

The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.
VOLUME 1. WINCHESTER, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856. NUMBER 1.

The Winchester Appeal

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
GEO. E. PURVIS & WM. J. SLATTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE;
TWO AND A HALF IF IN SIX MONTHS;
THREE AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
1 square, (TEN LINES) one year.....\$10 00
2 squares one year.....15 00
For each additional square.....5 00
1 square six months.....6 00
2 squares six months.....10 00
3 squares six months.....12 50
For each additional square.....2 00
1 square two months.....2 50
For each additional square.....1 00
Single insertion per square.....1 00
Each additional square.....50
Each subsequent insertion.....1 00

Very liberal reduction will be made for those who advertise by the year.
For announcing candidates for office the charge will be three dollars, in advance.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

For the execution of this kind of work we are prepared with a varied and extensive assortment of

BEAUTIFUL PLAIN & FANCY JOB TYPE AND MATERIAL,
and are ready to do all kinds of work, such as
BLANKS OF EVERY KIND,
PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS,
CARDS, CIRCULARS, RECEIPTS,
FUNERAL TICKETS, DRUG LABELS,
BILL HEADS, HAND BILLS,
and every variety of printing that may be needed in any business community. We hope those having need of such work will send in their orders, and we pledge ourselves to fill them in a manner that will give satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.

The Season's Changes.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise;
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer
gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn; Winter gray,
Honored with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn with his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring; soft Spring, with
breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South,
Recalls the first. All, to re-furrow, fades;
And as a wheel, all sink to re-ascend;
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

"Let me In."

When the Summer evening shadows,
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,
Come a young child, faint and weary,
Tapping at a cottage door;
Wandering through the winding wood-paths
My worn feet too long have been;
Let me in, oh! gentle mother,
Let me in!

Years passed on—his eager spirit
Gladly watched the dying hours;
"I will be a child no longer,
Finding bliss in birds and flowers;
I will seek the bands of pleasure,
I will join their merry din;
Let me in to joy and gladness,
Let me in!"

Years sped on—yet vainly yearning,
Murmuring still, the restless heart:
"I am tired of heartless folly—
Let the glittering cheat depart;
I have found in worldly pleasure
Naught to happiness akin,
Let me in to love's warm presence,
Let me in!"

Years flow on—a youth no longer,
Still he owned the restless heart:
"I am tired of love's soft durance,
Sweet-voiced siren, we must part;
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's applause will win;
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in!"

Years fled on—the restless spirit
Never and the bliss it sought;
Answered hopes and granted blessings,
Only new aching brought:
"I am tired of earth's vain glory—
I am tired of grief and sin,
Let me in to rest eternal,
Let me in!"

Years, the unquiet, yearning spirit,
Tainted by a vague unrest,
Rocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest;
"I am striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness to win—
Some portal ever saying,
"Let me in!"

Years, the hated of the vicious will,
Harm than their convers-

Test of Abolitionism.

All is not gold that shines, and the loudest mouthed philanthropists and reformers sometimes cave in when put to a severe practical test like the following:

"I had a brother-in-law," said Mose Parkins, "who was one of the ravenest, maddest, reddest-hottest Abolitionists you ever see. I liked the pesky critter well enough, and should have been very glad to see him come to spend a day, fetchin' my sister to see me and my wife, if he hadn't 'dowed his tongue to run on so 'bout niggers and slavery, and the equality of the races, and the duty of overthrowing the Constitution of the United States, and a lot of other things, some of which made me mad, and the best part of 'em right sick. I puzzled my brains a good deal to think how I could make him shut up his noisy head about abolition."

