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LADIES COLUMN.

Black silks and muslin aprons have come in fashion again. Five feet five inches is said to be the perfection of height for a woman.

A French woman in Toledo, wife of a fisherman, speared five hundred pike in four days.

"Come and kiss me" is the name of a small Vicksburg steamboat.

Anna Dickinson, report says, is not to marry, but is to go on the stage.

Mrs. Rawlins, widow of the late Secretary of War, has married Mr. C. F. Daniels, of New York.

Since "horrid" man says that in the present style of dressing young ladies hair it is hard to tell which it is.

"What's in a dress?" says a popular writer. Sometimes a great deal and sometimes a precious little.

There is time for all things. The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walk is.

Mrs. Lamb, of Petersburg, Va., became deranged from investing in lottery tickets and failing to draw prizes.

Half of the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—namely, the speech they had resolved not to utter.

Tight lacing caused a lady of Unadilla, New York, to burst a blood-vessel two days after her marriage.

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very difficult to get rid of.

Mollie Morton is the most unpopular young lady in Louisville female circles now. She was the especial favorite of Alexis when he was in that city.

It is the fashion for ladies during Lent to wear a large chain of jet around the waist, which hangs at one side and to which is attached a large jet cross.

Knoxville, Tenn., has a youthful feminine tax collector—Miss Lucy Stevens—who collects more in a day than a dozen publicans could in a fortnight.

A South End, Boston, woman has recently presented her husband with a \$7,000 house, which amount she had saved out of her house-keeping fund.

A virtuous woman is thus described by Solomon: She looketh well to the way of her household, and catcheth not the bread of idleness.

Six hundred girls, aged from fifteen to twenty, applied in one afternoon at the New York Grand Opera-house for places in the Oriental marches in *Lalla Rookh*.

There is a woman in Philadelphia who weighs but ninety-five pounds, although she eats three pounds of meat between the sunrise and sunset of every day.

Mrs. James W. Mays has amazed the people of Fulton, Ky., by her skill as a marksman. Last week, with a rifle, she shot several wild geese, hitting each exactly in the head.

Mrs. H. race Greely, who has been considered incurably sick with pulmonary affection, has almost entirely recovered her health at the Isle of Wight, and will soon return to America.

An Ohio man has been married seventy-five years, and has had his mother-in-law as a boarder during the whole time. He says he has never had cause to regret her company, and recommends her as a model mother-in-law. She is now 105 years old.

A Boston lady declares that she is guilty of downright falsehood a dozen times a day, by saying to people whom she meets, "I am so glad to see you," and she cannot break herself of the habit of so lying.

In the Elgin watch factories three hundred of the five hundred employees are girls who earn from ten to twenty dollars a week, and do the more delicate part of the work more skillfully than men.

Mrs. Brown of North Carolina, having stated that she cured her consumption by partaking of kerosene oil, her example was quickly followed by several neighbors. The delusion was soon exploded, however.

The girls in the Iowa State Agricultural College not only knew more about farming than the male students, but have become proficient in making beds and dusting, under the superintendence of a matron and general housekeeper.

The Chicago Post has a female editor whose extraordinary abilities were first manifested, according to the *Woman's Journal*, when she was sent out to write up a slight street-car difficulty, and returned with a full report, to which was added a complete history of vehicular locomotion from the days of Hector and Troy.

The daily noon day prayer-meetings, which have been held at Philadelphia for fourteen years, have since the opening year been more largely attended and are of increased interest.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble, Trip lightly over wrong, We only make great double, By dwelling on it long, Why sleep we hand so lightly? Why sigh o'er blossoms dead? Why cling to form unsightly? Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow, Though all the way be dark, Thine own shine to-morrow, And maily sing the lack; Fair hopes have not departed, Though roses may have died, Then never be down-hearted, But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness, Stand not to rail at doom, We're waiting to string of gladness, On this side of the tomb, And our stars are nightly shining, And the heaven is overhead, Encouraging, not repining, But look for joy instead.

ROSEBUDS AND GERANIUMS.

BY MATTIE FREEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

A summer sunset; a silver-gray cloud floating in the west, its feathery edge tipped with scarlet.

A merry groupe upon a green lawn; an old farm house in the background, and a noisy stream laughing through the trees in the distance.

The home of Agnes Wilnot, the potted, village belle; the game was croquet.

"The bet was fairly won," shouted Agnes, laughing.

