

The Utah Northern R. E.

Mr. Geo. S. Kennedy who is intimately associated with the Utah Northern Railroad is quite encouraged with the prospects of its extension to Cottonwood, 30 miles this side of Franklin, this Summer, and gives us the following information of its status and operations, which he vouches as authentic and reliable:

"The road is now graded and ready for the ties and rails to a point 15 miles this side of Franklin and within three miles of Bear River, except a tunnel 1300 feet long, dirt work, on which as large a force of men as can be advantageously employed are now working, and which will be completed by July 1st. This tunnel was commenced last year. The approaches, heavy cuts 2,000 feet in length, were made last Fall and the tunnel commenced, but the contractor did not understand timbering the tunnel and threw up the contract. It has been relet at higher rates to a competent contractor. Fifty men are now working on the Bear River side of the tunnel, and Mr. Richardson will be on the ground in person by the 1st of May to push the work on Bear River Cañon, the instrumental surveys and working profiles of which have been made and completed by Engineer Cleburne, of the U. P. R. R., and extended to Cottonwood, within forty-five miles of Eagle Rock Bridge. The road is all paid for as far as the work is done. On its completion to Bear River in July a station will be put in, the terminus established there, and Gilmer & Salisbury's stage line will connect at that point. By October 1st the road is to be completed to Cottonwood, when the stages will turn off at Corbett's and run via Fort Hall to Cottonwood. The iron bridge for Bear River is now completed in Chicago, and will be shipped through as soon as the tunnel is open.

The route now surveyed is up the west side of Bear River valley ten miles, thence into Gentile (or Jack) valley which opens over into Snake River valley and comes out on the old stage road near Fort Hall. The line is due north from Franklin to Eagle Rock Bridge, leaving Soda Springs eighteen miles to the east and Port Neuf Cañon as far to the west. It saves twenty-five miles of the distance on the present stage route and obviates the travel of the heavy sand roads below Corbett's. When the road gets out to Cottonwood its heavy work will be past until it strikes the main range at Dry Creek.—*New Northwest.*

The Chinese and the White Women.

There are those who hold that no white girl need ever starve for want of work in California, or go to the bad, but we fear that a candid inquiry will not bear out this theory. It must be remembered that John Chinaman confronts our women as well in the kitchen and dining room as in the workshop and factory, and that consequently the field of domestic service is limited. Whoever doubts this should study the personal advertisements in the San Francisco papers, or devote a day to visiting the employment agencies in that city. In the latter places he will find hundreds of decent women and girls sitting patiently hour after hour and day after day, and he must also remember that apart from these there are other hundreds who prefer to receive applications at their lodgings, and whose advertisements fill columns of the city journals every day. It may be doubted whether the domestic service field was not measurably filled before the little army of workwomen was turned adrift, and if this was the case it becomes a doubly interesting and important question, how the latter have gained a livelihood since. If the Chinese Commission would direct attention to this question we are disposed to think that some startling revelations would result, and that the public would gain a new idea of the moral consequences of Chinese competition upon the community. It is probable that the police of San Francisco would be able to throw a good deal of light upon the matter, and that the manufacturers who at one time employed women would be in a position to say something about the fate of their old employees. It is scarcely conceivable that great suffering and misery

should not have resulted from the change, or that many unfortunate girls should not have been driven in despair to evil courses. That always happens in centers of population at periods of commercial stagnation or temporary stoppage of production, and in the present case all the ordinary causes have been intensified, for here it is not a question of temporary suspension of work, but a sudden and final diversion of the stream of labor, and a substitution of one kind for another, under conditions which preclude all hope of better things in the future. Nor is there, in the present growth of our society, any corresponding opening for the girls who are thus compelled to seek new employments. While cheap Chinese labor slowly and steadily monopolizes trade after trade, manufacture after manufacture, the field of female industry is being narrowed instead of widened, and the longer the women wait for an opening the less chance there is that it will appear.

It may be possible for those who are ignorant of the subject to sneer at the idea of American citizens being crowded to the wall by Chinamen, but even the most fatuous ignoramus will pause before he indorses or apologizes for a state of things which is responsible for the degradation and ruin perhaps of hundreds of American women, and which offers a superficial business briskness as compensation for the shame and disgrace of those who should have been the honored wives and mothers of the rising generation.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

Correspondence.

Lowell Branch—Indifference—Skepticism—Infanticide—Opposition.

LOWELL, Mass.,
May 7, 1870.

