

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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Written for the Winchester Appeal.

LETTERS FROM AN OLD TURKEY HUNTER.

NUMBER II.

FRANKLIN COUNTY, JUNE 21.

Dear Friend:---As you are, doubtless, anxiously expecting to hear from me again, I will no longer hold you in suspense. Busy! busy! busy! I have been,---so much so that I have scarcely taken time even to hunt a little before the rosy blushes of morn, for then is my best time for work; or after the sun has shed his last lingering rays over the Western hills, for at that time my limbs are weary from the excessive struggles of the day with the clods, the bushes, the weeds, the grass and worms, all combined together in trying to defeat me in making bread for the promising crop of boys I am raising up for the defence of my country against wolves, panthers, hyenas, wild cats, abolitionists, and every description of Northern cannibals and Negro-worshipping Goliths that infest the halls of Congress, and plot the destruction of Southern Constitutional rights. Now I know not that all my boys will distinguish themselves for their prowess in capturing and destroying the hideous monsters of the forest, or exhibit to the world any remarkable gallantry in the field,---any superior acumen in the Cabinet, or more than ordinary wisdom in the councils of the Nation,---but my old woman, or (to be more poetical) my better-half, said to me only a few minutes ago: "I tell you old man, if they make sich men as P. S. Brooks, of South Carolina, who I was just reading of, they'll do to hitch any whar---in your forest, your field, your legislature, your council, your cabin, any whar, they'll do to tie to." Being a little beforehand with my corn and vegetables about now, and everything looking pretty well about us since the rain, my good wife is in an exceedingly good humor, and tells me I can take about an hour these hot long days, after my dinner is over, to write, if I wish it,---that is, while my crop is out of the grass. But I am not a hen-pecked husband because she tells me I may rest sometimes, and do or do not do this, that, or the other thing, and gives me a good lecture occasionally,---far from it. I have never known her to do worse than to give me a kiss, and tell me I had as well get my mule and go to plowing. Indeed, she is almost in ecstasies since reading how the abolition Senator was complimented by the intrepid Brooks, of South Carolina. By her permission I have time to write this letter before I stop, and she wishes me to relate to you my first great exploit at deer hunting.

Well, I was in company with several families who were on their way to Texas. We stopped on the banks of the Mississippi river, in Arkansas, to rest a day or two, and take some of the wild game, of which an abundance was there. It was about 14 years ago, early in the month of December, when four of us started in pursuit of game. We had not proceeded more than a mile before we separated in different directions. Soon, in a small cane-brake, I discovered a large buck about the size of an average mule. In a moment I saw him making slowly towards me, and no sooner did I see his huge head of horns coming than I sprang behind a large tree close by, completely horrified at the sight, and for a short space felt confident all Arkansas was full of deer horns, for at that moment I could see nothing else in every direction. By the time I had recovered myself a little he was within two or three rods of me, rather going from me by this time. My trepidation was gone in a moment, and I felt as invincible as Hercules when seated on Mount Olympus as the terror of the lions, serpents, &c., of the surrounding country, and in next to no time I pulled trigger, and in pitching along in a singular manner sixty or seventy yards he suddenly halted, and with head down, gave good signs of deep penitency; then moving off a little from that spot he bid adieu to this world. My companions came up about the time he expired, and, so anxious were they to share my honor that one of them shot him after he had actually given up the ghost.

To form a correct idea of my feelings after so bold a display of valor I must refer you to the laconic language of Julius Caesar, just after a signal victory, to the rapidity of which he alluded, in writing to a friend in Rome, in three words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici." I had killed by far the finest and largest buck I had ever seen, or that had ever been seen in all Arkansas. He was as much as all four of us could manage in taking him to camp. The next thing after he was divested of his skin, dressed and quartered up, was to divide him out according to long established and scientific principles, established, so far as I know, in the days of the mighty Nimrod.

On this occasion I learned a lesson that has been of great advantage to me through life. It was this: the quarters or hams were laid along by the side of each other, and the one who killed the venison (myself in that instance) had to stand off two or three rods from the meat with his back to it, while one of the others numbered the pieces and asked the question, "Whose piece is number one? Whose piece is number two?" and so on, while I had to answer by giving the name of the owner for each piece or share, thus giving each sharer an equal and fair chance. The hide had to fall to the hero.

Such was my first great achievement in the forest and such my first acquirements of, or rather introduction to, the laws and science of distributing the spoils of the hunter. In passing through Arkansas several other fine bucks fell before my unerring aim, a score or two of wild cats, and of turkeys not a few. Much elevated at my great success, I looked with pride to the time when I should be called the 2d Crockett of the West, and like him my voice be heard in the classic halls of the American Congress. But I've never seen Washington city yet, and my name is still unknown to fame.

