

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

WINCHESTER, TENN., NOVEMBER 24, 1850.

Number 46.

BOOTS & SHOES OR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

J. P. NEWELL

Has fitted up an excellent room on the South-east side of the Square, in Winchester, and will continue the boot and shoe business lately conducted by J. Reid, deceased. I feel myself able to do as good work as can be done ANYWHERE, and am determined that no exertions shall be wanting on my part, to give satisfaction to all who may favor me with patronage. I intend to keep constantly on hand a Large and select Assortment of Patent French and American Leather.

Also, Lastings to suit the wants of Ladies. REPAIRING promptly attended to, and all work WARRANTED.

TERMS CASH.

eh10 Set J. P. NEWELL.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, Fruit Trees, &c.

I am agent for all kinds of Farming Implements, which I can sell at Manufacturer's prices with carriage added. I have also a large lot of Fruit Trees growing in my Nursery for sale at prices as low as any Nursery, North or South, and of as good quality and size.

AGENTS WANTED.

In the adjoining Counties to sell Trees, to whom I will pay a liberal per cent and furnish any amount of trees they may want. Apply to S. W. HOUGHTON, Winchester, Tennessee.

TRY ME.

The undersigned would most respectfully inform the citizens of Winchester and vicinity that he has opened a PAINT SHOP in the old building, and is prepared to paint Carriages, Houses, and Chairs. Also, Glazing and Paper Hanging will be done—all on liberal terms. He hopes by executing his work well, and being punctual to business, to get a liberal share of patronage. Jan 13 6m T. J. WALKER.

New Saddle and Harness Shop

J. W. RUSSEY,

Saddle and Harness Maker, Main street, opposite Brooks' Hotel, will make to order and keep a general assortment of Saddles, Bridles and Martingales, Saddle Bags, Halters, Double and single Girths, Circles, web reins, &c., fine and common coach and buggy and common harness cheap for cash or a liberal advance on time. All kinds of produce taken in exchange at cash prices. [Sept 13] 1y

JOHN F. VAUGHAN,

Wholesale and Retail Man

Tin, Sheet Iron,

Copper and

Brass War

and dealer in

Cooking & Warming

STOVES

of every pattern.

Pumps, Castings, Brass Kettles,

Odd Lids, Coffee Mills, Wagon Boxes, &c.

Repairing, Roofing, Guttering, &c., done

on short notice. Old Copper, Pewter, Brass,

Beeswax, and Feathers taken in exchange

for work. J. F. V.

W. J. Slatter

FANCY BOOK AND JOB

PRINTER

Winchester, Tennessee.

Having just added a large

amount of new material

to a good stock on hand,

we are enabled to submit

that any office in Tennessee

can get up the richest style of printing.

In the way of beautiful

CARD TYPE

our assortment is VERY LARGE. For Plans, Circulars,

and the like, we have some lovely designs, also, for

albums, &c., we have something new.

With the aid of very fine presses and colored inks, we

can get up the richest style of printing.

D. M. WILLIAMS,

WATCH MAKER

AND

JEWELER,

Winchester, Tenn.

Watches, Clock,

and Jewelry faithfully

repaired. A lot of jewelry kept

constantly on hand for sale. [Sept 23]

A. RIVA & CO.,

Importers,

Direct through

THE

CUSTOM

HOUSE

OF

NASHVILLE,

dealers in Wines, Brandies, &c., &c.,

From France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and

Italy; Havana Cigars, Olive Oil, Vermicelli,

&c., &c., No. 30, North Market Street,

next door above the Watson House, Nash

ville, Tenn. aug 25-1y

G. F. Engleman,

PRactical

TAILOR,

WINCHESTER,

Tennessee.

Has opened a shop in the house formerly

occupied by John Reid as a Boot and Shoe

The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

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

We are heartily glad to learn that our friend, Col. G. Leander Eberhart of Nashville, whose poetical contributions have graced the pages of the Journal during the past year, has been appointed General Agent for the sale of *Parton's Life of Jackson*, in this State and Kentucky.

We hope the Col. may fully realize his most sanguine expectations in his sale, for we know him to be a gentleman eminently worthy all the success that an intelligent, and gallant community can bestow upon him.

All who have read *Parton's "Life and Times of Aaron Burr"* know something of his ability as a writer; and as his *Life of Jackson* promises to be a faithful and true biography, and will be the first complete work of the kind ever written, we fondly hope that Tennessee will exhibit her appreciation of the old Hero's gallantry, and worth, by giving the work that hearty encouragement which its merits, and above all its subject, so richly deserve.

