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OUR LOCAL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RAILROAD IN THE CAÑONS.

COALVILLE, July 23, 1868. ECHO CITY

Lies at the mouth of Echo Cañon, but not at the head of Weber. Perhaps there may be others as little informed on the topography of the places named as your correspondent was a week ago; and if so it will not be out of place to inform them that Weber Cañon does not terminate before Echo Cañon is reached, nor at that point; but that it continues up the course of the Weber, the city of Coalville and the settlements of Hoytsville and Wanship lying between Echo City and Chalk Creek Cañon, some ten miles up from the railroad. Echo City is a "corner" where Echo Cañon debouches into Weber, which it does almost at right angles; running near its mouth not more than a couple of points from due west. As there was a time when "the Eternal City" did not boast even a single hut, ere Romulus had started forth as an "empire founder," and as but twenty-one years ago Salt Lake City was a creation of the future, so it is not becoming in an itinerant chronicler to sneer at the small beginnings of places that may become famous. Echo City is yet in its infancy—considerably, in fact it may be said, very much in its infancy. It has a store, built of rock, run by Bromley & Co., where the post office is, a telegraph office, one of Wells, Fargo & Co's stations, some buildings for the U. P. R. R., and three or four log buildings. Certes, cities have before had as small beginnings, yet if Echo reaches a size and population equal to that which some expect, it will be able to look back upon its days of feebleness, and invite attention to its growth and progress. And no doubt it will do so should such ever be its fortune. Before proceeding up Echo, a visit to

COALVILLE may be indulged in, where, last night I enjoyed the hospitality of Bishop Cluff. This place, which is a little over four miles from Echo City, on the right bank of the Weber, bears all the evidences of solid prosperity, not the least of which, is a handsome, commodious and well built meeting house, standing about midway up the main street, on the side towards the river. Many of the buildings are the primal log structures, stunted in height, and far from imposing in appearance; but under the energetic and spirited administration of Bishop Cluff, new erections are displaying more ample proportions, and some are of an excellent quality of light colored sandstone, good for building purposes, that is obtained convenient. In the tithing store, which is built of rock, I was particularly pleased to find a well selected library under the care of Bro. Boyden. Here the citizens of Coalville can obtain for perusal not trashy, sentimental novels, but the works of the best authors in the various departments of literature. Milton, Byron, Cowper, Dryden, Southey, Pope, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Tennyson and others lay their rich poetic treasures before the mind; Scott, Cooper, Irving, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, George Eliot, Jerrold, Cervantes—and like eminent names open a field of instruction and delight; Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Neil, Allison, Bancroft, Parton and Prescott, with their valued historic treasures, are there for study and profit; Livingston, Stevens and Catherwood, Barth, Speke, Chailu, and Gordon Cumming offer their pages to make an acquaintance with almost unknown

and untrodden lands; Hugh Miller discourses of the formation of the earth's crust with practical knowledge and learned simplicity; Cuvier and other naturalists invite attention to the wonders of nature spread around us; while a host of authors whose names are world-known offer information and instruction in science, art, belles lettres, and ancient and modern literature. I have been thus particular in speaking of this collection, because of it being so well selected and containing so many valuable books, at a cost of under—if I remember correctly—seven hundred dollars. The Bishop or presiding Elder who will place within the reach of the members of his ward such a fund of information, who will thus foster a taste for reading and mental improvement, if he also urges the perusal of and an acquaintance with the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and other works containing the revelations of God, will not have to wait two decades to see such fruits resulting from his labors as will astonish himself, however sanguine may be his hopes at the beginning. Leaving Coalville with its valuable library, its coal mines—of which nothing has been said—its progressive spirit and improvement, we will go

BACK TO THE RAILROAD, and commencing at the mouth work our way up Echo. This cañon affords an excellent natural road for the rails, with but little difficult work considering the nature of the lengthened pass through which they have to be laid; though the work may seem heavy enough in places to those who are doing it. The first camp reached is that of F. Little, Esq., the courteous host of Salt Lake House, whose contract extends one mile into Weber and continues two miles up from the mouth of Echo. He is at work here with about fifty men and twenty-five teams, and the way "he do make the dirt fly," as Salem Scudder would express it, is "something of a caution." Charles Decker, Esq., was with him and superintending a portion of the work when I visited the camp; and plows, scrapers, mules and men were on a ceaseless move, no one waiting for some one else to get out of the way, but constant motion and a gradual and steady progress of the work were visible. Mr. Little has a heavy "fill" or embankment to make at the mouth of Echo, but as the grading stakes were not placed he could not tell how high it would be. He has a cut of eighty rods, averaging six feet in depth; and a couple of other embankments of about 1100 feet in length, which will average near ten feet in height. It was yesterday, the 22nd, that I visited his camp, and after he had taken me over his contract we passed off to the road side to get a refreshing draught of pure, cold water from a spring, when we found General Dodge just alighting from his horse for a similar purpose, accompanied by Colonel Williams, Government inspector of the line, and a number of other gentlemen. Their escort of sixty men, had passed shortly before. In the afternoon, had a pleasant conversation with Hon. B. Young, junr., who has quarters close by Mr. Little's camp. Having got fairly back to the railroad, I will quit for the present.

No. VI. HANGING ROCK STATION, July, 29. UP ECHO.

Echo Cañon is some 300 yards wide near its mouth, and continues about the same width for a couple of miles up. Mr. Little's contract is joined by that of William Tolley, who has a moderate cut of some length and an embankment, in his portion. The work here will be done this week. The line which rounds the point close in on entering the cañon, and then runs up the centre, here hugs the north side, trenching upon the wagon road in places, the cañon being narrower. Next above Tolley's is the contract of John Harvey of Provo Valley, in which the creek is turned out of its channel towards the south side several times and the line runs over its bed.

