

# 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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**JOB-WORK.**  
 All work of this kind considered done on delivery---when charged the cost will be more, unless we have accounts with those having such done.

Aint it singular to see a young man (in growth and age) disdain to recognize those who labor in an honorable calling, even when his own father is out working to support him in his idleness and "cod-fish aristocracy" notions. We know of some such instances---certain.

**The Philadelphia Election.**---The Washington Union says:  
 Thomas, the Black Republican candidate for mayor, received only twelve votes, the Black republicans voting in a body for the Know Nothing candidate.

The Union could scarcely have failed to know that the above was an entire misrepresentation of the facts. So far from the Black Republicans voting for the American candidate, it is notorious that they by unanimous consent abandoned the organization in favor of the Democratic nominees; their leading paper, the Northern American, which has for more than a year past been openly and strongly Republican, using all its influence and no doubt with considerable success. The truth is that the managers of the free-soil party are now generally uniting with the Northern Democrats in the municipal elections, to procure the defeat of the American party, in the hope of depressing and disorganizing that party at the Presidential election, well knowing if that result can be achieved their triumphs over the Democrats in the Northern States would be a matter of certainty.---*Balt. American.*

Some enthusiastic married man has written the following:  
 Oh, there is not in this wide world a happier life,  
 Than to sit near the stove-pipe and tickle your wife,  
 Taste the sweets of her lips in the moments of sleep,  
 And twist the cat's tail when she jumps on your knee.

The wretch that perpetrated the following ought to be subjected to a thorough drenching of cold water before he be again permitted to pedestrianize.

"When lovely woman veils her bosom  
 With muslin so fashionably thin,  
 What man with eyes can ever refuse 'em  
 From casually peeping in?  
 And when with fond emotion  
 The heaving goods fall and rise,  
 Oh, do not his fingers burn  
 To press---his hat down over his eyes!"

There are fools who cannot keep a secret. Their excessive greenness, like that of new wood, causes them to split.

"Our Abe" says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw was about 17 years old, with short sleeves low neck dress and gaiter boots.

Never take a paper more than ten years without paying for it. If, at the end of ten years, the printer insists on having his pay, be sure to stop it in disgust.

'Payable at sight,' as the blind man said when he give his note.

### The Defeat of the Nicaraguans.

The following epitomized account of the defeat of Schlessinger, who by his cowardly, nay deceptive conduct, injured to a considerable degree the progress of the brave Walker, is somewhat old, but will fill up a gap that is in the news given through our paper concerning affairs in Central America: It seems that Schlessinger had entered Costa Rica with the design of attacking a town of some six thousand inhabitants, about sixty miles from Lake Nicaragua. When he had arrived within a few miles of the contemplated place of attack, he brought his men to a halt. The arms were stacked, and arrangements made for dinner; parties were sent out foraging, and the whole camp was in a state of listless repose; the men resting and refreshing themselves after a tedious march. Schlessinger posted pickets in front of his position, but neglected his flanks and rear. This omission indicated either gross ignorance or, as some suppose, treachery. While the men were in this state, careless and confident of their safety, the attack was made by about 500 Costa Ricans on either flank. The greatest consternation ensued. Two companies of Schlessinger's command, the New Orleans company under Capt. Thrope, and a New York company, commanded by Capt. Creighton, and Capt. Rudder's company of Volunteers, stood their ground and made a brave resistance. The two other companies which constituted the command, a German and a French company, basely fled without interchanging a shot with the enemy---their errand commander (Schlessinger) taking the lead in the dastardly flight. Upon the occurrence of this unforeseen desertion, the panic became general, and neither of the brave officers who manfully stood their ground, could arrest it. The total loss of the Nicaraguans was not accurately ascertained, but at the last accounts there were ninety missing. Schlessinger had been arrested, and was to be tried for both treason and cowardice.

Walker is, himself, a brave manly fellow, but he has exhibited doubtful judgement in the selection of some of his collaborators, both in the military and diplomatic service. He has, however with him some choice spirits, and although many are disposed to think that he is in a tight place, we have great confidence in his skill, sagacity and bravery.

Among the killed we regret to find from this city the name of Mr. Grason, son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Wm. P. Grason, Cashier of the Bank of New Orleans, Mr. Dunn and Seobey.

