

# ARIZONA CITIZEN.

Vol. III.]

TUCSON, PIMA COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

[No. 51.]

## THE ARIZONA CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Copy, one year, \$5.00  
One Copy, six months, 3.00  
Single numbers, 25

### ADVERTISING RATES:

[Twelve lines in this type, one sq.]  
One square, twelve lines, one time, \$3.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 1.50  
Professional cards, per month, 3.00

Plain death notices, free. Obituary remarks in prose, 25 per square; in poetry, 50 per line.

Business advertisements at Reduced Rates. Office south side Court-house Plaza. JOHN WASSON, Proprietor.

### AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR THE CITIZEN:

W. N. Kelley, newsdealer at Prescott, has THE CITIZEN for sale.

L. P. Fisher, 20 and 21 New Merchants' Exchange, is our authorized Agent in San Francisco.

Schneider, Grierson & Co., Arizona City  
E. Irvine & Co., Phoenix  
H. A. Bignow will receive and receipt for money for THE CITIZEN at Prescott.

### R. A. WILBUR, M. D.,

TUCSON, ARIZONA.  
OFFICE: COR. STONE AND CONVENT STS.

### J. C. HANDY, M. D.,

TUCSON, ARIZONA.  
CORNER OF CHURCH AND CONVENT.

### COLES BASHFORD,

TUCSON, ARIZONA.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 117

### J. E. McCAFFRY,

TUCSON, ARIZONA.  
Office on Congress street. 117

### L. C. HUGHES,

TUCSON, ARIZONA.  
Office on Congress street. my117

**HOWARD & SONS, & L. DENT,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA,  
Legalization of Mexican titles especially attended to. Address,  
Volunt. E. Howard & Sons, Los Angeles, California, June 14, 17.

### CHARLES O. BROWN,

Dealer in Imported  
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,  
CONGRESS HALL,  
TUCSON, A. T.

### M. I. JACOBS & CO.,

Dealers in  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Well Assorted Stock at Lowest Current Rates.

Agency for  
Pierson's Terreneate Flour Mills.

COIN,  
BULLION, and  
EXCHANGE  
BOUGHT and  
SOLD.

CASH ADVANCED ON CONSIGNMENTS

TUCSON, March 8, 1873. mp15-17.

### DAVIS & KELSON,

CONGRESS STREET, TUCSON,  
MANUFACTURERS AND  
DEALERS IN  
Tin, Brass and Sheet-iron Ware:  
Also Stoves of the best patterns.  
Every Description  
Tin, Sheet-iron ware and Stoves is sold on terms to suit the times.  
Orders solicited and promptly filled.  
CONNECTED WITH THE ABOVE establishment, is a special department for the  
Repair and Cleaning  
WATCHES, CLOCKS  
ETC., ETC.  
Stencil work solicited and executed to suit customers.  
All work warranted as represented. 247

## SMOKING SONG.

We don't smoke, but somewhere in the deserted halls of our memory we have found the following beautiful lines. The name of the author is unknown to us, but we would not recommend any one to claim them without good grounds or he may be treated as was one such claimant in these columns not "long ago."

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room  
Sits the child of song and story,  
And his heart is light for his pipe beams bright  
And his dreams are all of glory.

### CHORUS.

Then smoke away 'till a golden ray  
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,  
For a cheerful cigar like a shield will bar,  
The blows of care and sorrow.

It warms the soul like the blushing bowl  
With its rose red burden streaming,  
And drowns it in bliss like the first warm kiss  
From the lips with rose buds teeming.

### CHORUS.

Then smoke away 'till a golden ray  
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,  
For a cheerful cigar like a shield will bar  
The blows of care and sorrow.

In the forests grand of our native land  
When the savage conflict ended,  
The pipe of peace brought a sweet release  
From toil and terror blended.

### CHORUS.

Then smoke away 'till a golden ray  
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,  
For a cheerful cigar like a shield will bar  
The blows of care and sorrow.

