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Prehistoric Races of Arizona

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Abstract: There is much evidence of an ancient civilization in Arizona. According to the author, the legends that surround these people closely resembled the story of the Nephites chronicled in the Book of Mormon.

NIGHT.—Night is the time the idle and indolent watch for their prey.

GOD FOR A FRIEND.—I would rather have God for my friend, and all the world enemies, then be a friend with the world, and have God my enemy.

Man is endowed with power and wisdom sufficient, if he will exercise them, to hush, to silence his tongue, and cause his hands to cease their operations.

The Lord will help those who help themselves to do right.

All I desire to live for is to see the inhabitants of the earth acknowledge God, bow down to him and confess his supremacy and his righteous covenant.

We do not wish a man to enter on a mission unless his soul is in it.

I never counseled a woman to follow her husband to the devil.

I have courage enough to tell a man of his meanness, no matter whether he be a sheriff, a judge, a governor, a priest, or a king.

If you wish to be great in the Kingdom of God you must be good.

TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL THINGS.—I cannot define any difference between temporal and spiritual labors. * * *

* Anything that pertains to the building up of the Lord's Kingdom on earth,

whether it be preaching the gospel, or building temples to his name, we have been taught to consider as spiritual work, though it evidently requires the strength of the natural body to perform it.

All that concerns me, is to do the work the Lord has for me to-day; and if the work is designed for me to-morrow, I will prepare for it to-day, so as to be ready to perform it to-morrow with alacrity.

WHAT THE LORD REQUIRES.—The Lord requires all we have to be devoted to his Kingdom; and though it be but the widow's mite, he can do as much with two mites as he can with millions of them.

Sin exists in all eternities. Sin is co-eternal with righteousness, for it must needs be that there is an opposition in all things.

The elements with which we are surrounded are as eternal as we are, and are loaded with supplies of every kind, for the comfort and happiness of the human race.

Goodness will always find stout supporters in the good, and need not to buy favor. The man who tries to buy the influence of another to cover up his iniquity, will go to hell.

PREHISTORIC RACES OF ARIZONA.

THE observant traveler through Arizona sees many evidences that this land has been peopled by a race very different from the native tribes that now inhabit it; and the question naturally arises in his mind—who were these people? When did they dwell here? What has become of them? The remains of the cities, canals and fortifications, scattered all over the country, show that its former inhabitants were much more numerous, and much more advanced in civilization than the present. This is also proved by their pottery and domestic and religious utensils exhumed from many of the mounds which have been opened from time to time by the curious and scientific in their endeavor

to penetrate their silence and mystery. Although much resembling the pottery made to-day by the Papagos and Moquis, the ancient vases and wares brought to light by excavation are far more artistic and elegant, both in form and ornamentation. The colors used in their decoration—black, blue and red—are still as clear, bright and fresh, apparently, as when first applied; and as a general thing, the ware itself is finer and better in quality. At the present day the Pagagos manufacture a considerable quantity of pottery, mostly in the form of large jars or water vases, some of them four or five gallons capacity, while others are of fifteen or twenty. These are called *ollas* (pronounced ó-yas)

and are extensively used by the whites to contain drinking water during the warm weather, from their remarkable power of keeping it cool. This is because of their porosity, which permits a constant evaporation from their outside surface. But this is a digression. Some of the implements of stone are strange in form, though very carefully finished, and their use can only be conjectured. Major McCrary and party exhumed from a mound in the Pueblo Viejo valley, a few years ago, among other household utensils, a vessel of pottery precisely similar in form to an ordinary iron tea kettle, except that it had no handle or bale to lift it by.

That these ancients were skilled in agriculture is plainly shown by the great number of ancient canals scattered over the Territory, some of them being very large; and all of them very skilfully laid out, both as to location and grade. But in the ability to do this the present tribes are woefully deficient. The most notable exception to this stricture are the Moquis, who raise a large quantity, annually, of first class wheat in the Salt River plain, and produce also a considerable quantity of brown sugar from the ribbon sugar cane. That they were numerous is evident from the remains of their towns and villages. Indeed, it has been estimated that the Salt River and Gila valleys alone contained a population greater than the whole of Utah at this date; by some the population being estimated at half a million.

But they have disappeared; how and when—who shall tell? Many things brought to light within the last few years go to show that their destruction as a people was not by gradual decadence, like that of most nations which have passed away, but was sudden and violent. The country bordering the Gila has evidently been the scene of persistent attack and desperate defense. Almost every high steep and rocky hill has been fortified. Usually a wall more or less perfect, encircles each hill top; and sometimes there were several such circling walls, one below another, especially facing

the less precipitous and more exposed slope of the hill.

