

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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WHY DO IT!

The democratic press have teemed with appeals to the people to lay aside all party prejudice and come to the support of their candidate, en masse. There is no reason, common sense or justice in such appeals. Is it reasonable to ask Americans to disregard principles—principles they cherish as the true basis of our Government and the landmarks of the founders of the Republic—to support a party at war with these principles? Would it be common sense on their part to desert their chosen standard-bearer who has been weighed and approved, and who is acknowledged to be worthy and well qualified, to place in power a man whose soundness is at least questionable? Would it be justice to themselves and to their country to aid in keeping in power the party that has involved the country in the very troubles of which they themselves now complain? When the democratic party took the reins of Government in hand, we were enjoying peace abroad and prosperity at home—no civil feuds nor foreign broils were even perceptible in the distant future. Sectionalism had just received a blow from which it would never recover. The democratic party took entire control of the country. The President and both branches of the National Legislature—almost every State from Maine to Texas and from Maryland to California, all, all under Democratic sway. It was thought then if Democratic doctrine was calculated to benefit the country, its good results must now be felt. But in the space of three and a half years what do we see? Sectionalism rampant—civil war—the treasury plundered—foreign embroilments—degradation abroad and confidence lost at home. The President sits there a perfect pigmy, the emaciated, afflicted subject of his own follies. The House of Representatives he sold out to sectionalism—the Senate repudiated him and his party—State after State has wheeled out of line. The country now groans beneath burdens such as it never did before, all resulting from Democratic rule. This, men of Franklin and other counties, is the rule you are asked to perpetuate. Will you do it?

It is stated that the entire German vote in Iowa was cast at the late election for the Republicans.

The Constitution adopted by the Abolitionists of Kansas, at Topeka, excludes negroes from voting at all elections.

The value of slave property at the South is estimated at 2,000,000,000 of dollars.

Dying Words.—The last words of great men are always remembered. As John Quincy Adams expired, he said: "this is the last of earth!" Daniel Webster uttered the words, "I still live!" James Buchanan, surrounded by the "Keystone Club," declared, as he took a last lingering look upon his friends: "I am no longer James Buchanan."

New York.—The accounts from the Empire State are of the most encouraging character. The American papers speak with utmost confidence of carrying it for Fillmore and Donelson. There have recently been a series of meetings, the largest ever held in the State, and the enthusiasm which pervaded the masses was most intense.

THE LITTLE LONE GRAVE.

To our mind there is something exceedingly touching—touchingly simple—in the following picture of a little lone grave, encountered in an over-land expedition to California some four years ago. The incident is related by a California paper.—There is no true parent who can read it without a fruitful river in the eye:
"The over-land emigration to California in 1852, was immense, and attended with sickness and death. Hardly a company that was not decimated, and many doubly so. New made graves that, during the first ten days upon the plains, possessed at least a melancholy interest, sufficient to turn the steps of the traveler, if only just to know the name and where from, at length became so numerous as hardly to attract a passing notice, unless in the immediate vicinity of our camping grounds. We had encamped upon one of the very small streams between the Little Platte rivers; we were all joyous and happy; our animals as yet in excellent condition, our company all in good health and we had not been long enough on the plains to know or feel fatigue. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had stopped early, where the water and grass were abundant, and intended to remain there over Sunday.
Tents were pitched, our horses were quietly grazing, and mirth and gaiety resounded throughout the camp. More than one of us had observed a little strip of board no wider than a man's hand standing upright amid the green grass but a few rods from our wagons. One of our company thinking it would make good kindlings, went out to get it but returned without it, saying nothing. Another went and he too returned without it; and yet another and another, and as they returned all seemed less joyous than before. Our own curiosity was excited, and we too, with a companion, went out to see it, and discover if possible its apparent sacredness. On approaching it, we found ourselves approaching a lone little grave!—The puny mound of earth was fresh, and the green grass around it had hardly recovered from its recent trampling; and newly cut, as with pen-knife, upon the frail monument were these words:

"OUR ONLY CHILD
DEAR LITTLE MARY,
FOUR YEARS OLD."