The dark eyed train of the maids of Spain  
'Neath their arbor shades trip lightly,  
While a gleaming cigar like a new born star  
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

### CHORUS.

Then smoke away 'till a golden ray  
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,  
For a cheerful cigar like a shield will bar  
The blows of care and sorrow.

KINDNESS will conquer and overcome all prejudices. This perhaps has never been better illustrated than by the occupation of French territory by German troops. The war was engendered and brought on mainly through hatred and jealousy. The Germans were victorious and have until recently held possession of French territory by armed legions to insure the payment of a large war indemnity. That having been paid, the troops left for home, but their kindness to their conquered foe had been so marked that they did not leave a hated enemy but rather as friends who had not understood each other, but who by contact had proved to each other whether living on one side or the other of the Rhine, humanity is about the same. So it would be everywhere if we understood each other. Our hates are mostly imaginary and misunderstandings and quarrels could generally be avoided if we would go frankly to each other and ask and give explanations. But it is too often the case, that a slight grievance is magnified and mischief makers are listened to until a breach between those who should be friends becomes irreconcilable. Let the example the honest Germans have given to the conquered French be practiced more in our daily intercourse with our fellow-men, and the heart-burnings and difficulties will be materially lessened.

PRIVATE advices from the command of Major W. H. Brown inform us that he was in the mountains eager for the contest, and that it was his intention to divide his command into small parties and thoroughly scour the country always keeping his men within supporting distance. If it is a human possibility to get those murderers out of the mountains, Maj. Brown will do it.

CAPT. HANCOCK informs us that the good people of Phenix are erecting a substantial and convenient school-house at that place. This is the second school house built in that county and speaks well for the intelligence and enterprise of the people. The citizens on the San Pedro in this county have enough subscribed to build a school-house and intend soon to erect it.

## FROM LONDON TO VIENNA.

A Glance at Belgium, Prussia, Bavaria and Austria--The Rhine and Danube Scenery--Brussels, Cologne, Frankfurt, and Nuremberg.

VIENNA, Sunday, August 17.—I left London on Friday evening week, came across by a one-horse steamer—sleeping in the rigging like an American rooster should, I suppose—touching a corner of Holland by daylight, and reaching Antwerp (in Belgium) too late for the train. Did that old commercial would-be rival of London, for a couple hours. It has a celebrated Cathedral for tourists to gawk about in for a few minutes, and a population who recklessly revel in the French language, to our annoyance and injury. Had they talked pure Parisian—as I am used to—I should have enjoyed Brussels, the capital of the little kingdom. Owing to the uncultivated style of their French, I had to stay over night at that place. Brussels is said to be a miniature Paris, but it seemed a very dull Saturday night. There are more bearded females in Belgium than would stock all the side-shows extant. Architecturally, Brussels is attractive in spots, nothing altogether to go mad over. I suppose they make good lace there, just as Belfast makes linen.—and lots of it.

From Brussels, the next point of leading interest, is Cologne. But the country between, as riding through it, pleased me more than the towns. Between Liege and Verviers, in Belgium, there is some delightful scenery, and everything in the landscape way possessed the French finishing touches. No fences at all, except those along the track, and a majority of the cottages were curious specimens of rustic work. Men and women all look like a hard-worked, illiterate set—devoted to the one prevailing feature of life in the old world,—that is, fight it out on the line of their fathers before.

The train time gave us two hours at Cologne, and a carriage ride through its many narrow and strong-smelling streets, was perhaps well enough. Here is a still more celebrated Cathedral—an immense affair truly; but I am just getting a little fatigued with looking at Christ crucified in so many miserable ways. I am beginning to think He has been the worst murdered man ever heard of in any country. The Virgin Mary has had to suffer likewise. But enough of this at present. Cologne is noted for its variety of smells. I was satisfied after counting some twenty or thirty in so short time. The old walls of the town are still formidable ruins. I have forgotten to state that the most striking shift in the scene so far, was that back at a little station, west of Aix la Chapelle, where the German element of this country of speckled languages and money, took possession of our train, and went through our carpet-bags for stray cigars, to find other perfume. I had not prepared for this imaginary boundary—thinking the Rhine was what separated the two peoples. But now I am used to it all.

