

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

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Number 2.

The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

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

THE SURE ROAD TO A COMPETENCY.—Not one man in five hundred will make a fortune. But a competence and an independent position is within the reach of most men. This is obtained most surely by patient industry and economy. If a man has ordinary talents and ability in any profession, or business, or trade, he can, by pursuing an economical, persevering course, be pretty sure of finally obtaining an independent position in life. Let his expense fall below his income. Let him live cheap, very cheap, if necessary, but let him be sure and make his income more than cover his expense. It can be done in almost all cases, notwithstanding the positive denial of ever so many housekeepers. A man may not have more than two or three hundred dollars a year, and may have a family as large as that of John Rodgers, and he can find a way to live comfortably, and lay up something besides. There is much, nay all, in knowing how the thing is done. And that is the very thing people who are going to make money have got to learn. It is wonderful how few real wants we have, and how little it takes to give us genuine happiness. If we could get rid of our artificial, senseless, and expensive way of living, we should find our selves better off in purse, in prospect and in heart. Let any one who has any ambition to go ahead in life, try the experiment this year, and see how much virtue there is in economy.—Make your expense less than your income, and see how much you will have gained, not only in money but in the feeling that you are in the condition which the Yankee denominated "forehanded." Try it this year.

SAD HOURS.—Welcome, sad hours! Welcome ye hours of deep and solemn thought! Welcome to those hours when the mind turns inward to the recess of the heart, and leads us to commune with our own being. Welcome, thrice welcome, ye moments of sacred sorrow. Without the storm-clouds which hover over the heart with dark threatenings of devastation and woe, or the cold, frigid blasts which come in contact with the warm impulses of our nature, we should travel on through life ignorant of the most solemn realities of our earthly existence, and unmoved by the most powerful sensibilities of the soul within. It is not all to look at the bright panoramic scenes of outward life, all painted in bright colors, and illumined by the gilded emblems of Hope and Love. It is beautiful indeed. So is the bright flower of early spring, wooed by the gentle breeze, and invigorated by the genial influence of the warm sun. But that flower is not all of the vegetable world. It is but a single development of unnumbered specimens that God has created. Thus it is with the human heart. Now it is as a picture, tinted with bright colors—now it is all shaded with clouds and darkness. Happy hours are glad some visitors, and we should ever bid them welcome. But we welcome them not alone. Come, ye sad hours, to mingle with them, say we! Ye may tell us of sorrow against which our hearts have struggled, but in vain. Ye may roll up before us the angry and surging billows of earth's combats and earth's trials. Ye may speak to us of the grave—of loved ones gone before us—of blighted hopes—of severed ties. Ye may remind us of our frailty, and of our mortality. Ye may picture to us all that is dark and dreary in life, and hold us as in chains by thy magic spell. And for all this, we bid ye welcome! Come to us, sad hours, and teach us no more of life! We will bow down in thy presence and learn of thee. Welcome! Welcome!

FORTUNE.—Men complain of fortune when they ought to complain of themselves. The germ of happiness is planted in every human mind. If it is cultivated as God designed it should be, it may be made to animate our whole being, despite the sorrows of life, and may at least secure to us a calm contentment with our earthly lot.

Next week we hope to be able to get the Journal out at the regular time, and also to make some improvements that we have not time to make now.

NOTICE.—We still continue to receive advertisements from abroad, offering us sufficient pay to put them in the Journal, but desiring us to wait for the pay. Now, we will not do foreign advertising unless the pay is in advance.

WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE HAND.

I am not a bashful man, generally speaking; I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well, sing tolerable, I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; and I have no trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to. Yet, there was one period of my life, when all my merits seemed to my own eyes magnificent, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful.—It was when I was in love. Then, I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consists my greatest beauty? They are both small. Three years ago I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes, Miss Arnold," says a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love. She was a little fair figure, with long brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on her waist of an enchanting sky-blue dress. Her large, dark blue eyes were full of sane light, yet, oh! how tender and loving they could look. (This I found out later.)

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes that ever teased the heart out of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her, and go home, certain, that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her, a cool nod, and indifferent glance threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feeling, and her eyes droop, to be raised again in an instant, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid emphatically, and in the next sentence declared "I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody, I should love him like a house on fire. Though," she would say carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth setting my thoughts upon."

I tried a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself.—Propose outright I could not. She had a way when ever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, of profound interest, that was equivalent in its effect to knocking me down, it took all the breath out of me.

