side of the Colorado River, but soon abandoned it due to supply problems. A year later, the post was reestablished as Fort Yuma, the purpose of which was to protect travelers from the supposedly war-like Yuma Indians. During the Civil War, when the regular troops were moved east, companies of the 1st California Volunteer Infantry garrisoned the fort. The Quartermaster's Depot was constructed on the east (Arizona) side of the river in 1866 and thereafter served as the distribution point for the military installations that were established in Arizona76 to deal with the Indian problem.[40]

The Yumas, or Quechans as they are otherwise known, occupied the land at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado Rivers before Spanish explorers reached that area in 1540. For centuries they grappled, first with the Spanish, then the Mexicans, and finally the Americans for control of the narrow crossing of the Colorado, which was so important to the trade between the Pacific Coast and the interior. The U.S. Army finally subdued them in 1852, shortly after the reestablishment of Fort Yuma. The Yumas were further decimated as a result of their 1857 defeat by the combined forces of the Pima and Maricopa Indians (see above). By 1871, they were generally at peace with the Anglos.[41]

George A. Johnson and others organized the Colorado Steam Navigation Company in 1852 for the purpose of transporting passengers and freight between San Francisco and points on the Colorado River, with intermediate ports in Mexico. Freight and passengers were transferred between the ocean and river steamers at the head of the Gulf of Mexico. On the Colorado, the company serviced the river ports of Arizona City, Ehrenberg, La Paz and Hardyville. The company met a critical need of the Arizona Territory, as the military and civilians alike were dependent on it for their provisions, goods, equipment, arms and other necessities of life on the frontier.[42]

Marion and Veil departed Arizona City aboard the steamship Cocopah and traveled up the Colorado River to Ehrenberg, from whence they returned to Prescott via the Ehrenberg Road. Unfortunately, for those of us who would like to read a contemporary description of that part of the trip, Marion's promise to continue his commentary in a future edition of the Miner went unfulfilled.

[19] Veil, "Charles Henry Veil," pp.67-68. Bates, *Swilling*, pp.1-2, 50-53.

[20] Geoffrey P. Mawn, "Promoters, Speculators, and the Selection of the Phoenix Townsite," *Arizona and the West*, Autumn, 1977, pp. 219-221. John S. Goff, *Arizona Territorial Officials*, 7 vols. (Cave Creek, AZ: Black Mountain Press, 1991), vol. 5, pp. 152-153 and vol. 6, p. 41.

[21] Thomas Edwin Farrish, *History of* Arizona, 8 vols. (Phoenix: Filmer Bros. Electrotype Co., 1918), vol.2, pp.267-268, vol. 3, p.211, 268-269 and vol.6, pp.95, 99-100; Sharlot Hall Museum Library & Archives, Vertical File, John P. Osborn.

[22] Mawn, *Promoter, Speculators*, pp. 207-224; John S. Goff, *Arizona Biographical Dictionary*, (Cave Creek, AZ: Black Mountain Press, 1983), p. 46.

[23] Mawn, *Promoter, Speculators* pp. 215-218; Goff, *Arizona Territorial Officials*, vol. 6, pp. 119-120; Farish, vol. 6, pp. 93, 99, 133, 254-257.

[24] Henry P. Walker and Don Bufkin, *Historical Atlas of Arizona* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1979), p. 41; Farish, *History of* Arizona, vol. 1, pp. 4-16;Leroy R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail, 1849-1869* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2004), pp. 90-99, 208-214.

[25] Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, pp.130-131; Fred A. Rozum, "Buckboards and Stagecoaches: Establishing Public Transportation of the Black canyon Route," *JAH*, vol. 30 (summer, 1989), pp. 166-167; Veil, "Charles Henry Veil," p. 68. *(See also Leland Hanchett's article on the Black Canyon Road beginning on page 21 of this publication.)*

[26] Farish, *History of* Arizona, vol. 6, pp.64-66; Walker and Bufkin, *Historical Atlas of Arizona*), p. 41.

[27] Barnes, *Arizona Place Names*, pp. 332-333; Thomas Jones, "Flour Milling in Arizona," *Territorial Times*, vol. 6, no. 1 (Prescott Corral of Westerners, 2012), p. 6.

[28] Frederick E. Hoxie, editor, *Encyclopedia Of North American Indians* (New York: Houghlin & Mifflin, 1996), p. II; Frederick Webb Hodge, editor, *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico,* 2 parts (Totowa, N.J.: Rowman & Littlefield, 1979), Part I, pp. 805-807; Thomas W. Dunlay, *Wolves for Blue Soldiers, Indian Scouts and Auxiliaries with the United States Army, 1860-1890* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1982), pp. 30-31, 64, 168.

[29] Fred W. Veil, "Murder on Whisky Row: Arizona Territory v. William B. Hellings," *JAH,* vol. 52, no.4 (winter, 2011); Farish, *History of* Arizona, vol. 8, p. 202.

