



GEORGE Q. CANNON.....EDITOR

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## TWO THROUGH LINES.

THE Sacramento Daily Union says the inquiry "Will the Union Pacific Railroad come to California?" is already practically answered in the affirmative. The business of the country, rapidly increasing, demands it, and the demands of business are sure to be complied with. It will pay. That is enough. It will be done, it thinks, whether the Government subsidy of lands and bonds is continued from the point where the two roads meet or not. The White Pine discoveries in Nevada will double the amount of tonnage on the Central Pacific next year; and, it asks, what can be done toward carrying it with the single track, all the mule, horse and ox teams being withdrawn? It insists there must be two tracks, and that very soon.

The Union then proceeds to discuss the point, which it says requires to be gravely considered, whether these two tracks shall run close alongside of each other on the present graded route, or over a new grade. It asserts that the present route of the C. P. R. R. across the mountains is not the best attainable. The Union Pacific is already rich enough, it says, to carry the road through from the point where it will meet the Central Pacific, by Beckwourth, Fredonier, or Noble Pass to the waters of the Bay of San Francisco, without any further Government aid. The natural point of terminus will be some point on the Straits of Carquinas. It may be at Vallejo, or Benicia, or at an intermediate point between the two. These Straits are accessible to the heaviest ships, and the lightest steamers from the Sacramento and San Joaquin can reach them heavily freighted, in any weather. And it will cost but little more to tow ships outside the heads from Vallejo or Benicia, than it now does from San Francisco, and this would save a hundred miles of railway transportation. The drift of this argument is evident. Sacramento wants a rival to San Francisco, and the Union says: "We look, then, to those Straits as the point whereon is to be built up the rival of San Francisco, and we count upon this rivalry with as much certainty as upon any future event in connection with the growth of the country."

But though it is a matter of some interest to us whether the U. P. R. R. continues on through to California, or not, there is an item of news in our dispatches from the West this morning, that possesses greater interest for us. We refer to the dispatch which Governor Stanford is credited with having sent from this city to California, and in which he states that he thinks it inevitable that the Central Pacific must pass through this valley and the valleys south, and thus make a connection with the Smoky Hill route, as that is the only practical winter line. We have known for some time that the construction of the Central Pacific Line in this direction has been in contemplation, and suppose from the publication of to-day's dispatch, that it may be viewed as a settled thing that the line will be built. Such a line will be of great advantage to our city and Territory, as it will place two channels of communication with the East within our reach, and through the one now proposed we may, at least, expect that we will have uninterrupted communication all winter. The construction of one line of railroad has been anticipated with great satisfaction and delight, and a few years ago it was as much as we dared to anticipate; but its construction has familiarized men's minds with the enterprise, and instead of one being now thought sufficient, it only reveals to us the great necessity there is for more through lines. If capital can be obtained, and we see it stated that money is now cheap and abundant, and anxiously seeking just such enterprises for investment—there is no doubt about two lines paying, and paying handsomely too, for there will be business enough to give them both full employment.

If the Union Pacific is blocked by snow, and has been in that condition since the fourth instant, it may occur again many times through the Winter. In fact, during the Winter that route is liable to be blocked at any time, and another railroad, running South and connecting with the Smoky Hill route, would be found a great convenience to our Territory. Where there is a probability of deep snow, as Governor Stanford suggests, protection could be secured, as it is on the Central Pacific through the Sierra Nevada, by covering the road with sheds.

We hope that both roads will find it to their interest to build distinct tracks from the Missouri to California and from California to the Missouri.

## SILK CULTURE, ETC.

We have received a communication from our worthy fellow-citizen, Geo. D. Watt, in which sericulture is one of the topics discussed, (we have a faint idea that our readers have heard of this topic before) but in addition to that he reasons upon the advantage of home production with a vigor and clearness that are quite refreshing. If it were his first communication upon the subject—which we imagine our readers have good reasons for thinking it is not—he could not be more in earnest and enthusiastic. If any one has thought that Brother George has exhausted the subject, the perusal of this communication, which we have not space to admit to-day, will undeceive him. He discusses it with all the zeal of a new convert. But some may think they have heard and seen enough on the subject already. To such we can only say that that very thought of theirs, in Bro. George's opinion, is a proof that they need to have their interest in the subject awakened. He is fully aware that all men who have advanced views upon any subject are liable to be misconstrued by their contemporaries. They may call him an enthusiast, a bore and even a monomaniac, whom future generations may laud as a genius and a great benefactor of his race. Being aware of this perversity of human nature, he is determined to persevere and convince the most careless that Utah's future greatness does not depend upon the formation of co-operative institutions for the importation of goods, but upon the cultivation of silk and other products by home labor.

