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The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

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

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AMERICAN IMPULSIVENESS.

The American people are too prone to jump at conclusions, and to proceed instantly to act upon them, without careful verification of their correctness. Once convinced that they are right, individually and collectively, they no longer stop to weigh opinions, or consider reasonable causes of doubt.

The intelligence of the actual commencement of hostilities in Italy afforded the latest illustration of this national propensity. No sooner had the news flashed over the electric wire that the Austrians had crossed the Ticino and that the French army was pouring into Genoa and pushing up the ascent of the Alps, that a brisk speculative demand sprang up in our markets for breadstuffs, more particularly for flour, this article having risen in price, in three days, one dollar per barrel.

The conclusion upon which this movement was based, and to which the American mind arrived almost by instinct, was without doubt, one well founded, viz: That a war in Europe must ultimately produce a European demand for provisions. But operators, in their eagerness to grasp the profits which glittered temptingly in the distance, did not stop to examine the actual condition of the markets, and to calculate how much time might elapse before the new demand would be felt on this side of the Atlantic. Had this been done, the impulsiveness of action might have been checked by the conviction, that upon the home rather than the foreign market speculators in breadstuffs would be compelled to rely for some time for profits.

Just previous to the news that caused the sudden advance to which allusion has been made, the prices of flour here were such that importations could be made with profit from Europe to New York and Baltimore on contract, up to the 1st of July, at lower rates than those articles then commanded in that market.

It has been estimated that wheat and flour must advance fifty per cent in Liverpool before an export demand would be created from America to that port, the calculation being based upon the ruling rates since.

During the present year our wheat, flour and corn meal have been almost literally shut out of the markets of England. Not one eighth of the amount exported in either of the last three years, has been shipped during the corresponding months of 1859.

The exports of flour have been but 65,758, against 78,1378 barrels in 1858, and 515,800 bushels of wheat, against 3,468,970 for that year. It cannot but appear from these facts, that if the advance in the price of this staple was due to an expectation of an immediate foreign demand, it was the result of a hopeful impulse rather than of reflection.

The declaration of war, it is true, affected the market of flour in England much as it influenced it in this country. But that country is nearer the seat of war, and must sooner be influenced by its waste and the withdrawal of husbandmen from their occupation. England, France, Austria, Holland, Sardinia and Prussia are compelled in time of peace to import grain from abroad for their domestic supply, and the complications of the ominous struggle might speedily interrupt communication with Russia, from whence a considerable amount is derived by each of these nations.

The markets of the United States for breadstuffs can only be expected to feel legitimately the natural influ-

ence of the present disturbed condition of the continent, when the supply now in European granaries has been exhausted without an income from the new crops equal to the demand. Such consequences are doubtless sure to follow any considerable or protracted war. It must ultimately raise prices above their present standard; but considerable time may be expected to elapse before such a result is witnessed. Our own production has lately not largely exceeded the demands of home consumption.

The home market for breadstuffs before breaking out of hostilities, or the serious apprehensions of such a result, indicated no great surplus of production that would bear transportation far from the harvest field. Indeed, for two successive years the crops of the West were bad. This failure has been one of the causes of the financial embarrassment of the great panic still weighing down its energies and darkening its prospects. It has not recovered from that shock, nor will it until the golden grain shall yield an hundred fold what has been lately garnered.

There may be reason, therefore, in the condition of affairs at home for an advance in the price of flour; yet the present prospect of the incoming harvest is so favorable to extraordinary abundance that it would seem to place the late improvement in prices entirely upon the expected conflict of the nations of Europe.

While we watch with intelligence and interest the progress of affairs abroad it would be well to exercise caution in not anticipating events.

