

A New El Dorado.

THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY IN SOUTHERN COLORADO—THE GREAT MINING REGION OF THE CONTINENT.

Far beyond, we might almost say, the bounds of civilization, lies a country rich in soil, minerals and products, of which little is as yet known to our great money-making public. In 1849, when thousands flocked west in the pursuit of gold; when California fairly overflowed with multitudes of men, women and children, rendered almost insane by the prevailing subject of wealth; this country, overlooked in the mad rush, stood, and stands today, richer far than all its more favored neighbors. Again in 1859, when the mad crowd crossed the plains, and dared the mountain tops and passes en route for the "land of gold," they little dreamed that their very route lay over mines of wealth, richer, two-fold richer, than those they were seeking. Yet this fact so boldly spoken can be proved.

The San Juan country, in Colorado, covers vast mines of untold treasure, only waiting for more capital and a few more good strong arms to lay it open. The assays already made of the gold, silver, lead and copper, abounding in the mines of South-western Colorado, far exceed the expectations of and give more than ten-fold satisfaction to the few that have already invested. Nestled closely among the high hills on a level plain lies Del Norte, the headquarters of all the miners in the San Juan country. This little village, scarcely two years old, contains already a population of over five hundred souls. Besides these, the miners making this their home can be counted already as nearly one thousand. Leading from Del Norte three miles west, has been made the main road to the mines, along the Rio Grande river. On each side of this road are two ditches, which carry one hundred and fifty inches of water each, thus furnishing to the town the purest and clearest water to be desired. The same road forms one of the most delightful drives to be found in our western country, tall and stately trees having been planted on each side. A more beautiful country or more delightful climate could not be found. Besides having the cool summers and moderate winters of Missouri, Kansas and Illinois, the weather at the same time is subject to no such sudden changes as the above mentioned States. While the mountain tops are covered with snow and ice ten months of the year, in the valleys and on the plains the weather is as moderate as could be wished; the soil is rich and fertile, the ground being level is in no danger of drought or floods. Rain comes about once every month. Two rivers, the Rio Grande and the Los Animas, flow within a few miles of the town, thus furnishing all the water that is needed for practical purposes. The forests yield timber of all kinds, among which are the pine, fir, hemlock, spruce and a species of cottonwood. The bridge spanning the Rio Grande at Del Norte is built of timbers eighty feet long, which form the main part of the bridge. This is the best proof we can give of the enormous timber which grows here.

Fruits of all kinds grow in abundance, and are daily shipped to Eastern markets. Situated about one hundred and thirty-eight miles from Pueblo, and commanding the only stage routes both east and west to the mines, Del Norte shows fair to be the trading centre between California and Kansas City, or the Pacific Ocean and Mississippi river. Of the eight hundred and ninety-five miles which separate it from Kansas City, all but one hundred and thirty-eight can be passed by the rail; the remainder is traveled by stage at fair rates.

The great mining districts are two, the Lake district situated on the lake forks of the Emmison river, about thirty-five miles from the Ute agency, and the Animas district on the Las Animas river, about seven miles from the head waters of the Rio Grande. This is the old original San Juan country. Below is given a list of all the most prominent lodes in each district, showing the number of ounces of metal yielded to the ton of ore, all of the silver lodes contain more or less grey copper.

LAKE DISTRICT.

Silver Star lode four feet thick, assays from 76 to 150 ounces to the

ton; Mammoth lode, seven feet thick, assays from 120 to 136 ounces to the ton; Champion lode, three feet four inches thick, assays from 16 to 100 ounces to the ton; Major lode, four feet thick, assays from 60 to 2,100.

The Major lode contains also a streak of gray copper, four to fifteen inches thick, running through its centre.

ANIMAS DISTRICT.

Green Mountain Silver lode, one foot thick, assays from 200 to 1,300 ounces to the ton; Little Giant Gold lode, one foot thick, assays from \$125 to \$4,000 to the ton; Shenandoah Silver lode, eight feet thick, assays from 60 to 220 ounces to the ton—the Shenandoah yielding also from \$16 to \$175 in gold to the ton of ore.

