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Early Years of Patrick Henry.

About the middle of the last century there was a youth in Hanover County, Virginia, who in Scotland, would have been called, a "ne'er-do-weel," and in England a "good-for-naught." He was idle, indolent, and careless. He shambled in his gait, and slouched in the carriage of his person. Every moment which he could steal from his forced occupation, was spent in hunting, angling, or lounging. It would have required more than mortal foresight to discern in the awkward and lazy youth, the great prophet of Revolution, and the moulder of one of the grandest epochs in the history of the world.

Such was Patrick Henry in his earlier days. The contrast between this figure and that of the impassioned tribune of the people, the gigantic leader of the rebellion, is sufficiently striking.

The courts of law were not to be the scene of Henry's greatest triumphs. His genius was to carry him onward into another and a more august arena. The impending struggle with England claimed its greatest prophet and leader. Like most young lawyers in Virginia, who have secured the popular voice and applause, he ran for the House, and was duly elected. He took his seat in the spring of 1765. On the 22d of March, the Stamp Act had received the royal sanction; and in May, soon after the meeting of the Burgesses, it came up for the action of that body.

The hour and man had both come. The storm so long gathering, had piled up its blackest clouds; the muttering of the thunder began to be heard; ere long the lightning was to fall like fire from Heaven. But all the elements of Revolution were not yet combined. Many of the greatest orators and most patriotic statesmen hesitated, and doubted. Brought to England by a hundred ties of affection, admiration, interest and habit, they recoiled from a contest to which their most cherished feelings were opposed, and advocated still the old formulas—petitions, protests and memorials to Parliament and the King. Such was the state of public feeling, when in the midst of the richly clad and imposing assemblage of wealthy and aristocratic planters, appeared the shabbily dressed and unknown lawyer from Hanover. Let us glance at the body, then at the personal appearance of the intruder. We enter the town of Williamsburg, and proceed up Gloucester street to the old Capitol. Passing through the vestibule, and the covered way leading to the building in the rear, we find ourselves in the hall of the worshipping House of Burgesses of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia. The speaker is seated beneath a red canopy, held aloft by golden rods. Beneath him the clerk is writing at his desk, the mace lying upon the table, to signify that the House is in full session. The body is imposing. It consists of the richest planters of the seaboard, men who own thousands of acres and hundreds of servants, and who reign supreme on their great estates, like feudal barons surrounded by their serfs of the globe. As becomes their rank and social advantages, they are elegantly clad. They wear rich cloth and velvet, their coats and waistcoats are splendid with embroidery and the long flaxen perukes are covered with hair powder. They are wealthy aristocrats, with a hundred

noble and generous traits of mind and heart, with brave, loyal souls, magnanimous natures, liberal hearts and kindly feelings—but also with a jealous attachment to "degrees in a state," with pride of lineage, pride of position—as little of "democrats" in sentiment or conviction as it is possible to conceive. They are, in their own opinion, the authorities guardians of the state—not simply by legal election of the freeholders, but by birth, rank and position. Not unkind or overbearing, they yet look down from an immense height upon the common people—yeomen, factors, and tradesmen—and calmly assume, as they verily believe themselves entitled to, the place of patricians and constitutional rulers.

This brief sketch may serve to explain the astonishment, indignation and bitter opposition, which the coarse clad youth from Hanover aroused, when he quietly arose to dictate the course of action to be pursued by the barons. There was everything in his appearance and social status to provoke displeasure. He was clad in an old faded peach blossom coat, rude in fabric as in fashion, his knee-breeches, instead of fine cloth or velvet, consisted of dressed leather; his head was covered with an old rusty tawig, innocent of powder and utterly insignificant, beside the flowing perukes of the nobles, as they were then called. There was nothing in the bearing of this shabbily dressed figure to redeem its coarse appearance. The shoulders stooped, it moved stilly and awkwardly, when the compressed lips opened to speak, the words which came forth were pronounced in a way to grate painfully upon the cultivated ears of the listener. *Earth* was called *garth*, learning, *larais*, and natural *naister*. The effect was as disagreeable as that produced to day upon an American by the pronunciation of a foreigner.

