

San Pete County Correspondence.

MANTI, July 17, 1859.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

Thinking that your readers would like to hear from this isolated part of the Territory, I will give you a sketch of what has come under my observation within the last few days.

About the first of this month the prospects of the farmer in this county were not very flattering and there were but little hopes of an average crop of wheat or other grain this season, but the late rains have revived the hopes of the agriculturist, as the crops, especially the wheat, though late, are now looking very well, and, if the season continues favorable, an abundant harvest may yet be realized.

On the 9th inst., I set out to visit the different settlements in the county, and, on arriving at Ephraim, met with Elders Geo. A. Smith and Amasa Lyman, who accepted of an invitation to accompany me; we staid at Ephraim that night and, the next morning (Sunday), started for Mount Pleasant, where we arrived at noon and spent the after part of the day in preaching to the people and, at their request, organized a branch of the church—William S. Seeley was ordained bishop.

Mount Pleasant is a flourishing place of about 800 inhabitants. The settlement was commenced this last spring. The people are very industrious and enterprising. They have some 1200 acres in cultivation with a fair prospect of a good crop.

On the 3d inst., they laid the foundation of a fort wall, 26 rods square—built of stone—four feet thick at the bottom, two at the top, and thirteen feet high, which, I understand, was finished yesterday. A grist mill and a saw mill are in progress of erection and, from the advantages of timber and other materials for building and fencing, I fancy that a beautiful city will be built in a few years on the elevated site of Mount Pleasant.

We left on our return to Ephraim on the morning of the 11th, viewing, by the way, several good locations for settlements where good soil, timber and water are abundant.

The grain fields at Ephraim are very extensive, and the prospect is that there will be a heavy harvest and, when it commences, which will be about the first of August, many laborers can find employment there.

Soon after our arrival at Ephraim, it was announced that the people had gathered for meeting and Elders Smith and Lyman preached to the congregation in their usual powerful way, after which Caleb G. Edwards was unanimously sustained and ordained bishop of Ephraim branch. This place contains nearly 1000 inhabitants and, if the spirit of the age had been fully displayed at the commencement of the settlement, it might have been, before this time, a beautiful town, however it is now improving very fast and, by straightening the streets and arranging things properly, it will soon assume a different appearance.

A new saw mill has been built and put in operation at this place, this season, and the foundation of a meeting house 40 by 60 feet has been laid, which they design to finish before winter. The advantages for grazing are good, and the meadows are the best that I have seen in the Territory.

We left for Manti at 5:30 p. m., and arrived at 7 in the evening. Manti is a beautiful location and surrounded by many advantages not equalled in the Territory in respect to soil, water, timber, stone and other materials, and numbers about 1200 inhabitants. The fore part of the day was spent in viewing the different improvements, bridges, dwellings, machinery, &c., which indicate the industry and enterprise of the people.

At 1 p. m. the people assembled for public worship, and were addressed by Elders Smith and Lyman, setting forth the true principles of the gospel as contained in the Scriptures of divine truth.

Wednesday, 13th, we set off for Moroni, visiting the coal mines by the way; we found the men at work there very busy in digging coal, burning lime, &c. We were informed by the colliers that the vein of coal had been discovered in the canyons both north and south of the place where they are now at work; they have worked into the bank about 100 yards, the coal is of a superior quality and gets better as they penetrate further into the hill.

We arrived at Moroni at 4 p. m., and were entertained by Dr. G. W. Bradley. The next morning at 9 a. m., the people gathered for meeting, and were addressed by Elders Smith and Lyman, after which by a vote of the people, Geo. W. Bradley was ordained president and bishop of the Moroni branch. This is a newly settled place, containing about 600 inhabitants, and increasing daily; the soil is good, the water abundant, and the location one of the best in the mountains.

At 2 p. m., Elders Smith and Lyman left for Salt Creek, and I returned home highly pleased with the visit. The people generally feel well in every settlement we visited, and they are pleased with the prospects that lay before them; and the crops look far better than I had anticipated.

At a convention held at Manti, on the 16th, Edwin Whiting was nominated for Councilor and John L. Ivie for member of the House of Representatives of the next Legislative Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

G. P.

A GOOD RETURN.—Word was sent by Mr. H., a defeated candidate, to a married lady, who was supposed to have changed the expected vote of her husband on election day, to the opposite party, to the following effect: "Go and tell Mrs. — that I will send her, by the first opportunity, a pair of pantaloons, for her political services." "Go and tell Mr. H. —," was the reply, "to send them along at once. Don't forget to tell him that I want a new pair—not a pair that his wife has half worn out."

