

# 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."*

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.  
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Clabbing.—We will supply either Harper's Magazine, or Graham's, or Goddard's and the Home Journal, one year, for four dollars. Arthur's Home Magazine, or Peterson's, and the Home Journal, one year, for 3 25.

ONE OF THE BEDS TO THINK ABOUT.—A lady in our namesake town, Winchester, Virginia, has recently been presented with a novelty, imported from Geneva, in the shape of a musical bed, which receives the weary body and immediately "laps it in Elysium." It is so constructed that, by means of hidden mechanism, a pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air of Auber to be played, which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to sleep. At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to rise, when the hour arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontouli, or some other thunder and lightning composer, with drums and cymbals, and, in short, with noise enough to rouse the seven sleepers.

### DISTRESSING CALAMITY.

The Dallas Herald, published at Dallas, Texas, speaks of very heavy rains that have fallen in that State lately. It says that a gentleman living very near West Fork, on returning home during the heavy rain that was falling, found his house was being rapidly surrounded with the flood that was rushing down the low lands bordering on the stream. He had a wife and seven children—took two of them on his shoulders and carried them over the water to a shed on the premises, placed them upon it, and started back for the other children and his wife.—He had not gone far, when a cry from the shed, drew his attention; he looked back, and discovered it floating off with his two children on it. He rushed after it and after following it nearly half a mile succeeded in placing his children upon a place of safety.—Night was rapidly coming on, and he returned to save his wife and children, but alas, he found not even a vestige of his home, no sign of wife or child; and also to add to the horrors of the scene, darkness was fast settling down upon the rushing flood, whose appalling roar deadened the cries of his family, even if they then lived. The unhappy father has heard nothing from them yet, and every effort made find their bodies has proved unavailing.

The rise of the water is represented as being unparalleled in the history of the country, for its suddenness and volume.

### SOME OF THE USES OF MARRIAGES.—

One of the London Magazines has the following sensible observations upon the economy of matrimony:  
In return for your wife from what a complicated slavery does she deliver you. Only make the enumeration. From the slavery of baseness: If you have happiness beside your heart, you will not go in the evening to pour love under the smoky lamps of a dancing-room, and to find drunkenness in the street. From the slavery of weakness: You will not drag your limbs along like your sad acquaintance, that pale and worn out, bloated young old man. From the slavery of melancholy: He who is strong and does a man's work—he who goes out to labor and leaves at home a cherished soul who loves him—will from that sole circumstance have a cheerful heart and be merry all day. From a slavery of money: Treasure this very exact Arithmetical maxim. "Two persons spend less than one." Many bachelors remain as they are, in alarm at the expense of married life, but who spend infinitely more. They live very dearly at the cafe and restaurant's, very dearly at the theatre. The Havana cigar, alone, smoked all day is an outlay of itself. But if your wife has no female friends whose rivalry troubles her and excites her to dress, she spends nothing. She reduces all your expenses to such a degree that the calculation just given is anything but just. It should have been "four people spend less than

one." When a marriage is reasonable, contracted with foresight, when the family does not increase too fast, a wife, far from being an obstacle to liberty or movement, is on the contrary its natural and essential condition. Why does the Englishman emigrate so easily, and so beneficially for England herself? Because his wife follows him. Except in devouring climates, such as India, it may be asserted that the English woman has sown the whole earth with solid English colonies. The force of Family has created the force and the greatness of the country. With a good wife and a good trade a young man is free; free to leave his home or free to remain. It must be a trade, and not an art or luxury. Have such an art into the bargain if you like; but the first necessity is to be master of one of the arts that are useful to all. The man who loves and wishes to maintain his wife, will hardly waste his time in drawing the line between art and trade; a line which is fictitious in reality. We cannot see that the majority of trades, if traced to their principle, are real branches of an art. The boot maker and the tailor's trades make a close approach to sculpture. A tailor who appreciates, models, and refines nature, is worth three classic sculptors.

