THE ARIZONA MINER
"THE GOLD OF THAT LAND IS GOOD."

PRESCOTT, JANUARY 26, 1867.

No News—no Mails.—Again we are compelled to issue our paper without news. Our latest intelligence from the east and California was contained in the last Miner. It is over forty days since we received a mail of any account. This is an intolerable state of things. We had confidently hoped to hear something from Gov. McCormick, at least, but in this, even, we are disappointed. The importance of his mission to California is vital to the people of this Territory, and particularly to this northern section. Should it so happen that a California mail arrives within the next few days, we will probably issue an extra, by way of enlightening the people of this dark age.

OUR HARVEST—GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS—INDIANS.

We have received a communication touching upon the subjects embraced in the heading of this article, but it being somewhat of a personal nature we must decline its publication until we know more of the facts therein stated than now appear to be demonstrated.

We have, on several occasions, alluded to the grain crop of last year with pride and pleasure. First, because of the fact that the soil of our Territory is adapted to its abundant growth. And second, that the ranchmen who had labored and risked their lives, were to be fully remunerated. The last conclusion was based upon the fact that Government contracts to a large amount, probably one half the product of northern Arizona, were offered to our citizens at about sixteen dollars per hundred pounds. These contracts were accepted by our people, and closed agreably to terms made here, and sent to California for approval. Subsequently nearly all the grain contracts were repudiated by "*red tape*." This we knew some months ago, but we could not understand how our people could be deprived of the market for their grain until very lately. But it now appears very plain. Parties, whose names we withhold for the present, are believed to be secretly interested in the last contracts made in California after the repudiation of the Arizona contracts, and are now crying down prices of grain here for a purpose not difficult to see. The result is, the crops of our farmers are on their hands, or being sold to speculators at prices far below cost; while California grain is used for the supply of the military posts at prices far above what was ever expected to be realized by our farmers.

These are truths we are very sorry to hear, but think the remedy is not very distant. As matters now stand, there appears a great wrong. In fact there are a series of wrongs. In the first place the Government, through its quartermasters, offered to buy the produce of our country, reserving the *red tape* right to back down on any quartermaster's bargain. This was done in several very important cases, and in some at a damage and cost to our contractors of several thousand dollars each.

The next great wrong is the going out of the Territory to purchase grain at all, at any price, while it is to be had here. What are our farmers here for? What in the name of common sense is the object of our Government in sending a military force here? Is it not that our country, known to be valuable, may be developed and produce a revenue to the United States? Why are the hostile Indians disturbed? And who or what class of men are doing most to bring about these great ends? Is it not our ranchmen? Who more than our farmers are the sufferers from Indian murders and robbery?

These questions require no answer at our hands. The wrongs, frauds, intrigues and swindles practiced upon our Government are getting too palpable and glaring to be longer concealed. It is time Government swindling was ended. Let every man view the subject in one aspect only:—the existence of our present enormous National debt, for the payment of which every one of us is daily taxed, and then answer, if the thieving upon our public treasury should not cease.

We shall resume the discussion of this subject at a future time, and perhaps give some facts the people ought to know, especially in regard to the amount of produce raised in Arizona last year, with the prospects and legitimate demand for the crop of 1867.

