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The Home Journal.

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W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

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

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The Soul's Appeal.

I have not wealth, to crown thy brows
With precious wreaths of pearls;
I may not bend the diamond's light,
Within thy glossy curls;
I have not gold to purchase robes
From India's mystic loom,
I cannot bring the foreign plants,
Of gorgeous, costly bloom.

My home is not where fashion dwells,
In halls of burnished gold,
Not yet, beneath the ivied roof,
Of kindly castles old;
I've but a simple forest cot,
Hung o'er by whispering trees,
Where golden sunbeams pause to rest,
Amid the downy leaves.

Yet I have dared to kneel to thee,
Though humble born, and poor,
I'll give to thee the truest heart,
That ever maiden wore!
Oh, give to me but thy sweet love—
'Tis all my spirit craves;
I'll lean around thee as the shore,
Leans round the beating waves.

For thy sweet sake, I'll labor on,
Till fame shall breathe my brow,
And wealth and pride, before my shrine,
Their haughty heads shall bow!
And thou shalt lay thy tender form,
Upon my heart to rest—
My soul would swell with mighty strength,
With thee upon my breast!

Thou wilt be mine! I know—I feel,
I read it in thine eye,
And my heart's vow is heard and known,
And registered on high!
For thee I'll brave the roughest storm,
And love the hardest fate—
If thou art near to cheer me on,
My spirit's noble mate!

MADELEINE.

A HEART HISTORY.

CONTINUED.

NOTE.—A reward of \$50 was offered some time since in the Home Journal for the best Original Story written for its columns. Several were written, and after a perusal of each, "MADELEINE," by "W. J. S." was considered the most deserving. Its style is simple yet beautiful, and that all will be highly interested we have no single doubt.—Editor.

Around my home, that was to be, when my Eve should make it a Paradise with her delightful presence, I had gathered every beautiful plant, and shrub of the country and wood and garden-bower, pure stream and rippling lake combined, to make it one of the loveliest spots my eyes have ever beheld. It was finished—complete, all but the furnishing of my pleasant cottage, and the installing of my heart-treasure there, as the chief feature of its attractions. My plans were all matured. A week more and I was to start. I would visit you on my way to see my parents, lay bare the secret, accumulated love of all those severed years, and entreat you to share with me the weal, or wo of a changeless existence. I had thought of you so constantly, having you always in my mind, making some portion of all my plans for the future, whatever they might be. I felt that you knew and understood me so well, and knowing and understanding me so perfectly as it seemed to me you did, and writing so kindly as you had ever done in reply to my letters, I never, for one moment supposed it possible you could do aught but respond to the cry of my yearning heart, when I should say, "Madeleine, through all these years since last we met, I have never seen another than your dear self, I have never given a thought to any but you. If I have been in company with others, and fair maidens, they have been so far below you in my estimate, that I can scarcely be said to have seen them at all. Their low, merry, winning voices have waked no echoing tone, their bright and beaming glances met no answering look, the soft sighs of love's gentle gale, and friendship's purer breath, have heard, not one

response. To all, save you, this heart has been but ice and rock. To you, it has been the warm, genial soil, in which you, and your memory have planted the seeds of all that is of noble and manly growth in my character. Nourish them, Madeleine. Give yourself, heart and soul into my keeping, that I may be cheered by your smile and nerved to exertion by your virtues. I will never prove unworthy "of the trust." Such, many, many times was the purport of my thoughts of you, and the happy meeting I anticipated. One thing only would I keep from you.