Fortifications have also been thrown up on the level plains. These usually consisted of high walls of earth, with a deep ditch surrounding them, with from one to three or four openings to permit entrance or egress. But in order to prevent the entrance of an enemy, these openings were always defended by walls thrown up a little in their rear, and so skilfully disposed as to make it very difficult for a hostile force to gain the interior of the works. In some cases these works were laid out with a masterly skill, born of necessity and constant practice.

But while this doomed people made many a desperate defense at these various rallying points, thousands were no doubt cut off at their homes and in their villages before they had time or opportunity to gather or unite with the larger bodies. In digging into mounds, marking sites of former habitations, it has often been found that the houses had been burnt, and their owners slain while defending their homes. One such ruin showed five or six skeletons, lying near the entrance, extended over and across each other, just as they had fallen. Sometimes other skeletons were found in the interior—probably those of women who had there sought safety from their ruthless foes, but sought in vain.

The Yaqui Indians have a tradition relative to the destruction of this ancient race, of which the following is a brief summary. Many generations ago all this land was inhabited by a people who lived in good houses and in cities, had cattle and other domestic animals, and had farms, which they irrigated by means of canals as the whites do now. They were not warlike, but subsisted mainly by agriculture, manufactures, and upon their flocks and herds. They were desperately attacked by a countless multitude of cruel, half naked savages from the south, whom they resisted as long as they were able; but after a brave and protracted defense they were exterminated. Their towns were destroyed, their herds taken, and their lands, no longer cultivated, returned to their naturally

wild condition. The victors knew nothing of irrigation, and those who could have taught them had perished, so the canals became filled up and destroyed, and the land became a wilderness. Finding not enough wild game to sustain them, the victors finally returned to their home in the south.

One cannot but see how closely this legend agrees with the history of the final driving and overthrow of the Nephites, as chronicled in the Book of Mormon, and it may be regarded as in some degree a collateral proof of that record, taken in connection with the traditions of other Indian tribes.

The Pah-Eed Indians of Southern Utah, many years ago, related to the writer the following tradition, something like that of the Yaqui's, but more in detail. They said the destroyed people were white, and, like the Mormons, had farms, while their enemies were wild and savage, like the Utes, subsisting only by war and the chase. The white Indians were many years led by a great general or leader, who for years made head against their enemy, with more or less success, until his death; after which his people could no longer hold their own, but were driven from the country and finally destroyed. When their leader perished each one brought a stone and placed it upon his grave until finally the pile became a high hill, and so remains to this day. They say also that a great battle was fought which continued five days, leaving a countless number of dead

upon the field—so numerous that one could walk for miles upon the dead without touching the ground. And that they often hear the wailing of the slain over the field of death at night. This battle, they say, was fought not many miles from Harmony, in Iron County, Utah. This tradition the Pah-Eeds religiously believed, and no Indian would venture near that haunted spot at night for any inducement; nor cross it in daylight, unless compelled by necessity.

Some traditions of the southern tribes locate these battles at various places, where the rocks and cliffs are covered with hieroglyphic engravings, which, as the Indians say, have been there for many generations. They do not know who made them, nor when; but say it was to commemorate some great event which had there occurred.

Although the foregoing legends have no special bearing in relation to the ancient races of Arizona—that is, no positive value,—the writer regards them as interesting traditions held in reverence by the members of a despised and persecuted people, who are rapidly melting away, unless they shall be rescued by the over-ruling hand of that God, who was worshiped by their fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

At present, the history of this ancient race seems shrouded in mystery; but we confidently hope the time is not far distant when the veil will be lifted, and much that pertains to their rise, continuance, and fall as a nation or people will be known. *Santiago.*

CORIANTON.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning the sun shone more brightly than on the day before. Through the night a terrific storm had raged. Black clouds burdened with moisture had been split by vivid flashes of lightning, and poured down all their floods. But with the approach of light the storm ceased, the clouds parted and drifted into great cumulous heaps light-

ened to snowy whiteness by the glorious morning sun. The air was fresh and pure, the electric storm having dispelled the mists and fogs so common to the tropics.

Long before the sun had reached midway between his rising and high noon, the open square before the hall of justice was filled with groups of men, some boisterously disputing the rightfulness