

# 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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## The Winchester Appeal

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### The Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experience must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere at all times at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than in cold air.

The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when from continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. It condenses, it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water its diminished capacity cannot hold.—How singular but how simple the philosophy of rain. What but omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?

"I have been reading it all the time."—It not infrequently occurs, says an exchange, when persons asked if they will subscribe for a newspaper, or if they already take it, they reply, "no, but neighbor B. takes it, and I have the reading of it every week." Such often add that they consider it the best paper they know of. They are benefitted every week by the toils, perplexities and expenditures of those who receive nothing from them in return.—Reader, if you feel reproved, just send in your name and take the paper yourself.

Cultivate your heart aright as well as your farm and remember, whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

The latest and most convenient snuff-box invented is in the shape of a pistol, which, by means of a small spring, fires the snuff up the nose.

A bill has passed the Virginia Senate, requiring the execution of criminals to take place in the jail yards, with a specified number of witnesses. Such a law should be in force everywhere in the country.

### May you Die among your Kindred.

BY GREENWOOD.  
It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains but they cannot supply the place of the long known and the long loved; they cannot read, as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction—*May you die among your kindred.*

### How to Preserve the Purity of Elections.

The Knickerbocker for December, a capital number, by the way, has the following capital election story:

In the North-west portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Auglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their "sweet accent," they are all Democrats of the regular "unfettered" stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year 1852, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots it appeared that there was one Whig amongst them. There was the proof—a regular straight-out Whig ticket—and they dare not pass it by. This caused great commotion; their escutcheon was dimmed; there was a Whig amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage (Dutch of course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work to find the man who had dared to vote the "Vig dicket;" but their labors were unsuccessful. In the meantime another year rolled round, and the good "beeples" were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the "Vig dicket," and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

While they were having an outdoor discussion of the subject, Sam Starrett, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along and demanded the cause of the commotion.

"Well, ve vas a vondering who it vas voted de Vig dicket at de last election," said an old Dutchman.

"It was me," Sam said, "and it wan't nobody else."

"I dinks not," said the old Dutchman and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

"I tell it was though," said Sam, pulling out a Whig ticket, "and may I be chawed up if I ain't going to do it again. I am going to vote that, (holding out the ticket) and vote it open, too. I'll let you know I am independent American citizen, and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by Jemima!"

So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch Judges of election, "calm as a summer morning," and true to his word, Sam handed over his ticket open. One of the old Judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handing it back toward the independent voter, and said:

"Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket."

"Well, put it in the box," said Sam.

"Vat you say!" said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; "put him in de box!"

"Yes-sir-ee, put it in the box! I am going to vote it."

"Oh! no! nix good! nix good! dat ish a Vig dicket," said the old Dutchman, shaking, shaking his head.

"Well I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket," said Sam, "and I want you to put it in the box, darnation quick too."

"No, no! dat ish not good; dat ish a Vig dicket; we no take 'em any more," said the old judge, turning to receive "good dickets" from some of his German friends.

Sam went out and cursed till all was blue—said he had come thar to vote, and he'd be flamberged if he wan't goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township. So, after cooling off a little, he again went in, and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up.—The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's demurring, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to Sam, in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said:

"I tell you dat ish a Vig dicket; dat ish nix good; and dat we no take 'em any more!"

Sam again retired, cursing all Democrats generally and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse everybody that didn't curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

"Sam Starrett, I tells you vat it ish, if you will vote Dimegrat dicket, and leefder gounty, we gifts you so much moonish as dakes you vere you cum vrom."

Sam scratched his head, studied a while, and then said as he had come thar to vote, and wasn't goin' away without votin', he guessed he'd as well do it.

Again Sam made his appearance before the same old judges, and tendered his vote. The old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to Sam and said:

"Yaw, dat ish good; dat ish a Dimegrat dicket!" and dropped it into the box.

It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at that election, and ever since, that German township has been O. K.

That is what I call "preserving the purity of elections."

### A COUNTRY HOME.

Oh give me a home in the country wide,  
And a seat by the farmer's wood fireside,  
Where a fire burns bright,  
On a frosty night,

Where the jest and the song, and the laugh are free—  
Oh! the farmer's home is the home for me.

