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The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.
"Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth wherever she leads the way."

From the Memphis Bulletin.
THE TOUCHING OF JESUS.

Adapted to the Rev. Dr. Gilbert
BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.
"If I may but touch His garment,
I shall be whole." Matt. IX.

Travel-worn, among the brambles,
Groping, sick and lone,
Vainly searching for the pathway
All with thorns o'ergrown,
Holy angels to the Helper
Guide my bleeding soul
If I may but touch His garment,
I shall be whole.

Passion-red and purple blossoms
Wooded my foolish feet—
Busily the buds I gathered,
Filled with nectar sweet
Far and farther on I wandered,
Drinking deadly wine
From each deep and gaudy flower-cup
As a draught divine.

Then—the noonday sun o'ertook me
In a desert dread,
Where, 'mid faded wreaths of purple,
Lay the unshriven dead;
Wild Remorse the only watcher
O'er their graveless bed—
Stricken Rachel, still refusing
To be comforted.

I have fled away affrighted,
But each leprous vein
Carries up the hated venom
To my reeling brain.
Yet I see, though dim and distant,
Christ, the Nazarene—
Holy angels lead me to him!
He can make me clean.

Though the crowds that throng about him
Lowliest of all,
Come I, with my spotted raiment
At his feet to fall!
Holy angels nearer, nearer,
Guide my trembling soul!
If I may but touch His garment,
I shall be whole!

Master, from the bitter apples
Gilding Pleasure's tree,
I am come and entreat, begging
Bread and wine of Thee,
In the dust I crouch before Thee,
Waiting my release—
Waiting till Thy tender mercy
Bid me go in peace.

SPRING IS COMING.

BY CHARLES FLORIDA.

Spring is coming, coming, coming,
With all her gay laughing train;
We can hear her merry humming
As she trends the earth again.

Birds are singing, singing, singing
In the warm and mellow breeze;
Buds are springing, springing, springing
Into young and tender leaves.

We can see the trees grow greener
As they sparkle 'mid the day;
And the snow-banks, they look leaner
As they melt 'neath our view.

Pretty flowers now are blooming
On earth's carpet, green and gay;
And the meadows, they're performing
As their sweets are blown away.

Brooks are running, running, running,
With their water's foaming white—
Ah, yes, spring is coming, coming,
She'll be here this very night.

THE BETRAYED.

BY COLEMAN KATE.

May Herbert was the pet and pride of our village. She was a graceful, fairy-like creature, who, without being strictly handsome, was certainly the most attractive girl ever met with. May's father had died when she was a mere child, leaving her mother an income which was barely sufficient to support herself and daughter, together with the gardener and maid-of-all-work. Mrs. Herbert was too poor to send May to school; but as she possessed talent and education herself, she instructed her in both the useful and ornamental branches.

As May grew up, she noticed the constant efforts her mother was obliged to make that they might keep within their narrow income; and now she resolved to obviate this necessity, as far as lay in her power, and for this purpose she took a few music scholars. Among these was Alice Meringer, the only daughter of Squire Meringer, the great man of the village; and if wealth alone makes greatness, he certainly deserved the title, for his fortune was princely. But, as he was of a dark, vicious character, the villagers looked upon him with more fear and awe than respect.

One day May went, as usual, to the Hall—as Squire Meringer's residence was called—to give Alice her lesson; but as she was entering the gate, a servant met her, and informed her that, as Master Louis had that day arrived from Europe, Miss Alice would take no lesson.

As May retraced her steps homeward, she mentally wondered if Louis would indeed answer the glowing description which his sister had given of him; but other thoughts soon drove him from her mind; nor did she think of him, after mentioning the circumstance to her mother. Until the next day, when she went again to the Hall, not thinking there was any one in the parlor, May entered without knocking, but quickly drew back on

perceiving her mistake. "Come in, Miss Herbert; it is only Louis," exclaimed Alice, as she started forward to meet her teacher.

As May entered, Louis Meringer arose as Alice went through the introduction, and bowed smilingly.

"My sister has just been enumerating your virtues, Miss Herbert."

"Oh, Louis, you should not tell tales out of school," exclaimed Alice, blushing; "and now, to punish you, I shall not allow you to remain while I take my lesson; leave the room, sir, instantly." And the little dame threw open the door with a grand flourish. Louis laughed gaily.

