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## TRAVELING THROUGH SOUTHERN UTAH INTO ARIZONA.

### [FOURTH LETTER.]

From Hackberry we followed the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railway eastward for a distance of fifty miles to Aubrey valley. There we left the railroad and followed the valley of the upper Verde southward towards Prescott. Our route most of the way was through a hilly country covered with cedar and pinon pine. We were now fairly in the stock-growing districts of Arizona. The country was covered with stock but barren of feed; the long-continued drought had dried up the pasturage and as a result the whole country was covered with the dried-up carcasses of the cattle. Wolves were numerous in this region, attracted by the dead cattle. At night they would howl around our wagon and leave their footprints in the sand. Sometimes when they would approach too near us, or their howling would become almost unbearable, we would take down the rifle carefully and pointing it out through the cover at some object move about in the darkness would pull the trigger. For an instant there would be a flash of fire, then a report, and we could see streaks of dust in every direction, and hear the sound of hurrying feet; then all would be still again.

I think there is some of the most beautiful country between Aubrey valley and Prescott that I ever saw. The mountains sink to low hills; the higher knobs are covered with cedar and pine, and the lower hills and valleys with grass. The soil is of the richest. O, what a country this would be if there were only rains in the proper seasons. And yet there are rains usually enough to insure good crops if their waters were only stored and held in reserve until the dry season, and not allowed to run off into the rivers and do no good. The country is so situated that reservoirs could be constructed almost anywhere. All that is necessary is a union of effort on the part of the people, and that with the present inhabitants is an impossibility.

Prescott was formerly a mining camp and is still kept up largely by the wealth it receives from that source. It is situated in a narrow valley high up among granite hills. The climate is pleasant and agreeable. It was for many years the capital of Arizona but the development of the southern val-

leys removed the center of population there and the capital was changed to Phoenix. Formerly this was the headquarters of a large military district and a large number of troops were kept there; but since Geronimo is no more and the Apaches have ceased to be troublesome, Uncle Sam has taken his headquarters to Denver. Prescott has some few nice buildings. The court house is certainly a credit to the town. The old state house, and the district school buildings are conspicuous objects among the wooden shacks that usually constitute the main element of a mining town, though there are a number of fine brick and stone structures. To our inquiry as to what kept the town up, a gentleman replied, "Her gambling dens and prostitutes;" and after walking over the town we came to the conclusion he did not miss it much.

From Prescott we took the road for Phoenix that runs through the Agua Fria valley and down through the Black canyon. The distance is about 110 miles, and there is plenty of water in wells at distances from ten to fifteen miles all along the road, except between New river and Phoenix, where there is a desert of twenty-six miles to cross. There is no feed anywhere along the road except the hay kept at the stage stations, and that is usually sold at a very handsome figure. Grain can also be bought at the stations. Do not expect to buy oats—there are none in this country. I went into a store at Prescott and asked for oats. The clerk said they had some. I told him to put me up about 100 pounds and I would call and get it. He seemed thunderstruck. "Mau," said he, "what are you going to with so much?" "Feed it to my horses," I replied. "Why, it will kill them; horses can't eat oats." I remarked, that they could in the country where I came from. Well on one here ever heard of such a thing as that. I asked him to show me the oats, and when he pointed to a few packages on a shelf labeled, "Quaker Oats," I winced. Barley is the grain feed of the country. If you want anything else you must bring it with you from Utah.

The country between the Agua Fria valley and New river is one of the roughest I ever saw. We were told that it would shake the dust off our wagon, and it did. Up long steep hills, and down longer and steeper ones. The road through what they

call the Black canyon, though I didn't see much of a canyon, is the roughest we saw on the entire trip. It is a puzzle to me to know how the stage and heavily loaded wagon ever got over it. And yet it would not be a difficult matter to make a good road. It would cost some money, and Arizona don't seem to have much money to spend in that direction just now. But it does seem as though they would keep up some semblance of a road between the capital and one of the chief towns when there is no other mode of communication between them.

Deserted mining camps are quite numerous in this part of Arizona. We saw one on the mountain above Hackberry, and another just back of Big Bug. There were the mills, the stores, boarding houses, and homes of the miners, all deserted. No smoke curled upwards from the many chimneys, no familiar form was seen on the streets, no sound broke the stillness of the summer afternoon—all was as quiet as the surrounding desert.

On the evening of the 17th of July we camped on a hill about six miles south of Big Bug. We were now rapidly approaching the hot region again. Way off to the south we could see isolated mountain peaks which we knew overlooked the hot barren valleys. We were hearing the jumping-off place where we would descend from the mountain to the plain.

Another phase of the old civilization is found in this vicinity. On the tops of the most prominent peaks are ruins of houses that seem to have been erected as watch towers, and a small guard seems to have been kept in them for that purpose. Old prospectors told us that they had seen them on all the most prominent peaks; that the buildings were long since reduced to ruins, but that they could yet see traces of the places where the signal fires were lighted. It seems probable that the same methods were pursued here as were pursued by the Incas way off in Peru. In that country watch towers were erected and guards maintained on the prominent peaks along the routes from which invasion was expected. The guard who first caught sight of the invading army would light his signal fire so that it could be seen by the guard on the next peak, and he in turn would warn the next, until the signal was seen by the people in the valley. Thus they would receive information of the coming of a