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GEO. Q. CANNON,

Editor and Publisher,

Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

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Correspondence.

TUNNELVILLE, March, 24, 1869.

Ed. Deseret News.—The track from Echo to this point is sadly in need of "ballasting"—a term, with seafaring men signifying sand, rock, pig iron, or other heavy material in the hold to prevent a vessel running light, or without cargo, from capsizing; but with railroaders signifying leveling up and bedding the ties. The motion of a train over much of this section reminds one forcibly of that rarity of boy's sport at lake port towns, riding in a yawl behind a side wheel steamer; or, to use the exact and highly classic language of the singing-master at home, it is "down," "up," "down," "up," &c., and so on. You perceive—or if you don't, I shall make you acquainted with the fact—that the ties through Weber kanyon were for the most part laid upon snow, with a chunk of ice, snow, or frozen elod crammed hastily underneath to "bring 'em up to the straight edge." Now that these arctic proppings have slid from under the ties, in many places, instead of supporting the rails, hang "dangling in the air," suspended from the rail by the spikeheads. In other places the ties have "squashed" nearly out of sight in the slush of a winter finished grade. In other instances, below here, the entire grade has slid off into the river, or to the bottom, cars and all.

At Slate Point, mouth of the Narrows, D. McGee, Esq., has about 100 men employed in blasting off or widening the slopes, it being found perilous for trains to pass, so precipitous is the cut. Much delay is experienced by trains here, the cut being frequently half filled with rock, from some of these pieces and heavy blasts by nitro-glycerine. Messrs. Chesbrough & McGee, next to the heaviest contractors on this line, have recently dissolved partnership. Mr. McGee, a scientific and thorough railroad man, remains. Mr. C. has gone eastward.

None can be more clamorous for the completion of this tunnel, No. 3, than the U. P. R. R. passengers, whose necessity or choice induce them to embark upon a steam-car tour through Weber kanyon. Last night, while Mr. Maltoy's train was dragging its slow length along over the 3,000 feet of trestle work around the tunnel point, a box car, filled with humans, was thrown off the track and came frightfully near being precipitated into the river bed. You "better b'lieve" there was some hustling, about that time, to get out of that disabled car. The train was detained from 3 p. m. till near midnight. This morning

another car was thrown off of the same work. It is a ten degree curve, and so sharp that it is grating business for any-sized engine to drag a train through.

But to the tunnel. Here again Mr. McGee has between one and two hundred men employed. This morning I accompanied the blaster into the heading to see him charge the glycerine. It was, I admit, a very precarious pastime; but what will not one do, with "marvelous" predominant, to gratify it? "Veni, vidi," I was soon satisfied, I can tell you, and somewhat quieted, nervously, when I had scampered out of harm's reach, which means out of and behind the face of the tunnel. I ventured a cautious peep into the dark, stygian gulf, at the flashing fuse, ere it had reached the dread explosive. In another moment the earth and solid rocks above and all around us seemed rent as by a thunderbolt. Again and again the same is repeated, until six of those fearful shocks were felt. No blast, in rock or rifled gun, bears any comparison, in effective force, with glycerine. I saw a single drop—it was like a drop of olive oil—exploded by concussion with a hammer on a rock. It sounded like a musket. A few drops thus exploded go off with cannon noise.

Of this dreadful explosive a few words descriptive. It has seven times the explosive force of powder; has nearly the specific gravity of white lead; congeals more easily than any substance known; is as readily exploded when frozen solid as when in its liquid or oily state. Unlike powder, it is not a cohesive explodent. Drops of it may be trickled along on the face of a rock and only the portion brought into immediate concussion with the hammer will explode. The next contiguous drop or drops may be exploded in like manner, and so on, while a drop remains untouched by the hammer. While it is thus so peculiarly a concussive explodent, it may be exploded by a certain degree of heat, an intense degree, but if it does not explode by the heat, as is sometimes the case, it is substantially consumed. In charging a drill-hole, the desired concussion is produced by powder. Even the empty glycerine cans are dangerous commodities. A lady living here lately obtained one of them and, while endeavoring to clean it, fainted three times, unconscious of the cause and that she was incurring still more disastrous risks. As they accumulate in camp they are now put in some secure place and exploded by fire; and I am informed that, by the trifling smearings remaining in the cans, the tin is literally torn into fragments.

