

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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Solitary Musings.

CONTINUED.

We are passing away. Beyond the termination of man's corporeal existence he is obliged to extend his hopes. His capability of the most refined contemplations on the works and goodness of his Creator,—of increasing and advancing his knowledge and speculation in all things,—of his never being satisfied in searching after truth through all the meanderings and hidden recesses of nature, demonstrate the divinity of his origin, and its fulness beyond the trammels and imperfections of earth. In spite of the ingenuity of the most obstinate atheists, or our own doubts devise, our very imagination reaches to eternity. Beings so highly gifted in the scale of intellectuality, capable of such vast ranges of thought, whose powers of comprehensibility transcend the limits of terrestrial existence, must ultimately move in a sphere compatible with the developments of their intellectual advancement, and their near affinity to the *Divine Intelligence* that spoke them into being. We are but passengers on the boisterous ocean of life, embarked in a frail vessel, which, though it proudly careers over the billowy tide, moved on by pleasant breezes, is liable at any moment to be dashed into ruin by the concealed rock, or claimed as a wreck by the lowering tempest. From the time our earth was spoken into being, and man placed upon it, generation after generation have been toiling on to Eternity. "For six thousand years the earth has been the sepulchre of life to its busy, bustling millions—the vast burying ground where now molder the children of ages in undistinguishable equality."

There are many pleasant scenes connected with man's brief stay on earth, but they flit off like passing shadows. In the progress of his earthly career, sensible pleasures are often in his path; many objects, as he passes on, present themselves with claims on his admiration; he sees a great variety of objects in the natural world that please and delight, while at the same time he views the elements of instability and change, decay and desolation, visibly and veritably at work, from the centre to the circumference of the globe.

The violent disruption and ruin of the earth by a deluge, as recorded in the Sacred History, most conclusively demonstrated by its superior hidden strata, unconnected throughout its extent with the more primary facts of Geology; the many earthquakes and volcanoes deeply seated in the bowels of the globe; the "severed continents and islands upheaved in the bosom of Ocean, with their frowning battlements of rocks and hills," the subterranean explosions shaking earth and ocean, and the great number of burning mountains, "dotting the map of earth with their lurid glare and desolating lava," are but the results of instability and dissolution. This globe, "with all it inherits," is a mighty theatre of change and desolation.

In the world of animated nature, as well as throughout the mighty extent of the physical world, revolution follows on the heel of revolution. The vexatious scenes and leaden-footed cares of this life, presuppose disease and death. Children of mortality! while "in the midst of life we are in death." We are passing away from earth—from its tempests and its storms only to begin to live.

The habitation of which we are tenants is not a "castle of brass or palace of adamant." It is too frail to withstand the storm-tumultuous ocean of life; then as a natural consequence, we must leave this earthly habitation for an everlasting home *somewhere* in the immensity of being. Whatever may be our thoughts in relation to the amazing, the vast unknown, somewhere spread out before us, certain it is, we are rapidly tending thither to find a future replete with good or evil. Happy they who subdue the baneful passions of their nature, resign themselves to all the dispensations of Providence, and live in harmony with the governing principles of the Universe. To such there can be no terror in the thought of passing from earth through "the dark valley of the shadow of death," to enter upon a state of progress commensurate with eternity, with a capacity for happiness that will ever be increasing and forever filling with the fulness of God.

HUMILIS.
FRANKLIN COUNTY, Oct. 7.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years.'

We are indebted for the following very beautiful piece of poetry to the scissors of a young female friend. On behalf of our readers we thank her, and hope she will favor us again.

"'Twill be all the same in a hundred years—
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!"

O, how oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvelous truth that these words convey!

And can it be so! Must the valiant and free,
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?

Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won,
Only castles of frost-work, confronting the sun?

And must all that is joyous and brilliant to view
As a midsummer dream, be as perishing too?

Then have pity, ye proud ones—be gentle, ye great,
O, remember how mercy besemeth your state!

For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave
Is eating the chain of the manacled slave,
And the conqueror's frowns and the victim's tears
Will be all the same in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!

How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,
Whose heirloom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil!

Yet, envy not those who have glory and gold,
By the sweat of the poor and the blood of the bold;

For 'tis coming, how'er they may flaunt in their pride,
The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side.

Death unites the children of toil and sloth,
And the democrat reptiles crouse upon both;

For time, as he speeds on his viewless wings,
Disenamels and withers all earthly things;

And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's crook,
And the minstrel's pipe and the scholar's book,
And the emperor's crown, and his Cossack's spear,
Will be just alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years,
O, most magical fountain of smiles and tears!

To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June
Which we love so much, should be lost so soon!

Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?
Or the breaking of human hearts for toys?

Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?
Or the passions of youth for its darling dreams?

