

THE PERRYSBURG JOURNAL.

BY S. CLARK.]

"Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures."

[\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. 2.

PERRYSBURG, WOOD COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1854.

NO. 11.

[From Household Words.]

Human Hair.

The market of human hair would be very insufficiently supplied if it depended solely on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time. And as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for black pepper and white pepper, for brown brandy and pale brandy—so is there a light-hair market distinct from the dark-hair market. The black hair imported into England comes mostly from Brittany and the south of France; it is generally of a very fine and silken black. The light hair comes from Germany, where it is collected by the agents of a Dutch company, who make yearly visits to various parts of the Germanic States. Forty years ago the fashion was very different from that now prevailing; the light German hair was more prized than any other; and there was a peculiar golden tint held in such high estimation, that the dealers could obtain eight shillings an ounce for small quantities of it—nearly double the price of silver. But the black hair of France now rules the market. There is an opinion among those who have the best right to opine on such a subject, that the average hair of average English persons has deepened in tint within the last half century. If this be so, it is attributed to the more frequent intermarriages with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair which the dealer buys as a marketable commodity becomes to him an article of wonderfully close scrutiny; he can tell by the smell alone the difference between German and French hair; he claims the power to distinguish English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh hair, one from another. The French dealers can detect the difference between the hair from two districts of central France, not many miles asunder, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned among our physiologists or naturalists.

The French hair market is very remarkable. Its dealings extend to two hundred thousand pounds weight of hair annually.—There are wholesale firms in Paris, which send round agents in the spring to various Breton and other villages. These agents are provided with ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewelry of various kinds. They attend fairs and merry-makings, and they buy glossy tresses, for which they pay either with these goods or in money. Mr. Trollope, while travelling in Brittany, stopped awhile at the fair in Collene, and was more struck by the operations of the hair-dealers than by anything else which met his notice. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four of these dealers bargaining with the girls for their flowing tresses, which were very luxuriant and beautiful. Several girls were standing together ready to be sheared. They held their caps in their hands; and their long hair hung down to their waist. Some of the operators were men and some were women; but in either case the dealer had a large basket near at hand, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. So far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in that part of France to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and, of course, as totally conceals the want of it. The luxuriant crop of hair, which the dealer has obtained for a franc or two, is sorted, and arranged, and passes from hand to hand until it makes its final appearance as a peruke, or some other delicate delusion. The price paid to these girls seems to vary from about a franc to five francs per head, (each weighing from three quarters of a pound to a pound,) according to the quantity and beauty of the hair. So much does it rise in value by the collecting, the sorting, the cleaning, and other preparatory processes, that its wholesale market price is generally from thirty to sixty shillings per pound. Choice

heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have no limit to the price which they may occasionally command.

But it appears that ladies, without sending to France for a Breton girl's locks, are encouraged to make trinkets for themselves, with the stray filaments which result from each day's toilet proceedings. We should not have thought this; but there are many things which man is not supposed to think until he is told thereof. We have lately seen a treasure—a beautiful crimson-bound book, with golden embossments and golden edged leaves. It is written by a professor and artiste—an *artiste en cheveux*—and we see in that a full account of the mode in which bracelets, and lockets, and brooches, and ear-rings, and feathers, and flowers, and rings, may be made in hair. The professor takes a stanza by Emerson as his motto:

"When soul from body takes its flight,
What gives surviving friends delight,
When viewed by day, expressed by night?
Their locks of hair."