This alone threw a gulf between the rustic youth and the Oxford educated gentlemen. But all personal objections sank into insignificance beside the audacity of the propositions offered by the coarsely appareled young man. His assumption of leadership would, at any time have been regarded by the old barons as presumptuous but he did more. He placed himself in determined hostility to each and all—for his celebrated resolutions were the gauntlet of defiance, thrown down to all the prejudices of the past—the old world theories—in their very essence and foundation. They fell like a thunderbolt. They distinctly denied the right of parliament to legislate upon matters concerning the American colonies—hence their right to lay imposts—hence the constitutionality of the Stamp Act. The reading of the resolutions was the signal for a storm. The lightning was succeeded by the roar of the opposition thunder. The advocates of further petition, protest and memorial fought with all the passion, virulence and animosity of men who were outraged in their political convictions their personal vanity and their views of social propriety. Henry says that a storm of abuse was visited upon him, and Jefferson, then a youth and a listener in the lobby, declares that "the debate was most bloody." It was in the midst of his speech, that Henry, with arms extended aloft and flashing eyes, thundered out his celebrated words, "Caesar had his Brutus! Charles the First has Cromwell! and George the Third—" his voice was drowned in violent and indignant cries of "Treason! Treason!" rolling up from every part of the house, and from the lips of the speaker. It was a moment which tries manhood, and tests the fibre of the soul—Henry bore the strain. His figure rose aloft with a prouder defiance; his eye flashed with fire more haughty and determined. Confronting his opponents with the scornful wrath of an aroused giant, his voice rang out clear and stormy, "And George the Third," he repeated, "may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it!" The resolutions were carried. Driven through, over all opposition, and in spite of the most tremendous attacks, they were adopted—the last by a bare majority. Peyton Randolph, in passing through the lobby, was heard to exclaim, with a bitter oath, that he would have given "five hundred guineas for a single vote." One vote would have silenced the alarm bell, and five hundred guineas was not much to offer for it.

The action of the great House of Burgesses, of Virginia, sent a thrill through the whole land, from North to South and the ten years war of constitutional struggle which would terminate in a seven years war of revolutionary combat, began on that day when Patrick Henry fought his resolves through the Assembly of Virginia, and publicly defied the power of Parliament.—*New York Century.*

Resources of Sonora.

We make the following selections from an interesting letter published in the *New York Herald* some time since, as to the resources of the State of Sonora, and the advantages the Port of Guaymas offers, as a terminus for the Great Pacific Rail Road; and why immediate steps should at once be taken to protect the interests of our citizens. The correspondent is a gentleman who, from an extensive experience, and a long residence in the above state, possesses a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and his statements can be relied on:

To the Editor of the *Herald*.—It is well known to Congress that the Mexican States of Sonora and Chihuahua need and demand protection from our government—protection which cannot be afforded them in any other way than by the armed occupation of that portion of Mexico. It is acknowledged also that every consideration of humanity and justice sustains their claim. The usurper who now rules the destinies of Sonora, in the name of his so-called constitutional government, likewise demands protection against Indians living in our territory, while the people whom he misrules, and robs, and plunders, claim protection against him, as well as against the Indians and against our own people.

In view of these facts, and as the only way to put an effectual stop to the outrages committed by the Indian tribes in Arizona and the Mexican States above referred to, President Buchanan recommended, in his first message, that the government of the United States should assume a temporary protectorate over portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, and establish posts there. In his second message he recommends the necessity of taking a portion of Mexican territory as a pledge for the satisfaction of our demands.

The geographical position of the States of Sonora and Chihuahua is such that for ten years past they have paid little attention to orders issued from the Central Government, and are now, it is believed, desirous to declare themselves independent and claim protection from England and France. Nor is there the slightest reason to hope that any arrangement favorable to the peaceable acquisition of said States by the United States government can be made with the party now temporarily in power. Pequirra and his few supporters are ready for any extreme sooner than risk their lives with those who remember their treacherous reception of Crabb.