Or the aiming at ends we never can span?
Or the deadly aversion of man for man!

What avail it all! O, ye sages say—
Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay?

Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—
The enchanting maid with the starry eyes?

Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears?
If 'tis all the same in a hundred years!

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clear soever the case appears;

For know ye not that beyond the grave,
Far, far beyond where the cedars wave
On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars,
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this?

And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore,
Has the thought of death in his heart no more,
But layeth his staff and sandals down
For the victor's palm, and the monarch's crown,
And the mother meets, in that tranquil sphere,
The delightful child she has wept for here;
And the warrior's sword that protects the right,
Is bejeweled with stars of undying light;
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,
While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up!

So be glad my heart and forget thy tears
For 'tis not the same in a hundred years!

Reader, whenever a democrat approaches you and attempts to persuade you to vote for the 'Cincinnati Platform' on the ground that 'Fillmore stands no chance,' ask him if he has heard the news from Iowa. If that don't stop him, then ask him if he has heard from Maine: In nine cases out of ten this will make him as mum as his candidate. We tried a democrat this way the other day, and immediately his under lip dropped to an angle of about 45 degrees below the knees, and almost went into convulsions. "Fillmore stands no chance" eh? Have you heard the news from MAINE?

The Irish Mob in Indiana.

We copied in our paper of yesterday from the Logansport [Ind.] Journal an account of the late ruffianly and murderous riot at Bourbon, Marshall county, at the discussion between Messrs. Stuart and Colfax. For no reason under heaven except that in one of the wagons proceeding to the meeting, a banner was borne representing a buck on his last leg, a gang of thirty Irishmen from the railroad, armed with hickory clubs, knocked down the horses and commenced an indiscriminate assault upon the persons in the wagon, but beating and bruising all alike. They afterwards attacked the Hon. S. Colfax and his friends, and, in these assaults and others, two men were shot dead and several very severely wounded. The Irish took complete possession of the town driving the citizens to seek protection wherever they could.

There was not even a pretext that anything had been done to provoke these horrible Irish outrages except the exhibition of the old buck on one leg. For rurs and only this, the Irish brutes committed the assault with clubs and pistols, whilst American women were shrieking and begging and running for their lives. For this and only this, the most shocking murders were committed upon persons guiltless of any just offense. Never until within the last few years could such an atrocity have been perpetrated without arousing a spirit of wrath and vengeance in the bosoms of the whole American people. But now, such is the madness of the Sag Nicht party, not a word of rebuke or complaint or even regret will be uttered by that party's organs. They care not how many outrages are committed against Americans, how many Americans are knocked down, or how much American blood is shed by low, vulgar, beastly Irish scoundrels.

Yet all concerned may feel well assured that these things cannot long go on. The late wanton attack by the Irish in Baltimore upon quiet and peaceable American fishing parties, where nearly a hundred persons were killed and wounded; the more recent series of preconcerted attacks by the Irish of New York city upon nearly the whole line of the American procession in the streets, and now this assassin-like attack of the railroad Irish of Indiana upon American men and women for daring to pass along the road with a banner not agreeable to Irish taste—all these outrages, taken in connection with scores of others of the same kind continually occurring wherever Irishmen are to be found in the United States, will, unless there be a speedy and thorough change of Irish manners and morals, call for a terrible retribution. The truth is, the Sag Nicht presses, by their whole course, are setting the depraved portion of the Irish population upon American citizens as they would set so many blood-thirsty bull dogs upon a flock of sheep.—But they may find that what they take to be sheep will turn out lions.—*Louisville Journal.*

The editor of the Brooklyn Evening Star after taking a tour through New York State, gives the following as his impression as to what Mr. Fillmore's chances in the Empire State will be:

"Of the whole, our brief tour has impressed us with a certainty of our success in this State. With 182,000 registered votes—with our Fillmore and Donelson Clubs—with the valuable assistance of the old line Whigs—with accessions of old line Democrats—with the Protestant Associations—with State officers, &c., if we cannot beat a faction in the form of mock Republicanism and sham Democracy, then indeed is New York lost to all sense of patriotism, and the proud position which she occupies in the galaxy of stars. Good cheer, friends—New York is all right."

The New York Commercial, one of the most reliable papers in the Union, expresses the opinion that it "is a moral certainty that the friends of Mr. Fillmore will carry the electoral vote of that State in November." The Albany Statesman is equally confident. The Fillmore prospect in New York is constantly brightening.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope, report the murder of Rev. Mr. Thomas, a Wesleyan missionary, by the Caffres.

TEARDROPS FROM THE HEART

They come 'mid scenes of gladness,
Like April's sunny rains!
The same, as when deep sadness
The heart's wild joy refrains;
For of our every sorrow
A joy they claim a part;
Affection's light they borrow,
Those tear drops from the heart.

