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BY W. J. SLATTER.

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bearan expression of opinion in regard

The Broken-Hearted.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about 17 years of age. She had lost the idol of her poor heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow.

I first met her in the presence of the faithful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers, her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with such a floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings.

She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told, that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear, and her eyelids at times closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken, is dead.—The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream, gentle as the sinking breeze, that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses, and then dies as it were from very sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon the wave and then to sink into darkness and nothingness.

We expect to lay before our readers, in to-morrow's issue, something tangible in regard to the Citizen's Bank swindle. Investigations are now going on, and so soon as they make their report, the public will be able to form some opinion as to this miserable institution. We trust the few worthless assets belonging to the thing will not be sent to the bottomless chasms of Chancery Courts, or swallowed up by the sharks of the law and the hungry officials of the Courts.—*Academy, 21st.*

WOMEN TRAVEL.—On the subject of "bites and stings," Hall's Journal has an item which may be important to some:

As many of our readers are preparing to travel or go in the country for the summer, it may be useful to remind them that an ounce vial of spirits of hartshorn should be considered one of the indispensables, as in case of being bitten or stung by any poisonous animal or insect, the immediate free application of the alkali, as wash to the part bitten gives instant, sweet and permanent relief, the bite of a mad dog, we believe, not excepted; so will strong ashes and water.

Russia.—A report recently presented to the Emperor Alexander, contains the following statistical returns relative to landed property and serfs in Russia. The number of families who are lands owners amount to 127,000. Out of these 2,000 possess from 1000 to 10,000 serfs; 2,000 from 500 to 1000; 18,000 from 100 to 500; 30,000 from 21 to 100, and 75,000 have less than 21. The total number of peasant serfs of the nobility amount to 11,760,000, and those of the crown to 9,000,000.

How I Coated Sal.

BY PETER SPORUM, ESQ.

Well, you see after the 'poker' scrape, me an Sal got along only middlen well, for sum time, tell I made up my mind to fetch things to a bed, for I loved her harder and harder every day, and I had a idea that she had a sorter a sneakin kindness for me, but how to doo the thing up rite pestered me orful—I got sum luv book, an red how the feller's got down on that marrerbones and talked like poiks, an how the gals they wud go into a sorter transe, an then how they wud gently fall into the feller's arms, but sum-how or other, they didn't suit my notion. I assed mam how dad coated her, but she sed it had bin so long, that she'd furgot all about it, (Uncle Jo' allers sed mam dun all the coatin). At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was fairly consumin my innards, so I goes over to her daddy's—that's Sal's—an when I got ther, I sot like a fool, a think-in how to begin. Sal sed sumthin was a trublun uv me an ses,

"Aint you sick Peter?"

She sed this my salt like.

"Yes—no"—ses I—"that is—I aint adzactly well—I thought I'd cum over to nite," ses I.

That's a mity putty beginnin an how thinks I, so I ride agin—

"Sal," ses I, and by this time I felt mity fainty an uneasy like about the spizer-inctum—

"What?" ses Sal.

"Sal," ses I agin.

"What," ses she.

I'll git too tarter awhile at this lick thinks I.

"Peter," ses she "thar's sumthin a trublun you powerful, I no, an its mity rong for you too keep it from a body, fur an innard soror is a consumin fier. She sed this, she did, the deerly creecer—she noed what was the mater all the time mity well, an was just a tryin to fish it out, but I was so for gone, I didn't see the pint. At last I sorcer gulped down lump as was a risin in my throat and ses—

Ses I "Sal do luv enny body?"

"Well," ses she "thar's dad—an mam—na (a countin on her figness all the time, with her isorser shier like a feller a shootin uv a gun) an ther's—old Pide"—that wuz a old cow uv hern—then I cant think uv enny body else jis now" ses she.

Now this wuz orful for a feller in luv, so arter a while I tries another shue.

Ses I "Sal I'm powerful lonesum at home, an I sumtimes thinksef I only had a nice party wife to luv an talk too an to move an have my beln with, I wud be a tremenjus happy feller."

With that she begins an names over all the gals in five mile uv thar, an never wunst come a nigh namn uv herself, an sed I orier git one uv them. This sorcer got my dander up, so I hitched my cheer up close to hern, and shut my ise and sed

"Sal yu are the very gal I've been a bankerin arter for a long time, luv yu all over from the sole uv yore had to the foot uv yore crown, an I dont keer who nose it, an ef yu sa so, we'll be jined on together in the holy bonn uv matrimony, e pluribus unum, world without end, amen," ses I, an I felt like I'd throed up an alligator, I felt so releeved—with that she feicht a sorter uv a screem, an orter a while ses—

Ses she "Peter."

"What Sally?" ses I.

"Yes" ses she, a hidden uv her putty face bein her bans. Yu may depend on it I felt good.