If the blaze of battle burns long in the Old World, such a convulsion will take place as has been seldom witnessed by our race, and America will become the granary of the nations. In our position of neutrality and peace—intermeddling with no controversy, and enduring no interference—the disasters of the Old World must pour a tide of prosperity upon us, such as will give a new impetus to all our industrial enterprises, and enable us to consolidate and extend our influence over the whole of this continent. Slightly we are growing into an importance that cannot but be felt in Europe itself—becoming, while the nations are struggling for arrangement, a balance of power in the great system of civilized governments, that will affect the relations of those who would even now ignore our existence. Let us avoid rash and ill-grounded speculation, so as to realize all the advantages which must flow from one position.

THE NOBLE FARMER.

BY MRS. L. B. FOGARTY.

"Agriculture is the most healthy, the most useful, the most able employment of man."—George Washington.
What hero from the battle strife,
With palms of victor crown'd,
Fame's clarion music in his ear
From such a nation's loves,
In majesty sublime,
The first, the greatest in the realm,
A king in Freedom's clime,
Reveries to rural haunts to watch
His ripening wheat-field wave?
A blissed glory in his heart
That glories never gave.

Who, mid his acres broad and green,
Where plowshares break the sod,
Prefers in Nature's toil to walk
With Nature and with God?
There was but one who thus retired
From conquests, power and pride,
For which ambition hath so oft
In madness striven and died,
There was but one, Don't ask his name!
"North fair Virginia's sky
Go find Mount Vernon's sepulcher
And heed its answering sigh."

DEATH OF A WEALTHY MISER.

Cyrus Butler, of Providence, was worth, when he died, five millions of dollars; yet he lived poorer than most men not worth one thousand. Salt cod fish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness, he upbraided those who had care of him for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him. His snuff he kept in a large box and bought by the cent's worth. There was but one store in Providence, and that on Indian point, where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, more than a mile distant, whenever his box needed filling.

Verily, when the love of money is suffered to take supreme control of the heart, bright-winged peace and happiness forever take their departure from that heart. When the affections bow to Mammon, and render supreme homage to Gold they are insensible to all other emotions, they can feel no other loyalty. All other principles are soon drowned, the fair plant of heavenly origin—charity—is choked out of the heart, the windows of the soul are shut to the light of heaven, and dark ness, deep impenetrable and horrid, settles over the spirit. Poor, poor, indeed is that man who, though he possess millions, yet is bound by poverty of soul.

"SHALL ALL THEN BE FORGOTTEN?"

Shall all then be forgotten,
As if we never knew,
Of the whispering dusk, the starlight,
The dim valley, night and dew?
Of the doubt that grew to madness?
Of the bliss akin to fright;
And the dreaming, so like madness,
Love's convulsion and delight?

Can it be that hearts so kindred,
Should be sunder'd now and lone,
That the keen, fond sense of rapture
Of those moments should be gone;
Should we part, yet feel no anguish;
Meet, yet know no more the thrill,
That had made our mutual bosoms,
At once passionate and chill!

Ah! what of life's illusions,
When even love a traitor grows;
And the flame that burn'd like Etna,
Shall be changed to Arctic snows?
When thine eye, that ever kindled
When it rose to meet mine own,
Can bear, unmoved, the glances,
That still seek for thee alone?

Go! what to me thy fortunes?
It was faith in thee I sought?
Go! what to me thy beauty,
If it waxes each living thought?
'Twas a winged soul I worshipp'd;
Not a vain caprice, whose breath,
In its cold and cruel changes,
Gould shake Love a thing of dust!

BEATRICE LANCASTER.

BY MELBA F. HAMILTON.

II.

"Is Mr. Irving in?" asked a young man, evidently a stranger, entering the large establishment of Messrs. Irving & Co., the most successful of the many successful merchants in Montford.

"He is, sir," was the reply of the clerk addressed. "Step in this way, and I will show you to the counting room."

Threading his way through boxes and bins of goods, the gentleman followed his guide, and was ushered into the room.

Mr. Irving was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing. He looked up as the boy approached him, and seeing the stranger, exclaimed: "Ah, Meredith and how are you?—Take a seat and I will be at your service in a few moments."

