

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

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

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PRODUCTS OF THE STATES.

Wheat, oats, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, hay and tobacco, are raised in every State and territory in the Union.

Barley raised in all except Louisiana. Buckwheat raised in all except Louisiana and Florida.

New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin do not raise rice.

The States that do not raise rice, together with Maryland, Delaware and Indiana, do not raise cotton.

Every State and territory except Iowa raises silk.

Every State except Delaware makes sugar.

New York raises the most barley, viz: 1,802,282 bushels.

New York raises the most potatoes, viz: 27,907,554 bushels.

New York raises the most hay, viz: 4,595,930 tons.

Ohio raises the most wheat, viz: 10,786,705 bushels.

Pennsylvania raises the most rye, viz: 8,420,220 bushels.

Pennsylvania raises the most buckwheat, viz: 6,400,508 bushels.

Tennessee raises the most corn, viz: 67,738,447 bushels.

Virginia raises the most flax hemp, viz: 31,726 lbs.

Kentucky raises the most tobacco, viz: 72,322,543 lbs.

Georgia raises the most cotton, viz: 148,185,129 lbs.

South Carolina raises the most rice, viz: 67,802,207 lbs.

Unless we wish to be deemed fantastical, we must clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue.

There's a great deal more Gospel to the poor in a loaf of bread, and a cheerful word of sympathy, than a dozen dry sermons.

There is an old maid out West so tough and wrinkled, that they use her forehead to grate putlogs on.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

The proprietors of the New York Herald, have made arrangements with Messrs. Hoe & Co., to construct for them, 2 Ten-cylinder presses, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, which are expected to print one hundred and fifty thousand Heralds in time to distribute them by the early trains and mails, and serve subscribers through the city before 7 o'clock every morning.

It is recorded on good authority that a Frenchman, learning English and anxious to say something very striking, in parting from the lady of his heart, carefully consulting his dictionary, and there finding that 'to pickle,' meant 'to preserve,' bid her farewell with the emphatic exclamation: "May Heaven pickle you!"

The Art of Printing was denounced by priests a magic and doubtless they foresaw that it was magic that would destroy their own divine necromancy, which enabled them so well to lay the human intellect under enchantment.

A pious Scotch parson being asked by a friend, during his last illness, whether he thought himself dying, answered: "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; for if I die, I shall be with God—if I live, he will be with me."

A member of the North Carolina Legislature made a decidedly good bit a short time ago. A bill was pending which imposed a fine for selling liquor to free negroes, to which he objected on the ground that "such a law would make them more decent than whites."

"Bob, you say you believe most of diseases are contagious. How long have you entertained such notions?"

"Ever since I sat along side of a blue eyed girl and caught the palpitation of the heart."

A scorpion, when he finds himself enclosed and no way left to escape, will turn his head around, and sting himself through the head; and it is remarkable that this is the only animal in the creation, man excepted, that can be made to commit suicide.

THE WORKING BEE.

It is interesting and amusing sometimes to watch the motions of a working bee in its busy pursuit after the two things which constitute the treasure—the pollen and the honey. The visit which it pays to each flower is of short duration, and, according to our experience, it invariably helps itself to pollen first, and to honey, if there be any, which is not always the case, afterward. Honey, indeed, in the proper sense of the word, it does not get at all from the flowers; but it sucks a sweet fluid, which is after elaborated into honey in its own stomach, and thence re-gurgitated into the waxen cells of the hive. We may add, moreover, that the bee does not collect the wax, as some suppose; the wax being nothing more than a secretion from its own body, a provision of nature for the exigencies of its architecture.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

A LAMENT.

The wind seems wafting dirge-notes by,
The "hears of twilight" fall,
And darkness soon will throw o'er earth,
Its dim dim and fearful pall.
But darkness, deeper, heavier far,
Than o'er night's shadows cast,
Steals o'er the crushed and aching heart
That retrospects the past.
The shinking which the spirit feels—
The gloom, the sickening dread—
When in our wild despair, we seek
Communion with the dead—
The utter hopelessness to think
That they, so worshipped here,
Lie pulseless, passionless, whilst we
Lament, deplore, and fear.
Shade of my husband! did I know
That thou wert living now;
Could I but know the winds of Heaven
Played lightly on thy brow;
Could I but think the glorious sun
Was gazed upon by thee,
I'd love its beams, tho' now they seem
Mockery to misery.
Didst thou but live, pain, penury,
And woe were naught to me—
I'd be content, although thy form
I never more might see;
I'd weep my grief to stillness then—
I'd hush each fond regret—
I'd e'en, if needful, strive to teach
My spirit to forget.
Vain was thy lofty genius; vain
Your hope, and love, and pride;
Vain were thy dreams of bright renown
To stem life's stormy tide.
Oh! how I loved thee, dear one; would
I could have died to save,
To guard thee from misfortune, care,
And from an early grave!