Editor Deseret News:

I have been spending the last four weeks in Lowell, with the exception of two visits to Lawrence, nine miles distant, and a few days spent in visiting relatives at Dunstable, a village a few miles west of here and near the New Hampshire line. There is now a branch of thirteen members in Lowell, under the presidency of Bro. Wm. Bakes, a good man, in whom the entire branch repose great faith and confidence. Spiritually considered the branch is in good condition, a most pleasing degree of humility and love pervading it. The members are not rich, though all are in comfortable circumstances, with a good prospect of saving funds for emigration by exercising diligence and economy. Every member of the branch is from Bradford, England, and by a happy coincidence, or rather a providence of God, they have been brought together under the presidency of a man whom all knew and highly esteemed in their native place.

I have, through the grace of God, been permitted to meet with and address the branch in the afternoon and evening of each of the last three Sabbaths. These meetings have been held in a private house and have been attended by quite a number of the neighbors and friends of the Saints, but the interest in them has been confined to a comparatively small circle for so large a place as Lowell, though I have done my utmost to increase it by means of tracts, etc. I have also tried to get a public room in which to hold meetings, but have failed. The indifference of the people upon religious subjects, and their prejudice against the "Mormons" are great.

Lowell is more or less celebrated for skepticism, and that peculiarly horrible crime, infanticide. As an illustration of the latter practice, as well as the beauties of monogamy, I here repeat a statement made to me by a relative, an old gentleman whose word I do not doubt. A number of years ago the narrator, a stonemason, was employed as one of a number of workmen to clean out and repair a canal which carried water for propelling one of the large mills in Lowell, and during the process of shoveling out the sediment, etc., that had accumulated in the bottom, the skeletons of about thirty infants, in various stages of decay, were found! Were it not for the evidences of the wickedness of modern New England society, so palpable to me, or had the above been stated by other than an eye witness, I

would scarcely have credited it, but under the circumstances I am almost forced to believe it. What horrible phases of society the discovery of those infant bones suggest! What dark secrets, hidden crimes and misery! The poor factory girl, impelled, not only by her own weak, human nature, but by actual necessities, accepts the seducer's bribe, and then seeks to hide the consequent shame and avoid the care and expense of the child by casting it into the silent water, which, as they murmur on to the sea, murmur not in intelligible language of the dark secrets their depths conceal. The fashionable mother, knowing that children are not fashionable, and willing to lay down her immortal soul as a sacrifice on the altar of her fiend-goddess, Fashion, drowns her little innocent babe, or casts its body into the stream after the abortion is produced.

Another evidence that the awful picture is not overdrawn—a census marshal, who has lately been taking statistics in Lowell, stated to a member of the branch, who is a good sister, and doing a good work in the way of a numerous posterity, that in a long and crowded street in Lowell, inhabited exclusively by Americans, he found but one small child! The street contains inhabitants enough to make a good sized village, but only one small child! At this rate how long will it take New England, the land of Puritans and religious martyrs, to prepare itself for one vast, complete, utter, exterminating and purifying cities of the plain cremation? And yet Lowell, its exemplar in crime, is so bitterly opposed to pure, lawful, plural marriage, as to refuse to listen to a discourse on gospel principles from one of those abominable "Mormon" elders. O consistency! Thou art a jewel not found in the treasures of modern Christian theology and moral philosophy.