From Iron County.

MR. EDITOR:—The only thing of interest that has occurred for some time to interrupt the quiet of our distant locality, except the occasional arrival from time to time of merchant trains from California, was the celebration of our national independence—the Fourth of July—a day sacred to every lover of American institutions and every friend of liberty. The following is a short synopsis of the proceedings on that day, which you may insert in the NEWS, should you consider it of sufficient interest:

The day was ushered in with all the usual signs of rejoicing. The Parowan Brass band traversing the streets, aroused the slumbering inhabitants with their soul-stirring notes, and at sunrise the thunder of artillery awoke the echoes of the mountains, proclaiming that in Utah, at least, may be found some who remember with pride the deeds of our illustrious forefathers and desire to follow in their footsteps. The following was the order of proceedings as arranged by the Committee of Arrangements, Messrs. A. Smith, R. Benson and L. Barton:

"Serenade by the band at dawn, salute of thirty three guns by the artillery and the hoisting of the stars and stripes. At 9 o'clock a procession was formed in the following order:

1st. The band. 2d. The national flag, with a guard of 13 boys dressed in white. 3d. Thirteen young ladies, also in white, crowned with wreaths of flowers, and bearing banners emblematic of the thirteen original states. 4th. Thirteen old gentlemen of sixty years and upwards, with banner, "Spirit of '76." 5th. Thirteen young men with banner, "We'll defend the Constitution." 6th. The chaplain and orator of the day, bearing the Constitution of the United States: banner—a rock, surmounted by the Constitution, with the motto "Esto perpetua." 7th. Officers of the 10th Reg. Nauvoo Legion with regimental colors. 8th. 2 twelve-pounders, drawn by six white horses each, with banner "We speak for equal rights," followed by officers of 3d artillery. 9th. School children, carrying numerous appropriate and beautiful banners, led by Mr. I. M. Coombs. 10th. The civil authorities, with banner, "Justice for all." 11th. Citizens, with banner, "Truth and Liberty."

Arriving at the Bowery and being comfortably seated by the Marshal, Z. B. Decker, the choir sung an appropriate hymn composed for the occasion by Thos. Davenport, entitled "Here in our mountain home;" followed by prayer by the chaplain, John H. Rollins, after which the orator of the day, Mr. William Rowe, Esq., delivered an eloquent address, suited to the occasion. He alluded briefly to the early history of the United States, the arduous struggle of our fathers for liberty of conscience, the glorious Constitution framed and adopted by them, and urged it as our imperative duty as American citizens to sustain the Constitution as the great palladium of American freedom, against the attempts of modern demagogues to supplant it. He also alluded to the noble conduct of the Mormon Battalion in the war with Mexico, inciting our youth to emulate it whenever opportunity might present.

"Hail Columbia" by the Band.

The following are a few of the regular toasts, enthusiastically received by the assembly:

- 1—The day we celebrate—ever sacred to Uto-nians.—[B. C.]
- 2—Gov. A. Cumming—may he continue, as he has been, the bulwark of equal rights to all.—[J. C.]
- 3—The American Constitution—may it be perpetual.—[W. H. D.]
- 4—Ex Gov. Young—may he continue to enjoy in private life the respect and confidence his administration inspired.—[H. F.]
- 5—The officials of Utah—may their course in Utah be characterized by equal justice to all.—[M. A.]
- 6—The Union—may it never be disunion.—[N. S. H.]
- 7—The Army and Navy—always great in sustaining the honor of our flag may they never turn their arms against their countrymen.—[J. McG.]
- 8—The Ladies of Utah—may they emulate the matrons of Rome and raise a host of champions for equal rights.—[S. H. R.]

The rest of the day was occupied in balls, pleasure parties in the mountains and other festive enjoyment, and nothing occurred to interrupt the general hilarity.

There was a slight shower during the forenoon services, which served rather to enliven the scene than otherwise.

Not to be too tedious, I close, subscribing myself your fellow citizen. SENEX.

WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR —?—Yes, neighbor, if you will bring it home again to-day.—There is no greater trial of one's patience than this everlasting unfaithful borrowing. No benevolent man—such as we are—will refuse to lend a friend a book or a hat, a razor or a hand saw, a plow or a pick-ax, if he can have a reasonable assurance that it will be returned when the immediate purpose for which it was borrowed has been accomplished. But to reduce yourself to beggary, by lending all you have, with no prospect of seeing again, in proper time or suitable condition, the articles lent, is a tax upon our good nature, which is perhaps more than ought to be borne.

