

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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BLANKS OF EVERY KIND,
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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 whom we favor with our patronage.

To the American Party of FRANKLIN COUNTY.

At the solicitation of a number of the friends of Native Americanism, the proprietors of the Winchester Appeal have undertaken the publication of a paper friendly to these principles, and at a considerable risk to themselves—having freighted all their hopes and small means upon the chance of a liberal support, and the expectation of a patronage that would enable them to make a paper worthy of success.—There are more than four hundred voters in Franklin county in favor of Native Americanism, and there are many of this number who do not patronize this paper. It is to this county, particularly, that the proprietors look for encouragement, and by a very small outlay, that would not be felt by the people, this paper could be placed upon a permanent basis, and take a position of equality, at least, with the better half of the political journals of the State.

An exciting and important contest is coming on, and this paper cannot be made useful to any great extent unless an interest is taken to make it so, by those who feel, or ought to feel, interested in the success of their cherished principles.

The friends of the American party owe a duty to themselves to make an effort to have their paper sustained by a respectable subscription. There are many who willingly send off to the North the subscription price of the Appeal for worthless, chaffy, Northern fictions that are not worth the time spent in reading them. It is full time that the South should take the hint, to take care of itself, and let these sickly fictions circulate within their own section.

It is hoped that an effort will be made to increase our subscription list, in this county at least. Get up your clubs and bring them in, and we pledge ourselves that the Appeal will improve with an increased ability to do so. And in order that it may be placed in the hands of every one, we offer the following

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.
3 copies \$5 00; 10 copies \$15 00;
5 copies 8 00; 15 copies 20 00.

The Boston Bee says: "Nearly every woman we met on the streets yesterday had on a pair of boots—good, honest long-legged, water-proof boots.—How much better is this than paper-soled, disease clinching, ridiculous shoes. We are beginning to think the millennium is approaching. Women wear boots—actual, soled, no mistake, boots. When will women allow common sense, instead of false notions of elegance, to control their selection of coverings for the ravages of that great enemy of the females of America—'consumption.'"

A wise man is never less alone, than when he is alone.

Early Mental Activity.

"Experience," says Dr. Spurzman, "demonstrated that of any number of children of equal intellectual power, those who receive no particular care in childhood, and who do not learn to read and write until the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, very soon surpass in their studies those who commence earlier, and read numerous books when very young. The mind ought never to be cultivated at the expense of the body; and physical education ought to precede that of the intellect, and then proceed simultaneously with it, without cultivating one faculty to the neglect of others; for health is the base, and instruction the ornament of education."

Let parents, then, check, rather than excite, in their children, this early disposition in them to mental activity, or, rather, let them counterbalance it by a due proportion of physical and gymnastic exercises; for it is not so much the intensity as the continuity of the mental action, which is injurious to the constitution. Let them not cause the age of cheerfulness to be spent in the midst of tears and slavery; let them not change the sunny days of childhood into a melancholy gloom, which can, at best, only be a source of misery and bitter recollection in maturer years.

Physical exercises and the cultivation of the perceptive faculties should, with the reading of moral and instructive books, form the principal occupations of children. Their expanding frame requires the invigorating stimulus of fresh air; their awakening organs seek for external objects of sense; their dawning intellect incessantly calls for the action of their observant powers. This is the great law of Nature. She has given to the child that restless activity, that buoyancy of animal spirits, that prying inquisitiveness, which makes him delight in constant motion and in the observation of new objects. If these intentions of Providence be not frustrated; if he be allowed to give himself up to the sportive feelings of his age, he will acquire a healthy constitution, and a physical and perceptive development, which are the best preparation for mental labor.

Of the men who have conferred benefit on society, and have been the admiration of the world, the greater number are those who, from various causes, have in early life been kept from school or from serious study.—They have, by energetic and well directed efforts, at a period when the brain was ready for the task, acquired knowledge, and displayed abilities which have raised them to the highest eminence in the different walks in life, in literature, the arts and sciences, in the army, the senate, the church, and even on the throne. The history of the most distinguished among those who have received an early classical education, sufficiently proves that it is not to their scholastic instruction, but to self-education after the period of school, that they chiefly owed their superiority.

