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The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER----DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION----INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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From the Louisville Journal.

The Early Dead.

Ere falsehood's frost had nipped the buds of truth,
Or cold experience chilled the joys of youth—
Ere the young heart by sorrow's pallid hand,
Was clad in mourning in a mourning land—
Ere friendship severed and its vows forgot
Had made them weep at manhood's bitter lot—
While hope was whispering to the youthful ear
A bliss they ne'er could claim while dwelling here—
When glittering fancy's gay and bird-like wing
Fanned the pure zephyrs of life's opening spring—
While looked the moon more loving and more bright
From yon high halls of the imperial night,
And shone the stars with more than lustrous sheen
Around the throne of their most saintly queen,
They passed away, in life's gay morn of bloom,
From days of pain, from years of grief and gloom—
Not by the measured tread of slow decay,
Foreseen and felt while yet 'tis far away,
But like the rose that glowed in evening's bower,
All withered, cold, and dead at morning's hour.
Such was their doom—yet can our spirits say
That we who live are aught more blest than they!
Their's is the boon, at least, which many crave,
The deep, untroubled slumbers of the grave.
They gave their last fond look to earth and sky
Ere sin's dark memories made it hard to die,
And entered Heaven ere yet their hearts could know
How few its joys vouchsafed us here below.
Upon the mansions of their dreamless rest
Still shimmers down the moon's pellucid crest,
And many a twinkling star at midnight glows
Above the silence of their long repose;
The perfumed breezes of the youthful year
Still waft their incense round each hallowed bier,
And dew-drops, that the heavens in pity weep,
By angel hands are scattered o'er their sleep.
And then the warbling birds, that love to sing
While morning's scented winds are whisp'ring
Pour sweetly forth, when night's last star hath fled,
Their earliest notes above the early dead.

'Pap, I planted some potatoes in our garden said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, 'and what do you think came up?'

'Why, potatoes, of course.'

'No, sir-ee! There cam up a drove of hogs and eat them all.'

The 'old man gin in.'

A single manufacturer in New York city has sent out over $300,000 worth of patent medicines the past year.

Men are like words: when not properly placed, they lose all their value.

An Evening at Home.

The wood fire burned cheerfully in the little Franklin stove, and the polished brases reflected its bright light. Not a shred was to be seen on the rag carpet The plain table was covered with a neat cloth strewed with books. The muslin curtains were snowy white, and the plants that stood on the little stand were thrifty and well cared for. On a small lounge, covered with curtain calico, sat a lady who might have been twenty-five. She was not what many would have called beautiful, but her soft chestnut hair was braided so becomingly, there was so much expression in her bright blue eye, such a simplicity and neatness in her attire, that one could scarce behold her without pronouncing her a lovely woman. By her side sat a plain but intellectual looking man, apparently a year her senior. Her hand was clasped in his, as he bent towards her, and his tones were low and tender, while ever and anon those eyes looked up to his confidingly.

The twilight deepened, and the flickering flame cast but a faint light; still the lovers—for such they really were, though twice twelve months had passed since they took the vows that united them—noted not the coming shadows.

"It is so pleasant to be at our home again," said Ellen.

"And it is quite as pleasant to have you here once more," answered her husband: "You must never leave home for a whole week again. Why, there has been a shadow upon everything. Ah, Ella, you are the light of my home. But say, dearest," and a shade passed over his open brow, "did you not sometimes sigh amid the splendor of your cousin's dwelling, when you thought of your plain home, and still plainer husband? And when you recollected that her splendid mansion might have been yours, but for your girlish recklessness to prefer a plodding farmer to a city merchant!"

"Oh, Edward!" answered his wife, a tear dimning her eye, "how can you speak so! You know I never loved William Spencer—you know I gave you my whole heart and never repented it."

"No, my love," answered her husband, soothingly: "I did not mean that; I have never for a moment doubted your affection. But when you saw your cousin surrounded with all the luxuries and elegancies of life, and with servants to do her bidding, and her husband dressed to the best advantage—and then thought of your own low roof, with its simple furniture, with only your own self to be the maid of all work; when you saw Isabella always at leisure, or, only employed about some pretty piece of finery, did you not think of the scrubbing, the cooking, the patching the darning, and all the *et ceteras* that engrossed your time? And then your laboring husband, with his work-a-day attire—did not one sigh escape?" and he looked half playfully, half earnestly, into her face.

