

tools last week, part for President Young's contract and part for J. F. Nounnan & Co's.

ABOVE HANGING ROCK

Kimball & Co. have a lengthened embankment, but it is not very high. A mile and a quarter of their two miles is nearly done. Driggs & Houtz join them on the east with a quarter mile job, just about finished; and next to them is E. Holman, who has an embankment in his portion 400 feet long with an average of twenty feet high, and in one place about thirty feet. P. P. Pratt has completed a portion of Holman's on the east end, and is ready for more. Next to this is a 2,200 feet job, worked by J. W. Cook, who has made a cut 400 feet long and ten feet deep at the deepest part, as a passage for the creek; and he has a 500 feet embankment from fifteen to nineteen feet high. The creek is moved out of its channel and the line crosses it with a bridge, and cuts through the end of a little point of the mountain that juts down to the stream on the south side.

TOOLS AND RAILS.

At this point I met a couple of trains belonging to Street & Litchfield, freighted with tools and provisions, and having four wagons loaded with rails. Of course, curiosity inquired where the rails were for, and I was politely informed they were for the railroad!

ON AGAIN,

Joining Mr. Cook is the contract of T. J. Carlisle, who has to make a 500 feet embankment, varying from eight to seventeen feet high, in a job of 1300 feet. Most of his men are gone home to harvest, yet he expects to finish in twenty days. E. R. Young joins him on a mile contract, on which he is at work with twenty-five men and ten teams, and wants more help. He has made dams, dug ditches, and turned the creek into a new channel for a considerable part of his contract. The Cañon here is from 150 to 200 yards wide, and has nice sloping sides rolling back in gentle undulations; and the road, which keeps almost a straight line nearly in the centre for quite a distance, inclines at this point to the south side. Daniels & Rogers join Mr. Young. They are making a dam faced with rock and filled in with earth, over 200 feet long to act as a breakwater where the creek runs with some violence and is turned out of its bed, which was in shape something like an S, so that but one bridge is required to cross it instead of three. The 10th Ward contract joins this, and will be finished next week. The cañon is wider here, and the line keeps on the south side, close to the foot of the mountain. Above this were the jobs of James Crane, Abraham Day and John Reedhead, which are done, except a little finishing to Mr. Reedhead's. Mr. Crane and men have gone up and joined their forces to Bishop Sheets'. Levi & Ira Reed come next, two brethren from Jordan side, who have in their job of 900 feet a "fill" of 400, ten and eleven feet high. They have done considerable work, and calculate to finish without help. John L. Blyth joins them above, and is joined by Winter's, Wild & Hinckley, who have a mile of as ungainly-looking ground to operate on as Echo boasts up to the fork of the Cañon, though it may not be the most tedious. David Moffat & Sons are working at the east end of this mile, on a cut twenty feet deep in places and 200 feet long, through solid rock. There is what may be termed a double bottom here to the Cañon, the creek running in a sinuous course between banks, from which the cañon stretches out on either side until it reaches the mountains, those on the north side being rocky and at times abrupt, and on the south side sloping and rolling. Winters & Co. are progressing with their work, have a third of it done and expect to complete it by the first of October. In a part of their job the line runs in the bed of the creek, and the turning it from its course in the second bottom named makes their work in this place somewhat tedious. From here up to the contract of Bishop P. H. Young and B. H. Young, the road is completed, the contractors—Richard Maxwell and E. Showell & Co., having finished. Bishop Young has a mile, on which there is considerable work in the bed of the creek, and in wet marshy ground, and there is an embankment 2,800 feet long, 28½ feet high at the east end and running to grade on the west end. A ditch 340 feet has been dug here for the creek, with a dam 120 feet long, and the filling is being made in what was the bed of the creek. More hands are needed on this job. We have now reached the

NORTH FORK OF ECHO.