"Wall, one time when brother-in-law come over to stay, an idea struck me. I hired a nigger to help me haying-time. He was the biggest, strongest, greasiest nigger you ever see.—Black! he was blacker than a stack of black cats, and just as shiny as a new beaver hat. I spoke to him: 'Jake,' sez I, 'when you hear the breakfast-bell ring, don't you say a word, but you come into the parlor, and sit right down among the folks and eat your breakfast.' The niggers eyes stuck out of his head about a foot. 'You're jokin', massa,' sez he. 'Jokin', sez I—'I'm sober as a deacon.' 'But,' sez he, 'I shan't have time to wash myself and change my shirt.' 'So much the better,' sez I. 'Wall, breakfast come, and so did Jake, and he set down 'longside my brother-in-law. He stared, but he didn't say a word. There warn't no mistake about it. Shut your eyes and you would know it—for he was loud, I tell you. There was a fast rate chance to talk abolitionism, but brother-in-law never opened his head."

"'Jake,' sez I, 'you be on hand at dinner-time, and he was. He had been working in the meadow all the forenoon; it was hot as hickory and bilin' pitch; and—but I leave the rest to your imagination."
"Wall, in the afternoon, brother-in-law cum up to me, madder than a short-tailed bull in hornet-time."
"'Mose,' sez he, 'I want to speak to you.'"
"'Sing it out,' sez I."
"'I hain't but a few words to say,' sez he; 'but it'd confounded nigger come to the table while I am steppin' here, I'll clear out.'"
"Jake ate his supper that night in the kitchen; but from that day to this I never heard my brother-in-law open his head about abolitionism. When the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, I thought he'd let out some; but he didn't for he know'd that J. he was still working on the farm!—*Boston Olive Branch.*

A good Editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is, like a general or a poet, born—not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On all the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all have failed; for after a display of brilliancy, brief but grand, they died out, literally.—Their resources were exhausted. "I am," said the late editor of the *Times* to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense."—"The Thunderers" in the *Times*, therefore, have, so far as we know, been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and D'Israeli, failed; Barnes, Sterling, and Phillips, succeeded, and Deane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters and combines; and to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing, to edit a paper another.—*London Daily Post.*

True Education.

The object of all true education is to vitalize knowledge. Some teachers instruct their scholars very thoroughly, who never educate them at all. They teach them to commit the rules of their arithmetic or grammar by heart, but never lead them to comprehend a single principle; make them earn thousands of names of places, without giving them any idea of geography.

Interesting Cotton Case.

The decision of the Supreme Court, rendered on Monday, the 21st ult., in a case of which an abstract is appended, may be found to be of some interest to a large class of our readers. The case was that of B. Magoffin, vs. Cowan, Dykers and Spaldings. Appeal from the Fourth District Court; Reynolds, Judge.

Plaintiff was a cotton planter, and the defendants his commission merchants in New Orleans. The petition alleges, in substance, that in 1850, plaintiff consigned to defendants for sale 153 bales of cotton; that the defendant, without plaintiff's authority, contrary to his instructions and in omission of their duty as his agents and factors, wrongfully delayed the sale of his crop of 1850 an unwarrantable length of time, and that in consequence of their neglect of duty and disregard of his instructions, he sustained a loss of 5 1/2 cents per pound on the sale of his cotton, for which he asks judgment &c.

The claims were resisted on the following grounds:

1. That defendants never violated or disregarded any instructions given by plaintiff; that on the contrary, the time of sale was expressly referred to their discretion.
2. That even if they had violated his instructions relative to the sale of his cotton, still that plaintiff had fully ratified their conduct in reference thereto, by consigning to them his crops of 1851 and 1852, for sale.
3. That the suit was barred by the prescription of one year.

The evidence in the case, touching the questions of instructions to sell, is found in the extracts from two of the plaintiff's letters to defendants, quoted below. The first letter was dated September 10, 1850, and contains this language:

"Gentlemen:—In regard to the crop I send you this year, you can dispose of it when you think proper. I have held up for two years, but my impression is that the sooner sales are effected the better; but of this you will do as you think best, having determined solely upon your judgment in the matter."

