

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

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

VOLUME 1.

WINCHESTER, TENN., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856.

NUMBER 24.

SOPHIA NORTON'S WAY OF HEADING A CONSPIRACY AGAINST HER PEACE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The sex to which I have the honor of belonging, has, from time immemorial, been accused of being peculiarly subject to that compound of love and hate, of folly and fury—that Lear of passions, the weak, mad dupe of his own creations—Jealousy. In the name of the sisterhood, I deny the charge, I fling it back on our accusers; for the lordly sex it is, who yield to the 'green-eyed monster' the most loyal and ready obedience. Does any one doubt the truth of this position?—let him seat himself, with becoming resignation, listen to my proof, and rise up convinced.

A rare girl was my schoolmate, Sophie Norton, a charming, beautiful riddle.—She was a blonde, of the most delicate description, with a mild, tender, Lucy Ashtonish sort of a face, and ways so confidently willing, I would defy flesh and blood to withstand them. And yet, this angel in form and feature, this seeming embodiment of all most exquisitely ethereal and spiritual, was in truth the most dashing, daring, care-for-naught, gipsy of a creature, dear reader, that ever took your heart by stratagem, or carried it by storm. She was admirably politic, however, seldom showing both sides of her character to the same persons, or class of persons. Our teachers praised her as a model of propriety and loveliness, while we adored her as the queen of fun and frolic, who led us into the wildest and most unheard-of scrapes, and as skilfully and triumphantly led us out.

On leaving school, Sophia spent a few months with a friend in Philadelphia.—I cannot say that her visit caused any 'great commotion' in right-angle-dom.—She was beautiful, exceedingly, but hers was not the style of loveliness to create a furor. She was very like one's summer dream of sweetness and gentleness, yet few people, beside poets, ever think of falling in love with a dream; and then, she was not an heiress.

At last, as the Germans would say, she met her destiny. Wishing to have her miniature taken, a young artist, of considerable promise, was selected by her friends. She found him quite one's idea of a true votary of the divine art; his lightest words, the tones of his voice, showing an ardent, earnest, enthusiastic temperament. His face would have been of almost too lofty and severe a beauty, were it not for a smile of child-like archness and amiability always dancing attendance on his lips. His form was finely proportioned, but in my eye rather too petit for perfect manliness.

Well, Sophie soon saw, by woman's marvellous intuition, that Mr. J. Randolph Richmond, (he wrote his name thus, for fear of being called Jack) was irretrievably in love—and with her own sweet self. Yet Sophia was a sensible girl, and kept her own heart with all diligence. She liked the lad passing well, but in regarding his character she had no chilling fear. It was, that his devotion to painting arose not from a sincere love for the art, but from personal ambition, that passion which the world has baptized with praise, and christened with a glorious name, but which is in truth only a fiery, intense, and concentrated selfishness. So, she did not yield to woman's amiable weakness and love, because she was loved—did not let gratitude lead her blindfold to the altar. I know, I should put on gloves while handling this dear pet fault of my sex. But my charming sisters, why are you grateful? Just bring your every-day tenderness, your patient, fond, worshipping, self-sacrificing love; and then place man's holiday admiration, his fanciful, patronizing, exacting, doubting affection, in the opposite scale, and see in what a passion of haste they will go up. Thank a man for reading you five unacted acts from his drama; for writing an acrostic on your name; for asking an introduction to a rival belle; for saying you are surprisingly like his maiden aunt—but never for the honor of his preference. Be grateful to him for the offer of his handkerchief to hem, or his gloves to mend, but never for that of his heart and hand. In love matters, fling away gratitude; 'tis but a charity sort of virtue at the best.

It was, finally, in no hour of triumph, that Sophie Norton felt all the sweet wa-

ters of her heart gushing freely, gladly, tumultuously, toward him who loved her. She had accompanied him to the Academy, where a painting, on which he had spent much time and enthusiasm, was being exhibited. There was present one of the first artists of his country, who, pausing before Randolph's picture bestowed upon it some warm praise, and then criticised it with terrible severity. Sophie attentively watched the face of her lover; flushes passed over his brow, his lips were compressed, but he silently drank in every word of the artist. When the ordeal was passed, he left her side, went up to the judge, gracefully introduced himself, and expressed his gratitude, with frank and unmistakable earnestness, for the valuable though painful lesson. Sophie is not given to weeping, but when Randolph rejoined her, she was actually in tears. She pledged him her dear little hand that very night. There's a true woman for you!