Should any one be surprised at this statement, as many undoubtedly will be, or should any person feel inclined to doubt its accuracy, we simply say that we state the facts as they were given us by Mr. B. F. Newgent, of this place, and just returned from Del Norte.—*Kansas City Journal of Commerce.*

Marshal Bazaine's Trial.

SALT LAKE CITY,

November 28th, 1873.

Editor Deseret News:

A short time since I read in one of your local contemporaries, an article on the trial of Marshal Bazaine, which contained views and ideas so foreign to the facts in the case as to astonish me beyond measure, and convince me that the writer was as ignorant of French history as of the history of the inhabitants of the moon. Before reading the article in question I thought it impossible for any person not a German to write such absurdities with the design of presenting them as facts. I shall not intrude upon your space, or weary the time and patience of your readers by attempting to refute such nonsense, but will offer a few of my own reflections on this important trial.

Never since the condemnation of Louis XVI., by his implacable enemies in the French National Assembly, has any French trial caused so much comment and attracted so much attention, at home and abroad, as that of Marshal Bazaine, and on this account it may be termed the cause of the "Causes Celebres" of the present century. It is not my intention to speculate on the issue of this terrible judicial drama which has been in progress for several weeks past in the palace of Grand-Trianon at Versailles. According to late news from France the Marshal was suffering terribly from mental and physical tortures induced by his arraignment and trial on the serious charge of betraying his country to the conquering legions of her invaders. It would be useless to comment, here, upon the history and course, so well known, of this great soldier, who, before the disaster at Sedan, had been made generalissimo of the French armies by the Emperor Napoleon III; and I shall only notice one of the numerous and terrible charges contained in the indictment on which he now stands arraigned as a traitor. That charge reads as follows—"The illustrious soldier is accused of having delivered all the standards of his army, without a single exception, to the Prussian army under the command of Prince Frederic Charles."

In regard to this event, without precedent in the history of France, I wish, by way of contrast, to refer your readers to a circumstance, recorded in the military annals of France, in which, although passing through an experience as bitter and humiliating as any my compatriots have passed through during the last three years, both the officers and soldiers of the French army proved their deathless devotion to the flag of their country.

The circumstance I refer to transpired in the retreat after Waterloo, and is recorded in the work of Col. Charras, entitled, "The Campaign of 1815." This writer says—

"Two standards were lost soon after the commencement of the action on the field of Waterloo, and these were all that were lost on that memorable and lamentable day. When the battle was over and the remains of the French army—some still armed, others retaining only the remnants of their broken muskets and sabres—were retreating in the wild disorder of utter and hopeless defeat, one could see, here and

there, groups, composed alike of officers of all grades as well as men from the ranks, closely packed around the standard of each regiment, and with sabre in hand and firelocks ready, determined to preserve and defend their colors in whatever emergency might arise; and when the march of the standard bearers was impeded by the disorderly and routed masses of troops, it was only necessary to cry 'Room for the flag,' and those who, maddened and despairing, were alike deaf to the voice of expostulation or command from their superiors, gave way for the flag they loved so dearly. Glorious representatives of the military renown and honor of France! To obtain their regimental colors sortie after sortie was made by the enemy, but the retreating French, though stricken with defeat, and wearied and overwhelmed with the labors and disasters of the day, repelled every onslaught of their conquerors and retained possession of their colors."

In reading this recital, worthy of Scipio Africanus, it seems to me like perusing a page of antiquity.

LOUIS A. BERTRAND.

The Present Strength of Havana.

The present strength of Havana is a matter of the greatest interest. Its general plan of defences has been constructed in the old style; but a profusion of treasure has of late years been expended to render the city and harbor as far as possible proof against all assaults. And it is highly probable, from the fortifications that have been thrown in the way, and the ease with which the defences themselves can be used against attack, that the capture of Havana would be a difficult enterprise to accomplish. The walls of the city, running from the mouth of the harbor across the peninsula to the inner shore, enclose an ellipse of 2,000 yards by 1,100 yards; but at the present time more than twice that space outside of them is completely covered by buildings. There are six forts, numerous land and water batteries, forming a continuous line running along both shores, beside the walls and citadel. The forts are named the Morro, La Cabana, Principe, La Punta, Atares and Numero 4, or San Diego. Morro Castle is deemed impregnable, but it is believed a competent naval force could pass it. Even if successful, however, 1,000 guns could be brought to bear on the ships after entering the harbor. For this, among other reasons military authorities agree that if the place be taken it must be by operations conducted on land. La Cubana is as strong, if not a stronger work, than the Morro. In 1762 the latter was battered an entire day within shot range by three English line of battle ships. They had to retire without making any impression, after being badly disabled. Raynal, a competent authority, says: "The Morro is raised so high above the level of the sea that even a first rate vessel of war could not batter it. But La Punta has not the same advantage. It is, nevertheless, so situated that it can only be attacked by a very narrow channel, in which the assailants must be exposed to such a tremendous fire as few would be able to withstand."

