

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUNSET SAW MILL,
Mogollon Mountain, 40 miles west
from Sunset, Arizona,
October 22, 1878.

President John Taylor, Salt Lake
City:

Dear Brother—A few miles before reaching Tucson we strike the road on which the Mormon Battalion traveled in 1846, when making their march through this country, and entered the town on the east side. Tucson is a miserable, dirty, unenviable place, and situate on the Santa Cruz River; the houses are of adobe, one story high, with flat roofs, very few of them have any windows, or floors but the ground. Streets very narrow and irregular. The main street is on the west side of town, near the river bottom, on which the principal business houses and stores are located. The waters of the stream are all taken out into a small ditch on the south end of the town, and run along the west side, where they are used for all purposes. We saw several of the Mexican women and one Chinese man on the bank, washing clothes, there appearing no regard as to keeping the waters clean. The inhabitants are mostly Mexicans, and a rough looking lot of individuals. A part of our company visited the old settled part of the town, where the fort guard house was situate when the Battalion was here; the remains or relics are yet visible, but that part has been mostly vacated, only a few of the miserable hovels are now inhabited. The new part of town, however, is not much of an improvement in style or architecture.

After purchasing a few needed articles of provisions and mailing our letters, we left Tucson and drove 11 miles to a Mexican ranch and camped, having traveled 41 miles to-day. Here we had to buy water for our animals, at five cents per head, for night and morning. In five miles from town we crossed the water ditch containing the waters of the Santa Cruz, which shortly sinks in the sand, and we enter upon the desert.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—A distance of seven miles brings us to Point of the Mountain, another ranch where water can be purchased—the mountain being a ridge of volcanic rock extending from the main belt several miles. Thence to Desert Station, 9 miles, a ranch, also a mail station kept by an American. The water is drawn from a well 250 feet deep, by a horse attached to a shaft, turning a large drum, around which a rope is conveyed over two pulleys, and the full barrel containing 25 or 30 gallons comes up while the empty one descends. The horse being so hitched that he can turn round on the landing of the full barrel without help from the driver. A detachment of soldiers of the 12th regiment, en route from California to Camp Grant, were here. Thence 6 miles to noon camp. Since entering upon the desert the road has been dry and dusty, and for 15 miles passes through a continuous forest of mesquite of a fine, healthy growth, then chapparel, with an occasional mesquite. Low, rugged peaks of volcanic rock are seen all around, on the east and west, from 5 to 15 miles distant—weather very warm, grass short and dry. Our road being on the Battalion trail, after dinner we drove northwest through Picacho Pass to Picacho Station, 21 miles, and camped. Here there is good water drawn, as before, from a well 160 feet deep, which costs 25 cents per span. Here the roads fork, the right to Florence, 22 miles, the left to Sacaton, 33 miles on the Gila River.

Oct. 11th.—Drove to Florence, passing another ranch, in 7 miles, where water can be obtained. This place is on the Gila River, and laid out on a second bench from the bed of the stream, at right angles, the main street, about 3 rods wide, through the centre of town. Everything has a clean and more neat appearance than any place yet passed in Southern Arizona. There are some 800 inhabitants, quite a number of Americans. Here we found two shingle roofs, the first and only ones in this section. There is considerable very rich land on this river at this place, but little water during the summer as it sinks above—the town is supplied by wells—we drove across the river, which at this time, is a beautiful stream, and

made our noon camp, where Bro. Wilkin was taken down with a chill, which has affected him more or less since leaving the San Pedro. A Mr. Stiles, an American gentleman from Pennsylvania, resides here in a fine adobe house with shingle roof, his farm well cared for and he is looked upon as one of the most reliable farmers of this section of country. After dinner we started upon a 40 mile desert, across a mesa or bench, and in 15 miles made our camp near a mound which appeared the work of an ancient people, and in the excavation we found water for our animals.

October 12th.—We traveled 27 miles to noon camp and 10 miles to Bro. Jesse N. Perkins' camp on the Salt River; found two of his sons sick with the chills and fever, contracted while on the San Pedro, then visited Brother Crismon's camp, a short distance up the river, and thence to Brother Sirrine and Pomeroy's camp, one mile higher up—then returned to Brother Perkins' where supper had been prepared, of which we partook, and when the moon arose, we drove four miles down the river to Brother Daniel W. Jones' camp, where we came upon them somewhat unexpected, as Brother Jones was out to meet us, expecting we would come up the river. The Saints in these camps are all enjoying good health except the sons of Brother Perkins; here we found letters from Utah.