One evening, while there, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the gipsy putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with,—

"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from over study. I advise you to do it, if you can get anybody to have you."

"Indeed," I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking others' hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added conceitedly: "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity. "Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped—"

"Oh! that dreadful attentive face of hers! That is, Miss Susy, I thought, perhaps—oh! my head! my head! and I buried my head in the cushion.

"Does it ache very badly?" she asked tenderly, and she put her cool little hand in among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me, all the way to the toes of my boots. My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but, all the way home the soft, cool touch, of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a lucrative partnership in the South in the office of a lawyer friend of mine, made me decide to extend my trip, and see how the "land laid." One thing was certain, I could not leave home for months, perhaps years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my most faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlor, at the piano, alone. She nodded gayly, as I came in, but continued her song. It was, "I've something sweet to tell you."

"At those words, 'I love you! I adore you!' she gave me such a glance. I was ready to prostrate myself, but, sweeping back the curls with laughing defiance, she warbled, 'But I'm talking in my sleep.'"

O'More says that dreams go by contraries, you know!

I sat down beside her. "Ah! I said, sighing, 'Rory's idol dreamed she hated him.'"

"Yes," said Susy, "that was the difference between his case and yours."

We chatted away for a time. At last I began.

"Miss Susy, I came up this evening to tell you that I—"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me; I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said "I am going South to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her, if she fainted, or comfort her, if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said gaily,

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Just stop at Levy's as you go home, and order me some extra pocket handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued. "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to pa, won't you! And if you get married, or die, or anything, let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office in Kentucky," I said, determined to try her, and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. The old sassy look was there, as I spoke; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch chain, and that the other fell upon the keys, making for the first time, a discord.

"Going away forever," she said, with a sad tone that made my heart throb. "Miss Susy, I hope you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of amazement.

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans!"

"Yes, I hope—"

"Oh! that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me! I could not go on. I broke down for the third time."

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horse hair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said. A brilliant idea passed through my brain. "You may have it, if you will!" I said, offering it.

She took it between her own, and she with the fingers said, "May I!"

"Yes, if—if you will give me this one, and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips."

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say; but if ever eyes tried to talk, mine did then. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes; and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said, I know not, but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arm encircled the brown dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with—another pair.

Susy and I were married.

A SEDUCER SHOT.—A young man was shot at Huntsville, Ill., a few days ago, by a young lady whom he had dishonored under promises to marry her. She called upon him, armed with a pistol, and demanded that he should either marry her or pay her eight hundred dollars. He refused, and she drew the pistol and shot him, the ball entering the left side and glancing, so that but little injury was done. She was about to fire the second time, when she was seized by a bystander, and prevented from further attempts. On trial she was cleared.

To be "born with a silver spoon in the mouth" is a positive misfortune. In a great commercial country we find princes to-day—beggars to-morrow! This is no fable,—'tis an every-day occurrence. Remove that "silver spoon," O man! and replace it with a useful trade. This will be giving thy son a real fortune—the substance instead of the shadow.

Labor is honorable. Is it? "Silver-

spoon" says it is no such thing—nor will he be convinced of the fact, until a deep stroke of poverty and misfortune overtakes him, and with crowbar lever forces open his eyelids. Give thy son a trade—ay, and daughter, too!

THE COOLIES IN CUBA.—A Virginia gentleman of intelligence, who recently visited Cuba, gives a sad picture of the foils and sufferings to which the coolie slaves are subjected. They have nothing like the capacity of the negro for labor and endurance, and yet the same tasks are imposed upon them. When not engaged on the field they herd indiscriminately, men, women, and children, in huts, with no semblance to the family tie or obligations. Suicide is common among them, sometimes ten or a dozen hanging themselves at a time. No provision is made for their return to their native land, from which they have been beguiled, and their masters having no interest in them except to get the greatest amount of work possible out of them during their period of apprenticeship, heap upon them an amount of labor that soon breaks them down, and often hurries them to the grave.

THE DIVORCE STATE.—The Mississippi Legislature has passed a law granting divorces to all parties who have lived separate three years. A "tide of emigration may be expected to set towards Mississippi."

Where the Greatest Amount of Cotton is Used.—In the London Times there is a long and very able and candid article on the subject of cotton.—The proportions of the article used by different nations are thus stated:

Great Britain,	5128
France,	1324
Northern Europe,	634
Other foreign ports,	591
Consumption of the United States,	2858

Thus it appears that England uses more of the raw material than the rest of the world.