But we had no means of ascertaining whose Little Mary it was. As the sun was yet an hour high or more, it was proposed that we should go on a mile or two to other camping grounds; and without a question being asked, or a reason given, it was unanimously approved and carried into effect. But the true and only cause was, the nearness to our camping ground of that lone little grave and its frail monument.

The Pennsylvanian tries to recommend Mr. Buchanan to working men by asserting, upon the authority of "a valued friend," that he once took "a warm and decided interest" in the ten hour system. If Buchanan ever favored the ten hour system it was from motives of mere arithmetical convenience—it harmonizes so beautifully with his ten cent system. The two combined would certainly form a wonderful "Ready Reckoner" for the working man. With their aid he could calculate his earnings "as easy as nothing."

Gen. John N. Purviance, of Butler county, Pa., has declared in favor of Fremont for the Presidency. Gen. Purviance is the brother of Samuel A. Purviance, the present member of Congress from that District. He was for six years the Auditor General of Pennsylvania, and elected both times as a democrat.

Still They Come.—Hon. Alfred B. Ely, of New York, has abandoned Fremont and Black Republicanism, and declared for Fillmore. The Fillmore ranks are swelling like the waves of the restless sea.

To ascertain the length of the day and night, any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night; and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a little method of "doing a thing" which few of our readers have been aware of.

If you would be seen you must shine.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

An acquaintance of Lord Bacon's who meant to hang only partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensation was that of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black then to sky blue. These colors are even a source of pleasure. A Capt. Montagnac, who was hanged in France during religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that, after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, across the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry the IV of France, told his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a parlor the man answered coolly that it was not worth the asking. The infirmity of the description renders it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the unconsciousness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colors of various hues start up before the sight, and that, these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion. The mind averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator—the vile rabble, hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the wind.

What a beautiful little waif on the influence of a smile! Read it.—

"A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown.—There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness, and sweetness, others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unswerving from the reflection of evil, and is illumined and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

A Dangerous Acquisition.

A Washington correspondent of the Nashville Patriot, thus alludes to Percy Walker's accession to the Sag Nicht party:

You have heard, probably, of the defection of Percy Walker, of Alabama.—It has been anticipated here ever since the nomination of Fillmore. In his speech, announcing his determination to support Buchanan, he denounced the compromise measures of 1850, and said that he was then for dissolution. That the South in submitting to those great measures of Clay, Webster, Cass, Dickinson and Fillmore, had submitted to an irreparable wrong. You will agree with me that the American party was not the place for such a man. It is meet that he should support Buchanan, but the Buchanians do not regard his support as a valuable acquisition; they fear the influence of his speech in favor of "old Squatter Sovereignty" in the North and with the Union men of the South. The Black Republicans, always eager to appropriate everything to their advantage, have, I learn, adopted his speech as one of their campaign documents, intending to circulate it throughout the whole North, for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the people against old Buch. Injury to old Buch will be the result of the circulation of this speech in the North. A few more such acquisitions by the Democracy will effectually spike their guns, and they will become captives of the Republican party. It is truly unfortunate that the South will send such men to Congress; they are an absolute and positive injury to it—in short they are the manufacturers of Abolitionists.

THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

One of the most memorable passages ever uttered by Mr. Webster was in vindication of the authority of conscience and of Providence: "The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do for it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed upon by a torment which it does not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which comes to possess him; and like the evil spirit, of which we read, it overcomes him; and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising in his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, and almost hears it working in the very silence of his thoughts—it has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicion without begins to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; there is no refuge from confession, but suicide; and suicide is confession."

THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair,
She's clad in her silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks,
And though she talks but little,
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.
Her father goes clad in his russet,
And ragged and seely at that,
His coats are all out at the elbow—
He wears a shocking bad hat.
He's hoarding and saving his shillings
So carefully day by day,
While she on her beaux and poodles,
Is throwing it all away.
She lies a-bed in the morning
'Till nearly an hour of noon;
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was called so soon.
Her hair is still in the papers,
Her cheeks still dabbled with paint—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.
She doats upon men unshaven,
And men with the "flowing hair;"
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air;
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon,
And though but a mouse should meet her
She sinks away in a swoon.
Her feet are so very little,
Her hands so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics,
Though this she will never own;
Her body's made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone!
She falls in love with a fellow,
Who struts with a foreign air;
Who marries her for her money—
She marries him for his hair;
One of the very best matches—
Both are well mated in life!
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife!

HAS SHAME FLED FROM THE WORLD.

When General Scott was nominated for the Presidency over Fillmore, the latter was wept over by the Pierce people because he was so good and so sound a man, and Gen Scott was abused because he was so bad and unsound a man. Will any one think now that Scott and Fillmore have changed places? Does any human being suppose it possible that the papers that then lauded Fillmore and abused Scott, could now laud Scott and abuse Fillmore? Alas for Sag Nicht humanity! it is possible. The Cincinnati Enquirer that lauded Fillmore and abused Scott, now lauds Scott and abuses Fillmore. Hear it on Scott:

"It is stated that among the many staunch Old-Line Whigs who are opposed to the election of Col. Fremont, is Gen. Scott. That gallant veteran is undoubtedly too true a friend to the Union, which he has so long served with eminent distinction and credit, to countenance a faction which proposes to erase from our national flag fifteen stars, and whose leaders are well known Abolitionists and Disunionists. The old General now, as upon the bloody field of Lundy's Lane and Chepultapec, will march with no party that does not keep step to the "flag of the Union." His patriotism revolts at the idea of the North being arrayed against the South."

THE FIRESIDE.

The fire side is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal and because the education it bestows, being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may mold in the halls of memory; but simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart in childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the mature and less vivid pictures of after days.
So deep, and so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of his childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perhaps, seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in attempt to have it cleaned and restored you have seen it fade away, while a brighter and still more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is an apt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outer picture, giving it a tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished for our education.

Old Line Whigs Read.

If any Whig thinks of acting with the Locofoco party in the coming contest, we commend to his careful perusal the following precious extract from a tract issued from Democratic Headquarters at Washington, shortly before the Presidential election in 1844, entitled "Trac No. 2 Sub Treasury—What is it?" many copies of which were circulated in the country during the canvass:

"When they [the Whigs] take a man [Henry Clay] foaming with passion, a pistol in one hand and a pack of cards in the other, as their candidate for the Presidency, they may expect to win the support of the moral and religious by associating with him a psalm-singing professor, [Theodore Freylinghuyzen], with a Hymn-Book in his hand and a Bible under his arm.
"Clay half intoxicated with wine, raving at a debauch and Freylinghuyzen fervently addressing the Almighty in a prayer meeting.
"Clay at the card Table and Freylinghuyzen at the Communion Table.
"Clay pointing with deadly aim at the heart of his fellow-man, and Freylinghuyzen lecturing against duelling as cold blooded murder.
"Never yet was there a tyrant or usurper so bloody and wicked, that he could not find Priests or clergy of some religion or sect to cloak his crimes and mock heaven by invoking its blessings on his enormities. Our Whigs have not read history in vain, and they are attempting to profit by its lessons.
"Religion is called upon to take the bloody hand of the Duellist and sit down with him in the seat of power."
"Religion is called upon to take to her embraces the devotee of the gaming table and the brothel, that she may share with him the civil power of the country.
Theodore the Gift of God, is to take upon his sanctified shoulders, HAL, THE PRINCE OF REVELERS, and seat him in the chair of President, that he may sit by his side."

