

## Correspondence.

At The Centennial.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1st, 1876.

Editor Desert News:

The heat this week has been almost intolerable, and the numbers at the Exposition have not been quite as large as they were last week. Fortunately there are cool and shady ravines, nooks, and retreats upon the grounds, where settees have been placed, and these seem quite as attractive as the imported wonders of the fair. It is positively refreshing to look at the lithe West Point cadets in their fatigue uniform of spotless white linen, or the Chinamen in their loose, clean, flowing, blue silk gowns. These heathen (the Chinese not the cadets) are at least two thousand years in advance of us in dress. Their clothing is more comfortable, more graceful, and certainly more healthful than ours; it is more manlike in its simplicity, and requires less time in robing and disrobing. I should think a Chinese dandy might make his entire toilet, ablution included, inside of seven minutes. I do not now speak of the dress of the hoodlums, theirs is of a composite order; they wear anything—American pantaloons and hats, and Chinese shirts and pigtails. But the Chinese commissioners here display a tastefulness and elegance in dress that we would like to copy, and profit by copying, if some influential fashionable clique had only the character or genius to make the move.

I think I have seen these lightly and gracefully clad celestials looking upon us in our stiff padded coats, vests, high hats, collars, cravats, and heeled shoes, with pity not untinged with contempt. We have much to say about the follies and tortures of female dress, but there is another sex in the question if it were only fully discussed. There is evolution in costume as well as in matter and ideas, and I hope I am not too sanguine when I think we may reach Pagan perfection in a thousand years. Already there is a decided improvement in shoes, and the man who wears high heels, with his tortured foot spreading on either side of the narrow sole, is spotted at once as a rustic or a southerner. But I am expected to write about the Exposition.

The West Point cadets are now encamped upon the grounds, a manly, healthy looking corps of young men upon whom the very young ladies cast curious and wistful glances. Glorious young demigods! Creations of padding, brass buttons, white linen, military discipline, and government pap. Surely they have not the pettiness, vices, and vulgarities of other men; because they neither walk, dress, nor look like common mortals. Ah! the imposing deceitfulness of dress and atmosphere; it is not only the very young ladies that deceive and are deceived by it. We pay the same homage to it that we pay to art, because it is art.

Many are becoming a little sated with the material exhibits here, and they will often tell you that they enjoy looking at the people more than at the Turkish carpets, French silks, English cutlery, Japanese bronzes, Russian furs, or even at the Italian statuary. It would be interesting if we could have the statistics of how many come to see the exhibits and of how many come for the same reason that they go to church, to see and be seen. There has been during the last few sultry days a decided diminution of the wealthy urban visitors. They have gone to the seaside and the mountains, and the visitation is very largely made up, judging from appearances, of country people from the west and south. The number of wealthy Philadelphians who attend is evidently very small; they will defer their visit to October, when the Exposition will be seen with more comfort.

At present Memorial Hall and its annex seem to attract the largest number of visitors. The new catalogue of these art galleries has just been completed by Mr. E. L. Townsend, assisted in the American department by the accomplished artist, Miss Emily Sartain. There are catalogued nearly 1,500 works of art from the United States alone, and nearly 8,000 from all countries. Over each door the name of the country to which the pictures of that room belong is written, and also the number of the page or

pages of the catalogue where the titles of the pictures may be found. The catalogue contains the name of the artist, and, wherever ascertainable, the name of the owner of the picture; it is very perfect in arrangement and detail, and will be esteemed by those who have thus far wandered through halls containing 8,000 mostly unintelligible works of art. C.

## A Visit to Ensign Peak.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 4, 1876.

Editor Desert News:

As the clock struck three this morning, I left my bed, and, in company with a volunteer friend, began to ascend the north bench. Our design was to clamber up the rugged sides of Ensign Peak before the sun should come up in burning splendor and chase away the cool shadows of the morning.

We passed the site of the four exploded magazines and shuddered at the remembrance of the shock then sustained by our people and city.

Just as the sun began to peep over the lofty forms of the Wasatch, we were comfortably seated on the top of Ensign Peak, watching its glorious advance, conquering night, making all nature redolent, driving back the shadows from mountains and valleys, and bringing out the works of the Supreme Architect in vivid brightness. Soon every lingering shade of night was dissipated and the empire of day unfurled its emblazoned banners over one of the most picturesque and romantic scenes ever gazed upon by man. My pencil cannot depict it but imperfectly; it must be seen to be appreciated and understood.

Being thirsty we drank, from a flask, water taken for the purpose; and remembering it was the Fourth of July, I uttered the wish that the millions of my fellow-countrymen would be as temperate through the celebrations of this momentous day. Yet I could not hope for that. No; the few remaining and honored fathers of the revolution can tell, with greater earnestness, all about their battles and scars, about Bunker Hill and Washington, when aided by the inspiring glass; so can Union soldiers who waded through the carnage of the late war to preserve our liberties and nation intact; and so can southern soldiers who fought with a bravery and desperation worthy of a better cause; and the prowess of these two classes of ex-warriors will be delineated from Bull Run to the final consummation at Richmond. Not these only, but our civilian patriots, politicians, demagogues, and statesmen will come nobly to their aid, else the Fourth of July cannot be celebrated with satisfactory vim and clamor. Once in a twelve month, they must have a day of jollity, mount the tall stilts of patriotism, and dilate upon the independence and liberty of the greatest republic of the world, the declaration of which was signed by the fathers one hundred years ago yesterday. That glorious Centennial era is finished; its records are rolled up, and for weal or woe it passes to its account. It has had a constitution and laws the most generous and liberal of any on earth; and we can only find fault, here and there, with administrations and cabinets, judges and justices, who have departed from the constitution and ruled wickedly.

