

## LOST HOURS.

I ween the vigil that I keep  
Is a sad and solemn thing,  
Where the chill October breezes sweep,  
And the ferns lie withering.  
For I pass the years in long review,  
The years I have trifled past,  
The years when life was bright and new;  
Ah, what have they brought at last?  
And I cry, as I look at my drooping flow-  
ers,  
My baffled hopes, and my failing powers,  
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been garnered  
in,  
When the golden grain was wasted!  
What a nectar of life it was mine to win,  
When the draught was barely tasted!  
What happy memories might have shone,  
Had folly never stained them!  
What noble heights to rest upon,  
If a steadier foot had gained them!  
And I cry, as I sit 'mid my faded flowers,  
"Rashness and weakness have fatal dower-  
ers."  
Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

Too late for battle, too late for fame,  
Comes the vision of better life;  
With eyes that are smarting with tears of  
shame  
I gaze at the world's hot strife.  
The patient love can not pardon now,  
Or the proud believing cheer;  
Where the white cross gleams and the vio-  
lets grow  
Lie the loved that made life so dear.  
Kind Nature renews her perished flowers,  
But Death knows nothing of sun or showers,  
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

— In Boston they now have an organ-  
ization which hires carriages to take poor  
invalids out to ride.

—The National cat show, at the Cryst-  
al Palace, Sydenham, was opened on  
September 20. Two hundred and sixty-  
two grimalkins were on exhibition.

—A Dubuque congregation owes its  
pastor \$3,840 back salary, and yet they  
wonder why his sermons are not as fin-  
ished and fervid as in years gone by. The  
wonder is he can preach at all.

—Another wild woman, with nothing  
to wear, frequents the forests in Union  
Parish, La. She is supposed to have es-  
caped from some fashionable watering  
place.

—It is a noticeable fact that while a  
large number of emigrant wagons are  
passing through towards the setting sun,  
a great many are returning from Kansas  
and settling in Missouri.—*Holden En-  
terprise.*

—"See here, my friend, you're drunk."  
"Drunk! to be sure I am, and have been  
for the last three years. You see, my  
brother and I are on a temperance mis-  
sion. He lectures, while I set a frightful  
example."

—An unfortunate in Indianapolis  
who lost several toes by a car wheel was  
consoled by an Irishman near by with,  
"Whist, there, you're making more noise  
than many a man I've seen with his head  
off."

—A disconsolate young gentleman  
who parts his hair in the middle, wants to  
know if there is any bliss in Paradise that  
will make a fellow forget his feelings on  
discovering, while undressing for the night,  
that he had been playing croquet all the  
evening with a hole in the amplest part of  
his lavender garment.

—In this sagacious style does candi-  
date Coke, down in Texas, go for candidate  
Davis: "He said the beginning of Governor  
Davis' message to the Twelfth Legislature  
was a gilded lie, a crude mockery, and his  
lips were then reeking with the blood of  
that oath he had taken to support the  
Constitution of the United States and of  
this State."

—An excellent specimen of the crack-  
jaw tongue is found in the (English) Char-  
terhouse examinations for 1873, under the  
head of botany, where the scholar is told  
to explain the following terms: "Malva  
has a gamosepalous calyx, a polypetalous  
hygogynous corolla, polyandrous mono-  
adelphous epipetalous stamens, and a su-  
perior syncarpous pistil."

—We are surprised to see this orac-  
ular remark in the Detroit *Free Press*:  
"Fire a shot-gun in any direction in this  
country and you hit a poet." Nobody  
but a newspaper editor can understand  
what horror this dreadful statement is ca-  
pable of inspiring. As he reads it a  
doleful train of MSS. passes goblin-like  
before him, and life seems but a horrid  
dream.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—In a Missouri village a man was  
found dead and horribly mangled upon  
the railroad track. A German, being a  
Justice of the Peace, acted as Coroner, and  
upon hearing the evidence, thus addressed  
the jury: "Shentlemen ov de Shury—  
Vrom dose evidence produced, dose Courts  
comes to dose conclusions: dot dese manne  
comes to his died by peing run ober mit  
der railroad track."

