

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,  
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

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### A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

In any public scheme or project, it is advisable that the proposer or projector should not at first present himself to the public as the sole mover in the affair. His neighbors will not like his egotism, if it be at all ambitious, nor will they willingly co-operate in anything that may place an equal a single step above their own heads.—Dr. Franklin was the first projector of many useful institutions in the infant state of America. He attained his object, and avoided envy, for he, himself, informs us that his secret was to propose the measure first, not as originating in himself alone, but as a joint recommendation of a few friends. The doctor was no stranger to the workings of the human heart; for if his measures had failed, their failure would not be attributed to him alone, and if they succeeded, some one else would be forward enough to claim the merit of being the first planner of them. But whenever this happens, the original projector will be sure to gain from the envy of mankind that justice which he must not expect from their gratitude for all the rest of the members will not patiently see another run away with the merit of that plan which originated in the first projector alone, who will, therefore, be sure to reap his full due of praise in the end, and with that interest which mankind will always cheerfully pay, not so much for the justice of rewarding the diligent, as for the pleasure of lowering the vain.

### THE ART OF PLEASING.

A modest and virtuous young man on first going into society, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question, how to make himself agreeable with the ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confesses that a well-dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not, even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing-room, when ladies were present, without painful embarrassment. It is certainly a good sign in a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would fear to tread.

How well we remember a little incident of our early days, which helped us to overcome our bashful dread of the society of ladies! Seated by the side of a beautiful girl of seventeen, and overwhelmed with a consciousness of our inability to say anything to her which she would care to hear, we chanced to observe that she, too, was trembling with embarrassment. What a comforting discovery! We felt as a coward feels when he finds that his enemy is more terror-stricken than himself. Addressing ourselves to the task of diverting our fair acquaintance, we soon forgot our own fears in sympathy with hers. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen, who blush and stammer in the company of ladies: The girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them!

You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so, it is likely that your fair friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we

have known have never suspected their ill-breeding. And, after all, what is good-breeding but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess, or will soon acquire, the power to do so. The good heart and well informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for it, that its absence will never be noticed.

Besides, the girls—that is, the most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good so far. But be sure of this, O bashful, blushing youth, that you will pass in the long run for what you are worth—no more—no less. The Art of Pleasing, therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Clesterfield, or awkward as Caliban, all worthy women trust and love.

### HOW POOR YOUNG MEN MAY SUCCEED.

Young men are you poor and without the means of splurging in life, as you launch upon its billows? Is your father poor and unable to give you an outfit? Do not dishearten on account of all this. Take earnest hold of life, and never regard yourself in any other light than that of being destined to a high and noble purpose.—Study closely the bent of your own mind for labor or a profession. Whatever you resolve upon, do it early; follow it steadily and untiringly; never look backward to what you have encountered, but always forward to what is within your grasp. The world owes every man a comfortable living, and a respectable position in society; means are abundant to every man's success; and men have only to adopt will and action to them.

To repine over a want of money and property to start out in the world with, and over the wants of the pros of influential relatives, is unmanly.—Let a young man strive to create a fortune, rather than seek to inherit one. It is an ignoble spirit that leads a young man to borrow instead of bequeathing means. Go forth into the world, young man, conscious of your God within you, and his providence over you, and fight your own way to distinction, to honor and to comfort.—Pay in your inmost soul the young man who, without any change is unable to support himself, and is whining around, and begging the influence of others, to get him into employment! Feel, under all circumstances, that it is more noble, more honorable to eat the crust you have earned, than to flourish with coopers inherited. You may lift your head proudly to face and confront the noblest among us, when you are conscious of being the architect of your own fortunes.—Young man, are you poor? Be honest, be virtuous, be industrious; hold up your head, and say by your actions and looks, what the poet has said in words:

"I scorn the man who boasts his birth,  
And boasts his titles and his lands,  
Who makes his name and heritage  
From out a father's dying hands."

MEANS.—A diamond is a diamond, tho' you put it on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the precious jewel in its hand for sale, and yet, because the holder is a mendicant, does not the world believe the jewels to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains, and not until the men were dead were the gems known to be true water.

