CORRESPONDENCE.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

(Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.)

JOHNSTOWN, PA., July 9th, 1870.—At the present season of the year, when the intense heat of the city renders a visit to the country a real necessity, a trip to the mountains of our noble old Commonwealth will not only amply repay the tourist in the pleasure and recreation enjoyed, but will open up to him scenes of beauty and grandeur, which he may have little imagined to exist within our own State. Mountains, hills and valleys are decked in their greenest hues, and a draught of water drawn at the life-giving elixir of heaven is drawn in, one might imagine that Paradise itself has been again placed on earth. A recent trip over the Pennsylvania Railroad to this point has developed many new and interesting facts. The first one is, that the aforesaid Railroad Company has reduced traveling to a science, and in regard to speed, appointments, comfort of travelers, and polite and gentlemanly officials, it is second to none on the continent. It has more than developed the hidden resources of our State, and stands forth to-day as one of the powers of our country. Traversing for the most part a fertile region, it has taken with it its energy, place much of the zeal and enterprise of its own management. It passes in almost a straight line from the eastern to the western boundaries of the State. Its course takes it through some of the wildest and most romantic scenery of which our country can boast. From Philadelphia to the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains one continuous succession of highly cultivated farms is brought to view, especially in Lancaster, Dauphin and Huntingdon counties. Ascending the Alleghenies by a gentle slope, it carries the traveler gradually and gently to the wild and grand scenery for which these mountains are celebrated. From Altoona to the summit the view is unobstructed, and for a hundred miles or more mountains appear to be piled one upon another; till their peaks are almost hidden in the clouds. Here might the artist use all his powers with good effect. As the eye bears feels his way among the lodges of the mountains, the eye can scarcely peer into the depths far below. Soon the great tunnel is reached, and as the train passes through, like some mad demon bent on destruction, the image of something "Dante's Inferno" is pictured to the mind. The descent from here is gradual. Cresson, now a fashionable resort, is attained a short distance from the western mouth of the tunnel, and not far from Loretto, the birthplace of Father Ireland. In passing along this road some of the remains of the Portage Railroad, that old golden goose of the Democratic party, may be seen. On the left is the long-disused tunnel, now a den for wild beasts and reptiles. The road bed is still discernable, and the little towns at the foot of the planes may also be seen. Many persons will remember what a tedious journey it was to cross the mountains in the palmy days of the old Portage. Stationary engines and long ropes of wire were used to overcome steep grades, and even then many accidents marked the journey. The present engineering skill has shown that even mountains are no impediment when perseverance and energy are brought to cope with them. Whilst governed by the Democracy it afforded all that was desired of it—money for the management—regardless of the safety or comfort of the public. It was the Charybdis on which hundreds of souls were wrecked many years ago. It had aided in bringing that party to the state of corruption at which it had arrived when a long-suffering people wrested it from the grasp of the greedy cormorants who were sucking the life-blood from the veins of the State. Its sale to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the general rejuvenating of all parts seem over that, are of too recent a date to need comment or notice.

Johnstown is situated at the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains, distant two hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia, and seventy-six miles east of Pittsburgh. It is the large city between the two above-named, and contains about twenty-two thousand inhabitants. Here are located the great Cambria Iron Works of Wood, Morrell & Co., of which the Hon. D. J. Morrell, chairman of the Committee on Manufactures of the United States House of Representatives, is the resident proprietor and manager. These works are second to none, if not equal, in this continent, or even in the world. They have a capacity for sixteen hundred tons of railroad iron per week, besides other manufactured iron. From these works are sent forth some of the best qualities of iron the country can produce. The city itself is largely manufacturing in other branches, among many may be mentioned the large Mechanical Works, Woolen Mills, Cement Works, Steel Works (in which the Bessemer process is introduced), potteries, &c. Situated in the midst of mountains filled with iron ore and coal, it has great facilities for production. The spirit of enterprise has marked the progress of this place for many years, and from being an old way-station of the Portage Railroad it has sprung into a first-class inland city, large business houses have been erected, and the finest and most complete stores outside of Philadelphia and New York may be found here. From a distance of three miles below the city water is made to force itself to a height of sixty feet from the street-plugs. Other improvements have been made of equal importance, and the energy and enterprise thus manifested is largely due to Daniel J. Morrell, Esq., who, it may not be amiss to mention, will receive a renomination to the position he has so ably filled in the House of Representatives. The good people of this city are strongly urging the importance of removing the county seat of Cambria county to this place, and with good reasons they urge. At present their county capital is located at an insignificant little place in the mountains, hard to reach and equally hard to have when there. Johnstown is certainly the commercial and business centre of this entire region, and why a city of the number of inhabitants which it possesses should be put to the inconvenience of traveling twenty-five miles for a county seat, when one or two hundred inhabitants to have its legal interests attended to, is a mystery yet unsolved. Large and enthusiastic meetings have been held on the subject, and a candidate for the Legislature, pledged to support their views, has been placed in nomination. Politics have been cast aside in consideration of the gravity of the question at issue.