Sophie left for her home soon after.—I saw, almost as soon as we met, that she loved; that woman's destiny had floated out of heaven, and hung over her life a cloud of purple and gold. Oh, reader mine, you should have seen some of their letters! They were tender, delicate, impassioned—flowers, music, painting, poetry, love! There was one thing I noticed—Sophie had evidently not shown her lover the playful, girlish side of her character. Woman, when first in love, seldom deals in *persiflage*. She really makes a serious, solemn matter of that which is, at best, but a 'Divine Comedy.'

A few months of the engagement had passed, when a sister of Randolph's visited Philadelphia. He, the adopted of a childless uncle, had not seen her for several years; meanwhile, she had come dancing up from childhood, and was now just poising herself on the threshold of sixteen; a wild, spirited, beautiful brunette. Randolph tried in vain to tame her—she would play tricks, tell anecdotes, and laugh aloud, and her Mentor ended at last by falling in with her shocking, enchanting ways.

Our hero had never written to Sophie of his sister Kate, but he soon told the latter all about Sophie. He enlarged much on the confidence of his lady-love.

"Don't you think it strange," said he, "that she never expresses a doubt of my fidelity, though she knows that in walking Chestnut Street I daily meet belles and beauties, who would not care to look further than—the brother of so fine a girl as you, Kate?"

"Ah, but has that modest brother of mine ever as much as intimated to her his knowledge of the existence of those dangerous creatures?—that's the question."

"Why, no, Kate."

"Then she has not the shadow of a cause for distrust; give her a hook to hang a doubt upon, and she'll—all the girls are alike, Ran."

Just then she caught a glimpse of her radiant, roguish face, in the glass opposite, and clapping her hands in ecstasy, cried—

"I have it!—you say that she does not know that Providence had blessed you with a sister Kate—just write her a description of me! Don't go so far as to pretend you are in love, but tell her all about the lively life we live as master and pupil; and if she doesn't fly into a beautiful passion of jealousy—if your angel don't show the woman, I'll—be a good girl for a whole fortnight!"

Well, they put their wicked heads together, and the next mail bore Sophie Norton the following from her faithful lover:

MY DEAR SOPHIE—Your sweet letter has looked me reproachfully in the face every time I have opened my escritoire for several days. I have no excuse to offer for my silence that will satisfy myself, so it might not you. But you will find one for me in your heart—won't you, dearest? I shall make haste to tell you of a charming new pupil of mine; first premising that you will not be jealous—there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman. You really should see "our Kate," for so every one calls her. She is the most amusing little *melange* of the artless impulses, careless graces, and untamed spirits of the child, and the budding affections and harmless coquetries of the girl, you can imagine.

I believe the creature has sentiment; I know she has feeling; but her first pervading, restless spirit is mirth. Her very presence is the soul of joyousness; she dances as though her feet had unseen wings. And then her laugh—O, it is the silvery gush of gladness. Her face is classical in its contour, but there are so many phases to the beauty of a brunette, and each one more entrancing than the preceding, that it is impossible for pen or pencil to show them forth. Her eyes, one moment you would swear—affirm, I mean—were of the softest hazel, and the next, as black as night; her hair is a dark chestnut color, curling bewitchingly. I'd not call her lips rosy, they are of a deeper, ruddier hue. I have it now: they are like rich June rose-leaves, dipped in wine. As to her manner, she has, it must be confessed, a little too much *naivete*. But she is so young—scarce sixteen; and then she had, it seems, the most accommodating guardian angels, as she has never known a sorrow. I regard her innocent breaches of strict decorum with great leniency. For instance, while giving her a lesson this morning, she laid her delicate hand on my arm, and said, with a charming smile,

"I did not think that I should like you half so well when I first saw you. I find we are strangely alike in many things."

Sophie, I really felt called upon to kiss that hand—I did, indeed. She only laughed, dearest. I don't believe she thinks of me, for she knows I have only a moderate income; and her face can win a fortune. Indeed, she is pretty. A brunette is a fascinating creature, yet I have always thought the empire of the blonde over the affections the more enduring.

