Arizona WEEKLY Miner.

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THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

....BY....

T. J. BUTLER.

The first number of the WEEKLY MINER was issued on March 9, 1864, and in this, its twelfth year, it can, with truth, claim to be the oldest, largest and best newspaper in the Territory.

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Prescott, July 8, 1874

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LEGAL BLANKS,
Of Every Class and Kind,
Always on hand and for sale, at the MINER office, at prices such as no lawyer, justice of the peace or other officer can reasonably find fault with.

TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care—
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one—in chimny corner thou
Sit'st shivering on.

A moment—and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake perhaps an angel blest,
In the bright presence of the Lord.
O, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

—[*Thackeray.*

TO MY LOVE.

My love is an angel, I am sure of that
Although for an angel she's somewhat fat.
It's a mystery to me she does not fly
And make her home up in the sky.

Perhaps she's on this earth an abider
Till the gates of heaven can be made wider;
For she's rather above the angelic size.
And somewhat hefty to float through the skies.

The laws of gravity may keep her down,
Or some other laws to us unknown
May chain the beauty to this mundane sphere,
But I shall love her while she stays here.

Could I the eloquence command
That her bright beauties do demand,
I'd sing a melting tale of love,
'Twould charm the angels up above.

—[*O. Romulus Pike.*

GETTING EVEN.—"Old Hill," of the Owyhee Avalanche, makes the following malicious attack on us in his paper of July 14. He's been mad ever since we exposed his little adventure with the Piutes when he ran eight miles up Jordan creek through the rocks, in his shirt-tail, in 1865, and now he gets a little more than even by making a ridiculous farce of what was to us so serious a matter. Hear the old rascal talk:

"Our old friend Tom Butler, of the Prescott (Arizona) MINER, is decidedly out of luck. One night, recently, some thief entered Tom's sleeping apartment, and stole his coat and pants—all the pants he had. He had to go about town the next day hunting up items for his paper without any covering for those long, lank shanks of his, and the more he pondered over his situation the madder he became. Señoritas peered at him through the window blinds as he moved along with measured step and thoughtful mood; children took him to be the "devil on two sticks," and fled in terror; men wondered if he was not mad--and he was mad, too, without a doubt. At length he turned his steps homeward and delivered himself of a terrible anathema of about one hundred and fifty adjectives upon the head of the sneak thief who had the temerity to rob a poor country editor of his only pair of pants, concluding as follows: "May they blister his legs, and cling to him as did the shirt to the back of him in the fable until his limbs wither. May his blood dry up in his veins and become as a handfull of dust about his heart, if he have a heart." In our opinion that thief was but an instrument in the hands of Providence to inflict a righteous judgment upon Tom for having at divers times and on divers occasions poked fun at "Old Hill" over a misfortune that happened to him, to wit: when the Indians robbed him of his last pair of pants at the Owyhee ferry, just ten years ago. It's a long lane that has no turn, Tom. But we do not exult over your sad loss, and if you don't get another pair of pants before winter sets in, forward us your measure, and if enough cloth can be had in Silver City, we'll have a pair made, and send them to you by special freight train."

QUAINT LETTER FROM COL. IKE.—The Pioche Record publishes the following:

ST. THOMAS, July 8, 1875.

ED. RECORD:—The thermometer marks 117 degrees in the shade. I think hell is not far from this place. Harvesting is all over. Grasshoppers have taken this town. They have ruined the grape crop of St. Thomas. I think the Democrats are sure to be in the ascendency at the next election, as one calamity generally follows another. The Muddy Valley is gradually being settled up by men of families. There is room for more, providing they are Republicans. No whisky here for Democrats. There was a man drowned at the crossing of the Colorado on the 1st day of July, while bathing. His name was T. J. Mahony; his family reside in Los Nietos, Cal. Mr. Mahony was the mail rider from Cerbat, A. T., to the Colorado river. The waters of the Colorado river are fast receding. Mr. Thompson, of the ferry, has a contract to deliver a large amount of salt to the mill in Colorado Cañon. The salt is boated from the mouth of the Rio Virgin down to the Cañon, a distance of seventy-five miles. The Reservation on the new plan is running to suit the most fastidious. For God's sake go into Hamilton's and drink a glass of ice-water for me.

