

THE ARIZONA CITIZEN.

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No. 17.

THE ARIZONA CITIZEN

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AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR THE CITIZEN:
W. N. Kelly, Newsdealer at Prescott, has the CITIZEN for sale, and has authority to receive and remit for money due us.
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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 1f

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Will attend to the preparation of cases before the General Land Office and all the Departments of the Government.

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TUCSON, ARIZONA.
Will resume the practice of his profession Thursday, July 1. Will give attention by preference to diseases of women and children.
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and evening.

Sheep for Sale.

FOR SALE TWO THOUSAND HIGH GRADE FRENCH MERINO EWES. Will be sold in lots of from 500 up. Are at present on San Pedro River, near old Camp Grant, or
Apply to JULES GIRAUD,
Care of Messrs. Fish & Co., Florence, Dec. 25. 12-5w

Palace Hotel.

MAHER & DRISCOLL, Proprietors.
THE PROPRIETORS FEEL JUSTIFIED in soliciting patronage, in the full assurance that they will please all who may become their guests.
Comfortable Rooms well Ventilated.
All meals served in the BEST STYLE, with the very best that the market affords.
Terms—Moderate.
January 8. 14-4f

Joiners and Builders.

MARSHALL & MORRISON,
Shop in Goldberg's Old Stand, Just North of Cosmopolitan Hotel.

THEY ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL kinds of carpentering, make furniture, wood machinery, etc. If any wood work is desired, they can make it on short notice and of the best materials to the satisfaction of customers.
Nov. 27. 7-3m

S. W. Carpenter.

RECORDER OF PIMA COUNTY.
Office in the Court-house, Tucson.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.

See Notice of location of Ranges, Water Rights, Mines and Mill-sites, Easements, Mortgages, Bills of Sale and all other Legal Documents executed properly and promptly at moderate charges.
Records searched FREE of charge.

Tucson Assay Office.

I BEG LEAVE TO INFORM MY friends and the public in general that I have opened an
Assay Office in Tucson,
and am ready for work in any line of my business at following prices:
Single Assays for Gold and Silver, \$3.50
Single Assays for Copper, \$2.00
Single Assays, Copper, Gold & Silver, \$5.00
SAMUEL HUGHES, Assayer,
Tucson, Feb. 6, 1875. 18-4f

Celestial Restaurant

HOP KEZ & CO., Tucson, Arizona.

THIS FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT is on Congress street near the Custom House.
The Chief Cook and Baker, is "Lucky"—one of the very best and who is well known to be such.
Hop Kez & Co. have their own garden and always keep their table well supplied with the best articles in the market.
Patronage is solicited.
Fare Excellent and Charges Reasonable by the Day, Week or Month.
December 1. 9-4f

The Years.

Oh! glad some, gleeful years,
With youth's sweet spring-time bright;
Alternate smiles and tears
Thou bringest in thy flight.

Oh! glorious, golden years
Of manhood's strength and joy;
Ye pass unsexed by fears,
But not without alloy.

Oh! weary, wasted years;
Your shadows darkly rise
And dim to-day's bright sun,
That else would light my skies.

Oh! blighted, buried years;
Oh! years that onward roll;
Is memory's crushing weight
The all ye bring the soul?

O Time! O Time! thou speedest on,
And heedest not the wreck
Of life, and hope, and joy, and love,
Thou leavest in thy track.

Oh! backward turn, ye fleeting years;
Restore to me thy past spoils!
Or bear me still more swiftly on,
Beyond these tears and toils.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
This little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, and the things.

A National Calamity.

We were very much pained upon seeing a statement in an exchange, the other day, that Walker, the Vinegar Bitters man, had got into trouble with his wife and a divorce was in prospect.

And we think when our readers come to look the matter over, they likewise will be pained, through pure sympathy with and gratitude to Mr. Walker.

What do we owe to this benefactor of the human race? Vinegar Bitters. The very name imparts a pleasurable sensation. We have tasted of all sorts of things in our life, from peccan to mustard liniment, and while there has been a wavering, (call it weak though you will) in our mind, at times, as to whether Vinegar Bitters or the superior grades of eye water were superior in flavor, still our better taste has always, eventually, decided in favor of vinegar bitters. Take away our early cocktail, remove the beverage which soothes but doesn't intoxicate, lock up the gin and tansy, cut off the allowance of sheep wash, but don't meddle with our vinegar bitters. And entertaining such an appreciation of this delicious nectar, it is but natural that we should be pained, when trouble befalls its great discoverer. There was only one thing we ever feared in this beverage, and that was the strong hold it gained on the appetite, leading to danger from over indulgence. We have seen strong men, on their frequent occasions of indulgence in this delightful tippique with regret that they had lived so long before it was invented, or that they could not get all they wanted of it. We sincerely hope, that Mr. Walker's earthly afflictions will only stimulate him to make a future grade of vinegar bitters, which, by its divine afflatus, will electrify a cornfield as well as, and by its flavor, become a national drink.