October 13th.—As per previous appointment, meeting was called at 10 a. m., and was addressed by Brothers Jesse N. Smith, Hinckley, Oliphant, Lot Smith and President Snow, who spoke in relation to the invasion and conquest of Cortez, against the Montezuma's in the City of Mexico—referred to the Lord suffering the wicked to slay the wicked in the wars, etc., also of the mission of the three Nephites towards their brethren the aborigines of this country, and the unity of the Saints in the ordinances of the Gospel; benediction by Elder Nuttall.

At 2.45 meeting convened, prayer by Elder Lot Smith. Elder Nuttall read the letter of appointment and instructions from President Taylor and the Council of the Twelve to President Erastus Snow, after which President Snow addressed the assembled Saints, and, as there were some difficulties, have all things reconciled so that we can partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's supper together, worthily, that the Spirit of the Lord may dictate what will be for the best good of all concerned. Brothers Crismon, D. W. Jones, J. N. Perkins, Geo. W. Sirrine, F. M. Pomeroy and Thomas Biggs spoke.

Oct. 14th.—A few teams and vehicles being provided, we drove on to the farms, examined the several water ditches or canals—then on to the Mesa or bench, two and a half miles east on to the townsite located by the brethren of the upper camps—on the way we passed and examined some ancient ruins, which appear to be very extensive, the main structure seems to have been a citadel or fortress; about three rods east and west, by eight rods north and south, the decay of ages and debris have filled the rooms, so that traces of the walls which had been plastered, can only be found, the outer walls and traces are plainly visible, also a reservoir inside the walls, which had evidently been used to contain water during a siege, and from the indications of ruins of many buildings for some distance all round, it was evident a numerous people had some time lived here—broken pottery being strewn all over the ground—We then passed to the north, examining the labor of the brethren on their water ditches, to where they take the water through what is called the Montezuma Canal, this is a very extensive piece of work, and shows forth evidences of engineering and skill, it was taken from the river, across the bottom, along the side of the bench and on the bench to the level, where it divides into several large ditches, some of which extend and are now traceable for miles on the bench, showing that much farming has been done, one of the main ditches crosses the bench some 40 miles to the Gila River, this main ditch has been 15 to 20 feet wide on the bottom, and from 20 to 60 feet wide on top, and from four to 18 or 20 feet deep for five miles. The brethren of the upper camps, some 18 hands, have made 34 miles of ditch from river to head of Montezuma canal, and three miles on the bench

from where the old canal forks; also cleaned out the old canal, the same being from three to eight feet wide, except two miles at the head, which is 15 feet wide, and they now have the water to their townsite; this work has cost some \$7,000 wages at \$1.50 per day. Brother D. W. Jones and company's canal is three miles long, and capable of watering 1,500 acres of land; there are 22 men, 20 women, 53 boys and 42 girls (38 under eight years of age) and seven families now located in these camps; they have labored the past summer mainly on their water ditches, whilst those with Brother Jones have also raised some grain and vegetables, and each family have a young orchard growing, also shade trees, etc.; some have raised two crops of corn (small patches), three crops of melons, two of beans and two of tomatoes on the same vines, also three cuttings of sugar cane from one planting, and cut six cuttings of lucern. There are several families of Pima, Maricopa and Papago Indians here, under the care of Brother Jones, who are making their own support by farming; 24 of the men were recently baptized; they are fine stalwart men.

At 2.30 the Saints assembled at Brother Perkins' camp; after singing and prayer, Brother Smith reported on the examination of the books and accounts of Brother Jones' company, which had been kept satisfactory. The brethren generally availed themselves of the opportunity given yesterday of confessing their faults and asking forgiveness. President Snow referred to the words of Nephi, as regards the actions of the evil one in laboring with the children of men; also upon the benefits and efficacy of prayer. Elders Nuttall and J. N. Smith spoke in regard to the Indians and the general welfare of the Saints, after which Brother Jesse N. Perkins being a President of Seventies, was set apart by President Snow as presiding officer of the Saints located on this river and in its vicinity, not to act as a bishop in all his duties, but with his counselors to hear and determine such cases as may come before them, with the sanction and approval of the Saints. Brother Henry C. Rogers was called and set apart as first counselor, and Geo. Warren Sirrine as second counselor. Bro. Daniel W. Jones was sustained in his charge of the Indians, to labor under the council of Bro. Perkins, so that no misunderstanding arise. President Snow offered the benediction and blessed the people. At 6.50 p. m., after meeting, drove to Bro. Jones' camp and met with a number of the Pima Indians, who were baptized by Bro. Jones on the 11th of September, and who desired to be confirmed. After a full explanation of this ordinance, eight of them were confirmed.