Respectfully, I. JENNINGS.

COLERIDGE, in his latter manhood, expressed his sorrew at having written so shallow a sentiment on the subject of prayer as that contained in one of his youthful poems, in which, speaking of God, he said:

——"Of whose all-seeing eye
Aught to demand were impotence of mind."

This sentiment he so severely condemned that he said he thought the act of praying to be, in its most perfect form, the very highest energy of which the human heart was capable. The large majority of worldly men and of learned men he pronounced incapable of executing his ideal of prayer.—[Still Hour.

NEW PATENTS.—Through dispatches to Dewey & Co., Patent Agents, S. F., we receive the following advance list of U. S. Patents granted to Pacific Coast inventors, viz: A. Ryder, Oakland, Cal., train telegraph: A. F. Knorp, S. F., Cal., soda bottle carrier; E. J. Marstens, Stockton, Cal., folding table; J. McGovern, Modesto, Cal., windmill.

"Figures will not lie," is an old and used to be a well-credited saying; but the introduction of hips, bustles, false calves, and breastworks, has played the dickens with the proverb.

A MAN of Newcastle, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

LETTER FROM CERBAT.

CERBAT, A. T., July 21, 1875.

EDITOR MINER:—During the past ten days we have been having rains occasionally. The mountains and valleys begin to present a fresh, green appearance, and the hearts of men were made glad by the refreshing showers. Your humble servant caught considerable rain-water for purposes of ablution.

Mr. Davis is running the Melbourn mill at Mineral Park, with success. There is plenty of ore at the mill dumps and here in sacks to keep it steadily at work for some time to come, and besides this ore there is a large quantity of tailings which the proprietor intends morking over. The starting up of this mill has encouraged the miners in this section, and they have gone to work taking out quartz to keep things lively.

Mr. Canfield has been visiting the different camps of Wallapai, and is seeking a suitable place to erect a quartz-mill. It is thought he will select the mill-site at Stockton or in the vicinity of the "63" mine—two miles distant from Cerbat.

Mr. Abe Bateman and Col. F. T. Gilbert passed through here, just from the McCrackin mines, en route for San Francisco. They report that the Senator and Atlanta mines are looking better than ever. There are some fifty men at work on the mines. Col. Buel's furnace has started up. These mines are to furnish 30 tons of ore a day to the Colonel. Teams are now busy hauling it.

Col. Gilbert has sold his interest in the Senator mine to San Francisco parties. He is a thorough practical assayer, and a good judge of a mine. Our Territory lost a good man when the Colonel bid us farewell. Just when Arizona is on the eve of a bright, glorious future, when her mines are beginning to come into notice, new discoveries being made, etc., we can ill afford to loose such a man as Col. Gilbert.

Mr. Blakely starts again for his arrastras in Cedar district. He came up after supplies and some iron needed in working his steam arrastras.

The Supervisors met and were busy as a Board of Equalization. W. A. Mix, Esq., was appointed to fill the place of Mr. Bryden, resigned. E. H. McDaniel was appointed District Attorney of Mohave county, Mr. Henning having resigned. Just before leaving for California Mr. and Mrs. Henning entertained their friends in a pleasant manner. Everybody regretted that these good people had determined to return to their old home in Napa City, Cal. Mr. Henning represented this county in the Council in 1873. As District Attorney of Mohave he gave entire satisfaction.

The hymenial career of the negro man and China woman came to a sad end. They in company with the woman's mother, started for Pioche, in a wagon; through carelessness the water leaked out of their canteens, and the two women perished for water within four miles of the river. The team giving out, the negro man started on foot for water, but before his return both women were dead.

Gen'l Banning writes me to tell the good people of Arizona not to think or look at San Diego, as Wilmington, Los Angeles Co., Cal., is to be the terminus of a railroad which will soon be pushed to the Colorado. The General thinks the Needles will be the crossing place.