He turned again to his desk, and rapidly sealing the letter he had been writing, gave that, with several others, to the boy in waiting, and then turned to the new comer. He looked at him searchingly then bursting into a fit of laughter, exclaimed: "What's the matter now! Have you lost your first friend, or have you got a heavy note falling due, and nothing to meet it, hey?"

Meredith shook his head. "Only my old complaint," he said; "a touch of the blue devils, and so I dropped in here to see if you couldn't exercise them as usual. You are always so happy, notwithstanding you are solitary."

"Notwithstanding," interjected Irving. "Because I'm so busy, you might say, and come nearer the truth. Take my advice; go to work yourself, and I'll wager you'll be no more troubled with those blues than I am."

"The remedy is worse than the disease," said Meredith. "Why should I care to make money? You know well that my poor Therese left me more than I know what to do with— I am much obliged for your prescription, but I must decline following it."

"Well, I won't get off-hand, like most friends, if you won't take my advice; but I'll prescribe, again. This is Mrs. Bigelow's reception evening; go with me there, and I promise you a release from your blue tormentors for one evening at least."

"A party!" exclaimed Louis, shrugging his shoulders. "That is worse and worse!"

"It isn't like an ordinary party," persisted his friend, "where you go to be stilled in a crowd, and cram yourself with delicacies. It is an unceremonious assemblage of agreeable people, drawn together by a desire to meet each other in part, but I must confess the most powerful magnet in Bigelow's niece—the loveliest creature you ever beheld."

made his fine but impassive features doubly beautiful; then relapsing into his old manner he said, "A belle!—From all ink bedaubed dames, good Lord deliver us!"

"I see you are determined not to be pleased with anything," said his companion. "But I'll defy you to resist our belle and blue, if you but see her— Will you go to the party or not?— Say yes or no, Louis, for I must dismiss you rather unceremoniously, as I have a business engagement at four, and it lacks only a quarter of that hour."

"Yes, then," yawned Louis, as he slowly sauntered off.

Mrs. Bigelow's splendid parlors were a blaze of light as the two gentlemen entered that evening, and paid their respects to their hostess. At a little distance from her stood a young and quietly looking girl, talking gaily with a knot of gentlemen; she was richly attired, and her robe of rose colored silk contrasted well with her clear olive complexion. She did not observe the new comers till they joined the group around her; then with easy elegance, she welcomed Mr. Irving, and bowed with good grace to Mr. Meredith on his introduction to Miss Lancaster.

For once Louis Meredith was startled out of his usual apathy. Beatrice trembled on his lips for it was she, more lovely, if possible, than when he had seen her five years before. Could it be that she was the author of that wonderful book that had thrilled the hearts of a nation? He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, and bewildered by his emotions he stood speechless for a few moments. Then recovering himself, he was again the polished man of the world.

Beatrice, neither by word nor look betrayed her recollection of him, and he did not venture to recall the past. She treated him with easy politeness, and he half vexed at the power she had over him, yet unable to resist her fascinations, was as constant upon her as her shadow during the whole evening.

His friends called him on his surrender to the belle and the blue, and Louis said but little in reply; but from that time he was a constant visitor at Mrs. Bigelow's where Beatrice, since the death of her mother, had resided. With Mrs. Bigelow he soon became a favorite, but Beatrice, though studiously polite, was equally cold yet, notwithstanding all her kindness, Louis was more madly in love with her than ever.

Week after week he lingered in Montford, and at every opportunity he was at her side. She appeared utterly unconscious of his devotion, and by her manner effectually prevented his uttering any expression of affection. He longed to, yet dared not, learn his fate and in alternations of hope and fear passed his time.

At last, he could not bear it any longer; he resolved to know the worst, and went one afternoon to see her, with the determination to offer his hand and heart. Fortune favored him; she was alone in the library, and he was shown there at once. She was sitting with her head a little turned aside, as he entered, but he saw the blood rush to her cheeks, and her eye sparkle, and she half started forward to meet him; then resting her old, stately manner; she received him with dignity, and sank into her chair. He had seen and hoped much from her emotion.

