

ARIZONA CITIZEN.

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TUCSON, PIMA COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

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AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR THE CITIZEN:

W. N. Kelley, newsdealer at Prescott, has THE CITIZEN for sale.

L. P. Fisher, 20 and 21 New Merchants' Exchange, is our authorized Agent in San Francisco.

Schneider, Grieson & Co., Arizona City
E. Irvine & Co., Phoenix
H. A. Bigelow will receive and receipt for money for THE CITIZEN at Prescott.

L. C. BUNNEN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
TUCSON - ARIZONA.
Office on Congress street. my31

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TUCSON, - ARIZONA.
CORNER OF CHURCH AND CONVENT.

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TUCSON - ARIZONA.
OFFICE: COR. STONE AND CONVENT STS.

COLES BASHFORD,
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TUCSON - ARIZONA.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 117

J. E. McCAFFRY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
U. S. District Attorney for Arizona,
TUCSON - ARIZONA.
Office on Congress street. 117

CHARLES O. BROWN,
Dealer in Imported

WINE, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
CONGRESS HALL,
TUCSON, A. T.

Shaving Saloon,
Congress street—first pole above Pioneer News Depot.

WORK IN THE BEST STYLES AT
reasonable rates, such as
Shaving,
Shampooing,
Hair Cutting,
Best Bay rum used.
117 SAM'L BOSTICE.

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN

FINE WINES,
LIQUORS,
and CIGARS.

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J. M. GORWEY and CO.
Importers and Jobbers in

WINE and LIQUORS.

Sole Agents for the
Celebrated Blue Grass Whisky,
109 and 111 Front Street, S. F., Cal.
apt 26 6m.

FERD. BERTHOLD,
Tres Alamos, Arizona,
DEALER IN

GENERAL
MERCHANDISE,

Have constantly on hand a well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
LIQUORS,
TOBACCO, and
CIGARS,
Etc., Etc.

WHICH I offer for sale at lowest possible prices. I have also HAY and GRAIN on hand to supply the travelling public. Also a most excellent well of water to accommodate the public. apt-6m

One Story's Good till Another's Told.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind—
'Tis an old one—a kind one—and true as 'tis kind;
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
And no worse for the heart if remembered at home!
If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it, the first to defend!
Say to-morrow will come,—and then time will unfold
That "one story's good till another is told!"

A friend's like a ship, when with mast and sail
The tide of good fortune still spends like a gale,
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,
And say "how hollow was better his deck;
But give me the heart that was sympathy shows,
And clings to a messmate, whatever wind blows;
And says—when aspersion, unanswered, grows cold,
Wait—"one story's good till another is told!"

FROM THE METROPOLIS.

Mostly About the Goody—Goody Business—Easter Performances and other business.

NEW YORK, April 11.—Too much company it were then for me to be alone. The scriptures does not say this, but the Good Book does not contain all the good things. It is a proverb of my own making—the dregs of drinking at every place from the Battery up to Forty-second street, where the grand depot is for starting people west. This city is divided up into three pretty distinct styles of architecture, streets etc. "Down town" now has a double signification; it once meant below City Hall Square, the Ades House and Newspaper Row, including the heavy shipping houses, also the Greenwich street or similar class of practitioners. In the last few years, the city has given so rapidly to upward that old up-town is now down-town—that is, below Union Square from which point northward the avenue system of streets may be said to commence and those same-like blocks of dwellings. Up-town now properly means, including and above Madison Square; and all above the latter the street system is readily understood—Broadway the back-bone clear through to central Park etc. After the Park was gotten up, the fashion of aping everything Parisian even to names came in vogue. Hence the word "boulevard" in our later designation of city highways. Boulevard is really a round mouth-filling word and I may come to like it myself in course of time. I must take it in some shape; and that suggests another proverb I have originated since I last wrote you, and which will become standard, if not scriptural, sooner or later,—principally later. In short it takes me and some one or other of my old Pacific Slopers here, outrageously long to get up-town, after business hours. I lay it to the vast amount of business we transact; our business chiefly relates to getting up and down town. But to the proverb. Hoyle says, of some game or other, that "when you are in doubt, always play a trump." I will say in regard to drinking, that "when you are in doubt, always drink whisky." For instance, there are five Delmonico eating and drinking establishments, four in this city and one in Brooklyn. The four are regularly stationed along from the Battery, up, and if you start in to go through them all with a friend and don't confine yourself to one kind of liquor, you will find the load very heavy before you know it. The Delmonicos are at present two brothers, Swiss—Italians, and make fortunes feeding people right along, and lose their money in stocks whenever they go outside. Only the younger tends to business now, and he is getting sere and serene. I shook hands with him the other day and told him I was glad to find a man at last who wanted some stock in a gold mine. At which he said he would smile were it not against his later habits. But I jumped over an item of interest to Arizonans coming this way. When the decent people all concluded to live up-town, the authorities by edict emptied Greenwich street into the Avenues, and so you

cannot tell in modern society, according to the papers, where the good and bad separate: I only remark it. But I digress.

