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Railroads to the Pacific.

Financial Economy and the Necessities of the Treasury require the Country to hasten their Completion—How to Create a Sinking Fund.

During the last fourteen or fifteen years, we have said so much relative to the construction of railroads across the continent and the advantages that would accrue to our country, and the increase of our commercial relations resulting from them, with Asia and the islands of the Pacific, that, to say more, seems like repeating a tale already told. There is, however, in the present financial difficulties of the country, one or two aspects in which we can again, perhaps profitably, allude to these all important enterprises. The necessity for their construction is no longer a question in the minds of the American people—this has long since been accorded as a self-evident truth, while the wide diffusion of the expected advantages to result from their completion has entirely dissipated those local and sectional hostilities that usually attach to nearly all national improvements.

In our last week's issue we showed the relation of Labor to Capital, and the duty of the Government in relation to both—the evils that have beset Labor as the results of the war, and the necessity and means of assisting it to recuperate, extend its resources, opening up new fields of enterprise, and creating new markets for its products. To remunerated and Capital rendered productive, all by the construction of railroads to the Pacific. Indeed, the doctrine of Government aid in the construction of railroads to the Pacific, through the PUBLIC DOMAIN, is no longer a mooted question; it has received the indorsement of every political party since the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, in 1856, and the country would not brook a moment's delay in the construction of any of the three great routes, were it not for the debt—the great war debt—that is now like an incubus, weighing so heavily on the industries of the nation. Heavy as we may feel it, however, it will not do for us to fold our arms and allow it to drag us to oblivion, but should rather stimulate to increased exertions to develop the resources of the country, widening our grain fields and deepening our mines, from which alone and their products, the means to pay must come. Patient Labor and Honest Toil can pay the debt, and will never consent that the slightest tinge of blushing shame shall mantle the cheek of our fair face, or cast a slur on our national reputation, by the omission to liquidate the last mill of national obligations.

The ultimate payment of the national obligations, which must be in coin, can only be accomplished by an increase of our mineral products, which are at present not much greater than they were ten years ago. The reasons for this are obvious—First, the lack of adequate protection from the raids of uncontrollable savages; Second, the enormous cost of transportation for machinery and supplies. That the product of the mines could readily be doubled, or even quadrupled, no intelligent person will attempt to dispute, if the two difficulties above enumerated could be obviated. We are familiar with one instance where a mining company has expended nearly a million and a half of money, on mines, than which there are none richer, or more easily worked, on the face of the earth, but the results to stockholders has been only disappointment and loss. Not that the mines could not be profitably worked, but a score of times, at least, has their stock been stolen, their property and machinery destroyed and their employees murdered. This is an experience of twelve years, and it is not an exceptional case. Will the Government protect its citizens in their own territory, or must they abandon their property, rendered sacred by so many sacrifices, and with the blood of their departed friends? We do not believe that our Government is less humane, or cares less for the lives of its citizens, than others. They have sent troops—although not always judiciously—infantry mounted of but little service in catching warring Indians; yet complaint cannot be made that troops have not been sent. The Government has spent money for this purpose, but measurably in vain.

It is reported that it costs \$2,000,000 per annum to support a regiment of cavalry, and it is claimed that every fifty miles of road completed is equivalent to a regiment of troops, and that if by the construction of any one route, the services of three regiments can be dispensed with, the saving to the National Treasury would be equivalent to the interest on the entire cost of the road. Here is a substantial argument. This, however, is but one item; the saving in the necessary expenditures of the Government for transportation of mails across the continent, would also form no mean sum, and would go far towards not only paying the interest, but, in a few years, combined with the saving above indicated, be sufficient to extinguish the principal of the cost of construction. All this is independent of the enormous saving in suppressing Indian wars and depredations, as was fully demonstrated by the experience of last summer, amounting to nearly enough for the construction of any one of the routes, as well as the increased value imparted to the Public Domain, which is necessarily changed from a worthless desert—a Siberia for brave, enterprising and voluntary exiles, as well as a safe resort for escaped felons—to flourishing Territories and States. How shall we compute the value of each star added to the national galaxy? Can they be counted in dollars and cents? Let the three great railroads to the Pacific be completed, and in ten years there will be ten more stars on the American flag than now shed their glorious lustre, dazzling the eyes of the aristocrats of the old world, and making their thrones tremble like the knees of Belshazzar.