"Beatrice!" he exclaimed, unable to restrain himself, "thank God I see you once more alone. How have I longed for this opportunity. Nay, Beatrice, he said as she was about to speak, 'you must hear me. I love you with my whole heart and soul—with a love such as no other can offer you. Will you be mine?'"

She looked at him coldly. "Mr. Meredith has doubtless been misinformed," she said, "my uncle is wealthy, but I am not his heiress."

"Cruel as your words are, I deserve them," he said, "for my dastardly conduct long ago. But hear me; I was young, proud and poor; daily stung by my poverty; cramped by it, struggling vainly to overcome the obstacles it placed in my way. Just then my evil genius threw Therese in my way— Her evident partiality for me flattered her, her wealth dazzled me; and in an unlucky moment, I yielded to temptation, and secured her but lost you— No sooner was it done than I regretted it. Even then had you treated me less proudly, less contemptuously, I would have resigned her and claimed you, but I felt that you would have none of me, and blindly I was led on to a marriage without love. I never ceased to love you, Beatrice; even when my wife's arms were twined around me, and her voice whispered tender words in my ear, your form would glide between us, and I cursed

the fate that had taken you from me. But yet I was a kind husband to Therese; so she and all the world said. I paid all the attention due to her; I gave her all but my heart, and that was always yours."

"At last she died, and left me all her heart—I was free, and instantly my heart turned to you. I then sought for you everywhere, and at last I found you."

"God be praised that you are poor, so that I may prove my disinterested attachment by my heart, hand and fortune. Toiler you a love that has increased in fervor every year. Be mine, my Beatrice—my wife."

He took her hand as he spoke; she withdrew it instantly.

"Louis Meredith," she said, "I give you credit for rare exalted. Few would confess that they sold themselves for money; but how dare you offer me the wages of your shame?" Her eyes flashed fire. "Never, sir, would I become the wife of a dastard, such as you declared yourself; you have your answer."

"Beatrice," he said, "I know you well; I forgive you your cruel words, for your pride forbade you to show any regret on our separation. In your heart of hearts you love me even now, when the bitter words in your pride you send me from you. Your eyes sparkled at my coming; Beatrice; your heart plead for me when your resolve still-stilled its voice. Oh! do not, my Beatrice, for such a hollow triumph, prepare a life-time of misery for yourself and me."

She drew up her tall figure to its full height.

"Yes, Louis Meredith, I did love you once," she said, "though I blush to own it; I loved you for what I thought you were; a noble and true man. I was the ideal, not the real man that I loved. Thanks to you, you opened my eyes; long since I ceased to love you. And you could flatter yourself that you had power to move me! No, sir, your coming could neither bring the blood to my cheek, quicken my pulses, or make my heart beat. I did start at your entrance, but it was because I expected momentarily the entrance of him whom I do love with my whole heart—my affianced husband—whom steps I hear even now approaching. Remain, if you choose, and I will show you a man, such as you must become ere you win the heart of a true woman. Forgive me, if I have been too harsh, but learn this lesson, that he who sells himself for money sinks beyond the level of a man, and forfeits all claims to be treated as such."

Without a word Louis Meredith bowed and withdrew, a sadder if not a wiser man, as the betrothed of Beatrice entered the apartment.

A few weeks later, in those spacious parlors, surrounded by her friends, Beatrice gave her hand where she had long since gave her heart. Never had she looked so lovely as now, when with a holy confidence, she intrusted her happiness to the keeping of the man of her choice, and never during a long life of mingled prosperity and adversity did she have occasion to regret it.

Their love was founded on a rock, and though the rain descended, the floods came and the winds blew, it fell not, for it rested on the sure foundation of trust in each other and in God.

CONCLUDED.

The following is a song of Addison's found among some old music:

"Eh, tell me while I wander
O'er this fair plain to prove him,
If my shepherd will grow fonder,
Ought I in return to love him?"
Eeno. Love him, love him.