David, the sublime author of the Psalms, followed in his early occupations the dictates of nature; he had, in youth, muscular power to tear asunder the mouth of a lion, to resist the grasp of a bear, and to impart to a pebble velocity sufficient to slay a giant. Napoleon, when in the school of Brienne, was noted in the quarterly reports of that institution as enjoying good health; no mention was ever made of his possessing any mental superiority; but, in physical exercises, he was always foremost. Sir Isaac Newton, according to his own statement, was inattentive, and ranked very low in the school, which he had not entered until after the age of twelve. The mother of Sheridan long regarded him as one of the dullest of her children. Adam Clarke was called a "grievous dunce" by his first teacher; and young Liebig a "booby" by his employer. Shakespeare, Moliere, Gibbon, Niebuhr, Byron, Humphrey Davy, Porson, and many others, were in like manner undistinguished for early application to study, and for the most part, indulged in those wholesome bodily exercises and that of freedom of mind, which contributed so much to their future excellence.—*Merc.*

SPRING.—Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the tender grape gives a good smell.—*Bible.*

He that sips of many arts drinks of none.

Character of the Mississippi.

It has been the fashion with travellers to talk of the scenery of the Mississippi as wanting grandeur and beauty. Most certainly it has neither, but there is no scenery on earth more striking. The dreary and pestilential solitudes, untroubled save by the foot of the Indian; the absence of all living objects, save the huge alligators which float past apparently asleep, and an occasional vulture, attracted by its impure prey on the surface of the waters; the trees, with a long and hideous drape of pendent moss, fluttering in the wind; and the giant river, rolling onward the vast volume of its dark and turbid waters through the wilderness—from the landscapes on which the eye of man ever rested. If any one thinks proper to believe that such objects are not in themselves sufficient, I beg to say I differ with him in point of taste. Rocks and mountains are fine things undoubtedly, but they could add nothing of sublimity to the Mississippi.—Pelin might be piled on Ossa, Alps on Andes, and still, to the heart and perceptions of the spectator, the Mississippi would be alone. It can brook no rival, and it finds none. No river in the world drains so large a portion of the earth's surface. It is the traveller of the earth five thousand miles; more than two-thirds the diameter of the globe. The imagination asks whence come its waters, and whither tend they? They come from the distant regions of a vast continent, where the foot of civilized man has never yet been planted. They flow into an ocean yet vaster, the whole bed of which acknowledges their influence. Through what varieties of climate have they passed? Oh! what scenes of noble and sublime magnitude have they passed! Have they not penetrated—

The hoary forests, still the bison's screen,
Where stalked the mammoth to his shaggy lair,
Through paths and valleys, roofed with sombre green,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shafts of hunters keen!

In short, when the traveller has asked and answered these questions, and a thousand others, it will be time enough to consider how far the scenery would be improved by rocks and mountains. He may then be led to doubt whether any great effort can be produced by a combination of objects of discordant character, however grand in themselves. The imagination is perhaps susceptible but of a single powerful impression at a time. Sublimity is uniformly connected with the unity of object. Beauty may be produced by the happy adaptation of a multitude of harmonious details, but the highest sublimity of effect can proceed but from the glorious and paramount object which impresses its own character on everything around. The prevailing character of the Mississippi is that of a solemn gloom. I have trodden the passes of Alps and Appennines, yet never felt how awful a thing is nature until I was borne on its waters through regions desolate and uninhabited. Day after day, night after night, we continued driving downward to the South, our vessel, like some huge demon of the wilderness bearing fire in her bosom, and canopied the eternal forest with the smoke of her nostrils. How looked the hoary river god I know not, nor what thought the alligators when awakened from their slumbers by a vision so astounding.—But the effect on my spirits were such as I have never experienced before or since. Conversation became odious, and I passed my time in a sort of dreamy contemplation. At night I ascended to the highest deck, and lay for hours, gazing listlessly on the sky, the forest and the waters, and silence only broken by the clanking of the engine. All this was very pleasant; yet, till I had reached New Orleans I could scarcely have smiled at the best joke in the world; and as for raising a laugh, it would have been quite as easy to quadrate the circle.—*Hamilton's Men and Manners in America.*

Some wise man said, years ago—"If you want to study human nature, get married to a spunky girl, move into a house with another family and slap one of the young ones, and then you'll learn it."

We never love heartily but once, and that is the first time we love.—Succeeding inclinations are less involuntary.

Of all thieves tools are the worst—they rob you of time and temper.

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

TO MY SCHOOL MATE, G.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]
The following lines show what affection may spring up between school-boys.
Farewell my friend! How can I part
From one so dear to me?
Can pleasure ever soothe my heart
When I am not with thee?

Alien! but can the ties that bind
My heart to thine e'er break?
Shall grief take hold upon my mind
A sorrowing pang to awake?

My weeping eyes may shed a tear
And grief his keen pangs dart—
But memory of a friend so dear
Will ne'er no e'er depart.

We part—but where our lot may fall
Our eyes now cannot see;
But memory will each scene recall
Which I have spent with thee.

Then in thy future walk and ways
Look back upon me then—
We'll think of those once happy days
But view them ne'er again.

When pleasure's pictures all shall fade,
When years, long years, have passed,
Let not oblivion e'er a shade
Upon my memory cast.

The pure affections of my heart
Upon thee I have set;
They, from my mind, can ne'er depart,
Nor can I thee forget.

June, 1852.

For the Appeal.
MR. EDITOR:—Please publish the following bit of poetry for one who has suffered from the *tel-tale, talkative* spirit so characteristic of many persons who can be found in almost every community, and who, it seems, take a delight in *voluntarily* attending to that which

"Another's business is."
I know not who wrote the poem,
But am certain that the author held in contempt those meddlers of another's concerns, as is shown by the question asked and fact revealed in verse 5th. In the last will be found some very

GOOD ADVICE.

Is it any body's business,
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?
Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble,
To outside lookers-on?

Is it any body's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Rideth out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it any body's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?
If a person's on the side-walk,
Whether great, or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling any where,
Is it any body's business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our *cu ty*.
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it any body's business
What another's business is?
Whether 'tis, or whether 't isn't,
We should really like to know.
For we're certain if it isn't
There are some who make it so.
If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who through the public mouth;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better, in the future,
To mind his own concerns.

Where there exists the most ardent and true love, it is often better to be united in death than separated in life.

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.

Enough for One Bed.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the year 1835 and '36, that every house was filled with travellers wanting lodging. Every traveller of that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in any of the hotels, even if he was willing to put up with two or three strange bed-fellows.

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room to himself. The barkeeper told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to bed, and got comfortably to sleep. Along towards midnight, he was aroused from his slumber by a loud knocking at the door.

"Hello, you there!" he exclaimed, "what do you want now?" laying particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger with you," said the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why yes, there's only one in there, is there?"

"One! why here's Mr. Brown, and a Methodist minister, and myself here already, and I should think that was enough for one bed, even in Michigan!"

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left them to their repose.

FILLMORE.—The United States Democratic Review for December, 1855, commenting upon the compromise of 1850, thus speaks of Mr. Fillmore:—

"Momentous events were transpiring. The agitation of the question of Slavery was paramount in the public mind. In this crisis, it was well that so reliable a man as Mr. Fillmore was found in the Presidential Chair. The safety and perpetuity of the Union were threatened. Already had Fanaticism raised its hydra-head. Schemes and 'isms' leaped from a thousand ambulances. The enemies of the Union started forth on every side—abolitionism here—secessionism there—Acquisition and Filibusterism elsewhere. These were the formidable elements of misrule with which the Executive had to cope. How well he met, and how entirely he, for the time, overcame these enemies of the peace of the Republic we leave to the historian to relate; but our retrospect would be incomplete and disingenuous, did we not accord the meed of praise justly due to high moral excellence, and intellectual and Administrative honesty and talent, as developed in the Administration of Mr. Fillmore."