### MRS. SOUTHWORTH, THE NOVELIST.—

A Washington letter to the Cleveland National says:  
Mrs. Southworth, the authoress, who resides in the adjoining city of Georgetown, will sail in the next steamer to make a tour to Europe. Mrs. S. has by her talents made a handsome fortune. Her husband, a worthless scamp, left her some three years since with three children, and quite destitute—but out of this cloud came the silver lining which has developed her brilliant taste, and been of profit to herself and pleasure to the public. Mrs. S. is about forty—small, dark complexion, with brilliant eyes; dresses rather oddly as regards colors, and possesses much nervous energy. She was, when I first saw her a constant attend of the Unitarian Church, but more recently she is supposed to be a convert to Catholicism, as her children have been christened and are being brought up in that belief.

### THE TWO NAPOLEONS.

Napoleon I was but twenty-six years of age when appointed to the command of the army of Italy. Before he had entered upon his twenty-seventh he had won the battles of Monte Notte, Millesimino and Mondovi; forced the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi; entered Milan in triumph; seized upon the great crown of Lombardy, though not yet crowned; driven the Austrians out of Mantua; beaten the Tyrol Army of Wurmsler at Castiglione; forced Parma, Modena, Rome, and even Naples, into submission; in fine, reduced all Italy, from the Alps to the Papal dominions, under his sway; and his army numbered but 35,000 men, and those poorly clothed and badly provisioned.

Napoleon III enters the same grand battle field in his 52d year. He has no personal experience, but is supported by well-tried veterans of the Algerian and Crimean wars—Pelissier, McMahon, Randon, Neill, Canrobert, Castellan, Magnum, Baraguay d' Hilliers—and, for active offensive war, the finest army in Europe, most individual in character, most ambitious, best disciplined and best equipped. He has however, himself a large and valuable theoretical knowledge of the art of war. There is no man probably living who has read more, thought more, or written more on military subjects than Napoleon III. Several of his treaties are in the departments of the science of which they treat. He has also been, from his youth, a sagacious observer of military affairs throughout the world—of the two great Algerian and Crimean wars in particular, the operations of the first of which, since his accession, and of the last from the beginning, he has the credit of conducting.

Napoleon I was young, but a mere stripling; Napoleon III is in the vigor of mature manhood. This is virtuous, temperate even to abstinence, unknown, without money and without friends; the other is a riotous liver, lascivious, commands money and friends without number, and fills the world with his name. This was open frank, sincere, full of sympathy with his men, with whom he lived on the most familiar terms, sharing their joys and sorrows and danger, imparting to them his plans and designs, even his inmost thoughts; the other is cold, distant, reticent, to a proverb, imparting his counsels to none, hardly letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth, and familiar with none. Napoleon I, in fine, was still in the fire of youth, active, enterprising, a man of genius, indeed, from the promptings of which he always acted. Napoleon III is past the middle age; inactive, but mature in judgment, upon which, and upon his theoretical knowledge, he has always to rely. It will be curious for the future historian to run the parallel of their respective careers.—N. O. Picayune.

VERY CUTTING.—An editor in Tuscaloosa complained of some one for carrying off his pocket knife, when he received from eight different mercantile houses a present of seven pocket knives and a razor.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely.

### STANZAS.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.  
Forget thee I say, when life shall cease  
To thrill thine heart of mine;  
But not till then can I forget  
One look or tone of thine.  
Oh! no, it mingles with the sound  
Of every thing I hear,  
And every thing I see, and  
One I have loved so dear.  
Forget thee! when I raise mine eyes  
To you how vainly above,  
I think how oft we parted  
On those bright orbs of love—  
And as they roll their castles o'er  
Still unchanged clear and free,  
I think how I can live like them  
In any time, love, for thee.  
Forget thee! 'tis a bitter word,  
I would it were ungodly,  
Forgetfulness is not with me  
But with the silent dead.  
And till the day of death  
I shall clasp my throbbing brow,  
The heart shall still remain as true,  
As constant, pure, as now.  
Forget thee! when I kneel in prayer,  
Those art words to my side,  
And thy soft tones seem ringing with  
My hymns at eventide!  
And when thy name is blended with  
Each pure and hallowed thought,  
In fervent words to heaven—  
Say, wouldst thou be forgot?  
Forget thee! yes, when over my grave  
The careless feet may tread,  
When this sad heart hath found its rest  
With all the quiet dead,  
I then may cease to think of thee,  
As every mortal doth,  
But, oh! I'll meet thee here in heaven,  
With HARRY UNDERHILL AND THE "CLASH"  
Hill's Nest Cottage, Nashville, Tenn.