The second letter was dated Dec. 10, 1850, and in these words: "I have drawn on you in favor of S. Magoffin, my brother, who will pass through your city on his way to Texas, for \$3,000, which you will pay when presented, out of the proceeds of my cotton. He will inform you when he will need the money, and you can make a sale to meet it by that time. I would like that you would sell all by the time he returns to your city, on his way home, and send me the proceeds as heretofore." This letter was delivered to defendants on the 24th Dec., 1850, when S. Magoffin was on his way to Texas. He returned from Texas about the 28th of January, 1851.—Defendants then informed him that they had not sold, but were holding on for higher prices: They, however, paid plaintiff's draft for \$3,000.

It was held by the Court:

1. That, notwithstanding the letter of Sept. 10, 1850, the letter of Dec. 10, contained instructions to sell, which defendants had no right to disregard. And that they ought to have sold at earliest, by the time S. Magoffin returned from Texas, and failing so to do they are liable for the damages sustained.
2. That the subsequent consignment to defendants by plaintiff, of his crops of 1851-2, was not, under the circumstances of the case, a ratification of their conduct with reference to the crop of 1850.
3. That the liability of defendants having arisen excontract, the prescription of one year did not apply.

The judgment of the District Court was in favor of plaintiff for \$3,362, that being the difference between the amount for which the cotton was actually sold, and the amount it would have brought had it been sold according to plaintiff's instructions; the difference being 5 1/2 cents per pound.

The judgment of the District Court was affirmed.
Thos. Hutton, Esq., for plaintiff.—
R. W. Kearney, Esq., for defendant.—
N. O. Picayune.

A young dandy, with a dirty moustache curling over his upper lip, was passing the residence of two young damsels when he heard one say: "Laura, I do wonder how it goes to kiss one of those creatures with a moustache?" "Why of course I don't know." Here the dandy felt encouraged. "Well," said the other, "I'm going to get the boot brush and try it."—The dandy crossed the street immediately.

The Gospel and Slavery.

Nathan Lord, D. D., President of Dartmouth College, has written a second letter to ministers of the gospel of all denominations on the subject of slavery. He reaffirms that slavery is an ordinance of God; that it is justified by both natural and revealed religion, and should not be abolished while the reason for it exists. He makes no apology for the evils of slavery, and thinks that it concerns ministers of the gospel only as an ethical and theological question. In his view, slavery is a variety of government by which one man rules over another, subject only to the ordinances of God and of the State. While the Scriptures nowhere prohibit it, they expressly recognize it, and enjoin both master and servant to discharge the duties which their relation involves.—The letter is said to be remarkable for its logic, and its premises lead to inexorable conclusions that cannot but shock the nerves of the white cravats and black coats of New England, that have so long been addicted to depicting the horrors of slavery, and the sinful and godless character of slaveholders. What will Professor Sillman, who was ready to doff his professional robe and shoulder his musket against the slaveholder, say to this pro-slavery emanation from a colleague as well as a clerical source? What will the anti-slavery rhetorician, Parker, the eloquent rafter, Phillips, and the white sepulchre and brilliant humbug, Beecher, say to it? Is not declamation against slavery even as meat, bread, and raiment to them? What is the Bible to such expounders, if it is to be used, and used justly, in defense of slavery? Of course, they will fly to infidelity rather than to be confined to the dry exposition of a book which has no room in it to condemn the highest sin, according to their dictum, of which men and nations are guilty. Then what enjoyment will a cup of ven in the evening be to the pious, dumfounding, witch-burning sort of people, if they are to be denied, on spiritual grounds, the indulgence of retiring afterwards and mingling with prayers for the durability and continued firmness of Plymouth Rock, and every splinter thereof, mallets upon their Southern brethren who have the audacity to think differently from themselves on a question which concerns the latter alone? Why, if Lord's doctrines become prevalent, the pumpkins on Thanksgiving-day will lose their flavor, and small thanks will be rendered if the zealous pietists are forbidden to thank God that they are infinitely better than Southerners are.—Prof. Lord has a fearful account to render for setting up the morality of Christ and Paul against the philanthropy of the infidel Garrison and the slave-stealer Williams; and, of course, he will become the victim of such rashness. He would not risk his popularity by the expression of such detestable sentiments in Massachusetts without being sincere, and such sincerity is worthy of a distinguished martyrdom. Let him be taken to Salem and offered as a holocaust at once.—*N. O. Delta.*

The Test of Adam's Obedience.