Can we afford to make the roads? Let the unborn States answer; let the answer come from the ring of the countless millions of the

precious metals that will be exhumed from the bowels of the earth by hardy hands and skillful metallurgists, and that will flow in one unbroken current to the marts of Eastern cities. In ten years, for every hundred millions expended in the construction of these roads, a thousand millions of the precious metals will be returned,—for every greenback dollar, an eagle gold. Will it pay? Ask the re-invigorated industry of the older States, whose products will find a market, or the happy millions scattered on the "mountain hills" and countless valleys, under their vines and fig trees.

WAYS AND MEANS—SINKING FUND.
The national debt is already sufficiently large, and will be used as the foot ball of politicians—the bug bear to frighten either party that dare espouse its enlargement; and prudence in this respect is not to be condemned. The bonded debt of the nation should not be increased if possible to avoid it, which is "as easy as rolling off a log;"—accomplish the desired result,—give a gentle tone to prostrate industry, and increase the real productiveness and wealth of the country. Let no more bonds be issued to the Pacific railroads, to be hawked about the market at 85 or 90 cents on the dollar, with their double security and high interest, almost excluding every other class of national, state, and municipal security, except at enormous discount. In lieu of the bonds, however, let the Government take not only the bonds which are by law authorized to be loaned to the roads by the Government, but also the others authorized to be issued by the roads, and which become a first mortgage on the property of the roads, at the discount at which they are now offered in the open market, and give the railroad companies greenbacks—the very article which the companies are now receiving.—Instead. Should the entire amount be issued at the market, that would create a disturbance in the market that would be disadvantageous; but this is not the case,—they would be issued a few millions at a time, and their influx would not be felt; indeed, they would be but little more than the needs of the new territory, developed by the railroads, would require, and could be as easily retired from the increased revenues of the Government, while the Government would still hold all the bonds of the roads, producing an interest income from the roads, that should again be re-invested in aid of lateral lines through the new Territories, that would act as feeders to the main trunk lines, and be developers of further untold wealth. Here is a plan of further creation,—railroads built,—the country developed,—industry stimulated, the real material wealth of the country increased,—the product of the precious metals doubled,—specific payments restored,—and the course of the commerce of the Orient reversed and made to flow through the magnificent channels of our own creation.—*Cincinnati Railroad Record.*

Our Railroad.

In the Senate of San Bernardino, February 26th, Mr. Conn, of San Bernardino county, introduced the following, which we find in the *Sacramento Union* of February 25th:

WHEREAS, The Subsidy granted by Congress to the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, terminates near the one hundredth meridian of longitude; and recent surveys have demonstrated the practicability of the route along the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, near which the proposed line of their road is located; and whereas, although that route presents great advantages for the location and operation of a railway, no private corporation can build such a road without Government aid; and whereas, said company has now finished and in running order and operation about 335 miles of road westward from Kansas City; and whereas, a railroad from San Francisco and the valley of the Missouri, by the Southern route, and passing through the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico would traverse a region of country, an empire in extent, of vast mineral and agricultural wealth, and especially recommended by the mildness of the climate and low altitude of its mountain passes, but which is almost uninhabited by civilized men; that the speedy construction of said road would save to the General Government millions of dollars annually to the cost of military occupation and protection, and by developing the resources of a broad belt of country nearly 2,000 miles in length, would add enormously to the productive power and wealth of the nation; that whilst the distance between the parallel upon which the said road would run and that upon which the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific companies are now pushing their roads to completion with such marvelous energy and success is so great—six or seven degrees of latitude—as to forbid any degree of jealousy between the said roads by these different routes, the opening of two roads across the continent, would nevertheless secure a healthful competition most advantageous to the public and to the Government as a transporter; therefore,

Resolved, by the Senate and Assembly of the State of California, That the Congress of the United States be respectfully requested to grant to the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, now nearly completed to the one hundredth degree of longitude, and also in favor of any connecting road on the Pacific side, aids, franchise and loans, as have been or may be granted in aid of said road by the Central route.

Resolved, that our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives be requested, to do everything in their power to secure favorable and speedy action upon the foregoing memorial.

