

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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Number 4.

## The Home Journal.

By W. J. SLATTER.  
"Plagued in no Party's arbitrary sway,  
We follow Truth wherever she leads the way."

**THE TITLE OF PROFESSOR.**—There is a most ridiculous practice now-a-days, of giving the title of Professor to every jack-a-napes who has had the good fortune to take a peep into a college window. It matters not however insignificant and undervaluing the personages who bear the title, still you hear nothing but Professor so and so, until the very title has become almost a disgrace, rather than an honor. We understand that one of these titled personsages not a thousand miles away having made application for a sheepskin, was passing an examination for his degree, when falling upon every subject upon which he was tried, he complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which, the examining master tore off about an inch of paper and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew. He had to make off for parts unknown and forge the name of Professor.

The fables which appeal to our higher moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truth of science.

**NEW ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Journal says that in an interview a few days since with several English capitalists, the Emperor expressed his confidence in the proposed laying of a telegraphic cable between France and America, the termination of which is to be the city of Boston. The company is being formed, and the whole affair will be carried into execution as rapidly as possible.

The cost of construction and equipment of the railroads in the United States, amount to \$1,050,655,870, or enough money to break down any other country in the world.

There is a gentleman in New Orleans, a merchant and a planter, and we regret to add, a bachelor, whose income this year will reach the handsome sum of five hundred thousand dollars, who, twenty-four years ago, was a clerk with a salary of fifty dollars a month.

Two fast young men formed a partnership in Boston, Mass., for the purpose of doing a retail business, and opened two stores in different parts of the city—one partner in each. Their plan was crafty, for customers would visit one of the stores, ascertain the price of an article, and on stating that it could be purchased elsewhere for a less sum, would be told that there was but one place in Boston where it could be done, and that was the store of— (the other partner) who undersold goods to the infinite disgust of the entire trade. The same process was carried on at the other store, and the consequence has been that both together, each playing into the other's hands, have done an immense business and realized large profits.

**THE MEMORY OF A GOOD MOTHER.**—How often when the syren voice of the tempter whispers in the ear of the frail child of mortality, the words, aye, the very voice-tones, of warning are remembered and the snare broken.—Long grass may be grown over the hallowed spot where all that earthly reposes, the dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over it, or the chill white mantle of winter cover it from sight; yet the spirit of such a mother is always by the side of him when walking the right path, and gently and sadly, mournfully calling to him when wandering off into the dull paths of error and crime.

**DANIEL WEBSTER'S WOODING.**—A correspondent of the Boston Courier tells how Daniel Webster proposed to Grace Fletcher:

Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting in a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unraveling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said: "We have untied a knot; don't you think we could tie one?" Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape, and handed it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.

By railway accidents in the United States in 1858, there were killed one hundred and eight persons, and injured two hundred and twenty-nine.

## FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

About the hardest trial of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a misgiving shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned, but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, and the leaves cling to the tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by noise, how quickly, at the first sound of calamity, these superficial earthlings are specks on the horizon!

But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. Notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among them, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow yearning than is even outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity, than is usually supposed.—Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends, before unknown.

Benevolent impulses, where we should not expect them, in modest privacy enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst plaudits of angels.—And upon the whole, fairly estimating the glory, and the uses, and the actual and possible prevalence of the friendly sentiment, we must cheerily strike the lyre and lift our voice to the favorite song, confessing after every compliment is ended, that

There is a power to make each hour  
As sweet as Heaven designed it;  
Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
Though few there be to find it!  
We seek too high for things close by,  
And lose what nature found us;  
For life hath here no charms so dear,  
As home and friends around us.

**A FABLE.**—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road.—Ever afterward as he walked along, he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days as he was looking for them he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.

**SECOND-HAND SLANDER.**—There is a decision in the last volume of Gray's Reports which is at once sound morals and good law. A woman, sued for slander, was defended on the ground that she only repeated, and without malice, what was currently reported. The Court held, that to repeat a story which is false and slanderous, no matter how widely it may have been circulated, is at the peril of the tale-bearer. Slander cannot always be traced to its origin. Its power of mischief is derived from repetition, even if a disbeliever of the story accompanies its relation. Indeed, this half-doubtful way of imparting slander is often the surest method resorted to by the slanderer to give currency to his tale.

**NO WONDER!**—A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American magazine, was much startled, and exclaimed: "How very fat your women are!"

We learn that Mr. Trust is dead, and that Bad Pay killed him.

It has been said that a merchant who does not advertise is like a man who has a lantern but is too niggardly to buy a candle for it.

Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of your understanding a few minutes this evening? The lady faints.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred.—Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

## "BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS."

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

BY MRS. EMILIE C. S. CHILTON.

If a man is poor—forsaken—  
If his heart is almost breaking  
"Neath its load of woes,  
Raise your foot and boldly strike him,  
Pity not poor wretches, like him,  
Wearing shabby clothes!

If he asks you for employment,  
Scorn to give him such enjoyment;  
Save it for some other—  
Keep it for the man of dollars,  
Broadcloth coat and linen collars—  
Man should help—a brother!

If the poor man breaks his fetter,  
Helped by fools who know no better,  
All your contempt mocking,  
Strive your hardest to defeat him,  
Wheeler, cox, then rob and cheat him,  
That's the "business doctrine."

If he falls, and sinks to ruin,  
Surely it was not your doing,  
Never see nor heed it;  
Raise your hands in prayer to Heaven,  
Woe to man on earth was given,  
And all poor wretches need it!

If he triumphs in the struggle,  
Then your sunshine smiles redouble;  
Hasten to assure him  
"Here's my heart and hermy purse is;"  
If he never needs your services  
Stick the closer to him!

When you're dead and angels reading  
On your sins, then raise the pleading,  
"Twas business transactions;  
Freely then they'll mercy lend you  
Freely pardon—freely send you  
To Hades' wild distractions!"

There lift up your eyes and see, sir,  
That poor man from sin set free, sir,  
Blessed and rich indeed!  
Think how you relieved his sorrow—  
What you loaned when he would borrow  
Hope in bitter need!

Call to mind those other cases—  
Breaking hearts, and fearful faces,  
The woman's distractions—  
Happy homes even now in ruin—  
Work that's day by day accruing  
By "fair business transactions."

## HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind you of your own fault. Do not approach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibilities you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty.—If she is a sensible woman, she will be accounted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her house expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness—and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and confidence diminished, pride wounded, and perhaps a thousand unjust suspicions created; from that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. There can be no oneness where there is not full confidence.

**A HIGH AND DESERVED COMPLIMENT.**—The Memphis Bulletin pays the following high, but richly deserved compliment to that despised, but powerful influence, the COUNTRY PRESS. It says,—"We have seen in little country newspapers prose articles of genuine merit—articles in which were displayed the highest order of capacity, and yet, beyond the narrow circle of a county, where, perhaps, they were not and could not be appreciated, were never read, nor even heard of. We open every week in our office country papers, whose editorials would adorn the great city papers and make their reputation. But they pass away after being glanced over, and are seen no more. There is a great amount of talent in the country that could be made the basis of splendid reputation. But it wants a theater for display.—Like the cold steel, it must be smitten to produce fire. It is modest, timid, and retiring, and lives in obnoxious shades while contemporaneous and arrogant ignorance takes the lead in all public matters and gathers all the laurels to be won. Look at the second and third class of conspicuous men among us. What they lack in capacity they make up in an article commonly called "brass." They have stepped in where the highest capacity feared to tread. They reap honors, emoluments, while the timid children of genius, like the glow-worm, shine in obscurity, and go wanting all their days. He will indeed be a benefactor who shall teach true merit how to be courageous."—Nashville News.

## THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

"His heart is another's!" sighed a fair young girl as she bent listlessly over the broad window sill on her cottage home, and gazed on the silent lake that slumbered beneath her. The gentle moon looked down upon her sad face, as if in pity for the sorrows of the young and beautiful.—"His heart is another's," he claims her as his bride and I am forsaken. Oh, who would have dreamed that a few brief months of absence would have come to this!" In her hand was an open letter which told of her lover's treachery. As it caught her eye a sudden fire burned upon her cheek, and her beautifully curled lip trembled with scorn, such as only woman feels when her heart's best treasure has been spurned by him she loved and trusted. But revenge was foreign to her gentle nature. By degrees the flush of anger faded away, and gave place to expressions of despair so calm and yet so unutterably mournful, it was plain the heart of the maiden was broken, and the light of her young life was darkened forever. From that hour she drooped like a sweet lily blighted by an untimely frost.

She was the only child of a widowed mother, and had been a sun-beam of joy to her withered heart; but now she was pining away, and desolation and gloom brooded over that little household.

Months glided by. Winter, with its rude blast, was ended; Spring, with its flowers, had come and gone; Summer, with his long and weary days, had toiled lazily along, and the passing year was fading into the sober tints of Autumn. In that little cottage, near the quiet lake, the young girl was dying. Her features though sunken and emaciated, were still lovely; and her eye beamed with that unearthly beauty so often seen in the early blighted.