At an early hour this morning the glycerine house, in the immediate vicinage of the camp at the west end of the tunnel was discovered on fire. The whole camp was in consternation. Mrs. McGee, her servant and other ladies, fled from the danger in their night-clothes. Several attempts were made to get into the place with water; but the flames were so shooting that none dared to go in. At length the glycerine man dashed in regardless of consequences, with two pails of water, by a judicious application of which he succeeded in quenching the flames. An open keg of powder was standing in one corner and a considerable quantity of glycerine. The inside of the house was a mass of flame, which was already darting from the door. A few moments longer would have sufficed, without doubt, to lay the entire camp in ruins.

There remains some 58 feet of heading and 110 feet of bottom in this tunnel. It is ordered to be ready for the cars, at whatever expense, by the 10th of April.

With powder the average progress in tunneling here was less than two feet per day of 24 hours. With glycerine an average daily progress is made of about six feet, with but about one-third the expense.

Division Engineer E. P. North's headquarters are here, on the opposite side of the river. Also that of John A. Seymour, one of the most efficient Assistant Engineers on this line; with A. F. Doremus leveler; James Hunter, rodman; O. F. Lyons, tapeman; Henry Smith, axman; James W. Hunter, teamster; John Atkinson, cook; and our courteous, distinguished protege, Chas. Dame, commissary general. The mail closes. More

ANON.

FILLMORE CITY, March 20, 1869.

Ed. Deseret News.—Bear Brother.—On the evening of the 15th inst., the shareholders of Fillmore City Branch of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, met and effected a permanent organization, by electing Thomas Callister, President; Edward Partridge, vice President; Thomas R. King, F. M. Lyman, Chandler, Holbrook, J. V. Robison, and J. W. Dutton, Directors; John Kelly Secretary and L. H. McCullough Treasurer.

Since the organization the Board have purchased the entire stock of goods of Thos. R. King, and rented his commodious store house. They have also made arrange-

ments to buy the entire stock of goods of G. Huntsman & Co. The people have manifested a lively interest in this movement by subscribing liberally for shares so that the company have, in addition to the above purchases, three thousand dollars cash on hand, and will send an agent in a few days to make another purchase in Salt Lake City, and I hope that our agent will meet with that liberality, in doing business with the Parent store that we anticipate, so that this great financial movement in our Territory may prove a success.

Respectfully, your brother,
THOMAS CALLISTER.

PROMONTORY, near CEDAR CITY,
March 25th, 1869.

Editor Deseret Evening News.—Sir:—Brigham City like Ogden and other towns contiguous to the railroad, is full and running over with business, travelers, in order to secure beds at any of the hotels, must telegraph the proprietors a day or two in advance of their arrival. I attended the theatre at the former place—"Time tries all" and "Handy Andy" was the programme. The acting was good, the actresses more than beautiful, while the actors all possessed high foreheads and smiling countenances. In the theatre I noticed the healthy figure of my particular friend G. D. Watt, Esq., from which I drew the conclusion that Brigham City was going to have an attack of worms.

Five miles west of Brigham City on this side of Bear River, is situated the new town of Corinne, built of canvas and board shanties. The place is fast becoming civilized, several men having been killed there already, the lost one was found in the river with four bullet holes through him and his head badly mangled.

Work is being vigorously prosecuted on the U.P.R.R. and C.P.R.R., both lines running near each other and occasionally crossing. Both companies have their pile drivers at work where the lines cross the river. From Corinne west thirty miles, the grading camps present the appearance of a mighty army. As far as the eye can reach are to be seen almost a continuous line of tents, wagons and men.