"I'm not sure of that," retorted Dermot, a young "swell" from the city. "You put us out with your eyes. A fellow couldn't be expected to play well with so much brilliancy flashing about him. A man fighting a duel never likes to be placed facing the sun."

"Hear, hear," shouted a half dozen girls, clapping their hands.

"I'll tell you what it is, John, you want to take lessons now. You'd get on a deal pleasanter with cousin Agnes if you were a little more polished. Don't you see how it is done?" And little Kitty laughed provokingly as she turned away.

Awkward John clenched his great fist, and set his teeth hard, and thought some very wicked thoughts. He felt a longing to make a pair of blue eyes black; to punch, in regular pugilistic style, a certain head covered with blonde hair. He looked sneeringly at a white jeweled hand, stroking a mustache, curled a la mode, and lung back his own bristling hair in a fiercer manner than ever. He would make himself as unlike a jack-anapes, he said, as possible. He was proud of his hard hands; prouder, too, when he remembered the work they had done for Agnes.

Yes, he had rowed on the river; he had made her grapevine swings; he had taken her to school on his sled; and he had supposed that it had always been understood that Agnes was to be his wife.

It was all over with now, though. She had eyes for no one but this idiot from the city. She scarcely looked at him; and he had always been so fond of her. And John went into the summer-house to shed a few uncontrollable tears by himself.

In the morning he had taken to her some fresh rosebuds for her hair. She had taken them carelessly, and a moment after had brushed crimson, when Dermot offered her a bunch of geraniums.

He should always hate geraniums, he said, fitting himself as fast as possible to his new character. He hated rosebuds, too. In fact, there was very little left in this world that he didn't hate.

"Oh!" gasped some one quickly at the door.

John jumped up. It was Agnes. Just the opportunity he'd been longing for.

The girl tried to escape, but he caught her by the wrist and drew her in. He held her fiercely, and the tears came into her eyes, before he would relinquish his hold.

"Aren't you ashamed, John? Look at my arm, nearly crushed. You great, rude fellow."

"I know I'm pretty good size, Agnes," said John, straightening himself, "and for that reason I love you all the better. I'm not a dapper little dandy—that's sure."

"You're the most ridiculous creature. Dear me, I haven't a minute's peace—not a single minute; do you hear, sir?" And the beauty stamped her foot.

"Am I so hateful to you, Agnes?" "Hateful! who said you were hateful? You are troublesome. I am not permitted to treat my guest courteously."

"Oh! Agnes."

"No, your absurd jealousy is unbearable. Every one notices it, and every one is laughing about it, too."

"And don't you love me a little, Agnes?"

"Oh, I like you well enough, John."

"Dear me, won't you never have done with that. I'm tired of it. I'm promised to you, you say, and I should think that would be quite enough. You are sure I will have to have you."

"That's just the trouble, John. I've known you too long. I feel toward you as I feel toward that old gray dress of mine. I'm heartily sick of it. I've become so horrid used to it that the very idea of it is quite shocking."

John stepped back, then placed his great hand under the girl's chin, and lifted her flushed face to his own.

His lip quivered, and his voice trembled, as he said: "Is this so, Agnes?"

"Why, John, I hardly know myself, just how it is. I'm so mixed up in my own mind about it. But you see, John, you're good, I know you are—but you aren't—you aren't—"

"Aren't what, Agnes? Don't be afraid to say it."

"Well then, John, you aren't stylish."

"No, Agnes?"

"And you aren't fashionable."

"No, Agnes?"

"Nor you aren't a hero?"

"A hero, Agnes?"

"No, you never saved any one's life; you never did any great thing!"

No, Agnes, said John with a sigh. "I can't say that I ever did. I never had a chance, you know."

"That's true, John, but I do remember now of your whipping Joe Brown, as big as two of you, because he called me names. But that was only a fist fight."

"Thank you, Agnes," said John, simply, "for remembering that. But is this Dermot a hero?"

"The bravest fellow, John. I don't know how many people he has dragged out of the river, and as for rushing into burning houses—there's no end to it."

"He told you this, Agnes?"

"Yes, to be sure. It's delightful to hear him talk; he talks so well. That's something, you can't do either, John. You can't talk; you can't quote poetry; you don't know any thing about Shakespeare. Oh, you ought to hear Mr. Dermot go through with 'Romeo and Juliet'—and Agnes folded her hands in ecstasy.

John smiled. He knew Shakespeare quite well. It was one of the few books he had studied.

"And Mr. Dermot quotes poetry?"