## BEATRICE LANCASTER.

BY MARIAN F. HAMILTON.

It was late in the afternoon. A long row of girls and boys stood in a regular line before their teacher, in a little red schoolhouse, reciting their spelling lesson, while the remainder of the pupils fidgeted in their seats, piled and re-piled their books on their desks, and cast restless, eager glances out of the open door, and then at the teacher's face, for it was nearly time for dismissal, and weary of a long afternoon's confinement, the children could hardly wait for the tinkle of the bell—the signal of their release. At last the spelling class took their seats, the bell sounded, and instantly there was a scene of confusion—boys rushed out of the door, and gave vent to their pent up spirits in whoops, yells and somersets, and girls more quietly, but not less gaily, ran out into the open air. Soon their merry voices died away in the distance, and the teacher was left alone in that just now crowded school room.

She was a young and striking looking girl in appearance. Her form was erect, her step quite stately, and her features, though irregular, were pleasing; her abundant raven hair was wound in a sort of coronal around her head, in a singular but not unbecoming fashion; her complexion was a clear olive, and her mouth firm in its expression, almost unpleasantly so when closed but when she smiled she was positively beautiful, then her whole countenance shined; her large lively eyes grew soft and tender, and the pride and hauteur that spoke in her every movement, marred her otherwise almost perfect beauty, disappeared.

Just now one of those beaming smiles lighted up her countenance; she stood by her desk, in her usual erect position, holding a note, yet unopened, in her hand. It had been brought to the school-room during the session, and now that she was alone, she prepared to read it. She seemed in no haste to break the seal. She looked at the bold, firm hand writing, and pressed it to her lips; then, slowly unfolding it, she read:

"For sometime past, Beatrice, I have been unhappy; you have observed it, and to your inquiries as to its cause, I have given false and evasive replies, but I can deceive myself and you no longer. I sought you last night with the determination to tell you all, but I could not utter the words that would, I felt, give you so much pain. But I must trust to it. What my tongue refused to tell, I must trust to my pen. It is useless to hesitate, the sooner it is all known the better for us both.—Beatrice, I find that I have mistaken the nature of my feelings towards you. As God is my witness, when we were trothed I thought I loved you. I still appreciate your rare loveliness, and better still, your many excellencies of mind and heart, but our affections are beyond our control, and much as there is admirable about you. I no longer love you. At first I determined never to acquaint you with the change in my sentiments, but I shrink from a life-time of deceit. I could not at the altar perjure myself by taking those solemn vows, and I knew too, that you would spurn the offered hand without the heart accompanied it. I have done very wrong in hastily entering upon our engagement without a proper knowledge of my true feelings towards you. I was charmed by your beauty, dazzled by your wit, and attracted by your virtue; I mistook the whirl of emotions I felt for love. But it is better for me to acknowledge my faults, than to commit a sin in leading you to the altar while my heart is another's. Forgive me and forget me. Farewell, and may you soon find some one more worthy of your love than your friend (if you will still allow me that title). LOUIS MEREDITH.

Every particle of color forsook Beatrice's cheeks as she read—her lips were white, her hands trembled vio-

lently, she could scarcely hold the letter, a death-like faintness stole over her, and she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

Not a tear, not a moan escaped her; she sat there in silence, motionless as a statue, but in her heart what a whirlwind of emotions was raging! How long she sat there she hardly knew; when at last she looked up, the twilight was deepening, and she rose with a start from her seat. Her countenance bore the traces of her suffering—she looked haggard and wan; the agony of these few hours had changed her fearfully, but her eyes flashed with all their usual fire, and her lips were firmly compressed together. She drew herself up proudly as if she despised herself for her weakness, crushed the letter, which had fallen from her trembling fingers, contemptuously under her foot, and then picked it up with a look of disgust, and if it had been some loathsome thing, and putting on her hat and shawl, she walked firmly out of the room.

