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constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco, Hardware, etc., which we will sell at the very lowest prices.

We have, also, Hay and Grain, constantly on hand to supply the Public.

LAW--DIVINE AND HUMAN.

[Contributed.]

STUDENT.

Professor, bear with me awhile,
My thoughts a true, first cause are seeking,
For laws so good in peace--you smile--
So poor when earth with crime is reeking.

PROFESSOR.

My son, I am most proud to guide
Your mind to truth; your very asking
An answer to a want so wide,
Is proof of Truth, black crime e'er tasking.

The law but tries to reach the goal
With human power and human reason,
While round us and beyond the whole,
By parts is wrought the Truth in season.

'Twas many a year ago I lived
In Mexico. There reigned but anarchy.
Torn from that which they first believed,
No Truth had since built up a Monarchy.

While free from evil spirits, they
But strive to find their tables daily;
And then at night, to harps, their way
Is joyously to dance and gaily.

The gambling booth holds fast its sway
With these true children of the sun;
Between their games and dances soft array,
The weak are frequently undone.

This loss at first begets despair,
Then follows quick the cold resolve
To plunder those caught in their lair;
(Their losses with their crimes absolve.)

Success may crown their first essays:
Then bolder grow they, thus succeeding,
Till iron-bound in guilty ways
They harden, law, nor truth, nor church
then heeding.

Well, in this town where then I dwelt,
One robbery was followed by another;
Then murder came, at midnight dealt,
The olden causes, gold and lust its brother.

An honest man, to all most fairly known;
His wife, so true and fair and youthful,
And 'gainst their well earned honor none
Could speak one word and still be truthful.

Stark lay these two there--once so true
and fair,
In the pale, cold light of early dawn,
His face to earth, with bloody matted hair;
Hers, bruised and marred, could give no
moaning.

A rude, barbaric, thorny starve
The two fair citizens had broken;
By murderous blow--with none to save
They died, against their Cain no token.

But God within his great, true realm,
Ordains both antidote and evil:
The murderer's hopes of gain o'erwhelm
His care and now in gold they revel.

For see, he fills his hands with gold
And diamonds, gems there brightly glisten;
He dabbles his feet in blood, grown bold,
For none, (forgetting God,) are listening.

He ope's the door--his hands are red;
He steps upon the sill; the tell-tale, gory
Imprints there left from which is read
The fearful, ghastly, hellish story.

And off to his harlot he creeps--
She, sleeping knows naught but of resting;
Blood-stained, scared, into her bed he
creeps,
The darkness each corner with horror invests.

And there he is found; for when the truth
Was known throughout that southern vil-
lage,
When grey-haired sire and stalworth youth
Did learn, not hate nor love, but pillage,

Had worked the death of true and fair,
There rose a sound first faint strength
showing,
Like mutterings from the tiger's lair,
Increasing slowly, slowly, surely grow-

And fiercer grew the swelling force,
And louder still the waves were calling,
With voices, strange to each, all hoarse
With mystic passion, with ire appalling.

Its arms reached out and quickly caught
The trembling wretch, with clutch Ti-
tanic.

A dark, long mark obscured the night;
The moon lit up a face Satanic.

Now, mark my son, this rude, fierce force
Which I can see your soul's now fleeing,
Is father of all our laws--the source
Maternal, human judgment being.

Until that judgment weak can make
Our human laws just as the laws of heaven,
The source of all our law will take
This power, thus "to set all things even."

WHAT a wonderful thing love is to
a woman! How it helps her to know
that some one is always fond of her;
that rejoices when she rejoices, and
that sorrows when she grieves; to be
sure that her faults are loved, and
that her face is fairer to one, at
least, than faces that are far more
beautiful--that one great heart holds
her sacred in its innermost recesses
above all women! She can do
anything, be anything, suffer any-
thing, thus upheld. She grows pret-
tier under the sweet influence, brighter,
kinder, stronger, and life seems but a
foretaste of heaven; and all of her
dreams are golden.

FROM TUCSON TO GRANT.

Road and Ranch--Mountain and Val-
ley--Pueblo Viejo--What is and
What May be.

We have been furnished by Gov.
Safford with the following interesting
items relative to the eastern part of the
Territory through which he has re-
cently traveled:

From Tucson to Camp Bowie the dis-
tance is about 110 miles and is one
of the best natural roads in the Ter-
ritory. Twenty-five miles east of
Tucson the Cienega Station is reached;

it is owned and kept by James Doug-
las and good accommodations are
given to man and beast. This is one
of the best stock ranges in Arizona
but until recently, on account of the
hostility of the Apaches, it was folly
to attempt to keep stock near this
Station. Two stages were taken in
'69 and '70 and all on board were
murdered, and several trains have
suffered the same fate while others by
hard fighting were saved. A German
family, with the exception of a small
boy, was murdered near here in 1868.

