

Miscellaneous.

HOW THE PACIFIC RAILWAY IS BUILT.

The best explanation of the actual process of construction is furnished by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who has recently been with the Senatorial excursion party from Omaha to the western terminus of the road. He says:

There is really little known by the people of the character of the enterprise. Most think that a company of capitalists are hastily putting down a rude track, over which cars can be moved with care, for the purpose of securing lands and money from the Government. The fact is, that one of the most complete roads of which the country can boast, with equipments that surpass many, is being laid with a speed that fails to impress the nation, simply because it is not believed. But let the facts tell their plain yet wonderful story.

General J. S. and D. C. Casement, of Ohio, grade the road, lay the track, and put up the telegraph. The graders go first. There are 2,000 of them. Their advance is near the Black Hills. They protect themselves and are digging the great fortification which makes the future sure for us, on through Indian battle-fields, while the daily fight is going on. Their work is done to Julesburg.

Of tie-getters and wood-choppers there are 1500. Their axes are resounding in the Black Hills, over Laramie Plains, and in the passes of the Rocky Mountains. They have 100,000 ties in these hills awaiting safeguards for trains to haul them.

A mile in advance of the track-layers are the squads which place the ties. There are three of these. First, however, the engineers set their leveling stakes at distances of 100 feet on the straight lines and 50 feet on the curves. At each of these points sawed ties are placed and leveled by them. Then come two men with a measuring rod, marking off spaces equal to the length of a rail, and also the half of this space. These sawed ties are laid by the second squad, to give firm support to the ends and middle of each rail. These are placed by sighting along the guide-ties already laid. The third squad then place the intermediate ties, and the bed is then ready for the iron.

Now go back twenty miles on the road and look at the immense construction trains loaded with ties and rails and all things needed for the work. It is like the grand reserve of an army. Six miles back are other trains of like character. These are the second line. Next, near the terminus, and following it hour by hour, are the boarding cars and a construction train, which answer to the actual battle-line. The one is the camp—the other is the ammunition used in the fight.

The boarding cars are each eighty feet long. Some are fitted with berths; two are dining halls; one is a kitchen, storeroom and office. Under the whole those men who prefer fresh air have swung hammocks. Rifles are hung overhead, plentiful in number, loaded and convenient. The party protects itself without attention from the Government. The track-laying gang numbers four hundred. On the three hundred and fifty miles already built there are one thousand track repairers constantly improving the road bed.

The boarding cars go in advance. They are pushed to the extremity of the track; a construction train then runs up, unloads its material, and starts back to bring another from the second line. The boarding train is then run back till it has cleared the unloaded material.

Three trucks, each drawn by two horses, ply between the track layers and their supplies. The horses run outside the track, pulling with a long tow line, as boats are moved on canals. They must be out of the way of the workmen. One of their trucks takes on a load of rails, about forty, with the proper proportion of spikes and chairs, making a load, when the horses are started off on a full gallop for the track-layers. On each side of these tracks are rollers to facilitate running off the iron. On reaching the end of the last rail the track is stopped. A single horse is attached to move it over each successive rail. Meantime, the truck last emptied has been turned on its side to allow the

loaded one to go to the front. The two horses released are started back on a keen gallop for another supply. The third one moves up in like manner, and thus through all the day they are rushing forward with their iron load. To see them, and reflect what their rush and roaring means, is as exciting as it ever was to watch a battery thunder into position at a needed moment, at the vital point in its line.

The rails within reach, parties of five men stand on either side. One in the rear throws a rail upon the rollers, three in advance seize it, and run out with it to the proper distance. The chairs have, in the meantime, been set under the last rails placed. The two men in the rear, with a single swing, force the end of the rail into the chair, and the chief of the squad calls out "down," in a tone that equals the "forward" to an army. Every thirty seconds there came that brave "down," "down," on either side of the track. They were the pendulum beats of a mighty era; they marked the time of the march and its regulation step.

One of the rear men drove the cars, in addition to handling the rail. The horses started as each rail fell into its place; the truck rolled on to the end of it; a second rail was projected into the wilderness, with the same precision and haste; then came the magic "down," the car moved on again, and another length was accomplished.

Two spikers followed each rail, one party a little in advance of the other. One rail was fastened at the end and at the middle. The second party then drew the opposite rail to the exact gauge and fastened it at the middle and the end. Then came other squads of spikers, moving along with the precision of military drill, each having a particular spike to drive, and no one interfering with another. Track liners followed these, and with their crow-bars rectified the line. The fillers came last. One party of these filled and packed the spaces at the ends and middle of the rails; the other completed the intermediate intervals, and the job was left till the squads of track repairers should come up and finish the ballasting. But as the fillers leave it, full trains can run over it with safety at twenty miles an hour.