A GOOD TRIP.—The rule of a road, says an exchange, is a very good test of the difference between a gentleman and a blackguard. Whenever we meet a man, whether in a chase or with an ox team, who turns out and gives us more than half the road, we respect him as a gentleman. But whenever we meet a young man, as we occasionally do, who drives rapidly on without turning out a hair's breadth, we pity him with all our heart, as a poor miserable fellow—however bright his buttons, however fragrant his cigar.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—An instance of an unprecedented disinterestedness is related by Mr. WARREN, M. P., the author of "Ten Thousand a Year." A short time ago, a gentleman in England of large fortune—worth £40,000—was indignant with his daughter, an only child, for marrying against his wishes. He quarreled with her, disherited her, and left the whole property to his attorney and other gentlemen. His attorney went to his colleagues, got them to sign their claims over to him, and then paid the whole £40,000 to the daughter.

### TO A LITTLE WOMAN.

BY ONE WHO LOVES HER.

Thine is a little hand,  
A tiny little hand,  
But if it clasp,  
With timid grasp,  
Mine own, ah! me, I well can understand  
The presence of that little hand.

Thine is a little mouth,  
A very little mouth,  
But, ah! what a bliss  
To steal a kiss  
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the South  
From that same rosy little mouth.

Thine is a little heart—  
A little fluttering heart—  
Yet it is warm  
And pure and calm,  
And loves me with its whole untutored art.

Thou art a little girl—  
Only a little girl—  
Yet thou art worth  
The wealth of earth—  
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold and pearl;  
To me—thou blessed little girl.

### A Splendid Story.

#### THE TWO HOMES.

It was the brightest, cosiest little room in New York! cheerful with the merry gleam of firelight, and the chiming tick of a musical little clock, and the half-uttered twitter of the gold-plated canary, who was just composing himself to sleep in his cage among the geraniums—the very sort of room to which the wearied business man would long to call home—always provided there was a sunny little heart somewhere about, to set all the household machinery going harmoniously.

Yet there wasn't an expensive article there—no rosewood chairs, cushioned in satin—no mahogany stands, or mosaic rugs, or costly agate vases, only a little neat mahogany tea-table, all set with plain blue ware, as shining as the most transparent of gold-veined china could be, and a silver-plated carpet, which seemed to say, "I know I'm not velvet—I make no pretense, but here I am, and I mean to be as servicable as possible!" everything was just as neat and as plain; and if there had been one solitary grain of dust anywhere within the four walls, it must inevitably have pined away and evaporated, out of sheer hotness!

Little Mrs. Wilford flitted busily around in her snug domains, now placing her husband's slippers where they could warm nicely, wondering, parenthetically, "why he didn't come" now setting a tiny basket of roses and geranium buds in a small vase in the centre of the tea-table—now pausing in an oblique corner of the snowy cloth into line and plummets exactitude, and now listening, with her pretty little head against the mantelshelf, to the merry song of the shining tea-kettle, as it bubbled joyously on the fire, breathing out a dense white vapor-cloud from its liquid lungs—until at length the footsteps rumbled below, the key turned and clicked in the door—and he came.

But not alone. There was a good deal of very excusable pride in his manner, as he presented his fair young wife to an old school-friend, whom he had not met for several years before, and who was doing a prosperous down-town business. It had been a casual encounter on Broadway, such as oftentimes happens. They had walked along together, conversing cordially, until at length the corner was reached where their paths diverged. But their way was not half said, and in the warmth of his heart, Wilford invited his friend home to tea with him. Mr. Maynard accepted the proffer. Six o'clock was his own fashionable dinner-hour; but he did not say so; neither did he mention that his wife was at *unante*, and probably wouldn't. And the cordial manner of his friend made him sigh and think of the old times, when he had been wont to sit down to dinner just as the creeping sunshine reached the "noon-mark" on the old kitchen floor, and when "supper" wasn't an association of gas-lights, champagne, sugar-plates, and spy-glass, but a quiet meal, taken just when sunset reddened the crests of the tall old poplar trees on the hill! Ah, the good old times.