The boy was made a captive and was
subsequently ransomed by Col. Hgas.
In 1870 a soldier placed here as a
guard was shot in the door, and sub-
sequently the Apaches attacked and
took the station killing two of the
three inmates, Mr. Smith making
his escape by stealing away at night.

Twenty-five miles further on, the
San Pedro is reached. The Station is
kept by Jacob Schaublin and his ex-
cellent wife. A better station cannot
be found in Arizona nor two more
worthy persons. If they had been
paid according to the risks they have
taken and the work they have done
they would have been rich long ago;

but they are cheerful and apparently
contented and Arizona would be hon-
ored and benefitted if we had thou-
sands more of such excellent families.

Three soldiers are still left here as
guard. Thirty-five miles further on,
Sulphur Springs are reached, where
there is a very good station kept by
Mr. Rogers. Until recently the Chi-
ricahua Agency has been at this place,
but is now removed to the San Simon
valley beyond Bowie.

In passing over the road from the
San Pedro to Sulphur Springs almost
every foot is marked by some scene
of violence. From the Dragon Moun-
tains Cachise and his men could see,
from either way, trains and travelers
as they approached the pass. It was
at this point that the lamented Col.
Stone and five others fell victims in
1869. Twenty-five miles from Sul-
phur Springs Camp Bowie is reached.

It is located in a pass in the Chiri-
chua range of mountains, in a most
excellent grazing country, and is con-
sidered very healthy. The post is
well built and pleasantly located.

Major Sumner of the 5th Cavalry
is in command and Capt Haskell of
the 23d Infantry is stationed here
with his Company. Dr. Fruman has
charge of the medical department,
but complains that he has but little
to do. All these officers have sensibly
brought their wives with them and
they all seem contented and happy and
make every one feel so who visits
them. From Camp Bowie the road
leads near the San Simon valley fifty-
five miles to Pueblo Viejo. This
valley is about 30 miles in width and
extends from some distance in Mex-
ico to the Gila river. It is covered
with the most nutritious grasses and
affords most excellent pasture for
stock. Pueblo Viejo is located on the
Gila about 35 miles above old Camp
Goodwin; it takes its name from the
extensive ruins of old Aztec towns
and cities that are found here. It was
once the centre of a dense population;
traces of their irrigating ditches,

artificial lake and palatial houses
can yet be seen. Less than a year
ago a company was formed in Tucson
to take water from the Gila to irrigate
these lands; last June an irrigating
ditch was completed so that a few
settlers were enabled to plant crops
and the result of their labor has been
most encouraging. They have 100
acres of beans and one hundred and
fifty acres of corn planted, besides a
large variety of vegetables. All
that they have put into the ground
has done remarkably well. With
little or no cultivation the corn stands
from 12 to 18 feet high and one stalk
often carries two and three ears. One
pumpkin, only partly grown, meas-
ured five feet in circumference and
would probably weigh 100 pounds,
and there were many others about as
large. If the valley receives access-
ion to its population, as it is ex-
pected it will, the company intend to
increase the capacity of the ditch so
that all that may come can have
plenty of water; and any one who is
willing to work can secure an interest
by his labor at cost price. There is
not yet a woman in the valley and
the men there are very desirous for
families to come and make homes
with them and if young ladies
should come also they need not
long wait for a husband and an in-
terest in a farm, should they desire
such an investment. There are two
other companies taking out ditches on
the river; one five miles above the
present one and the other five miles
above old Camp Goodwin, where
Hooker and Hines once had a farm
which produced corn equal to the
Wabash valley. In addition to agri-
cultural advantages of this valley it
is a most excellent grazing section
and is considered perfectly healthy.
It is expected that in four years more
the Texas Railroad will be completed
across the continent, and it is quite
sure to run down the Gila. Then a
farmer can leave his home and go to
New York and back in about a week
and to San Francisco and back in less
time.

From Pueblo Viejo to old Camp
Goodwin the distance is about thirty-
five miles. The road runs down the
valley of the Gila which is from one
to eight miles in width and the most
of it is of the best quality of Agri-
cultural land. Over a large portion
of it mesquite wood grows in abun-
dant and the trees are now loaded
with beans. On the right of the road
the Gila courses its way, lined on
either side with a dense growth of
cottonwood, and on the left Graham
mountain rises high above the clouds
covered with forests of excellent pine.

Old Camp Goodwin is now deserted
and it would have been far better for
the service and for the reputation of
Arizona if it had never been located.
It is situated three miles from the
Gila, surrounded by a swamp the
malaria from which generates fever
and the garrison while stationed here
was constantly sick, which rendered
the soldiers useless and gave Arizona
a bad name, when in fact the cause
was local and three miles either way
from this fever hole the country is as
healthy as can be found on the globe.