"No, Edward, never. I never loved William, and of course could not have been happy with him in any situation. Isabella does love him dearly, and her husband dotes on her, yet I doubt whether they have half the real happiness that we enjoy. Isabella is a little fretful, and her servants often vex her. Then cousin William is so particular about his food, and an overdone beefsteak is no more palatable from a silver fork, and heavey cake is no nicer from a silver basket. I am glad that you are not annoyed by trifles, Edward. I shall know how to appreciate you now."

"Are you quite sure that I am not annoyed by trifles?" asked her husband archly.

"Certainly; have I not proved it by two years' experience?"

"I am not sure of that, Ella. You have never tried me with such trifles. Let me have my food half cooked and ill-seasoned from the hands of a slatternly girl instead of the plain, well-cooked dishes prepared by my neat-handed wife, and see then—but I interrupted you. I am sure Isabella must be very happy all the day, in that parlor, with a carpet so dainty that it seems a breach of proprietor to step on it, those enormous mirrors that betray one's awkward movements, and those "antique chairs"—I believe you call them—covered with rich velvet, and the lounges, and the sofas, the wrought ottomans, and the other elegant things, of which your humble husband does not even know their names."

"No, no, Edward," said Ella, "you are not quite so ignorant as you profess; but it is of no consequence, for it will be but a little while before the fashionable world will be obliged to have a new style of furniture, because we country people have learned the names, and are beginning to imitate the style; but we were speaking of Isabella. I think she is not as happy in the midst of this splendor as I am, because I am always busy. It is not necessary for Isabella to labor, and it requires considerable decision of character to keep one's self employed where there is no necessity to labor.

"If I set my pantry in order, I have no one to disarrange it; and I am more than repaid by the pleasure I take in seeing it tidy. If I stitch the wristband, or darn the stocking, I know this will add to the comfort of him I love—if I weed and water my flowers, they always smile upon me in return. Even in cooking, which so many count a drudgery, I am always thinking how I can make the best article with the least expense and trouble. At cousin Isabella's the servants do all this, and she takes no interest except to scold them occasionally, when things are too bad. When in company Isabella is the personification of gayety; but I suspect there are many hours when she sits alone in her splendid apartment, and sighs, though she cannot tell why. I am far more inclined to pity her than to envy her, I am sure."

"But you say they love each other. Surely, when evening comes, when the brilliant chandelier is lighted in the hall, and the parlor is illuminated, when the heated air is diffused so softly, when they draw around that splendid center-table, strewed with engravings and periodicals, then Isabella must be happy."

"Yes; her dreamy eyes light up; and as William puts on his embroidered slippers, and seats himself beside her, kisses her fair cheek, and plays with her jeweled fingers, and calls her all sorts of fond names, and looks perfectly happy; but after a short time he takes a newspaper—the only reading he seems to have any taste for—and she looks over the last magazine, or does a little fancy work, and so the evening passes, varied, perhaps, occasionally by some trifling conversation, or a dash more of fondling."

"You do not approve of affectionate manners, altogether, do you, Mrs. Howell?" said the gentleman, with much gravity.

"No—you know I do not;" said the wife, smiling; "but it is like rich cake—a little mingled with plain food is delicious; but were I to live upon it, I should soon get cloyed. No, Edward, when, after having been busy all day, the evening comes, and we sit down in our own little sitting-room and read together, occasionally laying aside the book to interchange thoughts and give expression to ideas and feelings we might never have had if the reading had not given rise to them, I am sure I enjoy a more exalted happiness than Isabella ever knew. But look, it has grown quite dark since we have been idling here. Let me go till I bring lights, and then I will take my knitting work, which I have scarcely dared show at cousin Isabella's, and you will read to me from those charming miscellanies of Macaulay once more."

The next morning, when Mr. Howell saw his wife in a neat morning dress, tripping lightly about the house, and heard her musical voice singing:

"'Tis home wher'er the heart is,
Where'er the loved ones dwell,"

he felt quite sure the heart contained a wealth of happiness which money could never have bestowed.

I Wonder.—When a young man is clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes "foine cigars," drinks "choice brandy," attends theatres, balls and the like I wonder if he does all upon the avails of his clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor all day with her lily white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen?

When a man goes three times a day to get a dram I wonder if by and by he will not go four times?

When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life some dozen years or more besides making her miserable while she does live?

"I thought you were born on the first of April," said a benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birth day.

"Most people would think so from the choice I made of a husband," she replied.