No man that ever lived has exerted a greater influence upon the destiny of our country than the Hero of New Orleans; and no State in the Union places a higher estimation upon his heroic achievements, and his inviolable integrity, than the noble State in which the old Chieflain now "sleeps his last sleep." We feel confident, therefore, that the noble and chivalrous son of Tennessee will not let the opportunity now presented to pay a tribute of respect to her illustrious dead, pass by unimproved; but will give a larger list of subscribers for *Parton's Life of Gen. Andrew Jackson*, than any other State between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

She ought to give ten thousand subscribers; and we shall be disappointed, if Nashville do not head the list with at least five hundred. *She can if she will*, and we feel sure that she will if she can.

"The Warren Sunbeam" is the title of a newspaper published in Warren, Bradley county, Arks., by Tom W. Neal, formerly of Tennessee. The Sunbeam appears to be quite an "Ephemeral" to the inhabitants of its region. The editor has had all the elite of the town as visitors to his office, where the guests uncorked bottles of wine and other good things, and feasted all handsomely. The editor returns his thanks to one of the green bag gentry for services as a mailing clerk, and signifies his willingness for the said legal gentleman to do the same thing again. The editor is the big bug, and the people will not allow him to buy anything, but give him all he wants. If anybody will buy us out, believe we will go "thar."

SMOKING TESTED.

The Dublin Medical Press asserts that the pupils of the Polytechnic School in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into two groups—the smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the schools are smokers in the lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke were found to enjoy a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

"Iox," the usually very reliable Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, thus speculates in reference to the probable action of the Charleston Convention: "It is more certain than ever that the Northern delegations, both in regard to the platform and the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, will defer to the South. The South must furnish nearly all the electoral votes, and of course have a right to choose the candidates. If a Southern man be nominated as President, it is very probable that Governor Horatio Seymour will be selected as Vice President, in deference to the wishes of the vast majority of Democrats of the Empire State. It is thought that his name on the ticket would go far to secure the electoral vote of New York; but I must say that no one can 'count upon New York' in any event. But the result of the Fall Election of State officers may indicate a change favorable to the Democracy."

NOTICE.—Whenever any person writes a communication for a newspaper, write on one side of the sheet only. Do please remember this.

EFFIE CAMPBELL.

Pretty Effie Campbell
Came to me one day;
Eyes as bright as sunbeams,
Cheeks with blushes gay.

"I'm so happy, Cousin,
Walter told me all,
In the carriage, coming
From the county ball."

"Have a care, Miss Effie—
Look before you leap;
Men are fickle, Effie,—
Better wait than weep."

"How you're always preaching
Love to be a crime;
And a kiss perdition,
Surly Peter Syme."

"Fear these first love whispers,
Thrilling, sweet and strange;
Eyes will wander, Effie,
And the fancy change."

"I can trust him, Cousin,
With a glad repose;
Heaven is won by trusting,—
Doubt brings half our woes."

"Are you certain, Effie,
Love will not decay
When your hair is slower,
And your step grows gray?"

"And those eyes, so bonnie,
Look less bright than now;
And the matron Cautious
Saddens cheek and brow?"

"Love may deepen, Peter,
But it will not die;
Be it pulse will steady,
If not quite so high."

"Smoother run the rivers
As they reach the sea,
Calm'd the noisy plunges—
Still'd the shallow glee."

"True love knows no changing
From the dream of youth,
Or, if changed, 'tis better,
'Tis the dream made truth."

"Love that once pined blindly,
Tenderly reverts,
And the eyes clear
That have look'd through tears."

"Beautiful, forever,
The grief-soften'd tread;
And the time-touch'd glances,
And the dear gray head."

"The pathetic patience,
And the lines of care;
Memory's consecration
Makes men always fair."

"Lips that eases close creeping,
Sweet low love to speak,
Kissing, oh! so softly,
Weary temples weak."

"Eyes that looked such pity—
Poor wild eyes above;
Can these lose their beauty
For the souls that love?"

"But I see you're laughing,
As you always do,
When my speech gets earnest—
As my heart throbs through."

"Weak you think us women—
Slaves of impulse, vain;
But our hearts are oftentimes
Truer than your brain."

"You're our subjects, skeptic,
Wringles you will;
Mother's eyes and bosoms
Mould the children still."

"Tale of woman's glaucom—
'Tis the oldest known;
Better doom with woman
Than an Eden lone."

"We shall always snare you,
Struggle as you may;
I shall see you, Cousin,
Deep in love one day."