Why did God test the fidelity of Adam, by prohibiting the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil? This inquiry, so often put by inquisitive minds, is pertinently answered by Dr. Symon Patrick, in his note on Genesis ii. 17. He says:

"But still some ask, Why should his obedience be tried in such an instance as this? Not considering that an experiment of it could scarce have been made in any of the moral precepts; which there was no occasion to violate. For what shall tempt him to idolatry, or to take God's name in vain, or to murder his wife? How was it possible to commit adultery, when there was no body but he and she in the world? How could he steal, or what room was there then for coveting, when God had put him in possession of all things? It had been in vain to forbid that which could not be done; and it had not been virtue to abstain from that to which there was no temptation, but from that which invited him to transgress."

A Victim of Confidence.

A fellow on the race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry.—"Hallo! what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated individual had just run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

Slavery at the South.

The seven several enumerations of the inhabitants of the United States, reveal some facts relative to slavery North of Masons and Dixon's line, which at this day appear curious.

Maine.—This State has had no slaves.

New Hampshire.—In 1790, 153 slaves; in 1800, 17; after that date none.

Vermont.—In 1690, 17 slaves; after-ward none.

Massachusetts.—None by census.

Rhode Island.—In 1790, 952 slaves; in 1800, 381; in 1810, 163; in 1820, 46; in 1830, 17; in 1840, 4; in 1850 none.

New York.—In 1790, 21,321 slaves; in 1800, 20,353; in 1810, 15,017; in 1820, 10,088; in 1830, 75; in 1840, 4; in 1850, none.

New Jersey.—In 1790, 11,423 slaves; in 1800, 12,422; in 1810, 19,851; in 1820, 7,857; in 1830, 2,254; in 1840, 674; in 1850, 325.

Pennsylvania.—In 1790, 3,757 slaves; in 1800, 706; in 1810, 763; in 1820, 214; in 1830, 403; in 1840, 64; in 1850 none.

In the new States North of the Ohio, slavery has had but a slight foothold.

The census in 1850 mentions 3 in Ohio; no other census returns any.

Michigan is represented to have had 24 slaves in 1810 and 32 in 1830.

Indiana had 135 by the census of 1800; 237 in 1810; 190 in 1820; and 3 in 1840.

Illinois had 168 slaves in 1810; 117 in 1820; 747 in 1830; 334 in 1840; and none in 1850.

Wisconsin had 11 in 1840, and Iowa had 16 in the same year.

Kansas.—A lady friend has transmitted us the following opinions of the press, upon this interesting subject: Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept.—*Scripture.*

"If Rachel was a pretty girl and kept her face clean, we can't see what Jacob had to cry about.—*N. O. Delta.*

How do you know but what she slapped his face for him.—*N. O. Delta.*

Weeping is not unbecomingly produced by extreme pleasure, joy, happiness—it might have been so in Jacob's case.—*Wing.*

Gentlemen—hold your tongues; the cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—*Traylor Flag.*

It is our opinion that Jacob wept because he had not kissed Rachel before, and he wept for the time he had lost.—*Age.*

Green, verdant, all of ye. The fellow wept because the gal did not smile him.—*Manchester American.*

Nonsense, Jacob wept because Rachel told him to "do it twice more," and he was afraid to.—*Democrat and Freeman.*

Ridiculous! there is not a true Yankee among you. We guess Jacob cried because Rachel threatened to tell her marm.—*Seneca Union.*

There you are wrong again, he wept because there was only one Rachel to kiss.—*Railroad Herald.*

