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HENRY N. ALEXANDER,

Attorney at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner of Deeds for the States of California and Pennsylvania.
Office, Main street, next to Sentinel office, Yuma, Arizona.

O. F. TOWNSEND,

Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor,
FOR ARIZONA.
Yuma, : : : : Arizona

FARLEY & POMROY,

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I have learned the fastest dances,
And I've caught the baby stare,
And I throw about my glances
With the very newest air.
I've been taught the Langtry giggle,
Which gives so much thic to talk,
And the Sarah Bernhardt wriggle,
And the lady Lowdale walk.

Yes, I used to have a passion
For old China and high art,
But they're going out of fashion,
For I've had to change my part;
For I think it is the duty
Of a girl to keep ahead
Of the style, and be a beauty
When the English sauce have led,

Culture's well enough in Boston,
But good matches there are few—
Oh, what dreary hours I lost on
My attempt at being blue!

I read all about old Brahma,
And the Vedas, and Joe Cook,
And I used to frighten Mama
With the awful views I took.

I pulled out my hair to hazy—
After Whistler's oldest "tune"—
That pa said I must be crazy,
And would talk about the moon;
I had such awful bouzot,
Out of something by Burne Jones,
With a sunflower garland on it,
And a gown in "minor tones."

Once I talked about old carving,
And wore hideous antique rings;
And when I was nearly starving
To the "society" flings
In the village, I posed aesthetic.
Like calypso unconsoled—
'Twas much worse than an emetic—
"What? You think that word to bold!"

Why, I go in for plain speaking,
With a spicy touch of slang—
Its style—there's no more sneaking.
I just sing out with a bang
For its every true girls duty,
And quite an English way,
To profess to be a beauty—
Not to mind what people say.

I have learned the art of chaffing,
All the men think it's so "cute,"
And a way of loudly laughing
That is just the thing to suit,
With a jaunty air of pertness,
Like a soubrette's on the stage—
In London their alertness
Makes our Yankee girls the rage.

Yes my photos have been taken,
They'll be sold at all the fairs,
And my phiz has been mistaken
For an actress! But who cares?
It's too sweetly delightful—
Now, ready dear, "profess"—
Drop your modest air—it's frightful!
And you'll copy my success!

Modern Political Campaign.

The campaign that has just been closed has tried the ingenuity and skill of party leaders to the utmost, while it has drawn heavy upon the patience and money of the people. The work performed was enormous, and the amount of money expended stupendous. Presumably these efforts and this money were expended for the purpose of enlightening voters, and the greater part of work was done during the last six weeks of the campaign. In other words the people of the United States set apart six weeks in four years for the consideration of principals and administrations that are to control the destiny of the republic for four years. We speak advisedly when we say that only six weeks or thereabouts are given to the great duty alluded to. At the nominal beginning of this campaign—say July 1st—the people did not understand the political situation, expecting, of course, the people of Ohio, whose interest in politics is perennial. The political history of the last twenty years was almost wholly unknown to the mass of young men who

cast their first vote at the last election, while the leading political events of the last four or five years were not familiarly remembered by the average voter. Intelligent management then required a systematic effort suddenly to impart a vast amount of knowledge that ought to have been already in possession of voters. As a matter of course, this work of instruction, so limited as to time, must be badly done, and passion and fraud have under such circumstances, an equal chance with honest teaching. The careful publicist has not great advantage in such a campaign over the scoundrels who force records and the corruptionists who undermine all intelligence.

All these evils were felt during the late campaign, and the Republicans cannot safely endure many more like it. Some method must be devised to keep the people constantly interested in public affairs, or we will hereafter be wholly at the mercy of unscrupulous adventurers in politics. We shall allude to this subject again, and in the meantime we call upon every intelligent and patriotic citizen to give the matter his especial attention. A grave evil threatens the republic, and a remedy must be found.—[S. F. Post.

The Fury Of The Lake Gale.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Do you know what is to be at sea with a gale blowing eighty miles an hour? You may read of the wrecks which to-day strew the shores of every lake; you may read of the rigid bodies cast upon the sands, you may cast your eyes over hulk and spar and battered plank, but yet you cannot realize the fury of that awful gale of Saturday. Vessels on Lake Michigan were bowling along before a topsail breeze when, almost in a moment, the gale came howling down from another quarter, bringing a terrible sea with it. Sails were split into ribbons before a rope could be loosened, and masts were overboard like broken sticks. No man living ever saw such waves on our lakes before. In an hour after the gale set in they were running twenty five foot high. In three hours they could go no higher. Off Frankfort they were fully forty feet high, and they ran at about the speed of a race horse. The gale caught them as they reared up, and tons of foamy water were broken off and hurled down into the trough to mingle with the base of the next waves. One of the largest propellers on the lakes, standing twenty feet out of the water, had to put about before the gale was an hour old and even while running before it at full speed the waves swept over her entire decks, Seaman-ship availed but little. Schooners were almost picked up bodily by the wind and flung ahead, and the biggest barks were knocked about like chips.

