

## A CLOSE, HARD MAN.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,  
Nothing of value he gave away;  
He hoarded and saved,  
He pinched and shaved,  
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard earned dollars he toiled to gain  
Brought him little but care and pain;  
For little he spent,  
And all he lent  
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray.  
The years went by and his hair grew gray;  
His cheeks grew thin,  
And his soul within  
Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,  
For life is fleeting, and naught but dust:  
The heirs were gay  
That laid him away,  
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarreled now, who had little cared  
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared;  
His lands were sold,  
And his hard-earned gold  
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat, and pinch and save  
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave;  
All the gold some day  
Will melt away  
Like the ill-gotten wealth of Solomon Ray.

## Concerning Sewing Machines.

The New York *Herald* prints an article on the extortions to which poor sewing women are subjected at the hands of sewing machine agents. It is a fact pretty generally known that the profits on these machines, which are now to be found in almost every household, are sometimes enormous. At the present time \$65 is charged for a piece of mechanism which costs less than \$15. There is a firm on Broadway, New York, which deals in sewing-machine needles, attachments, parts, and "findings" generally. They publish a price list of the different pieces that enter into a machine, and from that paper it is shown that a complete set of castings for the most popular machine in the market, and which sells for \$65, can be bought, perfectly finished, ready to put together, for the sum of \$11.50. It is also alleged that the sewing machine companies in the United States export their machines to England where they sell them for less than one-half the price charged here, thus discriminating against their own countrymen. For instance, a so-called "combination" machine, which costs here \$80, is sold in England for £6 10s., or about \$32. The Howe lock stitch, which here sells for \$60, can there be obtained for \$22. Singer's family machine, which here costs \$80, is sold on the other side for \$32. It is suggested that this system of extortion works injury not only to purchasers but to the machine companies who are running within one-half of their capacity, while their goods are lying unsold in warehouses, and their profits have vanished into thin air, simply because under the present system it costs more to sell a machine than it does to make it. It is asserted that fully fifty per cent. of the retail price of the article is spent in finding a market for it. It is about time the manufacturers came down to hard pan and reduced their prices. The market is already overstocked, and sooner or later they must be forced either to reduce prices or shut up shop.—*Washington Star*.

**The Arts of Peace.**—The Indians who have located in the north-western part of the Territory, toward Malad, are prospering in their labors. Three miles of canal, which will be sixteen miles in length when completed, have been finished. The dam at its head is a very substantial one, 500 hundred loads of rock having been used in its construction. At one point the canal has a cut thirty feet in depth. They have 80 acres of Fall wheat, averaging twenty bushels to the acre, and 80 acres of Spring wheat, which will average about sixteen bushels to the acre, besides six acres of potatoes, seven acres of corn and a considerable amount of various kinds of vegetables. This excellent result has been brought about this season without the aid of irrigation. The Indians have commenced to cut their grain, with a reaper, which they manage themselves. They have homesteaded about 7,500 acres of land in the vicinity of where they are located.

## THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH IN THE COUNTRY.

## PAROWAN.

PAROWAN, July 5, 1876.

The grandest celebration of the 4th of July that ever took place in Parowan, was held yesterday. All were invited to participate, without regard to age, sex, color, caste, creed, previous condition, &c.

There was a grand procession in the morning at half-past eight o'clock—asplendidly mounted front and rear guard; thirteen young ladies dressed in white, drawn in a chariot by four beautifully decorated chargers, each young lady bearing a banner with the respective name inscribed of the State she was representing of the original thirteen; forty-eight young ladies dressed in white, each bearing a beautiful banner with the name inscribed thereon of the State or Territory she was representing of the present number of the United States and Territories; Sunday school children; citizens on horseback, &c. A great many banners appropriate to the centennial celebration were borne aloft by different parties through the procession. All was accompanied by the sweet strains of the brass and martial bands.