MISCELLANY.
From the number of marriages that take place in the winter season it is to be presumed that Mercury has as much to do with the matter as Cupid himself. To those who are still shivering in single blessedness, Dean Swift's receipt for courtship may be acceptable:

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets two or three times,
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

AN AWFUL MURDER.—A New Mexican correspondent of the New York Day Book, gives an account of a recent murder in New Mexico of a singular character. At a little interior town, a Roman Catholic priest murdered another, his rival, by putting poison in the sacramental cup, the victim falling down in a dying state at the foot of the altar, and breathing his last in the midst of his affrighted congregation.

There is a style of business in New York City known as matrimonial alliance. One man, who traffics in other people's affections, claims to have made money by it. His matrimonial bureau was established in 1856, for introducing ladies and gentlemen at present unknown to each other, who are desirous of entering into matrimony. Upwards of nine hundred (comprising all classes of society) have been already advantageously married and made happy through this medium, which those who wish to believe can do, if they like.

Faith believes God's word—Patience waits God's time—Hope expects all God has promised—Love urges to obey all God's commands—Humility bows low before God's throne—Submission shuts the mouth in trying times, and Resignation cheerfully surrenders all to God's disposal, when all these graces are found together, the character is complete.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

This unfortunate child of song, who died a few months since, has written some beautiful gems. He was never married, and the following lines, dedicated to a coquette will account for the cause. Is it strange that the sensitive poet could use so much bitterness in speaking of one who wrought such havoc and desolation in his life? Percival was a genius wrapped in gloominess and misanthropy. He had within him a mind of literary and scientific attainment.

She has no heart, but she is fair,
The rose, the lily can't outvie her;
She smiles so sweetly that the air
Seems full of life and beauty nigh her.
She has no heart, but yet her face
So many hues of youth revealing,
With so much liveliness and grace,
That on my soul 'tis ever stealing.

She has no heart, she cannot love,
But she can kindle love in mine—
Strange, that the softness of a dove
Round such a thing of air can twine.
She has no heart—her eye tho' bright
Has not the brightness of the soul,
'Tis not the pure and tender light,
That love from seraph beauty stole.

'Tis but a wild and winking flame,
That leads us on awhile thro' flowers,
Then leaves us, lost in guilt and shame,
To mourn our vain departed hours.
Go then from me—thou canst not chain
A soul, whose flight is winged above,
Turn not on me thine eyes again,
Thou hast no heart, thou canst not love.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepit state, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father was a drunkard.

WHO'LL BUY A HEART?
Poor heart of mine! tormenting heart!
Loughast thou teased me—thou and I
May just as well agree to part;
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

They offered three testoons—but not
A faithful heart is cheap at more;
'Tis not of those that wandering go,
Like mendicants from door to door,
Here's prompt possession—I might tell
A thousand merits; come and try;
I have a heart—a heart to sell;
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe—
Will no one buy? will no one buy?
'Tis going now. Yes! it must go!
So little offered—it were well
To keep it yet—but not to I,
I have a heart—a heart to sell;
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone! for I confess
I'm tired—and longing to be freed;
Come, bid, fair maiden! more or less—
So good—and very cheap indeed.
Once more—but once, I cannot dwell
So long—'tis going—going—fie!
No offer—I've a heart to sell,
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

WELL SAID.—Hon. Jerro Clemmons, who has lately assumed the editorial control of the Memphis Eagle and Enquirer, has probably been noticed unkindly, in that connection, by the New York Herald, at least, we are led to infer that such is the case, by the following paragraph, copied from the Eagle and Enquirer.

The New York Herald gives us a characteristic notice. We do not consider the Herald of as much importance as Mr. Buchanan did when he wanted some friend to "cut off Bennett's ears," and confess to a great deal of indifference as to its praise or censure. We cannot afford to buy the Editor to speak of us kindly and respectfully, we cannot waste time in suing him for a libel, and we cannot quarrel with a man who has been cowed as often as he has fingers and toes. The Herald is therefore at full liberty to say what it pleases about us, and may rest assured that we shall make no complaint, and favor it with no notice.

Out of twenty young men in a quadrille at an evening party, who presented to be making love to their partners, ten are remarking that the room is very warm, five are observing that the polka is the grandest invention of the age, and five are asking how the next figure commences.

Content can be had by virtuous life.

FRED DOUGLASS' DAUGHTER FOR SALE.