By Senator Henderson, of Missouri. It was therefore very necessary to get the sense of the Legislature of California immediately. This road was the great southern continental railway. It presented advantages of construction unequalled by any other route across the continent. The grades had been found so favorable that the engineer thinks the road could be got into running order in four years. He moved that the order be suspended and the resolution be considered immediately.

Mr. Ewer suggested that they might as well strike out the resolution to telegraph so lengthy a document to Washington.

Mr. Mizner said he was informed by the President of the Telegraph Company that all these dispatches were sent free.

The resolution was adopted under suspension of the rules and transmitted to the Assembly.

Prescott.

Our jovial friend, Major A. R. Cathoun, who spent some time in Prescott during the past winter, has contributed the following account of matters and things here to *Forney's Philadelphia Press*:

"Yesterday I rode up the creek to Prescott, and was delighted to find a snug little American town, three years old, nestled among the hills. One adobe house, a few log ones, three of brick, and some fifty cozy frame houses were scattered along the gentle slope that inclines toward Granite Creek. At first sight the houses would seem to be built irrespective of any attention to streets, but a close inspection shows them to be well located, the streets running at right angles, and named after Montezuma, Cortez, Coronado, and Whipple, while others who figure in the history and exploration of this section. I should mention that Goodwin, the first, and McCormick, the present Governor, have streets named after them. In one thing the builders of this town have wisely copied after the Mexicans—that is in leaving a plaza or open square in the centre of the town. There is a fine flagstaff in the centre of the plaza in Prescott, from the top of which the monument of a flag has escaped its halliards float. There are eight stores in Prescott, and more saloons than its three hundred inhabitants can well patronize; two lager-beer breweries, and a place where an old Mexican makes very queer pies, with heavy crust and ambiguous stuffing; two livery stables, where horses are fed for the reasonable sum of three dollars per diem, and one hotel, the Prescott House, a long, lean-looking building, resembling the shingled skeleton of a double-decked canal boat. Desiring rooms here, we were informed that "they only boarded—had no beds in the hotel," and our informant added with a twinkle in his eye, "You can get beds in the hotel de Hay Mow, or Place de Corral." Dr. Parry and myself wanted a room, as we remain here for ten days to look at the mines around Prescott, the wonders of which are around on every side."

Excepting that the Major had no difficulty whatever in getting a room and bed at the Prescott House, and that he ignored the fact that two bakeries, besides that of the one alluded to by him, were in full blast at the time he was here, his account of Prescott is nearly correct. In guessing at and giving the number of inhabitants he has also fallen into an error. But we can overlook his little pleasantries about the "Hotel de Hay Mow," it is such a good joke on his friend Barnard.

THE ARIZONA MINER of the 18th of January has devoted a great deal of its space to discussing us, and we would remark that they spread themselves so extensively, that their arguments become very thin.—*Tucson Arizonian.*

By your pardon, friend DeLong. We will not pitch into you again, until you learn to write better English than the above. We do not hanker after the honor (?) to be gained by arguing points with an idiotic scribbler, who is afflicted with softening of the brain or something worse, as the following silly twaddle proves you to be:

"As the array of beautiful ladies was too much for us, we had to bow our haughty heads before starlit eyes and acknowledge ourselves captive. One was there whose sweetness and wondrous beauty always charms us; in whose presence we become oblivious to all else and live only upon her smile. It is with great difficulty we can bring ourselves down to the common affairs of life—a species of intoxication of the senses. Who that has drunk nectar, can ever descend to common things."

We would say to our captivator that we are going to fulfill the declaration then made, and if we have seemed dilatory, it is because other matters demand too much of our time, but we trust this will not long be the case. Have patience, bright one, thou art ever in my thoughts."

CAMP GOODWIN.—It is said that this military camp, which is on the Gila river in this Territory, will be abandoned, for sanitary reasons. We hope so, for the sake of citizens and soldiers. It is one of the sickliest places in the Territory, and has been of more service to Indians than whites. It protects nothing or nobody, and the force there might as well be in Africa, for all the good they do the white inhabitants of the Territory.

MR. GEORGE KIFFES, who departed this life on Saturday, Feb. 22d, at Camp McDowell, this county, emigrated from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to California, in the Spring of 1849. He came to Arizona in an early day. At the time of his death, he was a partner in the firm of Geo. F. Hooper & Co., at Camp McDowell.

