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J. HOWARD WELLS, Editor.

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SPECIAL AGENT HOLBROOK.

We extract the following graphic and pleasantly written sketch of James Holbrook, author of "Ten Years among the Mail Bags," and the well known post office detective, from a series of papers now being published in the New York Leader, entitled "People we Meet."

Very agile, very dapper, dressed in neat professional black, and always looking as if he had just dressed for a professional visit to his beloved "Department," this gentleman, rather below the middle height, and of slender but active build, with piercing keen black eyes, framed under heavy black eyebrows in florid New England features, and these again framed in a dense black growth of oval whiskers—this active and perplexingly subtle physiognomist, whose quick black eye seems to flash into the very depths of your nature, is James Holbrook, author of "Ten Years among the Mail Bags," and for the last twenty years or more the most trusted and reliable Special Agent of the Post Office authorities at Washington. Born to fulfill precisely his present business, with its duties a man have never misled or deceived him, and with a magnetic power which extracts confidence and confession from the least promising natures—James Holbrook, we scruple not to say, has done more real public service, and prevented more public injuries in the department with which he is connected, than can be readily imagined by any one who have not been initiated in the mysteries of post office routine. The very nature of his business prevents its general recognition; and the complex investigations through which he marches to a result expected from the first, are not of the kind which it would do to ventilate; and more eager to be useful than to be praised for being so, he does his utmost to suppress and public mention of his name in the announcement of those discoveries and detections which his perseverance and acuteness have accomplished. We hear of leaks discovered in the New England and New York districts, frauds detected, errors detected, mail robbers arrested, and immense sums sent through the post office and long mourned as lost, suddenly restored to the rightful owners; but nothing is said in the notices of these matters to point attention to the omnipresent, ever-working Special Agent whose invisible but certain hand has wielded the sword of justice and pulled the wires by which these strange events have been produced. It is not too much to say that the money rescued and restored to the public in any average week of Mr. Holbrook's service, would more than pay the insufficient salary which is allowed him for the year; while in the more important character of a preventive to crime—an ominous, overshadowing retribution constantly at hand—felt in all the departments of the service, and dreaded by all the guilty—his reputation and his value cannot possibly be overestimated. Despite his hard experience of human infirmity and error, he carries a sound, warm, generous heart into all his private relations; and his little country seat in beloved Connecticut is a secure haven of domestic peace, to which he flies for rest and relaxation in the few unoccupied moments of his busy and anxious life. Wherever James Holbrook travels, be sure that the telegraph wires are flashing words of doom to those who suspect nothing of his presence; the keen black eyes are reading terrible stories every where, and the compact, energetic mind is weaving all the minute details of guilt into one consistent and unbroken chain. Enjoying the fullest confidence of Government, and trusted for information in all the departments of secret investigation, his services are often called into requisition in difficult cases outside the post office lines, and it is but very recently that a tempting offer was

made to him to engage as superintending chief of an organized detective force in a more remunerative but perhaps less prominent situation. He still holds on to the Department, however, believing that Congress will some day or other have the justice to listen to the repeated applications of different Postmaster Generals in his favor. He is a deserving officer, and it would be almost impossible to replace him. He is not often to be seen on the plaza except when returning to or leaving his hotel; and a few of the thousands who note his busy eyes passing, are aware of the obligations which his community is under to our esteemed protector of the mails.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL

Among the combatants in the Italian war no one seems more entitled to the Victoria Cross than Victor Emanuel himself. We are not speaking of his higher qualities as a General, but simply of his brilliant valor as a soldier. He has displayed conspicuous courage in the presence of the enemy. Considering his position and the evils which would be entailed on his country were he to meet with a soldier's death on the field, he may be said to have shown courage to the verge of rashness. A soldier's valor is, however, a fault which is readily pardoned, the more especially when a hero. As to the fact there can be no doubt that the three armies contain no braver man than Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia.

The two Emperors, who are his competitors in the race for military glory, most approve themselves stout and true soldiers. He would not see the palm of superior valor awarded to the Sardinian King. Wherever the fight is thickest and the fire hottest, there Emanuel is to be found.