Yuma Items.

From The Sentinel of last Saturday:
The work for excavating for the foundation of the Penitentiary is going on with vigor. Last Thursday a heavy blast, composed of several cans of powder, was let off in the bowels of the hills, and loosened things up considerably. During the week the Commissioners had a fine derrick erected to do the hoisting work. We believe these Prison Commissioners are the right men in the right place, for they are good, sound, energetic business men, and the public interests will not suffer in their hands.

Goldberg's train, John Hovey wagon master, arrived last Thursday from Tucson loaded with ore from the Silver King mine, for San Francisco, and dried hides for Julius Samter.

Daniel Murphy, a blacksmith, at the McCracken mine, fell dead at his forge of heart disease, on the 15th instant.

January the 10th, the steamship Newbern from San Francisco, arrived at the mouth of the river with freight and passengers; discharged and received freight, and sailed on the 17th for San Francisco again.

In the House of Representatives, on January 13, Bennett, of Idaho, offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary committee to inquire into the expediency of incorporating a constitutional amendment giving the citizens of organized territories a right to vote for President and Vice President.

Adopted. Kelly of Oregon introduced a bill enabling claimants of lands in the Territories of New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona to institute proceedings to try the validity of their claims. Referred to the Committee on Private Land Claims.

SPINNER, who is in Florida, writes his signature on the sands of a bayou, and the alligators come up to look at it and immediately get the jimjams.

THE Hebrew Leader thinks that the Jews have strengthened, as a race, by dispersion, and that they will not return en masse to Palestine.

THE LITTLE COLORADO.

Interesting Letter—Ranches and Settlements in Eastern Arizona—Camp Apache—Stock and Crop Prospects.

CAMP APACHE, January 10, 1876.
EDITOR CITIZEN:—In securing signatures to the petition for a mail route from Goodwin to Fort Wingate, I have ridden about 450 miles, and having visited every ranch and settlement en route to the Little Colorado, I send you a few items of interest in this country and people. In the Little Colorado district there are 165 qualified voters, and of these I have obtained, to the petition for a mail route, 140 signatures, every one of them genuine and residents of that precinct.

I left Camp Apache on Christmas day, and started for Cooley's place, distant about 40 miles, arriving there on the 26th. What a great change has taken place during the past few years. In 1869, C. E. Cooley, H. Wood Dodd and myself passed through this country, just below where Clark and Cooley's ranch now is. In those days there was no Camp Apache, or roads or settlements or anything else but a wilderness.

Messrs. Cooley & Clark have a fine ranch, and will this year sow about 250 acres of barley alone. Leaving this ranch on the morning of the 29th, I started across the high mesa that lies between the Rio Solo and Concho creek. Midway of the mesa one obtains a fine view of an extensive range of country. To the northwest, at a distance of 150 miles, rises the lofty San Francisco, the highest mountain in Arizona, and now covered from peak to the base of vision with snowy shroud. To the southeast, about 60 miles away, stands in its ghastly stillness the White Mountain, being the next loftiest peak in the Territory. Having crossed the mesa, I arrived at the ranch of Peter Moore, at what is called "Mineral Springs," distant from Cooley's 25 miles, and from Camp Apache 50 miles. Mr. Moore is a family man, having an American lady for a wife and three interesting children. At the time of my visit, two of the children, Ida and Frankie, were sick with the scarlatina. Mr. Moore was preparing to put in a big crop of barley. Last year he raised about 80,000 pounds, but the coming season, he expects to raise about 100,000 pounds.

On the 29th, with a terrible wind blowing, I passed the Mal Pais spring and arrived at Col. J. C. Hunt's ranch, just as the rain began to fall. From Hunt's I went to the Concho, and I spent part of two days at that settlement. At Concho I found 29 men and 56 women and children, 89 people in all. Concho is quite a settlement and has a little "Molino," for grinding corn. There is considerable stock, belonging to various parties, in the vicinity.

On New Year's day I pulled out for up the river, and that same day reached San Juan or St. John's. This valley contains some thirty families. It has two stores, one belonging to J. B. Brophy and the other to Col. Hunt. I have mentioned St. John's in a former letter, and I will now pass it by with the remark that the people, one and all, have an abiding, and I believe, well grounded faith in its future prosperity.