—There is much wholesome plith, even  
if there be a flaw in the logic, in the words  
of a person, wise at least in that direction:  
"Doing never made me sad in my life,  
but thinking has, many a time." We shall  
find it truly the best remedy in the world  
to do, and not to think, when we are sad.  
Better to rub out the bad action with a  
good one if possible, than to waste time in  
fruitless regrets, or tears to wash it away.  
It is worry that weakens the power to  
achieve good results.

## The San Juan Country.

Adjoining the southwestern part  
of the Territory of Colorado, border-  
ing upon the Rio Grande south,  
lies a tract of mountain country  
five million acres in extent, which  
has just been purchased by the  
government by treaty with the Ute  
Indians. It is one of the richest  
mineral sections thus far explored,  
and will shortly attract the strong  
and investigating attention of the  
west.

It is about three hundred miles  
from Denver to the boundary, and  
took us five days' buggy riding and  
seven days on horseback to reach it.  
We found it a mountain district,  
with little or no farming land, and  
no timber except scrub pine, quak-  
ing ash and cottonwood, but rich  
beyond conception in ores—silver,  
gold, copper and iron—as well as  
coal. Only one mine has been  
really developed, and that only in  
part. It is called the Little Giant,  
and is owned by a Chicago com-  
pany. They have spent about  
\$75,000 in working it, and their  
stock is about \$500,000. Their ma-  
chinery is very poor and works  
badly, yet I was told by a good  
many persons there that they were  
taking out \$1,000 a day in gold.  
They are about to put up a 15-stamp  
mill, and the manager claims that  
when it is up they can take out  
\$25,000 a week. Their vein is a foot  
and a half thick, and is calculated  
upon to yield \$5,000 a ton.

There is another rich mine near  
by, which I think is really a con-  
tinuation of the same lead, that is  
being negotiated for by Chicago  
parties. The Little Giant people  
say it is richer than theirs. The  
Little Giant people claim that their  
mine is worth a million as soon as  
the treaty is ratified by the Govern-  
ment, and they can give a title,  
which they heretofore have been  
unable to do, it being held only in  
a miner's claim. One man has a  
silver lead six feet thick that he  
has figured up to be worth \$287,-  
000,000. I don't suppose he could  
raise \$100 in the world.

There was a mine called the Green  
Mountain, which, it was claimed,  
would yield \$8,000 to the ton. Then  
there is a lead called the Silver  
Star, which is forty feet thick and  
yields good pay ore. There is cop-  
per cropping out for miles in veins  
that look to be from twenty to forty  
feet thick, but no one takes up cop-  
per because there is so much gold  
and silver. You can see any amount  
of copper along the face of the  
mountains, and right in the centre  
of the tract there is a rich iron de-  
posit. They claim that the silver  
leads are more valuable than the  
gold, because the veins are much  
thicker and richer.

The streams are mere water-  
courses, except the Animus river,  
upon which these mines are locat-  
ed. The altitude of these mines is  
8,000 to 9,000 feet, and the moun-  
tains run up all around them 13,000  
to 15,000 feet high. The peaks are  
very rocky and ragged, and are  
lifted high above the timber line.  
I have been through every part of  
the west, from British Columbia to  
Mexico; I don't think there is any  
where else so great a conglomera-  
tion of mountains as in this San  
Juan country. The whole of those  
5,000,000 acres is just one grand  
mass of peaks. The road makes a  
descent at one place of 3,500 feet in  
two miles. It crosses the range at  
an altitude of 12,700 feet—the high-  
est wagon road in the world. Any  
one may go in and pre-empt it as  
they do prairie land. All that is  
required is that the person who  
locates a claim shall dig a hole and  
post a notice, and thereafter, for  
five years put "\$100 worth of work  
per annum into it," as they say.  
At the end of five years he must go  
to the Land Office and pay \$500,  
when a patent issues to him secur-  
ing the property absolutely. If a  
man neglects to work his \$100  
worth any year the claim is open  
to the first comer. His labor is to  
be rated at miners' wages. If he  
desires to buy the land outright he  
can have it for \$5 an acre.

The nearest towns are Del Norte  
and Loma, on the Rio Grande. The  
scenery along the Rio Grande is very  
fine, but that river does not touch  
the mines; they are, as I have said,  
on the Animus and its headwaters.  
There is a canyon on the Animus  
which I did not see, but it is said  
to be a wonderful place, from 500 to  
3,000 feet deep and twenty-five  
miles long, with a fall of the Ani-  
mus (which at that point is some  
forty feet wide) having a sheer  
descent of nearly six hundred feet.