Several newspapers are published here, but as yet no daily. Arrangements are being made to this end, and a first-class daily journal will soon be issued, and there are no doubts of its success. The inhabitants are intelligent and industrious, as their library and other organizations sufficiently prove, and unchecked with the many natural facilities afforded them, will enable them to soon distance all competition in the way of real progress.

A new and beautiful opera house has been erected which is supposed to be equal and equaled by few, even in our large cities, in regard to beauty and finish. It possesses all the modern conveniences and appointments of a first-class opera house, and reflects great credit on the city, and also upon its enterprising proprietor, Mr. John Parke, who has spared neither time nor means in fitting it up.

The principal drawback to be noticed in this city is the want of proper hotel accommodations. Passengers visiting here are put to many shifts and expedients in this respect, and many make their stay as short as possible, preferring to return to their homes after business hours, rather than stop at the miserable hotels. Some enterprising capitalist should erect a hotel in this respect, and many would be the thousands who would patronize it.

The scenery between Johnstown and Pittsburgh is laden with all the romantic and picturesque that can delight the tourist, and the energy and enterprise that has marked other improvements would take a turn in this direction, it would add much to the credit and reputation of the city. That the next letter from this place may contain the account of the erection and equipment of a large and first-class hotel, in every way fitted to reflect credit on a city of the importance which this possesses, is the fervent wish of your correspondent, who has spoken on this subject with the best interests of Johnstown at heart. Until that time his pen shall be silent.

Lack of time and space forbids the dwelling on many other interesting subjects connected with this important city. A description of the large iron and steel works erected here would prove very interesting to many of your readers. The vast quantities of iron ore and coal stored away in these unassuming mountains bid fair to be inexhaustible, and a description of them would not be amiss at some future time. Johnstown is fast taking the place in our State to which it properly belongs, and although at present its light is partly hid under a bushel, the time will come when it must shine forth as one of the greatest manufacturing emporiums of Western Pennsylvania. AGATE.

ART ITEMS.

—The *Illustration* gives a careful engraving, and a contemptuous notice, of Yvon's canvas of America, owned by A. T. Stewart. It must be a bulky and sorry bit of dry goods. The print has been transferred by *Harper's Weekly*.

—The announcement of the purpose to erect a statue in the Central Park to Professor Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, should be received everywhere with satisfaction, but in New York with enthusiasm. The cost of the bronze statue of the great physiologist Harvey is now in New York, at the studio of Mr. Horatio Stone. Mr. Stone's preparations for the statue, which it is contemplated to have finished in bronze and erected in the Central Park, consist of a marble bust of colossal proportions and a model for a equestrian statue of the bronze. N. Y. *Sun*.

Why on earth should the author of the circulation theory impede the circulation in a place three thousand miles away from his own country?

—At the recent great sale at Frankfort of the famous Brentano collection of prints, some of the prices sounded for enormous prints. "The Triumph of Mordecai," by Burghkmair, brought $312; "Noah," by Raimondi, $235, and "Les Grimpereaux," by the same, $235. The two hundred and twenty-six Marc Antonio prints in the sale yielded $10,200. The agent of the British Museum was a large purchaser of the Marc Antonio prints, and also secured some rare specimens of Albdorfer, J. Amman, Jean and Theodore de Bry, Holler, Michel Ostendorfer, G. Percy, Virgil Solis, Van Stoop, Martin Gaugger, the brothers Wierix, Etienne de Canne and others.

Some years from now the names were unknown of the French artists who were awarded medals as prizes in the "Salon" of 1870, just now closed, will be known to the world of the exhibition M. Maurice Richard, Minister of Fine Arts, announced the official decree of the Emperor nominating officers and chevaliers of the Legion of Honor as follows: Officers—MM. Biba, Philippe Rousseau, Jean Millet. Chevaliers—MM. Berchère, Bouvin, Colin, Leon Bonnat, Courtier, Hanoteau, Jules Lefebvre, Marcottes, Schutzenberger, Toulmouche, Hybert, Vollon, Falguières, Robert Fleury, Hoble, Lehariel Durecher, Lepère, Gautier, Flameng, Maijko and Zamacois.

Of the above, Courbet alone refused the proffered honor. He belongs to the "irreconcilables."