The sun was sinking in a bank of golden clouds, whose reflected light shed a fresh glory over the declining day.—Its mellowed beams were streaming into the little casement, and resting on the face of the dying. "Raise me, dear mother," she whispered, "raise me a little; let me view the fair earth once more. That will do, dearest mother." She looked out upon the crimson sun light.

"Beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!" Sweet girl! thou shalt never again behold its rising. Long ere the morning dawns, thy suffering will be over; and another sun, far brighter, and oh! how transcendently beautiful!—the glorious sun of righteousness—shall bathe thy happy spirit in his beams!

Beneath her slept, in dream-like beauty, the little lake; while far away in the distance the little mountain's side was gorgeous with the hues of the many tinted autumn. No sound disturbed the Sabbath stillness of the scene, save the faint murmur of a waterfall that emptied its tiny stream-let into the lake, and the low music of the wind as it sighed through the old wood; while ever and anon, a rustling leaf wheeled in slow and circling eddies to the ground. Her eye rested on a weeping willow that fringed the border of the lake. Above all others it had been her favorite tree, for beneath its pendant branches Harry Wilmot had breathed his first vows of love and there, too, they had spent their last sad hour of parting. "Oh, had he been but true!"—and a single tear-droptrembled in her eye, and stole down her pale cheek. It was the last tribute of earthly sorrow and regret. "When I am gone, dear mother, bury me beneath you willow." And now, as her pale, calm face reflected back the softened sun-set, she seemed as if her dreaming spirit had already caught, far, far through the glowing drapery of the sky, glimpses of that ever-during light which gleams from glowing portals of the glad city whither she was going. And softly they laid her back upon her pillow.

A calm and holy light is on her brow, and on her lip is a smile of ineffable sweetness. Gently, gently the pure spirit of the broken-hearted is passing away.

Bring the white shroud and the flower-decked coffin; for the sorrows of her innocent life are ended, and Isabel Summers is an angel of Paradise. A crown is on her head, a golden harp is in her hand, and she is striking the sweetest notes that ravish the ears of cherubims. And in that little cottage there is a voice of lamentation, a mother weeping for her only beloved, and refusing to be comforted.—And the village heart is sad as the death news spreads over it like a shadow. And around the innocent face of the dead are streaming eyes, and stifled sobs, and murmured prayer.

And they laid her beneath the willow, by the quiet lake.

Nightly the pining moon weeps silently upon her lonely grave, and softly sweet the night wind sighs among the drooping boughs that cover its narrow bed. Tread lightly, for in it sleeps the Broken-Hearted.

On the far off shore of the Pacific, a gallant bark is spreading her white sails to the breeze, and stemming the blue water with her homeward bow. She is freighted with hearts that are bounding high with "thoughts of kindred and of home." Among them is a youth whose manly form is dilating with the anticipated joy of folding to his bosom one, more dear to him than friends or kindred. He had pledged his truth to a sweet girl who was the idol of his heart. But strange stories of exhaustless gold from the far West tempted him from her side. Wealth, more prized for her sake than his own, seemed to join the eager spirits who were crowding to the glittering harvest. Fortune had crowned his efforts, and he was returning with buoyant heart, to lay his treasures at the feet of his beloved. Many months had passed since tidings of his Isabel had reached him, but, though in the anguish of disappointment he had bitterly chided the tardy post that had failed to bring the accustomed message of love, his sanguine nature forbode no evil. Alas! he little knew that an idle tale of a false lover who had broken his vow and wedded another—lily told, and as idly repeated—until it had assumed a garb of truth she could not doubt, had reached her—and that the sweet rosebud that had bloomed only for him had faded forever. Onward speeds the vessel over the foaming billows, and Harry Wilmot is still dreaming of his love. Dream on, fond lover; build high, while thou mayest, thy bright vision of bliss, for oh! dark and terrible will be the desolation of thy grief-stricken soul, when thine hour of waking shall come. Never, oh! never more again shall the white arms of thy beloved encircle thy form, and her trusting eyes gaze fondly into thine. Cold, cold is the heart that beat only for thee; and quenched is the love-beam which kept watch for thy coming.

"Tis night. The moon-beam sleeps upon the quiet lake, and on the grave of Isabel. Over its cold stone, beneath the willow, a bowed, a broken form is bending. Deep groans of anguish are rending his frame. He is pouring out his grief-burthened heart in prayer. Suddenly he looks upward. Oh, Harry Wilmot! is thy reason wandering or is it indeed an angel that beckoneth thee? Listen! Dream-ethou or dost thou really hear in the upper air, music so soft, so ravishingly sweet as only seraph striketh from golden lyre! And oh! doth the dim light of yon shadowy harper take on the likeness of thy loved and lost! If so, rejoice! Oh Harry Wilmot! for the days of thy sorrow are drawing to a close. Be patient for yet a little longer, and thine hour of deliverance is at hand.