We have sometimes doubted the inspiration of the proverb, "The borrower is servant to the lender." At any rate, men have so far deteriorated in their sense of propriety, that they—some people—borrow with the most perfect assurance, as if the lender were a servant to them. Of this, however, we should not complain. Let us lend cheerfully all that is asked, as humble servants of the borrower, but let us muster courage to say to our inveterate and self-confident borrowing friends, please return that ax, umbrella, book, hoe, rake or jack-knife, to-day or to-morrow, or as soon as you can make it convenient.—[Portland Transcript.]

THE FINEST BUILDING IN RUSSIA.

The finest building in Russia—in all Northern Europe, indeed—is the Cathedral of St. Izaak.—Commenced in the year 1826, in the place of a former structure erected by Catherine II and Paul, it received its final consecration only a month ago. Thirty-two years of uninterrupted labor, backed by the unlimited resources of the empire, were required to complete this gigantic work. Its cost is estimated at 90,000,000 rubles or \$67,500,000, but a large slice out of this sum (as in our own Government contracts) may be put under the head of 'pickings and stealings.'—To make a firm foundation in the swampy soil, piles to the value of a million of dollars were driven. Upon them rose a basement of granite, supporting a mighty granite structure, in the form of a Greek cross, crowned by a huge dome of gilded iron. The design is simple and majestic, and the various parts are so nicely balanced and harmonized that, at first sight, the cathedral appears smaller than is really the case. It grows upon the eye with each visit, but can only be seen in its full magnitude at a considerable distance. The four sides are fronts of exactly similar design and dimensions—a Grecian pedestal, resting on sixteen monolith columns of red Finnish granite, sixty feet in height and seven feet in diameter, with Corinthian capitals in bronze.

These tremendous shafts emulate the marvels of Dendera and Karnak. In fact, the great hall of columns in the latter temple does not represent as much art, labor and wealth. The dome, which is a little less than that of St. Paul's in London, rests upon a circular colonnade of similar monoliths, of smaller dimensions.

The body of the edifice is of gray granite, and upon each of the four corners are groups of kneeling angels, with candelabra in bronze. Crowning this sublime pile is the golden hemisphere of the dome, which so flashes in the sunlight that the eye can scarcely bear its splendor. Far out on the Gulf of Finland, it glitters over the evening horizon like a rising star. The interior is divided into five vaulted halls, the central one, under the dome, soaring to a height of 292 feet.—The massive piers which support them, the walls, the ceiling, and the recesses for shrines, are lined with the most precious marbles, whose exquisite beauty of coloring reconciles the eye to their somewhat ostentatious magnificence. The richest and loveliest tints are here combined—pink, lilac, pale-green, purple, dark-blue, brown, orange and violet—and with so much skill that the lavish display of gold loses half its disagreeable glare.

The 'ikonostast' or screen before the Holy of Holies, is a giant wall of wealth. Eight pillars of malachite, fifty feet high, bear aloft its golden cornice and divide its surface of gilded silver into compartments, whereon are painted the favorite saints of Russia.

The altar canopy is supported by two pillars of lapis lazuli, bluer than the ice of Polar seas.—But wealth, uncombined with taste, can only impress a vulgar mind: you are overwhelmed by the glare, not touched by the beauty, Aladdin's Palace may be built of clay, when the genie is Ictinus or Palladio.—[Varieties of the Russian Capital, by Bayard Taylor.]

A DEAD SELL.—In one of our exchanges we find the following mournful account of the difficulties experienced by an indefatigable salesman in his endeavors to advance the interests of his employers:

An enterprising traveling agent from a well known Cleveland Tomb-stone Manufactory, lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him consolation and a grave-stone on his usual reasonable terms.

He started. The road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered, and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails "over in the pasture, about two miles." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the 'pastur,' and falling into all manner of mud-holes, scratching himself with briars and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry for it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all of high and low degree. Informed the man that 'what was his loss was her gain,' and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was 'a little difficulty in the way.'

'Haven't you lost your wife?' inquired the agent.

'Why, yes, I have,' said the man, 'but no stun ain't necessary; for you see the critter ain't dead. She scooted with another man.' The agent retired.

FORTUNATE.—A dealer in gunpowder, near New Orleans, was sitting on a keg of it, watching some children roast oysters. The powder man, thinking to frighten the children and amuse himself, commenced throwing some powder, which he had in his pocket, into the fire, and laughed heartily at the expression of the juveniles who could not account for the mysterious fizzling and cracking in among the oysters. In a short time, and before he was aware, he had made a train of powder from the fire to his keg, which suddenly communicated with the latter, and sent the man whirling into the air, and fortunately let him down into the river, where the water prevented him from breaking any bones, and also relieved his burns.