Oft when my heart beats lightest,
When Pleasure reigns supreme,
And youthful hopes are brightest,
I wake as from a dream,
And all such themes must banish,
E'en bid those hopes depart,
Which, as they quickly vanish,
Wring tear drops from the heart.

I feel them softly stealing,
When loved ones are away;
'Twould crush each finer feeling
Were I to bid them stay,
But, oh! when sad and lonely,
And none are near to see,
They flow then, and then only,
All unrestrained and free.

It is not grief unbroken,
No deep and sullen woe,
No words unflinching spoken,
That causes them to flow;
But deep and hidden feeling,
That knows not where to cling;
That find the balm of healing,
Affection's meed should bring.

When gayest friends are round me
And sprightly jests are flung
From those who fain would sound me,
To know what depth they're sprung:
Although my words fall lightly,
They know not whence they start;
Though if they judged them rightly,
'Twould be fresh from the heart.

Oh! bitter drops of sorrow
I would not bid ye stay;
Affection's smiles ye borrow
To scatter gloom away;
Oh! words of careless sounding,
With meaning pure and deep;
Wherever Truth's abounding,
There still your revels keep.

The Greatest Humbug of the Day.

An Alabama contemporary well remarks that the greatest humbug of the day is the false idea that the democrats are harping on, that 'Fillmore stands no chance.' Talk to them about the rottenness of old Buck, and they answer 'Fillmore is weak. Show them old Buck's abolition sentiments, and with wry faces they answer, 'Fillmore is out of the question.'—Point them to the odious features of Squatter Sovereignty and Ailen suffrage in their platform, and they cry out, 'oh, Fillmore is not in the race.' Miserable and empty trick! This is the sum and substance of all their reasoning and argument. This is the foundation of all their delusive hopes; but it is one of sand, and now, when the spirit of patriotic enquiry is abroad in the land, the people begin to see the miserable subterfuge, and alas! for the democracy, are flocking heart and soul to the advancing standard of Millard Fillmore. Push on the ball! Buchanan is the man who has 'no chance'—no not even the ghost of a chance.—The people see it, and, to beat Fremont, they are rallying for Fillmore and the Constitution. All hands, we say, for the patriot Fillmore, and sectionalism, North and South, is dead forever.

A wag who has done something towards increasing the federal census, denies that Buchanan, who is an old Bachelor, has any right to expect the support of the "people." He gives the reason as follows:

"To say the people are for 'Buck,'
Is sadly to mistake 'em—
Why should the people go for one
Who does not try to make 'em."

Truth.—A cannon ball, striking the oaken ribs of a man of war, pierces straight through them, scattering destruction on all sides, until its force is expended; but if it impinge upon the wave, it swerves aside, and is conquered by their unresisting softness, and finally subsides without injury. So the first bursts of passion, increased and rendered more dangerous by stubborn opposition, will generally yield and fall harmless when it is met by softness and submission.

By a rule of the Post Office Department, adopted under the administration of that old fashioned democrat, Tom Jefferson, postmasters are inhibited from interfering in elections. Look sharp—the river's risin'!

In for Fillmore and Donelson.

The East Tennessean, published at Maryville, a paper which has sustained a strict neutrality in politics since the commencement of its publication, comes into the support of Fillmore and Donelson upon the considerations set forth by the Baltimore Convention of Old Line Whigs. We copy the following extract from its article declaring its adherence to the Union ticket:

We, in common with many others, looked to the decision of the Convention at Baltimore as final on the question, whom it was the duty of the South to support. Millard Fillmore having received the nomination of the convention, and that convention being actuated solely, as we firmly believe, by the sincerest motives for the best interests of the Union, we feel compelled to endorse their nomination by all the support it may be in our power to afford.

Though we are free to admit that we had a preference for Millard Fillmore, yet had the nomination fallen on Mr. Buchanan, we should as unhesitatingly have given him our support. Entering thus upon the campaign, with no partisan feelings, simply on the ground that Mr. Fillmore's prospects are the brightest, and the most likely to give quiet to the country, by entrusting the Chief Magistracy of this confederacy to a man not swayed by sectional feelings, we are prepared to use our most strenuous exertions to secure his election; and we now cordially invite all our subscribers and friends and the friends of the Union to aid us in this. Let all rise above the petty and insignificant ties of party, and say, like Brutus: "Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more,"—giving their votes to Millard Fillmore, not that their regard for James Buchanan is less, but that the love they bear their country is greater than their party predilections.

They are showing Lot's wife in one of the Eastern cities. She is done up in salt, and is said to be the genuine article.