"Why, Alice, you are a perfect little tyrant," he exclaimed; "but as I have incurred your displeasure, I suppose I must now suffer the penalty," and taking his hat, he bowed gracefully to May and withdrew.

Louis Meringer was tall and well proportioned; jet black curls fell over a brow of snowy whiteness; his eyes were large and dark, but they had a strange, uncertain light, which many considered disagreeable; his features were faultless, and added to his beauty of person, he possessed that well-bred elegance of manner which is of itself irresistible; but alas! a villain's heart was hid by all the outward graces which can adorn man.

The next day Meringer was again in the parlor; and as he did not offend his sister, he was allowed to remain until the lesson was over. At first, May was somewhat embarrassed at his presence, but by skillful tact he soon placed her at ease; and almost before she knew it, they were carrying on an animated conversation. After this their intimacy rapidly increased. Sometimes Meringer would await her in the parlor; at others, meet her as she went to or from the Hall; on such occasions he always accompanied her to her destination.

May, at length, began to look upon these meetings as right and natural, and seemed greatly disappointed if anything prevented them. With all the fervor of her pure, guileless heart, May Herbert loved him; and with all the faith of woman, she believed him when he told her that his love was stronger than death.

It was on a lovely moonlight night, in the early part of September, that May, accompanied by Louis, was walking slowly along the road leading to her home. All the evening Louis had seemed gloomy and depressed.—At first, May forbore questioning him as to the cause; but at length, growing fearful that some trouble was at hand, she ventured to ask him the reason of this unusual depression.

"Oh, May," he exclaimed, in a voice of well-veiled passion, "how can I be otherwise than gloomy and depressed when I think of our unhappy situation. I love you, May, dearer than life—deeper than words can tell; and yet—" he paused. But as May remained silent, he again went on. "I know my father will never consent to our union; but I have a plan in my mind, and if you agree to it, we will be beyond having his consent. Will you agree to it, May?"

"Certainly, Louis," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. "I am sure your plans are honorable; why, then, should I not agree to them, when my happiness, as well as your own, is at stake?"

May looked up, but at that moment a cloud obscured the moon; she could not catch the expression of his face.

"Dear May," he murmured, as he pressed his lips to her forehead, "listen, then, and I will explain my meaning. I have, as you know, studied law, although I have never practiced it; my plan is this: consent to be mine at once, and we will be married privately. I will then immediately start for New York, and open an office there. I have many friends in the city, and I am sure I would succeed. The fear of ever losing you being removed, and the consciousness of possessing your undivided love, would nerve me to the unaccustomed task. In one year I will return, and claim you as my honored wife. May, you will not refuse your consent?"

His voice had sunk to one of deep, passionate entreaty; he clasped both her hands in his, and was gazing half fearfully into her face. But May had been brought up by a pious mother; she had never known deception, consequently it looked hateful to her in any form.

"Oh, no, Louis," she exclaimed, as she freed her hands from his grasp, "no, Louis, I cannot dare to think of it; what would my mother and my mother and my friends say to such an act? I repeat, Louis, I dare not think of it; let us wait until the year has passed, and then be married publicly. Promise you will not mention this

again. "Surely it is nothing criminal," he answered, coldly, "that you should thus dread the very mention of it; but I have been deceived, May; I thought you loved me; I thought you valued my happiness more than idle gossip. I have discovered my mistake, although too late, I fear, for my own peace." May's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Louis, how can you be so cruel!" she exclaimed, "when you know how dearly I prize your love and happiness? But I have been taught to consider these clandestine proceedings, if not strictly criminal, at least nearly so, and always attended by misfortune. Yet, to assure you I do not care for what you term 'idle gossip,' I only request permission to inform my mother, and gain her consent."

"May, have some sense," exclaimed Louis, impatiently; "your mother with her high notions of honor, would consider it her duty to immediately inform my father of the whole affair; and believe me, May, if he once discovered it all our plans would prove futile; for, as his ingenuity is inexhaustible, he would find means of not only preventing our union at present, but of preventing it forever."