Who then is to blame, that no steps have been taken to invest the President with the necessary power? The movers in such a step need have no fears as to the result. Every consideration, moral and political, demands that it should be taken, and taken at once. In a former article we have endeavored to show the moral obligations our government is under to act. Let us now consider a few facts, illustrative of the advantages that will result from such action:—

Sonora is two thirds the size of California, and contains a population of over eighty thousand souls, including Indians. The Mexican portion of the inhabitants are generally well informed and intelligent; the Indians hardy and industrious. The country well stocked with horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs. Almost all the mining country, and many of the pueblos and cultivated tracts, are now abandoned on account of the Apaches; nevertheless, this one State alone is said to export five millions of dollars of silver annually; and even during the past year, wheat and flour have been shipped with profit to San Francisco, while every month, droves of cattle, mules or sheep, leave by land for California.

It may be safely estimated that under the protection of the United States government the silver mines alone will yield not less than fifty millions of dollars annually. In addition to these are mines of copper, antimony, lead, tin, iron, cobalt and gold, also fine pearl fisheries as are known anywhere; quantities of dye woods, every variety of tropical fruits, game and fish in abundance, and oysters equal in every respect to the finest furnished to our Eastern markets.

There are mines enough to give steady employment of a permanent nature, to a large population, and lands in the southern part of the State equal in richness to any on the continent, and sufficiently extensive to supply the whole western coast, with the necessities of life. There is a coast of five hundred miles, with the finest harbor on the Pacific side, excepting that of San Francisco. The harbor of Guaymas, perfectly landlocked, in a temperate latitude, with a healthy climate, possesses great advantages for the terminus of any rail road route from the Mississippi. Mazatlan does not compare with it as a harbor, is much farther south and out of easy access. A rail road from St. Louis, Memphis, or San Antonio direct to Guaymas, can be built for one fourth less than to any other available port on the Pacific coast, while Guaymas can be readily connected with San Francisco by a line of steamers and a short railroad across the peninsula of Lower California.

"He was only a Printer."

Such was the sneering remark of the leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? He was only a printer. Who was Benjamin Franklin? one of the greatest philosophers and statesmen. Only a printer! What was George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Joseph Gales, Charles Richardson, Jas. Harper, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Robt. Sears, Charles Dickens, M. Thiers, Douglas Jerard, Geo. D. Prentice, and Senators Dix, Cameron, Niles and Bigler? They too were only printers! And last, though not least, what was James Buchanan, who occupies the most enviable position on earth? Only a printer! Every one cannot be printers—brains are necessary.

Rio Grande Valley.

This Valley of the Rio Grande is one of the richest and loveliest I ever saw. Here are the largest pear trees I ever beheld. Fruit trees in general are cultivated by every householder. The vineyards are large and carefully tended. Grape culture and wine making are the chief dependencies, for money. It was too early for grapes but I tasted the wine and found it excellent. Far superior to my so-called taste to most of the European brands. The vines are singularly managed; there is no frame for them to run on—no stake to uphold them. They are pruned very close every year, and the main stem becomes stout and strong, and looks like a stump, usually about two feet high. The young vines shoot out from this old stock, and are left to wave in the winds.

Wheat grows finely here. The fields are not enclosed. Irrigation is universal. There is one large canal (we call it—the Mexicans call it *acequia*—pronounced *asakia*) with little trenches running in all directions which form squares; in these the water is allowed to stand till absorbed by the earth.—*Bronze Parrot.*

The Captor of the Chesapeake.

The latest military and naval intelligence from England contains an item of news that is worth recording. The old frigate Shannon which captured the United States frigate Chesapeake on the 1st of June 1813, is about to be broken up at Chatham. She has been known for years, as the *St. Lawrence*, in the "Royal Navy." The battle in which the Shannon defeated the Chesapeake was brought about by an agreement of the British and American commanders "to try their respective powers" on the deep. The Chesapeake was in the harbor of Boston when the challenge was made, and in order not to back down, her commander, Captain Lawrence, was compelled to take with him in the engagement a crew of inexperienced seamen. The disastrous result is a matter of history. The Chesapeake has been tenderly cared for in England. She was recently enlarged, improved and strengthened in every way, and is now attached to the East India squadron, under command of Admiral Hope, who did not, as has been reported, capture the *Endymion*. Like the gallant commander, from whose dying hands she was wrested, they refuse to "give up the ship."—*Y. N. Post.*