

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., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1856.

NUMBER 42.

The Winchester Appeal

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

GEO. E. PURVIS AND WM. J. SLATTER.

LEWIS METCALFE, } EDITORS.
GEORGE E. PURVIS, }

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE, \$5 00; 10 copies \$15 00;
WITHIN SIX MONTHS, 2 50
" TWELVE MONTHS, 3 00

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.

3 copies \$5 00; 10 copies \$15 00;
5 copies 8 00; 15 copies 20 00.

Written for the Winchester Appeal.
SOLITARY MUSINGS.

CONCLUDED.

We are passing away! We live in a world of life, motion, and progression. On its surface dwell multiplied millions of animated beings, from man, the highest order of intelligence, down to the lowest grade of being. Interspersed in every direction are human beings of different intellects, different habits, different pursuits, different in degrees of civilization and enlightenment, from the lowest order of savage life to the most enlightened and intelligent circles in the land of Christendom. All, even from those who have for ages groped in grossest darkness,—who had only the faintest scintillations of the lights of nature to direct them,—to those who for centuries have had the learning of the most renowned and classical nations of antiquity handed down to them, with all the improvements and advantages of civilized life, and above all, with the great source and fountain of all light—the Bible; whatever their religion,—whatever the object or objects of their worship, whether Pagan, Jewish or Christian in their belief, have cherished the conviction that there is an hereafter,—a future destination. Through all ages and among all nations it has prevailed; and it is "a truth that has lived in the hopes and floated through the language of all the tongues and tribes of our kind". It springs not from the speculations of philosophy, or the refinements of science, but from a deeper and stronger root—the rational powers of the human soul.—The poor untutored Indian or savage, whether he roams the forests and wilds of America,

"From Patagonia's snow-invested isles,
To Darien, where constant verdure smiles";
or whether his habitation and hunting grounds be amid the fastnesses and gorges of the Rocky Mountains; or his home in the bleak and sterile regions of New Britain's lakes and bays; or whether he be found in the polar regions of the Old World; among the Scandinavians; in the ice-clad huts of Nova-Zembla; in the golden Indies; or in the Oceanic Isles, looks into the future, however faint his perception, for a better state of things. He sees God in the clouds; hears Him in the roaring winds, and worships Him in the rising and setting sun; and in his dreams gets a glimpse of "the spirit land", and consoles himself in the belief that all the dear and loved ones that have departed and gone before to some place unknown, will meet him again, as before,

"Some Summer morning",
in some better home,—
"Some safer world, in depth of wood embraced"
Some happier island in the watery waste";
and yet
"His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way".

None who survive the age of childhood but must, at some time or other, feel the pangs of sorrow or sadness in view of the ills of life that obtruded even at times when there was much to please and afford a degree of happiness. As a retreat from the evils and miseries attendant on our path, which comes up so vividly before us as we look back on our past life, we most intuitively look forward for re-

dress. Thus it is in savage or civil life. To no other tribunal can we look with certainty.

No man who has passed the middle point of life can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth without having the banquet embittered by the cup of sorrow. He may revive the memory of many pleasing extravagancies, or lucky accidents; many days of harmless frolic may occur, and many nights of honest festivity, but sadness will steal over the heart from the reflection that they can never again be realized on earth, and can only live as oases in memory's waste. It is a melancholy reflection that any object that once gave us delight should depart forever. As we pass on through the journey of life, how often do we recall scenes which are past,—scenes that are never to return,—but scenes on which remembrance will ever dwell with exquisite fondness, because they bring to recollection our juvenile associates,—their words, their thoughts, and the many thrilling seasons of pleasure we enjoyed in their company. How often, too, are we reminded of the most pure, genuine and disinterested ties of affection which have been severed by time and distance!

It is seldom in age that we are permitted to enjoy the society of those who were the companions of our youthful days, to whom we were attached by all the congeniality of feeling and sentiment. When we have but just arrived to the age of maturity, in vain do we look around us for the young associates of our childhood,—for those blithesome young beings who participated in our innocent sports, and mingled in the rounds of our childish glee. But now! where are they? They are either scattered in countries distant and unknown to us, or, more likely, have been arrested by the cold hand of death! Ah! where are those to whom we were once bound by every tender feeling that can link "harmonious souls" together? They have passed from earth never to be heard from more. How melancholy! how much to be regretted! but how true the reflection! and how wise the dispensation! Where, then, is our consolation to come from? To what source are we to look for reconciliation? In what direction shall we repose our confidence for a continuity of enjoyments unobscured by deprivations, unobstructed by difficulties, or uninterupted by any of the many evils "to which flesh is heir"!