"Glory! Glory!" ses I "I must holler Sal or I'll bust wide open, Hoorah for Hooray—I kin jump over a tea rafe fence. I kin butt a bull off the uv the bridge, an kin do enny an everything that enny uther feller ever could woud shoed or orter do." With that I sorier sloshed myself down bi her, an clinged her, an seeled the oargoin with a kiss, and sich a kiss—talk about yore shogers—talk about yer merlassias, talk about yer black-berry jam, yer couldn't a got me too a cum a nigh, they wud all a tasted sour arter that.

Oh these wimmin, how good an how bad, how hi an how lo they can make a feller feel—Ef Sal's daddy hadn't a hollerred out, it wuz time for all onest fokes to be in bed, I do believe I'd a staid ther all nite. Yu orter a seed me when I got home. I pulled dad outer bed an I hugged him, I pulled mam outer bed an I hugged her, I pulled aunt Jane outer bed an I hugged her, I pulled aunt Betsy outer bed an I hugged her. I roared, I

snorted, I cavorted, I luffed an hollowd, I crode like a rooster, I danned about, an cut up more capers than yu ever hearn tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, an got a rope too time with.

"Dad, I'm gwine to be marrid,

"Marrid!" bawled dad.

"Marrid!" squalled mam.

"Marrid!" squaked aunt Jane.

"Marrid!" screemd aunt Betsy.

"Yes, marrid" ses I, "marrid all ovur, marrid too be shere—marrid like a flash—jined in wedlock—hooked on fur wusser or fur better, for life and fur deith to Sal, I am—that very thing—me Peter Sporum, Esquier."

With that I ups and tells em all about it from Alpher to Omega. They was all mitley plesed, an mity willn, an I went too bed as proud as a young rooster with his fast spurs. Oh Jehosaphat but didn't I feel good, an keep a gittin that way all nite. I didn't sleep a wink, but kep a rolin about, an a thinkin an a thinkin, tell I felt like my cup uv happines wuz chock full, pressed, an a runnin over—I'll tell yu sum uv these days about the weddin an all uv that, an how I dun, an how Sal, she dun, an so forth and so on.

THE REJECTED.

Not have met. Not love me! Oh what have I said? I never was loved so thoroughly mist! I rejected and just when I hoped to be blest!

You can't be blest! It must be a jest. Remember—remember how when I've knelt, Equivocal telling you that I love!

And talked about you in accents so wild, So very like truth, you said—and smiled.

Not have met! Not love me! Oh what have I done? All mist! You said I did! I said I did!

My figure is wasted; my spirit is lost, And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.

Remember—remember—say, madam, you must— I once was passionately stout and robust;

I rode in your carriage, I came at your call, And nightly went with you to the quater and hall.

Not have met! Not love me!—rejected! refused! So never was loved so thoroughly mist!

Consider my presents, I don't mean to boast, I do, children, consider the money they cost!

Remember, you've worn them, and just can't see To me, what they mean, and just can't see me!

Not have met! Not love me! You're drunk—do not say it!

I don't mean to gloze—but you will break my heart! I don't mean to gloze—but you will break my heart!

So a rose to love me, you left in the ditch! So a rose to love me, you left in the ditch!

Oh, madam, don't tempt me, my feet are so hot, Oh, madam, don't tempt me, my feet are so hot!

Remember my letters, my promises, my love, Yes, all sort of letters—some letters of gold!

The sum of my notes, too—the notes that I penned; Not have met! Not love me!—just that you read!

Not have met! Not love me! And I, then, true That would not let me be true for you!

I have been all that I have said and done, Your smiles, your frowns, your love, your hate!

Remember—remember, I don't call him out, But, madam, you've not worth fighting about!

My sword shall be staid in his side and in his, I thought you a jewel! I thought you a jewel!

From Douglass Jerrold's Wit and Humor.

Women and warriors.—With women as with warriors, there's no robbery, all's conquest.

Treason.—Treason is like diamond's, there's nothing to be made of it by the small trader.

The sweetest plant: In all the wedding cake, hope is the sweetest of the plants.

A broken character: The character that needs law to mend it is hard worth tinkering.

A land of plenty: Earth is here so kind, that just tinkle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.

Second marriages: I've heard say wedlock's like wine, not to be properly judged of till the second glass.

Damp-heat: To think that two or three yards of damp flax should so knock down the majesty of man.

A very rogue: Had he to cut his neighbor's throat, he'd first sharpen his knife on the church marble.

Jewels: It's my belief that, when woman was made, jewels were invented only to make her the more mischievous.

A wedding gown: After all, there's something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world.

A binding promise: He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate, he was lost upon the coral reefs.

Maids and wives: Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk, once made 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates and defy you.

Woman's love of dress.—Ask a woman to a tea party in the Garden of Eden, and she'd be sure to draw up her eye-lids and scream, "I can't go without a new gown."