Oh; give me a home in the country wide,  
When the earth comes out as a blushing bride,  
With her buds and flowers,  
In the bright spring hours,

Her bridal song ringing, from fresh-leaved trees,  
And melody floats on the perfumed breeze.

In summer a seat in a shady nook,  
And close by the side of a cooling brook,  
Where the violet grows,  
Or the pale swamp-rose,

Fainting and sick 'neath the sun's scorching beam,  
Dips her fair petals in the cooling stream.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,  
In the golden days of the farmer's pride,  
When the barns are filled  
From the fields he's tilled,

And he feels that his yearly task is done,  
Smiling at winter he beckons him on.

*Studying Latin.*—The *New Era* relates a story of a farmer whose son had for a long time ostensibly studied Latin in a popular academy. The farmer, not being perfectly satisfied with the course and the conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him:—

"Now, Joseph, here is a fork and there is a heap of manure and a cart, what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus."

"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus."

Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

A gentleman once said he should like to set a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean, to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied:

"That's easily told: they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure."

Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs.—Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

### Why there is no Rain in Peru.

In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual south-east trade winds. Though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great South Sea boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The southeast trade wind in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Traveling to the northwest, they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are heavily laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow capped Andes, and here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that that very low temperature can extract. Reaching the summit of that, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slopes beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and with no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected to on the mountain tops; they reach the ocean before they become charged with vapor, and before, therefore, they have any which the Peruvian climate can extract. Thus we see how the top of the Andes becomes the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.—*Lieut. Maury's Geography of the Sea.*

*Marriage Ceremony.*—To see two rational beings, in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with the halo of happiness, appear together, and openly acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sincerity of the solemn vows—to think of the endearing connection, the important consequences, the final separation, the smile that kindles to ecstasy at their union must at length be quenched in the tears of mourning;—but while life continues, they are to participate in the same joys, to endure the like sorrows, to rejoice and weep in unison. This is the most interesting spectacle that social life exhibits.

The following beautiful extract is from Biddle's eulogium on Jefferson:

There lies in the depths of every heart, that dream of your youth, and the chastened wish of manhood, which neither cares nor honors can ever extinguish, the hope of one day resting from the pursuits which absorb us; of interposing between our old age and the tomb some tranquil interval of reflection, when, with feelings not subdued but softened, with passions not exhausted but mellowed, we may look calmly on the past without regret, and on the future without apprehension.—But in the tumult of the world, this vision forever recedes as we approach it; the passions which have agitated our life disturb our latest hour; and we go down to the tomb, like the sun into the ocean, with no gentle and gradual withdrawing of the light of life back to the source which gave it, but, sullen in its beamless descent, with all its fiery glow, long after it has lost its power and its splendor.

It was a maxim of General Jackson's—

"Take time to deliberate, but when the time of action arrives, stop thinking and act."

*A Faithful Soldier.*—One day in the middle of winter, General Greene, when passing a sentinel that was bare footed, said:

"I fear, my good fellow, you suffer much from the severe cold."

"Very much," was the reply, "but I do not complain; I know I should fare better, had our general the means of getting supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then I will take care to secure a pair of shoes."

Fortitude is one of the noblest virtues appertaining to the human character, and stamps upon those who possess it an unfading lustre, which does honor to the name of man. He who labors under the lash of adversity, and bears up against his misfortunes with a pious resignation, must be pleasing to the Supreme Being, while his conduct is universally admired by his fellow creatures.

Simplicity and genuine unaffectedness is of greater value than beauty. The latter will captivate, but not retain, while the former will make a deeper impression each day.

### COURTING.

Boys, when you court,  
You should deport  
Yourself with circumspection.

It is a sin  
To seek to win  
And trifle with affection.

Nor, when sincere  
The men appear  
In gallantry and wooing,  
Can woman jilt  
Without the guilt  
Of similar misdoing.

Too many court  
In thoughtless sport,  
Nor think when they have parted  
On what they've done—  
The loving one  
Left courted, broken hearted.

