

## The Arizona Sentinel.

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YUMA, A. T.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1873.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

EHRENBERG, Aug. 19, 1873.

Once more we are placed under obligations for the generous courtesy of our fellow-townsmen, Capt. I. Polhamus, jr., Superintendent of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company—for a sail over the Colorado's turbid flood.

Last Saturday night we stepped aboard that staunch steamboat the *Mojave*, and found cosy quarters. At daybreak on the following morning we steamed away from Yuma, having in tow "No. 2" Barge.

#### FIRST DAY OUT.

We noticed at once that old sea lion, Capt. John Mellon, of the "Cocopah," who was transferred to this boat for this special occasion; and met, among the passengers, Messrs. Wilson and Howe, who are on their way to Prescott to take charge of the construction of the Military Telegraph from that place to a point where they will connect with the construction party from San Diego by way of Yuma. Mr. Schneider (not our battle-scarred veteran of the news depot, but of Ehrenberg) was also on board, destined home. Later, to our agreeable surprise and delight, we espied a young and beautiful lady—no myth, but a real, bona fide one. Owing to our timidity and bashfulness, it was fully ten minutes before we could muster courage to address this charmer, but we finally did it, and succeeded most admirably for an old bachelor. After a formal introduction by ye gallant Captain, we learned that Miss Kelley was from Oregon, on her way to Prescott via Mojave, where she expected to meet Mrs. General Crook, an old and dearly-beloved friend, with whom she will spend a few months. We found Miss K. a most interesting and intelligent companion, and to her we are largely indebted for many hours very agreeably spent.

#### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS.

Nothing of note has occurred, thus far, to mar the pleasure of the trip, if we except the getting on a sand-bar about 50 miles above Yuma, where we were delayed about half an hour. The

most amusing part of this was, that after we had got over the bar, and were seated at table enjoying a good meal, a shock as of an earthquake shook the whole boat with such force that all jumped up and looked at one another for an explanation of the occurrence. The cause was soon ascertained to be the running aground of the barge.

#### A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

Just at 9 o'clock Sunday night, while we were all engaged in conversation, and longing for a gentle breeze to cool our heated brows, a meteor shot across the sky from east to west, which lit up the whole heavens so brilliantly that we could see every object on either bank and beyond with the greatest distinctness. It seemed the size of a flour barrel, and left a luminous track behind it for about 60 yards. We had not over the excitement caused by this beautiful phenomenon, when a very loud report, as of the firing of a 60-pound gun, was heard coming from the direction where the meteor had descended, about two minutes afterward.

#### SECOND DAY.

We were extremely anxious that something should occur, if only for the sake of an item, but nothing did; so we found relief in amusement—a game of "hide and seek," notwithstanding the extreme heat that prevailed. The thermometer stood in the coolest place on board, at 110°. At 5 in the evening we were in sight of

#### EHRENBERG,

and half an hour later were safely moored to the bank in front of that thriving village. The size and beauty of the place is remarkable; its site was admirably chosen, far above high-water mark, and the hills of Arizona slope gradually to the town. The streets of Ehrenberg are well laid out; and much attention has been given to building on the lines of survey. The absence of dust was one of the first things that attracted my attention to Ehrenberg. Here, met many old and made many new friends, among them Col. Jas. M. Barney, of the firm of Wm. B. Hooper & Co., who has just returned from Prescott. He was busily engaged in filling large orders for that section. The Col. is in fine health and spirits, and is about the only man here who does not complain of dull times. Geo. Tyng, our ex-Sheriff, who is with the same house, we found looking well and hard at work, and he inquired anxiously about his many Yuma friends. Our next rencontre was with J. M. Castañeda, the newly married man, whom we found more than happy. Jack Stewart is here, making preparations to leave for San Bernardino next week however, whither he goes to reside, with his family. Finkler is also here; but will soon return to Tahiti in the Sandwich Islands. Julius Goldwater, a brother to Joe and Mike, is in charge

of their extensive establishment here; Joe is now at Phenix. A. Frank has also a large store here, and is doing as well as dull times will permit; he is at present in Prescott. Judge Bidwell is as jolly as ever, and his geniality would reconcile any one with this dull and weary life; the Judge is looking after his ranch now, and of his watermelons we speak knowingly when we say that they are the best in the country. John Myers, successor to Jack Stewart in the saloon business, is doing well. Thos. Goodman's "River View House" is full of people, and Tom doesn't dare to complain. There are many other fine men whom we met at Ehrenberg, but space will not permit us to enumerate, and we hope they will excuse us.