Two companies have applied for  
charters, each of which contem-

plates putting a good road over the  
ranges (which, by the way, are  
called the Uncomparga and San  
Juan) and a hotel is about to be  
erected in the vicinity of those  
mines already opened. Next spring  
there will probably be an influx of  
people, and in a year or two, if any  
faith is to be put in prospects,  
the new acquisition will have at-  
tained as wide a celebrity as the  
Nevada mines about Virginia City.  
—*Ex.*

Why a Colorado Newspaper Sus-  
pended.

This is the last issue of the Daily  
Black Hawk Journal. The Week-  
ly Journal will be continued for the  
present, but will probably be re-  
moved to a more prosperous field,  
within a few weeks. I am by no  
means compelled by financial em-  
barassment to suspend the publica-  
tion of the Daily, but in view of the  
general depression in mining inter-  
ests, and the meagre prospect of an  
immediate improvement, I have  
decided to change my base. By  
working hard fourteen or sixteen  
hours per day, I could run the  
Journal through the winter and  
make a living, but I am ambitious  
to do better. Running a paper for  
"glory" has played out. When so  
many of the business houses of the  
city can no longer afford to adver-  
tise in their local paper, and even  
send to New York for their job work  
and have it sent out with their new  
goods, the Journal cannot be ex-  
pected to sustain itself by out-  
side patronage. To those who have  
appreciated the situation and sus-  
tained the paper by their patronage,  
and to the community at large who  
have treated me with uniform kind-  
ness and courtesy in private life,  
and endorsed me at the polls, I ex-  
tend my heartfelt thanks. Earn-  
estly wishing that mining and  
commercial prosperity may speedily  
return to this and adjoining  
towns, and hoping that the in-  
crease in business for the next  
eighteen months may be greater  
than the decrease since the first is-  
sue of the *Daily Journal*, over  
eighteen months ago, I make the  
above announcement, as deeply re-  
gretting the apparent necessity of  
the step as any one can.

GEO. M. COLLIER.

—*Black Hawk Journal.*

## A Mare's Nest.

COLONEL FINNEGASS DETAILED TO  
FIND ONE IN SALT LAKE—HE  
FINDS IT—AN ACCOUNT OF HIS  
TRIP.

Since the return of Colonel Fin-  
negass, of the United States Secret  
Bureau, from Salt Lake, last Friday  
evening, rumors regarding the ob-  
ject of his trip have been as thick  
as mosquitoes in a Jersey marsh.  
An evening contemporary, which  
has Harris on the brain, thought  
he had gone in search of that long-  
lost individual. Others said he was  
going to unearth a party of coun-  
terfeiters whose head quarters were  
in the Prophet's holy city. The  
newspapers yesterday morning did  
not help matters much, but rather  
served to muddle them. With the  
object of finding out just what the  
Colonel did go for, as well as to  
gain from him a connected story of  
his operations, a *Chronicle* reporter  
yesterday visited the detective in  
his office and listened to the follow-  
ing story from Colonel Finnegass  
himself:

On the 8th of October I received  
a letter from Colonel Whiteley, the  
Chief of the U. S. Detective Service,  
in New York city. In that letter  
I was instructed to go to Salt Lake  
city and investigate the charges  
made by the newspapers in regard  
to the manufacture and passage of  
counterfeit money in Utah.

I was ordered to report to the  
Hon. William Carey, the United  
States District Attorney in Salt  
Lake. I started the next morning  
and reached there on the 11th. I  
took with me several hundred dol-  
lars in counterfeit money which I  
had captured some years ago, and  
disguised myself as well as I could.  
In the first place I sacrificed that  
noble mustache of mine and grew  
my full beard. I was dressed in a  
pair of dungaree pants, which I  
stuck in the top of a huge pair of  
cowhide boots. I wore a blue wool-  
en mining shirt and black slouch  
hat, and carried a large six-shooter in  
a conspicuous place as I swaggered  
along the streets, like any other  
ruffian. Of course I changed my  
name.