Oct. 15th.—At 9 a. m., after bidding adieu to the Saints, we drove to Bro. Perkins' camp, Bro. Jones and two Indians accompanying, and at 11 o'clock crossed the Salt River at the McDowell crossing, which is just below their camp, and drove to the north over medium good road, somewhat hilly, to Camp McDowell on the Verde River, 12 miles. This is a clean camp, adobe buildings, shingle roofs, closely surrounded by hills or mountains. The river is a nice clear stream of very good water, coming in from the north; not much farming land on the river bottom. While at our dinner, Lieut. Kendall, Lieut. Van Schwabe and Dr. Todd made us a short visit from camp. We then drove through the hills to Sycamore Creek, 12 miles, and camped; good water, a small running stream, but sinks occasionally; feed plenty.

Oct. 16th.—Bro. Jones and the two Indians returned home from this place. We left the creek on our right and passed over the hills, seven miles to creek again, thence up creek a short distance, and leave it to the right, to Round Valley, six miles; thence up a long steep hill and over hills and up cañons to water holes, two miles, and nooned. Here a party of men were to work repairing the roads. Many rough places had been smoothed by them in our travels of yesterday afternoon and this morning, but there is manifest a great lack of experience in this kind of work. We drove to Sunflower Valley, five miles to Sycamore Creek again; then down the creek and up an east fork four miles to foot of Reno Mountain, in the Four Peak Range; up the mountain on steep long dugway most of the way, two miles to divide. It is now dark, and we travel down

the mountain on steep dugway, about one mile, when our carriage wheels run into a large rock in the road, which Bro. Smith, who was driving, could not discern. In an instant we found ourselves upset, President Snow and myself on the ground among the seats and sides of carriage top, five pistols and two guns dragging for nearly a rod among the rocks. Brothers Smith and Hinckley also down and holding on to the team, which they stopped, on enquiry there was no one hurt with the exception of a few scratches on Bro. Smith's knees. We soon got the carriage on to the wheels and they nor the axles were not injured, and drove down the cañon some 300 yards, where we found an old camp ground and down in the creek bed a hole of good water, it being so dark we concluded to camp and repair damages in the morning, the wind blowing very cold.

Oct. 17.—Very cold and windy during the past night and this morning. Bro. Snow took cold in his eyes which were very sore. We made such repairs on the carriage top as we could, and drove down the cañon, very steep and sidling in places to Camp Reno, three miles, this is a vacated military post, the remains of the camp are yet visible, one house only kept intact, a Mr. Prater lives here, keeping a ranch. We learn that Gen. Crook some 9 or 10 years ago, declared this camp as an unsuitable place for troops; the Indians having all the advantages. Here the road forks, the right leads to Salt River and the Globe mining district, and we take the left and pass to the north up the Tonto Creek, passing over ridges and round the head of ravines and washes, some very steep pitches seven miles to ford, thence up on east side two miles to ford and nooned. There are a few ranches on this stream and suitable places for small farms, mostly fit for stock range, the hills, however, are rough and rocky, this stream empties into Salt River about 20 miles from Reno. After dinner ascended a long hill, then down and over to spring three miles and a half, then over a rough hill and sidling rocky road down to Rye Creek two miles and a half, here we found Bro. Price Nelson and wife and family encamped with their stock; also Bro. Jos. Gibson's (late of Toquerville) wife and family, he having gone on a trip to Phoenix, they having been traveling slow and both purpose to continue their travels to Salt River shortly, as they want to get where there are enough families for safety and schools. There is some land on this creek, suitable for farming, but no durable running water in the creek to put on to it as it sinks and dries up; there is good water where Bro. Nelson is now located, but it sinks again; this wash enters the Tonto Creek about three quarters of a mile below this camp.

Oct. 18.—Very cold last night, all in camp well. Drove up Rye Creek to forks, six miles, water here, then up west or left fork to upper forks, five miles, water here. Then up point of bench and over on to left hand fork, which we follow up most of the time in the bed of the creek over rocks and heavy sand and through cedars and pines on to divide, six miles, the road so dim in places it was difficult to find, a few teams only having passed over this road, and no work having been done on it, thence down the mountain five miles, to Brother John W. Freeman's camp, on East Verde. Here we met Sister Freeman and family and a Mrs. Peach and family, also two young men, Bros. Willis and Wilson, balance of camp back to Southern Utah, after families and stock. This camp is about 40 miles from Camp Verde by the trail down the creek, and just above the mouth of Pine Creek, a small bottom surrounded by hills and mountains; 20 or 25 families can sustain themselves by farming. Most of the land will raise corn without irrigation. Nine of our brethren have claims on this creek. Sister Freeman provided supper and breakfast.