Kate is teaching me waltzing. I know it will give you pleasure to hear I am making rapid progress in this delightful accomplishment. Were you a silly girl, now, I should fear your pointing over this, and so, to soothe you, say, I always fancy you my partner; that it is your dear form I am whirling about in the delicious delirium of the waltz. But I don't tell you any such thing; for I know you to be a sensible, high-minded woman, never troubling yourself, or those who love you, with unfounded doubts and suspicions.

Though my little friend is somewhat in my confidence, I have never told her of our engagement. I fear the madcap could not keep it to herself, and love is something far too delicate for the rough atmosphere of the world.

Kate is waiting for me to accompany her to a concert. Forgive the brevity of this. I know you will: there is nothing in which I have greater faith than in your truth and goodness; they constitute a little heaven, of which I am sole proprietor. Adieu, love. J. R. R.

SO-PHIE NORTON'S REPLY.

DEAR JACK—I was surprised, pleased, delighted by your last letter. It is just the most remarkable coincidence, quite a romance in real life—'tis both funny and strange. But I must explain. Well, there lately arrived at Sweet-Briar Cottage, Lieutenant Mortimer Lacy, of the army, my own cousin, and a splendid fellow he is, Jack. He has such a faultless form and face, and so imposing an air; and then, he sports such a love of moustache, and his uniform is so becoming!—Mortimer—(how nice it is to have a pretty first name, Jack!)—says that he was the tallest cadet ever on parade at West Point. I wish all men were tall; it is certainly more natural to look up to them.—I wish all men were soldiers, too; there is something so terribly grand in the profession, and uniforms are so beautiful in a ball-room. By the way, can't you purchase one, Jack? To be sure, Cousin Mortimer's would hang on you like a suit of alderman's clothes on your case! Not that the lieutenant is corpulent—he is admirably proportioned—though large, a very Mars.

I agree with you that "there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman," unless it be a prudish one.—Now, some people think it shocking for me to waltz with Mortimer, but I smile at their old-fashioned notions, and away we whirl! I am glad you are coming; it will be quite convenient when cousin is gone.

Mortimer is a splendid horseman, and we have delightful excursions, a *cheval*. You were always so fearful the horse would run with me, or toss me over his head,

that it really made a pain of a pleasure. Now, cousin pays me the compliment of trusting to my horse-womanship—gets me mad, untamable steeds, and teaches me new and daring exploits. Why, the other day we took a wild gallop, with our hands close clasped!

Mortimer is very wealthy, and says that after he has been promoted to a generalship, he shall resign, and spend his life enjoying *otium cum dignitate*. That sounds like Latin, and means, I suppose, a house in town, box at the opera, traveling, and giving dinners and *fetes*. He will be in Philadelphia in August, and if you call on him and are civil, he may prove a patron, though he has no taste for the fine arts. I hope you will take his portrait, *a la militaire*, for us; it will be a pleasure, he is so handsome.

I believe with you in the sacredness of love. I keep our engagement a holy secret. There is not to me a more ruefully ridiculous figure than an obviously engaged young lady, in the absence of her beloved. She sits in company with folded hands and dreamy eyes, puts on a lady-abbess look of shocked propriety when asked to waltz, and shrinks like a mimosa from the innocent kiss of a brother or cousin. I believe my manners have been free from this school-girl practice; for to tell the truth, the gallant lieutenant has already laid siege to my heart with the most soldier-like impetuosity. I know you will be proud to hear your betrothed has made so considerable a conquest.

The horses are at the door; now for a ride! O, there is more music in the trampling of those hoofs than I could ever yet thump out of a piano. Good morning, Jack; I kiss my hand to you.

SOPHIE.