Leaving St. John's on a cold frosty morning, I struck out for Milligan settlement, or as the people in the vicinity call it, "Round Valley." The road follows directly up the valley of the river, and past the ranch of James Chiswell. This gentleman has a good many cattle, but more boys. To tell the truth, I never before saw such a lot of boys in one family in my life. Mr. Chiswell evidently means well by his country. After a ride of 35 miles I ran up against the house of one of the jolliest fellows in Round Valley or any other valley, in the person of P. King mine, for San Francisco, and dried hides for Julius Samter.

Wm. R. Milligan appears to be the "daddy" of the settlement. He is now putting up a good grist mill, water power, with an eighteen feet wheel. Mr. Milligan believes in giving his children an education, and to that end has a school house of his own and employs a teacher, Mr. Otto Ahrens, all at his own expense. His school closed the day I arrived, owing to the fact that all the children were down with the scarlatina. The people of this settlement expect to raise about 1,000,000 pounds of barley this season. Milligan has several notables. Among these are "Perpetual Motion" and the "best single handed talker" in the Territory. Quite an item here is the killing of a tiger, a genuine North American tiger, spots and all,—by George Heller.

I was detained some time in Round Valley, by a heavy rain storm in the mountains. But the third day the weather cleared up and I left for Camp Apache. Here I found the late Indian disturbance all the talk. It appears that the Apaches, with Diablo at the head, got on a big Tiz win drunk and

THE CAMP APACHE TROUBLE.

An Account by a Participant—The Indian Soldiers at the Bottom of the Trouble.

The following letter from Camp Apache came just too late for our last issue, and it has been necessarily laid over. It was written by an eye witness of the outbreak, and participant in the subsequent fight, and undoubtedly states the case as it was.

CAMP APACHE, January 11, 1876.
EDITOR CITIZEN: On Sunday, the 9th instant, this camp was a scene of the greatest excitement. An Indian named Diablo, late Captain of the Apache soldiers stationed at this Post, but who had recently been discharged from the service, has of late been distilling and selling Tiz win to the Indians. About two o'clock P. M. of the above date, Stanley, post guide, reported to Major Ogilby that there was a disturbance in the Indian soldiers' camp, situated about half a mile from the Post. Company D of the Sixth Cavalry, under command of Major Harper, was immediately ordered under arms. In the meantime Major Ogilby, in company with Lieutenants Craig and Bailey, 8th Infantry, proceeded to the Indian Camp. Upon their arrival Major Ogilby arrested Diablo and turned him over to the other officers, awaiting the arrival of the soldiers. Thereupon the prisoner gave a cry for assistance, when several Indians came to his aid, some assaulting Lieutenant Bailey and inflicting severe wounds, others charging Major Ogilby and Lieutenant Craig through the camp, with loaded rifles.

At this critical moment, D company made its appearance, when the Indians opened fire on the soldiers. This was quickly returned, the company at the same time gallantly charging the Indians with cheers. In this charge two of the Indians were killed and several wounded. The Indians retreated into the brush, carrying their wounded with them and closely pursued by the soldiers, who routed and drove them into the mountains, where it was deemed impracticable to follow.

On the return of the soldiers the captured camp was turned over to Major Harper, until order was restored, as the trouble was supposed to be at an end. But it was not yet over. The Indians had circled around and collected at the quarry, about two hundred yards from the Post, and from this point they now opened fire on the company and laid down their skirmish line around, attacked the Indians on the flank, and detachments of companies A, Sixth Cavalry, and E and K of the Eighth Infantry, under command of Lieutenant Bailey, advanced, and the Indians were again driven to the mountains. It being now dark the troops were recalled.

The greatest credit is due to Major Harper and his company for the coolness and bravery exhibited on the occasion.

Yesterday, the 10th, three of Diabolo's Indians came in and surrendered, and are now confined and heavily ironed.

Church Taxation.