Oct. 19th.—Crossed the creek and ascended a long sidling hill, then up over the ridges to steep hill, six miles; in one and a half miles another steep hill and in one mile another short hill, then up cañon one mile, where we take up the side of the mountain on winding road, over and down ridge to Pine Creek, six and a half miles and nooned. Just before camping Bro. Stanley killed a fine turkey. There is a ranch house here, a nice level

place among the pines, good land and good water in a small stream. A Mr. Siddle lives here and he has raised some fine corn and potatoes; he has sold his claim to a Brother Allen, who is now at Utah for his family. After dinner in half a mile we enter a cañon between the spur of the Mogollon mountains to the divide, two and half miles, then down to Strawberry Valley, two and a half miles, and camped. There is a ranch here kept by Mr. Isaac Soathing, who has raised a great deal of corn and potatoes. We met a Mr. Birch, who formerly lived at Ogden, in Utah, he lives with a Mr. McDonald, in Gr. Valley, some eight miles east from East Verde, and 20 miles from here. Then there is a Pleasant Valley further east, 25 miles from East Verde, and Little Green Valley between the two; these are small valleys in among the hills. This Strawberry Valley is a mile and a half long and quarter of a mile wide, scattering pines on the bottom but large pines on the mountains. Mr. Birch has two brothers and three sisters now in Utah.

October 20.—In one mile ascended a long rocky, steep hill, on to a spur of the Mogollon Mountain, 14 miles follow up the divide 5 1/2 miles to a small lake 25 x 30 feet, thence to corral four miles—there is water 1 1/2 miles down cañon to left; thence half a mile to the Apache road, then follow said road east to Baker Springs, three miles, and nooned. Good water in small lake left of road, and Baker Springs half a mile to the right—we are now 33 miles from Camp Verde. We start again, and in passing Baker's Butte Bros. Snow, Smith, Hinckley and Nuttall walked to the top, where an extended view of the surrounding country was had; to the south and east over the Tonto country and on to the Apache mountains, which was much like the country we have traveled over the past four days; to the north and northwest the Mogollon Mountain, covered with heavy pine, and oak timber, and the San Francisco Peak, also headwaters of the Rio Verde. Near the 35 mile tree we leave the Apache road and turn north to Quakenasp Creek, three miles, and camped—good water and feed.

October 21.—Very cold last night, ice in the water pail; drove mostly on rocky ridge to small valley to tree indicating water half a mile south, five miles; thence over ridge again to narrow cañon, seven miles; up cañon on to grassy knoll and thence to Antelope Tanks, six miles, and nooned. The tanks are about 300 yards west of road, good water; considerable of the road to-day very dim, our course only discernible by the blazed trees. This road was first travelled by Bro. J. W. Freeman and party last March, who located it and marked the trees. We again drove four miles and camped in an open glade.

Oct. 22nd.—Not having water for cooking or our teams, we made an early start and drove 6 miles, then left the road and turned northwest to the Sunset saw mill, 9 miles, where we arrived at 11.20, 7 miles without any road, and all hands ready for breakfast, which was soon provided by the good saints who reside here; there being 5 families who belong to the Sunset and Brigham City Wards. This mill is located about 40 miles west from Sunset, has two 20 horse-power boilers and engine and mill complete, large groves of splendid timber near by. Considerable land for farming purposes, and altogether a desirable and healthy location. At 6 o'clock the saints assembled in meeting, and were addressed by the brethren of the party; a good spirit prevailed and all felt blessed.

We expect to leave this place the morning for Pleasant Valley then hunt out a new road to the Grand Falls of the Little Colorado River, some 50 miles, and continue our journey home, expecting to reach Kanab about the 2nd of November. Our teams are becoming jaded, and the brethren somewhat tired, but in good health and spirits.

Pres. Snow and the brethren desire to be remembered to you and the brethren of the Twelve.

With kindest regards, I remain your brother in the gospel.

L. JOHN NUTTALL.

P. S. We have entered into the details of our travels as to mileage and camps, more especially to aid those of our brethren who may have occasion to travel through this country hereafter. L. J. N.