

CORRESPONDENCE.

INTERESTING RELIQUE OF ANTIQUITY.

Provo, March 6th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:

Sir:—During a brief sojourn in your city while sauntering down one of the principal avenues, and almost directly opposite what are known as the 'Fourteenth Ward Buildings,' I perceived an edifice of somewhat singular construction, surmounted in the center by what, in the distance resembled an elongated bladder, but which on closer inspection proved to be almost flat, on the surface of which were inscribed hieroglyphics signifying, "Here am I." Who am I? Being naturally of an inquisitive disposition, was the question I instinctively asked myself, and I determined if possible to solve that problem at once. Perceiving no corporeal substance in the immediate vicinity of this strange inscription I determined to "inquire within." (I have since heard that this sign was placed there by the proprietor, lest his friends should lose sight of him in consequence of his extreme attenuation; but this is not correct.)

Judge P——, whose establishment it is, received me affably. His open countenance and ingenuous frankness struck me favorably. He is a gentleman of suave manners and imposing presence, verging on 70 years of age I presume, and from present appearances he must have been, when younger, a man of considerable bone and muscle. He exhibited many interesting geological specimens, and other productions of the Territory, which were quite interesting. But what most particularly enchain ed my attention was a small glass case which I noticed while the Judge was dilating upon the benefits sure to result from a needle of his invention, which invariably points to the true north. It contained a circular piece of metal perhaps half an inch in diameter. The Judge informed me that it was the only specimen of the kind that he possessed, and seemed to attach considerable importance to it as a relique of antiquity. He informed me that it was silver, and on cleansing it with acid he had discovered an inscription, which he made out to be "half died" or "half dim;" the concluding letters being obliterated so that he could not be positive which. From an old manuscript in his possession dating back as far as the days of Buchanan the First, he was led to believe that there was a species of fascination connected with it almost inexplicable, and stated that by placing it in his pocket and jingling it against his bunch of keys, he had experienced a sensation singularly exhilarating, and which he could not account for on any philosophical principle of which he was in possession. Such pieces it seems were at that remote period quite common, and together with others of various dimensions and colors were used by the benighted inhabitants of the land as a circulating medium of exchange. I was informed that it was not an uncommon circumstance, for an individual to carry about as much as 17 pounds (£) of this metal in his pocket. (This must be an exaggeration.) But what a clumsy contrivance compared with the light and beautiful tissue that folds so gracefully in our Portmonnaies of the present day! I suppose the sluggish intellects of those times were incapable of the nice calculations of premium, discount, etc., necessary in transactions with our currency, and preferred carrying about huge lumps of metal to using anything requiring the slightest intellectual exertion. The laws of Lyeurgus might as well have been introduced at once, making heavy lumps of iron legal tender.

Yours, etc., OMEGA.

ITEMS FROM BEYOND JORDAN.

CEDAR FORT, March 12, 1863.

EDITOR NEWS:

Winter yet lingers in the lap of spring, but will soon be among the things that were. The first snow fell in this valley about the middle of December on the dry and dusty earth, and there has been excellent sleighing since New Years, without a day's interruption.

Amusements have been indulged in quite extensively, dancing being the favorite. Our worthy bishop, Allen Weeks, originated a benefit ball for a family, the husband of which had been sick for months. The musicians volunteered their services free. The people turned out en masse, some from Lehi, and Fort Crittenden.

The school here has been under the able management of Judge Z. Snow, who is now attending to his professional duties at Provo. Singing schools, spelling schools and lectures have been common; the blind harpist has also favored us with an entertainment.

Nearly every family in this place, of which there are about thirty, have made some improvement in building during the past fall and winter. The adobes costing nothing, having been brought from Fort Crittenden, formerly used to build the quarters of the soldiers stationed there. Little did Uncle Sam's officials think, when the public money was being spent for that purpose, that it would eventually benefit the very people they were persecuting.

Several individuals have rented their lands, and are about to start for the Beaver Head and Grasshopper gold mines. The farmers are anxiously waiting for the balance of the

snow to disappear that they may commence their agricultural operations. Water ditches and fences will need repairing, and poles must be hauled from the canyons.

While speaking of fences, let me describe the model of a gate, which is, in my opinion, the best I have yet seen for both winter and summer use. It is very simple, easily made, easily worked, and not liable to get out of order. It is made some five feet high, with double crosspieces at each end and in the middle and runs on two cast iron wheels some six or eight inches in diameter, rigged in the bottom. The posts are double, the rear one sufficiently wide to allow the gate to roll easily between them on a plank or slab fastened to the ground. A post should be set at the rear end of the plank to prevent it rolling too far back. The front posts should be hewn inside in order to leave a place wedge-shaped that the gate may run in and be held tight by the slight friction.

L. B. G.

UTAH COUNTY ITEMS.