Time speeds, and autumn again with its sighing winls and falling leaf, saddens the dying year. The silver leaves of the willow are gliding, with noiseless fall upon the grave of Isabel; but not on it alone, for near it is a white stone which bears the name of Harry Wilmot. The fevered heart of the sufferer is stilled at last. His dreary life is over and Harry Wilmot has joined his angel bride in the upper sky. Oh Death! thou has performed a work of mercy.

Long years have passed, and still the wilderness keeps watch over the sleepers beneath; and often the dwellers by that quiet lake grow sad as they point to the graves of the Broken-Hearted.

## LINES TO AN ABSENT ONE.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

WRITTEN BY MOON LIGHT.

The moon is gently beaming  
O'er land and sea;  
Its rays are sweetly streaming  
Across the sea—  
Faint zephyrs murmur o'er me  
So sadly sweet,  
I wake from my dreamy slumbers  
Thy voice to greet.

But oh! sad bereavement!  
I pine—alone—  
The charm, thy presence lent,  
Alas, is gone,  
But like the mellow music  
Of midnight dreams,  
Thy spirit hovers round me  
Still—still it seems.

The stars reflect thy image  
So very bright—  
The moon with beauty sparkles,  
So full of light,  
I think I see thee looking  
Down from above,  
To cheer my heart, now languishing,  
With smiles of love.

## PATRICK HENRY.

Very little is known of the most eloquent orator of our revolutionary history, and who derived all his power from original genius and the study of nature and men, and had no acquaintance with books. The following sketch of his character and habits Mr. Webster received from Mr. Jefferson, and is found in the recently published volumes of Mr. Webster's correspondence:

Patrick Henry was originally a bar keeper. He was married when very young, and going into some business, was bankrupt before the year was out. When I was about the age of fifteen, I left the school here to go to the college at Williamsburg. I stopped at a friend's in the county of Louisa. There I first became acquainted with Patrick Henry. Having spent the Christmas holidays there, I proceeded to Williamsburg. Some questions arose about my admission, as my preparatory studies had not been pursued at the school connected with the institution. This delayed my admission about a fortnight, at which time Henry appeared in Williamsburg, and applied for a license to practice law, having commenced the study of it at or subsequently to the time of my meeting him in Louisa. There were four examiners—Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph and John Randolph. Wythe and Pendleton at once rejected his application. The two Randolphs, by his importunity, were prevailed upon to sign the license; and having obtained their signatures, he applied again to Pendleton, and after much entreaty and many promises of future study, succeeded in obtaining his. He then turned out for a practicing lawyer.—The first case which brought him into notice was a contested election, in which he appeared as counsel before the committee of the House of Burgesses. His second was the Parsons case, already well known. These and similar efforts soon obtained for him so much reputation that he was elected a member of the legislature. He was as well suited to the times as any man ever was, and it is not now easy to say what we should have done without Patrick Henry. He was far before all in maintaining the spirit of the Revolution. His influence was most extensive with the members from the upper counties and his boldness and their votes overruled and controlled the more cool or the more timid aristocratic gentleman of the lower part of the State. His eloquence was peculiar, it indeed it could be called eloquence, for it was impressive and sublime beyond what can be imagined. Although it was difficult, when he had spoken, to tell what he had said, yet, while he was speaking, it always seemed directly to the point. When he had spoken in opposition to my opinion—had produced a great effect, and I, myself, been delighted and moved, I have asked myself when he ceased, "what has he said?" I could never answer the inquiry. His person was of full size, and his manner and voice free and manly. His utterance was neither very fast nor very slow. His speeches generally short— from a quarter to half an hour. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious, but it was forgotten while speaking.

He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort; he read nothing, and had no books. Returning one November from Altemarck court, he borrowed Home's Essays, in two volumes, saying he should have leisure in the winter for reading. In the spring he returned them, declared he had not been able to get further than twenty or thirty pages in the first volume.—He wrote almost nothing—he could not write. The resolutions of '73, which have been ascribed to him, have by many been supposed to have been written by Mr. Johnson, who acted as second on that occasion; but if they were written by Henry himself, they were not such as to prove any power of comparison. Neither in politics nor in his profession was he a man.—His biographer says that he read Plutarch every year. I doubt whether he ever read a volume of it in his life.—His temper was excellent, and he generally observed decorum in debate.— On one or two occasions I have seen him angry, and his anger was terrible; those who witnessed it were not disposed to rouse it again. In his opinion he was yielding and practicable, and not disposed to differ from his friends. In private conversation he was agreeable and facetious, and while in genteel society, appeared to understand all the deficiencies and proprieties of it; but in his heart he preferred low society, and

## THINK OF ME.

Farewell—and never think of me  
In lighted hall or lady's bower!  
Farewell—and never think of me  
In spring sunshine or summer hour.  
But when you see a lonely grave,  
Just where a broken heart might be,  
With not one mourner by its side,  
Then, and then only, think of me!

