

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

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Number 14.

## The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

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

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.  
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Hereafter no club subscriptions at less than the regular price (\$2) will be received. However, when a club of five subscribers is sent us, we will allow an extra copy gratis to the getter-up of the club.

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Clipping.—We will supply either Harper's Magazine, or Graham's, or Godfrey's and the Home Journal, one year, for four dollars. Arthur's Home Magazine, or Peterson's, and the Home Journal, one year, for \$ 25.

### NOTICE.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a red cross mark on them will understand it to mean that unless they pay up their dues to us their paper will be discontinued. We have about 75 names that will undoubtedly be erased unless this cross-mark is heeded. Paper alone costs about \$11 per week, cash, and we are unable and unwilling to submit to this drain upon our pocket unless we are sure that our submission be appreciated.

Postmasters throughout the country will do us a favor, as well as be doing their duty, to inform us when a subscriber refuses his paper, or when the paper lies dead at their office.

The world is full of apostles—fuller to-day than ever before. Every person who gives a true or beautiful thought to the world, is a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. And they who give expression to beautiful thoughts in beautiful deeds, who counsel the erring, console the afflicted, guide the strong or assist the weak and bring smiles of pleasure where before were seen tears of sorrow—these are all co-workers for the redemption of mankind.

The soul is so constituted that we may enjoy its purest pleasures without being in any manner dependant upon the world. Our bliss is all within us—there only remains the touching of the magic keys by which its gushing harmonies incarnate into everlasting peace. Yet are these harmonies all touched from without, each reaching out a kindly hand to his fellow, and hence it is that we are all made so gloriously responsible, the one for the happiness of the other.

To be the recipient of a true woman's love and devotion, in an hour when her holy influences are absolutely needed, is to be blessed with a joy which all the woes and fatalities of earth can never annul. For it is not of one lone thought or circumstance that she becomes an angel of redemption, but of his whole existence and being. Oh, who can assign limits to the influence of a single whisper of affection from the loved one, when it falls upon a breast wearied and riven, and pinning for the consolations of love.

There are 50,000 men in Iowa capable of bearing arms.—*Ec.*  
Wonder if there are 50,000 women capable of bearing arms?

A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers, for a single day, for three times a year, is a sufficient preservation against moths.

CENSUS OF NASHVILLE.—We take the following item from Campbell's Directory, just issued from the press.—It shows the total population of Nashville and suburbs to be 31,813:

"Within the corporate limits of the city we have 25,113 inhabitants as a total. Of these 5,385 are blacks, of these 1,758 are free. Of 16,728 whites, 10,757 are males, and 8,971 are females. Edgefield has a population of at least 2,500; North Nashville 1,200; West Nashville 1,000; Southfield 2,000. All of these villages belong to Nashville, which give us a grand total population of 31,813.—This shows that if the census was correctly reported in 1856, Nashville has 7 Bishops Polk and Elliott raised in New Orleans, without calling on citizens of that place, \$250,000 for the Episcopal University of the South, located at Sewanee. About 35 persons contributed the above amount.—No application has been refused.—They expect to raise, \$2,000,000 for the endowment very soon.

We learn that a white girl, living six miles from Princeton, on the Hopkinsville road, added some pale features to the census one day last week. In other words, she was playing Tamara with some sooty Aaron, too successfully. The negro, who was the father of the infant, blew out his brains as soon as he heard of the event.—*Hopkinsville Mercury.*

Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage should go through a course of cookery.—*Exchange.*

Yes, but how few now-a-days go through such a course? Their whole desire seems to be to dress, to have sweethearts, and carry on "innocent flirtations." But we do not blame them so much as we do their parents. The mother, instead of learning her daughters to cook, to wash, and to attend to household duties in general, does all these things herself, while her daughters are allowed to visit, go to places of amusement, sit in the parlor, read novels, learn music, go to parties, and do almost anything save work. And that's the reason we have so many delicate, scallow-faced, consumptive females. Their mothers train them wrong, and we have heard, they train them thus in order to "marry them off." Oh! what a shame!

