

THE HOME JOURNAL.

WINCHESTER, TENN., MARCH 3, 1859.

Number 8.

Volume III.

The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

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

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL,
S. M. FITTINGILL & CO., New York.
JOHN P. HEFNER, Winchester.
T. J. CUMMINGS, Pullahama.
JOHN B. RHODES, Shelbyville.
C. A. HUNT, Salem.
L. I. GILDERSLIEVE, Fayetteville.
A. M. TENISON, Nashville.

Subscriptions for a shorter time than one year must be paid in advance.

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.

Single copies sold at 10 cents.

When credit for the paper is given to the end of the year three dollars will be invariably charged.

Clipping.—We will supply either Harper's Magazine, or Graham's, or Godley's and the Home Journal, one year, for four dollars. Arthur's Home Magazine, or Peterson's, and the Home Journal, one year, for 3 25.

NEWSPAPERS IN OLDEN TIMES.

When newspapers were first established they were quite destitute of advertisements, and nothing was more common than for papers to be issued with a blank page. The first newspaper printed in America had only three pages of reading matter, as there was not foreign or domestic news enough to fill out all the columns. In England, after a while, a new method was adopted to fill up the space not required for the current news, by publishing selections from the sacred scriptures, and many an old newspaper is now extant with a whole page copied from the Bible. Chapters from the New Testament were placed at the head of the column, and the space below was filled out with a psalm of the required length. In the period which this, to us novel, proceeding was resorted to fill out the newspaper, the Bible was not so common of so cheap as at present, and doubtless much good resulted from the practice. What would some of the subscribers to our popular journals say if their favorite sheets was to appear with seven or eight columns selected from the scriptures? Doubtless in some quarters, even in our day extracts from the Bible would be "new indeed!"

THE POSTAGE LAW.

Among the plans proposed in the United States Senate to increase the revenue of the Post Office Department, to make it, if possible, self-sustaining, is one which justly deserves and should receive the opposition and condemnation of every journal in the land, irrespective of party prejudice or personal favoritism. We refer to the proposition to refuse the privilege heretofore granted to the press of an exchange of publications, free of all postage charges.

Lifting ourselves above personal feeling upon this subject, and divesting our minds of all idea of benevolence to ourselves which would arise from such a law, we feel satisfied in asserting that not only the entire press but the country at large, would suffer greatly by such a law. The first effect would be the discontinuance of fully one-half of the papers of the country by taking away—unless they can afford to pay for them—these mediums from which they are enabled to condense for their own columns a weekly summary of stirring events of the times, and present to their patrons, though they be but few, an interesting and valuable sheet. No country paper can find sufficient local news from week to week to fill its columns, nor if it could would it be acceptable to its readers, unaccompanied with items of foreign news; and yet but few of them could afford, from so small pittance they are yearly receiving, to pay postage upon daily and prominent weekly papers, from which to cull their items.

The next effect would be to throw the monopoly of the newspaper press into the hands of a few daily and well-to-do weeklies, who can afford to pay freely for telegrams and correspondence from all important points, and give but little importance to any exchange outside of the largest cities.

Or admitting that all the papers now published should continue in existence, each publisher receiving in exchange only as many papers as his daily nickles would allow him to pay for, it would not be long ere a marked change would be perceptible in their tone. That freedom of thought, acquired by carrying the mind over the entire country, and collecting items from every State and upon all conceivable subjects, would gradually disappear and give place to a narrow, contracted, one-sided mode of conducting journals; each one but re-echoing the thoughts and sentiments of those few

sheets with which they come in continual contact, and thus the very heads of government, who represent a free people and free institutions, will be virtually taking away the freedom of the press, and aid in bringing it down from a position never dreamed of under any other government, and which has been acquired by the free intercourse heretofore existing among publications, and placing it below the rank of journalism in other countries.

No one can deny that such a trammelled and contracted press would have a most injurious effect upon the community, as our education depends much upon the newspaper world, and gives birth to many high and noble aspirations and deeds, and in a great manner to the mainly independent spirit for which our citizens are noted; and yet we fear such will be the case if the facilities now offered for a free interchange of thoughts are taken away.

Some may say that it is a greatly abused privilege, but we cannot understand how. In these days of high prices for labor and material, every paper printed beyond the actual amount needed for subscribers, is an item with publishers, and they are watched and kept down as low as possible, and after supplying his exchange list, composed of carefully selected papers from different sections of the country, of sufficient number only to answer his purposes, he knows all others are a waste and a useless expense. No publisher prints a paper merely for the benefit of his brother publishers, or collects more exchanges than he can use to his own advantage, and where the abuse is to come from we know not.

But we still are satisfied with our first assertion, that this law will cause the discontinuance of fully one-half the papers; and although we must admit that there are many which could readily be spared, yet we very much fear that among those which would depart, would be the "organs" of many of those very wise men who favor this measure,—for sterling prominent, postage-affording papers, cannot be readily bought up as "organs,"—and when another campaign comes around our Senators may find that they have broken down the pony upon which they have traversed the circuit in search of office. Be careful, friends, that you do not kill the goose that lays your golden egg.

We have no doubt all will admit the right of repealing the law granting free postage in the county in which a paper is published, as there is no reason why those subscribers happening to live in the same county should have advantages over others who do not, and we would fully advocate the giving up of this privilege, being the least of two evils.

Another idea which we have always favored, is the absolute prepayment at the office of mailing, of all newspapers and publications sent to subscribers. With such a law in existence the Post Office Department would receive payment regularly for all paid-for reading matter passing through the mails; the rate of subscriptions would be universally raised, equal to the postage, and what is of still more importance to the publisher, he would never risk sending a paper to a person, and pay the postage for it, without first receiving the full price for the same, and thus would be firmly inaugurated the principle of payment invariably in advance, which has become too familiar and too often violated to carry any weight with it. Let such a law be passed, instead of the one now pending. And a new and better state of things will spring up in newspaperdom.—*News Letter.*

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

TO—
Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre, that the treacherous
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no bond to grant?
Yethave my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
(As would have been my deeds)—with
hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness could
share,
Speak—through this soft, warm heart, once
A thousand forgotten pleasures, thine
and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with
snow,
Mid its own hush of leafless eglantine;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end
may know.
Can you forget me! methought my soul
had blended—
At least it sought to blend itself with
thine!
My life's whole purpose, loving thee,
seems ended—
Thou wert my heart's sweet home, my
spirit's shrine.

ANON.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PARENTS.

We all believe, in some way, that our traits are connected with those of our ancestors. We know it to be so physically, and we believe it to be so mentally. We reason, partly from analogy, because we see it in the brute creation. We have gained a great deal of knowledge about a horse, when we know from what blood he sprang.—This feeling, to be sure, is not so strong with us as in Europe, where titles and position are hereditary, and so much often depends on an accurate knowledge of one's ancestry. Yet even here it is strong, particularly where the individual concerned has become eminent. For this reason, all that relates to Mr. Webster's parentage is peculiarly interesting for we believe that, with posterity, he will be regarded as the intellectual giant of the age. He himself does not seem to have troubled himself much about the matter, though he did so, for he once employed Joshua Coffin, Esq. of Newbury, to trace it back for him. At this time, according to Mr. Coffin, he was mistaken, in the name even, of his grandfather.

It may not be generally known that both of Mr. Webster's parents were born in the immediate vicinity of Newburyport; all of their nobility, too, was that proudest of all nobility, that of nature. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was born at East Kingston, N. H., about ten miles from Newburyport. From the poverty of his parents, as we suppose, he was adopted by an industrial and wealthy man, Major Ebenezer Stevens. Mr. Stevens owned a large tract of unsettled land in N. H. and in a place then called Stevestown, from himself—since incorporated as Salisbury. A portion of this, he gave to young Webster, who went there, and settled down, at the age of twenty-two. He built him a log cabin, in which he lived for several years. Mr. Webster thus speaks of his father's early condition:—"A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin—raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first arose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

All his life he remained poor, and, as is well known, was obliged to mortgage his farm to raise the money to educate his children. Yet—though poor, he was honored, useful, and respected. He was always one of the most responsible officers year after year. He served often in the legislature of his State, as Representative and Senator. He was a member of the Convention called to form a State Constitution, and also of the one called to consider the proposed United States Constitution. He was appointed in 1791, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Hillsborough county, which office he held till his death. He was a Christian, too, active in all the affairs of his Church.

His revolutionary services were very important, extending throughout the whole war. At first a Captain, he was promoted in 1784 to the rank of Colonel. He was a brave, trusty, and reliable officer, and engaged in many situations of great respectability. He was in the army, when the news came of the birth of his son Daniel. Calling to his brother-in-law Stephen Robinson, he said—"Here, Stephen, I have another boy at home; get a gallon of rum, and we will be merry." This, of course, was before temperance days; when even good Christians thought it no harm to use a little stimulant to keep the heart cheerful.

It is said on one occasion, Captain Webster was encamped with Gen. Stark, near the British, a little stream alone dividing them; the British, however, in much greater force. A storm of great length and severity arising, the Americans found shelter in a large barn. When fair weather came, it appeared the British had disappeared. This seeming like an interposition of Providence some one proposed prayers.

"D—n the prayers!" said a soldier, "let those pray who want to." Gen. Stark was so much incensed at the language, that he struck him over the shoulder severely with his sword, saying the name of God should not be profaned in his army. They all went into the barn, where he called on Capt. Webster to lead in prayer, who, mounted on a haystack, prayed with such fluency, that Stephen Robinson said, "there never was so much blubbering at a camp meeting."

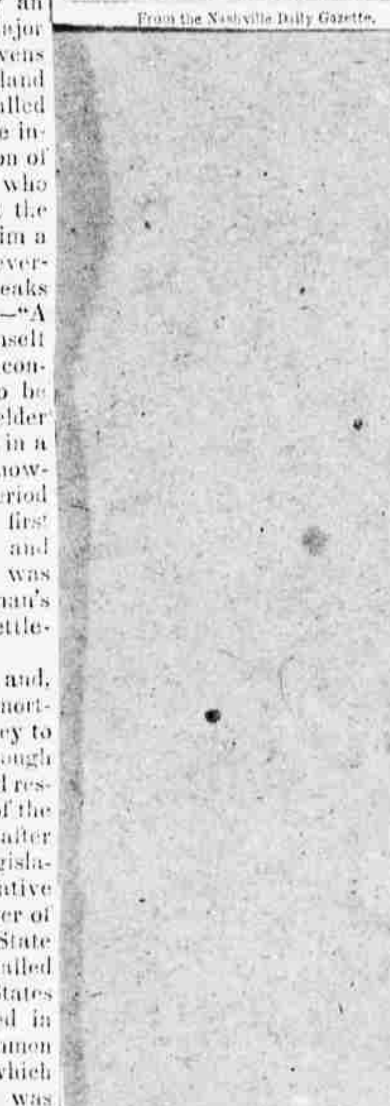
Judge Webster's personal appearance was very fine, to which his son often alluded in terms of praise. He was tall, stout, very dark with keen black eyes, and powerful voice—all well known characteristics of Daniel. He died in 1806, when his son, but for whom, his memory would even now have become dimmed, was still a young man, unknown to fame.

Judge Webster's second wife, the mother of Daniel, was Abigail Eastman, born in Salisbury—just opposite Newburyport. She was a tailoress by trade, going round from house to house, as her services were required. Her father was the owner of a small farm. The family came from Wales, and first settled in Salisbury. She had two brothers, Ezekiel and Daniel from whom she named two of her children. The story of the courtship is thus told: Soon after Mr. Webster became a widower, which was in March, 1774, he came to East Kingston, his old home, on a visit. A lady friend said to him, "why do you not get married

again?" "I would," replied he, "if I only knew the right one." I can tell you, said she, one who will suit you—Abigail Eastman, of Salisbury, about as black as you are." He mounted his horse—and went to Salisbury.—Reaching the house, a young woman came to the door, whom he asked if Abigail Eastman lived there. She told him she was the one, when he handed her the letter of introduction he had brought. She invited him in, and before he left, the bargain was made.—They were married Oct. 13th 1774.

Both Mr. Webster's parents were persons of fine physical development, and strong sense, inured to toil, and belonging to the common ranks of life. No patrician blood flowed in their veins. They seemed to spring, like the fabled heroes of old, from the earth—gave birth to a son by whom they could have been more honored, than if they could have traced their coat of arms through a line of a thousand senseless and titled ancestors, and died. Intellectually, the race is dead. No son of Mr. Webster inherited more than the name; and, in fact, we, as a rule, never look for a great man, in a great man's son. Do families have floods and ebbs of greatness as the tides?—And is the intellect of a great man the accumulation of successive generations? Many interesting questions suggest themselves on the subject of heredity, which we must reserve for a subsequent article.—*Newburyport Herald.*

From the Nashville Daily Gazette.



From the New Orleans Courier.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

The most pleasing phenomenon upon the rising spirit of Southern literary sentiment just now, is that which points directly to the necessity of a Southern University.

Already, the literary sentiment of the South has taken a higher step into writing; in the first trial of its genius; and is daily struggling between the higher suggestions of original literary taste (indigenous to its fruitful mind), and the sluggish servility of Northern sentiment that is rained upon it in mercenary showers, with each evolution of the rotating shafts of the steam-power press.

The prevailing light spirit, of Northern literature is chargeable alone, to the educational system of that division of the Republic, which with its hundreds of schools, colleges, and institutions of learning, has failed to establish a single University. But this might be forgiven did not a more deplorable fact exist in their institutions; and that is, the want of Scholastic Doctors to direct and control them. In all the literary commerce of the Northern States, with every part of the civilized world, the scarcest of all their sentimental commodities in the aggregate, is that of scholarship; hence it is, that the prevailing passion of the American people becomes manifest for light reading, which is, emphatically, a national misfortune, but not the fault of the masses. This fact reveals, to the thinking mind, the serious result of original and creative genius; directed into such false and ridiculous channels, arising from an imperfect system of education.

It is not, that this nation is incapable of inventing and establishing an original school of literature, such as the world had never before saw. Under the influence of a free government and independent religious opinion there is no necessity for imitation, and a strict conformity to those nations, which have set up such models as the mind of Doctors invariably lean upon in the absence of scholastic requirements.

It is for us to speak just now of Divisional, and not of the so-called National sentiment, and of the evidence of a higher reign of literary taste in this division, than that which has been set up for its imitation. In no feature of its whole character is this more striking, than in the knowledge of their first great need of an University—the superstructure, upon which their rising literature is to be built. To give a consistency to the spontaneous growth of genius, like that of Provence in the tenth century—the Savans of the South have wisely determined to establish a Southern University in a central location, which is the very first step taken, in the right direction in this Republic, since its organization of confederative States. The project is the beginning of a new era in American life and character; and marks its own epoch in the chronicles of the nineteenth century. Nor is this phenomenon anomalous in comparative history, which through all time has marked the direction of the current of learning flowing Northward from the South. It was the University of Alexandria that caused the princes, and philosophers of Persia, Greece, and Asia Minor, to seek the sunny plains of Egypt, in search of these treasures of knowledge, which were garnered in her scholastic store-house. From this fountain flowed that pure stream of civilization, which fertilized the barbarous mind of other nations of the elder world, into marvelous refinement. Poetry, philosophy, and physics, were among the branches of intellectual study at Alexandria, when the world outside, was wrapt in a pall of ignorance. The revolutions which desolated the East in the middle ages, swept off, from the face of mankind, all traces of that golden age of Alexandrian learning; and the precious treasures of literature mingled with the dust of its ruins. The Assyrians awaking at the voice of the Prophet of Mecca, from their benighted sleep of ages, since the fall of Babylon, soon became masters of the East, and began to revive this literature with the building of their Empire. The rapid progress of Assyrian mind, in its search after knowledge, has not only astonished every age since its decline, but has become a curious study for the scholars of this century. The problem, however, is easily solved; in the records preserved to us of their innumerable Universities.

In the short space of one hundred and fifty years, this mixed nation produced more scholars and authors, than Greece had done from the time of Homer to the age of Pericles; or Rome from its foundation to the age of Augustus—a period of eight centuries.

The Universities of Bassoirus, Caffa, Sammarchand and Bokt, which sprang up in their African territories, gave a new impulse to the mind of Western Europe. It was from this source, that literary refinement eeked out its essence in the South-western Provinces, and commingling with the dying spirit of Roman sentiment, resolved itself into a new and powerful school, to which Northern Europe is indebted for its literature in this age.

Their Universities were controlled by both Jewish and Christian Doctors, all of whom were estimated by their scholastic requirements, in dependence of religious sectionalism. Although the scimitar of Islamic bigotry fell heavily on the enemies of the Prophet, yet, even its prejudice, spared the Doctors of the Universities. As early as the seventh century the University at Gandinaper was celebrated throughout the East. It was subsequently controlled by a Greek Christian, named Boet-Tra, who was invited by the Caliph, Al-Man-Zer (the second of the Abbassid) to his court, for the purpose of translating the Greek works on medicine into Arabic.

The Cristian became the master of that famous University which sent out its scholars to build those of Bassoirus and Sammarchand.

From the Universities established by the Moors of Spain, were derived much of the elegances of many Latin authors. The accomplished critic Quintillian, Lucan, Martial, the two Seneca's, Pompeonius, and many distinguished Roman statesmen, (among them the Emperor Trojan) received their education there.

The barbarous nations of Western Europe awaking to civilization, sent their Princes thither in quest of learning, and it is to this principle of Universal Education that both France and Germany are indebted for their elegant literature, in spite of the many revolutions which their language has undergone.

The name University embodies all branches of useful knowledge in its

mening. That, at Granada, furnished apartments for instruction in Letters, Science, Philosophy, Physic, Political Jurisprudence, Agriculture, Horticulture, Music, Military Tactics, and the higher branches of mechanical art.

To a young and ardent nation like ours, who have built up an intellectual society in a single age, the gift of an University is no ordinary favor.—It is a spring of living water, which will satiate the cravings of our own rising and posterior generations, and the young nations of the Pacific coast and the Southern Eldorado will reach forth their golden cups for a draught. The tawny children of Anahuac will carry its influences into the ancient realm of the Montezumas, and the sons of the Antilles come hither in quest of knowledge. From this fountain, is destined to flow a mighty river of united sentiment which shall find a thousand tributaries; stretching from the two great oceans that clasp our territory in their embrace; and the same philosophical axioms extend, from the banks of Mississippi to the golden River of the Amazons.

The State Colleges of the South, have proven themselves but feeble auxiliaries to the growth of intellectual pursuit. They have in many instances fallen a prey to the petty quarrels of the Doctors, and have become the theatres of the most disgraceful contention, between Northern knavish prejudice, and Southern principle. The prevailing feature of Northern Institutions, is fearfully manifest in those of our own— the want of scholastic excellence. The most obvious defects of these systems are the itinerancy of professors and want of perpetuity of the Institutions.

The guardians of the "University of the South" are for the most part perpetuated by that great system which controls the Episcopal Church; and is not likely to vary, until a revolution shall have changed the polity of that ancient and sublime system of church legislation. The dignity of its Bishopic control is in strict conformity to those of the ancients.—The renowned Universities of Seville, Cordova and Palermo, which were the propelling agents of civilization throughout Christendom, were controlled by the learned Hildephonius and his associate Bishops—and the same system has been adopted by Britain with the most wonderful success.

In all the extended territory of the South there could not have been a more fit locality than the one selected for this Monument of a nation's literary pride—in the wild and picturesque district of Tennessee, lying between the inclined walls of sloping hills, which lends an enchantment to the object. There Pastoral verse may weave its rustic witchery, amid the sombre shadows of the mountain sides or reflect the vernal beauties of the mead below. Upon this sublime height will sit the august Oracle which shall tell of the future of a whole nation—the Parnassus where the inspiration comes down in a silvery rain, and the garish light of pure philosophy shine through its dewy mist.

It will be identified by all nations as the rallying point of Southern sentiment. The Bassoirus of the New World, whose fire of knowledge, blazing upon a Southern shore, will illumine the young empires of a whole continent. The plastic sentiments of our budding legislators, will be directed into such channels as will venerate and sustain the institutions and polity, which our fathers invented.

With this impregnable fortress of national sentiment, the South will have fashioned for herself a bulwark of mighty power, behind which, she may laugh at the missiles thrust at her institutions by the engines of her foes. Scholastic dignity will give to citizenship a higher claim, and, from the remotest boundaries of her territories, a friendly and united feeling, like the precious ointment on Aaron's beard, will run down to the skirts of the garments of all grades of her pupils.

A gas-illuminated car went through New York by the midnight train on Wednesday night over the Worcester road. During the nine hours occupied in the trip, only ten cents worth of gas was consumed and the car was lighted up as brilliantly as a parlor. It was deemed by the passengers to be a luxurious improvement, altogether worthy of general adoption for the benefit of the traveling public. The gas metre holding the required quantity of the subtle fluid, is placed underneath the car from which pipes supply a jet at either end of the interior.

Virtue must not yield to vice.

HYMN TO THE PEOPLE.

BY C. D. STUART.

Not to be blest with warriors' strength,
To wield the sword and wear the glaive,
Or rise to conqueror's fame at length,
Proclaims the good or makes the brave,
To have the power to hide the scorn,
And rise above the hate and strife
Of those to wealth and title born
Is the crown'd courage of our life.
What are the swords that prop a king—
The banners in his army's van—
To strength of soul that dares to spring
And show the monarch in the maze
Kings and the mightiest men of arms,
Strong as the heads of rems they bid,
Sport as they may with fortune's charms,
They are like leaves upon the tide.
In dim old sepulchres they lie,
The feast of silence and decay,
While the true world-heart beats high
And throes itself upon to day.
Give me the man whose hands have tosed
The corn seed to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depth have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crown'd with toil.

Case of Deserter.—A Tennesseean flying from his Wife.—We find the following paragraph in the Louisville Democrat of the 23:

A young lady residing in this city married a man of genteel appearance calling himself E. F. Warren, and started to Cincinnati on a bridal tour. After remaining at the Galt House several days, he decamped for parts unknown, leaving his new made laide without money, amidst strangers. The young lady being unable to pay the board bill, her baggage was retained, and she returned to her friends on the Jacob Strader, a steamer being kindly tendered by the Captain. Miss Jane Turpin was the maiden name of the unfortunate who has been thus betrayed by a scoundrel. The deserting husband is tall, with sandy whiskers, and will no doubt practice the same rascally trick again; he can lie, represents himself as a harness maker, and professes to hail from Shelbyville, Tenn. The lady bears a very respectable character among those who know her.

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 \$4. 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.