These are the dry details. Let the reader picture the scene. The rush of the loaded track; the successive dropping of the rails in place; the rattle of the spiker's hammer, sounding like a hotly contested skirmish; the roar of the resounding of the frequent signals, near at hand; the universal bustle; "the rumble and grumble, and roar" of the wonderful advance. Let the elements of savage warfare, and the actual presence of hostile Sioux along the bluffs, be woven into the picture, and together it forms one that the world has not seen before, and which the stories of magic can scarcely equal.

Nor is any of this energy wasted. If it is asked, "How does the work get on?" again, let the facts answer. On the 9th of May, 1866, but forty miles of road were completed. In one hundred and eighty-two working days thereafter two hundred and forty-five additional miles were laid and put in fine condition, every rail and tie and spike having been brought up from the rear. Seven sawmills furnish the ties and lumber. All bridges are framed, the pieces numbered and set up where wanted without the least delay. The bridge at Loup Fork was fifteen hundred feet long, and as fine a Howe truss as can be found in the land. While our train was running the sixty miles from North Platte, over a mile of track had been put down and one train passed over it. From one o'clock till four in the afternoon a mile and two hundred feet were added to this while the party were looking on. The progress was astonishing, and the more so because the ground was wet and the soil stiff and hard with alkali.

Unless driven off by Indians, which does not now seem probable, the road will touch the base of the Rocky Mountains the coming Autumn. The California end has already reached a point about a hundred miles east, and is descending the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada into the valley of the Humboldt. It is confidently expected that Salt Lake will be reached next year, and that 1870 will see the whole line completed. While the nation has scarcely heard of what was being done, the work has been near one-third accomplished.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE EAST.—There are some telling statistics on the subject of the Massachusetts Liquor Law. The office of State Constable, under that law, was established in June, 1865. Now, the record of arrests for drunkenness in Boston for the first five months of the last three years stands thus: 1865, 5,087 arrests; 1866, 7,100; 1867, 6,661; that is to say, during the two years in which the liquor-seizing law has had full sweep, drunkenness on the public streets has actually increased in Boston over the preceding year. This result is odd enough, and the charge of the friends of the sumptuary law must be ludicrous as they regard these figures. We are inclined to suspect the novel effect is partly due to a wholesome rivalry betwixt the city police and the state constables. The latter, as guardians and executors of the Liquor Law, go about shutting up bars and smashing demi-johns with great vigor, so as to decrease intoxication. The former, fancying their domains encroached upon, assiduously ferret out every case of overindulgence in the jovial bowl, and arrest any man who shows the slightest symptoms of wavering from the perpendicular. The city police have thus far evidently got the best of the match, by making their longest "strings" in 1866 and 1867, thus proving, to their own satisfaction at least, that they can take better care of the city than the state constables. The upshot is, probably, the pretty sure capture of any intoxicated citizen. On the other hand, it requires, for a hapless stranger, the adroitest strategy to procure in Massachusetts even a cup that cheers, much more the several cups that inebriate.—*N. Y. Times.*

WHAT SEVENTY BOYS BECAME.—Many people begin the education of their children with an exhibition of toys, marvelous tales, silly romances, and wind up with the circus and theatre. The degrading influences and sorrowful consequences of this mode of education will be best illustrated by stating a few facts that have passed under my own observation. So far as my memory goes, about thirty boys educated in this way—that is in contempt of all useful knowledge and occupation—spent their days in reading novels, the lives and confessions of pirates, murderers, etc., and their nights in the streets, dram-shops, gambling saloons, circus, and theatre. At the age of forty-five, one had been hung for murder, one for robbing the mail, and three as pirates; five died in the penitentiary, and seven lived and died as useless vagabonds about the streets; three were useful mechanics, and the fate of the remainder is unknown.

Of about forty educated with me by a really scientific teacher, under the old foggy Puritanic system of restraint, as it is now called by young America, at the age of fifty-five, one was a member of Congress, one Judge of the Supreme Court, two judges of the Circuit Court, three physicians, five lawyers, fourteen were dead, and the remainder farmers and mechanics, and, so far as known, not one of them ever was called before the bar of his country on a criminal charge, and they all had comfortable homes, except two or three, and every one was passably respectable.—[Dr. Lowton.]

MR. GREELEY'S FARM.—Several years ago, the philosopher of Printing House Square, bought a swamp. He went to work on scientific principles—built his farm mansion on a ledge that loomed up out of the damp waste, cut drains, laid out avenues, dug up muck—and now has just one of the prettiest places in Westchester county. He constructed an artificial trout lake on his premises—Greeley likes trout, and has some fine specimens in his pond. When he gets time to get out of the city and go home, he may be found feeding or watching the trout. Woe be to the boy who puts in a line there, or who mars or cuts a tree on the premises of the usually sunbeam visaged editor.

An indulgence of one year has been granted by the Pope to all who shall devoutly recite the Gloria Patri and Ave Maria with the intention of obtaining from God the entire conversion of the English nation to the truth and to reconciliation with the chair of St. Peter.

CENSUS shows the alarming excess of 730,000 more males than females in the United States. In the Western States, particularly, there is an enormous preponderance of the male population.



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