[30] In the 1820s, and for more than 20 years thereafter, American frontiersmen such as Ewing Young, Bill Williams and Sylvestre Pattie trapped along the Gila River, and in 1846 General Steven Watts Kearny's Army of the West and Captain Philip St. George Cooke's "Mormon Battalion," followed this trail to invade California during the United States' War with Mexico. Thereafter, the Gila River Trail, as it was commonly called, was a popular route for emigrants seeking riches in the California gold fields. In 1858, the Southern (Butterfield) Overland Mail Company invested heavily in improving the route and constructing stations in order to fulfill its federal contract to provide mail service between Missouri and California. Harlan Hague, *The Road to California, 1540-1848: The Search for a Southern Overland Route* (Glendale, CA: Arthur H. Clarke Co., 1978); Walker and Bufkin, *Historical Atlas of Arizona*, p. 41; Hafen, *Overland* Mail, pp. 92-94.

[31] Boyd Finch, "Sherod Hunter and the Confederates in Arizona," *JAH*, vol. 10, no.3 (autumn, 1969), p. 178.

[32] In the mid-19th Century , the term "filibuster" (Spanish origin "filibustero) denoted an irregular military adventurer who engaged in an unauthorized military expeditions into a foreign country to foment or support a revolution. Dictionary.com; Richard J. Hinton, *Handbook to Arizona, 1877*, (Glorieta, NM: Rio Grande Press, 1970), pp.36-40; *San Diego Herald,* May 9, 1857.

[33] Barnes, *Arizona Place Names,* p. 177; Hinton, *Handbook to Arizona*, p. 154; Bates, *Swilling*, pp. 16-17.

[34] Farish, *History of* Arizona, vol. 1, pp. 252-253; Barnes, *Arizona Place Names*, pp. 499-500.

[35] Farish, *History of* Arizona, vol. 4, pp. 263-266; Goff, *Arizona Biographical Dictionary*, p. 8.

[36] Ibid., vol. 4, pp. 277-278.

[37] Gerald Stanley, "Merchandising in the Southwest: The Mark L. Jacobs Company of Tucson, 1867-1875," *American Jewish Archives* (April, 1971), pp. 92-95; Larry M. Vredenburg, "An Overview of Mining history of the California Desert Conservation Area" (http://vredenburg-org/desert_fever/pages/imperial_county_02.htm); See also, biographical sketch posted on the Arizona historical Society's Rio Colorado Division website (yumalibrary.org/ahs/lib_archives.htm).

[38] Arizona State University Library & Archives (www.asu.edu/lib/archives/bios/HANLONH.PDF).

[39] Farish, *History of* Arizona, vol. 1, pp. 236-237; vol. 2, 188-190.

[40] Altshuler, *Starting With Defiance,* pp. 67-72.

[41] Hoxie, *North American Indians,* pp.706-707.

[42] Hiram C. Hodge, *Arizona As It Is; or, The Coming Country* (New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1877), pp. 208-209.

Staging on the Black Canyon Road

By Leland J. Hanchett, Jr.

Why would anyone living in beautiful Prescott in the 1870s want to travel to Phoenix? After all, Prescott had been the territorial capital and Phoenix was barely a blip on the military maps. Phoenix did have one distinct advantage over Prescott; the large amount of foodstuffs needed by men and horses at the territorial military camps and mines could not be provided from the Prescott area. Phoenix, with its seemingly endless water supply, was beginning to be the farming center for the region.

Getting from Prescott to Phoenix was no easy task. To go south from Prescott you first needed to go north, circling Granite Mountain and then proceed down the west side of the Bradshaw Mountains to Wickenburg, transportation hub for the territory, and then on to Phoenix. At least that is how the route started out. But just as with today's highway systems, new cutoffs were constantly being constructed to shorten the distance and ease the strain of travel on both passengers and stage or freight teams.

The military soon realized, in their attempts to travel from Camp McDowell to Fort Whipple or Camp Verde, that there was a far shorter route through the Black Canyon. Although shorter, the route in its original condition was too demanding on teams pulling freight wagons or stagecoaches. A less demanding route was needed to carry flour from the mills in Phoenix to the Indian reservation at Camp Verde. W. B. Hellings, owner of the Salt River Flouring Mill, commenced construction of the Black Canyon Road in the summer of 1873. By the fall of that year, the *Arizona Miner* was touting the good work done and the much improved times for travel between Phoenix and Prescott. As an afterthought, W. B. Hellings, his brother E. E. Hellings, and C. H. Veil, in early 1874 filed their intention to charge a toll for using the road from Phoenix to a point twenty miles west of Camp Verde. For some unknown reason the road never became a "toll road."[1]