It was long since he had been in such a tiny, unpretending room as that where he now sat, accepting the cup of fragrant tea from Amy Wilford's dexterous little hand. Yet, everything was so bright, so neat, so exquisitely tasteful—the fire glowed so redly and the rosebuds in the vase gave such a refined grace to the little blue tea service and the common painted waiter, that he felt at once that he was in an atmosphere of home!

He never missed the silver urn, or the gold banded china of his own stately table; never noticed that his feet did not rest among the velvety crimson shades of his Wilton carpet;

nor perceived the wide difference between Amy's linen collar and shilling delaine, and the Honitons and brocade that his fashionable helpmate wore; but he knew there was some charm here, which was lacking at his own hearthstone.

It was a genuine old-fashioned tea—hot biscuits, amber preserves, delicate pink shavings of dried beef, and that would make even a dyspeptic smack his lips. Maynard could not help complimenting the edibles. He didn't get any such at the restaurant where he lunched, and his wife's Irish kitchen corps had an altogether different idea of things.

"Oh!" said Amy, laughing, "I made them myself!"  
"Did you?" He looked at her half-amused. "I did not know ladies ever employed themselves so now-a-days."  
"I am a capital cook," said Amy.—"We are obliged to study economy somewhat, and so I am my own housemaid."

"Then you don't belong to the rose-leaf sort of ladies, who think it horrible to touch their white fingers to a cooking utensil!"  
"No, indeed!" she said, opening her blue eyes in astonishment. "It keeps me healthy and happy; and as Charles has to work hard in the town all day, it is only fair that I should do my part in the house."

"Many are foolish enough to think such things below them," he said, with a sigh.

"I don't," she said, smiling. "I think nothing below me that helps to make my husband happier, or to brighten my home."

It was a simple little saying, but Maynard pondered on it long. Was it the secret of household bliss?

He looked at her little *ecregere* of well-selected books—the guitar and pile of music in the corner—the exquisite drawings hanging on the wall, which Wilford proudly told him were Amy's own—the pine cone trapeze and Amy's moss-baskets, and little womanly trifles she had amassed herself with—the bits of embroidery—the stand of granitums and heliotropes—even to the piled up work basket—and thought within himself how a true womanly grace and glories everything on which her hand may rest!

Finally, she came in from the bright kitchen beyond, the white apron exchanged for a tinner one of black silk, and set down by the table to work, every now and then adjoining in the converse with zest and spirit that seemed the life of the whole. How proud Wilford was of her! how he appealed to her judgment on every occasion! and how fondly his eyes rested on her blooming face! She wasn't embroidering well-like the muslin; she wasn't doing crochet-work; she was just darning her husband's stockings; and as the shining needle gleamed in and out among the interlacing warp and wool, Maynard thought he had never seen a prettier or more graceful employment.

For Amy brought a spirit and soul to her homely work that would have made the coarsest fabric bright with the tints of Persian loams!

And when at length Maynard took his leave, the reflection, "what a happy fellow Wilford is!" was accompanied with something very like a sigh. His home was different, far.  
He breakfasted alone the next morning—his wife had been out late at a ball, and seldom rose before eleven. The coffee was cold and muddy, even in the silver urn; the toast was burned, and the steak sodden and raw; the fire snouldered away under its accumulation of ashes, and he read the morning paper alone with no bright face opposite to share his interest in each paragraph.

The button was off his wristband, but no matter. Clara must not be disturbed—he could just pin it over for to-day—his toes peeped through his stockings, as he changed his slippers for boots, but never mind, he would ask Clara to-night where the others were. Pshaw! he could not tie the cravat to suit him, and dragged it into a limp knot—there was no little wife to stand on tip-toe and arrange it, and then get a kiss for her pains!

He went silently away, with no light footsteps tripping after him to the door; the shadow of no sweet "good-bye" following him like a guardian angel on his way—for Clara was a fashionable wife!

At dinner time he came home, half hoping that there would be a glance and a smile like Amy's to greet him—a home influence around his luxurious apartments.

