

DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE.

The Present Organization—The Staff Officers—Names of Posts and Their Commanders.

We received yesterday the new schedule of this Department, and it contains information which will be of interest to many of our readers. At the present time the troops stationed within its limits are the 9th, 13th and 14th regiments of infantry and eight companies of the Second cavalry. We learn also that the Third cavalry is coming here to take the place of the Fifth, which was a few weeks since sent to Arizona.

Brig. Gen. E. O. C. Ord commands the Department, with the following

STAFF OFFICERS:

Major George D. Ruggles, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. A.

Major Alex. J. Perry, Q. M., U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster.

Captain J. W. Barriger, C. S., U. S. A., Chief Commissary.

Surgeon Joseph B. Brown, U. S. A., Medical Director.

Major Jacob E. Burbank, Paymaster U. S. A., Acting Chief Paymaster.

Capt. Wm. A. Jones, Corps of Engineers U. S. A., Engineer Officer.

Captain John R. McGinnes, Ordnance Department, Chief Ordnance Officer.

First Lieutenant Hugh G. Brown, 12th Infantry, Aide-de-Camp.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

Captain Charles A. Reynolds, A. Q. M., Depot Quartermaster, Cheyenne, W. T.

Captain William B. Houghes, A. Q. M., Depot Quartermaster, and Depot Commissary of Subsistence, Ogden, Utah.

Captain John H. Belcher, A. Q. M., Depot Quartermaster, Omaha, Nebraska.

Captain Gustavus A. Hull, M. S. K., Post Quartermaster, Fort Saunders, W. T.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Surgeon E. P. Vollum, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Camp Douglas, U. T.

Surgeon W. C. Spencer, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Fort Sanders, W. T.

Assistant surgeon, R. M. O'Reilly, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Fort Laramie, W. T.

Assistant Surgeon Frank Meacham, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Omaha Barracks, Nebraska.

Assistant Surgeon C. L. Helzmann, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Sidney Barracks, Neb.

Assistant Surgeon F. L. B. Monroe, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Fort D. A. Russell, W. T.

Assistant Surgeon A. D. Wilson, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Fort Fred. Steele, W. T.

Assistant Surgeon J. K. Corson, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Fort Bridger, W. T.

Assistant Surgeon F. W. Elbrey, U. S. A., Post Surgeon, Fort McPherson, Neb.

Assistant Surgeon J. M. Dickson, U. S. A., Asst. Post Surgeon, Omaha Barracks, Nebraska.

PAY DEPARTMENT.

Major Robert D. Clarke, Paymaster U. S. Army, Omaha, Nebraska.

ORDINANCE DEPARTMENT.

Second Lieutenant Almon L. Varney, Ordnance Department, Depot Ordnance Officer, Cheyenne, W. T.

POST CHAPLAINS.

Post Chaplain, Alpha Wright, Post Chaplain U. S. A., Fort D. A. Russell, W. T.

Post Chaplain Zachariah Ragan, Post Chaplain U. S. A., Fort Fred. Steele, W. T.

Post Chaplain Thomas W. Haskins, Post Chaplain, U. S. A., Camp Douglas, U. T.

POSTS AND COMMANDERS.

The following are the names of the posts with their commanders: Omaha Barracks, Col. J. N. Palmer; Fort McPherson, Neb., Capt. W. H. Jordan; Sidney, Capt. G. S. Carpenter; Fort A. D. Russell, W. T., Col. J. A. King; Depot Fort D. A. Russell, Capt. D. W. Burke; Fort Saunders, W. T., Lieut. Col. Luther P. Bradley; Fort Steele, W. T., Col. P. R. Trobriand; Fort Bridger, W. T., Maj. R. S. LaMotte; Camp Brown, W. T., Capt. R. A. Torvey; Camp Stambaugh, W. T., Maj. Jas. S. Brisbin; Camp Douglas, U. T., Lt. Col. H. A. Morrow; Fort Laramie, W. T., Col. John E. Smith; Fort Fetterman, W. T., Lt. Col. Geo. A. Woodward, North Platte, a sub-district of

Fort McPherson is commanded by Capt. James Egan.

LATER.

By General Order No. 1., dated January 8, Capt. H. G. Litchfield, 2nd Artillery, is announced as Aid de-camp to Gen. Ord. Yesterday Maj. C. M. Torrell, of the Pay Department, arrived from Texas.—*Omaha Herald*, Jan. 11.

OUR GIRLS.