**Death of the Oldest Man in Virginia.**—Mr. Phillip Jessie, aged 120 years, died in New Garden, Russell county, Va., on the 1st of December. It is stated that a short time before his death he was able to attend to his own household affairs, and that while in his hundredth year he cut and split one hundred rails.

A man named Cope has been sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment in Louisville, for running off with a negro girl. It was an affair of the heart.

Nothing establishes confidence sooner than punctuality.

A heart once given should not be transferable.

Evil men speak as they wish rather than what they know.

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## GIVE ME HOPE.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

Give me hope, if not your love,  
Oh! give me hope to cheer,  
Else, by all that's true above,  
My future will be drear.  
For life, 'tis now, is dark to me,  
Of gladness not a ray,  
Then do not add to misery,  
By casting hope away.

Do you doubt? then give me time  
To prove that I'm sincere—  
For, to me, there's not on earth  
Another one so dear—  
Another for whose love  
My life I would lay down—  
Would like a beggar rove—  
Refuse a monarch's crown.

"AND THEN'S MY OPPRESSION!"—"Don't you tell me, sir," said Mrs. Spittire, with a face burning like a kitchen-fire; "no man has a right to be a bachelor. It's his own fault if he is, and serve him right, too, say! An old maid, poor creature, is frequently an old maid from compulsion; but when a man is a bachelor, I mean to say that nine times out of ten, he is a bachelor from choice, and a pretty choice it is. It is all the difference between making your bed and having it made for you. And then's my opinions!"—and here Mrs. Spittire folded her arms a la Napoleon, as though she were ready to receive a combined contradiction of the entire world.—Punch.

The amount of vacant and unencumbered land belonging to the State of Texas is 101,098,100 acres.

The Boston and Worcester railroad Company gave over 4,000 lbs. of Turkey to their employees on Thanksgiving Day.

"A stern retuke," as the dog said when the Irishman chopped off his tail with a spade.

sought it as often as possible. He would hunt in the pine woods of Fluvanna, with overseers, and people of that description, living in a camp for a fortnight at a time without a change of raiment. I have often been astonished at his command of proper language; how he obtained a knowledge of it, I never could find out, as he read so little and conversed little with educated men.

After all, it must be allowed that he was our leader in the measure of the Revolution in Virginia. In that respect more was due to him than to any other person. If we had not had him we should probably have got on pretty well, as you did, by a number of men of nearly equal talents; but he left us all far behind. His biographer sent the sheets of his work to me as they were printed, and at the end asked for my opinion. I told him it would be a question hereafter whether his work should be placed on a shelf of history or of panegyric. It is a poor book, written in a bad taste, and gives so imperfect an idea of Patrick Henry, that it seems intended to show off the writer more than the subject of the writer.

We always think of a very mean man that he was made by one of nature's cobblers, and, like an unfinished boot, thrown off without being souled.

**THE CHESS KING.**—A dispatch dated Halifax, January 14, says: "The chess contest between Morphy and Anderson took place at Paris, with the following result; Morphy won seven games, Anderson two, and two games were drawn. According to agreement, Morphy having won seven games, is the victor."

**MARRIED LIFE.**

The following beautiful and true sentiments are from the pen of that charming writer, Frederick Bremer, whose observations might well become rules of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases:—

"Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life; a small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. Do not run much from home. One's own health is of more worth than gold.—Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends! Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts.—Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughter, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith, in her hand he must be able to confide home and family; be able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you."

## GIVE ME HOPE.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

Give me hope, if not your love,  
Oh! give me hope to cheer,  
Else, by all that's true above,  
My future will be drear.  
For life, 'tis now, is dark to me,  
Of gladness not a ray,  
Then do not add to misery,  
By casting hope away.

Do you doubt? then give me time  
To prove that I'm sincere—  
For, to me, there's not on earth  
Another one so dear—  
Another for whose love  
My life I would lay down—  
Would like a beggar rove—  
Refuse a monarch's crown.

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