When thus reared they may be married sooner, but, most likely, to some brainless fop, whose highest boast is perhaps that he had a wealthy father.—*Sensible men will always admire domestic accomplishments in a lady, far more than outward show. Of course, we would advise them to dress neat, and always try to be neat, yet do not ignore work. Remember that not every man has a fortune to commence life with, yet, if his wife aid him, he may make one. If she knows nothing of the broom, the needle, or the kitchen, a poor man is a fool to marry her, and such a woman, we do hope, (should we ever get one) will not fall to our lot. Not that we would make her a slave—not that we would see her burden herself with labor, but in case of necessity, we wish her to know how these things are to be done. With us, it is a good sign to see a woman—a young maiden, we mean—ready to help her mother on all occasions, to churn, to cook, to skim milk after she has milked the cow, to sew buttons on buttonless clothes, and knit stockings and gloves.*

Now, some of our friends may say that we are writing this just to be writing. Not so. We are young, and some day or another, we expect to seek a wife. And we are determined to not allow gew-gaws and piano accomplishments, mixed with dancing, to win our heart. Such accomplishments as these will be so many defects unless they be counterbalanced by the other accomplishments to which we have alluded.

Communications.  
Our readers will remember a little article published in the Home Journal some two or three weeks since, signed "Lauretta," and asking, among other interrogatories, why courtship is so much more pleasant than marriage. In answer to her article we have received two communications which we give below.

TO LAURETTA.  
My DEAR LADY:—Your communication to the Home Journal of last week, surprised me considerably, and I, although unknown, avail myself of the privilege of replying.  
You wish to know why it is that courtship is pleasanter than marriage. First, let me ask, do you candidly believe it is? If so, we differ widely at the starting point. Courtship is like the life of a butterfly—vain and frivolous, and too often but flattery hid in a cloud of perfumed phrases to suit our poor creatures—male and female—who indulge therein. I profess to know something of its deceptive phases, for my dear husband was my seventh engagement! I have been something of a coquette, though I don't advocate nor justify coquetry, and I claim to know right well the pleasures you claim for lovers, and to estimate them at their true value—very little in real good, however much in dollars and cents.

And just here let me add—too many costly gifts will cause a true lady to look with contempt on the giver. She may receive them with smiles and professions of regard, but if the opinion of one who has run the gauntlet of ten offers of marriage is of consequence, the young man may consider himself humbugged! Then, again, you wish to know why your husband does not bring to you the former amount of gilded toys, neck-naecks and finger-rings, jumping jacks, and Yankee notions of former days. Because, my dear lady, he is a sensible, prudent man, and loves his family too well to waste on mere frivolities, the means that should be invested for their present comfort and future independence! He knows, if you do not, dear lady, how those dollars came; and as for concert tickets, pshaw! I'd rather listen to the cooing of a pretty baby any time, than to hear a Paridis throat-splitting melody. Don't call yourself a fool for resigning a butter-

fly courtship for sober, sensible, real pleasures of an independent home of your own, and a lover, pledged to love you while life shall last. Make his home happy by every little attention you are mistress of, and if the soft honeyisms of courtship are less frequent, remember a noble heart that angels might envy, beats, labors for you alone! Remember this, Lauretta, and learn to find, by your own fire-side, sweets and pleasures never to be found elsewhere.

EMILIE.  
NASHVILLE, April 5th, 1859.  
W. J. SLATTER, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your fair correspondent, "Lauretta," wishes to know why courtship is more pleasant than marriage. Permit me to answer her, as you have had no experience in matrimonial affairs, as yet, but if "Madame Rumor" be true, it will not be long before you lead a fair one (and she is handsome too) to the altar. Man is naturally an excitable being. He labors for excitement, he plays for excitement, and when that object is once obtained, his excitement ceases. And then, again, woman is to blame for man's seeming neglect. Before they give up all their pleasure for a "plain gold ring and an empty name," they are smiles. Perhaps if you had have seen "Mrs. Lauretta" before she was married, primping up, curling her hair, using her paints, and seeing that every article of her dress was properly arranged, then she might easily answer her own question, and know the reason why "man pays more attention to a lady before than after marriage."

It is generally the case as soon as a lady is married, and as soon as she feels herself tied by the "silken chord of matrimony," she thinks she has nothing else to do in the way of pleasing her husband. I don't agree that a married woman should dress as gaudily, or attend concerts as often as when they are single, but she should be neat and study to please her husband as when he was carrying her to the "picnics and concerts." "Lauretta" speaks of Forrest assured nothing pleases a man so much as after his daily labor is over, to find his wife all neat as a "new pin," awaiting him with some of her bewitching smiles, to cheer him up in his despondency.— Show me a wife that studies to please her husband, and I will show you happiness and prosperity in their home, and one who, if her husband can afford it, carries her to concerts and brings home all that is "nice in books and nick-nacks."