The procession marched through a number of streets to the meeting-house, which had been beautifully adorned for the occasion with a beautiful arch at the entrance, made of evergreens and flowers, also another arch of the same kind over the stand. The walls of the house were decorated with evergreens, flowers, banners, paintings and the stars and stripes. Over the stand was a fine portrait of Gen. Washington, and another of President Young. Hon. Edward Dalton, mayor of Parowan, delivered a grand historical and patriotic oration, reviewing the history of our republic and other republics of history. Short and appropriate speeches were delivered by the Hon. Jesse N. Smith and John L. Smith, Esq. Prest. W. H. Dame in a speech addressed himself to the children in a clear, simple, kind and winning manner, giving them a history of the United States and the principles of the government, admonishing them to cultivate in their hearts an undying love for the principles of liberty and right. The singing of a number of fine patriotic songs, rendered in a finished and masterly manner, by Prof. Thomas Durham and the choir, contributed very largely to the real enjoyment of the large assembly. Double the usual amount of firing of cannon was indulged in throughout the day. The citizens were serenaded by the brass, martial and string bands at intervals during the day. A dance in the afternoon and evening, closing at 11 p.m., ended the day's celebration.

Thus passed away in joy, peace, and goodwill the celebration of the first centennial in this little corner of Uncle Samuel's great domain. Thank God for his blessings.

First marshal of the day, Samuel Orton.

Chief committee of arrangements, Messrs. H. D. Bayles, S. H. Rogers, Edward Dalton, Joseph Fish, Wm. Holyoak, Thos. Durham and John A. West.

W. C. MCGREGOR.

## PINE VALLEY.

PINE VALLEY, July 5th, 1876.

The celebration of the Fourth in our settlement was an interesting affair, commencing at daybreak.

1st. A salute of musketry at daybreak.

2nd. At sunrise the stars and stripes were raised in honor of the eventful day.

3rd. At 10 o'clock the citizens of Pine and Grass Valleys assembled at the meeting-house. Meeting called to order by the marshal, C. Hancock; singing by the choir; prayer by the chaplain, after which the orator of the day, Wm. Burgess, delivered a most interesting speech appropriate to the occasion. Then Wm. Snow, H. Burgess and others spoke on the rise and progress of the Latter-day Saints. Intermediate speeches, songs and toasts, both comic and sentimental, were delivered by the citizens.

At 2 p.m. the juveniles assembled at the meeting-house, where they enjoyed themselves in a social dance.

At 7 p.m. the grown people assembled and enjoyed themselves in a social party until a late hour.

James E. Fordham, Jas. Gardner and W. A. Keele, committee of arrangements.

## PARAGOONAH.

PARAGOONAH, July 8, 1876.

We had a very pleasant celebration of the Fourth with first, at break of day firing guns to arouse the inhabitants, and at sunrise a national salute and hoisting the stars and stripes. A procession was formed in the following order at the meeting house—

Capt. Stevens' rifleman; committee of arrangements; chaplain, reader and orator; Goddess of Liberty and thirteen young ladies, representing the thirteen original States; fourteen young men; Sabbath school; citizens and strangers; marshal of the day and assistants.

The procession marched to the Bishop's orchard grove, and was seated by the marshal. Then followed singing by the choir; prayer by the chaplain, W. E. Jones; singing by the choir; reading the Declaration of Independence, by Hon. S. S. Smith; oration by J. R. Robinson; speeches by S. S. Barton, S. S. Smith, J. H. Dunton, and Wm. Barton, the latter from Greenville, Beaver Co.; interspersed with songs and toasts.

At 1 p.m. all sat down to a big dinner, got up for the occasion, and served at the residence of J. P. Barton, out-doors, in the shade; and also supper at 7 p.m. at the same place.

Dancing commenced at 1 o'clock for the children, and in the evening adults indulged in the same way, which was kept up until a late hour. The whole affair went off very pleasantly.

J. P. Barton, R. A. Robinson, D. A. Lamoreau, Levi Hunt, Wm. Edwards, John Robb, Eliza Barton, M. E. Smith, Mary Piathero, Committee of Arrangements.

The health of this place is good. Crops an average.

Yours truly,

J. P. BARTON, Clerk.

## Correspondence.

## Killed by the Kick of a Horse.

FOUNTAIN GREEN,

July 8th, 1876.