Junction City, twenty-one miles west of Corinne is the largest and most lively of any of the new towns in this vicinity. Built in the valley near where the lines commence the ascent of the Promontory, it is nearly surrounded by grading camps, Benson, Farr and West's head quarters a mile or two south west. The heaviest work on the Promontory is within a few miles of head-quarters. Sharp & Young's blasters are jarring the earth every few minutes with their glycerine and powder, lifting whole ledges of lime stone rock from their long resting places, hurling them hundreds of feet in the air and scattering them around for a half mile in every direction. Mr. T. E. Ricks showed me a boulder of three or four hundred pounds weight that was thrown over a half mile and completely buried itself in the ground within twenty yards of his cook room. I ate a hearty breakfast and left that spot *sine dine*. At Carlisle's works a few days ago four men were preparing a blast by filling a large crevice in a ledge with powder. After pouring in the powder they undertook to work it down with iron bars, the bars striking the rocks caused an explosion; one of the men was blown two or three hundred feet in the air, breaking every bone in his body, the other three were terribly burnt and wounded with the flying stones. Fun is fun, but standing a straddle of four or five kegs of powder and working it into the rocks with a crow-bar is a particular kind of sport that the most of men wouldn't relish.

From what I can observe and hear from others there is considerable opposition between the two railroad companies, both lines run near each other, so near that in one place the U. P. are taking a four feet cut out of the C. P. fill to finish their grade. How the C. P. will like it, I can't say, not being in the ring. On the summit, the other day, the C. P. men cleared the sage brush off the ground for two hundred stations, after which the U. P. men pitched in, ploughed the ground and scraped it into their grade, leaving the C. P. to

fill the cut thus made, in the formation of their grade.

The two companies' blasters work very near each other, and when Sharp & Young's men first began work the C. P. would give them no warning when they fired their fuse. Jim Livingston, Sharp's able foreman, said nothing but went to work and loaded a point of rock with nitro-glycerine, and without saying anything to the C. P. "let her rip." The explosion was terrific. The report was heard on the Dry Tortugas, and the foreman of the C. P. came down to confer with Mr. Livingston about the necessity of each party notifying the other when ready for a blast. The matter was speedily arranged to the satisfaction of both parties.

The C. P. have about two-thirds of their heavy work done at this place, while the U. P. have just got under good headway. In other places the grade of the U. P. is finished and the C. P. just beginning, so taking it "all in all" it is hard to say which company is ahead with the work. The supposition is the two companies will meet somewhere on the Promontory, but it's my opinion that "nobody don't know nothing about it." One thing certain, both parties are doing their "dirty best," and within sixty days they will meet somewhere—if they don't run off the track. The C. P. have 20,000 Chinamen and the U. P. an everlasting avalanche of Irishmen—only think how they will affectionately weep over each other's shoulders and the wrongs of their country when they do come together.

Several dance houses are now in full blast, astonishing the natives (I am told the Indians can't compete with them in price) by the manner in which they are developing the resources of the Territory. I will venture the assertion that there is not less than three hundred whisky shops between here and Brigham city, all developing the resources of the Territory, and showing the "Mormons" what is necessary to build up a country and make it self-supporting and permanent.

There are many heavy contractors on the Promontory, but the heaviest firm I have heard of is named "Red Jacket." I notice nearly every wagon that passes have a great many boxes marked with his name.

Every railroad contractor has more or less business with engineers, they are the "fellers" that fix up your estimates and let you know whether you are making money or losing some that you never had. As engineers are not too numerous on the road, I will remark for the benefit of contractors that there is about two hundred and fifty in one drove near Connor Springs, east of Junction city. They belong to the Shoshone persuasion, and have twice as many *Ingin-ears* as there is *Ingin's*.

Times are very lively, the roads are literally lined with footmen seeking employment, grass is splendid and in abundance for animals, the weather is delightful, and I have nothing further to communicate.

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