Bill James the Burglar—the Elephant.—Our citizens assembled last night at Council Hall, to decide what to do with the surviving burglar and thief Bill James, now in the hands of Sheriff Bourke. The Hall was crowded with earnest and anxious men. Hon. Judge Berry was called to the chair, and James S. Giles appointed Secretary, who read the evidence against the prisoner as given before Justice Blair. The evidence was full and clear—and we remember the time in San Francisco when, under existing circumstances, the culprit would have swung between the heavens and earth in half an hour. But the people seemed more inclined to deliberate the matter than otherwise. The chairman was very tender hearted, and thought there were plenty of hombres walking about town who would murder and rob him for a fifty dollar greenback; but this English thief, robber, pick pocket, burglar, Botany Bay transported convict—this prince of villains, who daily boldly boasted of his infamous life—set at defiance all law or authority in Arizona to punish him, must be furnished the means of leaving the county of Yavapai. No harm must come to him; he must be sent to a more congenial climate. Mr. Campbell, one of our county Supervisors, said there was no money in the treasury to spend on the wretch—wanted to see him fairly tried before the people, and proposed Mr. Hargrave should act as attorney for the prisoner, which was ferociously voted. Mr. H. very politely returned thanks for the compliment but declined the honor. He said the proper course was to procure a special term of court to be holden by our Chief Judge, and thus legally try the villain. Then came up the question what shall be done with the elephant? It was proved the thief had stolen a rope from cheap John some time ago, and it was asked if the article was long enough to hang him. The question was based simply upon the old addage—"give some men rope enough and they will hang themselves." But the astute chairman understood it a proposition to hang the prisoner with that same rope, which terribly shocked him. But he soon recovered and presided over the meeting with his usual suavity and elegance. Captain Hodges of the Rangers said a portion of his company was still on the war path—he would take James out to-day and deliver him over the county line, and there notify him, if he ever returns we'll give him h—. This we considered economical, sensible, and to the point. The secretary made some very appropriate remarks, but was not in favor of keeping and feeding the culprit.

In another column will be found the official proceedings, with a resolution, description of the scoundrel, &c.

NOTES OF A TRIP THROUGH ARIZONA IN THE SUMMER OF 1866.

Prescott, Jan. 24, 1867.

Editor Arizona Miner:—In compliance with a request long since made by yourself and various members of the late "White Mountain Prospecting and Exploring Company," of which I chanced to be an humble member, I now propose to give your readers, in my poor way, a fuller, if not a better history of what the party saw, did and expected to do, while "going it blind" for three months through the mountain fastnesses of Apachedom, than any yet published. The party consisted of 39 men. Their names are as follows: Messrs. Morse, Billings, Strauss, Maybe, Hutchinson, Kelley, Lyle, Jackson, Garner, Drennen, Stockton, Mace, Hartman, Richdell, O'Neill, McGraw, Brannan, Swartz, Bodcill, Marion, Hope, McWilliams, Jacobs, Brewington, Walker, Grant, Lee, Lubkin, Myer, Ackerman, Jones, Marte, Dicken, Farrell, Marchante, one Frenchman and one Italian, whose names I do not know. We had sixty-four head of animals when we left the Verde.

July 13, 1866. This was the day fixed upon for departure from our rendezvous, about two and a half miles below Prescott, on Granite Creek, and the sun, as he sent his warm rays over hill and tree tops, into our camp, beheld every man at his post—some cooking, others attending to the wants of our quadruped fellow voyageurs, and still others compressing into smaller dimensions the huge packs to be borne by the animals. All were cherful, happy, and every man expected to return a millionaire. We were composed of representatives from nearly every State in the Union and every country in Europe. We differed in religion, in politics and in a great many other things, yet each one vied with the other in making time pass pleasant and keeping up the general good feeling of the party. We had, the day previous, elected a Captain, Mr. John Brewington, who, we thought, was just the man to lead us through the unknown region we proposed to visit. A good mountaineer, an excellent packer, and brave man—these were his qualifications, and, were it not for that blighting curse of able men—whiffet and brainless advisers—no doubt he would have proved equal to our expectations. At length all were ready and we took up our line of march for Bigelow's camp on Lynx creek, distant about seven miles, where we soon arrived and encamped, turned our animals out to feed upon the excellent gramma with which the hills and valleys were covered, built our camp fires and set frying pans and coffee pots vigorously at work to cook the evening meal. The newcomers to the Territory started out to prospect the diggings, and were it not that they expected to find the precious *ore* in huge pieces and thickly strewn over the Sierra Blanca country—some of them would have went right to work at the business of gold dentistry on Lynx creek. Night soon came, our animals were driven up, tied to stakes and a guard placed over them to keep them from falling into the hands of the omnipresent Apache. A meeting was called to decide upon which of the two routes that led to our destination the party preferred, and as a majority were in favor of that by the Rio Verde, there was very little difficulty in choosing it. The advocates of the route *via* the San Francisco mountains and the Little Colorado found themselves out-generaled, as they had allowed themselves to be led out on the Verde road seven miles without objecting, and "now," the others argued, "it would be craw-fishing to turn back." So Verde won.