## Editor Deseret News:

The dead body of a young man, resident of this place, named Niels Christian Nielson, aged about 19 years, was brought here by Niels Sorensen, on Thursday evening, at 11 o'clock, the deceased having been to work near East Cañon, Teele Co. According to the evidence given by Niels Sorensen, deceased went to fetch his horses to camp on Monday, July 3rd, and while in the attempt of catching one of them, the horse kicked him on the lower part of the body. After receiving the kick he walked to camp. N. Sorensen and others gave him all the assistance they could. On Wednesday, July 5th, they concluded to take him home, but while on the road near Camp Floyd he breathed his last.

When the body arrived here an inquest was held. The following is the verdict of the jury—

"An inquest holden at Fountain Green precinct, Sanpete County, the 7th day of July, 1876, before Jasper Robertson, Justice of the Peace, in Fountain Green precinct, County of Sanpete, upon the body of Niels Christian Nielson, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed. The said jurors, upon their oaths do say, according to the testimony before them and to the best of their judgment, that said Niels Christian Nielson came to his death from a kick received from his horse, at Cedar Hills, seven miles south of East Cañon, July 3d, 1876.

"In testimony whereof the said jurors have hereunto set their hands this day and year aforesaid.

"MORTEN LUND,

J. M. JENSEN,

LARS NIELSON,

Jurors.

"JASPER ROBERTSON, J. P."

## A Trip on the Lakes.

VIOLA, Richland Co., Ohio,  
July 1, 1876.

## Editor Deseret News:

The Marion County Branch, in Ohio, having been properly organized, and in good running order, I felt it my duty to return to my field of labor in the north-west, and on account of cheap rates came by way of the lakes. As your correspondents do not usually travel by that route, I think a description of the route may be interesting to some of your readers.

I proceeded to Cleveland, and on the morning of the twenty-third of June, at 5.30 a.m., the steam propeller *Maine* sailed out of the harbor into Lake Erie, on board of which was your correspondent, and a full complement of passengers. The sun rose in all its resplendent beauty. The face of the lake was as smooth as a sea of glass. This, combined with the beautiful scenery and the fresh breeze of the lake made all hearts glad and buoyant. But this beautiful state of things had quite a change before evening. Just before entering the mouth of the Detroit River we were met by quite a heavy rain and thunder storm, accompanied with wind, but being near the land we escaped what, further out in the lake, would have lashed the waters into "fury." We threw out boat lines and hauled up along-side the dock at Malden, on the Canada side, to take on wood, and then proceeded up the river. The scenery, going up Detroit and St. Clair rivers, is very beautiful, but not so picturesque as the Hudson river scenery, yet sufficiently varied to interest the traveller.

At 5 p.m. we arrived at Detroit and remained until 7 p.m., unloading and receiving freight, passengers, &c. Having been in Detroit in 1865, I took a walk up into town to see if I could notice any particular changes—and saw that many old houses have given place to more pretentious buildings. Of course, here we have quite a rush, and considerable life on account of so much railway and river traffic. The railway ferries of the Michigan Central road are quite a sight of themselves, being so large that they will take a whole train across the river at one trip; also the steam ferries which cross and recross the river every ten minutes between Detroit and Winson, on the Canada side.

On account of fogs we did not reach Port Huron until about 1 p.m. 24th, where we remained only fifteen minutes and did not get an opportunity of visiting the town. Then steamed into Lake Huron. Our trip this afternoon was indeed lovely, as we were in sight of land all the time, and as we passed along could see quite a number of small towns in the clearings in the woods, for the whole country along Lake Huron appears to be one vast forest, and the captain informed me that there were over one hundred saw mills along the shore that we passed this afternoon; in some places we could see large fires raging in the dense forests, which appeared to me to be almost sinful when I thought of the scarcity of lumber in the "far west." The lumber traffic is so great along the shores of this lake that the water is everywhere covered more or less with saw dust, blocks, logs, planks floating about. At 7 a.m. 25th put into Crawford Port, near Rogers Town, Michigan, in the bay of Mackinaw. There we remained some time taking in wood for fuel, and of course the passengers were all pleased to stroll along the beach and into the woods. The beach was lovely, being covered with white gravel, with the clear water rippling and splashing upon it in the golden sunlight. In the woods in places we found the ground covered with wild strawberry vines, which afforded us a rich repast of the luscious fruit, and we were so busily engaged in satisfying our appetites on the luscious fruit that we were all startled when the coarse steamboat whistle notified us to "all aboard" and like frightened sheep we all hurried down to the pier and were soon sailing merrily over the waters. The one thing of note in Crawford harbor is a fine marble quarry. Our next landing was at Sheboygan, Michigan. This is a fine lumbering port, and I should think there must have been 50,000,000 feet of lumber piled along the piers for transportation to market. The town lies low, some parts of it being quite swampy and suggests the idea that "mosquito bar" would find a ready sale in these parts. Leaving here our course was directed to Mackinaw Island which we could plainly see rising abruptly out of the water twenty miles distant, the white building of the U.S. fort being conspicuously prominent. In about two hours we were lying alongside the pier at Fort Mackinaw. This island is about nine miles in circumference, and has in some places high bluffs rising out of the water, in others gently declining to the water's edge. You might say we are now in the Straits of Mackinaw, and I