Our foreman has gone to 'the Lake.'

Manuring in the Hill.

A SAUSAGE STORY.

An old friend of ours, one sick and tired of the care and bustle of a city life, has retired into the country and 'gone to farming,' as the saying is. His land, albeit, well situated and commanding sundry fine prospects, is not so particularly fertile as some we have seen—requiring scientific culture and a liberal system of manuring to induce an abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.

Once upon a time our friend, being upon a short visit to New Orleans, was attending an auction sale down town, and as it so happened, they were selling damaged sausages at the time. There were some eight or ten barrels of them, and they were 'just going at 50 cents a barrel,' when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness, remarked that they were worth more than that to manure land with. Here was an idea—sixty-two and a half cents—third and last call—gone! retorted the auctioneer. "Cash takes them at sixty-two and a half cents per barrel."

To have them shipped to his country seat was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was then planting time, and the sausages, to use a common phrase, 'were getting no better very fast,' to have them safe underground and out of the way, his next movement. He was about to plant a field of several acres of corn—the soil of piney wood species—so here was just the spot for this new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geponics. One 'link' of sausage being deemed amply sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of kernels of corn and an occasional pumpkin seed, and all were nicely covered over in the usual style. Now after premising that several days have occurred since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbors.

Neighbor—Well, friend have you planted your corn?

Friend—Yes, several days since.

N.—Is it up yet?

F.—Up! yes; and gone—the most of it.

N.—How is that?

F.—Well, you see, I bought a lot of damaged sausages the other day in New Orleans, a smooth tongue of an auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure if nothing else. I brought the lot over, commenced planting my corn at once, as it was time, planted a sausage in each hill, and—

N.—Well, and what?

F.—And felt satisfied that I had made a good job of it. Some days afterward I went out to see how the corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business I have made of trying agricultural experiments.

N.—Why, what was the matter?

F.—Matter! The first thing I saw before reaching the field was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it! There were my dogs, and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dogs, besides about three hundred strange dogs I never set my eyes on before, and every one was hard at it mining after the buried sausages.—Somehow or other, the rascally whelps had scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill by this time. If I could set every dog of them on that auctioneer, I'd be satisfied!

USEFUL HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.—How many young men ignorantly deny themselves a fortune! There is scarcely a young man of good sense in this city who cannot save \$100 easily from his annual earnings, and, if he will forego cigars, billiards and juleps, he can save double that amount. Figures sometimes produce almost incredible results. Thus, for instance, if a young man upon his twentieth birthday will invest \$100 in any stock paying ten per cent, and annually thereafter will invest the same amount and the accumulation of interest, he will be worth, when he is thirty years old, \$1,753; when forty years old, \$6,000; when fifty years old, \$18,150; when sixty years old, \$48,700.

How simple, then, is the plan by which a youth of the present day can pass his old age in comfort and luxury! He has only to regulate his expenses so as to save "one hundred dollars" each year from his income. If the amount saved be larger, then the sum total will be increased in the same proportion. Only think of it: \$500 annually and invested in ten per cent, stock will amount, in forty years, to \$243,500. One million invested in the same way for ten years will amount to \$2,593,600; in twenty years, to \$6,726,800; in thirty years, to \$17,384,628; in forty years, to \$45,250,838. No wonder, then, that the Rothschilds have amassed such boundless wealth.—[Baltimore American.]

LYNCH LAW IN ARKANSAS—FIVE MEN HANGED.—The Memphis Eagle learns the following from a friend recently returned from Kansas:

A man by the name of Rogers stole a horse from an honest old farmer of Arkansas, and wended his way up into Washington county, where he said he had sold it to a farmer there. But upon his not being able to give the name of the man, nor make a satisfactory explanation, a company who had been in pursuit of the horse-thief, took him to the woods, and tied him to a log, and gave him between two and three hundred lashes, well laid on. This had the effect of bringing him to terms. He then confessed where the horse was, and who were his accessories. The company then proceeded to Red River Bottom, where they found the missing horse, and five fellows whose business it was to steal all the horses, and whatever else 'would pay,' that they could, whom they hung to limbs of trees, until they were dead, dead, dead. Upon consideration of Rogers having 'turned,' he was spared.

'O! Liberty, thou power supremely bright,
Profuse of bliss and fragrant with delight!'