Our readers have seen the pictures of "The Coming Man," by Frank Leslie's artist. A few days ago, says the Springfield *Republican*, this artist visited Nordh Adams to make a sketch of the coolie shoemakers. He went through the establishment and made a drawing of the various workrooms, and afterwards, at the dinner hour, he undertook to sketch the Orientals while partaking of their monotony meal. He was absorbed in this, unknown to himself, he was phrenologically caricatured—by one of the artists of Chinamen, who, by some means, had discovered the purpose of the stranger's visit. The sketch was very clever, and disclosed the fact that the new bootmakers are possessed of acquisitiveness, not before suspected. A farmer in Savoy the other day ploughed up a bronze statue, which was sent to Geneva. It proved to be a Bacchus, of the best period of classic art. The figure is nine inches high, and is considered equal to the Faun and the Narcissus of Pompeii.

LITERARY.

Littell's Living Age, Nos. 1361 and 1362, for the week ending July 2d and July 9th respectively, contains, among other valuable and attractive articles, the following: "St. Luke as a polished writer," and "Ancient Egypt." He then goes back to the building of the Tabernacle, and extracts the description of Bezaleel, who was "filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom and in understanding and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold and in silver, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship." So far both Dean Stanley and Dr. Newman agree, but the former goes on to glorify the sincere labors of the modern writer of fiction, the latter speaks of them in this fashion:

"Such works (novels) contain many good sentiments (I am taking the better sort of them); characters too are introduced, virtuous, noble, patient under suffering, and triumphing at length over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld, we will suppose, and enforced and our affections are kindled and exercised in what is good and true. But this all fiction; it does not exist out of a book, which contains the beginning and end of it. We have nothing *to do*; we read, are affected, softened, or roused, and that is all; we cool again, nothing comes of it. Now, observe the effect of this: God has made us feel in order that we may go on to act in consequence of feeling; if then, we allow our feelings to be excited without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral system within us, just as we might spoil a watch or other piece of mechanism by putting out of the wheels of it. We weaken its springs, and they cease to act truly. Accordingly, when we have got into the habit of amusing ourselves with these works of fiction, we come at length to feel the excitement without the slightest thought or tendency to act upon it; and since it is very difficult to begin any duty without some emotion or other (that is, to be, to some extent, a man of feeling as well as of reasoning), a great question arises—how, after enervating the connection between feeling and acting, how shall we get ourselves to act when circumstances make it our duty to do so?"

The same idea is further expanded by putting the case as to the interest we experience in fictitious adventures of a heroic kind. This interest is of a relaxing and debilitating nature. We are certainly exciting emotions which exist as they are stirred without any definite action on our part, which could be referred to the impulse, and "though there was an original connection, yet it has been weakened by our acting, there is none now; the wires within us, as they may be called, are loosened and powerless."

What shall we say to all this? That Arnold was, insensible to the merits of Dickens's philanthropic exclamation—("Oliver Twist," one of Dickens's most philanthropic works, had been already published when Arnold penned his sermon)—or that there is a side of all-prevailing fiction that subtle sways our moral judgments, and that when once national enthusiasm has fastened itself upon a name or a memory, eloquence and imagination are apt to overleap the bounds of reason, and to lessen the impulse which moves them from the certainty of being borne up by public opinion? Turning to Dr. Newman, it seems clear that if he be right, every sort of intellectual enjoyment from art in any shape, from music, from painting, from poetry, from novels, the work of Beaulieu on the Tabernacle, would be morally enervating. It would be impossible, for instance, to put the vague suggestions of music into action, and yet music excites the sentiments—indeed, it let us hope—without invariably "loosening the wires." Is it not more probable that sleeping emotions and impulses to good may be aroused for the first time in many natures by art, and the "springs" and the "wires" be strengthened rather than weakened by exercise? The Church which Dr. Newman has adopted has constantly used art for the ends of religion. But even religious novels Dr. Newman will not tolerate. "They do harm, on the whole; they lead men to cultivate the religious affections separate from religious practice." We can hardly agree with him, though it is only too obvious in our day that Arnold was not very wrong in his time and generation.

CITY ORDINANCES.

COMMON COUNCIL OF PHILADELPHIA.

CLERK'S OFFICE,
PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1870.

In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Common Council of the City of Philadelphia on Thursday, the 7th day of July, 1870, the annexed bill, entitled "An Ordinance to Create a Sinking Fund for Correction," is hereby published for public information.

JOHN JOHNSON, JR., Clerk of Common Council.

AN ORDINANCE TO CREATE A SINKING FUND FOR A HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

Section 1. The Mayor, Controller and Commissioner of the City of Philadelphia do ordain, That the Mayor of Philadelphia be and he is hereby authorized to borrow, at not less than par, on the credit of the city, one hundred thousand dollars, for which interest, not to exceed the rate of six per cent. per annum, shall be paid half yearly on the first days of January and July, at the place of the Sinking Fund. The principal of said loan shall be payable and paid in the sum of ten thousand dollars yearly, one of the same, and not before, without the consent of the holders thereof, and shall be certificates therefor, in the usual form of the certificates of annuities issued by the Commissioners