To-day our nation is in peace at home and abroad; but will that peace last through another century? He who holds the fate of nations could best answer.

Below us was Salt Lake City, a map of beauty. Its streets in regular lines, wide and lined with trees, with water courses on either side. Its buildings, some of them cottages, embowered in shade; others rising in stately proportions above the foliage of ornamental trees. Its public buildings, such as the Court House, City Hall, the Old and New Tabernacles, Theatre, the mammoth Co-operative Store, School House in each Ward, the Catholic Seminary and Chapel, the Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian Churches or Chapels, and perhaps churches or chapels of other denominations; these, all these, shooting upwards their spires or shining domes, bespoke a city of thrift, civilization, law and religious toleration. But when my sight fell upon the granite walls and hewn rock within the Temple walls, an inspiration higher than all woke a train of reflection:

"The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it."

South-east from where I stood could be seen the Cemetery, Lindsey's Gardens, then Butcherville, and still further south of east was Camp Douglas, whose guns have been heard to-day in attestation of the legacy of liberty and the invincibility of the republic. A little further on was the mouth of Emigration Cañon, from which in 1847 might have been seen (if any person had been here to see) a few covered wagons issuing forth and finally camping on the site of this great city. Those intrepid pioneers, with their indomitable leader, President Young, cannot be too highly honored by the citizens of this Territory, now so populous and wealthy, for by them was then taken the first initiatory step from which have sprung the hamlets, towns and cities, extending from Cache Valley, five hundred miles, to our "sunny Dixie" in the balmy south.

From that green spot yonder, known as Fuller's Hill, away on to the Point of the South Mountain, a distance of twenty-two miles, the eye passes over the Sugar House, Mill Creek and Cottonwood Wards, Union Fort and Draperville, all on the east side of the valley and running close to the base of the mountains, that lift their lofty peaks high into the heavens. All these settlements and farm houses are sprinkled over this part of the valley so as to form a scene of dappled elegance seldom surpassed.

The southwestern portion of the valley is bounded by a range of bold mountains, and Bingham Cañon, which yields richly its product of mineral wealth. Herri-man's Fort and West Jordan settlements are in this part of the valley.

Passing round to a due east and west line we strike the south edge of Salt Lake, which occupies almost the entire north-western portion of the valley. Large islands stand a few miles out from shore and send upwards their ponderous mountain forms, breaking the monotony of water and affording a variegated and romantic view.

North from Salt Lake City, lying near the base of the mountains and along the east shore of Salt Lake, are the flourishing settlements of Bountiful, Centerville, Farmington, Kaysville and Hooperville. The U. C. Railroad, from Ogden, forty miles down to this city, passes through the suburbs of these several towns. The Utah Southern from this city runs south, passing around the Point of the South Mountain into Utah and Juab Counties, its present terminus being at York, seventy-five miles distant. And then there is the Utah Western running west around the Point of the West Mountain, passing Black Rock, into Tooele County, intending soon to reach Rush Valley and freight away its shining ores.

These local railroads, as well as the great national line which spans our continent from sea to sea, have all been built since those pioneer wagons merged from Emigration Cañon and their few dauntless occupants founded the city of the Great Salt Lake. The burdens of commerce are now wafted to and fro with the fleetness of the iron horse; the honest emigrant, the millionaire, the merchant, the wily politician, the President and Emperor, all are borne in the rushing car with a speed that makes distance no obstacle in the way of business or pleasure. And to beat all and everybody, the Yankee shrewdness of Jarret and Palmer inaugurated the lightning express to reach San Francisco from New York in less than three days and a half, just to get up a new sensation and make the dollar.

The Jordan River has its source in Utah Lake, enters this valley at the south end and makes its serpentine way through the center of the valley, emptying into Salt Lake about eight miles north of the city.

This was the view we got from Ensign Peak, and these some of my cogitations there. That our mountain homes are in such pleasant places; that my native land is not deluged with war; that a new century of freedom is ushered in; that the stars and stripes float in triumph over our pleasant cities and happy homes; that the constellation of States is grouped in fraternal bonds; that these munificent favors exist to-day, inspire emotions of gratitude and claims the benediction of a grateful heart.

If the great vexed eastern question that so long has threatened the peace of Europe has really at last broken out in war, who can tell how soon nations may be dismembered in the shock of the struggle? Or who can say how soon the vengality of American statesmen may drench our land with gore and the incendiary torch burn down the sacred altars of our boasted liberty?

Respectfully,

L. O. LITTLEFIELD.

## Administrators' Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE ESTATE of Jesse Louder, deceased, will please come forward and settle. All persons holding claims against said estate will also present their claims for settlement, as the administrators desire to adjust the affairs of said estate.

JOHN PARKER, } Adminis-  
ANN LOUDER, } trators.  
Virgin City, Jan. 17th, 1876. w1

## TO JOHN HUTCHINS.

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CALVIN KIRK.  
L. I. GREENEWALD.

Ophir Mining District,  
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