A tolerable idea of mental chaos, had Mr. J. Randolph Richmond, on reading the above. He smiled, but it was a ghastly smile. In vain he tried to believe Sophie in jest; *jealousy* obscured his perceptions with a thick green cloud. Kate was going out for the evening, but he called her back, and pale and trembling, handed her the letter. The gipsy laughed over it, till he threatened to send her to the watch-house; then gave it as her sage opinion, that his love was a true love, a sensible girl, that knew how to take and give a joke; and left him with the sisterly advice not to make a fool of himself in his reply. How he profited by it the following will show:

My dear, too dear Sophie—How could you write so terrible a letter? Mine was a joke, all a joke. Kate is my sister, my own sister! But yours cannot be mere pleasantry; you never deal in that. Beneath the sparkling foam is an under-current of deep meaning. It is as I have often feared, you do not love me; you are lost to me forever. You must have seen that my letter was a jest, but were too happy an opportunity to break those ties, which to you are irksome, but which bind me to life; those vows, plighted before Heaven, beneath the eternal stars, Sophie! I would go to you, but I dare not; the place by your side is for another, far dearer. But three short months have passed, since in a delirium of rapture I first called you mine; and now, in an agony of hopeless love, I write, *you are free!*

O Heaven! my heart is crushed, my brain whirled—I fear I am ill. Yet do not let that give you unhappiness. May love, and joy, and peace be around you, like the breath of the blessed angels.

J. R. R.

He wrote the above in absolute earnest, reader, and in due time received the following:

My dear Randolph—What a nice Comedy of Errors we have been acting, to be sure. There was but this difference—you wrote in a lover-like way of your sister, while I was romancing altogether! I have not, I never had, a cousin Mortimer, but as I manufactured him, "regimentals" and all, out of my own brain. I took your letter as an unmitigated hoax, and merely thought to give you "a Roland for an Oliver." So you see, love, you have wasted an immense amount of Romeoish anguish. Nor is that the worst feature in your lamentable case. You have doubted me. In a rash mood you have flung me back my holy plighted faith as a thing of little worth. Now, indeed is a noble opportunity for me to display the lofty spirit, the inborn dignity of woman, by proudly accepting the freedom you offer.

But, alas! there is one provoking little obstacle in the way. It happens, unfortunately, that—I love you; that it has somehow become quite a habit with me to think of you, and I am not tragedy-queen enough to punish myself in being revenged on you. Come to us, and bring "our Kate," I am impatient to meet my charming rival, and to have one long, united, glorious laugh over our romance of folly. Now and ever yours,

SOPHIE.

P. S.—Don't think of being "ill," nor any such nonsense. If there is any accomplishment I pride myself upon, it is that of ministering to the sick. So, if it is just as convenient for you, please postpone all illness till I am within calling distance, if you wish to be nursed *con amore*.

SOPHIE.

And now my patient reader, have I not sustained my first position.

Written for the Winchester Appeal.

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

I would not sing to thee of joy,

Which like a transient hour has flown,

For pleasure may the heart alloy

When sorrow weighs the spirits down.

Thy peace has fled, like some bright bird,

With plumage gay as summer even,

And O, how fair its hues appeared

When all its plumes were spread for Heaven!

Say, wouldst thou Merion's arrow throw

To stop its passage to the skies?

No, let the gentle spirit go

Unto its home in Paradise.

But wouldst thou trace his flight above,

And shun the world's disturbing care?

Go, ask of Faith and Hope, and Love,

They'll give thee wings to follow there.

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ANECDOTES OF CLAY AND BUCHANAN.

Mr. Clay, although he deeply resented Mr. Buchanan's degrading conduct in 1825, never broke off all personal intercourse with him till 1844, when he found him guilty of another act of unparalleled baseness towards him. But, even when they were on terms of personal civility, Mr. Clay was always fond of putting him to the torture.

After Mr. Buchanan's appointment as minister to Russia, he and Mr. Clay were of the same dinner party in Washington, and Mr. Buchanan, who always played the toady to Mr. Clay, remarked to him across the table that he had no court dress and enquired of him as to the style, cost, &c. Mr. Clay playfully remarked that he had one which he had no use for, and he would with pleasure give it to him.—Mr. Buchanan thanked him very earnestly, but said,

"I am afraid it is so old that it must be a little tarnished."

Mr. Clay replied in his own peculiar manner:

"Ah, but you can turn it, Buchanan."

The discomfiture and dumb embarrassment of Mr. Buchanan caused a general titter around the table, Mr. B. having just turned his political coat most unblushingly.