TURKEY HUNTER.

Things are queerly connected. A late collector of statistics says---"If all our old maids should marry, the manufacturers of single bedsteads would be utterly ruined." We don't believe it---couldn't they change these into cradles?

Letter from Col. Benton.

Col. Thomas H. Benton has written the following reply to an official notice that he had been nominated for Governor of Missouri:

GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter on the subject of the nominations made by the Democratic Convention at Jefferson City; and am greatly pleased with the whole of them, except the one which relates to myself. That takes me by surprise, and must remain under consideration until I return---which will be soon, as I am nearly through the occupation which has detained me here. In the mean time, if any other person was thought of for the Governor's nomination, in the event of my inability to accept it, I would wish him to be brought forward at once, without awaiting any further answer from me.

It is my intention to speak on the state of public affairs when I get to Missouri, but not in the way of a canvass, nor as a candidate for any office, but to do my part as a citizen, in trying to preserve the peace and harmony of the Union, and to keep agitation and sectionalism out of our borders---two evils now besetting the whole United States, and our own State above all.

I consider a Slavery agitation, (and its natural offspring, sectional antagonism) the greatest curse, both socially and politically, which could befall our Union; and that curse is now upon us, and brought upon us designedly and for the worst of purposes. The Missouri Compromise line, the work of patriotic men, had stood above thirty years, and there was not one among those contriving its repeal who was not upon the record, (in votes or speeches) for its support, up to the time of its abrogation; and Mr. Calhoun himself as late 1848---only two years before his death, and after he had bronched the doctrine of no power in Congress to legislate upon Slavery in Territories---repudiated the idea of repeal, and declared that the "attempt" to do so would "disturb the peace and harmony of the Union." It has been attempted and accomplished, and the peace and harmony of the Union have been destroyed.

Out of the repeal of this Compromise has sprung forth a new test of Democracy, which consists in exacting party allegiance to the principles of the Kansas Nebraska bill. The first inquiry upon the virtue of this new test is, to find out what those principles are! and the result is diametrically opposite, as it comes from one side or the other of the Potomac River. From the North the answer is Squatter Sovereignty! as being the inherent right of the people of the Territory to decide the question of Slavery for themselves, and to have it or not, just as they please. In the South that definition is held to be rank demagoguery, and that the people of the Territory, no more than Congress, have not a particle of power on the subject, that the Constitution carries Slavery with it into every Territory, as soon as acquired, overriding and controlling all laws against it, and keeping it there in defiance of the people, or of Congress, until the Territory becomes a State, and excludes it. Thus the advocates of the test are as opposite as light and darkness in telling what it is, and ought to agree upon it before they require others to believe in it. It is impossible to believe both; and I believe in neither. I believe in the old doctrine, that the territories are the property of the United States, under the guardianship of Congress, and subject to such laws as Congress chooses to provide for them, (or to permit them to make for themselves) until they become States; and after that, (the children arrived at 21 years of age) they are out of guardianship, and have all rights of their fathers.---That is my belief, and has been the belief of the United States until lately,

and especially the belief of those who now deny it, and who are upon the record (and that often and recent) against their own denial. Witness (to go further back) the bill for the admission of Texas in 1845, on which all who voted for that admission, voted for the re-establishment of the Missouri Compromise line in that part of it south of the Arkansas River where it had been abrogated by the laws and Constitution of Texas. Witness also the debates and speeches on the Oregon bill in 1848---also the attempts to extend the Compromise line to the Pacific in 1856---also the votes of some of these advocates in favor of the Wilmot Proviso; and above all, the protest of the ten Senators against the admission of the State of California in 1850, because Congress would not legislate upon the subject of slavery in the territory which was to compose it. With all these authorities and evidences in favor of the old doctrine, and against the new test and its authors, I think the old democracy may be allowed to dispute its binding force---at all events until its advocates can agree in telling what it is.

Respectfully,

THOMAS H. BENTON.

* "But I deny that the laws of Mexico can have the effect attributed to them, (that of keeping Slavery out of New Mexico, California and Utah).---As soon as the treaty between the two countries is ratified, the sovereignty and authority of Mexico, in the territory acquired by it, become extinct, and that of the United States is substituted in its place, carrying with it the Constitution, with its overriding control of all the laws and institutions of Mexico, inconsistent with it."---Mr. Calhoun's Oregon Speech, 1848.

A Lover Still.

"No longer a lover" exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and above all the silver laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows where the butter-cups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with my ringlets flying loose in the wind, and my cap in hand, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care-worn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the bitter cup of sorrow with her---and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life, but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and beauty.

"Together we have placed buds in the pale, folded hands of the dead; together wept over little graves.---Through storm and sunshine we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old style kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eye that shrinkingly fronts the glad day; the sunlight throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its tracery of wrinkles angelic; I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, shine through those withered features, and the growing love of forty years thrill my heart till the tears come.