In May of 1877,Yavapai County let a contract to an energetic Prescott businessman by the name of James Patterson who went to work creating a viable stage road, at least from Black Canyon to Prescott. Patterson had a marvelous sense of business and understood very quickly that a need existed for stage transportation along this newly improved road. To minimize his risk, Patterson took in a partner by the name of W. H. Caldwell. Caldwell had nowhere near as much experience in business as Patterson but he was an energetic young man who could provide a lot of motivation to the business and he knew how to drive a stagecoach. Thus, the Patterson and Caldwell stage line was formed. By late April of 1878, Patterson had sold his interest in the line and Caldwell had a new partner, Alfred LeValley.[2]

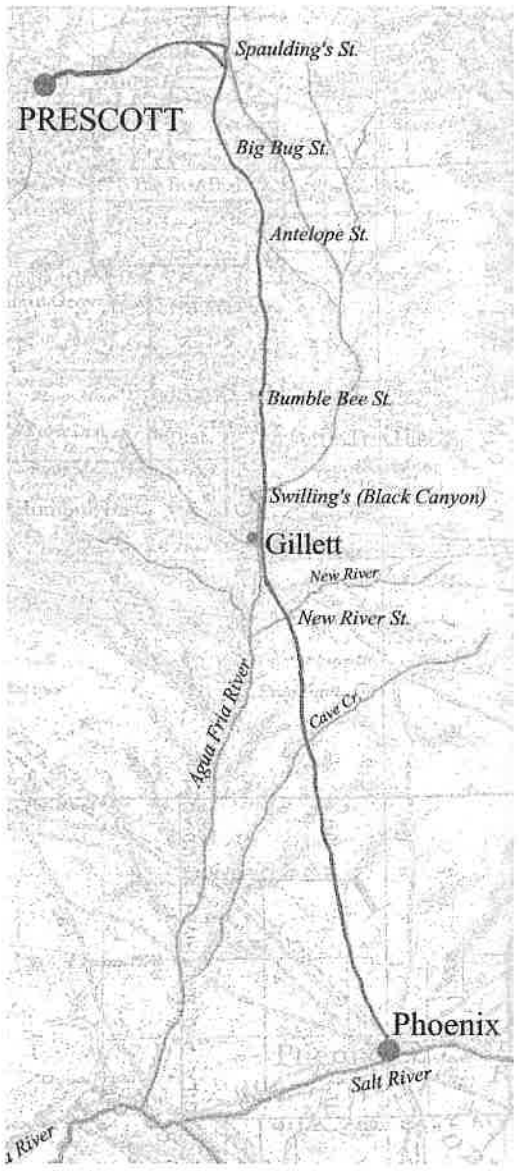
In those days running a stage line required assistance from the United States Post Office in the form of mail carrying contracts. Caldwell and LeValley applied immediately but they were underbid by

the partnership of Kerns and Griffith who were being displaced by the Southern Pacific Railroad from their routes in Southern Arizona.[3]

Caldwell and LeValley carried on for a few weeks but once they realized that only a mail contract could sustain their dream, they devised a plan for bailing out. The plan was a simple one. First they moved their headquarters from Prescott to Antelope Station about one third of the distance between Prescott and Phoenix. To be as inconspicuous as possible they continued to meet their departure schedules until one day, on arriving at Gillette, they announced that the stage equipment needed repair and that they would return the following day to pick up that week's gold shipment. Instead of returning to Prescott, however, they went back to their headquarters, put LeValley's family in the coach and with a Mexican employee to drive the stock, proceeded on their way to New Mexico via the Little Colorado River.[4]

It was some days before it became known that they were gone and they were well on their way across the Mogollons before a two-man posse, consisting of a constable from Gillette and a local ranch hand, started in pursuit. Caldwell and LeValley owed money to many businesses from Prescott to Phoenix so the constable was armed with an attachment for their property, consisting mostly of livestock, but no warrant for their arrest. If he overtook them, and they could satisfy the demands he had against them, they would be allowed to go on with whatever else they might have.[5]

A week later news came back that the posse had caught up with the fleeing party. The next word on the matter took



Black Canyon Route Stage Stations

five months to arrive in Prescott, and when it did come many Victorian eyes must have opened wide. Word was brought back that, when the party had reached the railroad in New Mexico, Mrs. LeValley and her children took the train and left the two men to bring the stock. Subsequently Mrs. LeValley wrote to friends in Prescott that Mr. Caldwell had been left behind. What she didn't mention was that it had been reported in a New Mexico newspaper that Mr. Caldwell had

been found dead, shot through the heart. It was also learned that a bitter jealousy existed because of Mrs. LeValley's, relationship with Caldwell which was anything but agreeable to LeValley. LeValley and wife lived on through the first decade of the 20th century on a cozy farm with orchard in the state of Kansas.[6]

Kerns and Griffith's stage line lasted but a couple of years and were replaced in 1880 by Gilmer and Salisbury's Arizona Stage Company. They in turn were replaced by the Hocker Brother's Black Canyon Stage Company in the mid 1890s.[7]

The Black Canyon route certainly had its share of robberies. Most occurred either just south or just north of Gillette, over a fairly short section of the stage road. Two reasons for this consistency are evident. First, Gillette being near the border of Maricopa and Yavapai between the more established cities of Phoenix and Prescott, it seemed easier to get away with robbery, or other lawless acts there. The second reason was that Gillette was located on the Agua Fria River at the low point of the valley. Stages leaving in either direction had to climb out of that valley and were therefore susceptible to being stopped when they were moving at their slowest speed. Unlike the scenes from Hollywood style stage robberies, holdups almost always were committed by men on foot when the stage was moving slowly. Who would be stupid enough to try to catch a stagecoach running at full speed?