Oh, you get out! He wept for joy cause it tasted so good.—*Mail.*

We reckon Jacob cried cause Rachel had been eating *animas*.—*O. P.*

Our own opinion is, that Jacob wept because he found, after all, "it was not half what it was cracked up to be."—*Richmond Whig.*

Our humble opinion is, that Jacob wept on account of the weakness of "human nature"—that he should so far forget himself as to kiss a woman.—*Acorn.*

You are all out, Rachel must have reproved Jacob for waiting till he watered her flock before he kissed her; and he wept for being so green.—*N. Y. Sun.*

We think that you are all wrong, and that Jacob wept because he hoped thus to excite Rachel's pity and get another kiss.—*Monthly Dispatch.*

The gal's face was painted, and it made the poor fellow sick at the stomach.—*Louisa Eagle.*

Jacob wept because he had to serve so long (seven years) before he could get her.—*Marion Commonwealth.*

To settle the question we will leave it to our devil to investigate, by a series of experiments of a similar kind, if he will accept our proposition.

An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz: "Oh give me a cot in the valley I love." Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled: "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

The Rise of a Statesman.

Gov. Bigler (now Senator) began life as a poor boy, and served an apprenticeship to the printing business. He afterwards commenced a paper in Cleared county, removing therewith all his earthly possessions, viz: a horse and wagon, some type, and a printing press. He started out with only these in the wilderness to seek his fortune. Having started his paper, he employed himself alternately in setting type, writing articles, and cutting down timber. Mr. Bigler was soon selected by his fellow citizens, as a fitting person to represent them in the State Legislature. After serving several years in the State House of Representatives he was elected to the State Senate two different terms. He was elected presiding officer of that body. In 1851, Mr. B. was nominated by the democratic party, as their standard bearer and candidate for Governor, to which office he was elected, over Gov. Johnson. At the expiration of his term, 1854, he was unanimously re-nominated by his party; and in this contest he was beaten by Gov. Pollock. In 1856 he goes into the United States Senate.

"Know me as an Enemy."

Know me as your enemy! Yes!—be a man, a woman—be honest and frank—and if you really hate us be above deception. Away with your Judas Kisses! Don't hold the confiding hand in yours half an hour, telling us how much you are interested in our welfare, how cordially you wish us success; and then speak our name disrespectfully to the next friend you meet, magnifying our faults, laughing at our weakness, and telling our secrets, which we had confided to your care, thinking your bosom a perfect "Satanan ber self," which even the fire of persecution would fail to extract from thence.

Don't speak in these soft, tender, lute-like tones to us, when you have such a bitter pill at your heart, and such a venom under your tongue.—Don't flatter our vanity, until we undertake some foolish scheme for the furtherance of our fame or fortune or pleasure, which you know, (being more worldly wise) will result ultimately in our mortification, if not in our ruin.

Don't cry about our poverty and cheat us in a bargain before your handkerchief is dry. Don't manifest your affection by intruding upon our working hours, until we have given you the greater share of our precious time without any earthly recompense.

Words cost nothing and words alone are worth but little. If you are a friend prove it by deeds—give us available sympathy, not empty pity. Pity is a fleshless bone, only as for doesn't wounds our equals oftener than it heals. It has a fine vocabulary:—"Poor thing!" "poor fellow!" "alas how fallen!" "I should like to help you but it is not convenient."

And there we lie, floundering in the mud of despair, while mistress Pity, having made her speech, walks coldly on; but Sympathy silently takes us by the hand, unites her strength with ours, until we overcome our difficulties; and hardly listening to our earnest thanks, points with her glistening blue eyes of hope to a bright to-morrow.

Away with milk and water friendship! Know me as a friend, or "know me as an enemy." He is a wolf in wool, who unites us with pleasant words, while he knows the almost mortal struggle of the soul with poverty and care, nor lifts a finger in our behalf. Don't pester us with your company—don't break your neck in making low obsequies—fight openly for us, or openly against us; or get out of the way, that we may have time to forget you.

A Temperance Lecturer, descending on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked as a knock-down argument that "when the world became so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."