May was silent. She feared that what Louis had said was too true; and yet, to her, the idea of a clandestine marriage was inexplicably shocking. Well would it have been for May Herbert had she paid more attention to that silent monitor within. But love is a powerful advocate; and ere she arrived at her home, she had given the required assent.

"Then to-morrow, dearest May, you will be mine!" murmured Louis, as they arrived at the gate.

"Yes, to-morrow," answered May, "and God grant I may never repent it," she added, gloomily, as she disappeared from his view.

On the following day, at the usual hour, May put on her bonnet and shawl to go to Hall; at the door she paused.

"What is it May, are you ill?" asked her mother, as, looking up from her work, she noticed May's agitated looks. "I think you had better stay at home to-day," she added; "you do not seem very well."

"Oh, no," answered May, quickly. "I am only a little nervous, and Alice will expect me; so good-bye, mother, I think the walk will do me good."

"Good-bye, my child, and hurry home; I will have tea ready when you return."

May was gone! It was the last struggle between love and duty.—Love had conquered. When she arrived at the Hall she found Louis awaiting her. The lesson was hurried through, and just at its conclusion, a light carriage drove up the avenue. Louis immediately despatched his sister upon some trifling message; then turning to May, he took her hand in his.

"It is the minister, May. Come to the library."

He led her from the room, across the hall, and into the library; as they entered the minister arose.

At any other time May would have perceived that, save his black dress, there was little about him to proclaim his sacred calling. In the agitation of the moment, May did not notice, or at least paid no attention to this.—She was one day to recall it with shame and bitterness. As the ceremony proceeded, Louis placed a beautiful pearl ring upon her finger, and at its conclusion he clasped her to his breast in a wild, passionate embrace.

"Mine, mine forever," he murmured, as again and again he pressed his lips to hers.

Immediately after their marriage, a young man, named James Gibson, appeared at the Hall. May had an indistinct recollection of having seen this person before, but when or where she could not bring to mind.

CHAPTER II.

A year had now passed since May Herbert's marriage, and yet Louis Meringer lingered in the village. He always had some plausible excuse at hand, when May would venture to mention his promise of opening his profession. May yielded to his arguments; and at length, although daily more alarmed for the consequences, she entirely ceased from mentioning the subject; and thus, between hopes and fears, passed the first year of her wedded life.

But the time at length came when concealment was no longer possible; and sitting at her mother's feet, in the calm twilight, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, she confessed all to her.

Mrs. Herbert was both grieved and angry at this discovery; she had reared

May tenderly and purely, and it was a sad blow to her loving heart to find disobedience and deception where she had imagined all was openness and truth.

"May," said she, after a few moments' silence, "May, you have done very, very wrong. You should never have married Louis Meringer without his father's or my consent. Your stations were too far removed. Happiness seldom grows out of such connections, for they are almost always the offspring of passion. I would rather see my darling child the wife of any honest lad in the neighborhood than the bride of the proud Squire's son; however, as it is done, there remains but one course to pursue. As I am unable to go out, I will send for Mr. Meringer and acquaint him with all."

"Oh, no! my dear mother," cried May, starting to her feet, "you must not; I will see Louis to-morrow afternoon, and let him know that I have told you all; he can then break the news to his father, and will know best how to do it."

After a moment's reflection, Mrs. Herbert concluded this would be a better arrangement, and there, for the present, it rested.

The following afternoon May went up to the Hall. At the entrance she met Louis; he was passing her with a slight bow; of late she had noticed that, at times, he would be cold and distant towards her; but this act was more pointed than any she had before observed; it startled, but at the same time gave her fresh courage. She laid her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Louis, can I see you after I give Alice her lesson?"

"Certainly, if you wish," he replied; "but if your business is not of importance, I would rather you would postpone the meeting, as I am otherwise engaged for this evening."

Time was when all engagements vanished before her lightest wish.—May remembered this; but, hiding the emotion it awoke, she answered calmly—

"My business is of importance, Louis, and I must see you."

"Then I will meet you," he answered as he turned and went down the steps. When May came out she found Louis standing at the gate; he opened it as she approached, and without a word they both went forth into the road. For sometime they walk on thus, May vainly striving to gain courage to break what she knew would be unwelcome tidings to him, but which, nevertheless, he must hear. Suddenly he looked up.