July 14. Saddled and packed up, bade good bye to our hospitable friends and struck for our next camp on Ash creek, distant about 16 miles, where we arrived in the afternoon.

July 15. Traveled northeast about twelve miles, to a Cienega, or valley, where we found plenty of wood, water and grass. During the afternoon, rain fell in considerable quantity, and those of the party who brought tents with them thanked their stars for so doing.

July 16. Travelled northeast twelve miles, to the Rio Verde, or as some call it, the San Francisco. We descended to the river through Copper canon, a narrow and somewhat ugly highway, after considerable trouble in keeping the packs upon the backs of our animals. We crossed the Verde without trouble and camped upon its east bank. As the country between Prescott and the Verde is pretty well known, I will content myself with the following brief description: Most generally the formation is micaceous and feldspathic granite, with some slate—principally mica and talcose. This formation, as every miner knows, contains veins of quartz, sometimes barren, then, again, gold-bearing, and very often both, and this section of country is no exception to the general rule, as the huge ledges and the immense amount of float quartz over which we passed proves. The face of the country is hilly; covered with a luxuriant growth of the nutritious gramma; is tolerably well watered, and is as fine a stock raising country as could be wished for. Along the streams there are some beautiful valleys, with ash, oak and other timber. Game, also, is tolerable plenty.

July 27. To day we will not move camp, as we wish to see and have a talk with the old mountaineer, Pauline Weaver, of "prehistoric" fame, who is now out as guide for a company of soldiers (Mexicans) who are hunting Indians.

July 18. As Mr. W. has not returned we concluded to lay over in camp another day, and having all my traps in ship shape I determined to take a ride round the valley, and examine the river, etc. The following is the result of my labors on that occasion: I proceeded down the valley about two miles, where I found and was welcomed by some twenty-five or thirty citizen pioneers of Arizona, who had squatted down here to lay the foundation for future fortunes. They are brave, fearless and industrious men—valuable citizens of an invaluable republic. Among them were Judge Wells, Joe Melvin, Ralston, Brown, Seidleman, the Brooks' brothers, Jack Turner, Mr. Elliott and family, Mr. Norwood, P. Saunders, Mr. Marsh and others, whose names I cannot recollect. It was surprising to see the amount of work done by these people in the short space of time they had lived here, and with the villainous Apache ever on the alert—ever watching his chance to take from them their lives, their property—their all. I was informed that the river was now at low water mark, and that when it was on a bender it was difficult to cross it. I found it however, to be a stream of considerable importance, as large, if not larger than the north fork of Feather river, California, and very swift. There are plenty of fish in its waters, and we did not find it difficult to capture them. It runs through a valley nearly fifty miles in length by from one to five miles in width, nearly all of which can be made to yield corn, cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, vegetables, etc. There is plenty of cottonwood, mezquit, ash, sycamore and huge willow. Pine in immense quantity can be had from the mountains to the northeast, by going a distance of from ten to fifteen miles. The soil is rich and capable of producing almost any kind of a crop, and the climate is similar to that of the foot-hill portion of California—snow rarely ever falling in winter, but in summer heavy showers of rain are frequent (rivaling California in that respect) which keeps the grass and growing crops green and beautiful, and makes irrigation scarcely necessary. The corn, wheat and vegetables planted by the settlers looked well. Two companies of the Arizona First (Mexicans) were stationed here. Formation lava and shale; to the south it is granite. All over this long valley there are ruins of ancient dwellings, vestiges of former civilization and industry, which, no doubt, were destroyed by the hands of the ruthless Apache. A few miles below the settlements the river runs through a long, deep canon, roaring, boiling and surging until its confluence with Salt river. This river takes its rise in the San Francisco mountain, and in the mesa to the east of said mountain. Above the crossing, a large stream named Beaver creek flows into the valley; below, Clear creek comes rushing down, until it reaches the dam built by the settlers, from whence it is carried in ditches to irrigate the various farms, should irrigation become necessary.