She went rattling on till she reached a low, white cottage she entered it, and passed quickly through the little sitting room to her own apartment. Here she took from an inland box a package of letters, and adding that she had last received to the number, she hastily collected every memento, however trifling, which had been the gift of Louis Meredith, and placed them securely together in readiness to return to him. Then carefully arranging her toilet, she returned to the sitting room. An old lady, dressed with scrupulous neatness, was its only occupant; she was quietly knitting.—The table was spread for the evening meal, and she had been evidently waiting for her daughter's return.

"You are late to-night, Beatrice," she said, "but I suppose Louis came for you to go to work. It is so foolish to take such unreasonable hours for his walks. Tea has been waiting this half hour."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, mother," returned her daughter's silvery voice, "but those long walks will trouble you no longer.—Louis Meredith and I have parted forever."

The old lady dropped her knitting work in her lap, and looked at her daughter in astonishment; at length she spoke—

"Oh! I see, a lover's quarrel. But you will make it up in a day or two, and be all the happier for it. Well, well—Better disagree before than after marriage."

"Mother," said Beatrice, "listen to me. I shall never marry Louis Meredith. Nothing on earth could induce me to do so. As I said, we are parted forever and now let me beg you never again mention his name to me; let the subject never again be alluded to between us, let all be as if we had never known him." Her voice softened. "You will not be sorry, mother dear, to have your Beatrice again all your own," and she took her parent's shriveled hand fondly between her own.

Mrs. Lancaster was touched by this expression of tenderness; for Beatrice, although a most devoted daughter, in fact the only support of her poor and widowed mother, rarely made any demonstration of her attachment, and this earnest, slight as it was, filled the mother's heart with joy. She drew her child to her side and kissed her tenderly, but Beatrice escaped from her embrace, and saying cheerfully, "Are we never to have supper?" led the way to the table. She talked jolly during the meal, and though she ate little, succeeded in withdrawing her mother's attention from her want of appetite.

Not the most watchful eye could have detected a shade of sadness in her face or manner, that evening; indeed she was gayer than usual. No wonder that her mother—good, unobtrusive soul—believed that she was happy in her release from the tie that had bound her.

A few evenings had passed, and Beatrice stood in a little sitting-room dressed for a party. Never had she looked more beautiful than now, in her simple white dress, with its crimson ribbons, and a red rose in her hair. Mrs. Lancaster looked at her in admiration, nor was she alone in her appreciation of her child's loveliness.

She was the belle of the evening at Mrs. Mercer's, and not even the youthful heiress, in honor of whom the party had been made, and to whom Louis Meredith was said to be affianced, could divide the honors of belle-ship with her.

It had been well known throughout the village that Beatrice and Lewis had been engaged, and the fact of their separation was equally well understood; but though she was narrowly watched, no look or gesture betrayed that she had been moved by the sundering of the tie.

She was surrounded by admirers, she had a smile for this one, a command for a second, and merry words for others; and, as if attracted by some irresistible charm, Lewis Meredith hovered near her—even when talking with his affianced bride, Theresa Benedict, he heard every word that fell from Beatrice's lips and saw her every motion.

His eyes were open. He knew that he still loved Beatrice, and that with her money Theresa would have been utterly indifferent to him. He could bear it no longer. He stole as soon as possible to Beatrice's side and said a few words on her coquetry and heartlessness.

"She turned her large flashing eyes full upon him with a look of contempt. 'Mr. Meredith forgets himself,' she replied, mildly; 'his opinion is utterly indifferent to me. What right has he to criticize my conduct?'"

She waved her hand in token of dismissal; and he left her, with a strange mixture of love and anger in his heart as he saw her again—the centre of a circle of admirers—full of life and animation. The hours flew rapidly, and when at last the gay company departed, Louis saw with bitter jealousy that Ralph Mercer was the devoted attendant of his discarded Beatrice; and he sought his home angry with himself and with the world.

The excitement of the evening was over and alone in her chamber Beatrice thought of all that had passed. She had triumphed, but, alas! what an aching heart had been hidden under that gay exterior!

She had loved Louis Meredith with all the ardor of her passionate, but reserved nature, and not so easily could she thrust him from her heart. The struggle to appear happy to deceive all about her with a show of indifference was too much for her. She longed to be away, and right gladly she accepted a lucrative offer to take charge of a school in a large town of Montford, where she might escape the sight of Louis, the reports of his approaching marriage, and the Argus eyes of a whole village.