"Say not again I can no longer be a lover."

"Though this form be bowed, God has implanted eternal love within.---Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame.

WREATH THE BOWL.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should love and
The wreath be hid,
That joy thy encounter brings us,
No danger fear.
While wine is near,
We'll crown him if he sings us.
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull care behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Jason, Jove, Apollo;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended;
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid,
So wreath the bowl!
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull care behind us.

say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with unctions, unctions,
When wine, he knew,
Runs bricker stream,
And sparkles far more brightly
O, lead us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two wert sew,
Make pleasure glad
In double tide,
And fill both sides forever,
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us,
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull care behind us.

THE REASON FOR HIS NOMINATION.

The Louisville Courier, an anti-American paper, says James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was nominated in the Cincinnati Convention as the candidate of the Free-soil wing of the party. During the first fourteen ballots he had scarcely any support from the South, but three-fourths of the votes for him were cast by the delegates from those of the Northern States which are most completely abolitionized. He was put forward in the Convention as the acknowledged candidate of the anti-Nebraska party, as the preference of that portion of the party that has been most deeply tainted with Free-soilism. Thomas H. Benton and others, who have been read out of the party for their Free-soil opinions, were in Cincinnati working for his nomination. They were his most earnest and active supporters.

INCREASE OF WEALTH IN OHIO.---In the year 1851, before the completion of its railway system, the State of Ohio had an aggregate amount of taxable property rated at \$439,876,310, and in the year 1850, after the completion of the system, the value of the same description of property is set down at \$860,877,351, very nearly double. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the wonderful effects of railway improvements upon the prosperity of a State. Ohio has entered more largely than any other member of the Confederacy upon the development of the system of railways.---North American.

A Dog.---Jones, jr., says that his neighbor has a very nervous, eccentric dog, that displays a fondness for midnight vocal exercises and desires to know a remedy. For quieting the nerves of a dog, we know nothing equal to strychnine.

A man in Kentucky was so enormously big that when he died it took two clergymen and a boy to preach his funeral sermon.

The editor of an Ohio paper publishes the names of his subscribers who pay up regular under the head of "Legion of Honor."

Mr. Buel, of Washington, who was stabbed in an affray at Cincinnati, is recovering from the wound.

Fourth of July comes on Friday.

Discoveries of the Last Half Century.

There has been no period since the commencement of the world in which so many important discoveries, tending to the benefit of mankind, were made, as in the last half century.---Some of the most wonderful results of human intellect have been witnessed in the last fifty years. Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the world has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected in that short period!

Before the year 1800 there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1807; now there are 3000 steamboats traversing the waters of America; and the time saved in travel is equal to 70 per cent. The rivers of nearly every country in the world are traversed by steamboats.

In 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now 8797 miles of railroad, costing \$286,000,000 to build, and 92,000 miles of railroad in England and America. The locomotive will now travel in as many hours a distance which, in 1800, required as many days to accomplish.

In 1809 it took weeks to convey intelligence between Philadelphia and New Orleans; now it can be accomplished in minutes by the electric telegraph, which only had its beginning in 1843.

Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800; the electro-magnet in 1821.---Electrotyping was discovered only a few years ago.

Hoe's printing press, capable of printing 10,000 copies an hour, is a very recent discovery, but of most important character.

Gas-light was unknown in 1800; now every city and town of any pretence are lighted with it; and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat, motive power may all be produced from water with scarcely any cost.

Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gun-cotton and chloroform were discovered but a few years ago.

Astronomy has added a number of new planets to the solar system.

Agricultural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research, and mechanics have increased the production and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor which far transcends the ability of united manual efforts to accomplish. The triumphs achieved in this last branch of discovery and invention are enough to mark the last half century as that which has most contributed to augment personal comforts, enlarge the enjoyments, and add to the blessings of man.

What will the next half century accomplish? We may look for still greater discoveries; for the intellect of man is awake, exploring every mine of knowledge, and searching for useful information in every department of art and industry.---Philadelphia Ledger.

GEN. JACKSON AND DEMOCRACY.---It is now reduced to a certainty that the so-called Democracy do not at present consider that General Jackson was sound upon great questions of national importance. He vetoed the U. S. Bank for fear that the foreigners would obtain an undue ascendancy over the commercial and moneyed interests of this country, and he is known to have declared that it was time we became a little more Americanized, and was also for maintaining the integrity of the Federal Union at all hazards. This is not orthodox Democracy, and consequently the Sag Nicht papers and leaders speak sparingly of his candor and merits. One of them recently informed the world that numerous transactions might be adduced which would show that the old General was quite foolish sometimes.