"Where's Clara?"  
She lounged on a damask sofa, the rings flashing on her slender fingers, and her delicate figure arrayed in lustrous silk, while the slipped foot

peeping from beneath seemed fit only to tread the roses of life. She hardly glanced up from the novel she was reading as he entered—why should she?—he was only her husband.

He sat down, and began drumming carelessly on the table with his fingers.

"Isn't dinner nearly ready?"  
"I don't know. It's cook's business."  
"But she ought to be more regular," said he.

"I can't help that. I wish you would not trouble me about such things."

The tone was a little pettish, as Clara brushed away her brown curls, and resumed her book, and Maynard relapsed into silence again.

Presently another idea struck him.  
"Can't you play something to-night, Clara! The piano has not been opened in an age. Come, sing me some of the old ballads."

"I can't sing she listlessly. 'I'm out of practice entirely. Da let me read."

"If you will lay aside your book after dinner and have a good old-fashioned evening of talk and music and gossip."

"Impossible. I am engaged for every moment after seven—the opera first, and then the fancy ball."

"Couldn't you let go for one evening?"  
"Oh no! it would never do!"

He was silent—but there was a dull dead pain at his heart—some void which art could never fill.

The silent dinner over, she went forth in her shining robes, with pearls in her hair and bracelets clashing her arms to an evening of reckless dissipation and gaiety, with smiles for the *beau monde*, but not one for home.

While Maynard, after a long, gloomy reverie by his lonely fireside, took his hat and went away to the Club, that brilliant place of gaiety and mirth, through whose chandelied portals so many a foot has trod the broad path of destruction!

Poor man—he had no home!

### TO PARENTS.

A sound mind in a sound body—a great blessing this, and one which all parents should try to secure for their children. Excessive mental exertion is bad for any child. The physical system should be the first object. If the order of nature be reversed, the mind as well as the body will suffer. It would often easy for a skillful parent to make a child a prodigy, but a judicious parent will never attempt it. Premature growth of mind will seldom, if ever, be found to spring from a vigorous root. We do not doubt that many have sunk into an early grave through the unnatural development of their faculties, and the excessive excitement of mental and physical sensibility, which is usually the effect of it. Let it be, then, the care of the parent to guide and direct, rather than to force, into a right channel the immature mental faculties of the child. But by all means, would we earnestly recommend, to go hand in hand with moral training, a health-preserving and vigor-imparting education of the body. To be more explicit, we would say, in the first place, if circumstances give the freedom of choice, do not send children of an early age to school. The many hours' confinement the frequent close atmosphere, and the constrained posture connected with most schools for young children, can but be injurious to their health. There time would be far better employed in acquiring, by almost constant exercise, the bone and muscle which they will want in future life. The above objection, however, does not altogether apply to infant schools, which, when properly conducted, especially provide for the physical training of the scholars, combining healthy play with learning, and are generally open and well ventilated. It is a source of rejoicing that parents whose time and energies are so occupied that they cannot attend to the well-training of their children at home, are enabled so advantageously to secure it abroad.—Were all schools for children conducted on the same principle (as they might be) so as to carry out a system of thorough physical as well as mental instruction, and to encourage, rather than repress, bodily active, the moral and intellectual, as well as physical results, would be most blessed.

Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse; two wives in one house; two lovers after one gal.

Bayard Taylor, after all, is only a journeyman printer, and his "Tales of a Traveller" might just as truly be termed "Travellers of a Taylor."

The weather-wise predict that there will be no rain during the month of May.

### Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

#### LITTLE BESS.

BY MRS. EMILIE C. S. CHILTON.

There are visions of beauty that cannot be met—  
Bright pictures of childhood, in coloring soft—  
And among how well I remember the morn,  
When the song birds loud carol'd 'mid the green growing corn

When music arose, from the tree dancing rill,  
As I climbed over its banks, to the brown rocky hill,  
For jessamine sprays for my play mate so fair—  
For dear little Bess with her bonnie brown hair!