"Oh, so delightfully. Burns, and Byron, and Tennyson, and he can say such exquisite little things. Now, John, if you were something like—"

"But I never shall be, Agnes."

"Not assented Agnes with a sigh. "And my hands will always be hard; for I am a working man, Agnes, and my words will always be plain; but my heart will be tender, and true, and loving. Will not that satisfy, Agnes?"

"Why, John, if I don't really love you, I had better find it out now. I am not quite sure. I'll think it over, and to-morrow night, maybe I'll wear a rosebud in my hair and maybe—"

"You'll wear geranium."

Agnes gave an approving nod, then slipped away, laughing, thinking to herself, "How the great fellow does love me, to be sure."

John wandered around desolate and lonely all of next day. He was among the earliest of the guests assembled in the evening at Agnes's home. How anxiously he waited her coming into the room.

Her cousin Kitty did the honors, and was continually hovering near him, her laughing face covered with dimples, and a quiet, mischievous smile hiding in her eyes. Kitty had just come down from assisting Agnes to dress.

But no, the creature continued to look supremely happy.

She turned to John. He had arisen. Kitty was frightened. His face had grown white, and his great eyes showed all of the despair he felt in finding that his boyhood dream had forever vanished.

Agnes looked toward him slyly, with blushes on her face, brought there by the consciousness that she had done so much to make the great fellow happy.

The look he gave her was one she could never forget.

Without an attempt to disguise his feelings, the impulsive fellow rushed from the room. Kitty hastened after him, and Agnes felt for the flower in her hair. It was there, sure enough; and it was—not a rosebud—but a geranium.

"The great goose," she thought to herself; "how can he be so ridiculous?" and she turned toward Mr. Dermot with some trifling remark determined to repair his blunder. She couldn't bear to have every body laughing at her. It was so annoying.

"Your friend acts a little strange to-night," said Mr. Dermot.

"Yes," replied Agnes, frankly, "he is perfectly absurd."

"He's terribly jealous, isn't he?"

"He has no occasion, I'm sure," she replied, demurely.

"I should fancy he would be perfectly satisfied, knowing that you are engaged to him," said Dermot cautiously.

"But I am not really engaged to him," pouted Agnes.

"There can be no harm, then if I accompany you to the picnic to-morrow?"

"No harm," replied Agnes, blushing guiltily, for John's grievous look was haunting her, and his troubled eyes seemed to be looking into her own.

CHAPTER II.

What a lovely place it was, to be sure! A little lake nestled down among the hills; the water transparent and bright-tinted shells gleaming on the bottom amid the white, silvery sand.

The gay party had bivouacked on its grassy banks, reclining under the shadows of the great trees, that looked at themselves in the clear mirror at their feet, with a rustle of leaves, and other coquetries.

A tiny boat was fastened near.

Among all the merry party that day none had apparently been so light-hearted and happy as Agnes. Kitty had manifested her displeasure at this by continually reminding her of John.

"If John was here, we might have some of those exquisite pond lilies. John is a capital hand with an oar."

"We may have some, nevertheless," replied Agnes. "One would fancy, Kitty, to hear you talk, that one's life depended upon John. Mr. Dermot, we'll take the boat and row out to them."

"Done," said Dermot, unfastening the boat from the stake. "A capital idea. Who wants to go?"

"Not I," Kitty said petulantly turning away.

"We can go alone, Mr. Dermot," laughed Agnes. "You will all be anxious to share our prize."

"A cat likes fish," laughed Dermot, "but she don't like to wet her feet in getting them."

Further, and further out the boat glided. Agnes leaned over the side and grasped at the flowers. "They are a tough flower to pull," said Dermot, laying down the oars. He leaned over the side of the boat, the edge tipped to the water, then dipped down, and suddenly filling the boat turned bottom upward, emptying himself and Agnes into the lake.

A score of voices sent up a scream from the shore. Kitty ran up and down, wringing her hands helplessly, and begging some one to save Agnes.

Mr. Dermot grasped for her, but she went down out of his reach. He turned away, making bold strokes for the shore. Kitty screamed. A great fellow in soldier's uniform dashed by her, lunged aside his jacket, and threw himself into the water.

"Dear old John."

"And John is after all—?"

"A hero."

"And Mr. Dermot—?"

"Is a most contemptible coward, as I always know him to be," said Kitty, emphatically.

"Where is John?"

"John's gone."

"And for many a long day, too," volunteered Frank Lee. "John is a soldier; enlisted last night. His regiment was under marching orders to leave at noon to-day."

