

# Mohave County Miner.

VOL. XXX.

KINGMAN, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1911.

NO. 6

Reading Room University  
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## As I Remember Them— The Old Time Miners.

We all have, I hope, high and sincere reverence for the Pioneers; for those men and women who began their western march almost three hundred years ago; first in grotesque little ships across the Atlantic, and made their first stopping places on the eastern shore of the ocean; then a little later began to push their way against the wilderness and the savages; as one generation sank into the earth another taking up the slow march and pursued its way, until the deep woods gave place for smiling homes all the long way to and beyond the Mississippi.

Looking back we mark a few of their achievements, the unremitting labor of their lives; the courage that never faltered; the poverty that bound them around in merciless coils; the self-sacrifices which they accepted as a matter of course; the tenacity with which they never failed to assert that their free citizenship should never be trenched upon; the carrying with them the little red school house; the high manhood, the divine womanhood which upheld them as they pushed their way,—all these and other characteristics shine out as we look back over the trails they blazed and mark the temples they upreared, and to the eyes of the minds of all Americans, they make a picture of enchantment, not one tint of which fades as the years advance and recede.

But there came a time when the order of a hundred and fifty years was changed.

Though for more than two hundred years the race had been toiling; though their heroic work had transformed a mighty section of the new world; though an empire of measureless natural wealth had been explored, the country was poor in that thing called money, the one thing that electrifies enterprise and provides a just reward for toil.

Then there came first a whisper that on the other shore of the continent gold had been discovered. This was swiftly confirmed by succeeding news, and then the exodus began.

Within a few months there were tossed upon that western shore two hundred and fifty thousand men. They were nearly all young men, and every state of the then union was represented.

The journey had steadied and broadened them. Whether by the long journey across the continent, whether by lonely ships around Cape Horn, or through the scramble and the rush by the pestilential Isthmus, they all had taken on new ideas by the experience they had been through.

As a rule they were all more or less home boys and the best of them had a full quota of provincialism.

But this last melted away faster than it had ever before in any country.

The secret was that the mothers they kissed when they left home were American mothers, and the differences there are among American mothers are the differences of environment, and it did not require long for their sons to recognize that fact.

Many of the new comers stopped on the seashore or in adjacent valleys, but I am not dealing with those today. It is the company which never rested by the sea nor in the soft valleys, but hurried to the hills. For them nothing would do but the native gold. The art of extracting it was simple and quickly learned. And when at night the day's proceeds were panned and cleaned and weighed, then the miner held it before his eyes and invented the phrase: "That's the stuff."

And who were these miners? They were as a rule just American boys and young men. They had come from every field, from every school; they were, as it were, the nation looked at through the big ends of the opera glass.

All recognized that they were living in a land that had no government, but they got together in the different camps and resolved that while there was no law, there should be order

and that every man should be secure in what was rightly his.

Petty criminals fought shy of those camps. Sometimes there were disputes over business affairs. When they could not be settled privately a court was quickly convened; a juror was never questioned about any bias or prejudice that he thought he entertained or whether he had formed or expressed any opinion. He was simply asked if he would hear the case and decide according to the law and evidence. If he promised that, it was enough.

Some of those trials were most picturesque. Will Campbell was mining in a ravine a mile or two outside of Downieville. One morning three or four miners came to him where he was at work, and one said: "Mister, did you back in the states study law?"

Will replied that he did. Then it was explained to him that a big Pennsylvania Dutchman was trying to claim the ground that one of the boys owned, that a trial had been set for that afternoon and they wanted Campbell to go to the camp and try the case for them. Campbell replied, "All right, if one of you chaps will work my ground while I am gone, I will go." This was agreed to and Campbell went to the camp, tried and won the case. He told me about it later, after he had become an eminent lawyer and judge.

He said: "I was nineteen years old. I had just graduated; all the practice that I had ever had any experience in was in the moot courts in the law school. I did not know a vast amount of law, but I had brought all my gavel with me to California, and I suppose my argument that day was one calculated to scare away a mountain lion, if he was an old and wary one and wished to avoid trouble.

"I have never since experienced the self-satisfaction that was mine as I emerged from that room and walked out on the cleared space in front of the building. Many people congratulated me and I swallowed it all as though it was my due. At last the big Dutchman came along and said: 'Mister Campbell, dot vas one great speech vot you made today.' 'Ah,' I replied, 'do you really think so Uncle Billie?'"