"Effie!"—but she stopped me
With a nod and smile,
Calling, as she curtsied,
In her saucy style:

"Bye, bye, Master Peter,—
Take a wife in time,
And she'll make you wiser,
Simple Peter Syme."

"DON'T."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You are sober this evening," said Mrs. Landell to her husband. "I hope nothing has gone wrong during the day."

Mr. Landell, who had been sitting with his eyes upon the floor, silent and abstracted for some moments, roused himself at these words of his wife, and looked up at her, smiled in a forced way, as he answered—
"Oh, no; nothing at all has gone wrong."

"Don't you feel well?"
The voice of Mrs. Landell was just shaded with concern.

"Well enough in body, but not so comfortable in mind as I desire."
"Then something has gone wrong," said the wife, her manner troubled.

"Nothing more than usual," replied Mr. Landell. The forced smile faded away from his countenance. Mrs. L. sighed.

"Than usual!" She repeated his words, looking with earnest inquiry into her husband's face. Then she added in a tender manner—
"Bring home your trouble, dear.— Don't hide anything. Let me share with you the good and ill of life.— Did you not know that hearts draw nearer in suffering than they do in joy?"

"Bless your kind heart, Alice!" said Mr. Landell, a broad smile creeping over his face as he caught her

round cheeks between his hands and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as all that comes to. I'm not going to fail in business; haven't lost anything worth speaking about; haven't cheated anybody, and don't intend to; it's only this hasty, impulsive temper of mine that is always leading me to say or do something that leaves a sting."

The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell.

"You will overcome that in time, Edward."

"I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my young men, and a mild reproof would have been more just and of more salutary effect. He is sensitive, and my words hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his face all day was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. But the lesson of yesterday did not suffice. This morning I was betrayed into a trifling language, and wounded the same young man, and threw him off his guard so much that he answered me with feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he dared venture a repetition of his language. When feeling subsided and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong and felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish that I had more self control; that I could bridle my tongue when feeling it suddenly spurred. But temperament and long indulged habits are against me."

Mrs. Landell encouraged an I south-her husband, and so won his mind away from its self reproaches.

On the next morning as Mr. Landell was leaving for his store, his wife looked up at him, and with a meaning said to him—
"Don't."

There was the slightest perceptible warning in her tone.

"Don't what?" Mr. Landell seemed a little puzzled.

"Don't forget yourself."
"Oh!" Light broke upon his mind. "Thank you, I will not," and he went forth to meet the trials of the day.

Almost the first thing that fell under the notice of Mr. Landell was an important letter, which, after writing, he had given to a clerk to copy and mail. Instead of being in Boston, as it should have been, it lay upon his desk. Neglect like this he felt to be unpardonable.

"John," he called sharply to a young man at the farther end of the store.

"Don't!" it seemed to him like the voice of his wife in his ear—"don't forget yourself."

This mental warning came just in season. The clerk came quietly towards him. By the time he reached the desk of Mr. Landell, the latter was under self control.

"Why was not this letter mailed, John?" he asked.

The tone was neither imperative nor captious, but kind; and the question was asked in a way that said, of course there is good reason for omission; and so there was.

"I think, sir," answered John, "that there is a mistake, and I thought it not best to put the letter in the mail."

"A mistake? how?" and Mr. L. opened the letter.

"It reads," said the clerk, "three hundred cases of shawls."

"Oh, no; thirty cases," replied Mr. Landell. But as he said this his eye rested on the three hundred. "So it is. How could I have made such an error! You did right, John, in not sending the letter at all."

The clerk went back to his place, and the merchant said to himself, "how glad I am that I was able to control myself. If I had spoken to that young man as I felt, I would have wronged and alienated him, and made trouble for myself all day."

Not long after this a case of goods fell through the hatchways, crushing down upon the landing with a noise that caused Mr. Landell, whose temperament was exceedingly nervous, to spring to his feet. To blame somebody was his first impulse. "What careless fellow has done this?" was on his tongue.

"Don't!" the inward monitor spoke in time.

Mr. Landell shut his lips tightly, and kept silent until he could command himself. He then inquired calmly into the cause of the accident, and found that special blame attached to none. Opening the case of goods, the damage was found to be trifling.

"Another conquest," said Mr. Landell, as he turned to his desk. Self-control is easy enough if the trial is made in earnest.

A dozen times that day was the torch applied to Mr. Landell's quick temper, and as often was he in dan-

ger of blazing out. But he kept his temper till the sun went down, and then he turned his steps homeward, feeling more comfortable in mind than he had for several weeks. There was no shadow on his countenance when he met his wife, but smiling good humor.