WONDERFUL SAGACITY.—One of the most astonishing instances of the sagacity of the Dog transpired this morning, which ever came to our knowledge. The Messrs. Staudé, Tobaccoists, No. 35 Congress street, closed their store last evening, leaving their favorite Newfoundland dog inside. This morning on opening the store, the floor in the back room was found to be on fire, and the dog was laboring with his fore feet and mouth trying to smother it. A pail of water which stood in the room had been poured down the hole. The faithful animal had so successfully combatted the fire as to prevent its spreading beyond a spot two or three feet square. How long the noble fellow had stood sentinel and fought down the advancing flames can only be conjectured—it must have been several hours. His feet, legs and mouth were badly burned, and it is feared that he is seriously injured internally by inhaling the hot air. He refuses food, and is apparently in much pain. We trust the sagacious and faithful creature is not dangerously injured. This is the same dog which discovered the man Lilly on the ice. He is worth his weight in gold, and may safely be pronounced the noblest of his race.—*Troy Daily Times*, April 3.

The Mount Vernon Gazette, a free-soil, abolition sheet, talking of the democratic candidate for the Presidency, says:

"We have in our mind's eye a man who in every position in life has proved himself to be an Apostolic Jacksonian Democrat, dyed in the faith, a self-made man, who hath risen from a tailor's board to a seat in Congress, and eventually to the gubernatorial chair of Tennessee, which he now occupies a second term. Andrew Johnson, a pupil of Andrew Jackson."

An exchange says this is what it calls political blasphemy!

A Point of Law.

A curious question for the lawyers has arisen in London. A lady was courted by a gentleman, who proposed to marry her and she accepted. But he didn't fulfill his promise and she sued him for the breach. It turned out, however, that he could not marry her because he had a wife living at the time. In answer to the suit, he says, "Earks is willing, but the law won't allow it, and the lady can only demand a fulfillment of his engagement by an act *contra bonos mores*."—The question then arises, "What damage has the lady sustained in not being married to a married man?"

There is a subtlety of casuistry suggested by this, which the Chief Baron himself did not like to encounter, and an arbitration was recommended.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him.

A brother of Gen. Santa Anna is in Louisville, Ky., and contemplates building a saw-mill on the Beargrass river, near that city.

The business men in Atlanta Ga., are about forming a mercantile association.

The New York *Herald* expresses the belief that it will be impossible to prevent Gen. Pierce's nomination at Cincinnati.

The ice crop in New York is much greater this season than ever known before, and the retail price, it is reported, will be a fraction less than last year.

Kincaid county, in Georgia, was, by the last legislature, changed to that of Webster.

A telegraph line has been established from Tusculumbia to Huntsville, Ala.

The first section of twenty-two miles of the Sacramento Valley railroad, in California, has been completed.

Purchase of Silver Coin at the Mint.

The director of the United States Mint at Philadelphia has given notice that purchases of silver for coinage will be made on the following terms, payable in silver coins, of the new issues: Five franc pieces at 99 cents; old Spanish dollars at 105 cents, Mexican and American dollars at 106½ cents, half dollars of the U. S. coins before 1857, at 52½ cents; the same from 1857 to 1859, at 52½ cents; German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian and old French crowns at 114 cents each; German florins 41½ cents; Prussian and Hanoverian thalers at 72 cents; American plate, best manufacture, at 120½ cents per ounce, and genuine British plate at 125 cents per ounce.

REJOICING IN ENGLAND.—In the towns of England the church bells were ringing for the birth of the young Prince of the Bonaparte family. The single fact at once calls to mind the contrast rather than the parallel between the recent event and a similar event near half a century ago. While his great uncle had been at war with the larger part of Europe, and had subdued States to his sway by the force of arms, the nephew has defended peace, and he has secured his supremacy more by counsel than by coercion. It is in this totally changed aspect of Europe as well as France, that the heir to the throne is ushered into the world with a welcome from the church bells of England.

Bodily labor alleviates the pains of the mind, and hence arises the happiness of the poor.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

Never risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well bred, and possessed of sense to comprehend it.

I am told so many ill things of a man, and I see so few in him, that I begin to suspect he has a real but troublesome merit, as being likely to eclipse that of others.

Nature creates merit, and fortune brings it into play.

We will never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.

Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.