"'Yaw I dinks so,' he said. 'It just lacked but von ding to make it one very great speech.'

"'You really think so, Uncle Billie, I responded; and pray what did it lack?' 'It lacked sense,' was the curt answer."

The boys heard it, took it up and it cost me all the dust that I had mined for a week previous, to get out of camp. I have heard of it from time to time ever since. But it did me lots of good. I have never since talked as learnedly as I did on that day. You see the ordinary intellect can only stand so much."

In that same Downieville about 1853 the boys determined to have a Fourth of July celebration.

They had all the necessary concomitants. They had a live American eagle in captivity, also a grizzly cub had been caught, had grown to two-thirds of his full size and was the pet of the camp. These helped to swell the procession, which contained a Goddess of Liberty in the person of a young lady that had "come the plains across" the previous year; there was a car of state for the chaplain, the reader, the orator and poet of the day; plenty of flags, and the whole was led by a brass band that had been practicing for perhaps three months. The procession over, the crowd gathered in the primitive theatre; the prayer had been spoken, the Declaration read, Bob Taylor had beautifully rendered an original poem and John McConnell was just being introduced, when a six months old baby who was in its mother's arms and close to the orchestra chairs, began to howl. The much-embarrassed mother tried in vain to hush its cries, when at last the band struck up a lively air to drown its cries.

Then the event of the day came off. A huge miner as big as was the late Senator Stewart of Nevada, and with huge red beard that covered his

breast, sprang upon a seat and with a voice like a caliope shouted: "Stop that G—d—band and give that baby a chance!"

That finished the business. All over the house were men shouting like mad, the tears running down their cheeks the while, for they had seen no children for months and they had upon them that heart-hunger which men in civilization can never comprehend.

And because of the absence of women and children, the wild beast in many a soul in the hills came forth. There was no restraint upon them and even a quartz mill runs away sometimes when the governor on the engine ceases to act.

Many drank, many gambled, many were killed in quarrels; many became boisterous and reckless, and lives were thrown away, which, under the restraint of good women's eyes, might have made great names. It is said that the great Blucher of Prussia, riding over a dead-covered battlefield, said to an aide who was half overcome by the horror and pity of it: "Control yourself General! When the winds and the deep-sea waves engage in battle, the shore next morning is piled deep with sea weed and other debris of the storm. It is nature's way; these, too, are but debris of the storm of yesterday."

The graves on the tops and flanks of the Sierra are still the marks on the shore where that debris was thrown.

In another way character was formed there. The resourcefulness which out of the rude surroundings developed into high manhood and superb citizenship; which with the means at hand accomplished mighty results; the resolution which hid suffering in men's own hearts, as did the Spartan boy the fox until the boy's vitals were torn out, and no one knew that he was suffering until his death made it plain; the transition which slowly strangled the brightest ever nursed by mortals until they all went out; the self-sacrifices which were made, those making them wearing all the time the smile of contentment and peace, and giving up what was sweeter than life itself as the tired child droops its toys; acts of generosity and charity to make the angel of mercy weep for joy,—these and kindred features made up the unseen tragedy that was enacted there, unseen but leaving its shadow on those heights.

What was visible was the joy and enthusiasm that reigned. What songs were sung, what stories were told, how vastly the vocabulary of the language was enlarged, to produce words to fit all occasions—the echoes or the ghosts of them roll like phantom drums through those hills still.

Let no one think those camps were not schools of patriotism. All the papers from the lower cities were read and re-read; the magazines from the east were devoured, the new literature of California that rang out in the words of Bret Harte, of "Caxton"; of La Conte; of Barstow; of Bartlett; of Stout; of Coolbrith; of O'Connell; of Marshall, and the others' were household words in the camps. And the letters by the semi-monthly steamers—why talk about patriotism, when a letter comes to a young man from his mother, or from the daughter of some other mother five thousand miles away, he not only loves his country but loves the stokers that fed the coal to the furnaces in the ship that brought the letter.