Thanks to Gen. Crook all such un-
healthy posts have been abandoned
and we predict now that the health
of the troops in Arizona will compare
favorably with any state or territory
in the Union.

From Goodwin to Camp Grant the
distance is fifty miles over a rolling
country covered with excellent grass
and offering superior inducements for
stock raising. Grant is beautifully
located at the southern base of Gra-
ham mountain, overlooking the Sul-
phur springs valley and Cachise's res-
ervation to the south with Graham
mountain rising high above on the
north. A more beautiful location can
hardly be imagined, while all the
material such as wood, timber, water
and grass are at hand. The Post is
in command of Major Wm. H. Brown
and is now being built under the
Superintendence of Mr. Buck, the
post trader. The appropriation so
far for building this post has only
been \$17,500 and the work that has
and is being done with this small
sum is truly remarkable. Commis-
sary buildings, a large guard house
and the adjutant's office have been
completed. They are constructed of
granite and are built in the most sub-
stantial manner. The cellar under the
commissary building, with the usual
management of government funds,

would have exhausted the appropria-
tion. The commanding officer's build-
ing, made of granite and of suffi-
ciently imposing appearance to be
creditably if located on Montgomery
street, is fast approaching completion.
Officers' buildings made of granite
are fast going up. The soldiers quar-
ters are being built of adobes and will
be completed within six weeks. About
this camp there does not seem to be a
single idler; from early morn until
dark, officers, soldiers and citizens vie
with each other in seeing who can do
the most work, and so orderly that
one would suppose that the camp was
composed of one large harmonious
family. Not a sign of dissipation is
apparent. Mr. Buck has a well se-
lected stock of goods at the post,
which he sells at reasonable rates.
He is a live man and seems to feel
more interest in helping to build up a
post and in assisting Arizona gener-
ally, than in accumulating money for
himself. Major Brown was organ-
izing a scout to go after some strag-
gling Apaches who have recently
been giving some trouble. He has
proved himself to be one of General
Crook's best aids. He took with him
twenty friendly Apaches, headed by
Captain Chiquito, Archy McIntosh,
Gen. Crook's old scout, Marchilda,
Jose Maria and Antonio; the three
latter are Mexicans but were made
captives at different times when boys,
and hence understand the country,
the language and habits of the Apa-
ches to perfection. The stories of
their captivity and life among the
Apaches would be interesting, but in
this connection there is not room to
mention it. Before leaving, Major
Brown called his guides together to
consult about the plan of campaign.
He told Capt. Chiquito that he de-
pendent much upon him, that he knew
the country and the Apaches they
were going after, and mainly on his
skill and management did he depend
for success; that if he, Chiquito, was
in New York and they were to go to-
gether after bad white men he could
undoubtedly guide him so as to find
them, for he knew the trails and
haunts of white men there, but now
that he was in his country he de-
pendent upon him for this assistance.
Chiquito said that those Indians were
a common enemy; that Gen. Crook
and Major Brown were the true
friends of all good Apaches; that he
should stand by them and do all he
could to capture or kill those who
would disturb the peace. He then
said that before he left he had a little
domestic matter that he wanted to
speak about, which was giving him
some concern. Some months ago he
had purchased a squaw from a neigh-
boring band and had paid two cows
for her; that subsequently the band
had demanded an additional consid-
eration and he gave them some more
presents; but he found finally that he
could not satisfy them and he had re-
fused to give more. Now that he was
going away he feared that they
would come and steal her away, and
he wanted Maj. Brown to see that she
was protected and cared for in his ab-
sence. Which the Major agreed to
do. Chiquito, prior to the purchase
of this squaw had three besides, and
according to Apache custom he was
compelled to cut off the nose of one
of them for infidelity a few months ago,
which is an evidence that a plurality
of wives does not always bring con-
tention, and also, that the wild un-
tutored children of the forest have
their love troubles as well as the
more civilized lords of creation.

From Camp Grant to Tucson the
distance is 104 miles. The first 40
miles is over a high table country
covered with grass, then by a gradual
descent for 20 miles to the San Pedro.
At this point there is quite a farming
settlement; about 800 acres were
planted this year; the land is pro-
ductive and has been cultivated for a
number of years past. The Indians
have been very severe on this settle-
ment, having murdered one fourth of
the population there in 1869. But
during the past year, with one excep-
tion, they have had no trouble, and
the poor farmers who have heretofore
lost everything are now beginning to
accumulate, and feel much encour-
aged with the hope that the darkest
day has passed.

From the San Pedro to Tucson the
distance is fifty miles, the first twen-
ty-five miles over a rolling grassy
country to the Cienega, which has al-
ready been mentioned.