"If he loves, as is the fashion,
Should I daintily forsake him?
Or, in pity to his passion,
Fondly to my bosom take him?"
Eeno. Take him, take him.

"Thy advice, then, I'll adhere to,
Since in Cupid's chains I've led him;
And with Henry shall not fear to
Marry, if you answer twod him."
Eeno. Well him, well him.

A BEATRICE TRIBUTE.—When engineers would bridge a stream they often carry over at first but a single cord. With that next they stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the brave engineer finds a safe footing, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into Heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death; and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the shores.

"Let me have a pound of oysters, my good man, will you."
"Pound, sir! we don't sell them by weight, we sell them by measure."
"Then let me have a yard"

THE FLIRTATION.

'Tis true that last night I adored thee,
But 'twas moonlight, the song, and the wine;
The cool morning air has restored me,
And no longer I deem thee divine;
I confess thou art pretty and tender,
And when thou canst't catch me again,
As last night on a *dispartato* waltz,
Once more I'll submit to thy chain.

The fact is, dear Fanny, I'm human,
Very weak, I may say, on a waltz;
And no matter of what sort the woman,
I'm her slave if she corross to me.
But this curst's sobriety, ever,
Unless every chain of delight,
And my memory, by daylight, has never
Any sense of what takes place by night.

I'm a man of most regular habit
When daylight comes round, on my word,
And though loving, by night, as a rabbit,
With the sunrise I'm cool as a eul;
I'm quite willing in moonlight to capture,
But she's a bright woman, whose skill,
Having spell'd the short hours with rapture,
With the daylight can't enter my still.

HOW TO WEAR THE BEARDS.

Beards being the rage, and vying with crinoline as one of the fashions of the times, the following dissertation upon the philosophy of wearing it appears.

With very trifling difference in the dressing of the natural mask of hair about a man's mouth, the whole character of his personal presence is changed. It is wonderful that, for so obvious and universal a want as the wearing of the beard, artists have never yet given us a manual of first principles, illustrated with drawings. For a book that would be eagerly bought and read, and which, with daily study of the beauties of our friends and acquaintances, bearing well understanding, we have of course, learned here and there an isolated lesson on the subject, and thus, in the lack of more artistic authority, we propose now to set down.

Where the beauty of a face consists mainly in the fine formation of the jawbone and chin, a man loses by growing his beard over that portion. Better wear only the mustache.

There is no one who has a manly severity or sharpness of eye is recommended by a good natural mouth—the animal character of the person being kinder than the intellectual—and a covering of the lips, in such a case is, of course a mistaken holding of Nature's apology, and a needless detriment to the expression. Better wear only the whiskers.

A small or receding chin, and a feeble jaw may be entirely concealed by a full beard, and with great advantage the general physiognomy. So many the opposite of too coarse a jawbone, or too long a chin.

The straight upper lip can be improved by the curve of a well trimmed mustache. So can an upper lip that is too long from the nose downward, or one that is disfigured from the loss of some of the upper teeth. Washington, in the prime of life, suffered from the latter affliction, and (artificially speaking) his face, as represented to posterity, would have been relieved of its only weakness if he had concealed the collapsing upper lip by a military mustache.

A face which is naturally too grave can be made to look more cheerful by turning up the corners of the mustache—no one which is too trivial and inexpressive can be made thoughtful by the careful sloping of the mustache, with strong lines downward.

The wearing of the whole beard gives, of course, a more animal look which is no disadvantage if the eyes are large and the forehead intellectual enough to balance it. But where the eyes are small or sensual, and the forehead low, the general expression is better for the smooth chin, which, to the common eye, seems always less animal.