Reporter—What was the name  
you assumed?

Col. Finnegass (in a deprecating  
tone)—Well, now, you know I can't  
tell you that. I reported to Mr.  
Carey. He had information which  
he thought reliable, that counter-  
feit money was being manufactur-  
ed in \$500 bills. He told me all he  
knew and I swaggered out to recon-  
noiter. I made friends with a fel-  
low whom I believe to be one of  
the most unmitigated scoundrels  
that ever escaped hanging. He  
pretended to know all about the  
operations of the gang supposed  
to be working in the place. I  
found out afterwards that he  
he knew nothing except from hear-  
say; but he proved valuable in in-  
troducing me to parties suspected.  
He made me acquainted with all  
the hard cases in town, and I spent  
twelve days in all kinds of society,  
good, bad and indifferent.

Reporter—And the result was—?

Col. Finnegass—The result was,  
that after much application I came  
to the conclusion that there was  
not a single counterfeit bill in Salt  
Lake City. I pretended to be a  
counterfeiter myself, and pretend-  
ed to "shove the queer," so as to  
gain the confidence of some mem-  
ber or members of the supposed  
gang. I went into bar rooms late  
at night, and simulated drunken-  
ness to give the proprietors a  
chance to try and pass their coun-  
terfeits, if they had any, on me. I  
can tell a spurious bill the minute I  
see it, and I tell you I don't believe  
there's one in Salt Lake. As for  
making it and passing it there as a  
usual thing, the idea is absurd.  
The place is too small to support a  
gang of counterfeiters. In two  
days after beginning operations the  
field would become exhausted, and  
the gang would be detected.

Reporter—Can you tell me where  
the story originated?

Col. Finnegass—It originated in  
the fertile brain of the *World* cor-  
respondent. I heard of but one  
counterfeit bill passed there. A  
man stopped over for a day, and in  
the evening he passed a \$10 spuri-  
ous bill. He left the next morning  
for Montana, and hasn't been seen  
since. That's the only counterfeit  
that I heard of in the entire Terri-  
tory, and I don't believe there is  
any. I have no doubt there are or-  
ganized bands who "shove the  
queer" in Montana and Idaho, but I  
am confident there are no such op-  
erations in Salt Lake. I satisfied  
myself thoroughly on that point  
before I returned.—*S. F. Chronicle*,  
Nov. 1.

—The Chicago butchers, grocers and  
market men have formed a protective as-  
sociation against folks who don't pay  
their bills.

—This is one of the rules in force at  
the Sandusky Steel Works: "Quarrelling  
and fighting are strictly forbidden. Any  
person striking another will, for the first  
offense, be fined \$6, and the second offense  
discharged."

—The *Olympia Courier* says: "One  
Limpy, an aborigine of bigamistic ten-  
dencies, has been sentenced by Gen. Mil-  
roy to a week's hard labor on the streets  
for marrying a second maid of the forest  
without having the matrimonial noose  
loosened that bound him to his first  
wife."

—A well-known dry goods firm on  
State street, says a Chicago paper, have  
cut down the wages of their cash-boys ten  
cents a week. They were receiving two  
dollars, and last Saturday, owing to the  
suspension of several banks, it was an-  
nounced to the small boys that their  
weekly pittance was reduced to one dollar  
and ninety cents till more prosperous  
times. The boys threaten to strike.

—A Tennessee lady is getting discour-  
aged. She does not mention how old she  
now is, but when she first "came out" in  
society she made up her mind that she  
could only marry an Episcopalian, being  
herself of that denomination. Finding  
not the man, she modified her views, and  
concluded to marry no one who was not a  
Christian. All she is looking for now is  
a man who does not drink whiskey.

—At the Evangelical Alliance, Mr.  
George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, in ex-  
plaining the presence of Rev. Dr. Arnot at  
the Alliance, said: "Dr. Arnot would not  
have been at this Alliance but for the in-  
fluence of a young lady who was to have  
been married during those ten days—his  
own daughter. 'But,' says she, 'Father, I  
will get married before that time, that you  
may go to New York.' [Applause and  
laughter.]