When day broke Saturday morning those out at sea must have realized the wrath of death.

Every plunge of an ordinary schooner rolled floods of water over the decks, to pour from the scuppers at an angle of forty-five degrees. Men had all they could do to save life, without moving a finger toward navigating their crafts. The loudest shout could not heard two feet away, and the roar of the sea was awful to hear. The passengers on the "Alpena" were roused from sleep the gale reached her. It brought such a sea that no one could have slept longer. When the four-score souls on board were told that death was near, they looked out on the howling, roaring, hungry sea, without a shadow of hope that one of them would ever see land again. Rafts and boats would have blown about like feathers. Life preservers buoyed up corpses until they were blown ashore to be identified. Those who put them on in the final grasp for life could not have lived an hour in the keen wind and icy water.

Men who lived out on the gale still speak of it with terror. Only once again with the gates of death open wider to them. Spars and hulks are beating to splinters on the rocky shores, and beaten disfigured corpses are thrown upon the sandy beach, to be wept over and buried. It was the wrath of death turned loose upon the wide wastes, and that a single vessel escaped destruction seems almost a miracle.

A New Party Proposed.

We learn from the San Francisco Stock Report that there is a movement on foot in that city to organize there an "American party." The proposition has been discussed privately, it says, and the plans of the principal movers are fully arranged. The subject has been under discussion for some time, but nothing was publicly said about it until after the election. We know that many persons in the metropolis have been casually consulting on the propriety of trying to create an American party, but in conversation with them we discovered that no two of them agreed upon the basis. This talk is but a sample of the times. Ben. Hill wants a new party also. This desire shows the activity of the age. This difference of opinion is progress.

One of the most interesting and affecting incidents of election night relates how at half past nine o'clock "General Hancock retired to bed, leaving orders that he should not be awakened on account of any news dispatches that might be received." While the weary Achilles slumbered in his tent the faithful Patroclus (which his modern name is General Mitchell) was on the watch, and it is quite touching to hear him "repeating at a late hour that he had received no dispatches which required the General's immediate attention." Immediate is really good. He no doubt felt that, as with the hero of that historical debate on the Stanislaus river, "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

British Columbia is in a humiliating position truly. It is a dependency of a dependency. It bartered its political autonomy for a railroad, and has not got payment hence the present popular agitation in the province, and an expression of opinion, at a recent meeting in Victoria, that the country would be better off as a crown colony than attached to the Dominion. This is a very humiliating confession for men of Anglo-Saxon blood to make, after having enjoyed the right of representative government. It is not without some show of reason, however. If British Columbia were a crown colony its ruler would directly responsible to the Colonial Secretary in Downing street, and the home government would protect its interests; but it is now nominally a province of the Dominion, which is not a nation, and lacks the power as well as the right to take the initiative in matters involving sovereignty. As a Territory of the Union the condition of British Columbia would be infinitely better than it can possibly be as a tail to the Dominion kite, prostrated by the tariff and impoverished by the public debt of Canada. The island colony of Newfoundland has preserved its independence and prosperity, and rejected every overture from the home government to join the Dominion.

The Money Letter

The parties who were mixed up in the publication of the Money forgery are finding themselves in a tight place. The truth is coming out in spite of Barnum and his associates. It is but a recapitulation of the old adage, "Digging a pit for others and then falling into it themselves." They are tolerably well covered already. But the appearances are that the investigation will be kept up until the whole business is traced to where the conception of the infamy started. It is a nice epilogue to the Democratic Defeat.

The inauguration of General Garfield promises to exceed in some features any similar event in this city. Even now enquiries are coming in from all sections as to accommodations for organized bodies. Among them are the Tenth Brigade of National Guards of Pennsylvania. The new National Museum building in the Smithsonian grounds has been secured for the inaugural. It is the intention of the Committee of Arrangements to ask Congress for 1,000 hospital tents to be placed in the Washington Monument grounds for accommodation of visiting military organizations. These will quarter ten thousand men.

Never Turned His Coat.

General Grant accidentally put on the overcoat of another man for his own at the great Utica meeting; whereupon the crowd heaved. Senator Conkling, who was speaking at the time, at once said: "No harm in your laughing at that, gentlemen. He may sometimes get the wrong coat on but you may be perfectly sure he will never turn his coat." The audience heartily applauded.

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