Agnes buried her white face in her hands and fell to sobbing on Kitty's bosom.

Quite true it was that John had gone. How bitterly she remembered now all the cruel things she had said to this great loving John. How insignificant Mr. Dermot appeared in comparison.

How many times she awakened in the night, fancying herself struggling in the water, a little dandy swimming away from her, and John throwing aside his soldier's jacket, and coming out to her.

Dear old John—her early play mate—forever gone.

She read all of the war news, scanned eagerly the list of the dead, shuddering lest his name should appear in the black-bordered column.

Months went by and no news from John. Then after a long time they heard of a brave soldier fighting recklessly, daringly; of swift promotion. But the months glided into years and the years grew terrible, for John never sent a single line, nor a single word.

Kitty had married, and a little Frank Lee (named for his father) was the autocrat of her household.

Agnes had become a sad-faced woman, the blue eyes shining soft and pleasant, with a far-away, tender look, lying in their depths.

Kitty's youngest sister, Mollie, a dashing, petted little creature of sixteen, was spending the winter at Kitty's home.

"Oh, we are to have such a splendid time," she was saying, "and the time of the evening is to be Mr. Langdon."

"Langdon?" said Kitty, quickly glancing at Agnes.

"Langdon," involuntarily repeated Agnes, her face pallid, and her lips growing white.

"Yes, Colonel Langdon. The bravest of men—a real hero, like one reads of in novels. He's been traveling in Europe since the war. The girls are all crazy, he is such a catch. I say, Kitty, I'm going to set my cap for him. It's something worth while. Now, cousin Agnes, I want you to be Cinderella, and stay in the kitchen. I have noticed that that quiet way of yours is decidedly taking among the gentlemen. But I'm bound this time to get ahead of you, and the merry girl went skipping away.

Agnes sighed, and cast a look into the mirror, at the white face reflected there, and thought how faded it must appear by the side of so many younger and fresher ones.

The party was a success. While the guests were coming in, Agnes sat with her eyes resting upon the door, waiting for the appearance of the man whom she desired to see above all others.

At last the announcement came, Colonel Langdon!

A blue coat, with epaulets on the shoulders—an empty sleeve—a great form towering a head above all others in the room—a bearded brown face, and Agnes knew that this was John. Yes, the same old John, to whom she had once been so dear.

Awkward John was smiling pleasantly, shaking hands with old friends, and becoming acquainted with new ones.

Agnes saw Kitty take him by the arm—felt him coming. The hot blood rushed to her face—then left it white as death.

"Agnes, an old friend," said the arch Kitty, "Colonel Langdon."

as Colonel Langdon came in. Agnes blushed, Kitty's maneuver was so transparent.

There was so much between these two, and yet they could say so little. It is so difficult to go back and take up the familiarity ended between friends years before.

The Colonel declared it to be a very fine day. Agnes smilingly assented.

"A fine party last night," he said. "Yes, said Agnes, stroking Frankie's hair."

The Colonel turned to a couple of vases, filled with flowers standing on the table. Rosebuds in one—geraniums in the other.

"Ah," he said coloring, "some one is fond of rosebuds, and some one of geraniums."

"Yes, volunteered little Frank, "the rosebuds are Cousin Agnes'; the geraniums are Aunt Mollie's. Cousin Agnes don't like geraniums."

"And does she like rosebuds?" asked the Colonel eagerly.

"O, ever so much. She's got a little bit of one all dried up, that I saw her crying over one day; and I hear mamma talking to her about throwing the rosebuds away, and putting the geraniums in her hair, cause she thought old John sent it. Who is old John? Do you know?"

The Colonel made one step toward Agnes.

"Agnes, darling, is this so? Were you really going to wear the rosebuds?"

Agnes' voice trembled, and the tears came into her eyes as she said, "I thought I had them in my hair John, Kitty was always a partisan of yours, and she found the buds in a glass of water, and fancying some one else had sent them, hung them down, and put in my braids that Dermot's geranium."

"And you loved me then—you have loved all these years?"

"All these years," said Agnes, and John with one arm drew her quite close to him.

Kitty opened the door, peeped in slyly; then came forward laughing.

"Dear old John," she said, taking his one hand in both of hers. "Can you forgive me now for the mischief I made?"

"Quite heartily," said John, happy beyond all expression.

"And you owe me some thanks, too," said Kitty, laughing. "I have enabled Agnes to appreciate you."

Agnes blushed, and the tears came into her eyes, as she remembered all the rude things she had said.