Between the eras of swaddling bands and corsets and crinoline, there used to be a period of a few years when arms and limbs could climb trees and scale heights like their progenitors mentioned by Darwin, and muscle, sinew and blood bade fair to hold their own. The little bareheaded, tanned girl of ten years, astride a bridleless and saddleless horse, or paddling down the stream on a raft of her own constructing, had a season of pure animal enjoyment, and it was thought enough if she grew plump and rosy, was "early to bed and early to rise," and could sing the "fives" to the tune of Yankee Doodle. She must have been far in her "teens," or out of them, before she caught a glimpse of the model young lady with tapering waist, pinched feet, fastidious appetite, and a general air of languor pervading every movement and utterance. She looked upon the lay-figure with admiration, and forthwith commenced remodeling herself, but with indifferent success. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Nature had a good start, and she would not yield to art without a hard struggle. The few robust women of fifty to-day are the ones whose young lives were free and careless as the birds whose clothing never fettered limbs nor pressed lungs, whose impulses and instincts were never checked nor killed outright by Mrs. Grundy's strictures.

Where are the girls now who can play? and where are the clothes in which they can enjoy play without fear and trembling? Think of trying to wade through a brook, and to enjoy the delicious sensation of water running over bare feet and around bare ankles, when at every step one must ask: "Sue, do the lower flounces touch the water? Will the overskirt get splashed? Is the panier too low? And are the ends of the sash tucked up?" Think of trying to climb a cherry tree, and enjoying the feat and the fruit, when ever limb threatens your chignon and frizzled "topknot!" or of jumping from a beam into a hay-mow when your nether limbs are laced in high gaiters and bound in tight bands! One would drop down as straight and inelastic as a mummy. It is unwise generosity in American children to give up these sports to the Irish and German youth, reserving for themselves croquet and picnics, at which elaborate toilets can be displayed and studied etiquette observed. These amusements will do for grown people; but a child, if left to act out its childhood, will no more choose a play that is bound by limits and rules than would a lamb or a squirrel.—*St. Louis Journal of Commerce*.

JAMES FISK, JUNIOR.

It is one of the anomalies in American civilization that such a man as James Fisk, Junior, has been able to command so large a share of public attention. In other countries, where the orders of society are more compact, he would never have been heard of after his first attempt to climb into position. A stronger force than law would there have remanded him to his proper status, and all the long catalogue of startling legal and moral atrocities with which his name is connected could never have disgraced their annals. * * * The English shareholders of the Erie road were despoiled of their property, and the New York Legislature and courts bought, as sheep in the shambles, to secure Gould and Fisk from legal liability for their theft. * * * It is no exaggeration to say that the operation of Fisk and Gould with the property of the English shareholders of the Erie railroad, shielded as they have been by the corrupt Legislature and Judiciary of New York, have cost the country millions of dollars, by impairing our financial credit and standing abroad. * * *

Probably no man has done so much to debauch and demoralize public morals as this man. The effect of his business acts has been supplemented and complemented by what he has done to degrade the lyric and dramatic stage, in the importation from the

Jardin Mabile of Paris, and the *Cremorne* of London, of the nude graces of the *demi monde* which have made those resorts notorious the world over. The Erie Prince's phosphorescent putridity was not kept within New York, but a part was put on wheels and carted through the country under the title of "The Twelve Temptations," Fisk paying the expenses of the caravansary of legs, and appropriating its profits—if there were any—to paying for the gilded setting of his life of sin.

His private life—if he may be said to have had any—was as corrupt as his public. A married man, his lawful wife resided in Boston while he carried on an open and notorious concubinage in New York, his death being the result of his last *liaison*.

It would not be fair to conclude this notice of Fisk's life without an allusion to some of the nobler traits of his character. He was benevolent and generous to the last degree. If he stole like a Prince, he also squandered like a Prince. Many a poor family has been relieved by his hand, while not a few struggling men of business have been kept above the waves of bankruptcy by the potency of his endorsement. His conduct at the time of the Chicago disaster had a touch of the heroic. He started a lightning express train for the doomed city, with orders to go through in twenty-four hours. He jumped into one of the transfer wagons belonging to the Erie Company, and drove over the city of New York, gathering supplies from the stores and houses with which to load the cars, and when the Erie relief train went on its thundering way to the city of the Lake, it was followed by the huzzas and prayers of the whole nation.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 19, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:—