Yours Truly,  
"LEONIDAS."

\*Our correspondent may find himself deceived if he places confidence in what tattling Old Madame Rumor says. She don't know half as much as she would have people believe, and in our case she has certainly "got the thing twisted."—*Ed.*

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.  
I WOULD DIE IN SPRING.

BY COL. G. L. EBERHART, OF PENN.

O! I would die in time of Spring,  
When the earth is clad in flowers,  
And singing birds are on the wing,  
Like our golden threaded hours.

When the brooks are gaily singing,  
Down the cool and shady dell,  
And the woods are a sweetly ringing  
With their merry crystal bells;

When the sky is blue above me,  
And the world is all ablaze,  
Would I have dear ones that love me  
Lay me in the silent tomb.  
April 5th, 1859.

SHOCKING MISTAKE.—THE TOWN of Horizon, Wis., is in a state of excitement—a Sickles case having almost taken place there. It appears that one of the citizens—a gentleman of high social position—fell in love with his neighbor's wife, and made arrangements to meet her in her own room at 10 o'clock in the morning. To avoid scandal, he mounted an outhouse, climbed upon the roof of the back building, raised up the chamber window, stepped in, and beheld the lady's husband in bed—he being sick and not gone out. The discovery was not pleasant to either of the parties, the more especially as the ten o'clock man could give no good reason for entering a man's house by the window, and his position in society forbids the idea that his object was plunder.

St. Crispin's Day occurs on the 22th of October. St. Crispin, the guardian saint of the shoemakers, was a Christian, who, with his brother, Crispinian, went from Rome to France to propagate the Christian religion, in 300, of our age. Like many of the early christian teachers, the brothers supported themselves by working at their trade, which was that of the shoemaker. The day is celebrated in many countries, but our shoemakers have so little regard for their patron-saint, that the anniversary glides by almost unnoticed.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.  
BRIDAL OF THE RUINED.

BY MRS. EMELIE C. S. CHILTON.

He promised to wed me long ago,  
But his vow was breathed in a floating  
breath,  
And I scorn him now, and I laugh at woe,  
For I am the plighted bride of Death!

Most come to me no more—no more!  
I know I sin'd, for I loved too well,  
But what care I what the world will say,  
My bridal bed's in the deep dark dell,  
And to-morrow—to-morrow's my wedding day!

Then bring to me the snowy shroud,  
And lay me straight on yonder bier;  
All earth is hid in a murky cloud,  
And why should I longer tarry here?  
And place the babe thou near my heart,  
All cold and still we will wait and start,  
When the clock shall tell my wedding day!

Down in the depths of the darksome glen,  
Down where the worms of earth shall pile,  
Away from the scornful looks of men,  
And hidden from woman's sneering smile,  
We will fold the sheet around our breast  
And welcome the worms of the damp cold  
clay.

For there we shall know how the weary  
rest,  
When to-morrow shall be my wedding day!

Tell me not it is hard to die—  
It is hard to yield this painful breath,  
It is a boon for such as I,  
To wear the bridal veil of Death!  
My bed will be soft on the valley  
clods

Where the black snake hides from the light of day;  
How wearily slow time onward plods—  
Will the shades of night o'er pass away!  
Plant no flowers on my hidden grave—  
Raise at my head no cold white stone;  
The winds my funeral dirge will rave,  
And I want to be left in peace alone.

Only say "She has gone away"—  
Now close, fold to my aching breast  
This sheet, ere comes my wedding day.  
Ha! see the clock tells midnight's hour—  
"The bridal groom" cometh to claim his  
bride."

I've a princely groom and a princely dowry,  
And behind the snowy steeds I ride!  
I wear on my hand the bridal ring,  
And I turn with disgust from a world of  
woe.

No longer the scorned and the ruined  
thing,  
But the bride of Death—I go! I go!  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

### A Selected Story.

LOVE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.  
I once heard an old Jour remark that a printing office was no place for love-making, and I have since experienced the truth of the expression; being now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, cases, and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of—. Directly opposite the office was a pretty, white cottage, with a rosebush chambering around the easement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the address cottage contained a fair inmate—a flower whose beauty outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary—sweet, poetic Mary. I have a passion for the name of Mary.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and I had raised the window to admit the breeze from the flower-decked fields, and it was not long ere I perceived the cottage window was also hoisted, and that sweet little Mary was sitting busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered toward the cottage where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange fantastic notions whirled through my brain, and I began to think I felt a light touch of what the poets call love, sliding in at one corner of my heart. A few days passed away, and chance made me acquainted with Mary. Oh! she was a sweet creature; she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus de Medici—a cheek that out-dusted the richest peach, and a lip that would have tempted a bee from its hive on a frosty morning. I thought as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never looked on one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of everything lovely and bewitching. Well, time passed on, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. "Good," thought I, "what a chance! I'll have thought I—yes, there, in the very midst of the implements of mine art—why shouldn't I? Love in a printing office! Oh! there was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

and the boxes of the A. B. C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her pretty little white hand; she drew it back, knocking a stickful of matter into 'pi.'