Yes, Good Friday and yesterday, Easter Sunday, were handsomely disposed of. Coming up out of Wall street you confront old Trinity on Broadway—as I once before said. It seemed rather strange that on Friday I should get the first glimpse of the celebrated old Christian—Daniel Dreyfus—he who once ruined the pastor and Germans of his own church in a stock operation; did it deliberately too; just as I told you partners in any other pursuit here will go outside and put up jobs to bust each other. And yet we are all honorable men. Judas was many honorable in trying to test the partnership of the Savior with the Father of us all. I could not help thinking of Daniel and the resurrection ceremonies that were to and did come off yesterday at Trinity. It was the biggest thing I have yet seen and heard in the way of sacred music and ceremony. It was an episcopal outfit and of course the sermon was of secondary import. This was specially good, being only fifteen minutes long, and in effect it says to the man at large to warm up old head with a dose of taller candles—a burning out of a degree at half past six. But I felt sort of expanded to-day it was all through—looking in my overcoat a scoundrel in my pocket and a cork-stow in the other. (Judge!) I called New York a great city of small thieves; which may account for my going heeled in day light to church—fearing some one might want my remaining two dollars and a half more than I did. Last night I heard my old stand-by, Beecher. It was all I wanted in the way of preaching; he only stated my own ideas better than I could—to the effect that one can be as good outside of a meeting-house

as in. Did I ever see a better strength going on now between the thinkers and the painters in religion, under the sun so sorry to "paint hell on the sky" in all outside their doors, and preach solemnly the walls of their Sunday residences. The other school, with all the proximity of J. Hilling mule, refuse to paint the devil blacker than he is, and, to (again quote J. B.) insist that the best judges of color will fail to tell a negro's soul in heaven from that of any other. But such men as Theodore Parker, (gone in.) and H. W. Beecher, (extant,) have compelled the old brimstone peddlers to mix it largely with molasses; and then only children and lackadaisical young women are inclined to buy it homoeopathically. In this connection I may remark that I can get no word from the "wickedest man" in this city. I am afraid he has gone the way of Orville (alias "Awful") Gardner, the reformed prize-fighter of some years ago. The story is told that it may be new to some of you.

He was preaching to some of his old chums at the Bowery theater, one Sunday night. He was about getting interested in the life and sorrows of the Savior when a half rotten potato came down from the gallery and left its mark on what was left of his nose. He turned it off on to the trials of Jesus; and said, He "knew how it was Himself." Pretty soon a stale turnip hit our speaker behind the belt. Still, he added that the man of sorrows was over thus imposed upon while going about doing good, and no amount of decayed vegetable matter could turn his stomach while battling for the Lord. He went on with his discourse for a few moments when an egg not characteristic for extreme freshness splattered over his christianized clean shirt-front and made it look like a cross between a small-pox flag and a perfumed diaper. This last act was a little too much even for the inner bosom of our Reformed, and he said with some deliberation approaching to a vigorous climax, as follows: "My brethren and friends, I will be through with this Jesus talk in just five minutes, and if I can find the fellow who threw that egg, I'll break his head or he can shoot me for a ———." So with our Christians, reformed and otherwise, on Wall street, and who listened to the heavenly strains at old Trinity yesterday. To-day they are heard to out-swear the "wickedest man" on earth, and direct it all against the fellow who beat them at the bull and bear game the day before. W.

SHEEP-RAISING.

The business of raising sheep in Arizona has been attended with so many losses in consequence of Indian troubles, that no one has yet been able to demonstrate by a test of years what results would flow from a systematic and fair trial of it. A few sheep here and there have been and are now being kept in different portions of the Territory, but the only object sought so far has been to supply the markets with mutton, and to effect has been made to harvest the breeds, and the fleece has been deemed a secondary consideration. As peace begins to dawn upon us, there appears to be a general desire to obtain information upon this subject. We have therefore taken some trouble to obtain and publish all the information we could. We are informed by Mr. Marsh, of this place, that he purchased about two years ago, some four hundred ewes, that they have had lambs twice each year, and have been perfectly healthy. To supply his market in Tucson he has for a year and a half killed from one to two sheep per day, and has now quite as many on hand

Trinidad, Colorado Territory, to the Philadelphia Press:

The question of improving the breeds of sheep is one of great importance to Colorado and New Mexico, and the relative value of merino, cotswold, and southdowns is well worthy of full discussion. But I have to do in this letter with the business of sheep-raising as it now exists, and as the best means of illustrating it will give the history of one New Mexican flock, as it was related to me by one of the owners,