## OUR LOCAL'S CORRESPONDENCE

OGDEN Dec. 10th, 1868.

## "JUNCTIONOPOLIS."

The supposed future "Junctionopolis" of the great road making feat, no allusion to the "feet" which are staked off in hundreds, on the lines—nor to mining "feet") has at the present a rather uncomfortable appearance. Soft snow has been falling all day; the roads are slushy, and "cocktails" are in demand among the transient loungers in the hotel bar-room. Great expectations are just now entertained concerning Ogden. Inquiries are made almost daily with regard to the probability of obtaining licenses to run "whisky mills," but there is a difficulty in the way. The people here, thus far, are generally too busy to get "tight" twice a day. The municipal authorities, too, are averse to stripping the liberal souls who would give their last dollar for a license, simply to accommodate the great public, without hope of increasing their store; and the likelihood is that Ogden will not go madly on a "burst" yet awhile. Billiard saloons and a "dance house" are institutions talked of; but, then, talk is not all-sufficient; it is probable the latter highly intellectual place of resort will not make its appearance yet awhile, though the cues and balls may be more successful. Ogden will most likely be a place of some resort this winter; but the elements are not congenial in and around it for making the railroad town which some look for. The westward march of brutalization—not "civilization"—may halt briefly in passing along the line, but I do not think it will settle in this quarter; it cannot if the peace-loving, orderly and law-abiding are true to themselves, their religion and their God.

## BUSINESS

Is not extra brisk. There are a great many teams traveling up and down the road, but their owners or teamsters appear to obtain the bulk of their supplies from other sources. The other travel is mostly of two kinds—those who pass through somewhat hurriedly, as their business presses them; and those who also pass through hurriedly because they have no business to detain them.

Of this latter class the greater number are conspicuous for having adopted the Grecian Bend, with the "pannier" strapped between their shoulders, which is duly unstrapped at night, and, with a soft rock for a pillow, does duty to the carrier as blankets and coverlid. With their "backs up" and their pockets down, they trudge along, and where two are together and ten miles are before them for supper, they console themselves with the happy reflection that "it's only five apiece, sure."

## THE RAILROADS.

Two stations are to be erected here, one for each company. The grading parties are hard at work pushing the lines along. West of this city they are nearly half-a-mile apart; but a little further north they come close to each other with a seemingly fraternal embrace, the grading parties on each being about five rods apart. The frozen ground in the mornings makes work difficult; and unless plowing is done in the afternoon for the scrapers to work at during the next day, progress is tedious and damage to plows considerable. On Tuesday one small grading party near Brigham City, as I was informed there, broke three plows. Various parties talk of giving up work on the light grade while the ground is so hard frozen. Those on heavy cuts and fills will most probably work right along, as they can for storms. That part of the C. P. R. R. most difficult to do on account of frost, from Ogden for thirty miles north and west, can be finished in about twenty days of favorable weather; so a good authority informed me yesterday. But the question is when will the twenty days of "favorable weather" come? If it does not come till spring opens, and the season is too far advanced to hope otherwise, this part of the grading on the western line will not be finished till that time. Men working between Ogden and Brigham City tell me they will have to give up—they cannot open the ground, it is so hard frozen already. It is highly probable that, notwithstanding the herculean efforts made by both companies, work may have to be suspended on a large portion yet to be done. The elements are obstacles which even railroad enterprise and energy sometimes cannot overcome.

## THEATRICALS

are lively in this region, a healthy substitute for some other means of spending idle hours which are sought to be introduced. To break the monotony of hard work, Mr. J. S. Langrishe and troupe opened for six nights in Brigham City, and played to fair business. Passing on south they reached Ogden, and open to-night with "The Fair Maid of Croissey," and "Nature and Philosophy." The performance not having yet commenced, it would hardly be proper to criticize.

## NORTH OGDEN.

Contiguous to Ogden, as everybody knows—or ought to—are various settlements, which must sooner or later reflect the greater brilliancy that is predicted to illumine it at a no distant day. Who owned the badly-balanced mind that gave the name of "Ogden Hole" to North Ogden I am not sufficiently posted in the ancient history of the Great Basin trappers to say; but it is an ill-favored misnomer. Located in a bend formed by the mountains seven miles north of its more pretentious namesake, it is a nice place for a settlement well sheltered, with good soil and water, and having a fine view of the south. It bears the evidences of thrift and progress; has just hired a school teacher at a fixed and liberal salary, and agrees to pay him by a property tax.