Mrs. Lancaster made no objections to the proposed removal, and ere long Beatrice and her mother left Langdon forever.

### OVER THE HILLS.

BY COL. G. LEANDER FERREBART.

Over the hills,  
And mountains blue,  
Her sparkling dew,  
Her sparkling dew,  
Is a little red,  
My darling for you.  
It stands by the river,  
Just under the hill,  
Where the poplars quiver  
To the click of the mill,  
And the roses so rare,  
The ambient air,  
With their fragrance fill.  
It is all as nice  
And neat as a pin,—  
Beauty without it,  
And a love within  
That is perfectly free  
From inconstancy's sin.  
My limited store  
I easily told:  
An open door  
To starving and cold,  
And a hearty good deed  
To every good deed  
That the world may need.  
I have twenty pounds  
In silver and gold,  
And a heart whose love  
Can never grow cold,  
Till the latest day  
Of my life is told,  
Or the smiling moon  
And the stars grow old,  
And an arm to work,  
And a will to do,  
As much as I can,  
As an honest man,  
To happily you,  
My love and true,  
Your whole life through.  
If this is enough,  
Just tell me so,  
And we to the church  
To-morrow will go,  
To be "legally bound"  
By the priest you know.  
And then with hearts  
So warm and true,  
Over the hills,  
And mountains blue,  
You'll obey me,  
And I'll love you,  
As all good people  
Are bound to do.  
NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY 1859.

A QUEER OCCURRENCE.—A queer incident occurred in this place during the Old Fellows celebration. It seems there was a calf, some two months old, confined in a lot close to the Methodist Church, and when Capt. Leese's brass band commenced to play one of those soul stirring airs which always arouses to the highest pitch the feelings and passions of the human soul, the calf became intensely excited and began to dance and leap about and so continued to do as long as the music was kept up, until finally it became as if he were frenzied by the excitement, and after making one or two tremendous bounds it fell and died instantly without a struggle.—Chester (S. C.) Standard.

In either sex, nothing gives surer evidence of weakness of intellect, than extravagance and flippancy in dress.

Jealousy is the poison of love's banquet—a deadly sauce which the victim places in his favorite dish for his own use.

FALSE PRIDE.—"Uncle Jeems," writing from Charleston, S. C., to a country paper, notes the arrival in that city of two school teachers from the North, and remarks:

We have much available talent in the South, but I fear there is too much pride in the way. I can see no more discredit in a female teaching for a livelihood than for her husband to be working for a living. There are, I fear, many young ladies of education, who, while they might be contributing to the dignity and independence of the South, by engaging in some occupation where they are needed, though they may feel ever so patriotic, allow us to seek the services of those North of us, whose interests must be more or less antagonistic to our institutions, simply because a false pride will allow them to imagine that dignity and a crust are preferable to any thing assimilating to servitude. This is a great error. True dignity arises from the ashes of the spot on which we build the fires that illumine and cheer, and warm the friends and offspring of the friends who surround us. "To do good and to communicate, forget not," is an injunction of Holy Writ; and it would be well for us to shake off our lethargy, and rise to a true knowledge and sense of our position and duty.

HANDING BANK NOTES.—Peterson's Detector warns persons who are compelled to handle bank notes, not to wet their thumbs while counting the bills. It remarks that if the thumb comes in contact with the tongue, after handling a note from the pocket of a man infected with the small pox, infection is as sure to take effect as the inoculation of a child.

HOUSEHOLD CARES.—Mrs. Kirkland has very truly said that woman is never really and healthily happy without household cares. But to perform household work is often considered degrading. Even where the mother, in obedience to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, take no bodily exercise except walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages, or dancing at a party.—Those, in short, who can afford servants, cannot demean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started life with, becoming feeble in just about the proportion as they become fashionable. In this neglect of household cares, American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of body and mind alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this results in a lassitude of mind often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise.—The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestics generally pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either withers away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. If household cares were more generally attended to by the ladies of the family, there would be comparatively little back-biting, gossiping, enviousness, and other kindred sins; and women in good society would be much happier and more truly lovable.