The Victims of the Press.

BY PRINCE MULLFORD.

It was a great iron monster with a head of brass. Its language was limited to two words, and these were "more copy," "write." "What a power," said the multitude. "It is the foremost agent in the civilization of the Nineteenth Century."

The iron monster smiled grimly at this praise and a husky laugh like a succession of quick puffs of steam escaped him.

But never a moment ceased his work. Continually came to him fatigued, emaciated, seedy, worn-down men handing bundles of manuscript. Big or little, the monster swallowed them all alike. Then the insatiable mouth opened empty and from the dark cavern there came a bellow for "more!"

And the poor wretches wrote and scribbled for dear life. There was no pause, no cessation.

Brooks of the *Alta* hurled in the "Editorial Notes" and scamped back to his desk, overturning in his flurry, Hittell, staggering under a load of statistical information concerning California.

Avery, Bell, Pickering and Williams handed in their "matter" to the monster, who snatched greedily at it. There was no courteous acknowledgment of these donations. And they all went wearily and dimly back to their desks and wrote and groaned.

B—, of the *Chronicle*, approached bending under his load of "copy." Poising himself for the effort, he succeeded in lifting his load as high as the great iron jaws. All disappeared. As he turned to leave the thing made a vicious snap at his coat tail.

In like manner came George of the *Times*, and Washington and Johnson of the *Escanimes*. Diet most opposite in nature, between which existed no affinity, seemed all alike to agree with the monster's stomach. And this trio left, muttering low curses against greediness.

Keane and Parsons and Howe and all the other locals poked incessantly about in holes and corners, fermenting out items for the creature. His appetite for them never cloyed.

Along with these came Hart and Stoddard with delicately and carefully prepared dishes which they respectively handed the creature. He snatched at them voraciously, and clamped them down along with the lumps and fodder, Police Court items, Chinese chicken thieves, fires, murders and the discovery of more dead babies.

I saw Kendall engaged in grinding up a part of the creature's meal. As he threw aside a worn-out pen he exclaimed, "When shall I too wear out?" And at that moment there came following along the stately halls of the *Alta* office a terrible cry of "copy."

So too Denmore wearily wrote on and asked, "Where is rest for this tread-mill?"

"In the grave," roared the voracious creature.

While I gazed, the thing spit out a paper with an expression of great disgust. "What is the matter with this?" said the wretched scrawner, who had furnished it.

"Too much truth," snarled the monster. "I want lies! Lies!! Lies!!!"

"O dear, O dear, I've no more ideas where-with to make lies," said the scrawner.

"Then it's time you died," snarled the monster.

The poor man obediently died there on the spot.

His brethren gathered around the corpse. "Copy! more copy!" thundered the monster. "Can't we have a little time to bury him?" nervously asked one of the number.

"Bury him! Who can pay his funeral expenses? Throw him in here. I'll bury him. I'll bury all of ye!"

So they lifted the light corpse and shovelled it in the monster's jaws, who crunched it down along with a heavy *Bulletin* editorial on the sanitary condition of the city.

By degrees the old faces grew scarce. New ones appeared. I saw one who had been drying up for some time, blown away by a sudden gust of wind. B—, approaching too near, his head was snatched off by the vicious brute, but the trunk wrote away just as usual. And the rest of those I have mentioned disappeared; some suddenly, others gradually, almost imperceptibly. They met the fate of their "copy."

What monster is this that thus devours not only men but the works of men?

It is the Press.

MEN WANTED.—The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core; men who will condemn the wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right, if the heavens totter, and the earth reels; men who can tell the truth, and look upon the world, or even the devil right in the eye; men that neither boast nor run; men that neither flag nor flinch; men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it; men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong; men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bands; men who do not strive, nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the streets; but who will not fail, nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth; men who know their message, and tell it; men who know their duty and do it; men who know their *plac* and fill it, without aspiring to that which would show more virility to the world, their ignorance and vindictious pomposity, assurance, and excess of *cheek*; men who mind their own business; men who will not be, nor scandalize those to whom they should whisper "words of wise counsel;" men who should remember that it is but human to err, and that their faults are as huge, as the faults of others seem to them. Finally, we want men to do unto others, as they would that others should do unto them.