"If you have anything to communicate, you had best let me know it at once," he exclaimed, "for as the clouds are gathering, we must make haste."

May raised her head. The light clouds which had been floating around all the afternoon were now black and threatening, while the strong wind, which came in uncertain gusts, foretold a storm of unusual violence. She had not noticed this before, nor how near they were to the cottage, of which she could now catch a glimpse, peeping out from among the trees by which it was surrounded; but her companion's words now aroused her, and by a strong effort driving back her fears, she spoke.

"Louis, I have told my mother of our marriage; she insists on having it made public immediately. Will you do so?"

There was a slight tremor in May's voice as she concluded, and her eyes were raised, half-fearful, half-beseechingly to his; but neither look or tone seemed to affect him, as in cold, measured tones, he asked—

"What is it you wish me to do, May?"

"Why, to acknowledge me as your wife, certainly," she replied.

A few steps more brought them to the cottage gate.

"Well, May," said Meringer, as he leaned indolently against the railing, "we have been talking nonsense now for a whole year, so what say you to a little sense?"

"What mean you?" asked May, quickly.

"Simply this; that your love must have been blinding, or your vanity excessive, if you ever seriously supposed that I had married you; the marriage was illegal; you are not my wife."

"You are jesting, Louis; we were married by a minister."

"By what minister? What was his name?"

"His name, Louis, his name; why, you never told me his name; but surely you know it."

"I do; it was James Gibson!" With a cry of horror May darted from his side. Yes, he was right; the terrible truth instantly burst upon her. She now remembered where she had seen James Gibson. Meringer stood by the open gate; she sprang past him,

and darting among the tall trees, was soon lost to sight.

"Thank heaven it is over," muttered Meringer, as he turned into the road.

When May's father had purchased the ground surrounding the cottage he had intended to clear it, and convert the wild wood-land into a substantial farm; but death had called him away ere his plans were consummated; and save a small spot of ground behind the cottage, on which the vegetables for the family was raised, it still retained its wild uncultivated appearance.

When May left Meringer she passed quickly among the trees; throwing herself upon the veranda that ran along the front of the house, she buried her pale, haggard face in her hands, and bowing her head on her lap, tried to collect her scattered thoughts; but this she found to be impossible; there was a terrible load of grief and misery at her heart, but she could not comprehend its nature. In the meanwhile the storm was fast attaining its fury; large drops of rain began to fall and in her exposed condition May was soon drenched to the skin; but she heeded it not; no rain could wash away her sin and shame.

May never knew how long she remained on the veranda; but her mother's voice at length aroused her from the stupor into which she had fallen. Slowly she arose from her seat, and throwing back the mass of wet disheveled hair from her face, she tottered to the door, opened it and went in.

"Oh, May! my child, what ails you? Where have you been?"

"Mother, I am not Louis Meringer's wife; it was a mock marriage."

She had no time to see the effect of her words, for at that instant a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the room. A loud roar of thunder, accompanied by a loud crash, and a cry of human agony followed. In an instant she was again beneath the gloom of night. Another flash of lightning served to show her the object of her search. A few feet from where she stood lay the body of a mighty oak, at length uprooted by the storm, which for ages it had successfully resisted. And beneath the fallen tree lay a man, still and motionless. Assisted by the gardener and his wife, May soon had the injured man placed upon the sofa in the little sitting room. An expression of horror escaped her lips as she laid her hand upon his face, revealed the features of Louis Meringer. As May turned quickly away, her eyes fell upon her mother, who was sitting upright in her chair, her eyes open and staring, while her face was as pale and rigid as that of a corpse. But these accumulations of misfortune seemed to give the hitherto timid girl new strength. She had her mother conveyed immediately to her room, and by the aid of restoratives, soon had the satisfaction of seeing consciousness return. On returning to the sitting room, May found that Martha had brought a cot into the room, upon which Meringer now reclined. Thanking her for her forethought, May dismissed her to attend on her mother, while she took her place at Meringer's side.

"I have sent William for your father and the doctor," said she, calmly, as she approached the couch where Louis lay, after giving some instructions to the gardener; in the meantime, I hope you will tell me if there is any thing I can do to relieve you."