From the Louisville Journal.

Dreamings of Thee.

'Tis a blue summer night,
The stars are asleep—
Flashing out in their dreams
Like gems of the deep.
While the moon, like a child
O'erwearied with play
Has unfolded her wings
And floated away.

Yet the glow of her smile
Still mantles the stream,
Now flashing, now fading
Like thoughts in a dream,
And the waves with soft blushes,
In dalliance sweet,
The wanton, young breezes,
As gay lovers, meet.

From this blue throne of air
The spirit of Even
Seems now drawing the earth
Still nearer to Heaven.
Such wild notes are swelling
From earth, air and sea,
Like young angels telling
Their dream-songs to me.

The spirit of beauty,
Unfurling her wings,
Around her a shower
Of young blossoms flings;
Sweet roses are gushing
In dewy delight,
Pale lillies are gleaming
With tears of the night;
So pure on their bosoms
They tremblingly lie,
You would deem their resemblance
Were caught from the sky.

While my heart in its love,
Like a pearl in the sea,
Forever is glowing
With dreamings of thee;
'Tis brimful of gladness,
And worshippings true,
As lily cups laden
With pearlings of dew.

Each wish is a blessing,
Each thought is a prayer,
As, softly caressing
The sweet summer air,
They wing to thy spirit
My dreamings of thee,
And but ask in return
Remembrance of me.

Then think of me, dearest,
This star-lighted eye,
Let thy thoughts, like the track
Which the sunsettings leave,
Grow softer and deeper
As evening draws near—
Till they tremble in sighs
Or melt in a tear.

Leap Year.

Single ladies who may be anious to escape from a state of "single misery" will remember that the present is leap year, and "pitch in." The "peculiar privilege" only comes once in every forty-eight months. In the language of an intelligent cotemporary, don't be prudish, ladies, any longer. Matrimony is the best condition for us brutes of men as well as for your charming selves: and you will really be doing a service by seizing all stray bachelors of this leap year and impounding them into matrimony. Some old rogue once said that marriage was like those wire rat-traps, where a hollow cone, the big end out, invites the victims to enter, by the smell and sight of toasted cheese within, but where, when he attempts to leave, the sharp ends of the wires of the cone hint pointedly to the impossibility. The story is a wicked libel on matrimony, ladies, which is not a rat-trap, any more than you are toasted cheese. The man who don't know that matrimony is good for him is so far forth demented, and the sooner he is put in the husband's straight jacket the better for him.—You have a prescriptive right to civilize our rougher natures. Franklin aptly said that the sexes were halves of a pair of scissors, and neither was good for much without the other.—Children don't know what is good for them, neither do men always. So, as leap year is here, make an onslaught, one and all, on the bachelors, and let it be as fierce as a farm-wife makes on her poultry at Christmas. It is the destins of turkeys to be eaten, and of men to marry the girls. Forward march!—*Athens Post.*.

Long Prayers.—Speaking against long prayers, Elder Knapp says:—"If Peter, when endeavoring to walk on the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to our modern prayers, before he got half through, he would have been fifty feet under water."

What is Respectability.

We heard a man, otherwise intelligent enough, sneer at another, 'because,' said he, 'one never meets him in respectable society.' The speaker did not mean, however, that the person he affected to look down upon was immoral, but merely that the circle of his intimate associates was not composed of the fashionable or the rich.

This notion of what constitutes respectable society, is quite a favorite one with that class of individuals whom Thackary has so significantly called "snobs." Empty pretence is always making its own characteristics a standard by which it strives to measure the respectability of persons at large. In a community of mere money-getting, wealth is the test of respectability. Among the proud, narrow-minded, effete nobility of the Fauburg St. Germain, respectability depends on being descended from ancestors, who have married their cousins for so many centuries, that neither muscles or brains are left any longer to the degenerated descendants. Every conceited fool thinks himself, in like way, the only man really weighty, the only person who is really respectable.