SPRING LAKE VILLA, MARCH 12, 1863.

EDITOR NEWS:

The weather for some time has been warm and pleasant through the day time, with cold nights. The snow is rapidly melting, though most of the valleys are still robed in white. Stock is doing fairly on the range now.

As we noticed in our last, the Provo Dramatic Association gave two interesting entertainments in the Hall at Payson, which were well attended, the performers doing greater justice to their characters than we had reason to hope.

On the evenings of the 6th and 7th Messrs. Bernard Snow, & Co., of the Springville Theatre, gave spirited and well-selected performances—first evening: "The Charcoal Burner," and "Yankee in Cuba;" second night: "William Tell" and "The Two Buzards." In most instances the characters were well sustained, but more especially so those of the well known favorites—Messrs. Snow and Dougal. Fancy dances by Mrs. Shea, who, by the by, is quite an artiste, and gained much applause, tho' we confess we are not partial to this style of public exhibition of the tender sex and believe other styles of acting far more choice and intellectual to intelligent minds.

The "Yankee in Cuba" was a decided hit—a palpable hit—and proved that Mr. Snow, a rising star in tragedy, is a comedian of excellent and admirable powers.

On the 11th inst., at the Hall in Payson, an enthusiastic public demonstration, against the conduct of Gov. Harding and Associate Judges Waite and Drake, came off in a spirited manner. The head of the Hall was decorated with a finely wrought flag, displaying our old time honored "Stars and Stripes" tastefully arranged. Could the offending officials have heard the spirited denunciations of the speakers, against their perfidy, they would certainly for the moment, have felt rather small. The meeting was orderly—the speakers piquant and the demonstrations gave the falsehood to the Governor's charge of "Disloyalty."

I have done. Adois.

J.

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Provo City, }
March 13th, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR:

DEAR SIR:—Knowing that you are always interested in all that concerns the citizens of this Territory, I will give you a short account of affairs as they have transpired in this city.

The weather is quite warm at present, and the farmers are preparing to commence their seeding operations. The March term of the Probate Court of Utah county commenced on Monday last, and a considerable amount of business has been done. The subject of education has not received that attention during winter which was due; however we hope for improvement, and from present appearances we may not hope in vain. Provo needs a high school, and until one can be established, the means for properly educating the rising generation will be somewhat limited. We have a good schoolhouse in each district in the city, in which schools are taught almost the year round, but they are entirely unsuited to those pupils studying the higher branches of education.

A very serious accident recently occurred near this city, resulting in the death of a man by the name of Peter Richardson, who was engaged with a number of other persons in sliding wood off the mountain at the time of the fatal occurrence.

G. M. B.

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife in a little altercation, which will sometimes spring up in the "best of families," "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each considers that the other is at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" "The best-natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss, which was given withunction.

—Christmas was a dull, sad day to the freed negroes, says a correspondent, to many a day of gloom in the absence of the usual festival week allotted them by their masters. They wanted at least a little whisky to cheer them. "Only a little sup, Missis," and they would not understand why they could not be gratified. When told there was a government regulation against it, they seemed to feel that government was harder than old massa.

WITTY EXAGGERATIONS.

There is a species of humor, peculiarly American, which consists in grotesque hyperbole, the caricature of some fact which expresses it better than a faithful portrait would do. Some people take the snake and kill it when they wish to show it to us, but the lively Yankee humorist just catches it by the tail as it passes, and stretches it into ludicrous proportions, as actors in pantomimes do the tails of those famous ductile dragons, which so astonish and delight children.

Instances of this wild and extravagant humor are as common as proverbs. Everybody has heard of the weather which was so cold that the mercury went out of sight and which no doubt would have been a good deal colder if the thermometer had been long enough. A similar exaggeration was that of a young man who took calomel on a morning so cold that the mercury ran down in his boots. And speaking of boots reminds us of the stage-driver who wore such large ones that he had to use the forks of the road as a boot-jack.

The following passages are illustrations:—The man out West whose legs are so long that he had to go down a cellar to take of his shoes. The man who is so large that he has to go out of doors to turn over. The man who snored so loud that he had to sleep in the next street to keep from waking himself. The man whose nose is so long that he has to step forward three paces to reach the end of it. The man who was so large and heavy that his shadow killed a little boy when it fell on him. The man who was so fat that his shadow left a greasy trail along the road as he walked; and the man that was so thin that he had not any shadow at all. Among these deserve to rank the horse that ran so fast around a ring that the spectators could only see one continual circular horse; together with that other more famous racer that ran so swiftly about the arena that he nearly caught up to himself, and could see his own tail just before him.

A fireman once related an adventure in which he found himself in a rich saloon, surrounded by wealth and fine company.

"I didn't know myself until I felt in my pockets and found 'em empty."

Some one inferred that he was customarily short of funds.