Too many jilt  
With equal gait,  
Nor think, while thus they tattle,  
That men have hearts  
To feel love's darts,  
Though they their feelings stifle.

In all we do  
We should be true,  
Nor raise an expectation,  
Unless 'tis meant  
To full extent,  
To meet the obligation.

*Enjoyment of Life.*—How small a portion of our life do we enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to the things that are to come; in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determination to be vastly happy on some future day when we have time.—When young we trust ourselves too much, and we trust too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

Mr. — a well known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion, an old woman from the country came into his office with an old Bible in her hand.

"I want," says she, "that you should print it over again. It's gettin' a little blurred sort of and my eyes isn't what they was. How much do you ask?"

"Pity cents."

"Can you have it done in half an hour? wish you would; want to be gettin' home; live good ways out of town."

When the old lady went out he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

"Lor sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you've fixed it—it's e'en most good as new! I never see anthin' so curious as printin' is!"

*Printers.*—Lord Stanhope was a printer. Franklin was a printer. Berger, the great French historian, was a printer.

"If a brilliant star  
Were stricken from the dome of night,  
A Printer's Press if planted there,  
Would fill the vacuum to a hair,  
And give, perhaps, a brighter light."

*Beautiful and True.*—In late article in *Frazier's Magazine*, this brief but beautiful passage occurs, "Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a father's noble act of forbearance—with a handful of flowers in a green and daisy meadows—with bird's nest admired, but untouched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature of benevolence, to deeds of virtue and to the source of all good, to God himself."

*HOME.*  
Sing a sweet melodious measure,  
Waft enchanting lays around;  
Home—a theme replete with pleasure,  
Home—a grateful theme resound.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!  
Home, with every blessing crown'd,  
Home, perpetual source of pleasure,  
Home, a noble strain resound!

It is only by a strict adherence to all that is upright, that sure enjoyment can be found.

### The Miser Outwitted.

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll lay a wager said a wag, 'I get an invitation from him.'"

The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house, about the time he was known to sit down to dinner, and tells the servant that he must then speak with his master, for that he could save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "there is a man in a great hurry wishing to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds."

Out came the master—

"What is that you say sir, that you can save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine and call again."

"Oh, pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"Sir, I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted.

As soon as dinner was over,

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?"

"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have."

"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?"

"I do so."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

He was seen shortly afterward leaving the house in a hurry, but he won the wager.

An Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of President Washington, was expressing a wish to an American to see him. While this conversation was progressing, "There he goes," replied the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage, passing on the other side of the street.

"That General Washington?" exclaimed the Englishman—"where is his guard?"

"Here!" replied the American, putting his hand on his heart, and speaking with emphasis.

The true value attached to knowledge is: It enlarges the dominion of truth and happiness; beings without knowledge of some kind are as men walking in the dark. How many of the follies of mankind appear to us as ludicrous and grotesque, only because knowledge has shed round about us a light altogether unknown to the actors in the farce!

One moment the *Pierce* papers tell us that Know Nothingism is a cunningly devised scheme of Abolitionism; and, in almost the same breath, they tell us that all the cities and towns in New England are repudiating it. Admirable consistency!

Ignorance draws a thick, dark curtain before our eyes; we hear the noises behind the veil, and see the strange gleams of light reflected on the stage, and, unable to account for the one or the other, we fall prostrate in terror, when the lifting of the curtain would only invite us to admire.

*Look at this.*—The *Chicago Democrat*, a leading paper in the North west, and a strong advocate of the *Pierce* Administration, says, and we recommend it to the attention of all:

"The same Democratic principles that make us detest slavery, make us anxious for a healthy foreign immigration, as the best means of getting rid of it."

In Chemistry the way to part two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the difference between a pair of lovers, all that is required is to let little Willie walk into the parlor with a lighted candle in his hand.

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mama, will remember to buy me a penny whistle—and let it be a religious one that I can use on Sunday."

A contemporary marvels at the phenomenon of myriads of flies getting upon the telegraphic wires on a recent occasion, but if he will observe closely, he will find it was just after an arrival, when the wires were covered with the price of sugar and molasses.