"You said 'Don't' as I left this morning."
"Well!"
"And I didn't."
"You are a hero," said Mrs. Landell, laughing.

"Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in earnest."

"And you felt better?"
"Oh, a thousand times. What a curse of one's life this quick temperament is. I am ashamed of myself half a dozen times a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning, and I mean to keep on right until the end."

"Don't," said Mrs. Landell to her husband, as she parted with him at the front door of their home the next morning.

"I won't; God help me," was answered heartily.

And he didn't as the pleasant evening that he passed with his wife most clearly testified.

Reader, if you are quick tempered, "Don't."

ANSWER TO A VERSE UPON A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

"So let my frailty be the worth,
That but a word could bid the flowers,
Its sweetest fragrance round thee breathe—
'Till I serve to soothe thy weary hours."

Yes, 'twill serve to soothe my weary hours,
And O, far more than this,
Since thy friendship has been won, these flowers,
Bespeak some other brighter bliss;

Perchance not brighter than we've known
Mid hours—other hours than now,—
Yet bespeaking of laurels I may own
Wreath'd in chaplets for my brow,

Wreath'd by those appreciative ones that love
The lovely garb that nature wears,
That see in song something from above,
To light half man's duller cares.

Lady, flowers that a kindred soul thus sends,
Kindle anew hope's latent fire; thy
wreath,
What tho' it wither? since thy friendship
leads
That which must ever round me breathe,
Vain be my longings, and all unheeded,
Yet will I ever longing crave,
That when I dead, kind ones, tho' unneeded,
Strew such flowers o'er my grave;
Such flowers as thou hast given.

Orlando.

NOT AN INSURRECTION.

The recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry, was, in no sense, an insurrection! The slaves had no part nor lot in the matter, except in so far as some of them were forced to take part by the menaces of "Old Brown" and the fourteen white men under his command. There were five free negroes engaged in the affair, but not a single slave! And even the free negroes thus engaged were not Virginia free negroes—that is, not residents of this State—but residents of the Northern States, whom Brown brought along with him to aid in his fanatical and diabolical scheme.

We repeat that the affair at Harper's Ferry was not an insurrection at all—that the slaves had nothing to do with it—that, on the contrary, the slaves themselves were terrified and panic-stricken by the audacious invasion of these Abolition conspirators. We desire the Northern people—especially the Northern Abolitionists, who prate about the oppression and discontent of Southern slaves—to remember the striking and significant fact that the slaves were not participants in the late affair, and that affair itself was, therefore, not a slave insurrection in any sense or to any extent, but a pure and absolute conspiracy and invasion on the part of Northern Abolitionists alone! We wish them to put this great and instructive fact in their pipes, and smoke it at their leisure; and they will learn therefrom another great, instructive, and incontrovertible fact, to wit:—that the slaves of the South are contented with their lot, peaceably disposed, loyal to their masters, and hate a meddling Northern intruder and Abolitionist with a perfect hatred. Let them remember this truth, too, that the chief unhappiness of Southern slaves is produced by fear of the Abolitionists—by an apprehension on their part that the Abolitionists will, some time or other, and some how or other, forcibly abduct them from their humane masters and comfortable homes, and take them to the free North or to Canada!—This fact may be new to the Northern Abolitionists; but it is nevertheless a fact and should be allowed to have its just and proper influence upon the Northern mind. The slaves both fear and hate the Northern Abolitionists, and look upon them, as they really are, as their worst and only enemies. With here and there a single exception, the slaves of the South have never thought of engaging in insurrection, nor can they—with such exceptions as we have stated—ever be induced to participate in any such enterprise. We doubt whether there are one hundred slaves in Virginia whom any amount of Abolition tampering and persuasion could disaffect and

seduce an insurrectionary movement. Certainly, if left alone—if not tampered with, and not attempted to be seduced and debauched by Abolition emissaries and cut-throats—the slaves of the South would live forever in quiet, and peace, and loyalty, with no wish or thought of freedom—of the freedom to return to the condition of savages, and to steal, and starve and die unhealed for, which the Northern Abolitionists would let them alone, and not force or instigate them to insurrection, and pillage, and murder—things they would never attempt, or dream of attempting, without being instigated by Abolition emissaries—Southern masters, and their families and neighbors would repose forever in a state of uninterrupted and absolute security. The Southern whites would live undisturbed, even without a fire-arm in their houses or lock upon their doors. There is no earthly danger to be apprehended from Southern slaves if the miserable Abolitionists of the North, or their more miserable and more villainous sympathizers and abettors in the South—if any such there be—would just let the slaves alone, and not try either to persuade or force them into rebellion to their masters. Even in the event of a civil war between the North and South, we, for one, should be greatly surprised and amazed, if the slave did not constitute a willing and efficient body guard for the defense and protection of the white families of the South.—We do not believe that one in a thousand of them would voluntarily desert their masters and mistresses under any circumstances, on the contrary, they would stand by and cling to them, through good and through evil, and rebel the assaults of our invaders with a fidelity and a valor almost equal to their masters.