"That's so! if steamboats were selling at two cents apiece," said he, "I haven't enough to buy a gangway plank."

We once heard a person tell of a fright he received from a big dog.

"I lost flesh," said he, at the rate of ten pounds a minute, till the owner came and called him off."

Along with this we may place the story of the man who, in consequence of a fright, ran so fast and so far that when he stopped it was more than twenty minutes before his shadow came up with him. He was probably watched by the man whose dicky was so high that he had to climb a fence to see over it.

SERENADING A LADY.

A friend tells the following:

In my young days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared delighted; but more particularly so was a young lady who raised her hands and exclaimed it was beautiful, etc. I, of course, was highly delighted, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. I started the next night in company with several young friends, and arrived, as I supposed, at the lady's residence, but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up the 'Last Rose of summer.' I struck up, the window remained closed, and the boys began to smile.

"Oh," said I, "That's nothing; it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air."

I next struck up "Auld Robin Gray." Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered and I felt flat.

"Once more boys," said I, "and she must come."

I struck up again, "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose." Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug. Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her, I'll give up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line, the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, my boys; I knew we'd fetch her."

But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be a Quaker in his night-cap and dressing-gown.

"Friend," said he, "thou was singing of thy home—and if I recollect right, said there was no place like home; and if that is true, why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here—thou nor thy company. Farewell."

We and our hats went home.

—A young lady at Notting Hill is so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "Ethiopian sentinel."

[For the Deseret News.]

HOME-SPUN AND VELVET.

Lady Alice, robed in velvet,
Scarcely deigned to bring a glance
On the dress of home-wove cotton
Flitting thro' the rustic dance;
Yet, the diamonds on her bosom,
Did not give a hundredth part
Of the tielless light that started
From the depth of Marian's heart.

Lady Alice, orange blossoms
Rested on her raven curls;
And, upon her pale, proud forehead,
Slept a mist of lace and pearls;
Yet, the sweet, blush-tinted rose leaves,
That the morning pushed apart,
Knew they had a sunnier pillow,
Near the smile of Marian's heart.

When the haughty lord of Farleigh,
Led his lady thro' the hall;
Blossoms withered in their pathway,
Music waited at their call:
In a low-roofed latticed cottage,
Where the climbing sweet-briar clung;
There the scented breezes whispered
With the leaves, while Marian sung.

Lady Alice, sable velvet,
Nodding plumes and solemn tread,
Was the stately grief, that bore her
To the slumber of the dead.
But, the few, pale, earnest mourners,
Wore their sable in the breast,
That were gathered round the pillow,
Smoothed for Marian's dreamless rest.

Lady Alice, gleaming marble,
Stood beside her tomb and told,
That the dust was all patrician,
Clasped within its parian fold;
There's a low grave in the valley,
A sweet brow beneath the sod;
But the hearts it blessed speak only
Of an angel gone to God.

S. E. CARMICHAEL.

FACTS AND FICTION.

—A calculating Yankee estimates that if it costs 300,000 lives and \$1,000,000,000 to free 50,000 negroes in 1½ years, at that rate it will cost 24,000,000 men, \$80,000,000,000 and will take 140 years to free the 4,000,000.

—It is said that Buchanan always abstained from matrimony because of a constitutional disposition to shirk responsibilities.

—"What is it that sticks closer than a brother?" said a teacher to one of his class. "A postoffice stamp—by gum!" said the young incorrigible.

—A telegraph station has been opened at Jerusalem.

—Goethe says: "The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory."

—Why is a woman mending her husband's clothing after he has retired to rest, like the enemy of the human race? Because she is sowing tares while the good man is asleep.

It is an unparalleled mercy to be preserved from corruption in the midst of general infection.

—It is said that the drinkers and smokers in Great Britain pay the annual interest on the national debt.

—What do we seek redress for? Where do we find it? In juries.

—Women are not permitted to appear as public lecturers in France.

—The man that forgets a great deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that has never happened.

—The present winter has been very mild in England.

—Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.

—A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone can ever do.

—Mrs. Partington says she was much elucidated one Sunday, on hearing a fine course on the parody of the prodigious son.

—If the cup be sinful, do not taste it; if it be lawful, carouse not over it.

—A man was recently ejected from a railroad car in Canada because he had nothing but silver coin with which to pay his fare.

—Some persons would seem to have a right to spend their lives in trifling, since nature set the example by trifling when she made them.

—A waggish curate overheard a schoolmaster giving lessons in grammar. "You cannot place a, the singular article, before plural nouns," said the teacher. "No one can say a pigs, a women, a—" "Nonsense," cried the curate, "the prayer-book knows better than you, I should think, and that teaches me to say a-men."

—"Doctor," said a despairing patient to one of our physicians, "I am in a dreadful state; I can neither lay nor set: what shall I do?" "Why, then," replied the doctor, very gravely, "I think that you had better—roost."