Upon a certain occasion in the U. S. Senate, Mr. Buchanan, in the course of a personal explanation, stated that he had volunteered to go to Baltimore in the last war with Great Britain when the British attacked that city.

"I think I have heard something about the gentleman's volunteering," said Mr. Clay, "but I understand when he arrived at Baltimore, the British were gone."

"Yes," replied Mr. Buchanan, "they were."

"Well," said Mr. Clay, "I merely wish to know whether Mr. Buchanan volunteered because he knew that the British were gone, or whether the British heard that the gentleman had volunteered, and therefore evacuated the coast!"—*Loc. Jou.*

Some of the Democratic papers are inquiring how much the New York *Herald* is paid for supporting Fremont. In '52 it was the ardent advocate of Pierce; so they certainly ought to know what its usual price is.

STRANGE EVENTS.—An exchange records the marriage of John M. Strange and Elizabeth Strange as a *strange* event. The next event will probably be a *little stranger*.

DEMOCRATIC PEARLS AT RANDOM—NEBRASKA BILL.

I consider this bill [the Nebraska Bill] a proposition in favor of freedom, and I am surprised that the North should oppose, and the South support it.—President Pierce.

I congratulate the Senate on this emphatic endorsement of Squatter Sovereignty.—General Cass.

I deny that slaves are property.—Secretary McClelland.

This bill effectually prevents the admission of another foot of slave territory into the Union.—Gen. Shields.

The great issue is, whether or not the people of Nebraska, shall be allowed to settle the question of slavery, or no slavery, for themselves. In Illinois we establish such constitutions as suit us; if you like them come and dwell with us; if you do not, stay away. The Nebraska bill proposes to carry this principle into all the territories of the United States. It is the great cardinal principle of the Democratic party.—Senator Douglas.

Under this bill the Southern slaveholder may go to the territories, but he must leave his slaves behind. ** The quick moving Yankee squatter will have it peopled and its institutions fixed before the slaveholders of the South could pack their cumbersome household goods, hand cuff their slaves, yoke their oxen and start their emigrant trains.—Mr. W. Montgomery, of Pa.

A principle fixed and irrevocable in spite of all the howls of faction, is the theory that each distinct inchoate State of this Union shall determine for itself what shall be its own institutions. In all parts of this Union, it must become the unanimous conviction of the people of these United States, that whether a State of this Union is, or is not, to regulate labor in this or that manner, depends upon the will of the people of that State or Territory.—Attorney General Cushing.

In my opinion, the Kansas and Nebraska act recognizes the full force and power, in all its vigor, of the right of the people of the territories to legislate on the subject of slavery prior to their organization as a State Government, as fully and completely as it is recognized the power of the people of the States over the subject of all domestic questions not delegated to the Government. Gentlemen may call it what they please, non-intervention, squatter sovereignty, or popular sovereignty, it was a power of the people which they had never delegated to the Government, and in my opinion they, and they alone, should exercise it as well while in a territorial condition as in a State Government.—Hon. G. W. Jones, of Tenn.

It is a slander upon the Democratic party to say that it is in favor of the extension of slavery.—Boston Post.

I am with you, hand and head, and heart and all my might.—Gov. Wise to the Buffalo Free-soilers.

The Democratic party North of us, has everywhere been beaten by the Republicans, or organized by the abolitionism in its own ranks.—Pennsylvania.

We pledge ourselves to use every effort to extirpate the evil of slavery.—Ohio Democratic State Convention.

We shall spare no effort to prevent the extension of slavery.—New York Soft Convention.

German emigrants are universally anti-slavery men, both from principle and taste, being unable to endure contact with the colored race.—New Hampshire Patriot.

FOREIGNERS WANTED.

The Chicago Weekly Democrat, Wentworth's paper,—at present supporting Fremont—a supporter of Pierce in 1852 of June 28 says—

"The fact is, if people wish to drive slave labor from our free territories, they must look to foreign labor as the best means of doing it; and hence, all anti-slavery Extensionists should labor to encourage rather than to discourage foreign emigration. We must have more foreigners here, and they should be of the kind that will resist slavery at all hazards."

Several fatal cases of sun stroke have occurred at Memphis, during the recent severely hot weather.