Don Felipe Ponce came to Trinidad in 1865, with 1,000 ewes, in 1873, he brought his flock to 1,500, making a flock of 1,500—of which he paid \$2,250. The product of his flock is as follows:

Year	Sheep sold	Amount realized	Price of Wool
In 1865	600	\$1,800	11 cts. 4 lb.
In 1866	500	1,500	11 " "
In 1867	600	1,800	15 " "
In 1868	200	600	15 " "
In 1869	200	600	15 " "
In 1870	1,200	4,200	20 " "
In 1871	2,000	7,000	20 " "
In 1872	2,400	7,320	32 " "

During the period this flock was kept, the price of wool, including all expenses, feed, bedding, shearing, etc., had been paid for out of the wool produced, so that the above increase may be reckoned as clear gain to the owner of the flock of 1,800 in 1864. Therefore the increase has been 1,240 per cent. in eight years, while the profit upon the \$4,500 originally invested was 1,345 per cent. in the eight years, or at the rate of 193 per cent. per annum. It will be observed that a large portion of the original capital has been taken out year by year, only a moderate remainder being compounded. One reason for the rapid increase lies in the fact that the Mexican sheep is very prolific. Mr. Sales having raised last year 1,200 yearling lambs from 1,200 ewes. It is interesting to analyze the cost of maintaining a flock of four thousand sheep in this favored country, a cost which is entirely offset, as I have been mentioned, by the tremendous amount produced annually by each animal. The sheep-walks of South Australia, to which English novelists send the needy but ambitious younger sons, where a fortune must be gained in a marvellously brief period, present facilities far less favorable than those here offered.

A flock of 4,000 sheep requires:
Two shepherds continually at \$15 each per month \$360 00
To which add board at \$5 per m'th 120 00
Ten men at lambing-time 1 month, with board 200 00
Shearing at \$2.50 per hundred 100 00
One superintendent for four flocks at \$8 per month 96 00
Half a dozen shears 11 00
Gunpowder, four pounds 3 00
Wolf poison 1 00
\$891 00

To these expenses must be added two burros, (donkeys), at \$20 each; the donkey will bear his burdens patiently for twenty-five years; two dogs at \$50 each; the dog, when he does not eat wolf poison by mistake, lives an active life for eight years,

and a corral or a pen, to which the flock is driven at shearing and lambing-time, an improvement which lasts many years. The primitive character of the New Mexican shepherd may be fancied from the wages he receives and the small sum required for his board. They are a peculiar race, and they live on the broad, treeless plains, with their donkeys, their dogs, and their sheep, for years without any shelter except that afforded by a single blanket. In the winter the snow sometimes covers them with a second blanket while they sleep with their feet to the smoldering stoves. I look out at my window this evening and see the up the mountain side, probably ten miles away, three fires that glow almost as brightly as the stars in Orion's belt, that hang in the sky immediately above them. Enough deer are shot to keep the shepherds supplied with venison, so he need not draw upon the flock for food meat. Once each year his animals are welcome, and he pets the little brute, trains it, and in time adds to his scanty income by selling it.

The celebrated royal flocks of Merino, which were once the pride of Spanish monarchs, it is related became strong and healthy through the process of natural selection, secured in their journeys of many hundred miles between their summer and winter pastures. The weaker animals could not keep up with the moving flock, and, one by one, were left on the road.

From the above showing, it is not necessary for us to add anything. No one could reasonably ask for a better investment, and with safety from Indians, probably there is not to be found a more desirable place for sheep growing than in Arizona; a warm genial climate, a free and an abundant pasture the year round, and exemption from disease of every kind, is all that is required to insure success.

The Miner says that carriages have been put on the road to carry the mail from Prescott to the Wallapai mines, and Hardyville passengers are carried for \$30; also that Capt. C. C. Warner called on them with the list of six assays made by C. Pletz, of Cerbat, of ore from the new discovery south of Cerbat. The lode is from 6 to 15 feet wide and has been traced and located for six miles, and is called the Hope. The assays were: \$3,330 28; \$3,843 95; \$13,490 77; \$358 25; \$1,012 60; \$1,044 62. The ore is argentiferous galena and contains 15 per cent. lead.

W. A. is the following mining items from The Miner of the 21:
A party of gentlemen from Prescott arrived at Mohave, April 21, to prospect in the Pinal mountains. James H. and Wm. Shumans had organized a lot of gold lodes from the Deer Run mine. The War-Eagle lode is looking well. Smith's mill below Wickenburg has commenced running with fair prospects of success. A young man promised to show some men in Prescott a big thing in the way of mines, (secret of course,) but being a little lame left in the night previous, and the boys could not follow him. That was getting off worse.

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