The conjecture that the Catholics are the only body of religionists who would oppose the President's recommendation of the taxation of church property is not well founded. The Catholics do not own the largest amount of church property in the country; they are surpassed by the Methodists alone, and very largely surpassed by the Protestants in the aggregate. The census of 1870 shows the total church property in the United States to have been in that year \$354,888,381. Of this the Catholics owned \$60,955,566, or less than one-fifth. The Methodists owned \$69,854,121; the Presbyterians \$53,300,000; the Baptists \$41,500,000; the Episcopalians \$36,514,549; the Congregationalists \$25,069,698; the Lutherans \$14,917,747; the Dutch Reformed church \$10,359,255; and other sects smaller proportions. It does not appear from the figures that the Catholics are surpassing the Protestants in the accumulation of church property as much as some persons imagine. All the churches are increasing in wealth with striking rapidity, strange as the fact may appear in an age thought to be marked by the decay of religion, and the Catholics only slightly exceed the Protestants in the work of accumulation. They increased from \$26,774,000 to \$60,955,566 in the decade ending in 1870, which is a little more than doubling; but the Methodists more than doubled their wealth also; so did the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Lutherans, the Dutch Reformed, the Universalists, and others; so, also, did the aggregate Protestants. A general taxation of church property would bring into the assessors' hands \$60,985,000 of property belonging to the Catholic church, and \$295,000,000, or nearly five times as much belonging to the Protestant bodies. It does not seem probable, therefore, that whatever opposition shall be made to the proposition, it will come from Catholics alone.—St. Louis Republican.

The great statue of Christopher Columbus, designed for the City of Mexico, has arrived at Vera Cruz. Owing to the size of the pedestal it will be hauled over the mountains in ox-carts. It is too large to pass through the railroad tunnels.

CHEEK wins in this world, especially if it is dimpled and rosy.

Spanish Vitality.

There is a growing tendency of the day to sneer at Spain and its people, for what is called its great degeneracy from former power and grandeur. But it behooves us to go slowly with our slurs. It was a grand old race, with its sharply cut iron-pointed features, its genius, bravery and fertility of resource, and in the ashes of its partial ruin there smoulders yet a mighty fire of life and vitality.

Under the head, "Spain at the Centennial," The New York Herald has something which seemed interesting to us on first reading, and may interest others. The article says:

The journals from Madrid announce that Francisco Lopez Fabra has been appointed Royal Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and would sail from Liverpool for New York early in the present month.

To the newspaper press of the United States his selection has special interest, for he was the founder and is the manager of the Fabra Agency in Madrid for the collection and distribution of news. Since his royal appointment the number of those proposing to exhibit Spanish products in Philadelphia has suddenly and enormously increased. His popularity among the rich manufacturers and farmers of Catalonia and Valencia rests largely upon the intelligence and activity with which at the Vienna Exhibition he assisted the Commissioner Emilio de Santos.

There are facts in the official report of the awards made at Vienna to different nations for excellence in agriculture which are calculated to arrest the attention of those who associate the Spanish peasant with an ignorant worker in exhausted fields, untaught in the use of modern machinery, unacquainted in the application of steam to the cultivation of the soil, trudging stupidly behind a plough made after the pattern of the primitive agriculture of Rome.

It will be remembered that the year of the Vienna Exhibition was one of the darkest and most distressing in the annals of the unrelenting civil strife of Spain. One wonders how, out of such trials of war, she sent to Vienna either exhibitors or exhibitors of peace. Indeed, her exhibitors in some departments were so few in the number actually present in Vienna that she was not, under the rules, entitled to a juryman, and this may at least be taken as evidence that there was not intrigue or undue influence in her behalf. And yet out of this blood and fire in the Peninsula, 1800 exhibitors attested by their exhibits the vitality of the Spanish race under long years of most calamitous adversity, of which 1,143 were rewarded by prizes, and of these 8 were of the highest grade, 113 were awarded medals, 43 for co-operators, and 56 diplomas of merit. The United States, on the other hand, had but 643 exhibitors, and received only 349 prizes.

The awards at Vienna placed Spain in the fourth national rank as to agriculture, while in other industries the Spanish section exhibited conspicuously the useful combination of cheapness and goodness. There was no gorgeous display of high art, but in her woolen, her leather goods the medal for progress and her inlaid steel and Toledo blades the diploma of honor.

It is among the many advantages and benefits of the coming Centennial that it will, through the eye, teach our people so many things about foreign nations of which they are now profoundly ignorant, and remove a mass of prejudice unconsciously imbibed. For the reason, among others, we ought to welcome to Philadelphia, Spain, her Royal Commissioner and her daily increasing exhibitors.

A Notable Storm.