The Northern Abolitionists know nothing in the world of the loyal and contented disposition of Southern slaves. The wrongs and oppressions which these fanatical "shriek" avers, are purely imaginary. The Southern slave is the happiest of human laborers, the best treated, the best cared for, the least inclined to be rebellious, and the least willing to exchange his comfortable condition as a servant for that of a desperate and starving so-called freeman, which the Abolitionists, in their fanaticism and madness, would confer upon him. If Northern Abolitionists, would examine the condition of Southern slaves for themselves—would calmly study the philosophical and practical workings of the patriarchal institution itself—we have an abiding confidence that never again would they indulge in ridiculous "shrieks" or still more ridiculous efforts for the freedom of Southern slaves. We believe on the contrary that all of them who are not absolutely maddened by fanaticism, would at once come to the conclusion that the relation of master and slave in the Southern States is the best, the wisest, the most beneficial, and the most necessary that it is possible to conceive of. In the operations of this humane system of labor, they would find no jarring, no discord, no wrong, no misery, no unhappiness, no discontent, no danger—they would at least find it freer from all these elements than any other system of labor that now exists, or has ever existed in the world.

But, our purpose simply was, to remind the people of the North, and the people of the South, and the whole world, that the late outbreak at Harper's Ferry was purely a conspiracy and invasion on the part of Northern Abolitionists, and in no sense, nor to any extent, an insurrection on the part of the slaves!—*Richmond Whig.*

THE QUAKER AND THE PUGILIST.—A genuine bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him. "Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking down the visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou not take some dinner?" The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfill his original errand. "Friend!" said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" and he supplied abundance of punch. The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer, but quoth the Quaker, "Friend, wilt thou not take a pipe?" This hospitable offer was accepted, and the bully utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter, opening the window, and pulling the bully towards it, thus addressed him, "Friend, thou earnest hither not to be pacified; I gave thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt offering, neither did that suffice; and now will I try thee with a heave-offering." And with that he tossed him out of the window. This sufficed him.

Among the incidents connected with the Harper's Ferry episode, it is mentioned by the *National Intelligencer*, that a deputation from the free colored population of Georgetown waited upon the Mayor of that town, and respectfully proffered him their united and cordial co-operation in any service in which he might see fit to employ them in the preservation of the public order and peace.

"Ossawatimie" Brown is said to be the father of 29 children. Don't reckon he'll father many more, however.

HIGH RENTS IN NASHVILLE.

A Nashville correspondent of the *Huntsville Independent* states some pertinent facts in the following paragraph:

"A word about houses and rents.—Nashville has fewer houses and higher rents than almost any city of its size we wot of. The consequence is, we are a community of boarders and a city of boarding houses. The comforts of a home are almost unknown to people of slender means. The houses are mostly inconvenient, and many of them look like great sprawling little giants, doubled up with the stomach-ache! The landlords have but one song to sing—Taxes! As though the corporate taxes, though undoubtedly large, justified these high rents, which they do not. Even Nashville contains some poor men.—Clerk's salaries are not always two or three thousand dollars; nor salesmen's, nor book keepers, nor lawyers. What with the present frightful extravagance of female dressing, together with the high rents of even barely respectable houses young men are exceedingly cautious of matrimony.—This state of things is driving many a young man, whose natural predilections are all domestic, to the social amusements peculiar to exclusively male society, isolating him from the refining effects of good women's company, and surrounding him with those alluring temptations which act with deadly power on a young man bereft of those safe-guards with which moral and intelligent associations would environ him. The high rents here within the bounds of the corporation are driving hosts of housekeepers to the suburbs, beyond the city limits; and the "penny-wise-pound-foolish" policy of our city landlords will one of these days be exemplified in deserted empty houses, tenantless and uninhabited. There are many clerks and mechanics here with families, whose income hardly amounts to \$500 per annum; and what will be left after \$300 goes for rent—a respectable house cannot be procured for less.—This system is a very serious check on the numerical growth of Nashville, and presents serious difficulties to the prosperity of the poorer classes.

SLAVERY AGITATION.—The N. Y. Times, one of the leading Republican organs in 1850, says now of slavery agitation and agitators: