THE HOME JOURNAL

Volume II. WINCHESTER, TENN., JANUARY 6, 1859.

The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

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

The Augusta Dispatch says that the Bank of Fulton has just published a statement of its condition in accordance with the requisition of the Governor. It makes a good showing, and is evidently winning its way to popular favor.

There is a maiden lady in Connecticut who is so modest, that she turned away her washerwoman because she put her clothes in the same tub with those of a young man.

General Houston, now in his 65th year, has signified his intention to retire from public life on the 5th of March next. The General purchased extensive lands on Galveston Bay, whither he will remove to engage extensively in sheep grazing.

HIGHER.

A noble motto for the young—higher!—Never look down. Aim high.—If you cannot reach the stars, you can have the satisfaction of drawing near them. He who stands on an elevated position is sure to catch the first rays of a glorious sun. He who is always stepping up, will first catch the favors and blessings of heaven as they descend. There is no object on which we gaze that gives us so much pleasure as the upward and continued progress of moral culture and robust virtue of the young. When the chains of sloth are broken, the vision is clear, the heart buoyant, and the affections and purposes strong, higher and still higher objects will be gained, nobler purposes achieved, and a sublime elevation attained that will thrill with joy future generations as they march on in the same glorious path.

Where is Putnam County.—The Cookville Times published in Putnam county says: "Ever since we have been a citizen of Putnam county we have been under the impression that we were in the *fourth* Congressional District, and should, no doubt, have remained under that delusion had it not been that in looking over the new Code, we saw that it belonged to the *second* district. Being a little surprised at this, we looked again, and found in another section it still belonged to the old *fourth*.

Now, we would like to know *where* Putnam is. Can any of our law makers who said *amen* to the reading of the new Code, tell us? The time is approaching when another battle is to be fought; and as we are a kind of a *non*-commissioned officer, we would like to know under what regiment we are to fight. A little light, gentlemen if you please."

Stop that boy!—A cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the magistrate of our town.—Stop him, ere tobaco shatters his nerves, ere his pride ruins his character, ere the "lounger masters the man," ere good ambition and manly strength gives away to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion; the disgrace of their families, the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproach of themselves.

Alexander Robinson, who was arrested in Philadelphia, a short time ago, on a charge of rape in Delaware, having induced a young girl to leave her home on the pretence that her brother was sick, and then committed violence upon her, has been tried and convicted of the outrage, and sentenced to be hung, it being a capital offence in Delaware.

THE DANCING.

It has been many a day since we read a more graphic and glorious account of modern dancing, than that which follows. We find it floating "around loose" upon the tide of newspaper literature, and copy it that the author may find it again:

"Look! look!" said a half dozen lady voices one pretty night, as we sat leaning against the outside of the ball room. We did look—alas! for our poor modesty, we ought not to have done so. "If my children were among them, I'd whip them well for it. Yes, if they were full grown, I'd give them the hickory." So said the wife of one of our princes, as she turned away in utter disgust.

Doctor, let me describe a little—if the public may look, certainly it may read, though it run. A group of splendid ones is on the floor, and lovingly mated. The gents encircle their partners, waists with one arm. The ladies and gentlemen stand closely face to face. The gents are very erect, and lean a little back. The ladies lean a little forward. (Music.) Now all wheel and whirl, circle and curl. Feet and heels of gents go rip rap, rip rap-rip. Ladies, feet go tipity-tip, tipity-tip-tip. Then all go rippity, clippity, tippity, bippity, skippity, hoppity, jumpity, bumpity, thump. Ladies fly off by centrifugal momentum. Gents pull ladies hard and close. They reel, swing, slide, sling, look tender, look silly, look dizzy. Feet fly, tresses fly, hoops fly, dresses fly, all fly. It looks tuggity, huggity, pullity, squeezity, pressity, rubbity, rip. The men look like a cross between steelyards and "limber jacks," beetles and jointed X's. The maidens tuck down their chins very low, or raise them exceedingly high. Some smile, some grin, some giggle, some frown, some pout, some sneer, and all sweat freely. Ladies' faces are brought against those of the men, or into their bosoms, breast to breast, nose against nose, and toes against toes. Now they go again, making a sound like Georgeyporgey, eerey-peerey, ridey-pidey, caochey-poachey.

"This dance is not much, but the extras are glorious." If men were women, there would be no such dancing. But they are only men, and so the thing goes on by *woman's love* of it. When a boy, we used to visit these Dutch dances, and trip the whirling beer barrels, as they passed our feet, and then run for dear life. We still feel the instinct of tripping in our toes. A secular writer says: "There is no established standard of propriety about this matter. If I were a lady, I *might* object to these dances; but, being a man, I do not. We certainly ought to be satisfied, if they are."

CARRIER'S ADDRESS
To the Patrons of the Home Journal.

BY MRS. ADELIA C. GRAVES.

As on the mortered sod the horse's tread
Left its plain impress in its clayey bed,
There into being sprang the mightiest power,
Ever from creation to the present hour;
Hath blessed the wide spread race of scattered men,
Wherever its potent influence hath been,—
The birth of types* greatest, most glorious art,
To elevate, to fire the human heart:
To clear the mists of ignorance away,
And bid mis Science blaze with brilliant ray;
Art that each man to his fellow-man takes know,
Country and clime, and how their products grow;
Manners and customs, government and laws,
How into being sprang, and what their cause.
Great Art of Art, by which the wise and good,
Knowledge have gained and trial have withstood;
A free side comforter—wayside relief,
By which the saddest, longest hours grow brief;
For who knows not how swiftly speeds the day,
When pleasing pages while the time away?

The conquering sword hath drunk its fill of blood,
Dyed the mountain stream and river's flood,
Drenching the meadow and the lofty wood,
The crowded street and quiet solitude,
With all the purple streams of parting life,
Its victims offered in the unhallowed strife,
When warring kings, and angry nobles, bade
In foolish trays to draw th' consecrated blade.
Widows and orphans wept the blood outpoured,
That gained those victories of the mighty sword;
But when the mighty Press sends far abroad,
Its laws of love, where scattered nations trod,
Whole nations listen to the peaceful wind,
And Pen and Pulse are conquerors of the Sword.

So may it be, to Earth's remotest age,
The Pen and Press man's energies engage,
This one, to guard, and that, to guide aright,
That never from our bosoms may take its flight,
That proud and noble bird, whose pinions free
Sweep widely o'er a "land of liberty."
When, when the fleeting year hath passed away,
And he recounts the blessings of each day,
Remembers what he owes this wondrous Art,
That brings him pleasure, both for mind and heart,
Whether the Winter's cold, or Summer's heat,
His companion, or joins our merry greet?

It is a common blessing, like the air
We breathe, at home, abroad, aye, everywhere,
And as we may forget, sometimes, may be,
The dangers receptive, who breathes not so free,
So may we, when we take the still damp sheet,
Our sweet eyes so dearly love to greet,
Forget, times past such blessings have not led,
That nations, now, have no such joys to glad;
Forget we dwell within a happier land,
Where God showers mercies with a bounteous hand:
But when the New-year, jocund as the morn,
Leaps into being, like Minerva, born
Full grown and armed with all its strength and power,
To ward off evil from life's coming hour,
Let us remember how the mighty Press,
Avails our country, and ourselves, to bless;
Bulwark of freedom, panoply of peace,
Through which, at last, shall war and fightings cease,
And man be brother to his fellow-man,
As God designed, when first old Time began
To make unshapen Earth a dwelling place,
Fit for the abiding of the human race.

Our little town! how desolate, how lone,
If no more columns from the Press were thrown,
And if a month, th' expected sheets come not,
How, with an earnest heart, they would be sought,
And eager hands extend to reap once more,
What were too lightly prized, may be, before:
For dearth of local knowledge, then, might teach
A wholesome lesson, it might be, to each,
That common blessings, common mercies, are,
And should be objects of our special care.

*Alluding to the popular idea of the origin of type.

The Mount Vernon Purchase.—The ladies who have exerted themselves so patriotically and assidously to purchase Mount Vernon and donate the grave of Washington to his countrymen have paid $75,000, and have yet to collect $125,000. To aid in the accomplishment of this object, Mr. George Mellus, the manager of the Louisville Theatre, has originated a valuable suggestion which if carried out, will materially assist the funds. He proposes that, on the 22 of February next, the anniversary of the birth of Washington, every manager in the country shall give the entire receipts of the evening's performances to the Mount Vernon Association, the members of the dramatic profession relinquishing their night's salaries and the managers making no charge for rent or any other incidental expense. If this should be generally carried out, it would undoubtedly raise the required sum, and we know of no more popular way that can be suggested. The drama is the people's amusement, and its power is based upon the effects of sympathy, and, as Guizot aptly remarks, for the proper development of those effects, a crowd, must be assembled; these ideas which would pass languidly from one man to another, traverse the serried ranks of a multitude with the rapidity of lightning, and it is only when large masses of men are collected together that we observe the action of that moral electricity which the dramatic poet calls into such powerful operation. Acting upon this theory, what wonderful effects might be expected from a national effort such as Mr. Mellus suggests, when it is known that from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the people everywhere in their largest buildings devoted to dramatic poetry have determined to express their gratitude to the memory of that great man, who, by the blessing of Heaven, guided our revolutionary struggle to a glorious termination and left us in his life and conversation the model upon which every freeman should strive to build his own character and direct his patriotism.

The Nashville Banner says: "We should be pleased to have a response from the press on this subject, and should it meet the approval of the Regents of the Mount Vernon Association, we feel every confidence that the National Mount Vernon Benefit will realize a sum of money sufficient to complete the purchase."

Sad.—The Charleston (Va.) Republican tells the following as happening in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Md., not long since:

"Not far from Mount Pleasant, back in the country like, there is a tavern, called the Franklin House. Mr. Franklin, the proprietor, has two deaf and dumb daughters, sprightly, intelligent and interesting. By signs they often carry on animated conversations especially with each other, and members of the family. Last week two foot travelers stopped for the night at this house, and, after supper with the family, were shown to the room, in which was a good fire and bed for their accomodation. The kind host, on entering the room in the morning, found that the bed had not been occupied, and that his guests had flown.—He, however, found on the table money for their supper, and a note, stating that in consequence of signs made at the supper table, by the young ladies, they did not think it safe to go to bed, and therefore paid the bill and took their departure."

Awem!—The editor of the Jackson Mississippian thus welcomes Senator Douglas to the South:

Covered with the odium of such detestable heresies; stained with the dishonor of a treachery without a parallel in the political history of the country; fresh from the warm embraces of Seward and Greeley and Giddings, this man has dared to present himself in the South, to look her honest sons and daughters in the face, and to ask their hospitality. We would not arouse the violent passions of men.—We would say the avenging rod of justice rather than the chivalry of the South should be tarnished by a single rash or unseemly act; but yet, if smarting under the keen sense of cruel wrong, if goaded by the conviction of outrageous injustice, she were to welcome her betrayer "with bloody hands to the hospitable grave", to the gibbet or the faggot—there would be a strong array of irresistible facts in the case to extenuate the act.

One of the coolest transactions we have read of for some time, occured in New Haven a short time since. A gentleman, while going home one evening, was stopped by two men who demanded ten dollars. He told them, he had not that amount about him, but but they might have all he had which was but two dollars—and if they would call at his shop the next day he would give them the balance. The man assaulted made the best of his way home, congratulating himself upon his escape from these desperadoes, by the loss of so small an amount, supposing, of course, it was the last he would hear of them; but to his astonishment, one of the number called on him the next day and demanded the remaining eight dollars. The fellow got a good drubbing for his imprudence.

The leaf of an album on which Lord Byron had written *four* lines of poetry was recently sold to a Russian nobleman at Venice, Italy, for $1,600. What do you think of that, scribblers?

Every man in China must pay up his debts at the begining of the year, and also at the time of a religious festival about the middle of the year. If unable to settle at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

THRILLING INCIDENT,

Midnight Adventure of a Bride Elect. Extraordinary Revel.—Women often possess presence of mind, and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril, which seem almost foreign to their nature and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization. A striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incidented to the vexations of domestic cares, is given in Chambers' Journal for October. We copy the adventure, premising by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a seperate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since had picked up her jewels, &c.—She was, consequently, still dressed, when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterward. Housebreakers were myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door was softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robbber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps in the next room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make any noise," he replied sullenly, "if you will give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: "he wasn't a going to run all the risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you." The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposed; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room.—Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door.—The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got show of the plate spread out below, and that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get the wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them, and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her as it proved. The leader approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was "a jolly wench, reg'lar game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten next day, when they should be off all safe. To this, of course, she was obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight, then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astonishing than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three-fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery.—The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared, and with truth, that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams, but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS
To the Patrons of the Home Journal.

A merry Christmas! patrons kind,
A happy New-year to all—
Through cold and ill, the "best cheer"
Is the owner's wonderful!
Long may the Christmas holidays
Each week and year return—
Long may the old fire-place dinner stand—
Long may the Journal for have—
Long may the "cup that cheers" be poured out,
For fourth-of-July shackles—
Long may the "Christmas bowl" hang down
Rich harvests for the stockings!
A happy Christmas (say)
Would their were six a year!
We wish you health, we wish you wealth,
And the very best "good cheer."
Another year has floated by
Since last the Carrier's voice
Sang of the merry holidays,
And bade you rejoice.
Since then there's trouble crossed the waves
That beat upon this shore,
For some, we fear, yearly graveling drive,
Will hear on earth no more!
With tidings fraught the wind of Death
Our ears and hearts can hear—
We, mourning, for them have gone sight,
Where grief is unknown any more.
We shall them in the social band
That sports along life's way—
They've crossed the lonely shadowy land
To enjoy a endless day.
A sigh for the loved memory,
And bear away the tear—
A bright'ner Christmas morn shines above
Than comes to earth this year!

This year has brought the usual scenes,
Just glides upon our sphere,
With some that stirred not for a time
To all the earth with fear;
But they have proved "a fleeting show"—
Of what of danger, (odds)
Even our home—every sort of chance—
Save that which fills the pocket!
They say that "Physics cure the soul,"
From this country Dobson
May be the means of leaving us
From some great public ailing;
Let us but pass the medal old—
We are right sure we'll endure more,
For little ones will aidest rile
In dulcet tones "shoe."
And labor's sinews are sweeter are—
Their eyes are brighter glow
In costly silken dresses than
In mere calico!
A rose is but a sweeter flower
Possessed not with the thorn,
And leaves that live in kindly deeds,
For some than gems adorn.
And cents, fine wines and high cigars
Are but a waste of dollars,
And cost you more than fine cravats,
And fancy linen collars.
For little leaks will sink a ship
And weaken mighty nations—
Economy is better for
Than useless importations!

Whatever has improvements made,
And, let times are as they—
Subscribers are a rolling in,
In a manner quite surprising.
We're bound to be a city soon,
To make the nation wonder—
The lightning flashed from Franklin town,
Mc Minnville "X" sent thunder,
But here's a wave of trouble yet
Has crossed our peaceful bay,
For bachelors are not the men
To be afraid of sparks!
And all the storms the year has brought
Will with the year soon cool,
In '59 we hope to find
A most congenial friend.

And now we with the ladies sing,
"Good times, come no more,"
And never let our shadows rest
Around the poor man's door.
May future days be cloudless, and
The future years be bright—
May hearts remain unbroken, and
The hottest hour be night.
May health and wealth, and blessings good,
Be spread on all we see,
And no dark clouds arise to mar
The "sun of liberty."
May weddings be numerous
As waves upon the ocean,
But quite unlike poor Dobson's once,
Not empty, hence commotion.
May we at the last feast in glorious now
Up high, by present there—
May orphans find kind friends, and
Cold fleecings—and prized—
May young and old, and rich and poor,
And rich and poor, be happy,
And all unite the great "Joy,"
The Union ever holds.
Remember our more numerous "clients"
And cold and stormy days—we sought you,
And all the year He (over) serves
Within the fold not, sought you,
And bids us, our Friends, come home,
And grant friendship pledge,
For those who are so kind give below
Will "remember" God above
The giver's thousand thanks will bring,
My prayer for peace and joy,
To dwell with those who never forget
The grateful

CARRIER BOY.

Love one human being warmly and purely, and you will love all! Jean Paul truly says, that the heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing from the dew-drop to the ocean, but an universal mirror which it warms and fills. And is it not true? Verily, we think so.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS TO THE CHURCHES IN WINCHESTER.

A PROPOSITION.

The proposition made two weeks since in the Journal in regard to giving $150 to the three churches in our town, will remain open for acceptance until the 1st day of February, 1859. Lest some may have forgotten the conditions we will name them again: The Cumberland Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Baptists, each denomination—are respectfully invited to procure us 75 subscribers at $2 apiece, making $150, which sum is to be divided equally between them, we furnishing the Home Journal one year gratis.—These subscribers must all be persons who have hitherto never taken our paper, and are not taking it now.

December 23, 1858.

We want in the future, to make the Home Journal more *intensely* interesting than ever before, and ask our friends to inform us of any incident or thing that would make a good item. Drunken men and dog-fights we don't want to hear about, as both are too common and uninteresting.

COLD FEET

Are the avenues to death of multitudes every year; it is a sign of imperfect circulation, or want of vigor of constitution. No one can be well, whose feet are habitually cold. When the blood is equally distributed to every part of the body, there is general good health. If there be less blood at any one point than is natural, there is coldness; and not only so, there must be more than is natural at some other part of the body which happens to be the weakest, to be the least able to throw up a barricade against the inrushing enemy. Hence, when the lungs are weakest, the extra blood gathers there in the shape of a common cold, or spitting blood. Clergymen, and other public speakers, by improper exposures often render the throat the weakest part; to such, cold feet gives hoarseness or a raw burning feeling, most felt at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck. To others, again, whose bowels are weak through over eating or drinking spirituous liquors, cold feet give various degrees of derangement, from common looseness to diarrhœa or dysentery and so we might go through the whole body, but for the present, this is sufficient for illustration.

If you are well, let yourself alone. This is our favorite motto. But to those whose feet are inclined to be cold we suggest.

As soon as you get up in the morning put both feet at once in a basin of cold water, so as to come half way to the ankle; keep them in half a minute in winter or two in summer; rubbing them both vigorously, wipe dry, and hold to the fire, if convenient, in cold weather, until every part of the foot feels as dry as your hand, then put on your socks or stockings.

On going to bed at night, draw off your stockings and hold the feet to the fire for ten or fifteen minutes until perfectly dry, and get right into bed. This is a most pleasant operation, and fully repays for the trouble of it. No one can sleep well or refreshingly with cold feet. All Indians and hunters sleep with their feet to the fire.

Never step from your bed with the naked feet on an uncarpeted floor. I have known it to be the exciting cause of months of illness.

Wear woolen, cotton or silk stockings, whichever keeps your feet most comfortable; do not let the experience of another be your guide for different articles; what is good for a person whose feet are naturally damp, cannot be good for one whose feet are always dry. The donkey who had his bag of salt lightened by swimming a river, advised his companion who was loaded down with a sack of wool to do the same, and having no more sense than a man or woman, he plunged in, and in a moment the wool absorbed the water, increased the burden many fold, and bore him to the bottom.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Winter Ascent of Mount Washington.—The Coos *Republican* narrates the successful termination of an enterprise several times attempted, but never before accomplished, viz., the ascent of Mount Washington in winter. Later than the early part of September, the ascent of any of the White Mountain range is attended with danger, and several who have made the attempt have lost their lives. On the 7th of December, however, two individuals surmounted all the perils of the ascent, and entered the Tip Top and Summit Houses. The title of these buildings has been for some time in litigation, and recently Samuel F. Spaulding of Lancaster obtained an execution, which he was anxious to levy immediately. Securing the services of Deputy Sheriff Lucius Hartshorn, and B. F. Osgood, an experienced guide, the three left the Glen House at 7 A. M. on the 7th inst. For the first mile, the snow was about one foot in depth, increasing to two and a half and three feet as they approached the Ledge. At this point, Mr Spaulding left the party and returned for horses and provisions for the adventurers on their return trip. Messrs. Hartshorn and Osgood pressed on with all speed, over ground covered with an incrustation of snow and ice, which occasionally afforded good

NOTICE.

Valuable Town Lots and desirable family Residences near the public square for sale or exchange for young Negroes, in part for good Mules, Milch Cows, Sheep and Hogs. Four lots with improvements, all in one block, surrounded by streets running in every direction.—Fifty acres of Land on Little Hurricane Creek, with water-power where there was formerly a cotton factory in operation—also, One and Two-horse Threshers and Separators, made by G. Westinghouse & Co., of Schenectady, N. Y., which they insure. Call and see one operate in threshing any kind of grain, and see their bands, certificates, &c, &c. ☞ A good bargain may be had by calling soon on the undersigned, who is authorized to sell.

aug22 P. I. CURLE.

Administrators Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. F. Robertson, dec'd, will please present them to the undersigned duly authenticated. And all persons indebted to said estate are required to come forward and make payment, or the same will be placed in the hands of proper persons for collection.

H. H. SMITH, Adm'r.

March 11, 1858. tf

Latest Arrival

OF

FALL AND WINTER

GOODS.

The undersigned are now receiving their stock of Fall and Winter Goods,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Cloths, Satinetts, Cassimeres, Merinos, Delaines, Ginghams, Cloths, Jeans, Tweeds, Shawls, Sheetings, Shirtings, blankets, Flannels, Hoop Skirts, Woollen and Merino Underwear for gentlemen and ladies, Ready-made Clothing, Hats—

Latest Styles,

Caps, boots, Shoes, Hardware, Cutlery, Glassware, Queensware, and a variety of articles too tedious to name, all of which are offered for sale at

Reasonable prices for Cash.

Persons are invited to call and examine for themselves.

MARTIN & SON.

All kinds of good barter taken in exchange for goods at such prices as we can sell at. M. & S.

GROCERIES.

A LARGER STOCK
THAN USUAL.

James Campbell,

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE,

I have now in store a larger assortment than usual of Family Groceries, consisting mainly of sugar, coffee, molasses; white, brown, loaf and crushed sugar; fine and common candies; a fine lot of Teas; almonds, raisins, nutmegs, cloves, spice, pepper, ginger, mace, cinnamon, soda, powder and shot, indigo and madder, saltpetre, starch; crackers of all kind, cakes, &c. Also, a good lot of cigars and tobacco; star and tallow candles, washboards, brooms, water buckets, soap. Tow of shoes and boots, and a good lot of domestic. Let the friends in a large lot to keep the ball in motion, for we do verily believe that upon the completion of this important link in our Road depend the many great improvements which we predict for Winchester.—The last Huntsville [Ala.] Independent says:

"We are truly glad to see that a Railroad spirit is again getting up in those sections of country where Railroads are needed. The long talked-of project of uniting North and South Alabama by Railroad is exciting much interest just at this time, and we are proud to see it. The signs are now favorable for the building of the link of Road from the Tennessee State line to the Tennessee river, through this country—a project which has been talked of for a long time, but at which little has been done. Col. Hu. Francis, of Tennessee, is now in the field, arousing the people on this subject, and soliciting subscriptions of stock for the building of the Road. He is traveling up and down the line, and is meeting with great encouragement.—We have seen and talked with a number of the most wealthy and influential men who live along the line, and they tell us that the Road must be built—that the people are thoroughly alive to the importance of the Road, and are determined to have it. Col. F. informs us that he feels quite confident that the money can be got, and that the work will go forward. We shall say nothing here of the importance of this Road, for every man who is interested at all in it, is fully posted as to its great importance,

We understand that there will be a meeting of the friends of this Road at Maysville, on next Tuesday week, the 11th of January, at wich all the commissioners in the Charter are desired to be present. Another meeting will be held on the following day at Vienna, which will be addressed by Col. Francis, and perhaps others. Let all New Madison turn out."

Liberal Bequest.—Reverend David Young, one of the oldest M. E. preachers in Ohio, died at Zanesville last week. He bequeathed, by his will, 12,000 dollars to build a new house for the Second street M. E. Church, in that city, with free seats; 1000 to the Ohio Wesley University; 1000 to the Bible Society; 1000 to the M. E. Missionary Society, and from 5000 to 10,000 to build another M. E. Church to Zanesville.

The New Code.—The New Code, as it is called, does'nt seem to meet with universal approbation at the hands of the sovereigns. We heard of one of them, a citizen of a neighboring county, remark, after listening to the charge of His Honor, that "nary man livin' could plumb the law as laid down in the Code.