One dramatic robbery and murder took place near Gillette in 1879. Billy Thomas, a local businessman, was on board the stage and was shot and mortally wounded. The mail was taken and the robbers even stole from the stage driver, three very fine horses. The *Arizona Miner Journal* noted that the three robbers were probably well on their way to their homeland of Sonora, Mexico. While two of the Mexican bandits did escape to Sonora, one was captured. His name was Dominguez and he had the dubious honor of being the first man lawfully hanged in Phoenix.[8]

Sometimes the robberies occurred in pairs. It did not take long for the stage robbers to figure out that at a certain point north of Gillette the up and down stages crossed at some time in the evening. It made sense to time the robbery so that two stages could be robbed for the same effort it took to rob just one. A classic example occurred in August of 1882. The highwaymen made a big haul. Eight to ten passengers were made to stand and deliver and the Wells Fargo strongboxes were emptied. At the time this was known as the most daring robbery perpetuated in the Territory.[9]

The bandits were casual to the point of joking with the passengers and even returning a small amount of cash to each so they would have something to buy food with at their next stop. Of course they wore the usual costume for Knights of the Road consisting of a silk scarf extending from their forehead to their breast through which holes were cut for the eyes. The men were evidently old hands at robbing stages

The idea of getting two stagecoaches for the price of one still prevailed as late as 1885. This time the initial hold up occurred three miles south of Gillette. The southbound stage was stopped first. Two men dressed in blankets, like Indians, showed up on one side of the road and while they had the driver distracted a third man, with shot gun in hand, appeared on the other side of the stagecoach. Al-

though they broke open the express box, their only reward was six dollars taken from one of the passengers. They did however remove three horses from the team and advised the southbound stage driver to not proceed any further because they were off to rob the northbound stage.

The highwaymen met the northbound stage about 2 miles beyond New River Station. It had no passengers on board. They took the express box, broke it open, and found nothing in it to amount to anything. They also broke open a box of fruit scattering it around and helping themselves. They next appropriated the team and came on south towards Phoenix. A day later two of the horses came walking down Washington Street and a third was reported to be out on the Grand Canal. From this it was concluded that the highwaymen must have returned to the Valley and were still there. A huge effort was expended to catch the highwaymen but there was not a lot to show for it. Stage robbing at that time was more of a sport than occupation. Certainly none of these men made a living at it, yet the stages continued to be robbed. Possibly the challenge outweighed the risk, and the poor rewards![10]

Between June of 1883 and the same month in 1885 the stage was robbed no less than six times, all between Gillette and today's Black Canyon City. It did not take long for the Wells Fargo detectives to determine that some knowledge of the contents of the strong box must have played a role in the robberies. Unfortunately, they were unable to determine who might have such knowledge and therefore who might have committed the crimes. At that point they called in an expert. We may never know his name because the news article on file at the State Archives contains neither the publication date nor any information concerning the author. Evidently he was a member of the 12th Arizona Legislative Assembly. What he did was incredible. He could easily compete with Sherlock Holmes.

His first step was to head for Gillette. The Wells Fargo detectives felt certain that the local Wells Fargo agent was somehow implicated. After making certain that the agent had no part in the crimes our hero positioned himself at a point in the room where the Wells Fargo agent operated. He noted a small table where the agent routinely opened the express box. Although railed off from the front, the setup was just high enough for someone to lean upon and observe the contents of the box. He next observed two men entering the room. The two were well known to be the blacksmiths for Gillette. Both men walked up to the box leaned on the railing, and the larger of the two looked into the box. The agent being busy did not notice the movement. After joking with the agent for a few moments, the larger man slightly nudged his companion and both left the room. The observer later said that he had spotted the robbers within five minutes after reaching Gillette; it was just a question of eyes and brain.

To reconfirm his suspicions, our observer proceeded to the Tip-Top Mine, a few miles to the west. Meeting with a miner who ran a Faro game during paydays, he learned that the two blacksmiths held a game there which they financed with $900 in gold 20s and $35 or $40 in paper all of which they lost during the day. Now he was certain he had his robbers.