THOU'LT COME NO MORE.

Our loved home is desolate,
Our household gods all broken lie;
The voice of joy is silent, hushed—
Alone in wretchedness I sigh.
The world's a flowerless wilderness—
My every dream of hope is o'er,
My brain is maddened when I feel
Thou'lt come no more; thou'lt come no more!

I've waited at the noontide hour,
I've watched to see thy steps of pride,
I've hushed my breath thy voice to hear,
And fancied thou wert by my side;
And when the "tears of twilight" fall—
Another day of conflict o'er,
I place thy chair—O! can it be
Thou'lt come no more; thou'lt come no more!

And when the morn in splendor breaks—
Thy little boy upon thy knee,
I hear thee soothe his childish grief,
And kindly join his childish glee.
Oft when I saw thy look of love,
And marked the light thy features wore,
I worshipped thee; then can it be
Thou'lt come no more; thou'lt come no more!

Love's silver Lyre is scattered now,
Hope's star hath set in endless night;
My future, oh! 'tis torn away—
Extinguished is my spirit's light.
True, Heaven's soft harp the soul can calm—
True, there is rest when life is o'er,
But I must suffer on; alas!
Thou'lt come no more; thou'lt come no more!

When the day "breaks," what becomes
Of the fragments?

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.

"Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of these tears?"
"O! such disgrace! I have opened one of your letters supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."
"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?"
"But the contents; such a disgrace!"
"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit for my wife to read?"
"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste language. But the disgrace!"
The husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the instrument that had been the means of giving his wife so much trouble.

Reader, you couldn't guess the cause in a coon's age. It was no other than a bill from the printer for nine years' subscription.
The most sensible woman in all creation! She ought to be admitted a member of the craft.

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel?—Answer to be handed in over the left.

An exchange understands that a register has been kept at the workhouse, in one of our principal cities, of the political preference of those who have been committed since the Cincinnati nominations were made. The following is the result thus far:

Buchanan,	180
Fillmore,	9

This is certainly a crumb of great comfort to our despairing democratic friends!

A despatch states that the Democrats of Columbus, Ohio, have bolted Buchanan and joined the Americans.

Light in the South.—The Pensacola (Florida) Gazette has just raised at its masthead the name of Fillmore, and says it intends to do zealous battle in the good cause. It has hitherto been neutral. And thus progresses this great popular revolution against corrupt dynasties and selfish demagogues, and in behalf of the Constitution and the Union! Heaven speed the glorious work! O ye poor deluded Anties, get out of the way, or the Fillmore ball will run over you!

STILL THEY COME!—Men after men, and paper after paper are rallying to the battle field to fight for Fillmore and Donelson. We notice that the Baltimore Clipper, which had been a neutral paper, flings the Fillmore and Donelson flag to the breeze. Hurrah for the Union, Fillmore and Donelson.

The following is the last paragraph of the letter of Maj. Donelson, accepting the nomination tendered him by the American party of Georgia. We have not room for the letter complete, but publish this much for the special benefit of our democratic friends.

"But it is not proper for me to enter into a discussion of the cause which have constituted us, without reference to our antecedents as Whigs or Democrats, a new party. I refer to them only in connection with the patriotic declaration of principles made by the Convention at Macon, in order that you may see my complete concurrence with them, and how great is my appreciation of the honor you have conferred upon me by an association of my name with that of Mr. Fillmore in the noble effort to check the excesses of party spirit, and effect a reformation as important as that of 1798 and 1800. I once did great injustice to this eminent patriot and statesman, by holding him responsible for what I considered an attempt to merge the Whig party of the North into a sectional opposition to the rights of the South; but when I saw him rise superior to such local prejudices, and prefer the interests of the whole country to that of the section in which he happened to be born, I made all the amend in my power to offer, and declared publicly, long before I ever knew of the American party, that he ought to be called again by the united voice of the people to the chair of the Chief Magistracy.