Among the servants offered for sale by a Mr. Forrest, of Memphis, Tenn., is a girl who is known to be the daughter of the notorious Fred Douglass, the "free-nigger" Abolitionist.—She is said to be of the class known among the dealers as a "likely girl," and is a native of North Carolina.—She remembers her "parent" very vividly, having seen him during his last visit to the Old North State. The Memphis Avalanche suggests that as Fred is ample able to make the outlay he should either purchase his own flesh and blood from servitude, or cease his shrieks over an institution which possesses such untold horrors.

TRUE.—The New York Observer says:—"If the editor knows that he is not only to work for nothing and find himself, but that he is also to find the paper, fill it, and send it for nothing to the subscriber, he may be excused for discouragement. Yet there are many who have so little reflection, so little conscience, and so much meanness, that they will take a newspaper for a whole year, and sometimes more, and not pay a cent for it."

Feed your garden refuse to milch cows, such as cabbage leaves, turnips, and beet tops, and pumpkins that are too small for keeping, with a great deal such other things that otherwise would go to waste. These will help to increase the quantity of milk, and assist in keeping the animals in a good condition.

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What true mother's or father's heart does not beat responsive to the following lines addressed "to my boy when leaving home," which we find in the Chattanooga Advertiser?

TO MY BOY WHEN LEAVING HOME.

O! never let me see you boy,
I'd rather see you dead,
Than see the drunkard's frowny curls,
Dangling around your head;
O! never stain that manly brow,
Or blot that face of thine;
O! never let your mother know,
That you've been drinking wine.

She could not bear to think her boy,
Would either day or night,
O! she could not bear to think,
That you were ever tight;

Your Ma has often kissed your lips,
And strained you to her breast,
And prayed the Lord that her dear boy,
Might all his life be blest.

Then never let your mother boy,
Weep round your drunken bed,
Or have the bitter, bitter thought,
To wish that she was dead;

O! never, never, do you go,
With Ma's kiss on your cheek,
To revel in the drunkard's haunts,
And cause her sore to weep.

Then while you live on earth my boy,
Eschew the bowl forever,
And set your face 'gainst gambling firm,
And from all evil sever;

Be firm to keep your promise boy,
Keep steadfast in the right,
Always be pure in word, and thought,
Don't gamble, don't get tight.

READ! READ!

THE HOME JOURNAL

Liberal Propositions!

WE WANT
two thousand subscribers and we believe we can have that number soon, if our friends will help us a little.—But in order to hurry on the good work, we make the following propositions to the ladies, and gentlemen too, if they choose to compete.

1st. To the person who will get us twenty-five subscribers we will give "Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations," in two volumes, bound in rich style and illustrated with 300 engravings, worth \$10—also, a lady's breast pin, which is beautiful and which we will warrant to be fine gold, worth \$8—also, lithograph portraits of the Bishops of the M. E. Church South, worth \$1—also an extra copy of the Journal, worth \$2—also, a copy of Willis' Poems, worth \$2—also, "Married or Single," a romance in two volumes, worth \$2—in all

\$25 DOLLARS

FOR
25 SUBSCRIBERS!

Now, who will take us up on this liberal proposition! Makes no difference who "goes in," for we will do as well by all who will procure us that number of subscribers. Of course the subscribers must pay in advance.—Ladies, go to work—all of you.—We have got a library of over 200 books, most of which are the very best of standard works, and all of which we will dispose of as above stated. Nor are these books soiled—most of them being new.

2d. To the person who will get us fifteen advance-paying subscribers, we will give a copy of Moore's Poetical Works complete—worth \$1. Also, Dr. Livingstone's Explorations in Africa—worth \$2 50. Also a splendid engraving entitled "The Village Blacksmith," worth \$5. Also an extra copy of the Journal one year, worth \$2—in all making

Thirteen Dollars and Fifty Cents

FOR
Fifteen Subscribers.

3d. We will give for twelve subscribers, a history of the Mutiny in India, worth \$3. Also, any three dollar Magazine for one year. Also, a copy of the Great South, a large book worth \$3 75, making

Nine Dollars and seventy-five cents

FOR
Twelve Subscribers.

Let us hear from you soon. These propositions are only intended to aid our subscribers in doubling our list for next year, and are so liberal that many will certainly avail themselves of the chance to make something. Should other works than those we have mentioned be preferred we will try and supply them.

HEAVY POLK.—The Franklin Review says Col. W. H. S. Hill of Williamson county lately slaughtered a lot of hogs 20 in number and 130 months old, the aggregate weight of which was 7337 pounds—averages 566 2-4 lbs; the four largest weighing 3063 lbs, averaging 500 3-4 lbs.