The home I had prepared, the cottage I had built, and the furniture which was to be sent on and placed in order for your arrival, were to be a pleasant surprise, and O! how many times did I imagine your exclamations of delight at the beauties of the place. Again, and again had I looked, at various times, to see if anything was wanting, and though I doubted not your superior, and more delicate taste, might suggest some improvement, I felt that I could not. In a week I said I was to start. The week had dwindled to a day. Every thing was in readiness for my departure. My trunk was packed. It was the last night I was to remain in my unfurnished house, unfurnished all but my bachelor's room, for the building was completed I had made it my habitation.—A small fire was burning on the hearth, for though it was early summer it was chilly, for there had been rain through the day. I sat by the cheerful blaze, and looking in my mind's eye at the pleasant future I was picturing, I need not say it wore a rosy hue. I know not how long I had sat there, merged in those delightful fancies, when I was roused by the opening of the door of my bachelor's sanctum, by Tom, the boy who usually waited on me. He handed me a letter. I thade him lay it on the table and sat as before, musing most pleasantly and quietly on the near approaching completion of my wishes, the fulfillment of my dearest hopes.—My reverer was so delightful I could not bear to be interrupted, and I remained in the same pleasing state an hour, perhaps more. At last the striking of the clock on the mantle announced that it was ten o'clock. It was time to lay my head upon my pillow. I had been very busy, this, my last day, at my lonely home, and was somewhat weary, though the so near attainment of my wishes seemed to make all the fatigues of body and all the vexation of spirit I had endured for the last four years, of no account. It was finished, I had succeeded better than I expected in the business I had undertaken, and at twenty-four was a comparatively wealthy man.—The land I had secured was much of it in time likely to prove very valuable, for a railroad was in progress, which would pass directly through it, and a little distance from the spot I had selected for my own residence, was to be located a depot and a town was already springing up around it.

My worldly prospects were bright, almost too bright. I had not the slightest doubt, that night, of my speedy possession of the prize which had for years been the moving principle of all my exertions. I was happy, perfectly so, for once, in anticipation. I never remember for one moment, in my whole life, experiencing such a feeling of deep, quiet, entire repose and satisfaction, as I felt that night in reviewing the past and anticipating the future.

Not one cloud, not one shadow of disappointment, dimmed my delightful prospective. But reflecting, after awhile, that I was tired and needed rest, I concluded if I should go to bed I could find that there, even if I could not sleep, and I could think as well upon my pillow as in my chair before the fire.

I had forgotten the letter Tom brought in, but as I rose from my seat I saw it lying where the boy had dropped it. My first impulse, even then, was not to read it, for I supposed it perhaps was some business communication and I was in too happy a mood to be disturbed by anything which seemed, just then, to be of so little importance, but it occurring to me that I had not heard from you in a longer time than usual I took it in my hand and looked at the post-mark.

In a moment I had torn it open. It was from my sister Sarah, and she would tell me of and about you. I sat down again to read it. I had no presentiment of evil, but my pleasure was the rather enhanced by the idea of hearing from you once more before I could see you face to face.

I never read that letter Madeleine, only enough to know my cup of happiness was taken from my lips and given

to another, and I was left alone.—My home was henceforth to be desolate. If the frosts of January had fallen upon the buds and blossoms of the glorious midsummer, its frosted garlands, its ice-nipped greenness, would have been but faint emblems of my stripped and blasted heart. I will not pain you by the recital of what I suffered. I was, at first stunned, almost to insensibility; I was conscious of an icy chillness at my heart as if cold fingers held it with a death grip, a reeling, rushing sensation came over me, everything was spinning round, and I was on the farthest verge of the universe, a horrible gulf yawning for me when I should be thrown off, and the utmost exertion was necessary to avert the fall which must sooner or later await me. It came, I lost my grasp and was gone. I remember nothing more for weeks. In the morning I was to be called at an early hour to be in readiness for my journey. Tom found me on the hearth where I had fallen and at first supposed me dead. But the labored, yet slight breathing, the motionless, yet still pliant limbs told him of life remaining, though a life that threatened to depart from the tenement to which it belonged, for the ear neither listened, nor the voice responded to his call.