The McCrackin and Bradshaw mines are attracting so much attention that railroad magnates must see it is to their interest to give us a railroad nearer than Yuma. There has been a new strike in the "63" mine, and the owners have put on an additional force of ten men to work. News from the Hackberry mines continue encouraging. More anon. Yours, truly, BON DIABLE.

The following from the New York Weekly Sun will interest many of our readers: "The 'tarantula killer' is well known to entomologists, and quite common in the cabinets of those who collect specimens of 'Hymenoptera, such as bees, wasps and ants. Its scientific name is *Pepis Formosus*. The female of this wasp stings the tarantula for the purpose of paralyzing it, just as our small mud wasps paralyze other species of spiders before depositing them in their nests as food for their young. As this giant Texas wasp is much larger than our northern species, she requires larger game for her purpose, and the tarantula furnishes it. The sting of this wasp, like others of the same family, has a wonderful effect upon its victims, for while it does not kill, it paralyzes, and the poison injected prevents decomposition for a long time. The tarantula-killer stings its victim, then digs a hole in the ground, drops an egg in the bottom, then pulls or drags in the spider, and covers it up with soil. The egg soon hatches, and the young grub therefrom finds its food near at hand in the stupefied tarantula. We have a species of burying wasp in the Northern States, which captures the large cicadas, sometimes erroneously called locusts, and buries them in deep holes made in light sand soils."

THE fact that Lowell and Longfellow sell their Centennial poems to popular magazines instead of giving them away to the press has excited anything but kindly comment. And yet we have never heard that either of these gentlemen had any other way of earning his bread and butter, and after they have read their poems as patriotically as possible we do not know that it is anybody's concern whether they choose to publish them or not. Instead of deprecating literary genius the nation had far better pay a premium for it.

A capital toast was given at the complimentary dinner, on the re-opening of the Eagle Hotel at Chicago: "The guest of the future—may he pay for what he gets, and get what he pays for."

REFORM CHICKENS COMING HOME.

There is no greater nor more truly independent paper in the country than the Chicago Tribune. Here is what it has to say of the so-called "Peoples' Independent" platform of California:

"Out of mercy to our readers we condense the platform of the Independent party of California into a column or so, thus subtracting about three-fourths of its mass of worthless verbage. As we published it, it was about a column too long. A judicious abstract of it would read about as follows:

Resolved, The State Government of California should play the part of a Great Father.

This remarkable power, when the Independents get control of it, is to be used to fix the price of gas in San Francisco, the price of a supply of water for irrigation everywhere in the State, the price of railroad riding and freight sending, etc. (The reader will please to supply several dozen "etcs." in order to make sure of comprehending the work of price fixing which the Independent organization has pledged its State government to undertake.) The platform does not state in precise words, we believe, that it is the duty of the "State" to arrange the charges of Chinese washermen for doing up a shirt, a collar, a cuff and a sock, but this great political reform is doubtless reserved for the next campaign. What we have given is about the sum and substance of the "pompous words and thundering sound" of the Independent platform. The more the people look at it, the more their wonder will grow that a few small heads should carry all the Independents know, or think they know. Omniscience itself—to say nothing of Omipotence—is thrown in the shade by the programme of these persons, Independent alike in party, spirit, and common sense.

The policy outlined in their platform is one which the Northwest has tried and found wanting. It rests upon the fundamentally false assumption that the office-holders can be relied upon to manage vast pecuniary interests in an unselfish, economical and honest way. This they could not do if they would, and would not if they could. Experience has proved this in every country, from the Roman Empire to the American republic. The latter experience of the Northwest has proved it. The Grangers, after some political efforts, only the indirect and unintended effects of which were good, have gradually limited themselves, more and more, to the improving their condition by mental, moral and social, in contradestinction to political means. In proportion as they have done this, they have thriven. Americans scarcely appreciate as yet how vast the work they have thus accomplished has been. Their political failures have momentarily obscured their material successes. The latter have attracted great attention abroad. The profoundest European observer of American affairs, Professor Von Holst, of the University of Freiburg, whose "*Verfassung Demokratie in den Vereinigten Staaten*" ranks with Hallam's and May's constitutional histories of England, is now preparing a monograph on the Grange movement, which may be relied upon to give a fair picture of the astonishing improvement in the well being of the American farmer, due to the non-political efforts of the Patrons of Husbandry. But where this order has tried to use State Governments as instruments, it has failed. The attempt has been definitely abandoned in Ohio and Minnesota, and practically so in Illinois and Wisconsin. It is plainly on the decline in Iowa. The fever from which they have recovered has now broken out in California, and rages there at present. It is true that California is peculiarly a State of monopolies, and that it has been grievously oppressed by monopolies.