On the occasion of the battle of Palestro, he pushed forward in person into the midst of the combatants, and would not be persuaded to retire. The Sardinian soldiers, no incompetent judges of military daring, endeavored in vain to restrain him; he would not understand the propriety of retreat. Even if this reckless exposure of his own life is not a quality much to be commended in a General, at least it will win for him the rough sympathies and ready obedience of the camp. The soldier will cheerfully follow the chief who leads him on. Troops would be ashamed to fall back when they see their General, and that General a crowned King, in advance.

The Sardinian army, however, have shown themselves worthy of the chivalrous guidance of their King. To them belong the honors of Montebello. The action of the Sardinian cavalry during that affair, seems to have decided at the most critical moment the fortunes of the day. On this more recent occasion of Palestro, it was the fourth division of the Sardinian army, commanded by the King in person, which inflicted so decisive a check upon the enemy. Attacked by twenty-five thousand Austrians, and supported only by a regiment of Zouaves, this division of the Sardinian army not only retained its position, but defeated the enemy with great slaughter. The victory was more decisive than that of Montebello.

This time the Austrians can hardly say that, "having accomplished their purpose," they retired because they wished to retire. It was to them an important object to hinder the junction of the Sardinians with Canrobert, and in this they entirely failed. They were fairly defeated, leaving numerous prisoners and guns in the hands of the enemy. The victory was won by the Sardinians, with the King at their head. Our only regret must be that such victories are not won without a heavy payment in blood.

The Sardinian army has hitherto borne the brunt of the war, and, however noble and chivalrous, can but ill afford to endure the losses which such contests involve. The hopes of Italy rest on the banners of the Sardinian King. Were his army destroyed, it would matter but little to the Italian race which Emperor conquered in the long run. Unless there be a national Italian army forthcoming, with an Italian chief at its head, respected for its military virtues, the ultimate gain of Italy will be small indeed. All true well-wishers to Italy for her own sake, look with the deepest anxiety to the fate of the Sardinian army, and the fortunes of the Sardinian King. —London Times.

An old bachelor friend says that the young ladies who register in a multiplicity of rings, chains, lockets, etc., to the unparalleled extent now fashionable, should be labeled like watches in windows—"warranted full jewelers."

WHAT THE DEMOCRATS HAVE DONE.—In the matter of admitting new States in the Union, as indeed, in all other matters, the democratic party has done all that has ever been done for this country. Under the administration of Washington, the democracy admitted three States, two new slave States, and one free State—into the Union. These were Vermont in 1793, Tennessee in 1796, and Kentucky 1798.—The democratic administration of Thomas Jefferson received Ohio into the Union, in 1802, and purchased Louisiana of France in 1804. The acquisition of Louisiana gave us territory enough for more States than were in our original confederacy, and what was scarcely less valuable, gave us control of the Mississippi river, whose mouth was previously owned by France and Spain. Under James Madison's democratic administration, the State of Louisiana was admitted into the Union in 1812, and Indiana in 1816. During the presidency of James Monroe a democratic Congress admitted Mississippi into the Union in 1817, Main in 1820, Missouri in 1821, and purchased of Spain the territory of Florida in 1821. A democratic administration of Andrew Jackson admitted into the Union Michigan and Arkansas in 1836. During the presidency of James Polk, Texas was acquired in 1845, the States of Iowa and Florida were admitted in 1845, Wisconsin in 1846, and the Territories of California, Utah and New Mexico were purchased. The State of California was admitted in 1850, while Fillmore, accidentally, occupied the presidential chair, but a democratic Congress did the work of admission. Under the democratic presidency of Gen. Pierce the territory of Arizona was purchased. And under James Buchanan, our able chief executive at his time, Minnesota came into the Union in 1858, and Oregon in 1859.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—From Irving's "The Two Admirals."

A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and, in a little while, at least a thousand were at fist-cuffs, and there was tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. "At this time," writes our informant, "Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him, and his black servant was just behind him, mounted. He threw the bridle off his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat and rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them as arm's length, talking to and shaking them. As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial aversion; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serene moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in every direction; and, in less than three minutes, none remained on the ground but two he hand collared.