The wind storm near Tejon Pass California, a few days ago, was a terrific affair. When it commenced there were about 100,000 sheep scattered among the various camps, and after it had continued about two hours, the herders were utterly powerless to restrain the flocks, and one-third of the number are thought to have perished. It seemed a storm of gravel, sand and stones, the latter driven with force enough to beat the animals to death. A wagon was capsized and nearly torn to pieces by the wind, and men on horseback left the animals and came into camp with their faces bruised so as to nearly close their eyes. Thousands of sheep were driven into narrow gulches, and finally covered with sand and literally buried alive. On the San Emidio, cattle driven into the beds of the streams, were in some places buried completely out of sight. The grass, which had grown good feed, was taken out by the roots, and piled up in waves along the plains. It was the most disastrous storm known to this country for many years.

The Centennial.

Nineteen carloads of Japanese material for the department of that nation in the Centennial Exhibition, have passed through Chicago and been forwarded to Philadelphia by the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad. This material is simply for the construction of their building. In addition, a hundred carloads of Japanese productions for exhibition are expected to pass through Chicago for the same destination. Should the other nations that have accepted the invitation of our Government to exhibit as much as the Japanese promise, the grand affair will prove a great success.—Alta.

Mexico.

MEXICO is going to exhibit steam boilers, engines and sugar and flour machinery, at the Centennial.

Indian Management.

The San Diego Union, of January 18, in view of the much talked of but wholly improbable transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, has this to say:

While the Union earnestly protests against the proposed reduction of the force of the army, it must as earnestly protest against any employment of the army outside of its legitimate functions. In this light we regard the proposition to transfer the management of the Indian Reservations from the civil to the military service. The proper use of the army in dealing with Indian affairs is to punish hostile savages and compel them to keep the peace. There its function ends. It is for the civil administration to take charge of peaceful Indians on Reservations. It is noticeable that all the newspapers of Arizona oppose the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department; the editors of those journals have long observed the practical operation of civil and military authority as applied to Indians on Reservations, and they know whereof they speak. THE CITIZEN, of Tucson, one of the ablest and most influential papers published on the Pacific Slope, has advanced some strong arguments on this topic. That journal has pursued a course on the Indian question which entitled its opinion to respect; we have watched its conduct in this regard closely for some years. When war was in progress against the Apaches that paper never wavered in demanding that the disturbing "peace commissioners" should stand aside and give the military full and unobstructed sway in following up hostile Indians off of Reservations, and it vigorously sustained General Crook in everything save management of Indians at peace, in which business he had no special gift. THE CITIZEN's course is so well defined, and it has been so sharp in rebuking and breaking down bad civil Indian agents, that it cannot be justly charged with favoritism toward the civil Indian service. Its whole record prove that it is governed by a desire to improve the Indian and military service, and to advance the welfare of the Indian himself.

Petition for Mail Route.

We have before us a copy of a petition to our Delegate in Congress which reads as follows:

To Hon. Hiram S. Stevens, Member of Congress, Washington, D. C.:
Signed, your petitioners, would respectfully represent that there is urgent need of the establishment of a postal route, from Camp Goodwin, Arizona, via Camp Apache and the Rio Colorado Chiquito to Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

Arguments need not here be addressed to you in this matter, for you are already familiar with the necessity for the route. For fresh facts bearing upon the subject, we would respectfully refer to a letter in THE ARIZONA CITIZEN, of December 4th. The need of this route is so plain and urgent, that, to insure its establishment, we think it will only be necessary for you to present the facts in your possession to the proper Congressional committee.

This petition is signed by one hundred and forty citizens of the Colorado precinct, and a sworn statement is attached as to the genuineness of the signatures, and that those signing are bona-fide residents of the precinct mentioned.

We gladly give this petition publicity. The route in question extends through one of the principal farming districts of Arizona, and one which is attracting the attention of immigrants more than any other. Upon this route are some considerable settlements, which are constantly increasing in size and importance, and if there is any money to be expended in Arizona, in the establishment of new mail routes, we know of no locality on which it could be present be expended with better grace than upon the route in question.

THE Washington Capital posts us about some of our former acquaintances as follows:

General O. O. Howard is moving the bowels of the heathen up in Portland, Oregon. His aide-de-camp, the sanctified Wilkinson, is president of the Young Men's Christian Association, while the General is serving as chairman of the lecture committee, which is in doubt "whether to have the first lecture on the Besettes of the Freedmen's Bureau" or the "Sublime Management of the Freedmen's Bank."

THE next Union Republican National Convention for nominating candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States will be held in Cincinnati, Wednesday, 14th June, 1876, at 12 o'clock noon, and will consist of delegates from each State, equal to twice the number of Senators and Representative in Congress, and two Delegates from each organized Territory and District of Columbia.

A worn-out parent in Chicago has named his baby Macbeth, because he hath murdered sleep.