The Louisiana company commanded by Capt. Thrope, bore the brunt of the fight. His loss was fifteen men killed. After the defeat of Schlessinger, another fight had taken place at Aropoka between two hundred of the enemy and fourteen men under Capt. Balwin in which the enemy was defeated, with a loss of killed. Captain Balwin lost two men in the engagement, Second Lieut. Rackstraw, and a private, name not given.

An "Old Line Democrat" is figuring very extensively in the columns of the Nashville Gazette in answer to a chap who figures very extensively in the *Union and American* over the signature of an "Old Clay Whig." The writer in the *Union* is not an "Old Clay Whig" as he assumes to be, but would like for the people to entertain that belief. He is one of the most redmouthed modern Democrats we have in Tennessee. And if he don't own it we will have to let the cat out of the wallet, as we are acquainted the facts.

The Gazette has offered to pay half the expenses to have them both published in pamphlet form and sent over the country. We don't think the *Union* will agree to it.---*Wanesboro American.*

We shall not only pay half the expenses, but if the "Old Clay Whig" will write a reply to the "Old Jackson Democrat" on the Abolition character of the Anti-American party, and get the *Union and American* to sanction said reply, we shall pay the whole expense of publication; not asking the parties for a cent. Now, if they have any confidence in their cause, surely they will accept this offer. But, believing that they will back out, we advise our American friends to watch the result, and make the matter generally known.---*Nashville Gazette.*

### Lager Beer vs. Whisky.

Lager beer, says the Mirror, has been adopted by the upper ten of New York, and bids fair to supercede all other fashionable beverages. The New York Mirror says, that between the first and second acts of Don Giovanni, at the Academy of Music, the other night, no less than three hundred and sixty glasses of lager beer were drunk in the saloon. It goes on to congratulate the public for its growing taste of a beverage which, it seems to think, is very wholesome, and is destined to drive rot-gut rum, camphene brandy, and vitrolic liquors generally, out of the market. It is presumed that a taste for lager beer will be one of the evidences of refinement in New York, and that a man or woman's standing in society will be adjusted according to the number of glasses that he or she can guzzle.

A Sag Nicht paper says that Benedict Arnold was a Know Nothing.---Probably he was, but he withdrew from the American party and went over to the foreign party, very much after the modern fashion.

**To Keep Chimneys Clean.**---Instead of plastering the insides of Chimneys in the usual way, the Albany Cultivator says, take a mortar made of one peck of salt to a bushel of lime, adding as much sand loam as will render it fit to work, and then lay on a thick coat. If the chimney has no offset for the soot to lodge on, it will continue perfectly clean and free from danger of taking fire. A trial of three years warrants the assertion.

**Meeting of the N. York Newspaper Publishers.**---A meeting of the newspaper publishers between Albany and Buffalo was held at Utica on Monday. Delegates were present from Albany, Canandaigua, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo. An Association was formed to be called the Associated Press of the State of New York, and the following persons elected officers for the ensuing year: President: Geo. Dawson, of the Albany Evening Journal; Secretary: A. M. Shuman, of the Syracuse Evening Journal. Treasurer: J. M. Lyon, of the Utica Gazette. Executive Committee: I. Butts, of the Rochester Union, Eli H. Roberts, of the Utica Herald, and Rufus Wheeler, of the Buffalo Express.

This movement was caused by the recent refusal of the company owning the telegraphic line between Buffalo and Albany to forward despatches along their route at less than private despatches rates. The newly-formed association intend to take measures to render themselves perfectly independent of the corporation attempting such extortion.

Jonah wrote to his father, after the whale first swallowed him stating that he had found a good 'opening' for a young man going into the oil business, but afterwards wrote for money to bring him home stating that he had been 'sucked in.'

**A Very Singular Affair.**---A very curious instance of confusion has taken place, says the Albany Knickerbocker, in a family in Lumber street. A mother and her daughter were both confined on the same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment both babes were placed in a cradle, and to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which the daughter's son---a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery. The family is in great distress over the affair.

The last sheets of Mr. Benton's history were sent to the printer on Wednesday of last week. The second volume, thus concluded, contains something over 750 pages, and will end with the year 1850.