Up which the line runs, swinging

around the west point with a good sweep. This fork strikes off from the main cañon towards the north, and has a beautifully level bottom, covered with luxuriant grass, down which, at a casual glance, it would be deemed that the grade should be carried. But the rise at its extremity, where there is a heavy cut and a 500 feet tunnel, compels the work to be carried along the mountain on the last side, causing some very heavy work, a description of which would make this letter too long. But before closing I must call attention to

A NUISANCE.

which the people thus far up the cañon are compelled to submit to. Papers and letters cannot be got up and down, by Wells, Fargo & Co's way-pocket, with any degree of certainty. This is not the fault of the office in Salt Lake City, but of the employees who operate around the station close by here. Several more wished to take the News, but would not send for it because of this. I have had to detain this letter a day to send it by private hands, being afraid it would not reach if left at the station here.

A CORRECTION.

A slip of the pencil in No. V of this series of communications makes me say Chalk Creek Cañon, when it should be Silver Creek Cañon, at the mouth of which Wanship stands. Chalk Creek is further down the river, running up from the right bank, while Silver Creek runs down into the Weber from the west or opposite side.

No. VIII.

HEAD OF ECHO, July 31st. HOME IN THE CAÑON.

Last night I was the guest of John W. Young, Esq., and enjoyed home associations with him, his lady, and Brothers Alma L. Smith and W. P. Nebeker. Had W. P. N. been in possession of the happiness which falls to the lot of all benedicts, his overflowing geniality of manner might have been traced to feminine influences. He says he can pay his *devoirs* at a distance admirably, when he cannot overstep space and meet in person the fair object of his attentions and feels wrathful at the letter-carrying fraternity, because certain tender misses that bore the fading title miss, are among the missing; that is, they are supposed so to be, for those who know how highly developed is cautiousness with him, will be satisfied he would not write where there was a prospect of his communication remaining unanswered. The camps of Bishop Sheets and John W. Young are close together, and make the best arranged encampment I have yet seen in the Cañons. Order governs, harmony reigns, and the best of feelings exist. After the day's work was done, the animals turned out to herd, and supper over, a nice blending of voices in sweet singing, proved that the materials exist among the men for a capital choir, and there is some talk of organizing one. Soon after the call for prayers was heard, when the men assembled and reverentially bowed before the Author of all blessings. Then came the separation for the night, a few dying sounds as they retired to rest in their several tents; and the clear moon shone in pale beauty on the silent camp, bathing the rounded hill tops in a halo of glory, and shedding her effulgence on the level bottom of grass, through which the little creek meandered like a silver ribbon.

A LYRICAL COMPOSITION.

That "the boys" enjoy themselves, albeit they have plenty of hard work, no one could doubt who would spend a short time among them. Singing parties in the evening gather around in circles, or grouped together seated on the ground in unstudied picturesqueness, and hymns, songs, and local effusions are sung with much sweetness. To illustrate the spirit and feelings which prevail I will quote the following, sung last night and chorused by a mingling of some twenty or thirty manly voices. It is the composition of James Crane & Co.—for there is co-partnership in the production—of Sugar House Ward; and though to fastidious taste it may lack the elegant and grammatical correctness which lyrical compositions should possess, yet when sung by those who thoroughly felt it, there was a spirit with it for the want of which many a measured and polished metrical composition is insipid and lifeless.

At the head of great Echo there's a railroad begun,
And the "Mormons" are cutting and grading like fun;
They say they'll stick to it, till it is complete
And friends and relations they long again to meet.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the railroad's begun!
Three cheers for our contractor, his name's Brigham Young!
Hurrah! Hurrah! we're honest and true,
For if we stick to it its bound to go through.
Now there's Mr. Reed, he's a gentleman true,
He knows very well what the "Mormons" can do;
He knows in their work they are lively and gay,
And just the right boys to build a railway.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Our camp is united, we all labor hard;
And if we work faithfully we'll get our reward;
Our leader is wise and industrious too
And all things he tells us we're willing to do.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

The boys in our camp are light-hearted and gay;
We work on the railroad ten hours a day;
We're thinking of the good times we'll have in the fall,
When we'll take our ladies and off to the ball.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

We surely must live in a very fast age;
We've traveled by ox teams, and then took the stage;
But when such conveyance is all done away
We'll travel in steam cars upon the railway.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

The great locomotive next season will come
To gather the Saints from their far distant home;
And bring them to Utah in peace here to stay,
While the judgments of God sweep the wicked away.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

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main cañon and up to the summit of Echo. There are about 150 men at work on this tunnel, ninety on the west side and sixty on the east side, who work in shifts, and thus keep at it night and day. The contractors expect to get through it by the first of March; and the intention is to cut through with machinery, driving the drills by steam.