But the way out of this trouble is by competition, and of supply and demand, and not State interference. To take the case of railroads: There is far more than enough unemployed capital in the country to build another transcontinental railroad whenever it will pay, and such railroad is now being constructed by private enterprise, very nearly on the line which Tom Scott and Southern Democrats wanted to cover with money wrung from the public by grinding taxation. State supervision should not go beyond the old common law doctrine that a common carrier can charge only reasonable rates. When it exceeds this it does far more harm than good.

TRUE TO THE CHARACTER.—"I say, girls," said a little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy on Second street yesterday, "let me take your candy and we'll all play chicken." "Is it nice?" enquired half a dozen six-year-olds in chorus. "Nice? You bet it is. Let me show you. Now, I'll lay the candy down here on the step, and you all go down there and come up when you hear me call you like a rooster." The girls retreated and gathered in a group about fifteen yards off, while the boy got on his knees, with his head over the candy, and began to strut and flap his arms like a rooster's wings. "Cluck, cluck, rat, rap, cluck," and all the girls came running up and bent over to pick up the candy, when the little fellow opened his mouth and took in the candy at one gulp. "Oh, you mean boy," they cried, "you have taken all our candy." "That's 'cause I played rooster," said the boy, "a rooster always calls the hens up when he finds a grain of corn, and then picks it up himself."—[St. Joseph Gazette.

I remember reading somewhere in a Grecian story of a man who killed himself through envy. His fellow citizens had reared a statute to one of their number, who was a celebrated victor in the public games. So strong was the feeling of envy which this incited in the breast of one of the hero's rivals that he went forth every night in order, if possible, to destroy that monument. After repeated efforts he moved it from its pedestal and it fell, and its fall crushed him. An unintentional symbolic act was this, showing the suicidal action of envy on the soul. It is ever an element of misery, a burning coal, which comes "hissing hot from hell."—[Dr. Thomas.

WHENEVER seeds are gathered they should be labeled and dated. If properly gathered and preserved, beans will retain vitality two years; beets, seven; cabbage, four; carrots, two; sweet corn, two; cucumber, ten; onion, one; parsnip, one; peas, two; radish, three; squash, ten; tomato, seven; turnip, four.

INDIAN TRIBES OF ARIZONA.

Selections from the journal of a Clerk at Headquarters, Department of Arizona:

APACHES AND APACHE-MOUAVES—DRESS, FOOD, ETC.—The men wear a breech-cloth of cotton stuff, moccasins of buckskin, and usually a band or turban about the brows to hold back the hair. Squaws wear an apron of fringed buckskin and moccasins. The Apaches, both male and female, make shirts of cotton, similar to those worn by Chinese, ornamented at the shoulder and wrist and body gathered at the waist with short plaited skirt, inside seam of sleeve and side-seam of body left open for about six inches from the arm-pit. Since living on the Reservation most of the Indians have adopted the American style of dress, or a modification of it. They retain their fashion of shirts, however, and to a great extent the moccasins. The Apache-Mojaves wear moccasins with round toes, the Apaches with pointed toes, with about an inch of the rawhide sole standing vertically in front of the toe, to prevent bruises from stumbling. The breech-cloth is a long strap of cotton or calico passed between the legs, and both before and behind through a strap drawn about the waist, the ends reach near the ground and are usually ornamented at the corners with shreds of red flannel, these trailing ends are utilized for the transportation of small articles tied in the corners; no hats are worn unless procured from the whites.