If this is not poetry we may despair of ever finding it:

### THE POET TO HER WHO SCORNS HIM.

From the Louisville Journal.  
 BY MRS. JANE MARIE READ.  
 Why do I cherish and admire  
 A light that scorches with its flame,  
 And perish through a vain desire  
 To wreath its glory round my name?  
 Why do I offer on thy shrine,  
 My heart, my life, as sacrifice?  
 And kneel, as to some form divine,  
 And seek my heaven in thy dear eyes?  
 Why should I thus---by love subdued---  
 Presumptuous bard! aspire to thee;  
 And water, with my heart's best blood,  
 The tree of immortality?  
 I lavish on thy heart's cold urn  
 The love thou wilt not---canst not prize;  
 I watch thy every glance---and turn  
 Scorched, humbled, blasted, from thine eyes.

How dearly have I purchased fame  
 By this wild worship at thy feet!  
 O Fate reclaim thy gift---a name---  
 And yield me love---so doubly sweet!

My songs have stirred the hearts of men,  
 And fired to youth the gray in years;  
 They pluck the flowers---they reap the fruit  
 From plants I watered with my tears.

O! Laura, wert thou less divine,  
 Or had my soul not known---nor felt  
 Thy wondrous power, at thy dear shrine  
 I had not madly---vainly knelt.

I loathe the world, nor seek to wear  
 Its wreath of immortality!  
 Applauding millions shout in vain;---  
 Thy praise were more than fame to me.

The world is ravished with my lays  
 And glad ears drink their faintest tones,  
 Ah! what avails the world's wide praise,  
 Since thou art deaf and thou alone!

While fainting, dying neath thy gaze,  
 I tune anew my voice and lyre:  
 Thus martyrs bear the torturing blaze;  
 Thus burn---thus sing---and thus expire.

The Tusculum Enquirer goes it blind. At the head of its columns we find the following:

'For President and Vice President---  
 The nominee of the Democratic National Convention, to assemble at Cincinnati, Ohio, with a suitable platform.'

Which, being interpreted, means anybody and anything.

De Quincy being asked why there were more women than men, replied: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than earth."

Gen. Cass concluded his speech in the Senate on Kansas affairs, on Tuesday. He said the South did not interfere with the social institutions of the North, and if the North would follow her example, we would be the happiest and most contented, as we are now the freest nation on the face of the globe.

**Curious Will.**---We learn from the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal, that Geo. Jeffrey, Esq., died there on the 4th inst., at the age of sixty-six. He had been librarian of the Portsmouth Athenaeum for thirty-three years. He was a profound scholar, have devoted his life to books, the will of his great uncle forbidding him (on pain of losing a large fortune he left him) to follow any other profession than that of a gentleman, and compelling him also to make Portsmouth his permanent residence.

### Electoral Vote of the Several States.

---The following exhibits the electoral vote of the several states, distinguishing between the slave and free States:

Virginia	15	Texas	4
North Carolina	10	Arkansas	4
South Carolina	8	Florida	3
Georgia	10	Maryland	8
Alabama	9	Kentucky	12
Mississippi	7	Tennessee	12
Louisiana	6	Missouri	9
Delaware	3		
<b>Total</b>	<b>120</b>		
Maine	8	New York	35
New Hampshire	5	Ohio	23
Vermont	5	Indiana	13
Massachusetts	12	Illinois	11
Rhode Island	4	Michigan	6
Connecticut	6	Iowa	1
New Jersey	7	Wisconsin	5
Pennsylvania	27		
California	4	<b>Total</b>	<b>170</b>

### Fearful Affray---Very.

We know of no crime, innocently indulged or perpetrated, without malice aforethought, 'tis true, that is more reprehensible and fraught with more mischief, or should be regarded with greater abhorrence by all well meaning people than the act of busying one's self in other people's matters---discovering the inconsistencies of others and unmistakable premonitions of bankruptcy in business, or their moral overthrow and ruin---simply because it is none of our business. If our prophecies of the unpromising future of others, or their moral blight, were the result of the anxious solicitude we entertain for their prosperity and happiness, and were made only in the presence of their friends or families or in their own presence, the whole matter would be completely changed, and there might be no possible harm in what we might say of the feelings or misfortunes of others. But, dear reader, such cases do not occur once in a thousand years, and, whenever we see a man or woman busying themselves about other people's affairs, we may rest assured without further attestation, that the fault is all their own.

"Oh, Mrs. Parley, have you heard the report? Oh, what a fearful affair!" exclaimed Mrs. Trollope, the other day during an evening "call."