A physician was sent for, but his science was at fault. There was no clue to the cause of my strange disease, for when I fell, the letter probably dropped from my nervous grasp into the fire and had been consumed. The servants could only inform him that their master was as well as usual the night before, and in high spirits at the prospect of a pleasant journey. At length Tom recollected having brought me a letter the night before, which he had laid upon the table.—It was sought after and could not be found. My physician wisely conjectured that it must have contained information of a peculiarly afflictive character, but of what nature he was utterly unable to conjecture. But he was a skilful practitioner, and a man of tender and delicate feelings. He soon saw that my disease had its origin in the mind, and wisely refrained from blood-lettings, purgatives, blisters and calomel, but ordered frequent bathing, riding and other exercise in the open air, with a mild and nutritious diet, and ordered my attendants, on no account, to say or do anything which might, by any possibility, irritate, or distress me. I was as a little child. Had no will of my own. Did passively, as I was bid, for my own powers of volition seemed to have been paralyzed. But, gradually, under such kind, judicious treatment, I recovered my usual apparent strength and health, but that peculiar trust and confidence which had been so prominent an element in my hopeful organization, was gone forever. I looked with distrust on everybody and everything. A settled gloom was everywhere. If I gazed at the heavens, which, heretofore, seemed so bright and glorious, they seemed to frown upon me—if I walked in the grand, old forest, the murmuring of the whispering leaves, so pleasant, so delicious heretofore, seemed now a threatening sound. If I looked upon the countenances of those I had deemed friends, and loved to greet as such, it seemed as if all their pleasant, sympathizing smiles and kindly words, were but a cunning mask to hide the dark deceit within.

Even God, whom I had, confidently, worshipped in the trust and joyousness of my own glad nature as a being of love and mercy, I now regarded as a stern, inflexible judge, who cared less to see his creatures happy and to forgive their wanderings, than to punish them for their errors and make them atone for their faults. I could no longer go to him as my counselor, counselor friend, but turned from him as a rigorous, unfeeling judge, who had cast me, not only from his presence, but had banished me from all that was excellent and valuable in his creation. I began to doubt, even, if there was a God, at all, feeling, at times, if there was such a being he would never have permitted me to have been deprived of all I held dear; of all which I had regarded with such untiring love, such earnest devotion.

O! how much more had I worshipped the creature than the Creator, and how was I punished! Truly that punishment was greater than I could bear.

At this time, when my mind was in this strangely altered, unhappy condition, I became acquainted with Emily Gaskill. There were several intelligent families of refined and cultivated manners in the neighborhood in which I resided, but among them none were more so than that of Col. Gaskill. Emily was the eldest of three

children, her brothers being much younger than she was. Two sisters, and another brother between her and George the elder of the remaining brothers, were sleeping in a forest grave, having fallen early victims to one of those epidemics which so frequently prevail in the settlement of a new country.

She was one of those quiet, gentle creatures, never formed for the stern, battling activity of life, but who are only fitted for the peaceful repose of the home fire-side. She never laughed. Nothing more than a pleasant, and yet, even then, an almost sad smile ever sat upon her pale, Madonna-like features; she spoke in low, soft, soothing tones and moved with a gentle, easy grace, but so softly, so quietly, you never heard the echo of her foot-fall. I did not love her. I could not, but the quiet gentleness of her manner had in it something for me, just then, peculiarly attractive. I could not bear a laugh. It was discordant to my feelings. A quick movement, or a rapidly spoken word, disturbed me, and everything she did and said, was just as I felt, was done and said, just in that calm, soothing manner that my extreme nervous excitability demanded. There was that in her presence that calmed the agitation of my spirit, that diffused a soothing influence around my troubled pathway, and consequently I was happier when with her, than when alone.

She was also devotedly pious, not that sort of piety which is fond of making a display, but that unfeigned, unobtrusive piety which, without ever intending to manifest itself to others, yet exercises such a sway over the life and conduct of its possessor, as to throw an additional charm around a lovely woman, and bestow a livelier grace upon every action she performs.