When he returned to Phoenix and reported to the Wells Fargo detectives they first assumed that he too had given up in his

attempt to find the robbers. Our hero then explained that his first idea was to solve the reason why the holdups were at one place and why the stage was held up only when something was in the Wells Fargo box. He then told the detectives that one of the blacksmiths was mentally weaker and if placed in separate cells, with judicious questioning, the weaker man would turn state's evidence and this was so. The leader drew 25 years and the other man 19 years.[11]

Not only were the stagecoaches, drivers, guards, and passengers at risk, but the stage station keepers were also in constant peril. As late as 1895 two more Sonoran bandits attacked the Goddard family and some friends who were peacefully sitting down to eat their dinner at the station near Black Canyon City. Goddard and a friend, Frank Cox were murdered. The Mexicans were finally apprehended, tried and found guilty of murder on March 25, 1903. By July 31 of that year they were both swinging from the hangman's scaffold in Prescott.[12]

Along with all of the stories of murder and mayhem which occurred on the Black Canyon stagecoach route, one must always include a story of faith, courage and good fortune. Will Barnes provides us just such a story. It begins early on a cold, snowy winter's morning in Prescott in the year 1892.[13]

The passengers that morning were Barnes, Price Behan, Buckey O'Neil, a young commercial traveler, and two Sisters of Charity dressed in their distinctive garb.

Five or six miles into the trip the team started off down a steep grade at a fast trot the coach swaying and rocking like a ship in a heavy sea. Within a few moments those inside were convinced that the driver was drunk and could not or would not control his team.

The men decided on a plan of action. Behan and O'Neil overpowered the driver and Behan took over the reins. Handcuffs were snapped onto the driver's wrists and, as soon as the team was stopped, he was placed in the big leather boot at the back of the stage. At noon the stage reached Big Bug, the regular mail station, where the driver was handed over for transport back to Prescott, as a prisoner.

No other driver was available so Behan agreed to drive the team on to Gillette some 35 miles to the south. Rain was falling in torrents and the Agua Fria must be crossed to reach the stage station on the southern side.

At nearly midnight the stage rolled out of the Black Canyon onto the gravelly bank of the Agua Fria. The stage was stopped a few yards from the waters edge and across the boiling turbulent river they could see the lights of the station.

The four men studied the situation. They were willing to risk crossing, but what of the two sisters? The two women were huddled together in the dark vehicle shivering with cold where O'Neill told them of the situation, of the danger of crossing under such conditions. If the water was deep enough to float the heavy stage the whole affair might be swept downstream and all would be lost.

The elder of the two women spoke: "You men must decide. We leave it all to your good judgment. All of us are in the hands of our heavenly Father. He will surely answer our prayers for guidance and success."

It was agreed that Behan would drive and O'Neill would fill a bucket with small stones with which to hasten the movement of the mules. The other two men, each with a Sister of Charity at his side, were to stand on the upstream side of the vehicle. There, holding tightly to the rail on top, they were to lean as far back as possible and act as a counterbalance against the tremendous pressure of the stream against the side of the stage.

Behan loosened the brake and with his wild yell the mules lunged into the whirling water of the stream. O'Neill pelted the animals with rocks while Behan lashed at them with his whip.

As the gallant little leaders struck deep water and began to swim they were swept around with the current and downstream. The longer legged Wheelers kept their feet a little while then they too were forced to swim. Finally the huge stage itself floated free. The water was up to the knees of the four clinging to the side. Each was leaning back just as far as their arms were allowed to keep the stage from overturning while Behan did his best to keep the team headed towards the farther bank.

As the stage swung around in the stream the wheels on the lower side struck a submerged rock. For one or two agonizing moments it seemed as if it would be turned over in the water and all would be lost. Just at this critical moment the two little lead mules touched the bottom and with the points of their front feet clawed and tore at the steep bank. Gradually they got the stage to move ahead. The long leg wheelers also touched bottom and they clawed and dug as if they realized the need of using every ounce of power available.

Inch by inch, second by second, the heavy stage began to move through the water towards the bank. Gradually it settled back onto an even keel. The going out was very steep and it took the last rock in O'Neill's water bucket, plus much yelling and slashing of the whip to get the whole outfit safely out onto the solid land. Minutes later Behan drove the stage through the grove of cottonwoods to the station.

Today, 140 years after its original construction, the Black Canyon Road has become an Interstate Highway following or paralleling the original stage and freight route. Who would ever think of traveling from Prescott to Phoenix by any other road?

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[1] John H. Marion, *Notes of Travel Through the Territory of Arizona,* D. M.Powell, ed. (Tucson, 1965). *Weekly Journal Miner*, November 8, 1873. Yavapai County Court Records, Prescott and Phoenix Toll Road, January 3, 1874. Sharlot Hall Museum Library and Archives, Document Box 191, Folder 2, Item 3.

[2] *Weekly Journal Miner*, May 29, 1877.

[3] *Weekly Journal Miner,* October 4, 1878.