Havana can only be attacked on the land side with any hope of success, and even should such an attempt be made, the difficulties to which a besieging army would be exposed are almost insurmountable. One of these is the great scarcity of good water. It would, therefore, be necessary, in case of the city being invested, that the besiegers should have strong detachments in intrenchments to protect the watering places and prevent communication with the camp being interrupted. But this difficulty, with all others, would be certainly overcome by an enterprising and determined commander having adequate resources at his disposal. It is clear, however, that a large army would be required to invest Havana, and a powerful fleet to act in co-operation. All the insurgents require is arms, and these could very easily be landed on either the northern or southern coast of the district in which they operate. The patriot forces would be able to take care of all the Spanish troops outside Havana, where the garrison is reported to be 20,000, not including the numerous ships of war, with their sailors and marines.—*Ex.*

NOTES FOR THE LADIES.

Over one hundred ladies are said to be studying law in the United States.

Queen Victoria is sitting for her portrait, which is intended as a gift for the Emperor of Russia.

Cockerill, of the *Enquirer*, says he is bound to Hav-Anna.—*Tiffin Adv.*

A Norwich lady has sued a citizen for \$300 damages, for dropping a piece of lead pipe on her toe.

In less than three months more than thirty women have been appointed post-mistresses in the United States.

There isn't a woman in Milwaukee who can cook a healthy meal of victuals. One of the papers there says so.

A rich old lady in New Haven keeps her hens in the parlor and feeds them with jelly cake and English walnuts.

"Isabella Beecher Hooker, of Hartford, has become the happy grandmother of twins."—*Boston Globe.*

A fourteen year old girl of Brooklyn, has sued a boy sixteen years old for breach of promise, and wants damages.

A citizen of La Crosse named Gin, has petitioned to have his name changed because his sweetheart doesn't like it.

In Ceylon, the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs. In this country they are often put together by the ears.

Mrs. Ellen Cordwell, an English woman, who for many years kept a news stand in Providence, R. I., died recently, leaving a special bequest to found a free bed for foreigners in the Rhode Island Hospital.

This was in Kansas City: "Does you seduce the fines for colored women?" inquired a blushing black maiden of Justice Ransom the other day. The Justice quietly replied, "No, madam, I never seduce. It is the police judge you are after."

Says the *Courier Journal*: The subject of Anna Dickinson's last lecture is "For Your Sake." If she means our sake, she is deucedly mistaken. We want her distinctly to understand that so far as she and other young strong-minded females are concerned, we have no sake.

The day when a boy begins to feel uneasy at being dependent upon somebody else, is the day when his boyhood begins to give way to manhood. The day when a girl finds somebody on whom she is willing to depend, is that in which she passes from girlhood to womanhood.

The Duchess de Burgoyne one day conversed with Madame de Maintenon on the subject of Queen Anne. "Do you know," said the Duchess, "why the Queens govern better than the Kings? Because," she immediately added, "under Kings the ladies rule, whereas, under Queens the rulers are the men."

A Steubenville "local" has had an adventure. He says: "We will be somewhat cautious hereafter as to how we write up a local item about a woman. We have been interviewed by a strong-minded one that had hunted us for two days, and she had a business look on as she spoke. We are not so 'durned smart' as we were."

A young lady upbraided an admirer for his flirtations during a long absence. "You are too bad to be pardoned," she said; "but if I discard you I shall punish myself most, and so I will ignore what is past, and enjoy your society as much as I can while I live, for when I die I shall never see you any more—I am going to heaven."