Meringer slowly opened his eyes.

"May, although I deserve your scorn remember it is but a poor triumph to mock a dying man."

The voice was so low and broken—so unlike his former confident tone, that, in spite of her endeavors, May could not appear unmoved.

"God forgive me," she answered, "if there was aught of mockery in my tone; there was none in my heart."

"Can you forgive me, May?" The words came fearfully and spasmodically.

"May heaven forgive you as freely and fully as I do this moment," she answered, in a low, fervent tone.

"God bless you, May, you have relieved my heart of a terrible load. For a few moments there was a dead silence. Meringer then spoke; "May, when you left me at the gate this evening, I thought we had met, for the last time; but heaven had willed it otherwise. In a few hours I was to start to New York; when everything was ready for my departure, an unaccountable desire to see you again took possession of me. Telling my Father I would be back in a few minutes, I started out alone. I intended to take my station beneath some tree, where, without being observed myself, I might view you through the window. By some fatality I chose that tree. Scarcely had I stepped un-

der it when it fell; and the judgment, though terrible, has been just—terrible, in taking me off suddenly—just, in punishment of my many crimes.

As Louis finished, William, accompanied by the physician and Mr. Meringer, entered the room. The doctor felt his pulse, and asked the particulars; these May gave, at the same time watching his face with the most intense anxiety; but she could learn nothing of what was passing in his mind; and, on being assured that there was nothing wanted just then, she arose and went to her mother's room.

"I was about to go for you," said Martha, as May entered the room; "your mother seems feverish and uneasy; but bless me, child, you are wet through here, put on these clothes immediately, or surely we will have you sick, too."

And honest Martha bustled about, and soon had her young mistress clad in dry and comfortable garments.

"Do you not think," said she, as she put the wet garments out of sight, "that the doctor had better come up here before he goes away?"

"Yes, yes," answered May, quickly; "I will send him up immediately."

"Will he live, doctor," asked May, as she glided in to the room.

"He cannot; his wounds are internal."

A deep groan burst from Mr. Meringer's lips.

"I knew it," said Louis, calmly.—"May, will you send for the minister?"

The servant was again despatched. May now requested the doctor to go to her mother; he did so, and, on the arrival of the minister, May followed him.

"My poor child," murmured Mrs. Herbert, as May entered the room.—May clasped the cold hand in her's, and pressed a kiss upon the care-worn brow; but no word escaped her lips.

When half an hour had passed, the door was softly opened, and the minister entered the room; he approached and whispered a few words in May's ear; a slight start betrayed her surprise, as she bent and repeated the words to her mother. A faint smile overspread the dying woman's face.

"God bless you, my child," she murmured, as May knelt beside her.—Once more she pressed her lips to her mother's, and then followed the minister to the room.

When they entered the sitting-room Mr. Meringer arose and too May's hand in his.

"May, my daughter," said he, in a low, earnest tone, "for such you shall henceforth be."

He then approached Louis, whose countenance now shone with a calm, resigned light. A happy smile lit up his face as May approached.

"May, can you still say you forgive me?"

"I do! I do!" she murmured, as she placed her hand in his.

It was a solemn marriage scene that followed, in that little room, where the shadow of the Angel of Death had already fallen. As soon as it was over, Mr. Meringer laid his son's head back upon the pillow.

"Father—your promise—remember."

"Louis, Louis, my husband!" cried May, passionately, as she wound her arms around the form of the dying man.

"May, my angel wife," murmured Louis, as she clasped her to his heart. The superhuman exertion which had borne her through this dreadful night at length forsook her, and she was carried insensible from the room.

It was months before May Herbert again opened her eyes in consciousness; and then, as soon as she was able to leave her room, Mr. Meringer prevailed upon her to take up her residence at the Hall. May was at first surprised at his kindness; she did not know the change his son's death had wrought in the proud man's heart.

"It is very lonesome there now," said Mr. Meringer, sadly, "and moreover, this cottage is too gloomy for you."

May had no wish to remain at the cottage; it was indeed gloomy to her, for in one week her husband, her mother, and her child, had been buried from it. May strove to be cheerful; but the could never forget that dreadful night. It cast a melancholy shadow over her life.