Let you ever be so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without becoming addicted to some of their bad habits. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

It is said a guide recently told a traveler in Venice that there had been "no house built in Venice for three hundred years!"

MARRIGES.

More than four-sevenths of the marriages in Massachusetts are among the foreign-born. Why is it? For the most simple of reasons—the foreign-born can afford to get married, and the native-born cannot; and this must be, so long as our extravagant modes of life continue. In social life, there never was a people tending to deeper and more destructive social corruption—and that is most evident from the records of all the courts, and the columns of all the newspapers—than Americans. Our fathers used to tell of the profligacy of Paris; their children tell of the mysteries of New York—a city not far behind any in Europe.—And making proper allowances for size, how far is New York ahead of other cities and towns? Once was the time when a wife was a "helpmeet," now in a thousand cases, you can change the "meet" to "eat," and make it read more truthfully.

We boast of our system of education: we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools, and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned, and wise; they can sing, dance, play pianos, paint, talk French and Italian, and all the soft languages, write poetry, and love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquette and flirt at the watering places, and shine like angels at winter parties. But Heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles! What are they at—washing floors? Oh, we forgot! no body has bare floors now; how vulgar that would be! What are they at—making bread and boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless we are! To be sure, they will board, or have servants. What are they at—mending old clothes? But there we are again; the fashions change so often that nobody has old clothes but the rag men and the paper-makers now! What are they at—washing babies' faces, and pinning up their trowsers? And here our intolerable stupidity once more; having children is left to the Irish! What lady thinks of having children about her now? or, if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them to wet nurses to begin with, and boarding-schools afterwards? We repeat, we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry, and afterwards keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence? There are more pious living a single life—Are there more living a virtuous life? It is time for mothers to know that the extravagance they encourage is destructive of the virtue of their children; that all the foolish expenditures making to rush their daughters into matrimony, are, instead of answering that end, tending to destroy the institution of marriage altogether.

YOUNG MEN.—Our young men are a painful study. As they lounge about the street with bold, leering faces, poisoning the air with oaths, or whirl madly along behind lashed horses, or loom up dimly amid the smoky glare of haunts of folly, sin and shame, it is sickening to think that with them rests the future of the country, and in them lies its hope. It is no wonder that the hearts of fathers and mothers and sisters are filled with dread and grief. No wonder that the perpetual and earnest advice to the young man is to go into "ladies' society." The advice is good. There is positive safety for him in the society of a modest, gentle, kindly and sensible girl. There is comparative safety for him in the company of a vain, giggling, trifling girl. The most empty-headed and empty-hearted of coquettes is a more harmless companion for him than a cursing, tippling fellow who thinks all manner of silliness and sin manly, and will travel fast, although hell yawns at the end of the road. Yes, your young man's salvation is in the sweet smile and voice, the beautiful graces and accomplishments of some fair creature, attractive alike in mind and body.

But your young man dare not go and see a young woman he fancies, and make a friend and companion of her. Will not all the Mrs. Grundies think and say that it means something, and immediately and vigorously set to work to whisper their suspicions loud enough for the world—including the respective families of the young persons—to hear them? It is not your young man a flirt, a desperate fellow in whom there is danger, if he is known to go to see half a dozen girls at

the same time? Has not this propriety which pervades our fine modern life something to do with the terrible outlawry and viciousness of the young men? Has not rigid, ghastly etiquette driven them from the parlor to the rum shop and worse?—In the days when some of us were boys and girls, it was not a proof that two young people were engaged to be married that they were often together, happy in the interchange of interests and sympathy and all kindly feeling. And somehow there were better boys then than they are now. And better girls too, for that matter.—*Philadelphia Jour.*

From "Singer," "Ariston," or "Songs of the South."

Death but never Disposer.

Each lot never disposes!

If Freedom we now and resign,

To the fields where our fathers first won,

Her burial place and her shrine!

There, let us marshal our powers,

Sworn to our ancestors' fame;

And if victory may not be ours,

At least, we shall sink without shame!

II.

Some have forgotten their mothers,

And those who have checked at brothers,

Shrink to dismay from our side!

Some will still spare to one danger,

Available to share in the strife;

Yield up the tale to the stranger,

Like ty selling for life!

III.

Never see us the foul story,

Unless from the past you may hear

Every record that tells of the glory

Of the stern home we once were!

The blindest of place when they were an,

Lowrought to their birth light of glory

They may be, but they shall not enslave

Hide any country, but never shall shame.

THE DRUIDS.—The various orders of the Druids in England, America, and Australia, seeing the advantages of a member finding himself, as it were, at home wherever his order chances to have a lodge, they have determined, if possible, to re-ignite them into one grand order, so that the above advantages may extend to every part of the world where Druids are to be found. Their privileges not only include the Masonic principle of philanthropy but also embrace the advantages of friendly societies, and extend to paying and receiving money for each other, and also to watching over the necessities and conduct of members when from under the surveillance of their own lodges.