July 19. Struck out southeast, crossed Clear and Sycamore creeks, and camped in a valley where we found Mexican soldiers with an Apache prisoner and scalps. They were commanded by the famous Lieutenant Gallegos, he who has so often carried terror to the heart of Apachedom. When a boy he was among the Coyoterro Indians, learned their language and become acquainted with their haunts. We also met Mr. Weaver, he gave us some valuable information, but would not accompany us. The country passed over today is lava formation, with plenty of timber on the creek bottoms, and excellent grass and water. The climate is warm.

July 20. To-day we went over a very rugged country and encamped upon a large, beautiful mountain stream called "Fossil Creek"—formation, lava. I also saw white bed rock, resembling porphyry. Prickly pears plenty. The name "Fossil creek," I consider a misnomer, for the following reasons: First, We did not see any fossils. Second, it is a large, swift stream—large enough for a river. Third, it runs through a white porphyry and cement formation—giving to its waters a singularly white appearance, and I, with others, think the name should be changed to "White River." If it is not done, however, I can grin and bear it, just as well as I bore the terrible rain storm which fell upon me while camped upon its banks.

July 21. Climbed a very steep mountain, which I have since learned is named Governor's mountain, in honor of ex-Gov. Goodwin. It took us just two hours to get ourselves and train on top of it, and were it not named I should explore Webster for some horrible cognomen with which I could christen the overgrown monster.

July 22-3. Climbed still higher, to top of the great range of mountains that divides the waters of the Little Colorado from those of the Gila. To the north, we saw the giant form of the San Francisco Mountains; to the northeast, the plains of the Little Colorado; and to the south, Tonto Basin and another range of bald mountains—to mation, sandstone and lava. Camped on creek running north. To the northwest there are forests of pine, oak, etc., for about sixty miles, with water and grass in abundance. To the east the same dark line of timber stretches out before the eye for hundreds of miles, with an average width of from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty miles, and had I previously been told that such an immense body of timber was in this Territory, I would most certainly have believed it a falsehood—but to see is to believe.

From this day until the 20th of August we traveled east through this forest without ever finding indications or formations that denoted the presence of gold, save and except about the head of a tributary of Salt river, where we managed to get the color in some gulches. At this point, for a distance of about forty miles, on top of mountains seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, there is a wash of granite and quartz gravel that looks well for gold. It lies upon sandstone bedrock, and, must, I think, come from the southeast. For long distances the southern side of this range of mountains is perpendicular and you can look down for thousands of feet. The country to the south is one grand panorama of fairy dells, bewitching dales, jagged, rounded, square, triangular, weirdshaped peaks and cones; that to the north is high table-land. In the mountains there are lakes, canyons, valleys; turkeys, bear and deer; and the eye gets wearied of beholding grass. Clover, too, is often to be seen. By following the divide we generally had a good road, but as soon as we left it we were confronted by some ugly looking canyon, that would cause us to return and hunt the sandstone. Below the sandstone, north, the formation is calcspar, and the soil is very rich, producing excellent grasses wild hemp, etc.

In about fifteen days from the time we left the San Francisco river we were abreast of the White Mountains, but our guide (who said he had been to them before) did not know whether they were the ones or not. We traveled around the north side of them into New Mexico, where the Gila comes out of them, prospecting nearly every place that looked at all favorable for gold and found nothing. The peaks of this range are very high, but the range itself is somewhat broken up. Lava is the formation. It rains or snows nearly every day in the year, as I was afterwards informed by the Indians. The timber is fir, very large and as thick as it can stand. Cinnamon bear, elk, deer, antelope, turkey and grouse are abundant. There are large and beautiful valleys and lakes. The valleys are surrounded by hills, skirted by fringes of fir, spruce, poplar, etc. Every brook runs full of water, and grass seems to be a drug in the market. Some of the streams contain fish; and were it not for the altitude of the place, with its freezing cold water in Midsummer, I should certainly have supposed myself in heaven. Upon no other portion of the world which I have ever seen has nature lavished her charms with so unsparing hands. The mind becomes exalted and filled with reverence for the Creater of such enchanting loveliness; the eye wanders over beauteous scenery, gorgeous, brilliant landscapes, until, like taking a last look at the loved form of some dear friend before it is consigned beyond mortal vision, you are compelled to conquer your desires and close your eyes lest you tarry until grief gets the mastery of your mind and you become incapable to leave the enchanted spot. It is a beautiful country, indeed, and a sight of it never fades from the mind. Here the once powerful tribe of Navajos hunted the antelope, the deer, the elk and the bear, and herded their sheep. No wonder they fought against the power and edict that transplanted them to the parched plains of New Mexico. The veriest slave, the most cowardly paltroon, would and ought to fight for such a country.