And vision there are still later than these,  
Where we rambled together 'neath the low Hawthorne trees,  
While the lone whippoorwill croaked over his sweet lay,  
And the moonbeam made night more lovely than day!

How many a story of love to a maid I listened,  
Who had like thee the cherry and clove like the rose,  
Whose voice is the music that floats from the skies—  
And I know 'twas dear Bess with her bonnie brown hair.

And years still go by with a picture I trace,  
Of a nation who sits with a love-leaving face,  
And cradles smother her little ones rest,  
And sings a love song like the bird in its nest.

Thou' care may have call'd its shades over her brow  
And tears have bedimmed the eyes beaming now,  
There's a look from the heart as in days that once were,  
And I know 'twas dear Bess with her bonnie brown hair.

BY MRS. EMILIE C. S. CHILTON.

#### "DON'T STAY LONG."

A look of young freshness  
Beams from her lashes,  
And hope and love unfeignable  
Are shadowed in her eyes,  
As an inner deep unfeignable stream  
As a child's summer skies.

She's passed through early womanhood,  
Proud dreamy, sweet girl life,  
And crossed the rocky threshold, but  
To find herself a wife,  
Oh, truly should be lead her steps  
Along the path of life!

And as she clasps her small white hands  
Upon her crumpled bosom,  
Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves  
When by soft night is stirred,  
Oh, lingering in the memory  
Like song of summer birds.

And in her heart they nestle warm,  
When other scenes fade,  
He stays not like weary guests,  
And her fond eyes are hid  
In tears which his unfeignable  
Bosom swaying hid.

It's almost always on her lip,  
Her gentle parting words,  
Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves  
When by soft night is stirred,  
Oh, lingering in the memory  
Like song of summer birds.

And in her heart they nestle warm,  
When other scenes fade,  
He stays not like weary guests,  
And her fond eyes are hid  
In tears which his unfeignable  
Bosom swaying hid.

And the low many hearts are kept  
As they have attached long,  
There's a look in her eyes as in days that once were,  
And I know 'twas dear Bess with her bonnie brown hair.

BY MRS. EMILIE C. S. CHILTON.

#### "HOW COULD SHE FANCY HIM?"

They say he is not worth a cent in the world, and everybody knows his kin are poor enough. Indeed, they say that he supports his parents, even now they are so infirm and badly off. She could not have married him for his beauty—to be sure, he looks well enough, but then he is not handsome—fine-looking, and that's all you can say. They say, too, that he educated himself; suppose he has a very fine education, but then, how did he get it? Taught school—kept books—and they say that he served his time at a trade. Poor thing—she'll have a hard life of it;—she never knew what it was to want anything; her parents thought all the world of her, and they must feel mortified that she should have thrown herself away in that manner. It was not for lack of better chances, for everybody says that she once had an offer from the lion of the town—but she was so scrupulous about his drinking a little, that she refused him. She'll regret it some day—no doubt she has many times already.

Such is the reasoning, and such are the conclusions of a foolish, proud, false-opinionated horde of money-worshippers. Such is the estimate which the devotees to wealth and name, place upon *real merit*, and *gentle worth*. But the truly wise and good, the really virtuous, view things in an entirely different light.

Those very traits of character which the devotees to fashionable follies affect to despise and condemn, are in fact the highest credentials which a young man could possess—they are the unmistakable marks of real excellence, they bespeak for him, indomitable courage, unyielding self-reliance, and unflinching perseverance; traits which must of necessity crown his life efforts with unbounded success, and give him a position which the proudest might envy. A position for which he has no one to thank, but himself; no money influence, or interested friends can claim the glory which his own hard tools has achieved.