A PICTURESQUE CAMP.

One of the most picturesque scenes I have looked upon for some time is Mr.

Harvey's camp. Nestling among the willows are tents, wagons doing duty for sleeping chambers, neat boweries and inviting-looking wick-e-ups. Here a lady busy with the needle; there another superintending some culinary operation; with children enjoying themselves among the feathery foliage, and the movements of busy life on every hand; while the creek, meandering down its devious way, now seen, now hid, sparkles and gurgles behind. The giant rocks of red sandstone rise in majestic sublimity, overhanging the scene, and suggesting to the active fancy an architecture of the grandest and most imposing character. Towering castellated keeps raise their huge tops in the thin ether above, and look like structures of an age of giants. Buttress and bastion and battlement are there; pillars sculptured by the noiseless hand of centuries; curious fret-work, and walls of eternal rock enchain the eye; and forms the most varied and beautiful are seen at every turn. While the great bulwarks in which they appear, seem to stand in terrible grandeur, grouped in imposing array, yet separate and apart, each in itself a monument of the Creator's handiwork, and bearing on its scarred and rugged front the impress of ages of storms and tempests. But to leave the realms of fancy and return to those of fact! There is quite a lengthened embankment here, though not a very heavy one. Passing on we reach the next contract where Seth Dustin of Bountiful is busy.

BLASTING HEAVY BOULDERS. Here in a little curve in the wall of rock lie huge boulders, some of them weighing from 200 to 400 tons. Passing around one of these monsters, the position of Fitz James in making his perilous passage through the Highlands was recalled, where

"As a rock's huge point he turned round
A watchfire close before him burned."

I quote from memory—for a bright fire blazed away right merrily under the overhanging side of one of them, and the smoke curled lazily upward making a line on the massive stone. As I passed, in company with J. W. Young, Esq., Mr. Dustin was about to touch off three blasts, and we quietly awaited the result. The three holes were fired almost together, and though not very deep made neat deposits of broken rock. A little above this N. S. Christensen & Co., were making a new wagon road, the line trenching on or passing over the old road. There has been some blasting done here, both for the new wagon road and the railroad. Then follow the contracts of David Lewis & Co., Houtz & Wadsworth, J. O. Ballinger, (completed), John T. Davis, Alonzo Noon, William Cooper & Co., Gustave Nielson, & Chipman, Hunter and Robinson, on all of which the work is progressing finely, where it is not finished. In some places the creek is moved into a new channel, and in others a new bed is being cut for it, the road keeping the north of the cañon until about six miles up; when it takes the opposite side. The contracts of the Mill Creek company, Amos H. Neff, John S. Smith, Milo Andrus, Bishop A. K. Thurber, Bishop Hickenlooper, Isaac Brockbank, Bishop E. F. Sheets, Wm. Lewis, Samuel Fowler, Bishop A. McRae, A. M. Findlay & Co., and Allgood, Beard & Booth, follow below Hanging Rock, and are nearly all completed. There being only a small distance between the Mill Creek company's job and Bishop Thurber's to finish. The work is done in excellent style, and when a few culverts are built, it will be ready for the ties. Part of the way it lies along a level bottom where the grade is light and the work was far from difficult; yet too much praise can scarcely be bestowed upon the contractors for having prosecuted their jobs and finished them so far in so workmanlike a manner, under the disadvantageous circumstances with which they had to contend for lack of tools. That no exertion was spared by Messrs. Joseph A., Brigham, junior, and John W. Young, agents for President B. Young, to have them supplied as early as possible, will be best illustrated by the following

HUNT AFTER TOOLS, by J. W. Young, Esq., which is worth telling. The lack of tools being much felt by many of the men on the line ready to work, Mr. Young started on Saturday, 27th ult., and rode to Bear river to find out if any train with tools was approaching; and finding none, rode back the same night. Next day he came down Echo to see the agent and make arrangements to obtain tools from any train that might be loaded for this point. That same night in company with Nelson Empey, Esq., he started again east, having got teams moving to bring in tools could they be got. They drove that night to Bear River, stopped three hours, and on to Bridger. On Monday night they drove nearly all night, stopping to rest two or three hours at Church Buttes, and got to Ham's Fork at daylight. Here fresh animals were obtained, and Mr. Young having learned that no railroad trains had passed on the Bridger road—they having taken the Muddy road, he dispatched an express to Watson and Houtz, who were in charge of the teams, at the crossing of the Muddy, where they had been left, to remain there waiting instructions. They went on to Green River and there met a train; lost time getting a special order by telegraph to the wagon master for the tools; started back to Ham's Fork; and finding the message by express had not been delivered had to go to the Muddy crossing, 45 miles; traveling all night got the teams there and started east again, and met the train with tools at Lone Tree Station, 14 miles west of Green River, that train having made the 14 miles while these gentlemen rode 175. There they reloaded the tools in their own teams, and starting back in their buggy rode all that afternoon and most of the night, camping near the Muddy crossing for about three hours. They came on to Bear River, where finding the bridge gone, Mr. Empey remained to get the teams with the tools over, and Mr. Young went by stage to the city. Independent of the stage ride, he had ridden in buggy and on horseback in six days and nights some 450 miles, and in 168 hours had only laid down to rest seventeen.

After recording this "hunt for tools," I will close this communication.
E. L. S.

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A WILD, DARK BAY MARE

STRAYED from the undersigned; had a lariet around her neck; branded with a large L on right hip; when last heard of was in Cache Valley, being chased by two young men, late of Franklin, who now live in the neighborhood of Packer's Ferry. Whoever will secure the said Mare, and inform the owner, will be suitably rewarded.
JAMES H. HART, Bloomington, Rich County. w28:2