But true respectability depends on no such adventitious circumstances.—To be respectable is to be worthy of respect; and he most deserves respect who has most virtue. The humblest man, who bravely does his duty, is more worthy of respect, is more truly respectable than the millionare among his money bags, or the arogant monarch on his throne. The fine lady who backbites her neighbor, is less worthy than an honest washer-woman. The profligate noble, though he may wear a dozen orders at his button hole, is often not really as respectable as the shoe-black who cleans his boots. That which is called 'the world' exalts the one and despises the other, but it does not make them respectable, according to the real meaning of the word. Their respectability is but a shallow sham, as they themselves frequently feel; and those who worship them, bow down to a Fetish, a thing of feathers and tinsel. A selfish, idle drone, who wastes life in his own gratification, and dissipates the fortune of his progeny, is not and cannot be respectable; but the the hard-working self-denying father, who wears out his life to bring up his children, is, even though he be a day laborer. Nothing can make Dives fit to lie on Abraham's bosom, while Lazarus is welcomed there, even with the sores the dogs have licked.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Benevolent Church.—The Rev. Henry Clay Dean, the present chaplain to the United States Senate, was some years ago a resident of north western Virginia. While preaching one day at Church situated a few miles from Fair mount, he was annoyed by the inattention of the congregation as manifested in turning their heads to see every one who came in. "Bretheren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters, the church." Of course the remark attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered: "Brother William Satterfied!" called out the preacher, while that 'brother' was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored to guess in vain what was the matter. Another person came in—"brother Joseph Miller!" bawled the preacher with a like result: so perhaps in other cases. After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out in a loud voice: "A little old man with a blue coat and a white hat on! Don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves."

Absence of Mind.—I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike and said:

"What is to pay?"

"Pay, sir! for what," asked the turnpike man.

"Why, for my horse, to be sure."

"Your horse, sir! what horse? here is no horse."

"No horse! God bless me," said he suddenly; looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback."

During the search 'instituted' by the Newark Times for female compositors, it is reporter that the following short dialogue took place:

Brister----"Good morning, Mr. Henpeck; have you got any daughters that would make good type-setters?"

Henpeck----"No; but I've got a wife that would make avery fine devil."

Predictions for the Year.

According to the wise heads and soothsayers of the present day, the year of our Lord 1856 is to be an eventful one. We extract the following sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be fulfilled:

Through the whole course of the coming year, whenever the moon wanes the night will grow dark.

On several occasions during the year, the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have finished their day's work.

It is quite likely that when there is no business doing, many will be heard to complain of hard times, but is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation. If flounces and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three young ladies. If dandies wear their beards there will be less work for the barbers, and he who wears moustaches will have something to sneeze at.

There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible and others invisible.

Whosoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out his error by getting married.

Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect; will be kissing without telling their mas.

There will be many more books published than will find purchasers, more rhymes written than will find readers, and more bills presented than will be paid.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

If any young lady should happen to blush she will look red in the face, without the use of paint; if she dream of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dream of him four times, or have the toothache, it is ten to one she will be a long time in getting either of them out of her head.

Many people will drink more strong liquor than will be necessary to keep them sober, and take more medicine than will be requisite to the enjoyment of good health.

Dinners and entertainments will be given to those who have enough at home, and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.

The public debts of the repudiating States will hardly be adjusted, and the same fate will very probably attend private contracts in this latitude.

There will be a great noise all over the country when it thunders, and a tremendous dust will be kicked up occasionally by the stage-horses.

Many young ladies who hope for it but little expect it will be married; and many who anticipate that glorious consumation will be doomed to wait another year.

Politicians will make fools of themselves; pettifoggers will make fools of others; and women with pretty faces will make fools of both.

The world will go round as usual, and come back to the place whence it set out as will many a man who engages in business.

How to Edit a Paper.—The Indianola Bulleton replies to some of its fault finding readers as follows:

'Some months before our venerable and beloved father died—probably the first man who ever printed a paper in the South, west of South Carolina—he called the editor of this little sheet to his bedside and said he, "my son, it may be your lot on some evil day, to become an editor. If so remember a piece of advice which your father gives you to-day. For thirty or forty years I have printed a newspaper in Mississippi, and have observed that whenever I attempted to please everybody I pleased nobody; but on the contrary, when I tried to please myself alone, everybody was satisfied. Now, my son, if you edit a paper, please yourself, and everybody else is bound to be pleased."

If you have cold feet at bedtime, draw off your stockings just before undressing and rub your ankles and feet with your hand, as hard as you can bear the pressure, for five or ten minutes, and you will never have to complain of cold feet in bed. It is hardly conceivable what a pleasurable glow it diffuses. Frequent washing of the feet and rubbing them thoroughly dry with cloth or flannel, is very useful.

An honest Dutchman, on being asked how often he shaved, replied, "Dree dimes a week, every tay, but Soontays den I shaves effery tay."