It was a very quiet wedding, (of course there was a wedding), and Mollie readily relinquished all claims when she found there was so much of romance attached to it.

She said it was added, although Agnes was five and twenty, she must say she was the handsomest bride she had ever seen. Rosebuds, too, she thought were more becoming than orange blossoms, and yes, for once she would own they were prettier than geraniums.

John Adams.

John Adams, the father of John Quincy Adams, used to say, "When I was a boy I had to study the Latin grammar, but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer, and, going to my father, told him I did not like study, and asked him for other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer.

"Well, John, said he. 'If Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by grammar and dig.'"

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went, but soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon, was the longest I ever experienced."

"That day I ate the bread of labor, and right glad was I when night came on. That night I made a comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it."

"I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner time; but it was too humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the sweetest lessons in my life—that if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar."

"He was glad of it, and if I have gained any distinction, it has been owing to my day's labor in that abominable ditch."

Hamilton's Administration of the Treasury Department.

Then followed in rapid succession those great state papers suggesting financial measures; the embodiment of which into laws loved duties on foreign wines, spirits, and coffee, and, on domestic productions, taxes comparatively high on luxuries, moderate on the necessities of life. The comprehensiveness of these enacting systems established by colonial laws, pleased the people, and secured for the new government the confidence and respect of foreign nations.

Next turning his attention to commerce, Hamilton conceived and brought forward his great project regarding "tonnage duties," which levied six cents per ton on the United States vessels arriving from foreign ports, thirty cents per ton on those owned abroad but built in the United States, and fifty cents per ton on all others. These discriminating duties in favor of American shipping, and statutes of similar inspiration, confined the coasting trade to vessels built in the country and laid the foundation of our foreign commerce and mercantile marine.

What Hamilton in the mean time was doing for his personal interest may be perceived by the following note, addressed to a friend dated September 30, 1791:

"Dear Sir—If you can conveniently let me have twenty dollars for a few days, send it by bearer. A. H."

On the 25th of February, 1791, Hamilton brought forward his bill to establish a United States bank, to aid in the collection of the taxes, and the transmission of government funds from one part of the country to another. By this act was laid the foundation, broad and deep, of those great discussions on finance which in later days, more or less under every administration agitated the country, and culminated in a financial revolution by the "removal of the deposits," under the administration of General Jackson.

The bank recommended by Hamilton was established, and so rapidly had his administration of the Treasury Department developed the resources of the country, that the impoverished people of the two previous years were now so prompt in their subscription to the stock that General Washington, on the 15th of October, 1791, in his message, had the following congratulatory paragraph: "The rapid subscription to the United States Bank, which completed in a single day the sum allowed to be subscribed, is among the striking and pleasing evidences which present not only of confidence in the government, but of resources in the community."

We can now perceive, by reviewing the gradual development of the machinery of the Treasury Department, how perfect were the plans of Alexander Hamilton. First, inspired by his suggestions, came the act which established the routine by which customs were to be collected; then followed the acts for levying of taxes and accumulation of revenue; next came the imposition on ships, and our commercial marine, foreign and domestic, was established; then the bank for the depositary of the collected funds, and for their distribution throughout the country. One thing more was needed to complete the grand structure, viz., a legalized institution for the coinage of gold and silver. Hamilton, in accordance with his great design, now recommended for the adoption of Congress the establishment of a mint for the purposes of national coinage, and the act passed on the 21 day of April, 1792. It was ordered that this institution should be at the seat of government for the time being (then in Philadelphia). On the transfer of the capitol to Washington the mint was not removed, and subsequent legislation has continued it in the city of its first organization.

The amount of work performed by Hamilton while engaged in these important official duties was extraordinary. Talleyrand, who was at this time "a refugee" in Philadelphia, became acquainted with Hamilton, and after he returned to France was fond of expressing his admiration of his genius. Passing the Secretary's office late one night he saw him at work, and found him still engaged early in the morning. In speaking of his experience in America, he once said, "I have seen in that country one of the wonders of the world—a man who has made the future of a nation, laboring all night to support his family."

After nearly six years of public service, and in spite of the most unceasing personal and political opposition that ever assailed any statesman, Hamilton, seeing that his financial plans were ingrafted upon the policy of his country, resigned his office and returned to New York city, quietly resuming the practice of law.—Colonel T. B. Thayer, in *Harper's Magazine for March*.

A La Messilla letter says the Indians are reported in large numbers all along the route between La Mesilla and Tucson, Arizona.