From these peaks we went northeast to within sight of the Zuni villages, and finding nothing, turned east toward the Gila. The mountains at the head of the Rio Prieta and the Gila are very high and heavily timbered. There are some beautiful valleys. The formation is cement, and contains no gold. We descended the mountains about one hundred miles east of the Sierra Blanco peaks, and crossed nearly all the streams running into the Prieta, and soon came to it, crossed it, and followed it down some thirty or forty miles, when we left it and struck out for the Gila. On the Prieta there are some large and excellent valleys, the climate is good, timber is plenty, gramma grass grows in abundance, and I consider it a splendid farming region. Irrigation would be unnecessary, as warm showers fall frequently during the Summer season. All along this stream we saw old, abandoned Indian huts; we also saw camps made by white men. In the streams coming in from the east we saw some quartz rock and gravel, but could find only the color. We soon came in sight of the Gila, and camped on the north side of it, in an old camping ground, where we found fences, old sheds, an empty whisky barrel, and various other things used by civilized folks. Across the Gila, about one and a half miles from this camp, there are the ruins of an old Government post, which, we afterwards learned, was the ruins of old Fort West. There is not much difference in the size of the Gila and Prieta, but the difference is in favor of the Gila. We then traveled down the latter stream, through some excellent valleys. The country looks somewhat like a gold country, but we found nothing to pay. After following the Gila for a few days, we left it to avoid a canyon, and the second night from it the Indians stole a splendid American horse, belonging to H. Jacobs, of Austin, Nevada. The guard shot at them, but did not hit them. The formation on and close to the river for the last few days was feldspathic granite with beds of mica slate, but quartz was very scarce. We were now very short of provisions, so we crossed to the south side of the Gila, so as not to miss Fort Goodwin, followed it down a couple of days, turned away from it on an old wagon road, and went within sight of Apache Pass and Stein's Peak. The country was getting barren and water was scarce, so we steered our course for the Gila again, and after two days hard drives, camped upon its banks at some old ruins about forty miles above Fort Goodwin, called, I believe, Pueblo Viejo, or old town. The bottom lands on this portion of the Gila are extensive and the soil is rich. There is plenty of grass on the hills, but timber is rather scarce.

On our way down the Gila, we one day saw a great dust rise, and thought it might be made by wagons around the post, and on arriving at the place we saw about one hundred cattle tracks, which were driven pell-mell across the Gila by Indians. On our arrival at Fort Goodwin we learned that Cochise's band of Apaches had a short time before made a raid on a fort near the Sonora line, driving off some three hundred head of Uncle Sam's cattle. Had our party been one hour sooner, we might have re-captured the stock and replenished our larder, which was getting very lean. As it was we had to go it upon "fresh sign."