"Tommy, my dear, what are you going to do with that club?"
"Send it to the editor of course."
"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

The mother came near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask:
"But, Tommy, what do you suppose he wants of a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers who don't pay for their paper."

"Mr. Snowball, I want to ask you one question dis evening."
"Well, succeed den."

"Spose you go to de tsbbeen to get dinner, and don't hab noffin on de table but a big beet, what should you say?"
"I gibdat up afore you ax it. What should you say?"

"Why, under de circumstances ob de case, I should say, *dat beats all.*"

A wit, a barber, and a bald-headed man, were traveling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The first lot fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping.—He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch, said—"Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the old bald-headed man instead of me."

The Baltimore Clipper a neutral paper, takes the following view of the political battle:

Maryland will certainly go for Mr. Fillmore by an overwhelming majority, and the organ might as well cease its efforts to produce a different result. Pennsylvania we have strong hopes will take the same direction. New York and Massachusetts, etc., ditto, ditto. In short, we do not consider the election of Mr. Buchanan as among the possibilities, and the Southern States will have to decide between Mr. Fillmore, a national man, and Cel. Fremont, fresco sect. onalists."

DETROIT, Sept. 22.—The Advertiser publishes an address signed by 250 citizens of Detroit, who voted for Pierce, repudiating Buchanan Democracy, and declaring their intention to vote for Fremont.

**From the American Organ.
Buchanan's Election is Impossible.**

Figures are often more eloquent than words; let us see how they speak in regard to Mr. Buchanan's chances. There are in all 296 electoral votes. Necessary to a choice 149 electoral votes. Suppose Mr. Buchanan should get the entire vote of the slave States, he would yet want 29 free State votes. Pennsylvania, his own State, then would not elect him.—With the vote of the South, however, 120 votes, Mr. Fillmore, carrying as he will certainly do, New York, his own native State, would be elected. But Mr. Buchanan cannot possibly get the entire vote of the slave States. Maryland, Delaware, Louisiana, Florida, Kentucky, and Tennessee, are certain for Fillmore, to say nothing of other reasonable chances. This increases Mr. Buchanan's required votes in the North to 73. Where will he get them? Pennsylvania is more than doubtful, and yet it is his own State—his best chance. The result then even of this slight glance at the figures shows that the South can elect Mr. Fillmore, but cannot elect Mr. Buchanan. How will those patriots decide, who are so anxious to prevent Fremont's election?—Will they come over to Fillmore, as they invited the Fillmore men to come to them when it was pretended that Mr. Buchanan's chances were best? We doubt it.—For the benefit, however, of those honest men, who have been persuaded away from the support of Mr. Fillmore, on the plea that he could not be elected, we give below the electoral vote, and invite their attention to it, before they conclude to abandon their flag:

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.		
The vote to be cast by the several States for President and Vice President is as follows:		
19 Free States.	15 Slave States.	
Maine	8 Delaware	3
New Hampshire	5 Maryland	8
Vermont	5 Virginia	15
Massachusetts	13 North Carolina	10
Rhode Island	4 South Carolina	8
Connecticut	6 Georgia	10
New York	35 Florida	3
New Jersey	7 Alabama	9
Pennsylvania	27 Mississippi	7
Ohio	23 Louisiana	6
Indiana	13 Texas	4
Illinois	11 Tennessee	12
Michigan	6 Kentucky	13
Wisconsin	5 Missouri	9
Iowa	4 Arkansas	4
California	4	—
— Total slave States		120
176 " free States		176
Total vote		296
Necessary to a choice		149

Colic in Horses.—Take 1 oz. of Laudanum, 1 tablespoonful of Salaratus, and 1 pint of Whiskey. Put all in a quart bottle and fill with water. If the attack is not severe, give half a drench. If severe, all. It seldom fails of affecting a cure.

The love of admiration is the conker upon the heart of many a lovely woman. It is vanity in its worst form. It insinuates itself into the moral nature, and either makes the woman an object of vulgar stare or public notoriety. When her beauty is gone, the absence of the simulant to her weakened nature leaves her irritable and disappointed. Beauty is a dangerous inheritance, and requires a special duty from the owner of it. The destiny of a beautiful woman is nobler than to be stared at by the vulgar crowd, or flattered by heartless society.

Mr. Fillmore.—In a private letter, received a few days ago from Mr. Fillmore, by a gentleman of Georgia, the following characteristic language occurs:

"Whatever may be my fate, personally, it is not worth a thought, if the integrity of the Constitution can be maintained, and we can transmit this glorious heritage unimpaired to our posterity."

This language is worthy of Millard Fillmore. It is such gems as this that give him so high a place in the affections of the American people, and it breathes that lofty patriotism, and that noble self-denial so characteristic of the man, and which have made his own one of the most illustrious names in the history of our country.—*American Organ.*