She knew of my religious gloom, of my doubts and my trials, though nothing of the cause of them. Her own fervent, earnest belief in God, with all his attributes of goodness, mercy and love, was but a necessity of her nature and to her, it was a mystery how any one could feel otherwise towards a being, who seemed to her so full of gracious favor towards the children of men. As our acquaintance progressed, for contrary to all my previous habits of seclusion from society, I became a constant visitor at Col. Gaskill's, while Emily with the winning tones of a modest, timid maiden, who felt for my unhappy condition, strove to convert me from the error of my ways; but like many another, who has hated sin but to love the sinner, I saw, though late, that she had given unsought her guileless maiden affections into my keeping. Yet I think not that I discovered it from any unmanly manifestation. Far from it. Her transparent nature could conceal nothing. I learned it from natural, unmistakable signs, from the sudden flushing of the cheek, and the involuntary brightening of the eye at my approach, from the perturbation and evident restraint that came over her when we were left alone, as it sometimes happened that we were for a few moments.

They were certain evidences that feeling was at work, and I at last noticed them and began to consider what was to be done. The Col. and his wife, naturally enough, began to suppose I must have some motive in coming there so often, though I could scarcely have been considered, by any one having an exact knowledge of my condition at that time, an accountable man. My friends were exceedingly anxious I should marry and settle quietly down in my own country, for some of them were afraid that as soon as I had finished the work for which I had left home, my old missionary fanaticism, as they called it, would return upon me. No fear of that now, I no longer cared to serve God, or my fellow-creatures.

But I have said there was a charm to me in Emily's presence, and I sometimes felt that she was perhaps to be the instrument of my earthly and eternal salvation. We were married quietly in her mother's parlor, with no witnesses, save her parents and brothers and a maiden aunt, who was visiting in the family. Col. Gaskill was a man of considerable property, and as Emily was a dearly beloved child, and as he was highly pleased with her marriage, would have been glad to have made a display of his delight and affection by making a grand wedding and inviting half the county, at least, but Emily, seeing how painful such a course of proceeding would be to me, who shrank, not only, from a crowd, but even from the presence of one stranger, begged him to let me have it all my own way.

So in two years from the time I had

hoped, with a heart full of joy and keenly alive to every perception of the beautiful and excellent, to have led another to the lovely home I had prepared for her, Emily Gaskill crossed its threshold as my wife, while I with my terrible wounds, but partially healed, tried to believe I might, at last be happy, that in my marriage with her, the Lares and Penates of my household were secured.

Mistaken, now again. They had been ravished from my heart, and how could I expect them to sit at my hearthstone!

For a little time, at first, I was more tranquil in feeling, more calm in manner, but as my mind, more and more regained its natural strength and vigor, I found myself, unawares, instituting comparisons between herself and you. She was artless and natural, truthful and affectionate, and sincerely pious, but she lacked both energy and will, had scarcely ever an opinion, or wish of her own, so that even her piety was that of the child, rather than the woman, and was, therefore, perfectly characterless in my acceptance of the term. If I could once have seen her struggling with a wrong feeling, or a temptation of any sort and nobly conquering it with all her love for me, I could have seen that she sometimes yielded an inclination, or a simple preference, I should have felt more drawn towards her, more closely allied with her, but she never seemed to have the one, or the other. So I was pleased, that was enough. I sometimes tried to see if she really felt so little choice in matters which sometimes came up for decision by first proposing one plan and then another, until every possible one had been presented. Her assent was always, invariably, given to whichever should please me. How many times did I wish she would object, kindly and mildly of course, as a woman and a wife should, but from a conviction that the course proposed was not the best which under existing circumstances could be adopted, and bringing forward another, place it before me for consideration and state her own arguments in its favor. My mind was too weak any way, and it needed more nourishing aliment than it could find. It was being starved upon an excess of sweets.

WANTED.—One hundred and seventy-five young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, graceful dandy, with hair enough on his upper works to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the little upstart. The object is to form a Gapping Corps, to be in attendance at the Church doors on each Sabbath, before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their persons and dress. All who wish to enlist in the above Corps, will please appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance and quantity of brains registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in the newspapers.