On the evening of September 6th we encamped within 6 or 7 miles of the fort and three of our party went down to see about getting enough provisions to enable us to reach the settlements; saw the commander, Colonel Chapin; told him what we were and what we wanted. He said he would give provisions to those who had no means to purchase any, and who would swear to that fact. He cut off the discourse very abruptly and seemed to look upon us as beggars, outlaws or interlopers. Next day we drove down opposite the post and camped. The men went for their allowance of provisions, but were told they could not get any that day, notwithstanding the fact that some of them were without anything to eat. Next day came, and with it a renewal of the application. About one-half of the party wished to go to Tucson and New Mexico; (including our captain, who had become demoralized) the other half, under our newly elected captain, Mr. Wm. Stockton, determined, if possible, to go through the mountains *via* the south side of the Sierra Blanca to Prescott, and the Colonel very generously informed us that he could let us have but ten days rations of flour, beans, coffee and rice, with no meat of the hog kind, that which we needed most, as we were nearly starved for something to grease our chops with. He gave the same amount of provisions to those going to Tucson and Fort Bowie (a little over a hundred miles) as he gave the Prescott party, who had to travel through an almost unknown mountain region, peopled with treacherous savages, for nearly three hundred miles. But there was no choice left most of the party, and they took the pitiful allowance given them by this satrap of their Government. Those of us having a little money set our wits to work to buy but found it an up-hill business. The sutler, at first, had nothing to sell; but by degrees we purchased some flour, beans, etc., at high prices. All who had anything to dispose of asked a huge amount for it, and every time we went to purchase, "stocks went up." Notwithstanding there was a band of five or six hundred head of cattle belonging to the post, we could scarcely get a pound of beef, while the murderous Apaches could draw their regular rations and occasionally drive off two or three head of beef cattle to the mountains. I am a Southerner by birth and education; so I was told is Colonel Chapin. I have had an idea that Southern and Western men were a little more public spirited and generous than their New England fellow-countrymen, but that idea is now exploded, and I hope Government will henceforth have posts in new countries commanded by stiff-necked, straight laced Yankees, who would help in their development and exploration. What would the loss of a few hundred pounds of provisions be to the people of the United States, compared to the actual benefit the finding, by us, of a rich mineral country, (as in all probability we should have done, had the party been able to prospect Tonto Basin and the Pinal Mountains,) would confer upon the whole people? Would it not be of much more service to them than a commissary full of provisions distributed among Indian thieves and murderers? I think so, but Colonel Chapin thought different.

Fort Goodwin is very beautifully situated on a small stream called Tularoso, which rises in a range of mountains close to and east of the post. It was garrisoned by three companies of the Fourteenth Infantry; is kept very clean, and, for a new fort, looked tolerable comfortable. The garrison is watered by acequias or ditches from the Tularoso. The officers' houses are shaded by large mezquit trees, which look very beautiful. A stream of water runs through the parade ground. The soldiers do scarcely any scouting. They are principally engaged in making adobes and escorting trains of provisions for the Coyotero Apaches. As a boarding house for these Indians, this post has a wide-spread reputation. They camp close by, and as high as 900 of them, I was told, receive rations.