Well, I found the delightful resting spot I was anxious for at London. It was at Godesberg, above Cologne about twenty-four miles, and just where the Rhine becomes poetical, historical, &c. Here are the Seven (Dragon) Hills, with a rocky height tipped with a more rocky ruin of a castle and overlooking one of the finest pictures of valley, river and hills; of peaceful villages wrapped in vines and studded with flowers. The prettiest I have ever seen. To get this view, you cross the river to the west side, at the village of Koenigswinter; then up the mountain just back of my hotel at Godesberg is an old tower of a castle, built on a little mountain that stands out by itself. From the window it don't look bigger than a coffee-pot, but I found on climbing up there, it was over one hundred feet high. These castle-rains are very deceptive that way. Godesberg is a gem of a place—quite a resort; mineral springs, &c. But the lager beer and wine drank there the Sunday night I arrived, was the "lion" of the town. Some sort of a feast (or "fest") was what ailed the

people of that place as well as the old city of Bonn—three miles away—also gathered there. Music and dancing also assisted in making this Sunday evening rather enjoyable to a stranger. I recruited up a day or so and then came up the Rhine and up the Main to Frankfurt—resting over so as to reach early that quaintest old town in all Germany—Nuremberg. But the river Rhine is all its enthusiastic friends have painted it, in my opinion. The castles are sufficient in number and variety; the river and hill-sides are large and rugged enough and cultivated to match, and the legends of its by-gone days come in good play for reading. You may ask what a cultivated river is like? Well, it is not like the muddy, crumbling shores of American streams in general and particular, but a navigable river walled in all the way, and every way improved and put upon its good behavior. And its steepest mountain sides are also walled to the very summits with terraces trained with grape vines, until they look at a little distance like the sides of a great scaly fish. Not a shovelful of soil is allowed to escape into the river. But I can't do justice to anything along this best of routes from London to Vienna—in this little letter. Only if I were a Dutchman, I would fight for the Rhine only as a thorough Dutchman could; if I were a Frenchman, I would want a slice of it on the same terms, if no other way—and if I were both, I would fight with myself about it. The case would be like trying to have the prettiest and loveliest of women all to oneself, without being as jealous as the devil all the time.

Nuremberg is in Bavaria, but like Frankfurt, &c.—after Bismark & Co. cleaned out Austria a few years ago in two rounds—this old town must bow to Prussian rule, though her soldiery still wear their old uniform—a black squirrel's tail crawling up over the back of the head. Nuremberg is a doubly walled and castellated city of ninety thousand, and as old and odd as history and Dutch architecture. I never could get done looking at it and wandering about in it; but had to give it up after two days and one night. It has a museum of antiquities equal to any, and several old churches full of interesting things, not to mention Virgin Mary & Co. In short, after passing the tunnel on the dividing ridge between the waters of the Rhine and Danube—the murdering of Christ continued with more than arithmetical progression. He is made use of as a scare-crow all through the vineyards and other agricultural scenery. I never knew what a success He was at frightening birds out of a potato-patch before. But enough of this at present.

And now a word about the rural population en route. If the French were a rusty featured set, the Danubians of Dutchland at least, must be seen to be appreciated. In fact, I have seen them, and still can't do it. I am as rough a specimen of the heathen as there is now at large in any country, and I cannot rise to the beauty of seeing a woman swinging the oldest style of scythe like a swarthy son of a Hoosier, or a pick on a railroad like a hair-toothed Irishman from the bogs. The German women of the farming class carry baskets on their backs as large as a hay-cock, and they are altogether the veriest Papago squaws of Europe—only to be equalled perhaps by the women of Switzerland, where I have yet to go; so that neither the best of republics or monarchies of Europe have anything to brag of on the score of elevating the lower orders. The squaws of Germany do not, as do those of Arizona, carry their babies on their hips, so far as I have seen. But I have been on the other hand astonished at the number of good looking women, girls, &c. on this last route—ever since I left Belgium. We don't see many ladies in America of German extraction, to go crazy over. All along this line, however, in the towns, they are as numerous as in New York, in proportion.