THE COSSACK SOLDIERY.—The Cossacks in time of war are rarely used in masses, in a regular battle field. Their principal utility consists in surrounding the army as an iron swarm, wholly impenetrable to the enemy. Thus they cover the movements of the forces, prevent desertions and fetch up stragglers. They form vanguard and the *postes perdus*, generally extricating themselves out of difficulties in which all other detachments of the army or individuals would be lost. In this manner they serve to keep the enemy on the alert, to alarm him continually, to hold him in restless irritation, and to exhaust him. They are like a swarm of insufferable mosquitoes, which it is impossible to disperse or to get rid of. They appear, alarm, carry off some prisoners, and disappear before they can be pursued—to appear in a short time again. As no other nation has such irregulars, they never can be met on like ground. The French in 1812-13-14, complained of this kind of warfare more than of any thing else. The Cossack is in service the most faithful and the most thoroughly obedient, shrewd, and cunning of soldiers. Thus he is used for missions of trust or danger. Nearly every commander of a larger or smaller detachment has Cossacks about his person, and at his disposal. They are remarkable for great personal courage. They will often penetrate single-handed where no other soldier dare venture, and thus they are of excellent use in gathering and procuring information about the movements of the enemy. They equip themselves, receive almost no pay during the war, with, if possible, sometimes a ration for a man and horse.—But generally they are thrown on their own resources and industry for their food.—[From Gurowski's work of Russia as it is.]

The editor of the Newark Herald is evidently short of "phunds," and in stirring up his patrons, he says:

"We cannot help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made if his generous patrons could only hear his 'bet-half' scraping the bottom of the flour barrel! A man that can write editorial with such music sounding in his ears, can easily walk the telegraph wires and turn somersets in the branches of a thorn bush."

WARD'S ACQUITTAL.—ITS EFFECT ON HIMSELF.—It is evident, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, that the verdict of the jury in the Ward case has shocked the public mind, not only of Kentucky, but of the whole country; and, so far as that public mind has the power to decide upon guilt or innocence, while the man is declared free by the court, he is branded a bloody murderer by society at large. The jury has saved him from the dungeon or the gallows, but henceforth Matt. F. Ward can walk forth upon the world, can appear in society, only as a man with bloody hands and a polluted soul.—The Cain mark is upon him, and wherever

he goes, society will point to it and hiss their malediction.

We see it stated that the murderer and his family had left Louisville, a few nights since, in close carriages, intending, at a remote point on the river, to take a steamer for the South. The city of his birth and of his crime cannot hold him. The society which he has mixed with has spewed him out. He is a wanderer, and, far or near, in whatever quarter of the globe, to hide him from the indignation of his fellow man, Matt. F. Ward will ever be attended with the presence of his victim, while constantly in his ear will ring the blasting sound—*thou murderer!*

Recipe for Washing.

MR. EDITOR:—My wife was very much interested in the washing recipe published in No. 61 of your paper; but, she in common with some hundred or two others in New York city, thinks she has a more excellent way. The originator of the process is unknown, and I have not seen the recipe published. It is as follows:

The night before washing day put the clothes to soak in cold water, and also place on the hot stove, in a suitable vessel, 2 pounds of soap, cut small, 3 cents' worth of borax, (about an ounce,) and 2 quarts of water. These may be left to simmer till the fire goes out; in the morning the mixture will be solid. On washing day, operations are commenced by setting on a stove or furnace the wash kettle, nearly filled with cold water. Into this put about one-fourth of a pound of the compound, and then wring out the clothes that have been soaking and put them into the kettle. By the time that the water is scalding hot, the clothes will be ready for taking out. Drain them well, and put them into clean cold water, and then thoroughly rinse them twice, and they are ready to be hung out. When more water is added to the wash kettle, more soap should also be added, but the quantity needed will be very small.

This process has many advantages over others. It is suited for washing every kind of fabric; it is especially good for flannels, seems to set colors rather than remove them from dresses or shawls, while the white clothes are rendered exceedingly white. It costs less for soap than the common mode of washing; it is only half as laborious; the clothes are thoroughly cleansed in much less time, without injury to them; and last, but not least, the soap does not act like caustic upon the hands, but after a day's washing, they have a peculiarly soft, silky feel, as far removed as is possible from the sensations produced by washing with ordinary soap or ordinary washing compounds.