Our old captain, with about one-half of the whole company having started, some for Tucson, and others for Apache Pass, the Prescott party, now led by Mr. Wm. Stockton, formerly of Los Angeles county, procured the services of an Indian guide, started, September 13th, down the Gila, to prospect the south side of the White Mountains, which lie about eighty or a hundred miles north of the fort. Crossed the river without much difficulty, and traveled over a very poor-looking region. Camped close to a rancheria of Indians, who had plenty of horses, mules, corn, etc. The country commences to look fertile, and water, timber and grass are abundant. From this point we wended our way through a delightful country, through which meander beautiful streams of clear water, until we reached Salt river, a large, swift stream. The rain poured down upon us in torrents, converting creeks into rivers and gulches into creeks. Locomotion became impossible and we were forced to remain in camp. Our Coyotero guide became dissatisfied and put out for Fort Goodwin, without earning the blankets and other things we had given him, and two of our party, the next morning, turned back to the fort. Next day we moved on, and in the evening another guide, with white flag, came to us. We passed through several of their villages, where we found plenty of corn, horses, mules and cattle. They appear more like Mexicans than Indians, are shrewd traders and close observers. Their language is a sort of grunt. The men wear their hair long, and dress themselves in a very simple costume, somewhat similar to the favorite Georgia dress. They have Mexican serapas, and wear moccasins that cover nearly the whole of their lower limbs. Some of the squaws dress very tasty in old flour sacks, buckskin, etc. The bewitching young ladies generally have bells fastened to their clothing, their hair is braided and fixed up in 'rats' waterfalls, etc. They jingle through life very gayly, and with their tiny bells no doubt wring many an avowal of love from the dusky warriors of their villages. They do nearly all the work, but appear gay and very loving towards their lords and sweethearts. I think they are virtuous, and it is very necessary for them to be so, as, should they be found transgressing, they are pretty sure of having their noses cut off and the whole face disfigured. At the fort we saw three or four of them who, for making too free with some of Uncle Sam's boys, were treated in this manner. They presented a horrid looking picture. They are a warning to their sister squaws. The country in which these Indians live cannot be surpassed for grazing and agricultural purposes; the streams are many and large; the valleys are very fertile, and good timber is everywhere to be met with. The formation is lava, except on the east side of the Prieta, where there are large cement hills, with beds of quartzoze granite. I think the country south contains gold, but we dare not go into it on account of the scarcity of our provisions; besides, we want to prospect the south side of the Sierra Blanca. The next village we struck was the one where the head chief of the Coyoteros resides. It is in a beautiful valley underneath the snow peaks of the mountains. We were met on the road by six painted warriors, sent, they said, by the Chief to tell us we were welcome to their country. These Indians think themselves some pumpkins, and are haughty, arrogant beggars. We had several talks with their big guns, who wished to know what we wanted in their country. We told them, and they said there was no gold to be found. I think these Indians are villains. There was a white man named Stone, from San Francisco, prospecting among them, who they said had run out of provisions and started for Santa Fe to procure more. They said he gave them his mule, burro, gun and blankets, all of which they had in their possession; a likely story. We asked them if they knew of any whites in their country, and they let the cat out of the bag, thinking, I suppose, that we knew all about him. They seemed embarrassed, and it was and is my opinion that they murdered the unfortunate man. They are sweet-scented rascals for Government to treat with and feed. Better whip them good first and then treat with them [I have since heard that Mr. Stone got into Pino Alto, but do not know if the report be true.] We left next morning, went up the river about eight miles, started a party into the heart of the high mountains to prospect for gold; the balance of us built a corrall for ourselves and animals, in case the Indians should prove treacherous, but they did not try to molest us. After a lapse of five days the party came back, without finding even a color. They ascended to the top of the highest peak, prospected the streams, etc., and came back disgusted with their trip. They said the mountains are very beautiful, with springs, valleys, etc., but contain no gold or silver. The formation is a sort of sandstone and cement. Some places in the mountains the rock looks white; other places it is red. There is no granite, slate, serpentine or quartz. I myself prospected the river bed and found one small color. It must have come from the gravel-wash to the south. The Indians, who speak Spanish, call this stream Rio de los Milpas, or River of the Fields.

We saw several Mexican captives among these Indians; they appear to be content and do not want to leave. Game is pretty plenty around the rancherias. They showed us where, three years ago, they killed several Navajos who tried to take their horses and squaws from them. From this village we went south to another village named Charon, situated in a lovely country, which contains large valleys, plenty of wood and water. It is a perfect paradise, and would furnish farming homes for hundreds of white families. At this village the Indians were more friendly than elsewhere, treated us very kindly and traded corn in a generous manner, but they did not want us to go any further south through their country. They said we could not get through, as there were no trails and very bad canons which we could not cross. We offered them everything, excepting guns and ammunition, for a guide, but all to no purpose; they would not go. Our gold pans created quite a sensation among them. They thought we used them for shields. The chief of this village had in his possession about two dollars worth of gold, but he would not tell us where he got it. It was in pieces of from one to four bits. Next day we went up the mountain until we struck our out-going trail, when six of our party left us to go down the Little Colorado to the wagon road from New Mexico to Prescott, as they did not wish to travel through the mountains any more. This left the party with thirteen men only, but we struck out over the same road we came, shortening it in places. We arrived at the Rio Verde about noon on Saturday, October 13th, without any accident, save the loss of a noble mule, which the Indians shot at in the night, breaking her leg with a ball. It occurred at a place about 180 miles east of Prescott, and I think the Indians who committed the deed were Coyoteros.