I noticed in an extract from the *San Francisco News Letter*, published in the *News* yesterday, a statement "that no appliance yet invented can lift it out," namely, the snow from a snow cut. I oppose this, because I know different, and I will try to show you and the readers of your valuable paper that such appliance is at hand. The *News Letter* says that "the managers of the Union Pacific are merely human, working by human means to overcome super-human difficulties." What is that "human means"? Simply the man with his shovel, a very old but sure appliance, which inventors of snow-plows have forgotten to take into full consideration, hence their failure. Now, snow-plow inventors, don't look displeased, but listen to me a little. You all admit that the man with his shovel can work through, if you give him time enough, say one minute to every two or three cubic feet, when the question is to clear a cut by means of loading and unloading cars; that is 1,200 to 1,800 cubic feet a day per man (engine and its service not counted). Now suppose we make a big shovel, big enough for the whole width of the track, say ten feet, and suppose that we furnish the front of the shovel with cutters on each side, just as high as you please, say ten and a half feet vertically above the rails, then one push on our shovel will cut the snow vertically five feet from centre on each side of the track, even to the depth of ten and a half feet above the rails, and horizontally, say one inch above the rails, to the width of ten feet, and, as we push on, our shovel will be full and now serve as a car and can be backed to a convenient place for unloading. If there are men enough to "push" our shovel, you will admit that it must work, won't you? We have the rails to follow and the engine to back our want of men, and surely you will admit that we have power. If in consequence of the rails not being dry, the friction between wheels and rails should prove too little in backing, then use two engines. If we now make the shovel adump, which is practical, except in the front where the vertical cutters are stationed, then it will be an easy task to load and unload our shovel, some 200 cubic feet, in ten minutes; that is, 120,000 cubic feet a day of ten hours' work, for which we will use six men beside engine service.

You will perceive that this is for places where the sides of the snow are so high and close to the track that it will be necessary to back out for unloading. In all other places even to a level of seven feet above rails, varying in places up to ten feet above the rails,

our shovel will clear the track at the rate of your pleasure to run, say twenty miles an hour, and inside seven feet of depth the snow will be put away fifty to eighty feet from the track. These are facts. I knew its utility before I put the machine on the rails, just as well as I know now after its trial years ago.

The figures I have given are by no means the maximum ones, which only depend upon the power used and the diagram of the least cross section of the road on which to work, after which diagram the shovel can and must be built.

At the Utah Central depot stands one shovel ready to go out to any place of action and can be ready for work in ten minutes. I want the track clear from stones, timber, etc., to a distance of five feet from centre of track, and half an inch above the level of the rails. That's all. Yours truly,

C. L. ERICZON.

RICHFIELD, Sevier County, January 10, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

Dear Brother—In the solitude of early morning, I take up my pen to communicate a few items from this valley, the valley of Sevier, rich in its agricultural and pastoral resources, into which people are gathering thickly from other less favored localities, filling up the deserted settlements and locating new ones, giving names to choice spots selected as oases in the desert, hitherto unknown to history or to fame, but henceforth to be talked of written about as Annabella Springs, Central City, Jericho, Clear Creek, Rocky Ford, &c. Those with the more familiar names of Richfield, Glenwood, Alma, (now Monroe), and Salina, comprise the towns and precincts of Sevier county, which, with the extensive ranges on the west, but more especially east to Colorado, all conspire to gratify the wishes and realize the hopes of the scattered families who have returned and such as have already chosen or yet may choose to locate here and engage in the development of those hitherto comparatively hidden resources. As the valley is filling up with human beings claiming and securing by squatter sovereignty the richest grass lands for wheat, oats, barley and other products, my mind reverts to the language of Scripture, "The cattle on a thousand hills," as though the rich valleys might with no small degree of propriety be filled up with the people and the mountains with the cattle, the horses, and the sheep. Here then is an opening arena of future history on the borders of the wilderness, in the hive of Deseret. The pen, the plough, the shovel and the spade—What better calculated to inspire liberty in its just conception, loyalty to free, untrammelled institutions? Anything better than to shout glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to man! But I must condense—the beautiful prospect might be marred, even now I hear of marshals, penitentiaries, unjust judges, intriguing attorneys, brothels, whiskey shops, and whore-houses in the once peaceful, quiet city of the Saints; might overslaughting right, or trying to.

When the time comes, which I believe is fast approaching, when swords will be beat into plough-shares; and spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations are to learn war no more, a proclamation not to drill might be opportune, but until rulers practice what they preach, exceptions may be taken to such an issue.

The county survey is being prosecuted vigorously and rectified, Annabella Springs, Glenwood and Rocky Ford are being organized into irrigating districts, drawing unlimited supplies of water by ditches or canals from Sevier River.

Our DESERET NEWS did not come to hand last week, which is always a great disappointment to your subscribers.

Long live Brother Brigham and celestial marriage. We feel vitally interested. Husbands love their wives, and fathers their children, and we believe in the higher mandate, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." Sevier County is a part, and God is with us.

Your brother in the Gospel and mission of peace.

WM. MORRISON.

The dragging of church quarrels into the civil courts is deprecated by all good men, for no matter what are the merits of the controversy the scandal which results does vastly more damage to the cause of Christianity than is gained by the authoritative settlement of any possible question of ecclesiastical jurisprudence.—*Washington Star*.