My wife—who dictates while I write—has tried many processes and compounds, but has settled down upon this, as being as near perfect as is possible for anything of man's invention to be. It may be useful to some of your subscribers, but of this you must judge, and print the recipe or not as seems to you best.

TYPO.

THE EXECUTION OF HENDRICKSON.—John Hendrickson, who was hung at Albany, N. Y., on Friday, for the murder of his wife, was only twenty-one years of age, and of highly respectable parents. In January, 1851, he married Maria Van Dusen, daughter of Lawrence Van Dusen, formerly clerk of Albany county. At the time of her marriage Maria was seventeen years of age, and, consequently, at the time of her decease she was nineteen years of age. She was the youngest child of her parents, well-educated, accomplished, amiable, kind-hearted, affectionate, and devotedly attached to her father and mother; and she, in return, was beloved by them as a dutiful and loving child is always loved. In the year 1852 he became dissatisfied with his wife, and subsequently gave her poison, from the effects of which she died, and for which he was executed.

Men desire to change their occupation and condition; the mechanic wishes he was a professional man, and the professional man wishes he had been brought up to some business. Bachelors want to change their state of "single blessedness" and try "wedded bliss," and when they get a wife they often want to change her for another. The school boy sighs to be a man, and the man sings "O, would I were a boy again!" Men travel for change of air, but when away soon sigh for home. Anything for a change; without it animated nature would become stagnant. Changes are not always for the better, yet our nature requires change "from the old to the new," and to this instinctive desire we are much indebted for our progress. Fashion is the embodiment of this love of change, and it takes considerable change to keep up with the vagaries of this changeable dame.—People must change their residences, and every first of May witnesses an indiscriminate stampede. Mrs. Bunsby is tired of carrying water up two pair of stairs, and changes for rooms on the ground floor; while Mrs. Jarrington, who has been living on the first floor, is tired of the noise overhead and straightway takes the apartments vacated by Mrs. B.

A correspondent of the Nashville (Tenn.) Union and American, dating from Stockholm, has the following good 'un.

We arrived at Helsingfors about midnight, and being very sleepy I hurried on board the Swedish steamer and disposed of myself in the best berth.

In a few minutes a broad-faced German entered and walked directly to my berth; I knew in an instant from his expression that he intended to lay claim to it, but having the right of occupation I determined to lay down and keep dark. After considerable difficulty, he succeeded in arousing me from a deep slumber, and speaking in his vernacular said that I was in his berth; I looked at him a moment and by a shake of the head gave him to understand that I did not speak his language. He then spoke to me in French, and received the same shake of the head. Taking me to be a Russian, he went off and enlisted in his service one of the Czar's subjects who also received the ignorant shake. Failing to make me understand in his language, he tried the Swedish, but without effect. By this time the German became impatient and somewhat enraged, and as a *dernier* resort brought up the engineer, who was John Bull and no mistake.—With an air peculiar to all Englishmen, he spoke out in a loud voice saying, "do you speak English, sir," to which I replied by the same shake of the head.

Having exhausted all the languages that they could bring to bear, they naturally came to the conclusion that I was deaf and dumb or a fool. John Bull, however, to make the matter certain, asked me in the name of God what language I did speak, to which I replied, the American, a response that almost convulsed him with laughter.

As soon as he recovered he informed the German that I was a Yankee and he had better let me alone, for all he could not move me. Taking John Bull's advice, the German sought out another berth, and left me to finish my nap.

Mr. Hobbs, now in London, in contradicting the rumor that the American Lock under his charge had been picked, says "since I have had it under my charge, it has been operated upon by different parties one hundred and twenty-three days, with the offer of 200 guineas as a reward, and the strong national feeling so often expressed, prompting them to pick it."

A Spanish man-of-war arrived at Mobile harbor a few days ago, for the purpose of procuring spars and other timber for the Spanish navy. Her appearance created considerable excitement among the Mobilians, who thought she had come to blockade or bombard the town.