Our fraction of the late great White Mountain party set themselves down on the Rio Verde, hungry, travel-worn and almost devoid of store clothes; but thanks to the kindness of the farmers, we soon found ourselves "full to the brim," with good substantial food—including bacon, for want of which we were nearly famished. For the last fifty miles east of the Verde, Indian (To-to) sign was very thick, especially in the country between Fossil creek and the Verde. Corn husks and cobs covered the ground, camps with 50, 75 and 100 extinguished fires were to be seen every few miles, and we thought the Tontos had gathered the crops of our white friends. We found a good many soldiers and citizens down sick with the ague, unable to gather the crops or protect them from Indian marauders, and some of our White Mountain boys set to work to help them out.

October 14. Lay over. The next day we crossed the river, which was very high, and on Wednesday, October 17th, we arrived at Prescott, and were welcomed back by the citizens, including the hotel keepers, upon whom we bore down pretty weighty for a week or ten days. But they stood it like majors, and if they did not get much money, they got a powerful sight of sympathy.

Although unsuccessful in our search for gold, the party, nevertheless, accomplished a great deal. We traveled over 700 miles, nearly half of which was through a country the extent of which has hitherto been unknown, and through which, ere long, Wells, Fargo & Co's. Express will fly behind the iron horse of civilization, carrying the rich treasures of Arizona to the cities of the Atlantic and Pacific, and bringing in return such commodities as we may require. The great belt of timber is, also, needed in the desert portions of New Mexico, Arizona and California, to build the Southern Pacific Road, etc. and it will yet prove a source of wealth to the central and southern portion of our Territory. The building of narrow and deep canons, to be built over these flat mountains at very little cost. The roughest portions of the whole route would be found to be about the head waters of Little Colorado, and close to the Verde. But others have told me that passes are known by which those two rough spots could be passed over with ease. After crossing the Verde, Prescott could be reached with ease, and the remainder of the route California would prove an easy conquest to the skill of our workmen and the money of our capitalists. The climate of the country through which this road would pass is another grand point in its favor. Snow falls, it is true, from a depth of one to three feet, but owing to the warmth of the sun in these latitudes, it is next to impossible for it to lay longer than two or three weeks at a time. The country along the route would soon become settled with industrious farmers, stock raisers, etc., and, with its unrivalled passage, it would soon be able to cope with, if not, rival Texas in the business of stock raising.

It is my opinion that very little of the precious metals will be found in these mountains, and hereafter, prospectors for gold digging would do well to confine their exploring to the country lying between Salt river and this range, as that is the region where Apaches saw so much gold among the Indians. Furthermore, the mountains south of our valleys are round, as granite and slate mountains generally are, and not flat, pancake shaped like the mountains through which we came. Were it not for the mutton-headed advice of Captain Brewington, we would have gone to the south from Fossil creek. By so doing we would have travelled through a good country and have stood a show to strike something rich, but agricultural council, that ever-memorable bilk, "Gird's Map of Arizona," settled our hash, created dissensions, and Girded us on over the cinders without rudder, sail, or horse-sense! On on that map, it caused some of us to subsist on "corn on the cob" for several days.

The party wish me to return thanks to Messrs. Stockton, Kelley, Lyle and Jackson for favors extended to all while on our winding way, and I will dry up by declaring my sincere hope that I shall yet meet all the White mountain friends in Heaven, where there are no Apaches to shoot "dog-sticks" at them, and no copy of Gird's Map to lead them to —— Fort Goodwin.

J. H. Marion.

Shall we protect ourselves.—In view of the late fatal attempt at robbery, and the utter powerlessness of the law to deal with criminals in consequence of the impoverished state of the county exchequer, would it not be well for the property holders of Prescott to form, from among themselves, a company for the protection of life and property, and let them act in this wise: If any man is suspected of being a common thief, examine into and hear the evidence in support of the suspicion; and if the committee are satisfied that the accusation be true, let them warn such suspicious character to leave the country within a given time. I am by no means in favor of mob law, but isolated as most of our dwellings are, it is absolutely necessary to take some such step as the one I recommend, or we may wake up some fine morning with our throats cut.