The *New York Tribune* instances a case of woman's forgiveness where she had been stabbed four times by a sulky and savage lover, refused to testify against him, burst into tears when his sentence of three years in prison was announced, and wept on his shoulder as he left the court. He was sulky even then; did not respond to her outburst of affectionate remorse; refused to be touched by her protestations that she would wait for him.

Miss Mary Howard was the anti-Monopoly candidate for School Superintendent in Sangamon County, Ill. In accepting the nomination she said: "The voters of the county are now respectfully charged to verify by actual experiment their time-worn, but as yet undemonstrated, assertions that women are

incompetent to fill this office, and that the holding of it will be more demoralizing than teaching district schools."

A Broad Church clergyman, being recently on an excursion in Scotland, was vehemently rebuked by his landlady for taking a walk on Sunday afternoon. The clergyman said that he could not see the harm, and replied:

"You know that our Lord himself walked with his disciples in the field on the Sabbath day."

"Ay," said the old lady, "ay, I ken it, an' I ne'er thocht any the better o' him for it, neither!"

LIVERPOOL.—Liverpool is fast becoming the centre of the shipping business of the world. Two-thirds, if not more, of the steamship business of New York is wholly the property of Liverpool, which port also has lines to Montreal, Portland, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, Galveston, Vera Cruz, Rio de Janeiro and the West Indies. New York, while looking so complacently on her foreign commerce, has not a single line she can call her own, and owes all she has to foreign cities. Liverpool represents the general commercial enterprise of Great Britain, which expands even amid the embarrassments of the coal and iron famine. Right in the midst of the American panic a new line of steamers has been established between Liverpool and Vera Cruz. Instead of applying their capital in this intelligent way the capitalists of New York have gambled it away in stocks, bonds and gold, and cheated and gouged each other until all alike are helpless and their wealth has vanished into nothingness. When will the merchants and capitalists of New York learn a little practical wisdom from this example of steady English persistence? When will they cease cheating each other in these gambling places called Exchanges and go to work in the old fashion as is done in Liverpool, and we may add, Philadelphia?—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Sitka has a public debt of \$150, and only seventy cents in its public fund.

—A four-year old boy recently complained that he had "trod on his tongue."

—Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.

—"Oh, Autumn, with thy dying smell," is the latest from the pen of a poetic gusher.

—A missing man with a Roman nose advertised, but the *National Baptist* thinks he never will be found, as "such a nose never turns up."

—Fuss works hard all day and don't do anything, goes to bed tired at night, then gets up next morning and begins where she left off.—*Billings.*

—A New York paper answers the inquiry, "What becomes of the sons of successful men?" "Why, they succeed to their father's property."

—Magistrate—"You have been intoxicated; but the officer testifies that you were not so tipsy as not to know what you were about." Prisoner—"O, if I had known that was an objection I could have easily taken another drink or two."

—"That's unjust," exclaimed a traveler, when informed by the conductor of a railway train that the price of passage had been recently doubled. "True," replied the urbane official, as he took the passenger's cash; "it is hard, but then it's fare."

—A young man of Youngstown, O., went to a drug store to purchase arsenic with suicidal intent. Somehow the clerk divined his intent, and gave him a powerful emetic, instead of the poison, which the chap swallowed as soon as he got home. The result may be imagined.

—The San Bernardino (Cal.) *Guardian* of November 9, has the following: We have rumors of another big gold strike near the San Jacinto Mountains. Four ledges are said to have been discovered, one of them measuring eight feet on top, and the top rock assays wonderfully rich—so rich that we are almost afraid to state the amount per ton.

—A young man who professes to have traveled says that the only difference in the whiskies of the two principal cities of California is that, after taking a drink of Sacramento's chain lightning, you immediately make a short cut to the railroad and go to sleep on the track; whereas, after imbibing a little of San Francisco's bottled insanity, a burning desire takes possession of you to steal a horse and buggy.

—Here is a bit of frankness from an out-of-town editor: "For a man reported murdered in the columns of the *Paper* a few weeks ago, the individual who has just left the office, wore a very healthy look and carried a stout cudgel. That he left no room for doubting his identity was evident from the rapidity with which the editor declined the editorial honor, and classed himself as embryonic reporter. Discretion is the better part of valor."