To prevent a general rush it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacities above that of an ordinary well-bred monkey.

It is really a gratification and a pleasure to us to announce the favor and patronage with which the Home Journal is meeting. We are encouraged, and encouragement is a potent incentive to exertion. We believe we state the truth when we say that our past addition of subscribers for two months will average two per day, while, for the same time we have not had a single discontinuance. And nearly every mail brings us a remittance and a subscriber, and compliments of the neat appearance of the paper—no blurs and blot, but clear, lively print, and large enough for the eye to read with comfort. Never before have we so nearly pleased everybody, and this day the Home Journal is indeed a welcome—a wished-for visitor to many families. In response to our call for each subscriber to furnish us one additional, some eight or ten have answered—all of them old men, standards of the best society in Franklin county, who have been our good and accommodating friends all the time. But our appeal to the school girls in our town has so far availed nothing. Young ladies, your parents at home would be pleased with the Home Journal. Make up a club amongst yourselves, and we will have the paper left at your boarding houses every week, or we will mail it to your homes regularly in a good envelope, and only charge two dollars per annum.

And we would reiterate our call on every subscriber to send us one additional. We have a good number of

subscribers in Texas and Arkansas, and in Mississippi—most of whom were once residents of "Old Franklin". Will they not throw in their aid to increase our subscription? Just send us one name, each of you. Our list is already greater, by 350 or 400, than any paper ever before had in Winchester, but we want more; not only for their money, but because, too, we love to talk to a big number every week. It makes us feel good, and prompts us to praiseworthy efforts.

Then let the Journal continue to prosper, until it becomes known and received unto the ends of the earth—until an interest in it shall be worth a fortune.

FACT TO BE REMEMBERED.—Every business man and mechanic who has a proper appreciation as the true mode of doing business, ought to have impressed upon his memory the fact that no man should be delicate about asking what is properly his due. If he neglects doing so, he is deficient in the spirit of independence which he should observe in all actions. Rights are rights, and if not granted should be demanded. The selfish world is little inclined to give one his own, unless he have the manliness to claim it. The lack of proper fulfillment of this principle has led to many fortune, fame and reputation. Occasionally a customer who is less a gentleman than an upstart, puts on haughty airs, and affects to be insulted at being dunned for money that he ought to have paid long before. No matter. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Whenever a business man resolves to pay promptly and be paid, he puts in practice a correct principle.

Shun a man who doesn't pay his compliments to the women. He who is wanting in honor towards curls, will invariably attempt to dodge the store-keeper, tailor and butcher. Faithfulness to the dignity institution is a sure sign of a want of principle, piety, and a good bringing up.

BASHFUL MEN.—We never see a genuinely bashful man who was not the very soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out, perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint in the unfolded rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated—that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attention, because he can fold a shawl gracefully and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look on the worthier man, who has for them a reverence so great that every mute glance is worship.

A suit has been commenced by the United States, in the United States Circuit Court of California, to recover the New Almaden quick-silver mines, situated in Santa Clara county. The property is worth forty millions dollars, and the annual profits are about one million of dollars. The suit may be considered one of the most gigantic ever commenced in America, and will involve litigations for a number of years.

A couple of yankee girls put a bell-frog in the hired man's bed to see if they couldn't get him to talk. Daniel threw it out of the window and never said a word. Soon after he put half a bushel of chestnut-burrs in the girls' bed, and about the time he thought they would make the least shadow, Daniel went to the door and rattled the door-latch furiously. Out went the candle, and in went the girls; but they didn't stick, though the burrs did. Calling to them, he begged them to be quiet, for he only wanted to know if they'd "seen anything of that pesky bullfrog. He'd gin two dollars to find it!"

MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.—In speaking of marriages for money, Miss Mulosh, the eminent writer, observes:

Marriages ought always to be a question not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union, stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether, and that, however pale, dreary and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be ten fold worse, an ever haunting temptation, and incurable regret—a torment from which there is no escape but death."

Boys' Names.