And from among those men there grew up a race of scientists that had few instructors save as they set the hieroglyphics which nature had embossed upon the rocks and trees and hills, to words, and in their souls made histories of them, and through those histories caught the secret of the labors that had been going on there through the ages; the work of the earthquake, the glacier, the winds, the heat, the cold, the sunbeams—all the agents which the Infinite employs in rounding a world into form.

And another character of men was developed there; strong men of affairs, captains of industry, who when they

left the hills and entered into competition with ordinary men were found to be masters to take charge of any work that was presented, for to wrestle with the forces of nature and overcome the bastions and battlements which the mountains have upreared in their own defense, makes men stronger.

They were, even as was Jacob by his all-night wrestle with the Lord, strengthened by the labor, and because of it, like Jacob, they took on new titles among men.

If I have made the forgoing plain, it will be seen that while there were miners before those first California miners, and while there have been miners since in many ways their superiors as miners, there never was before, never has been since, just such a band as were they.

They had no homes with tender home influences to hold them in check; but they grew tenderer and more considerate of others because of the absence of those influences; they had no children of their own but that made them fathers by adoption of all the world's children; many of them were wild and reckless, for there were at first no restraints upon them, no church spires to turn their gaze upward; they turned to trees which were higher than church spires, and to the sky under whose dim sheen they slept, and were perhaps nearer God because of their environments and the sentinel stars that kept solemn watch above them.

With a steadfast courage they worked out their lives; most of them, personally, are forgotten, but because they lived and toiled and kept watch that society should be kept secure against wrong and the flag above be kept stainless, the manhood of the whole coast was exalted and the influence they exerted has been an ennobling one to the whole coast ever since.—Judge C. C. Goodwin in Goodwin's Weekly.

## Work Started on New Railroad to Jerome.

The dream of the pioneer, when he first set foot in the sun-kissed Verde Valley; the hopes of all the Jeronites expressed in the years past and present, is now about to be realized, for dirt has begun to fly on the construction of the new railroad from Cedar Glade to Jerome. Many men and teams are being put on daily, and within a short time about two hundred men will be employed on the construction work. The Santa Fe bridge crew, stationed at Williams, was ordered to Cedar Glade this week to commence work, and several camps, with large crews of men, will be stationed for many miles along the route. The work will be rushed with all possible speed and the grade will be completed within a year. The contract for furnishing powder to the L. J. Smith Constructo-

company, who is doing the work, was awarded to the Dupont Powder company and will be used in the rock work along the line. It is reported to be the biggest contract that has ever been made for that article in this section of the territory, and will aggregate several hundred tons of the explosive.

The completion of this railroad will mean the development of a long-neglected district, rich in mineral deposits of copper, gold, and silver; the erection, by the United Verde Copper company, of a huge smelter with custom accommodations, thereby making possible the development of many promising prospects located among the mountains and foothills of this wonderful district; the boring of big tunnels into the mountains for the purpose of extracting known ore bodies and discovering new ones; the sinking of artesian wells in the Verde valley, which is already in progress on several ranches, and the development of water to irrigate a vast stretch of fertile land that will produce peaches, apples, pears, grapes and many other succulent fruits that excel in size and flavor all like fruit grown anywhere in the country; and, last but not least, the development of the reputed oil district lying east of the Verde river, from Cottonwood to Camp Verde, and which has been expected during the past summer by many noted oil experts from all over the United States and pronounced by every one of them as being the most propitious oil ground located in this country. This, all this, fellow readers, means a big boom for Jerome and the Verde valley; it means a prosperity so great, one that has never been equalled in the history of the district.—Jerome News.

## Tungsten A Remarkable Mineral.

The mineral tungsten (the name meaning heavy stone) has been known for many years, but only comparatively recently has it become of economic importance. The most important use, according to Frank L. Hess, of the United States Geological Survey, and the one which makes tungsten mining on an extensive scale possible, is an alloy for tool steel. Lathes using tools made from tungsten steel may be speeded up until the chips leaving the tool are so hot that they turn blue an operation which would ruin the temper of high-carbon steel. It is stated that about five times as much can be done with the lathes built for such speed and work as can be done by the same lathes with carbon-steel tools. From 16 to 20 per cent of tungsten is ordinarily used in lathe tools. The melting point of tungsten is exceedingly high—5,570 deg. F.

Tungsten also has an important use in making incandescent electric furnaces, and various other articles.

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