Leaving Willard and Brigham City to the north, crossing over the two lines of grading, and across the plain west, we will pay a brief visit to

## PLAIN CITY,

Which is about ten miles nearly west from Ogden, and is notable for several things not generally known. Owing to a peculiarity in the soil, rainfalls are rapidly absorbed; melting snows follow their example; and dry, clean streets and roads are the consequence. Riding into it after sun-down, it seemed one of the neatest and cleanest settlements I had ever visited. The fences, principally composed of earth dykes topped with wicker-work, the dry, level streets, and the neat looking houses and cabins, give a most favorable impression to a person visiting it for the first time. But Plain City has some other peculiarities. It rejoices in mountains of sage brush, coyotes so familiar as to be positively impudent, hares innumerable—a little west of the place—and wild ducks and geese in great abundance. The sage brush is a great feature. It is not the tiny, stunted

growth that is little better than a weed scarcely dignified enough to be called a bush; but a mammoth affair, with tops broad and bushy, and trunks that furnish stove wood of notable size. Wood is distant and difficult to be obtained, and this heavy growth of sage, found seven miles west, is hauled for fuel. Every domicile has its mountain. And fancy pictured a blushing maiden, murmuring the question with downcast eyes, before she gives an affirmative response to her persistent adorer, "How much sage have you piled up agin winter?" The subject is verging on the delicate, and I will drop it, saying that the article in question makes excellent fuel, whether the tops are burned on an open hearth or the wood in a stove.

The coyotes are a nuisance. They come into the city with all imaginable nonchalance and bite the heads of chickens—seemingly for sport—or blood. This morning, one impudent-looking little fellow trotted along the opposite side of the fence, squinting over at me with an "Oh-you're-there-are-you—" look; and coming to a gap, it turned around, set its fore paws on the earth dyke and gazed at me with easy familiarity. A bullet from my revolver sent it limping leisurely away, as if even that was not a sufficient incentive to hurry it. But you may become tired of these lucubrations and so I will close.

## THE OLIVE TREE FOR OUR SOUTHERN SETTLEMENTS.

OUR southern settlements have a climate as congenial to the growth of various southern productions as any part of California. The fig, the orange, the olive and other fruits grow in California, and they can be produced in our "Dixie" with facility, and it will be a great benefit to the settlers and country to devote some attention to their production. We learn from the San Diego (Cal.) Union that the people in that section are engaged in setting out olive slips. It is expected that there will be more than two thousand of them set out in that county this year. They can be had there very cheap, and, it is said, they grow with no more attention than is paid to the willow. They bear in about two years from the time they are planted—live almost forever, and will always be a source of revenue to the cultivators. They make a fine shade tree and are ornamental as well as useful.

We would like to see the day when we can have in this Territory pure olive oil of our own production and manufacture. There is probably no community of our numbers, outside of the olive growing countries, which consumes so large an amount of this article as ours. Yet the wretched, rancid stuff that bears the name of olive oil, and is sold among us by that title, bears no more resemblance to the genuine article than hog's lard does to fresh, sweet butter. There is very little olive oil about it. Like everything else, almost, in these days of strychnine whisky, shoddy and sham, it is basely adulterated, and we need not expect to obtain the pure article until we produce it ourselves. We hope our fellow-citizens in the Southern settlements will find it convenient to pay attention to the cultivation of this noble tree. In countries where it is extensively cultivated, it takes the place of butter in preparing pastry and other articles for the table. Besides suiting vegetarians, who are so scrupulous about not eating animal fat, we know numbers of others who in these days of seventy-five cents a pound butter, would be glad to use it for cooking purposes. By all means let us have the olive tree planted in every part of our land where it will grow.

## HOME ITEMS

## FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY

ST. GEORGE.—We had the pleasure of a visit this morning from Judge McCulloch. We give the following statement of affairs south in his own language:

At St. George, matters and things in general move on in their usual placid channel, nothing special of which to complain, and nothing particular to boast of. The spirit of the times there, as I found it in most of the settlements between here and that place, is for mercantile co-operation; the only perplexing question in the matter is whether to vote per capital or per capita. The Word of Wisdom has found its way south. I believe there was not a plug of tobacco in St. George when I left. Whether this is the result of the abstemiousness of the people, or whether it is because they chew so much the merchants cannot supply the demand, or whether our merchants find other commodities more profitable and therefore fail to supply the demand, I leave