During the winter months the only vegetable food procurable is mescal (*Agua Americano*), consequently they always go into winter-quarters on ground where the plant is abundant. Each camp usually has but one pit for roasting the heads; each family collects as many heads as they desire to prepare and pile them up near the pit; when all the families have completed their collections, a large fire is built and covered with stones about four inches in diameter. This is left to burn until the succeeding day; when the stones are found to be red-hot they are raked away and the heads arranged regularly upon the heated ground, grass being placed between the piles of different families, and also a close layer over the top. The stones are then raked over the whole and the kiln completed by a layer of moist earth; this kiln is allowed to rest for three days, being watched meanwhile to prevent the fire breaking out. The heads are then taken out, the leaves cut apart and beaten with stones into pulp, flattened into layers and placed on bushes to dry. Mescal is also the principal food during the remainder of the year. From May 15th to July 15th various grass seeds are gathered in considerable quantities. They are ground with stones, made into dough with water, rolled into balls, and when dry the balls are carried on the person and occassonally nibbled. From June 15th to July 15th the fruit of the giant cactus is gathered. From July 15th to August 31st acorns are gathered, after which the prickly pear and the fruit of the spanish bayonet. There are also several roots and herbs gathered and eaten boiled. The country affords many berries and small nuts which are gathered in the fall, and grapes are used to prevent scurvy. All animals, whether carnivorous or otherwise, are killed and eaten, the game held in the highest estimation being a large rat which makes its nest in the spanish bayonet; a species of Army-worm is also considered fine. As a rule they do not eat fish, considering them unclean. The Apaches make an intoxicating beverage called "Tiz," by breaking and par-boiling corn and fermenting the result. This liquor is not strong, and large quantities are necessary for intoxication. The Apache-Mojaves make no stimulants. These Indians lay up for future use only such supplies as they may have on hand when breaking camp, and then only seeds can be kept; these are placed in a cache and covered over with dead grass and cactus for concealment. Whenever they find themselves with a large supply of food on hand they immediately inaugurate a feast and continue it until the provisions are gone.

A STORY TOLD OF ROWLAND HILL.—Some one or other had given him a hundred pounds to send to an extremely poor minister; but, thinking it was too much to send him all at once, he sent him five pounds in a letter, with simply these words in the letter, "More to follow." In a few days' time the good man had another letter by the post, and letters by the post were rarities in those days. When he opened it there was five pounds with just these words, "And more to follow." A day or two after there came another and still the same words, "And more to follow." And so it continued twenty times, the good man being more and more astounded at these letters coming thus by post, with always the sentence, "And more to follow." Now, every blessing that comes from God is sent in just such an envelope, with the self-same message, "And more to follow." "I forgive your sins, but there is more to follow." "I have helped you to old age, but there's still more to follow.' "I will bring you to the brink of Jordan, but there's more to follow. In the midst of that river, as you are passing into the world of spirits, my mercy shall continue with you; and when you land in the world to come, there shall still be more to follow." Light is still sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart. —[Spurgeon.

CHARLES, Duke of Burgundy, being slain in battle by the Swiss at Nancy, A. D. 1477, had a jewel of very great value, which, being found about him, was sold by a soldier to a priest for a crown in money; the priest sold it for two crowns; afterwards it was sold for seven hundred florins; then for twelve thousand ducats; and last of all for twenty thousand ducats, and set in the Pope's triple-crown, where it is to be seen at this day. But Jesus Christ is a commodity of far more value—"better than rubies," saith Solomon—and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to him; he is that Pearl of Price which the merchant purchased with all that ever he had. No man can buy such gold too dear. Joseph, then a precious jewel of the world, was far more precious, had the Ishmaelitish merchants known so much, than all the balms and myrrhs that they transported; and so is Christ, as all will yield who know him. —[Spencer.

THE Centennial Exhibition will continue six months commencing April 19, 1876, and closing October 19. It is thought the average daily attendance will be 50,000. At this rate the aggregate attendance during the six months will be about 8,000,000.