What is commonly called an "imperial" (a tuft on the middle of the chin) is apt to look like a mere blotch on the face, or to give it an air of pettiness or exorbitancy. The wearing of the beard long or short, forked or peaked, are physiognomical advantages upon which a man of judgment will take the advice of an artist as well as an intimate friend or trust; but having once decided upon the most becoming model, he should stick to it. Alteration in the shape of so prominent a portion of the physiognomy gives an impression of unreliability and vanity.

Middle-aged men are apt to be sensitive with the incipient tinting gray of the beard; but they are often mistaken as to its effect. Black hair, which turns earliest, is not only picturesque, but exceedingly intellectualized and made sympathetically expressive. The greatest possible blunder is to dye such a beard. There is one complexion, however, of which the grizzling is so hideous that total shaving, dying, or any other escape, is preferable to "leaving it to mature." We mean the reddish blonde, of which the first blanching gives the appearance of a dirty mat. It was meant to be described, perhaps, by the two lines in Hudibras:

"The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixed with gray!"
A white beard is so exceedingly distinguished that every man whose hair prematurely turns should be glad to wear it; while for an old man's face it is so softening a veil, so winning an ornament, that it is wonderful how such an advantage could ever be thrown away. That old age should be always long bearded, to be proper-

ly veiled and venerable, is the feeling, we are sure, of every love of nature, as well as of every cultivated and deferential heart.

A WIFE'S POWER.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject by casually speaking of himself as a democrat.

"What," exclaimed she, turning sharply and suddenly toward him, "are you a democrat?"

"Yes, madam," replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long restrained oratory. "Yes, madam, I am a democrat, a real Jeffersonian democrat, attached to the great progressive party, a regular out and out, dautly dyed and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife, "if you a whig, I am, and will never sleep with any man professing the doctrine you do!"

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor, was horrible! she must be jesting; he remonstrated—but in vain; tried persuasion—'twas useless—entreaty—'twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy or take separate bed in another room. Jack did not hesitate. To adjust the great and established doctrines of his party, to renounce his allegiance to the faith that had become identified with his very being, to surrender those glorious principles that had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd; and he threw himself from the bed and prepared to leave the room.

As he was leaving the door his wife screamed out to him—

"Oh say, my dear, when you repent of your heresy and your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I'll let you in."

The door was violently slammed, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and the firm conviction that it was a martyr in the "right cause," strengthened his pride and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife to recantation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened; but whenever Jack ventured to return to the rupture of the night previous, there was a "laughing devil" in her eye, which bespoke her power and extinguished hope. A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called upon his pride to support him in the struggle, which he now found was growing desperate. He ventured curses "loud but not long" on the waywardness and caprice of the sex in general; and at his own wife in particular—wondering how much longer she would hold out—whether she suffered as actually as he did, and tried to delude himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the outrageousness, and would come to him in the morning—perhaps that very night, and sue for reconciliation.

But then came the recollection of that indelible countenance, of that unbending will, and of that laughing, empty eye—and he felt convinced that he was hoping against hope, and despairing he turned to the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his own thoughts; the second day was a repetition of the first, no allusion was made to the forbidden subject on either side. There was a look of quiet cheerfulness and happiness about the wife that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her into surrender must be abandoned. A third night he was alone in his thoughts— His reflections were more serious and compassionate than the night previous. What they were, was known only to himself; but they seemed to result in some thing decided, for, about midnight, three distinct raps were made at his wife's door. No answer, and the signal was repeated in a louder tone, with violent attacks from the outside. "Whose there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from a deep sleep. "It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the best whig you ever did see." The revolution in his opinion was radical and permanent. He removed to another county, became popular, and offered himself as a candidate on the whig ticket for the legislature, and was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county as a firm and decided whig.

What mortal man would not renounce his politics under such circumstances.

Albany N. Y. is progressing rapidly, as it now boasts of a Sunday theatre!

"How very seldom it happens," said one friend to another, "that we find editors bred to the business!"

"Very," replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is used to the editors?"

"I live by my pen," said a vulgar author to a lady.

"You look, sir, as if you ought to live in a pen," was the reply.

THE JOURNAL
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