M.

### EDWARD LUMLEY MURDERED AT KENYON STATION.

From the Tucson Citizen, 23d inst.

Edward Lumley was butchered, probably first tortured, at Kenyon station, on the Gila, late last Monday. Gov. Safford and Theo. F. White came by the station before the interment of the body, made such inquiries and examinations as they could, and now supply us with such facts as seem reliable, viz: "The deed was committed by two Mexicans, who afterwards fled to Sonora with two horses, saddle, bridle, shotgun, pistol, \$50, and other articles stolen. Theft seems to have induced the murder. The attack was made on Lumley while he was in bed. His hat and pipe were found near his bed in front of the house and body in the rear. His hands were tied with a small cord—evidently done before the murder which seems to have been begun by a blow with a stone. He was stabbed in eleven places with a knife, four of which wounds perforated the bowels. John Murphy, Lumley's partner, was at the Oasman Flat station at the time. He offers a reward of \$250 for the arrest and conviction of each of the murderers."

The stage bringing the above intelligence, reached here on Sunday afternoon, and early on Monday City Marshal Townsend and Mr. Aug. Humboldt mounted horses kindly loaned by the Quartermaster here, and started out to hunt the murderers, whom it was reported were coming down the Gila in this direction, and that they had been seen at Mohawk station. Thompson and Humboldt were shown, by some Papago Indians, the trail of two animals that Townsend was satisfied were the same ones that had been stolen from Kenyon station at the time of the murder. They immediately followed it down to a point near Pablo Figueroa's ranch, 18 miles from Yuma. Townsend's horse then gave out, owing to the great heat, when Humboldt was dis-

patched to town for aid, and soon returned to the pursuit in company with L. A. Smith, and several Indian trailers collected together by the latter.

The trail was again taken up, this time by the Indians, and followed to a point in the wire-grass near the Colorado where the pursuit was necessarily very slow. There are men now on the lookout at Smith's Ferry, and at other points on the river, and if the murderers are still in the Colorado bottoms, there is a possibility of their being taken.

One of the assassins is believed to be "Sanchez," the Mexican who helped murder Reid and others at Mission Camp in 1871, and he is also the murderer of a boy in Altar, Sonora, several years ago. His companion in crime, also a Mexican, is not known by name. They have weighty reasons, no doubt, for not going to Sonora, and will attempt to get into Lower California with the fruits of their hellish deed.

It is understood here that \$1,000 will be paid for the apprehension and conviction of these murderers.

### Territorial News.

From the Prescott Miner, 16th inst.

The citizens of Prescott and vicinity, were considerably excited on Tuesday last, by the arrival of parties from the Verde, who stated that 600 Tonto Apaches had left the reservation on Sunday night, and gone to the mountains. The cause of the skedaddling was unknown, and for three days every one expected to hear of some one being "Moo-doced." Gen. Crook left headquarters for the Verde instantly, and further news from the reservation has been anxiously awaited. On Thursday, we learned from a reliable source that there is no danger to be apprehended. The "big chief" of the Tontos did not go out with the tribe, and the reason why the Tontos left, was that they were scared; they heard, through their enemies, that Cooley, the interpreter at Camp Apache, was coming to the Verde with a large force of Coyoteros and San Carlos Apaches, to clean out the Tontos, and so took to the hills. When they left the reservation they went through the large herds of government cattle in that vicinity, without disturbing them, and have since communicated with their chief and discovered that their alarm was not well founded, and they are all returning to their reservation. Their chief, Del Che, says he has had fighting enough, he wants peace, and will stay on the reservation, and his tribe would not think of going into the mountains were it not for the reports circulated among them by bad men who desire to make a disturbance and get the Tontos killed.