NAPOLEON'S PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.—In Blackwood's Magazine for June we find the following remarks on the personal characteristics of Napoleon III:

He has gained friends as well as enemies by one most extraordinary faculty that he possesses, that of holding his tongue, and of doing so in the company of the most loquacious people in the world. A perfectly unobtrusive man, some Frenchmen respect him for it, while others fear him, others hate him because he will not take them into his confidence, and many Englishmen regard him with suspicion because he flatters the national vanity by using in many respects very like an Englishman. He is cold and reserved in his public demonstrations of regard, say his friends, when seen in private, carrying he does not "wear his heart upon his sleeve for days to peck at." He listens to all that is said

to him, and then takes his own course. He consults everybody, and follows his own advice. Again, he has a good seat on horseback. Other Englishmen dislike him either because they ride badly themselves, or because, not being able to keep their own counsel, they hate a close character. Such causes, or causes of no great weight, are perhaps more nearly the true causes of his unpopularity in England than any commonplace notions of his being the destroyer of liberties of France. He had equally destroyed the liberties of France when he made his triumphal entry into London. The English press, at least in some of its leading organs, has undergone many phases of opinion concerning him; and he complained in his letter to Sir Francis Head of this conduct of the English press, by that very complaint showing that he had some regard to public opinion in England. If we venture ourselves to express an opinion regarding his character, we put it forth in all modesty, and wish it to be understood in as vague and general a sense as possible, feeling ourselves incompetent to take the measure of a man who is certainly not an ordinary man. It is our impression that he is a man whose general talent has been rather overrated than otherwise. He has doubtless a great power of will, an undaunted courage, both physical and moral, and by that inestimable faculty of holding his tongue he is able to bide his time, observe circumstances, and thus make the most of them, and bring to bear on them, at the right time, all the facilities he possesses.

Perhaps his policy appears to be mysterious, simply because he has no policy at all, but is ready to abandon one course and adopt another, according as he stumbles against a barrier or drifts into an opening. Doubtless it is often the cause of success in life. Some men of unconquerable strength of will and great talent get on, as it is called, by bending the world to their plans. Others do so by forming no plans at all, and remaining in the mould of circumstances; while the secret of all success, even more often than in deficiency or ability, consists in not knowing whether one possesses the power to lead, or whether one must be content to follow. Louis Napoleon is said to be a fatalist, and his extraordinary elevation would tend to confirm him in his fatalism. Before he takes any step, he seems to hold up his hand and see which way the wind is blowing, and whether the air comes against it hot or cold. But that holding of the tongue is his most admirable quality.

WEST POINT.—The arduous duties of a West Point Cadet are not more than half realized by the hundred of young gentlemen seeking appointment there. Rise at five in summer and six in winter, bed-cloths put away, and room arranged for inspection in half an hour. Study until seven. Guard mounting at 7½. Class parade at eight. Recitations and study until one. Dinner and recreation until two. Another class parade. Study until four. Sunset, general parade, supper, and in thirty minutes the call to quarters. Until 9½ study, and at 10 every light extinguished. Of course, these duties are sometimes evaded. But it is dangerous business. Such is but an outline of the day's work, repeated from day to day for five years, with no interruption but Sunday. At the end of the first two years there is a furlough of several weeks, this being the only time during the course in which the Cadet is allowed to leave the Academy. There are endless opportunities during the military exercises for incurring demerit, and if any Cadet incurs one hundred in six months, he is declared deficient in conduct. For all this drilling, the Cadets receive \$30 per month, and are required to pay for board \$9 to \$10 per month, and \$2 for washing. Other expenses, as clothing, etc., consume the whole. Their fare is of the plainest kind.

AMBULANCE.—This is a French word, and the signification of it in that language is "a flying hospital." In the West, it has been incorporated into our language, and is in general use. Instead of "a flying hospital," it simply means a carriage drawn by horses or mules, and so made that the patient may be converted into a hospital. It is used in such a way, and with such a meaning, that it makes this explanation for the benefit of our English readers. The word is in general use in the West.

The Washington Star thinks, from all the data it receives, that Washington city has now a population of between 75,000 and 80,000, and concludes that the census to be taken in 1860 will prove the correctness of this opinion.