EXCITEMENT IN DEMOPOLIS, ALA.—A shooting affair came off in Demopolis recently between Jas. T. Jones and Frank Brestling, growing out of an attempt on the part of the former to put down a custom of selling liquor to slaves. Jones received a severe wound in the hand. Great excitement followed, and a public meeting was called, which resolved two men, Wm. H. and Henry Roberts, out of the town.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAINTING.—If a man, a woman more likely, faints away, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away so as to allow the air to reach him, and then let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is a barbarity. The philosophy of fainting is: the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain; if the person is erect that blood has to be thrown up hill; but if lying down it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power which is apparent.

You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from the readers, but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident) of one or two lines not suited to their tastes, and you will be sure to hear of it.

"That's the rock on which we split," as the man said to his wife when asked to rock the cradle.

### Our Chip Basket.

A beautiful woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to cover herself with a green veil, or any similar abomination than the sun has to wear green spectacles.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—Locke.  
Wisdom.—Every other quality is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work.—The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs.—Robert Hall.

The greatest discoveries have been made by leaving the beaten tracks and going into by-paths.  
Men with gray eyes are generally keen, energetic, and at first cold; but you may depend upon their sympathy with real sorrow. Search the ranks of our benevolent men, and you will agree with me.

A well-known author once wrote an article in Blackwood, signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold on reading the initials, "what a pity he will tell only two thirds of the truth."

The difference between a fool and a looking-glass is, that one speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking.  
JUDICIAL WRIT.—A prisoner was once tried before Baron Alderson for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it in joke. "And pray, prisoner, how far did you carry it from the prosecutor's house?" asked the judge. "Perhaps two miles, my lord." "Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far; so the sentence of the court upon you is, that you be kept to hard labor for two months."

A newspaper reporter says of a very elegant female pickpocket: "She rarely speaks to any one; is always quiet, gentle, smiling, and genteel; comes like a sunbeam, and like it, steals noiselessly away."

LAYON LOST.—An organ-grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum.  
Why is a newly-born baby like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

RETENTION BY A LOVER.—It is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.  
A member of the New York Assembly in speaking of the amendments introduced to bills by the other branch of the legislature, said the Senate would amend the Ten Commandments, if they were before them for action.

THEE PERHAPS.—We have heard it said, that were pure gold to be laid down in the streets, and rich wine poured from fountains, the people all the while, being invited to come and take what they desired, it would not be very long ere both the gold and the wine would be entirely disregarded. Without vouching for the exact accuracy of this, we may be permitted to accept it, at least in part. Without dispute, man is a trading animal; and as a kind of confirmation of the saying we have quoted, we may throw in boorish behavior of certain persons. Civility, all the world acknowledges, costs nothing. Probably, that is the reason, why a part of the world ignore it altogether.

What's that? said a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X. "Daddy's name," "No, it isn't your daddy's name, you blockhead, it's X." "I'll be darned if 'tis. It's daddy's name, bloomed if it ain't. I've seen him write it often."

A dealer in ready-made linens advertises his shirts and chemisettes under the mellifluous appellation of "Male and Female Envelopes." What next?

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—If a young lady "throws herself away," understood, she has married for love; if she is "comfortably settled," understood that she has married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

The people of a western town recently held a public meeting, and gave an unpopular citizen regular notice to quit, as his company was disagreeable. He coolly answered that, if they couldn't live in the same place with him, they had better quit.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.—Shakspeare.  
Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent, for wealth, though a far less efficient source of power than talent, is a far more intelligible one.

You may compare imagination to a pretty young girl who cheats at cards. The cheating is so agreeable, and so playful, that far from stopping the game, you rather encourage the young lady in her tricks.  
Plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness; dull writers think all readers devoid of taste, and dull readers think witty writers devoid of brilliancy.

I MAY NOT LOVE THEE.—I may not love thee—but thy gentle words, Can stir within my soul a host of fears, That fill my heart with the tenderest fears, Like some sweet melody of earthy joys— I may not love thee—but thy smile is heaven, A honey's rapture to my spirit's core, For oh! I picture thee to all my dreams, Or time or earth shall hinder me from loving thee.