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 3, 1868.

Editor Evening News:—As Madame Scheller has concluded her first engagement at our Theatre, and as she has drawn good houses, the times considered, she being the first actress that has run the same play for a fortnight in this city, a few remarks upon her style of acting may not be uninteresting.

This lady is a notable example of the advantages of culture, for in this is her special excellence. It is the one fact which stands forth saliently and arrests the attention when she is playing on the stage, and herein she is an eminent study for our local dramatic company, exemplifying what can be done by efficient systematic training.

I should say she is an accomplished rather than a great actress. In her acting the conviction does not come that she possesses one, two, or three talents, powerful and most marked, and imperatively arresting the attention of the beholder, though with corresponding lack in other particulars. On the contrary, she is manifestly endowed with a very respectable uniformity of ability, which has been so admirably cultivated as to present a remarkable symmetry, giving her extraordinary versatility. Consequently we find her almost equally at home in comedy or tragedy, in the legitimate or the sensational, in the domestic or the imaginative. She is vivacious, pathetic, graceful, untiring, light rather than heavy, but scarcely "wicked" enough to be very piquant. She has not an imposing stage appearance, yet she has much regularity and agreeableness of features, a good figure, and is neat in costume. In fact she is symmetrical physically as well as mentally. Her voice is not of the best, yet she has it in admirable control, and is largely given to modulation in the upper tones. Playing in English is a disadvantage to her. She would undoubtedly do still better in her mother tongue. Her singing has been one great attraction to our people, for she has a sweet and flexible voice, well trained, and she knows how to make the best of her vocal as well as of her other powers.

Fair and uniform ability does all things well. Great talent is usually more specific and less uniform or versatile, enabling its possessor to do some things better, and more of them, than other people can. Genius is the grandest, the most magnificent of human endowments, and is a much rarer gift than is generally supposed. It enables a man to do what no one else can, and what very few can even begin to approach. It lifts its possessor into the region of the incomparable, and his performances stand out as the representative works of their kind for all ages. It fills the beholder with wonder as well as admiration.

Madame Scheller is a worker. No play fails through lack of exertion on her part. Action, life, spirit, she brings on the stage, and these, combined with her thorough culture, sometimes lead her to slightly overdo a part, manifesting the artificial over the natural. She is most excellent when she most forgets herself and her art, sinking all into the character she represents, and considering this, perhaps, Mathilde is one of the best of her impersonations.

Whatever others may think, to my view the supreme glory of the histrionic art is the endowment of mimic life with the air of reality. An actor is great in proportion to his success in filling his audience with the conviction that they are witnessing the veritable enactment of the scenes before them on the stage, so that it requires a sensible effort of the mind to remember that one is witnessing mimicry only. Taking this as the standard, we have only seen one perfect actor on our boards, and he only in such specialties as Peter Probit and Old Phil Stapleton. Another came well up towards perfection in her Camille and her Julia, and would have been quite perfect but for her magnificent, yet scarcely natural statuesqueness and a few mannerisms, for the highest province of art is to conceal art, so that the perfection of art shall appear to be only the perfection of nature. Sometimes Madame Scheller attains to this, but not always. Nature is not apt to fall on the senses, but imperfect art is.

In the course of her engagement, Madame Scheller has manifested excellent talent for high comedy, and I should have been pleased to see her oftener in this delightful department of the drama, for in it she shines brightly.

I must speak of her deportment as a woman on the stage, for in this she is deserving of great praise. She is unexceptionable in this respect, and is a pattern worth copying. She never manifests the first emotion savoring of indelicacy, and her pre-eminent propriety and correctness of bearing refine and elevate all characters which she represents, even to the extent of making that high comedy which some others would make low comedy, as was evident in her chaste enactment of Josephine, a character which, in the hands of an actress of a different stamp, might have been low enough, coarse, rude and repulsive, rather than modest, naive and purely affectionate.