[4] *Ibid*

[5] *Weekly Journal Miner*, October 11, 1878

[6] *Weekly Journal Miner*, February 21, 1879

[7] *Weekly Journal Miner*, March 19, 1880, and September 4, 1896.

[8] *Weekly Journal Miner*, November 27, 1879, andNovember 26, 1880.

[9] *Phoenix Herald*, September 1, 1882.

[10] *Phoenix Herald*, August 18, 1885.

[11] *Phoenix Herald*, June 28, 1883 and July 2, 1883. Unidentified news article at the Arizona Historical Foundation.

[12] Coroners inquest on Frank Cox February 1, 1903, Arizona Department of Library, Archives and Public Records, No. 372.

[13] Will Barnes, *Arizona Historical Review*, April 1935.

1860s Freighting From the Colorado River to Interior Arizona

By Thomas Sanders

Editor's Note: The Prescott area's remote location made early residents dependent on a small group of freighters who would go with their wagon teams wherever needed goods could be found. This article about freighting between Prescott and the Colorado River was written by one of them.

All supplies were brought up the Colorado River in those days in boats that would discharge their cargoes at Yuma, La Paz, Fort Mojave and at Hardyville, six miles above Fort Mojave. Merchandise was brought in large vessels to the mouth of the Colorado and was transferred to the river-type, which was a small affair that would carry about fifty tons besides a few passengers and crew.

They would trail barges along behind them, some capable of supporting one hundred and fifty tons. These little craft steamed and puffed as they fought the sandbars during the low stage of the Colorado River and occasionally navigated the river as far as Stone's Ferry above Hardyville where they would drop freight for Nevada. These riverboats were the sole means of supplying the country unless the freighters chose to make the desert drive through Southern California.

The last trip the Miller brothers had made before we joined them, they were forced to go clear to San Bernadino to get their supplies. *[No supplies had come up to Hardyville because of seasonal low water.]* The Millers were several weeks overdue and that accounted for the shortage of supplies at the time father *[and other family members]* came in. Everyone depended on them for their supplies as no one else attempted to bring in any and naturally whenever they failed, a famine was sure.

About the last of 1866, after the Colorado River had changed its course down at La Paz, it became necessary to build another river port to receive goods and so the Goldwater people started the town of Ehrenberg about five or six miles down the Colorado River from where La Paz stood. A suitable place had been found there to afford a boat landing and the place was named in honor of Herman Ehrenberg, a mining engineer and early pioneer in the southwest. Up to the time of his death that same year, 1866, Mr. Ehrenberg lived at La Paz and was found murdered as he was alone en route for San Bernardino. No one ever knew why he was killed or who did it, but it was attributed to Indians.

A New Landing Replaces La Paz

At Ehrenberg, Goldwater had a small wharf built and store houses and a few other necessary buildings put up. Several Mexican families took up their abode there and it was much the same kind of settlement as La Paz. Goldwater then turned his attention to putting up a series of wells to afford watering places and stations along the route from Ehrenberg to Prescott. From Prescott south, in the or-

der in which we would come to them, they were Skull Valley, Kirkland, Willow Springs, Martinez (now known as Congress Junction), Charles Collin's Well, Deep Wash, Mesquite Well, Desert Well and Tyson's Well. There was a house at each one of the places mentioned. Charges were made for watering stock for each head, night and morning, 25 cents, and a charge of 50 cents per barrel was made for every filled barrel that was hauled away.

The wells were dug at considerable hazard to life when you consider in those early days, without the aid of the hoisting machinery they have now, that ordinary miners without timbering or anything would sink a well from 40 to 300 feet and trust to a jackass or a mule operating a whim to pull up the dirt. Collins Well was the deepest of all and was sunk to a depth of 300 feet. Desert Well came a close second with a depth of 250 feet and the wells at Deep Wash and Mesquite Well were each 80 feet deep. The shallowest was at Tyson's and was 40 feet in depth. And in all of them, what water there was was down nearly the whole depth of the well. These days wells are bored to such depths as those and are cased up. Those were sometimes cased near the surface with heavy planking or timbers, but that was all. The water was brought out of all the deep wells by means of a whim, such as was used in getting the debris out in digging. The motive power would be either a jackass, mule or a horse. *[A whim is a winch or capstan consisting of a vertical drum with extended arms to which draft animals are hitched.]*

Delays at the Colorado River

They had the traveler at all those places; it was a case of no pay, no drink when it came to watering stock. Of course no one ever thought of making a charge for a man's drinking water. About the time the new road was completed, grain sold for six dollars per sack and each feed with me would take one sack. Now, if there were any reason for delay at the river, one could readily see that with the high price for grain and paying for stock water and the like along the road, what expense it put the freighters to. Often the boat would get hung up on a bar of quicksand and we would have to layover anywhere from three or four days to two weeks. Then is when it counted up on our expense account.

