

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## DECEIVED BY A SIGN.

PROVO CITY, }  
March 19, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR:

SIR:—In pursuit of reliable information subsequent to my interview with Judge P——, I continued my perambulation through your city until I arrived at what is denominated "Whisky Street," continuing down the west side, I was somewhat struck with the peculiarity of a sign on the opposite side of the way. After rubbing my eyes and looking again, I was certain that I could not be mistaken. There it was in unmistakable characters, displaying a name to which was appended,

## "PHYSIOLOGICAL BARBER."

I was surprised. I had heard of Physiognomical Barbers and body snatchers, but never before of a physiological barber. Surely, thought I, if Solomon, the wise, were here, he would not reiterate his assertion that "there is nothing new under the sun!" After measurably recovering my equanimity, I, with a timidity and distrust not usual to me, ventured in in order to ascertain whether the people were to be imposed upon by superficial statements or not. On opening the door I felt considerably reassured by the appearance of the proprietor, who is a man of average height (therefore harmless in my estimation should a personal encounter ensue, as I am considerably above that standard,) with bland expression of countenance, affable and engaging manners, but with an eye of smoldering fire that occasionally twinkled with a fitful gleam resembling the brilliant scintillations peculiar to the most valuable diamonds. He was nearly bald on the cranium, and consequently, I suppose, refrained from dilating to the extent of his co-laborers upon the superiority of his "hair invigorator." Upon the whole I was favorably impressed to such a degree, that I at once threw myself into his hands and requested him to manipulate. After my face and head were shaved (which, by the by, was well and smoothly done) he hesitated. I immediately requested him to continue as usual (for although not a citizen of this part of the Territory, I desired to conform to the usages of the city and be "shaved" as much as the rest of the community that I might not appear singular in that respect, for I believe in "doing when in Rome as the Romans do.") Conceive my astonishment when he positively refused to accede to my request, and assured me in the most emphatic manner that he considered it unreasonable and insulting!

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish you to publish this in order that other persons from a distance may not be deceived as I have been by the signs of the times. OMEGA.

## NORTHERN NEWS ITEMS.

LOGAN CITY, }  
March 22, 1862. }

MR. EDITOR:

Perhaps a few items from Cache will be of interest. The weather for the past ten days has been fine, the snow mostly gone, roads dry, nearly, and plowing commenced in some localities. Yesterday we were visited by a snow-storm, the snow this morning is about three inches deep, which is rapidly disappearing.

On Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., there was a thunder storm accompanied by a strong wind and a shower of salt mud, which probably came from G. S. Lake as the wind was from that direction. Everything exposed to the shower was bespattered with the mud.

The Indians continue troublesome, stealing horses from various settlements. On Wednesday, the 11th inst., one of San Pitch's band—his son, I believe—stole a horse at Franklin and took him to Fort Hall, but it was subsequently recovered by paying about \$25. Sagwitch, the chief who was reported killed at Bear river battle, says he will steal every horse he can from settlers or travelers, as does San Pitch also. Sagwitch received two balls through his hand as he was escaping across the river. He pretended to be killed, and floated down the river until he came to some willows in which he hid until danger was over. Other Indians did the same, some fifty escaping in all. Indians now in from the north say they will fight the troops should they dare to show themselves in their country.

The Logan Dramatic Association will close its season on the 29th inst., having been quite successful in affording amusement to the people during the winter. Most of the plays were very creditably performed.

During the past season a brass band was organized at Logan under the leadership of Wm. Knowles, which has made good progress and has serenaded the inhabitants of our peaceful town several times. There is also a good martial band here.

Cannot something be done to enable the people of Cache county to get the DESERET NEWS oftener than once in two weeks? There is great complaint among the subscribers throughout the valley, who argue that inasmuch as the papers are regularly mailed at the G. S. L. City post office and the subscription paid, they have a right to get them regularly. We wish to know what is going on

without waiting until the news is stale and out of date. We have been told that the fault exists with the Ogden post office and the mail carrier from G. S. L. City to Brigham City.

A ferry boat is almost completed which is to ply on the new ferry across Bear river, in the north end of Cache valley, on the new route to the gold mines. The route is said to be much superior to the old one.

J. H. M.

## PAPER AND LINEN MAKING.

In Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and other States, thousands of acres yield tons of flax, which is raised only for the flax seed and oils, which are great articles of commerce. The straw which might be converted into linen is thrown away. More than a hundred thousand tons are thus wasted every year for want of a suitable machine to break and dress it. A cotton gin made the South rich. What Whitney did for cotton, two of our New York neighbors have done for flax. We have seen it tried, and have full faith in its ability to do all that is needed to convert these vast supplies of western and northern produce into the raw material for printing paper, to the immense profit of the western producer, to the great relief of the publishing and reading community, and to the injury of none but the paper monopolist.

The machine is very simple; one fluted cylinder revolves into another, and the bundle of flax put in is drawn through and comes out crushed, the woody matter falls to the ground in little splinters, and the residue is the linen fibre, long, soft and tough, like the tail of a gray horse. This is the best material in the world for paper. In the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries it was the very thing of which paper was made, and it is far superior to that of which cotton rags are the staple, as any one may learn by looking at the books of former centuries compared with ours. The reason why foreign rags bring so high a price is, that they are mostly linen. By the use of the newly invented machine, which is now in efficient use in the flax mills in Washington county, N. Y., and just as fast as they can be made they will go everywhere; this stock for paper can be sold in this city after paying freight, for three cents a pound, and an ample profit to the producer.