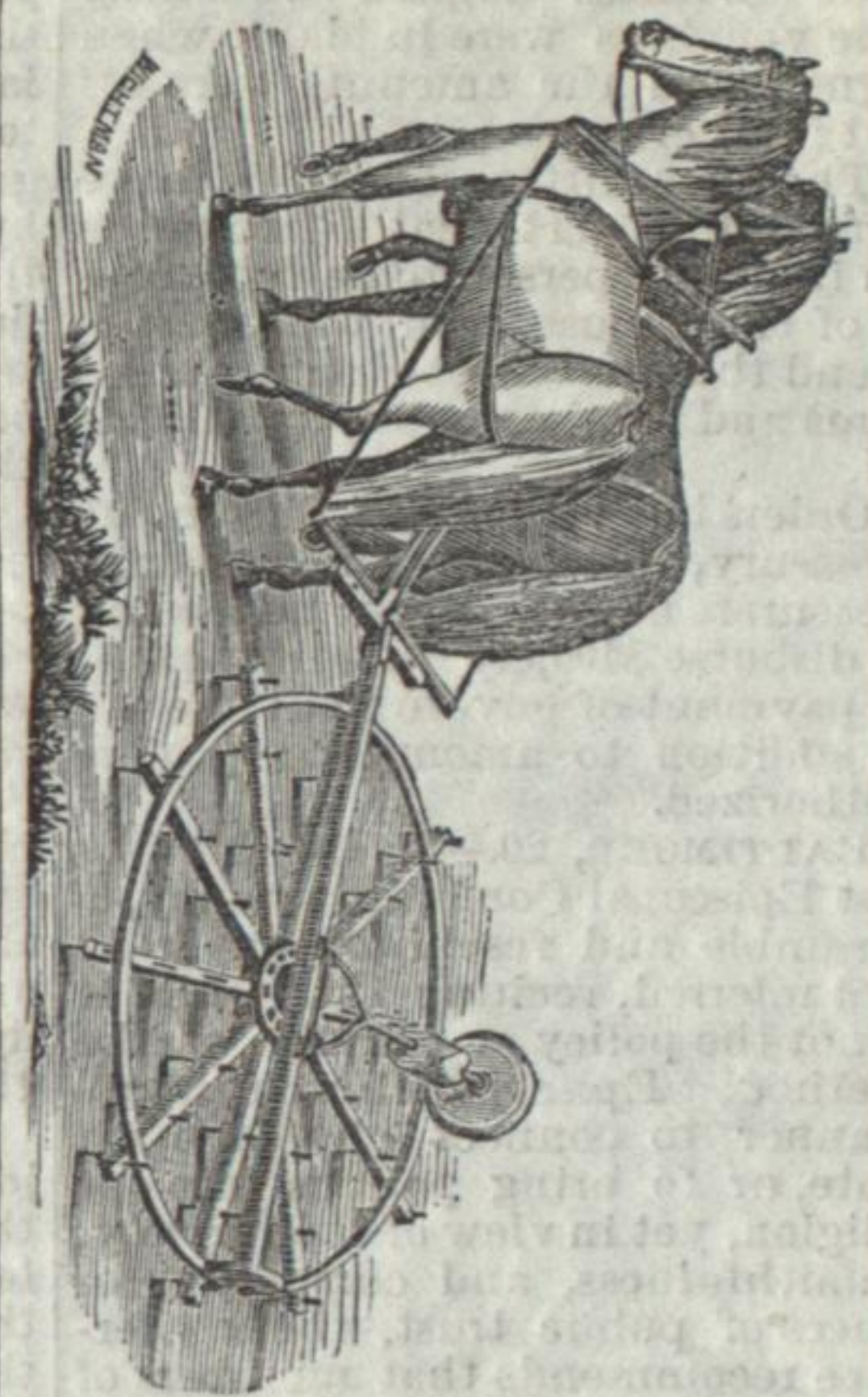
I will relate my experience in Dunstable, a fair sample of New England villages, in order to illustrate what I often meet with. I arrived in the village about five o'clock p.m. and put up with an aged uncle of my father's, who received me graciously, but who, during my stay never asked a single question about my religion, having, as he represented, "a mighty poor opinion of Mormonism." His wife, however, in his absence, asked me a few questions, when I laid our doctrines before her.

On the following day, having a number of distant relatives in the vicinity, before whom, as well as the people of the village, I desired to lay the principles of the gospel. I sallied forth to try to get one of the schoolhouses in the village, of which there were two, both in charge of the same trio of trustees. I found one of these in a field at work, and politely asked for the privilege of holding a meeting in one of the schoolrooms, at the same time telling him of my calling. He gave me an immediate gruff and emphatic reply in the negative. I suggested that perhaps his opposition and prejudice were based on misrepresentations of the truth which he had heard, but my respectful arguments were all to no purpose and he further informed me that he would use all his influence to prevent my holding a meeting in that village. On parting, I bore him a simple though strong testimony of the divinity of my mission, bade him "good-day" and left the field. Before I could see the other two he had called on and cautioned them against giving me permission to use either of the schoolrooms, and as the people generally seemed to care little to hear me, I held no meeting, though I might have hired the only hall in the place, for a few dollars. Being thus rejected and opposed, I left Dunstable and returned to Lowell on the following day, conscious of having done my duty, even though I had failed in the attempt at breaking the shell of bigotry and skepticism in which Dunstable, like the average New England town and village, is so quietly dozing in fancied security, destined to doze but a short time, however, before the people will be awakened to a sense of their alarmingly dangerous position.

Very respectfully, your brother,
B. F. CUMMINGS, JR.

Thus talks an old farmer about his boys: From 18 to 20 they knew more than I did; at 25 they knew as much; at 30 they were willing to hear what I had to say; at 35 they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be 40 they will acknowledge that the old man does know something.

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