Waiting for the Steamer

Of course, while at the river we did not have to buy any water, but had to have more grain and that was worse. We used to catch the mail carrier and first find out from him many times when a boat was expected, as they did not run on regular schedule. If he told us it would be longer by three or four days than it would take us to make the trip, then we would do our laying over on the end where there was plenty of water and grass. Ehrenberg, like La Paz, lay high up from the river bottom and, aside from desert grass and scrubby brush that the animals would not touch, there was nothing there. The rich river bottoms at both La Paz and Ehrenberg were on the California side of the river.

In the spring of 1867 I began to haul government freight and civilian supplies to Prescott from Ehrenberg. That was the route most utilized in that time, especially since the establishment of the watering stations along the way. I always managed to make my trips with the Miller brothers so as to be better protected from Indian raids. We received six cents per pound for the freight hauled from Ehrenberg to

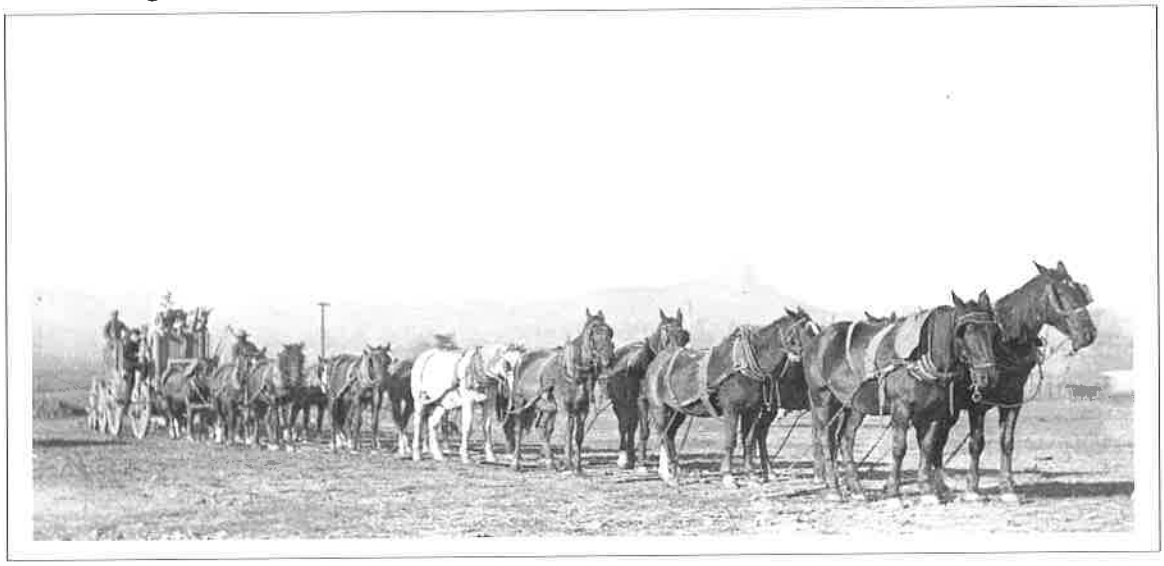
Prescott. Along with other commodities we hauled large quantities of beer, whiskey and imported English ale.

In the fall of 1867 the Colorado ran low as usual. I was down there with the Millers' outfit and the first thing we heard was that the incoming boat was stuck on a sandbar and might be two weeks delayed. We all knew that if we could get into one of the rich bottoms, there would be lots of grass and screw beans and mesquite beans for the stock; but as stated they were all on the other side from us. The mesquite tree produces a bean very similar to the ordinary garden string bean only that it has a more solid pod and turns almost white when ripe. The screw bean grows on a similar kind of a tree, but the bean is more like a twisted lima bean pod than anything else. The nutrition in these beans is equal to any kind of grain.

Crossing the River to Wait

We decided to take our stock over and take one wagon to haul our beds and chuck across. We experienced no trouble in getting to the fertile bottom across from Ehrenberg on the California side, which was said to be one of the widest and most fertile along the course of the river. After getting our chuck wagon across and all of our stock, we hunted, for cottontail and quail were very thick in the bottom. We spent some time fishing in the muddy Colorado for what was known as the Colorado salmon or humpback, which we ate to give us a change. We went back from the bed of the river into the heavy growth of mesquite and pitched our camp. There were tons of the two kinds of beans for the stock scattered about thickly on the ground and millions more still clinging to the trees.

There were twelve of us teamsters in all who went across the river and I do not believe two weeks were ever spent more uncomfortably by any one of us than right there. I said there were millions of mesquite beans and I believe that for each one of those beans there were at least a thousand mosquitoes. It was necessary for us to keep a constant smudge burning all the time, as the miserable insects would settle down in clouds. Even the mules found them almost unbearable and would seek shelter from them in the smoke of our smudges. As I have mentioned before, there were numerous ponds of water left by the high water of the Colorado as it receded from the bottoms on both banks. They were called cienegas by the Mexi-



cans and afforded the most fertile mosquito hatcheries imaginable.