Last week we published some "hits" on girls' names, so this week we publish a little advice in regard to boys' names:

Young lady, if you would be an independent, go-ahead, care-for-nothing, fearless woman—if you would have your own way about matters and things, and not always ask permission of your leige lord, be sure to marry a man by the name of William for then you would most certainly have a Will of your own.

If you are gay, sprightly, fun-loving girl, fond of show and dress; if you wish to lead the van in fashion and display, and wear the most beautiful fabrics, regardless of expense, see it that you get a husband that won't grumble. If you would do this, just marry a man that calls himself Abel; you may then feel sure that he will be able to meet all emergencies.

If you would shun a mean, contemptible grumbler, one who would always wish you to give an account for every five cents that you spend, one who would be for ever telling you what an expensive wife you were and just how many dollars you use needlessly, only take up with a man whose watch-word is *addem* (Adam).

If you are a peaceable, loving, gentle girl, who would as soon die as live in a quarrel, don't for the world mingle with those who would delight to get you mixed up in a *muss* (Amos.)

Those good, old, doting parents had better keep a sharp look out for that, bold, daring energetic youth, that has fallen in love with their beautiful daughter, for he is just the chap that his name indicates, and if he cannot get her in any other way, he will await a good opportunity and *seize* her (Cesar.)

If you are at all inclined to coquet, try don't marry a jealous man by the name of Robert, for you may be sure that your admirers would be very apt to get Bob in a round. (bobbin a round.)

A sensitive, proud spirited girl should beware of the name Peter; if they are not as hard-hearted as a rock, they will be worthless fellows—for ever body knows that *peat* (Pete) is a vegetable substance, fit for nothing but fuel.

That woman should persevere, who has her eye fixed upon a particular mark, (Mark) she has the good book to encourage her; wish says, "press forward towards the mark, for the prize."

Every Martha should try to find a Matthew; thus we should see a well-matched pair of *mats*, (Matts) things very difficult to find now-a-days. It is very dangerous for an ardent, affectionate girl to fall in love with youths who bears the name of John—for, they have from time immemorial, declared themselves unmarriageable. John "the beloved" was an old bachelor.

How to Do It.

There is good sense in the following advice to young men and women who are thinking of matrimony. It is an article by Grant Turburn.

"There is nothing to be gained in dandling for a twelve month, after a sensible woman, talking unmeaning stuff—words without wisdom. Tell her your wish like a man, and not like a blubbing schoolboy. She will never trifle with your affections; and if there are three grains of common sense in your *meekle* carcass, she will be your own before a month has passed. See the history of Rebecca, in Genesis, 24th chapter, 5th verse. When Abraham's servant had concluded the preliminary contract with Mrs. Laban, on the part of her daughter, to become the wife of Isaac, the old man was anxious to get home to show his young master the *bonny lass* he had brought him, the old mother wished him to remain a few days, to recruit himself and his camels. He persisting, it was finally referred to the daughter. 'We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth,' said the mother. When Rebecca appeared, her mother asked, 'Wilt thou go with this man?' Rebecca replied, 'I will go.'

"There was a noble girl for you.—No tear starting from her black eyes, no whining nor sniping make-believe, nor mock modesty; but what her heart wished, her lips uttered. Like an honest maiden, she replied, 'I will go.' Now young ladies, go thou and do likewise. When the man whom you prefer before all others in the world; says, 'Will you go with me?' answer, 'I will go.' "By-the-by, ladies, when you wish to read a true, simple and unostentatious love story, just read over the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis.

CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal says that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, cranberries applied as a poultice will effectually cure the erysipelas. There is not an instance known where it has failed to effect a cure when faithfully applied, before the sufferer was in a dying state. Two or three applications generally do the work.

We know of some persons who are afflicted with this distressing disease, and have copied the paragraph for their benefit. It is simple and well worthy of a trial.

Some of our exchanges say that Hon. Tom. Cowin, of Ohio, is about to go to Illinois, to canvass against Douglas.