"What report?" demanded Mrs. P., her countenance in the mean time brightening up in fond anticipation of hearing something that would be shocking to a lady of refined feeling. "I know that Mrs. Wightman was acting very improper towards Mr. Singleton, considering she has been a widow only six months. It is said too that Miss Lizzie Lee is bringing bankruptcy on her poor father, a worthy man, by wearing so much finery. But what is the report? what is it?"

"Why---the truth is, you haven't heard the report---and yet, I dislike very much to be the messenger of such awful intelligence---it's in everybody's mouth, though---but, oh, its too shocking to think about a moment! Who would have thought it---especially of that proud, haughty girl? But its true, every word of it!"

You are cruel, Mrs. Trollope, to keep me in suspense so long about it. What is it?"

"It's all about Miss Ellen Sherwood, who sits in church, you know, and sings as brazen, and tries to make people believe she is such a pious christian! But people can't always hide their deformity---and I'm glad she's found out at last! I always knew there was something behind the curtain!"

"What is it about her, do tell?" interrupted Mrs. Parley, "I am exactly of your opinion---she's not what people take her to be, and never was."

"Well, to make the matter short, you heard that there was a strange young man that had come on a visit to Mr. Churchill's I suppose?"

"Yes."  
 "Well, it is reported, and everybody believes it, that that proud hussy, Ella Sherwood, from the time he first arrived until now, has been walking and riding with him day and night, and old Mrs. Blinkey confidently affirms that when he first stepped in the door Ella threw her arms around his neck and *kissed him!* and---oh!--I shall faint!"

"Ugh! is that all? why what of that! It is Mr. Rufus Sherwood, Ella's dear brother, and all the near relation she has in the world! and besides he is like one risen from the dead to her, for she has believed him dead for the last five years, not having received the least intelligence from him during that time."

"My, my! he's her brother, then!" said Mrs. Trollope recovering from her swoon.  
 "Tis so, I know all about it. And I think people might be much better employed than in trying to heap scau-

dal on a poor, innocent orphan girl like Ella."

"I think as much!" replied Mrs. Trollope, "and I thought there must be something wrong about the matter from the first---poor girl!"

"How people like to talk!" said Mrs. Parley.

"Now, don't they?" repeated Mrs. Trollope.

**Hereditary Drunkenness.**---Dr. Freeman, of New York, says that one quarter of the children under ten years of age in that city, die of hereditary inebriety. He advocates the erection of an Asylum for inebriates, and says that eighty per cent. of cases can be cured by such an institution.---This is asserted on the strength of experiments made by the Doctor himself, and the testimony of other distinguished physicians.

**Newspapers.**---A man eats a pound of sugar, and so ends the pleasure he enjoyed; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it, for a newspaper is no wisdom of one man, or two men---it is the wisdom of the age---of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information, besides they never think much nor find much to think about.---And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle.

**Zinc Preparation for Walls.**---A property has been discovered possessed by oxychloride of zinc, which renders it superior to the plaster or Paris for coating the walls of rooms. It is applied in the following manner: A coat of oxyde of zinc mixed with size, and made up like a white wash, is first laid on a wall, ceiling, or wainscoat, and over that chlorid of zinc applied, being prepared in the same way as the first wash. The oxyde and chloride effect and immediate combination, and form a kind of cement, smooth and polished as glass, and possessing all the advantages of oil paint, without its disadvantages of smell, &c. The inventor further suggests the employment of oxychloride of zinc as a paint for iron, and also to stop hollow teeth, for which its pliability and subsequent hardness and impenetrability to the moisture of the mouth, render it particularly suitable.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

"Our Abe" says that a woman's heart is the "most sweetest" thing in the world; in fact a perfect honey-comb---full of *cells*. Beware.

A smart lad recently attended church and after listening to the parable of the wise and foolish builders, said to his mother on the way home, "I don't think that man was so wise after all."

"Why my son?" "Why, if his house was built on the rock, where could he find a place for cellar?"

Books have multiplied to such an extent in our country that it takes 750 paper mills, with 2,000 engines, in constant operation, to supply the printers, who work day and night endeavoring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper the past year, which immense supply has sold for about \$27,000,000.

Every body is laughing at the blunder of the Independence Belge in setting Mr. Speaker Banks down for a negro. It may be very fine sport for the newspapers, but *how will the negro grocs like it?*