As we were growing mighty tired of our mosquito-stricken environment, some of the boys were constantly on the watch for the smoke of the steamer, which could be seen many miles away before the boat itself would come into view.

The Steamer Finally Arrives

About two weeks after our crossing to the bottom someone spied the telltale column of black smoke and we knew it would be but a few hours until the steamer arrived. We hurriedly rolled our beds and threw them into the chuck wagon and ferried the entire outfit back across to Ehrenberg. We had not much more than made the return safely when the wheezy little steamer came puffing up the stream and, bravely dragging the barge behind it, pulled up at a little wharf to unload. Beside the crew that operated the boat there were a number of Indians who were carried along in case of emergency to help the crew. These emergencies were mostly the fouling of the steamer or barge on a sandbar in the stream. When that occurred the Indians would pile out into the water, if the sand was not too much of the nature of quicksand, and they would push, pull and twist around until finally the boat or barge would be freed from the bar. These boats made a trip on an average of one every two weeks.

Sanders Adds a Cart to his Rig

I continued to follow Miller's outfit for a year after making the trip I have just described. During that year I bought four more big mules, which made me the proud possessor of a ten-mule team. I tried to buy another wagon, but could not get one for money, marbles or chalk. There simply was none to be bought. In looking around, though, I happened to stumble onto an old government freight wagon. I went to considerable labor and expense and finally managed to rig myself a pretty fair cart that would carry about a ton and a half. I used it as a trailer behind my wagon. Now, if you ever happened to talk with anyone who had any experience in dragging a cart around over the roads of those days as a trailer, they may have been able to give you an idea of the grief I had with mine. A bucking bronco was not in it a bit when I would strike a bunch of chuckholes and a few big rocks in the road all at the same time. They did not forge chains strong enough in those days to hold that cart of mine when she got on one of her bucking spells.

I continued for a time after I acquired my cart to haul over the Ehrenberg stretch of road with the cart bucking along behind like a stubborn mule on a halter rope. On looking back at it as I would jog along, that blamed thing would side kick, go straight up and sometimes went so fast from one side to the other that it looked as though there were two or three carts back there, it was in so many places at the same time. While it was rather amusing and I was joked about it a great deal, it was really very aggravating. I only intended to use it as a makeshift until I would be able to buy a wagon to take its place. I was operating a ten-mule team and had to haul all that it was possible to at one time and, I am telling you, I wasted many a valuable bit of time in fixing up broken connections between that cart and my lead wagon during the time I was compelled to use it.

ABOUT US

The award-winning Prescott Corral (www.prescottcorral.org) was founded in 1962 as an affiliate of Westerners International (www.westerners-international.org), an organization dedicated to the preservation of the real history of the American West.

The Prescott Corral has a well-earned reputation for excellence in preserving Western history through its monthly dinner meetings, the annual History Symposium that it co-sponsors with the Sharlot Hall Museum, and its contributions to other area historical preservation groups.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Al Bates was the Prescott Corral Sheriff in 1998, and writes and speaks on subjects about Arizona territorial history. His book *Jack Swilling, Arizona's Most Lied about Pioneer* was published in 2008.

Leland L. (Lee) Hanchett, a semi-retired engineer and inventor, has written several books about Arizona history. One of those is *Catch the Stage to Phoenix*, a well-researched and detailed account of people and events along the two 19th Century stage routes between Prescott and Phoenix.

John Marion was a 19th century editor of the *Weekly Arizona Miner* and founder of Prescott's *Courier* newspaper. His article "Notes of an 1871 Trip from Prescott to Arizona City" was edited and annotated by Fred Veil. More about Mr. Marion can be found in Territorial Times, Vol. VI, No. 2.

Thomas Sanders was one of the earliest of Prescott pioneers, arriving in November 1863 at age 19, drawn by the lure of gold. The Prescott Corral of Westerners International published his edited memoirs *My Arizona Adventures, the Recollections of Thomas Dudley Sanders, Miner, Freighter and Rancher in Arizona Territory*, in 2003, available from Amazon.com in both printed and e-book form. His article in this publication is extracted from that book.

ABOUT THE BACK COVER: Early Colorado River Steamboat the *Explorer*.

Lieutenant Joseph Christmas Ives of the U.S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers used this stern paddle, iron hulled steamer in an attempt to determine the highest point of steam navigation on the Colorado River. The Explorer had its problems both with its excessive draft and very limited freeboard, but did manage to get some 40 miles above where Bullhead City now stands. The feat was slightly tarnished since a commercial steamboat already had reached a lower point that became the practical head of navigation for commercial services.

To learn more about steamboating on the Colorado River, see Richard E. Lingenfelter's book *Steamboats on the Colorado River 1852-1916*, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1978.