assure you we have now one of the finest sights of nature my eyes ever rested upon. Islands in all directions covered with forests and "verdure green," farm houses, and fishermen's cots, all set in the midst of waters so blue, sparkling in the glorious sun-light of Heaven, and in these beautiful waters can be seen the fishermen's-buoys and their gallant little crafts, with their white sails, dancing cherry through the rippling waves, as graceful as the white plumed sea gulls that soar above them, causing the thinking mind to exclaim, "God! how wonderful are thy works!" From here in the middle of this beautiful afternoon we started again on our journey through the straits, and in a short time sight Wabbebacks light house, standing as a beacon light to the mariner on a solitary rock in the midst of the water. Our captain (in order to save ten miles travel) determines to cross the narrow pass in the reef between the light-house and the main land. In a short time we are crossing the reef, the captain at his post in the pilot house, the mate with the sounding line cries only "Three fathoms;" captain exclaims, "Allright." We involuntarily look over the railing into the water and can plainly see the jagged rocks sticking up in all directions; a few moments more and we have crossed the reef in safety and are in deep water again, along swiftly past Skidagallie light-house, also on a rock in the midst of the water, and at 9 p.m. Sunday evening, land at the pier of Ptorky, in Little Lawrence Bay, unload freight, receive passengers and then out into Lake Michigan, when in a few minutes your correspondent is soundly sleeping.

At 6 a.m. of the 26th we stopped at Glen Harbor to take in wood. This place is owned by the N. S. Steam Line Company. We remain here until three p.m. while time I improve by going two and a half miles into the interior of Michigan, to a small lake embowered in the woods, eight miles long and two miles wide, which is indeed a lovely spot, the woods being full of beautiful ripe strawberries.

Returned to the boat, and a three started down Lake Michigan and were soon out of sight of land. Towards evening thick dark clouds began to gather in the south-west with a sharp breeze, which soon became a gale, causing the waves to madly lash the sides of the vessel. Quite a number of passengers began to look rather "blue," and seem to cling more firmly to anything they could get hold of, and some of them commenced to "flee the fishes." At length night closed around us, inky darkness succeeded twilight. In a short time Heaven's artillery began to bellow, preceded by vivid forked and chain lightning. The wind fairly howled, the spray dashed madly over the decks, and your humble servant settled down to the conclusion that one of those fearful lake storms was raging around us. The steam whistle was heard above the roaring of the elements as a warning to other vessels. The captain marked to me, about 10 p.m., that it was one of the worst nights ever saw, it was so dark. We were desirous of stopping at Sheboygan, but the storm was so fearful that the captain would not make an attempt till morning. I have seen storms on the Atlantic Ocean, never was in a vessel when the elements looked so awfully grand on this night. I spent four hours on the fore-castle, and during the whole of that time you could see your hand before your face, when the lightning flashed, and then the raging elements once more in the lightning's glare is a sight, never to be forgotten. Rain also poured down in torrents.

When daylight dawned upon all was calm and beautiful, after a pleasant sail of five hours we landed in Milwaukee on the 27th, at 11.30 a.m., where I spent the greater part of the day.

M. P. ROMNEY.

Revolutionary Elements in the United States.

OMAHA, Neb., June 24, 1876.

## Editor Deseret News:

About the year 1830, a young man in the State of New York claimed that, through the ministrations of angels, he had received an angelic record, containing a history of the aboriginal inhabitants of the American continent. He also asserted that divine inspiration had enabled him to translate from the