Wonder not, then, that a sensible, high-toned woman should fancy such a character, and choose him, with his poverty and humble descent in preference to high birth and vast possessions, unaccompanied with these inestimable traits. Commiserate not her delicate situation; rest assured she is far happier in her humble home than the wife of him who once sued for her hand. She is *loved*, is *appreciated*, is looked upon as the good genius of her husband's existence—the other is tolerated as a mere appendage, a kind of necessary evil, a sort of ornamental phytology to relieve the tedium of domestic life. The one couple may be happy while friends and fortune smile—but ill prepared are they to meet the rough and tumble of life.—The other are equal to anything, fortune could not daunt them; mutual exertion and mutual encouragement could surmount every discouraging circumstance, all disheartening reverses. In the face of all such trials, holy vows have been plighted, and

"Not for the summer hour alone,  
When skies resplendent shine,  
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,  
Our hearts and hands we twine;  
But for those stern and wintry days  
Of pain, and fear,  
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make  
This earthly journey drear,  
They are happy—so wonder not  
Longer how she could fancy him.—  
Chattanooga Advertiser.

ATTENTION.—Whenever persons visit a printing office they ought to keep their hands off everything in it. Their other day some one came up into our office, and instead of looking without interfering, commenced *fooling* with the press, on which was a form of type, and ruined a proof of types, besides a considerable amount of type. The loss is all to us, and ought to learn such pestiferous persons to let alone things about which they know nothing.

The following is too good to be lost, even if it is a bit at principles some greatly revere:

Know-Nothingism.—The editor of a Georgia paper overlooked the following conversation on the re-opening of the slave trade:

"Clem, I've tell you, if dey gwine to 'deavors to fetch dem 'imported niggers ober dis way, which I hear dey be, dere'll be a fuss in de family sude. 'Speet dey want us to 'associate wid dem niggers on 'quality, Nelder do it sure?"

"Sam, dus you raly think dy'll fetch dem niggers here?"  
"For sartin, Clem—I heard massa say dere was five thousand 'ported souf, in Carolina, and half of dem now ready in dis State. I tell you, Clem, if one of dem forin, nat'alized niggers calc'lates to 'sociate wid dis chie, he is hoin de wrong patch. Somethin will hit him like a mule kicked him for sartin, and it won't be dat amicule edder!"

TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE.—Notwithstanding the experience of ages and generations, all going to prove that the great fault of man in his universal tendency to either under-do or over-do, the hardest thing in the world is, still—moderation. It does seem as if we could not learn that 'enough' was 'as good as a feast,' and that every excess must be compensated by a reaction.

There has long been a great cry that sedentary habits were ruinously unwholesome—as no doubt they are, where a man sits at his desk ten hours per diem, year in and year out, and rides to and from business. But the French physiologists—who, by the way, are the greatest statisticians in the world—tell us, that the shortest-lived class is that which performs manual labor, and those professions or trades that require the least bodily exertion have many more veterans than others. There are few persons who are compelled to be sedentary in habit more than editors, yet their average, as a class, a very fair lease of life—while hod-carriers, builders, etc., only exist about thirty years.

The gymnasium is a source of infinite mischief to our youth. Properly used, it is of immense value; but as too frequently is the case, it does incalculable harm. The performance of difficult and laborious muscular feats should not be attempted twice or thrice a week by young men who have little exercise generally, for it is inevitably straining to the glandular system, and too exciting to the nerves. We have seen pale, studious boys go from a college classroom to their dumb-bells and vaulting-horses, and after an hour of exercise, return still paler, trembling in every limb, and completely prostrated by the undue violence of their exertions. Such exercise can do no good; and, on the contrary, must do no harm.

If the training gone through with in such places were very gradual; and continued for a short time only every day, under teachers who understood anatomy and physiology practically it would be all that we could desire. As it is, however, it is very apt to be the "too much," that is quite as bad as and often worse than the "too little," that it is intended to counterbalance. The body and the man are so intimately and curiously connected with each other that too great care cannot be taken in developing either, lest the other should suffer.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.—The common fluency of speech in men and women is owing (says Swift) to a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas will be apt in speaking to hesitate up, on the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready; so people come faster out of church when it is nearly empty than when a crowd is at the door.

Mormons Apostacizing.—It is reported that Mr. Kimball, eldest son of Heber C. and Jos. Young, son of Brigham, have Apostacized, and are about leaving for the States with their first wives, leaving their "spirituals" behind. At least 5,000 apostate Mormons will leave for California early in the spring.