"I must have a kiss for that, my pretty one," said I, and at it I went. I managed to get my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial, a long article on the Oregon Question.

Nothing daunted, I made at her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. By Saint Paul! It was a sweet one, and that little witch bore it like a martyr; she never screamed once. But as I raised my lips from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than were ever viewed by Herschel, through his big telescope. Somewhat nettled, and my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said:

"Well, if you don't like it just take back the kiss."

She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked herself from my arms her foot struck the lye pot, and over it went. Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in her efforts to sustain herself her hand—her lily white hand—the same little hand that came in contact with my ears—oh! horrible!—was stuck up to the elbow in ink! Shades of Franklin! She slowly drew it from the keg, dripping with ink, and asked what use I made of that tar. I began to be seriously alarmed, and apologized in the best manner I could, and to my surprise she seemed more pleased than angry; but there was a lurking devil in her eye that told me there was mischief afoot.

As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a laugh at the strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high and brought it down kerslap upon my cheek. Before I could recover from my surprise the same little hand had again descended and left its inky imprint on my other cheek.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "what are you about?"

"I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of the form," she replied with a loud laugh, and again her hand lit upon me—faking me a broad slap in the middle of my countenance, most wonderfully bedaubing my eyes.

With a light step and a merry play of laughter, she skipped through the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and her rough face peering through the door way, shouted:

"I say, Charley, what kind of a roller does my hand make?"

"Oh," said I, "you take too much ink."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "well, good bye, Charley, that's my impression."

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment, and I verily believe that I could have passed for a Guinea nigger, without the slightest difficulty. "And so," said I to myself, "this is love in a printing office. The devil fly away with such love."

The next morning, when the editor came to the office, I rather calculate he found things a little topsy-turvy.— However, that made no difference to me, for I had nuzzled before day light. I bore the marks of that scene many a day, and now, whenever I see a lady entering a printing office, I think of little Mary, and keep my eye on the ink keg. Mary is now my wife.

### A HOME SCENE.

Come, let us pull the curtains down,  
And lay the work aside,  
And gather up the playthings  
You've scattered for and wide;  
And place the lamp upon the stand,  
Beside the great arm chair,  
And bring the last new magazine,  
And cut the leaves with care.

STUTTERING, Mary, say,  
When shish-shish-shall we wedded be?  
Nin-name the ha-ha-happy day  
That will us mar-mar-married see.

Nay, dee-dee-dearest, though thy cheek  
A cer-crick-erim-shush hath dyed,  
I could not wait a wee-wee-week,  
Without my jo-jaw-joyful bride.

Then, Mary, let us fl-fl-fl-fl-fl,  
For Too-Too-Tuesday next the day,  
When in the morn at six-six-six,  
I'll fy-fy-feich thee hence away.

Then to some bub-bub-bub-bub spot,  
To pass the morn morn-mouth we'll go,  
A cook-coo-cooch I've gee-gee-gee-  
Thou canst not say nin-nin-no-no.

A FACT FOR LADIES.—A writer on fashion says that flounces, by marking the light at regular intervals, take away from it, and make a short figure look shorter. For this reason, short persons, should not wear stripes running in parallel rings round a dress. Perpendicular stripes upon a dress make the wearer look taller, like the flutes in a composite. It is too much the custom of all who would be fashionable, to imitate the prevailing mode, regardless of its suitability to face or form. When flounces and hoops, as now are worn short, dumpy ladies flounce up to their ears, and extend their diameter infinitely beyond their perpendicular measure which gives them a ludicrous appearance enough, somewhat similar to a Dutch built brig, under full press of canvass.

Evil men speak as they wish rather than what they know.

The question "Why printers do not succeed as well as brewers?" was thus answered:—  
"Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach, but one has brains!"