It is the rule of the "tourist" to take steamer at Passau, and come down the Danube to Vienna. And it is even more interesting—at least grander—than the Rhine. Who did all this mighty work of agricultural and navigation masonry? But neither in Belgium nor thus far in the German speaking lands, are there any

stone fences as in the British kingdom, and one may rightly infer that the French and Dutch are natural communists. They till the soil side by side, and make mother earth look like a great quilt—wheat, onions, oats and potatoes of neighbors blending together more peacefully than the people seem to, to "a cooker-on in Vienna." The farm-houses of Dutchland are villages of red, tile-covered bee-hives, and the workers go out miles around every day to make and gather the honey or hard-bread of life.

I have found less trouble in talking Dutch so far in Germany, than English in Ireland; and a hotel bill is much easier gotten over. I had a skirmish yesterday afternoon, however, worth recording, in the way of sweet German accent; and the hotel account forthcoming, I never expect to live to tell you of. You see I am in Vienna now, and it is Exhibition year. And from a glimpse last evening, the show is entirely too big for the patronage. "Hence these tears."

## The Krom Concentrator.

We have received from Frank Meyer, agent for the Krom Dry Ore Concentrator, a description of the machine and also the results of working ores by this process.

It is seldom that we pay any attention to the thousands of new inventions for working ores, a large majority of which are of no value, but having a personal acquaintance with the agent and a personal knowledge of the ores upon which this machine is now operating with the most satisfactory results, we are inclined to believe that the machine can be made of good service to Arizona, in fact that it is just what is needed, to at once place low-grade base ore mines on a paying foundation. Without going into the particulars of the operation of the machine, it is said that it can concentrate ores at a cost of \$5 per ton; twenty-five to thirty tons of ore are concentrated into one ton of pure metal, and by practical tests it has been found that only about \$3.50 is lost or left in the tailings. This is done with air and no water is required, except sufficient to run the machinery. It requires but one-horse power to run eight of the concentrators, and each concentrator is said to be capable of concentrating half a ton per hour. The machine measures five feet in length, two feet in width, three feet ten inches in length and weighs 1100 pounds.

The following remarkable results were obtained in working the ores of the De Soto Mine in Nevada. The assay value of the ore was \$54.56. Thirty tons were concentrated into one ton, which was found to be worth \$1,662, and the tailings were found to contain \$3.53.

We were once interested in this mine and are familiar with the ore it contains, about five per cent. of base metal, principally antimony, zinc and lead, carrying \$54.56 in silver, in the form of black sulphuret. Such a combination rendered the ore practically worthless to the owners, from the fact that it was too lean in metals to smelt and too base to amalgamate, and the low grade of the ore would not pay to ship or bear the expense of water concentration. By this process the net profit on this ore now being worked, is found to be \$37 per ton, including the expense of concentration and shipment, and excluding the cost of mining.

Mr. DYER, of the Indian Peace Commission, who is here, says in the recent war with the Modocs our soldiers only killed four Modocs, while the Modocs killed two soldiers to each Modoc engaged in the war.

We clip the above from The Alta and it proves what we have before said that if Gen. Crook had made so bungling a job in conquering the Apaches they would have annihilated the whole army of the United States.

We learn that Lieutenant Eckerson, whom Major Brown promptly sent after the Indians that stole stock at Pueblo Viejo, followed them to their camp on the Apache reserve. He showed a good deal of energy in his pursuit of them.