—The following sentence, written out  
in full, was lately pronounced by a justice  
of the peace in Gwinnett County, Ga.:  
"Get the prisoner Stan Up, sir, you has bin  
Found Guilty, & tried up the Offense of  
shutin at your Nabor. Yu shal then be  
took from the bar v this court, by the  
honorable balcef of this court, and carryed  
into the adjoined county of rock Dale, and  
thar yu shal remain in Everlastin banish-  
ment forever from the honorable county  
of guinnett."

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

BIRMINGHAM, England,  
September 30th, 1873.

Elder W. Woodruff.

Dear Brother—Several times  
since my arrival in these lands I  
have thought of addressing you a  
few lines to let you know how I  
was getting along, knowing full  
well the great interest you have  
always taken in the welfare of the  
Elders and spread of the Latter-  
day work abroad in the earth, and  
having had occasion the last two or  
three weeks to travel through the  
same district of country, labored in  
by President Young, yourself and  
several other members of the Quo-  
rum of the Twelve in 1840, viz.,  
Staffordshire, Herefordshire, and  
Worcestershire, and more espe-  
cially in that part of Herefordshire  
where you found old father King-  
ton and his flock, brother John  
Benbow and so many others. I  
could not help thinking how truly  
and remarkably the Lord had opened  
up the way for the spread of his  
work in this part of the land and  
how many people had been gather-  
ed home to Zion from here since  
the Quorum of the Twelve left  
Nauvoo under such trying circum-  
stances in the spring of 1840. But  
Oh! how forcibly that saying of  
Isaiah came to my mind, recorded  
in the 24th chap. 13 vs., "When  
thus it shall be in the midst of the  
land among the people, there shall  
be as the shaking of an olive tree  
and as the gleaning of grapes when  
the vintage is done." Only here  
and there one now who dare  
listen to the truth or enter-  
tain a servant of the Lord.  
If there are those who would like  
to investigate our doctrines, they  
are so situated, as a general thing,  
with the proprietor of the lands and  
houses they occupy that through  
the influence of the priest they  
would be turned out of doors and  
left dependent with their families  
to starve; still, notwithstanding all  
that Satan and his emissaries, the  
apostates, can do, we baptize some,  
and quite a goodly number are be-  
ing gathered out this year, as you  
are already aware, either through  
their own means or by assistance  
sent from Zion. Yet there seems  
to be a great lack of punctuality  
among those who have been assist-  
ed to means by their friends here,  
under the special pledge that as  
soon as they get over they would  
refund the money with interest,  
but it does not come, not even the  
principal, nor even an acknowledg-  
ment of the obligation, although  
they can hear of these very  
same people writing back how well  
they are doing, and in some instan-  
ces sending for things from here,  
while these sacred obligations re-  
main uncanceled. This is a fruit-  
ful source of bad feeling and one  
that has to be met almost daily by  
the Elders. I have adopted the  
idea of writing to the bishops of the  
Wards in some of those cases, hop-  
ing they would be urged to their  
duty by them.

There has nothing transpired with  
me since leaving home that has given  
me greater joy than to receive  
the word from Pres. Carrington to  
notify some of the poor Saints  
to get ready to go to Zion on the  
next ship, 15th (22nd) proximo,  
some of whom have been anxiously  
waiting for more than thirty  
years, struggling with poverty,  
now and then laying aside a penny  
in the poor fund, and then perhaps,  
through sickness or some other  
cause, compelled to use it again,  
and still have all the time been  
good, faithful Saints. If there is  
anything that would give us great-  
er joy, it is seeing these poor Saints  
removed from their wretched pov-  
erty in this land.

Among those going in the next  
company are some baptized by you  
in the vicinity of Malvern Hills,  
in 1840, one of whom I will men-  
tion, a Bro. John White, ordained  
by Pres. Young thirty-three years  
ago.

Since the commencement of the  
harvest until some ten days ago  
the weather has been very rainy  
and unsettled, so that the farmer  
could not get his grain in. A good  
deal of it has become sprouted.  
This has raised the price of bread,  
but the prospect is now a little  
brighter, as most of the harvest is  
cut and in. The potatoe crop was  
good, but the rot set in and com-  
pelled the farmer to dig them a  
month earlier than he otherwise  
would, in hopes this would stop  
the disease. But it would not,  
where it had fairly set in. The top  
of the potatoe seems to die in the