Turn your back upon the man who always has many secrets to tell you. You may know that the most of them are lies.

THE UNION WAGON.

AIR—"WAIT FOR THE WAGON."
There's right and wrong in parties,
And the right is on our side,
So we'll mount the wagon, boys,
And let the nation ride!
The Union is our wagon,
And the People are its springs—
And every true American
For Millard Fillmore sings—
Wait for the wagon, etc.

The wagon is a noble one,
'Twas made in '76—
'Twas driven by George Washington
Through stormy politics.
With western oak and eastern pine,
And northern ash 'tis bound,
Palmetto, Cypress, Cotton-wood,
In spokes and wheels are found.
Wait for the wagon, etc.

The Mill-boy of the Slashes, boys,
Our gallant Henry Clay,
Once sat within this wagon,
As we're sitting here to-day.
He drove the road of Compromise,
By constitution charis,
And held the reins of Union
All around the people's hearts.
Then, Wait for the wagon, etc.

In this, our glorious wagon,
With the nation at his side,
Through all the troubled elements
Our Jackson once did ride.
And now we keep his memory green
And hail his noble name;
For Andrew Jackson Donelson
A seat with us may claim.
Wait for the wagon, etc.

When Webster shook the friendly hand
With noble-souled Calhoun,
'Twas here, upon our wagon box,
They sat in close commune.
Our Millard drove the wagon, then,
And Clay was at his side,
And never did the nation take
A safer Union-ride!
Then, Wait for the wagon, etc.

We miss those noble ones of old—
The friends of South and North—
Who bravely met diamon's threat,
Which tentacles uttered forth,
But Webster's friends in Chautie we see,
And Crittenden was Clay's,
So Massachusetts and Kennebec
Still join in Fillmore's praise.
Then, Wait for the wagon, etc.

The Lowell factory girls have sent "Bully Brooks," as the Northern people sneeringly call him, thirty pieces of silver and a rope. In their address to him they say:

"A whole army of true women, here, are spinning the threads and watching the flying shuttles that shall ere long, as we trust, weave the web of Freedom long and wide enough for the winding sheet of that atrocious system, American slavery."

Poor little fools! Wonder where they would get cotton to weave anything of, if the Southern slave did not make it for them? Their very bread depends upon Southern slavery.—*Memphis Eagle.*

Let the people of the South remember that Millard Fillmore did not leave a single Free-soiler in office. And let them remember also that Franklin Pierce, besides appointing numerous Free-soilers to office himself, cut off Bronson's head because he refused to appoint Free-soilers under him.

State elections will be held in Georgia and Florida the first Monday in October, and on the second Tuesday of October, in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. On the first Tuesday in November—the same day as the Presidential election—in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Illinois and Michigan.

The Cincinnati Enquirer as late as Tuesday last, deliberately informs its readers that Herbert of California, who killed the Irish waiter Keating, is a "Know Nothing." And this, too, in the face of the fact of Herbert being a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention which nominated Buchanan. A specimen of the truthfulness of the Foreign press.

A woman lately obtained a divorce from husband because he had a bald head, which he concealed by a wig during the period of urging his matrimonial suit and the consummation of the bargain. It was undoubtedly a bald assumption on her part, and we may, we think, congratulate the man on his hair-breadth escape from a miserable fate.

GERMAN MEETING IN CHICAGO.

The Germans of Chicago have held a public meeting. The following resolutions were adopted. Ah, Democracy, you need not deny that the Germans are Abolitionists to the core. We quote from the Chicago Democrat:

Resolved, That John C. Fremont, of California, ought to be the next President, and Wm. L. Dayton, of New Jersey, the next Vice President.

Resolved, That what ought to be will be, if the Germans of the Union, and especially the Germans of Illinois, do their duty.

Resolved that Republican Clubs will furnish the Germans the best opportunity of doing their duty.

Resolved, That the Germans of Chicago will therefore form Clubs on the North, South and West sides, large and comprehensive enough to unite all opponents of the present corrupt and freedom-betraying administration, who hold with the Declaration of Independence, that all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which is especially "liberty," who deny to any majority the right of robbing the minority of their freedom and oppressing them with slavery, in short all those whose motto is, Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Labor, and Free and Equal Men.

Patients who take lobelia, get into what is called the "alarm state." The above resolutions throw lobelia into the shade.