In the meantime, until we can reach another crop of linen, straw, bass and other woods supply a large staple for paper, to say nothing of clay, which has always been so frequently used.—[Boston Paper.

STRAW PAPER.—We have been shown, says the Boston Herald, samples of paper made entirely of straw, and were gratified to find that such excellent paper can be made out of this kind of material. The gentleman who has been able to produce such excellent paper, made of straw, is a Mr. Wright, of England, who possesses great skill as an inventor. Paper has been made for a long time in this country, partly of straw and partly of rags, some of which we have used whereon to print the Herald. The difficulty has been that it could not be made sufficiently strong to stand the hard usage of the Hoe presses, and the glutinous matter which the straw contained so gummed up the type and presses that it could not be worked to advantage. Mr. Wright has discovered a process which avoids this difficulty, and he assures us that he can produce paper, made of straw, as white and stronger than that made of rags. If he can do this he will accomplish wonders, and confer a blessing upon the people—newspaper publishers in particular. If Mr. Wright can procure the necessary capital, he intends to put his machinery in motion. It can be made in any ordinary paper mill, with a slight alteration of the machinery. We wish him success in his undertaking, and so will the entire community, excepting those who have combined to make paper scarce and dear, that they may realize a fortune out of the necessities of the public.

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter! The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. These may be hung on the neck of any woman, but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full-blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

—A prisoner in Missouri, John Lebam, was recently sentenced to the State prison for life, for some heinous crime, and afterward an additional eight years for horse stealing!

## TALLEYRAND AND THE COUNTRY WOMAN.

In 1993, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, while crossing the market place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of waggons, all loaded with vegetables. The witty courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could but look with a kind of pleasure at these waggons and the little waggons, who, by the bye were young and pretty country women. Suddenly the veh cles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women, who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation of surprise escaped from his lips. It attracted the attention of the fair wagoner, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market. As she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the waggons began to move along, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requested him earnestly to come and see her, and then disappeared, leaving him as riveted to the spot by the strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman?

No other than Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin, (Mademoiselle de Dillon), the most elegant of the ladies of the court of Louis XVI, King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lovely, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and, like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the suffering and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace at Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Aas, in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding place was secure against the vigilant eye of the monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the petted, young, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continuous praises of her beauty and talents.

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France, he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration. Indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary in the extreme. But now in a foreign land and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793) what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of the many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been expended. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder, yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great ennui to his lady. What a contrast to the society of such a gentleman as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France. Whenever he was thinking of this transition, (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage they were going to inhabit) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller's to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile, the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand and repeat to him "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, where they were to be at least exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-of-all trades—gardener, footman, and cook. This last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home, his wife was absent; looking for her, he entered the kitchen and saw a young country woman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms, of snowy whiteness, were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman

turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslin and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries, he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants, and after six months, had become skillful in the culinary art, a thorough house-keeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you only knew how easy it is. In a moment understand what it would take a country woman sometimes a year to learn. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," she added, looking at him with a bewitching smile. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow, the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh! henceforth leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word; she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit and found her in the poultry yard, surrounded by a host of hungry chickens and pigeons.

She was all that she promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited that she seemed less fatigued by the housework than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palaces of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the New World. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she, with naïveté—"indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attraction."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing room, holding in his hand his jacket, with a long rent in the back. "Missus, him jacket torn, please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullan's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

## A HARD HIT.

Jim—— never made a joke in his life, yet no man ever had more made at his expense. On one occasion, while a candidate for Congress, he was making a speech in a country school-house to an audience of country farmers, who were, as a general rule, very attentive listeners. Joe G., however, formed an exception. He had been taken rather liberally of whisky straight, under the influence of which his comments, made in a tone rather louder than a stage whisper, were exceedingly annoying to the speaker.

Jim prepared for his grand effort. "My friends," said he, "I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, my fellow citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of a son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say, I was raised between two rows of corn!" "A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed the inebriated Joe.

TRUE FOR YOU.—Every editor knows the truth of the following from the New York Journal:

It is one of the hardships of our profession that its working wheels—brains and hearts—are not allowed to lag for sickness, or stop for calamity or sorrow. The Judge may adjourn his court; the school and workshop may close shutters; the mourner may veil features and turn friend and stranger from the door—but the journalist must forget before the tomorrow of to-day—must write gaily and freshly as a newsmonger, on the trifle of the hour, whatever burden has been laid on that same hour by Providence, for his heart and brain as a man. It sometimes tires and mocks—as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—As a boy I remember reading a capital story of a wager laid by a Bow Street runner with a country gentleman, that the latter could not proceed from Oxford circus to the bank, via Holborn on foot with a guinea without being robbed of it. The wager was accepted, and the country gentleman reached Holborn Bars, where a crowd was collected round a Jew pedlar boy, whose box had been upset by some boor. The crowd sympathizingly helped the lad to pick up his traps; but he would not be comforted, because he had lost all his savings, consisting of a guinea. Says a boy, with a preternatural squint, "I seed that gent pick it up and put it in his mouth." The unhappy country gentleman was convicted on the clearest evidence; he was bonneted, his coat split up the back, and was obliged in addition, to pay the wager to the Bow Street runner. [Temple Bar.