WHAT OUR DEVIL DON'T BELIEVE.—He don't believe that a man is any wiser for having A. S. S. or any other letters attached to his name.

He don't believe a lawyer is any keener because he wears a pair of spectacles.

He don't believe that schoolmasters, physicians, and ministers, like to be contradicted a whit better than other folks.

He don't believe that all lawyers are rogues any more than he believes an owl is a snake.

He don't believe that the most industrious man likes to work except when he can't help it.

He don't believe that two young lovers like to be caught with their arms around one another.

He don't believe that a young lady ought to be married before she is 21 at least.

He don't believe that young gentlemen should marry before they are able to support a wife.

Southern Manufactures.—We find it needful to print this Southern Citizen, here in Washington, upon Southern paper,—from the Marietta Paper-Mills, Georgia. At first we tried all the paper we could think of, made nearer home; but at last found that we could supply ourselves with better paper, and cheaper, after paying freight from Marietta to Charleston, from Charleston to Baltimore, and from Baltimore to Washington, than any other paper-makers could supply us. It is but right and just to mention this fact. If Georgia can, even now, beat the world in paper, what would she not do if negroes were coming in freely from Africa.—*Southern Citizen.*

How to Do It.—Fifteen minutes before bedtime, cut up one dozen cold boiled potatoes, add a few slices of cold cabbage, with five or six pickled cucumbers. Eat heartily, and wash down with a pint of cran-ale. Undress, and jump into bed. Lie flat on your back, and in half an hour, or thereabouts, you will dream of the devil, and that he is sitting on your chest with the Bunker Hill Monument in his lap. Worth trying.—*Perhaps.*

The forefinger of a woman wrapped up in a piece of paper, was found in Broad street, Philadelphia, on Sunday.—*Exchange.*

A young lady in Winchester, or Franklin county, who has no doubt been reading that we have sewing machines for sale, encloses the following in an envelope through the Post Office, and requests that we publish it. Who the lady is we do not know. She signs her name "An Acquaintance," but we have so many acquaintances that such a signature does not enlighten us at all as to who she really is. But this we will say to her: If you be such a sewing machine as one that is described in the piece below, we will never rest contented until you say "yes" in answer to a certain proposition we propose to make you. We will stop trading in the late style sewing machines and purchase the one you seem to think is the best.

Hear what our lady acquaintance has sent us.

The very best sewing machine a man can have is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of a dust, and, once in motion, will go on uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little from being overworked, it mends itself from being left alone a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select.

If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is in hand—the sewing machine is pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no make-shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house!

Always Busy.—That's right, my lad you will be something yet. We never new a smart, active, industrious boy, who did not turn out an energetic, enterprising, and wealthy man.— Better wear out than rust out, is a good proverb, and we rejoice to see you follow it up. We would rather have you than a dozen dozy-headed, sleeping, inactive youths, who do nothing from morning till night, but beat the chairs, smoke cigars, and grant to the customers.

It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his face; it is a bad sign to see a fellow wiping his mouth as he comes out of a cellar.

The household expenses of the late Post Master General Brown, are said to have been \$30,000 a year, a sum his magnificent income fully enabled him to pay without embarrassment.

The Post Office Department has dispatched two agents to the South with instructions promptly to report all the causes of the repeated failure of the mails to connect with the incomplete railroads in Mississippi, the object being to remedy the evil, and enforce a compliance with the contract for the conveyance of the mails between New Orleans and Washington within schedule time.

How IT WOULD HAVE WORKED.—The diary of Washington just published informs us that when he made his grand tour through the Northern States in 1780, he took with him "his slave Billy, his faithful attendant through the Revolutionary war."

It is very fortunate that General Washington did not make his grand tour seventy years later, and that he did not take Michigan in his route or he would have found him incarcerated in the State prison for ten years, because he had introduced his "slave Billy" into the State. Nor is this all. If similar laws had prevailed in the northern States during the revolutionary war he would have been marched off to the penitentiary for having with him "his faithful attendant."—*General Washington, according to the Black-Republican code, was a criminal to be punished by ten years' incarceration.—Detroit Free Press.*

An attorney in Cincinnati, who claims some respectability, a day or two ago charged a matrimonial candidate a fee for showing him the way to the marriage license clerk's desk, in the Probate Court! He evidently intends to make every edge cut!

France is now said to be more licentiously dissolute than at any time since the first Empire. The motto seems to be "society melted in licentiousness is easiest governed."

"I'm down in the mouth," as Jonah said when the whale swallowed him, his own use.