YANKEE DOODLE.—At a 4th of July dinner in Boston, the following toast was offered:

"Yankee Doodle—The tune to which our fathers marched to victory. May their sons, as they commemorate Yankee Doodle-doo, never forget what Yankee Doodle did!"

The Lynchburg Republican of a late date says:

"We have private information to the effect that the United States Military Asylum, at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, was burned down last Sunday. This is one of the asylums the site of which was selected by Gen. Scott, in 1852, under a special commission of the Government. The cost was \$100,000. The fire was communicated accidentally."

The toothache may be cured by holding in the hand a certain root—the root of the tooth. Call on Dr. Baird.

A witty druggist, on a cold night last winter, was awakened by a terrible rapping at the door. Going down he found a poor devil who wanted to purchase a dose of salts. The shop was entered, the dose prepared, and a half dime put in the drawer.

"How much did you make by that operation?" asked his wife as he got back in bed.

"Four cents," was the reply.

"A shame it is," returned his irritated dame, "for a man to disturb your rest just for a dose of salts."

"Recollect, my love," said the druggist, "that one dose of salts will disturb the man's rest more than it has mine; and reflect that these little inconveniences always work well in time."

JUDAS AND FREMONT.—The Black Republican papers are busy in quoting compliments paid Fremont by such men as Crittender and Cass. There is no reason to doubt that Judas was well thought of by the Apostle until he sold himself and betrayed Christ. Judas is believed to have had a hang-dog look, and every one who has seen Fremont knows he has the combined look of forty egg-sucking, sheep-killing, kitchen-robbing hounds.—The election of such a man to the Presidency would set all the pirates and land robbers in the United States in motion, and all the dogs yelping and leaping from their kennels.

The Wilmington North Carolina Herald, in allusion to Mr. Fillmore's prospects, says:

The scenes of 1840 are about to be re-enacted in the country. The same astonishing uprising of popular sentiment—the same earnest, invincible desire for a change in the administration of public affairs—the same determination to rescue the government from the evil influences that surround it,—is beginning thus early in the campaign to be apparent.

PRESERVING FRUIT.

Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, peaches, in fact any fruit may be preserved in air-tight bottles, so as to retain its natural flavor, with but little labor or expense. The following is an excellent mode:

"Fill the bottles quite full with fruit not quite ripe; place them, with the corks put lightly into them, in a copper with cold water up to the necks, and gradually raise the temperature of the water to 160 degrees, and not exceeding 170 degrees Fahr. Keep them at this temperature half an hour; then take each out separately, and fill it up with boiling water from a kettle to within an inch of the cork, drive in the cork firmly, tie it over and dip it immediately into bottle wax, and lay the bottle down its side, to keep the cork always damp. To prevent fermentation, turn each bottle half round twice or thrice a week for two or three weeks; after that, they will need no farther care. The corks should be soaked in water two or three days before being used."

Another mode is to tie the corks before putting the bottles in the water.—The heat expels the air from the fruit.—As soon as the bottles are cool enough, apply the sealing wax. The secret consists in exhausting the air from the bottles, and making the corks air-tight.

A lady in a neighboring town, who had risen rapidly from the kitchen to grace the head of her master's table, was one day entertaining a large party, when the conversation happened to flag, one of the guests remarked,

"Awful pause!"
"And what's your business with my awful paws?" in wrath retorted the landlady; "if you had scrubbed the house as long as I have done, your paws would nae hae a been sne bonnie and white as they are."

The thread of conversation is sustained amongst several persons by each knowing when to take a stitch in time.

WOMAN'S WILL.—Dip the Pacific ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters do their duty, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing hooks in a balloon and fish for stars—when the rain is coming down like the cateract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

In the debate upon the Panama Mission, James Buchanan took strong ground against the Monroe doctrine. The Cincinnati platform upon which he now professes to stand endorses the Monroe doctrine, and a little more so.

Fillmore flags are floating all over Massachusetts. One recently unfurled, measures over sixty feet in length.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Life is like a fountain, fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part assunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death, health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes it contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by his own action; death lurks in ambush along the path. Notwithstanding this truth is so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little did we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors die, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell may give the next warning to the world.—*Greenwood.*

A statue of Washington has been made from sheet copper by a coppersmith of New York city, with a hammer. A rare specimen of American genius.