For a few years she struggled on, ever ready, with her purse or counsel, to aid the needy and distressed. She sought for and obtained that peace which the world cannot give, and then passed calmly and quietly away. She now sleeps beside those whom on earth she loved; and a simple slab marks the spot where lies May Herbert, the village belle. James Gibson disappeared from the village the morning after Louis Meringer's death, and was never heard of after.

WHAT DOES IT COST THE PRESIDENT TO LIVE?

A Washington correspondent has furnished quite an interesting letter, in which he speculates at considerable length upon this interesting question. After giving some unimportant details, he says: "First, the President receives twenty-five thousand dollars salary. Next, he receives a house, garden and stables free of expense.—The house is furnished and the garden cultivated by the government. Every article of furniture necessary is furnished by the United States. The government also lights and heats the house. It pays or a steward to take care of the public property, and a fireman; and for no other domestic servants. The Executive office is in the former the government provides a private secretary, clerks to the secretary, two messengers, and a porter. For all domestic servants, however, except steward and fireman, the President must pay out of his own pocket. He must pay for his cooks, his butler, his table servants, his coachman and grooms, &c., &c., as any other person does who employs such a retinue of servants. He supplies his table, with the exception of garden vegetables, as any other private citizen does, by his own purse. So with his stables. In short, the only things furnished by the government are house and furniture, fuel and lights, steward and fireman, garden vegetables and flowers. All else is matter of private expense. With these items as basis of calculation, any gentleman who keeps eighteen or more servants of both sexes, who keeps a stable filled with horses, as does Mr. Buchanan, who dines persons, besides his own family, every day, and once a week gives a dinner to forty invited guests, can form some notion how much out of twenty-five thousand dollars remains at the end of the year."

SWINDLERS.

The day is gone when we allowed, or gave a chance to any and every body to swindle us. About eighteen months ago we adopted a rule that foreign advertisers—that is, persons living 'way up in the North and out of the State of Tennessee, should always pay in advance before we would advertise for them. We were led to this step soon after being swindled by the Whiskerando man, of New York, Kellogg & Cooper, Syracuse, P. Latour, New Orleans, Carbin & Co., Baltimore, D. F. Blackburn, near Columbia, Tennessee, and Anderson & Son, Atlanta, Ga. Well, we adopted our rule in time to save being swindled by Drs. Summerville and G. W. Graham, of Philadelphia, and the "Bank Note Detector," man, and a host of others, who applied to us without success, to get their advertising done on a credit. And it makes us sorry, aye, mad, to see some of our cotemporaries in newspaperdom, filling their columns for these rascals. Why, we have received propositions of \$50, \$75, and more, if we would advertise so much for them, for such a time.—Applications came from Dr. Hoyt, of Syracuse, Dr. Morse of New York, Daniel Adee, Helmholtz, Castor, and fifty others, and we had considerable correspondence with some of them but we could not succeed in convincing them that

"Since man is so unjust,
We know not whom to trust."

Perhaps some of them would have paid us—perhaps, aye, there's the rub!—perhaps, not. Some of them even offered us more than our rates, provided we would give them credit. Some wanted us to take pay quarterly. Some wanted us to insert their advertisements and on receipt of paper containing the same, with our bill, they would remit. But the Whiskerando man caught us in that trap, and a "burnt child fears fire."

And yet, notwithstanding our caution, one man "got us" at last, we fear he has. We allude to Harrison, Besant & Benton, Commission merchants Atlanta, Georgia. In the Spring of 1857, March 20, a Mr. Harrison, an aged and good-looking man, called in at the Home Journal office and desired the card of his firm at Atlanta inserted for three months. He asked us if we demanded the pay—\$5—in advance, saying that he needed all the money he had, and would remit the amount to us as soon as he got home. Very kindly we handed his five dollar bill back to him, believing he needed it and believing he would do as he said. He failed to do so. When the three months expired the firm wrote to us to continue the card for one year. We done so. So now it is two years since the card went in, and one year since the contract expired and the card was taken out. We have written some five times for our pay, and in our last letter we told them we intended to "tell on them." We have done so, and now, Messrs "Harrison Besant & Benton," catch us again if you can. You are not Southern men, are you? you would not have treated us so mean.