This is what the Buchanan party said of Henry Clay in 1844. Can Whigs ever forget the base slanders then scattered broadcast throughout the Union? Alas! now Buchanians ask Whigs to vote for the man who slandered Henry Clay!—They slandered him till he sank into the tomb, and now they give him faint praise to catch old line Whig votes. Will the day of righteous retribution ever come?

Balky Horses.—Many persons are annoyed occasionally by balking horses.—We have lately seen a remedy successfully applied which was new to us and may be to some of our readers. It is quite a simple one, but we have reason to believe it is never tried in vain. Tie a small cord directly under the fetlock of one of the horse's front feet, and go before him and pull the foot after you. At first he may refuse to move, except to endeavor to detach the cord, but in a short time he will move kindly. Try it with a little patience, and our word for it, it will make him—if the load is not too heavy. It is much better than the unmerciful beating we see some inflict at such times.

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.

A man at Hague, becoming tired of his wife, attempted to poison her in the following manner:

They had sat down to dinner, and while she had left the room, or her back was turned, he put the poison in her soup.—Not daring to trust himself in her presence, he feigned some excuse and left the room. By a wonderful Providence, when she came to the table, a spider had dropped from the ceiling of the room into her soup-plate. She was especially afraid of spiders, and her husband had often laughed at her for it. So she carefully took the spider out with a spoon, and finding that she could not bring herself to eat after it, she, in the absence of husband, changed the plates, and eat his soup.—He was immediately taken with convulsions and expired. Before death he confessed that he had poisoned the soup, and that it must have been placed before him unintentionally by his wife. Now, how narrow was the escape of his wife, not only from being poisoned, but from being hung. If the man had died without a confession, the woman must have been immediately arrested. Poison would have been found in the man and in the soup-plate. She gave him the soup.—Here would have been circumstantial evidence, strong enough to have hung her, and an innocent woman would have expired, but for the confession.

Withdrawal of Buchanan.

A few days ago, the Washington Organ stated that the withdrawal of Buchanan from the Presidential contest was under serious consideration in a Democratic caucus at Washington city. This statement was corroborated by the Washington correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer. We find in the Natchez Courier the following postscript to a private letter written at New York by a Mississippi lawyer of high standing:

"Fillmore stock is unquestionably rising, and the withdrawal of Mr. Buchanan is seriously mooted here among the few leaders left of the Democracy."
The nomination of Buchanan was a mistake; it has failed entirely to effect what it was intended to effect. He was nominated with the hope of luring back into the Democratic fold sufficient Northern strength to keep the harpies of the Democratic party in power and place, and the fruition of public plunder.—It has already been ascertained beyond any doubt that Buchanan cannot be elected, that he will be the third man in the race, and that keeping him on the track will only increase the chances for the election of Fremont. Many leading men, who were originally for Buchanan, have become convinced that keeping him in the field will only serve to obstruct the progress of Mr. Fillmore in the South, and are anxious for his removal. They see that the contest is between Fillmore and Fremont, and that the corpse of the squatter sovereignty is only an obstruction to the Union party. Remove the body. It encumbers the way of the party that is fighting against sectionalism, and for the Union and the constitution. Away with it and bury it at the bottom of the garden or at the cross roads.—Louisville Journal.

All our information from the counties above us is of the most cheering character. A gentleman who has traveled through most of the country north of the Tennessee, represents that the American fires are burning brightly on every hill-top, and that there will be large gains for Fillmore in almost every county. From beyond the mountain the most gratifying intelligence reaches us—the canvass is being most thoroughly prosecuted by the Fillmore speakers, and their triumphs are so often as they speak, and accessions are daily to the American ranks. Of our own immediate section, we can say to our friends abroad, All's well. East Tennessee will give a voting majority for Fillmore.—Athens Post.

The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter if your neighbor lies in a splintered tomb? Sleep you in your innocence.

Percy Walker of Alabama, has been severely denounced by the Americans of Baldwin county for his desertion of the American flag, and invited to resign his seat in Congress.