MASONRY.—The New Orleans Bulletin pays a merited compliment to the Masonic Fraternity of the United States. That paper says:

"There is a body of men, composed of all classes and professions, entertaining every kind of opinions upon religion and politics, and existing in every State of the Union, who come together and exhibit among themselves the utmost harmony of feeling and action. No word of opprobrium escapes from the lips of any one to insult and wound the feelings of another. No fierce anathema of sections is heard. No extravagance is indulged in. Everything is quiet, gentlemanly, respectful, dignified. The bitterest political enemies meet face to face, and you shall never know by their actions or words that they do not belong to the same party. Religionists, the most opposite, embrace each other in the arms of an exalted charity. Fanaticism finds no entrance into the society of the Brothers. Not a wave of discord disturbs the waters of the inner temple, no plunge into the abyss of atheism, rant, lawlessness, shock the moral sense of mankind. No revolutionary hydra comes up from beneath to break up the foundation of order and send the tornado over the fair face of society."

It then asks why it is the Christian Churches do not profit by the example afforded them by this philanthropic fraternity. Quoth the Bulletin:

"But what is the secret of their unanimity, of their harmony, of their brotherly love, of the conservative front which, without a tremor, they maintain, amid the general commotion, hatred and fanaticism existing around them? It is found, it seems to strike us in one word—Tolerance."

WINE CHEAPER THAN WATER.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller, under date of June 25th, says:

Complaints are made from every part of France that the well and springs are drying up, and it is said that wine will be cheaper than water this year. The wine crop, it is said, promises to be the largest ever seen; old wine casks cannot be had now for love or money, and the potters are busy making huge jars like the oil jars of the Arabian Nights for the superabundant grapes.

GAY AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.

Observing persons move slow—their heads move alternately from side to side while they occasionally stop and turn round.

Careful persons lift their feet high, and place them down flat and firm; sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and place it quietly by the side of the way.

Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets, and their head slightly inclined.

Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed.

Timid persons often step off from a side walk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it.

Wide-awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while their hands shake about miscellaneously.

Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes.

Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and at first on one side of the walk and then on the other.

Very strong minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of a stamp movement.

Unstable persons walk fast and slow by degrees.

Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climb the fences instead of going through a gate, and never let down a bar.

One-idea persons and selfish ones, "toe in."

Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together.

Good-natured persons snap their thumb and finger ever few steps.

Fun-loving persons have a kind of a jig movement.

Absent-minded persons often take the wrong road, sometimes find themselves up to their knees in a mud puddle, although the side walks are excellent.

Dignified men move slowly and erect.

Fast persons cut across every corner, kick every dog they meet, knock down the little children, run against the ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their elbows.

Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe the dust from their boots—their hands hang by their sides.

Very polite persons are sometimes seen bowing in their course to black servant girls and black stumps.

FUNNY AND PHILOSOPHIC.—When the great crowd gathered around the Citizens' Bank yesterday morning, composed mostly of mechanics, and working men, with here and there a woman, and at intervals, some poor market-man, we observed a little fellow with a package of the Bowleg notes in his hands—some one asked how much he had, he answered, "these bills amounting to three hundred dollars are profits on my labor for six months past—look at my hard hands and see how I have toiled; I have a wife and children, for whom I must buy bread, and for whom I must provide a shelter and a home, but gentlemen it is all gone, they may be homeless wanderers, and homeless beggars, if I should knuckle to this misfortune. It is all gone."

The little gentleman with the Slankenbergus nose which we read about in Tristram Shandy, at this point in his speech "humped" himself, and began to lay down his wildest bills in a row down the center of the street. When they were thus distributed he turned to the crowd saying, "gentlemen and ladies, I will sell this d—d infernal stuff at ten cents a yard, tape measure." The crowd roared, and good humor was thus substituted for the angry feelings for sometime manifested, and which by any accident, might result in the demolition of the Bank building.—*Academy.*

LEGAL.—A legal decision of some consequence to the Banks, and to the has been made in Indiana. We extract the following from a New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer:

A decision of some interest was lately made in the Marion Circuit Court of Indiana. A man held notes on the Indiana Bank at Madison. The bank offered to redeem a batch of her five dollars no es, except in the new silver coin. The party refused to take such coin beyond the sum of five dollars. This coin is only a legal tender to the amount of five dollars. The bank contended that each note was a separate and independent debt, and that consequently the right of the bank was to redeem a single bill at a time in this new silver coin. Judge Major, however refused to grant an injunction, holding that the redemption must of the whole package, and in gold or in the old silver coin.

Tron-du-en-mi-philip-mo-mo-non-tras-ti-me-men-to, is the name of musical instrument invented.