It is not on any locality of earth that freedom from the ills and thousand infirmities that have ever attended on the journey of mortality can be found; nay, it cannot be found in the midst of imperfection, sorrows, distresses and disappointments. Then we are obliged to borrow our enjoyments while on earth, from the time to come.—Such is the instability and imperfection of all human happiness, that we are obliged to look to another and a lovelier world somewhere in the distance for the full enjoyment of our fondest hopes.

By some it may not be thought wise to call up the vague recollections of childhood,—the pleasurable scenes of youth, and many charms of earlier life,—because, say they, "there is no good sense in brooding over scenes that have been swept away in the advance of time"; but they are sadly mistaken, for it is improving to look back occasionally on past joys,—to retrospect our past lives,—to scan the deeds of the past,—and if they have been virtuous and good they will afford us sweet dreams of joy, and give us consolation in the decline of life. But if we have, on the other hand, strayed in any degree from the paths of rectitude, or been ensnared by the illusive attraction of worldly corruption, or the witchery of plausible vices, we may correct our waywardness for the time to come, and atone for past folly by diffusing in every direction all the

good we can, and giving to the world examples worthy of praise and imitation.

Indeed, as we move on, toiling through the journey of life, we have often to look back on the past, that we may the better judge of our safety for the future. It is in this way that we are to avoid the many oscillations that we are destined to witness in steering our course over the billowy tide of time. The path of rectitude is a narrow one, often with temptations on either side to lead us astray, but having by retrospection improved our judgment, and strengthened our fortitude, we are better enabled to avoid the dangers that lurk on our way, though an occasional obstacle may impede our progress, for few indeed are those gifted ones whose aberrations are but short and seldom. As we pass away from the theatre of earth the step is more elastic and the road more pleasant, if we but carry along with us the consoling reflection that though infested by many snares we had been constantly taking lessons in the school of experience, and continuing to square our lives by the golden compasses of right. Life at best, is but a dream,—an atom of duration,—a state of trial,—a mere introduction to man's impermanent career. It is a brief space allotted to man to prepare for a nobler and far more glorious scene of action, a blissful and unceasing futurity,—a state of endless progression, with a capacity that will be forever increasing "and forever filling with all the fullness of God", while the soul throughout the eternity of her existence will "be continually expanding her views, strengthening her energies, and drinking deeper and deeper of the river of pleasures that flows at the right hand of the Most High." Here then is a perpetual tendency in the mind of man never to be at rest,—a desire after something beyond his present reach,—a want of satisfaction from the attainment of his present desires, his mortal capacity ever seeking yet forever refusing to be filled from earthly sources. There must be a place somewhere "in the immensity of being",—in the unknown vastness of space, for the more complete development of the moral and intellectual powers, and the more full comprehension of the mysteries, the wisdom and goodness of Providence. It should be an abiding stimulus to us as we pass on through life's storms and tempests, that there is a futurity in which our desires, though boundless, can be filled,—an immortality that transcends the utmost stretch of mortal conception in point of enjoyments—enjoyments that can never be realized in the splendors of earth, nor in the most thrilling fascinations within the environs of earthly ambition. Here, the objects of our wishes are magnified in proportion to the distance in which we view them. On approaching them, the charm is broken, the illusion vanishes. "They prove to be but bubbles, which as soon as touched dissolve in airy smoke." Not so with those that are immortal; they are worthy our heavenly origin, worthy our pursuit which is to run on through the annals of Eternity. Here, at every successive disappointment, we put forth new desires and exert new efforts for the attainment of something still more remote. The most unbounded success does not even satisfy us. "We weep for more worlds to conquer." Not so when we awake in the likeness of God. All we can desire, all our nature can receive, and more than the utmost powers of comprehension can reach will be ours, and our ever-increasing capacities will always be filling in perfect fruition.

Sad indeed to the intelligent and enquiring mind is the thought of being trammelled forever in a state that sets bounds to the powers of comprehension, narrows down the immortal mind, and prevents it from the joys

and sublime investigations for which the divinity of his origin has fitted him. It is well this earth is not our abiding place. It is well we were born for a higher and holier residence. Who can be contented with merely gazing on some beautiful and magnificent object, which he has good reason to believe would afford him inexpressible happiness could he be near enough to behold the glories that it would impart, and the exalted beauties it would display before his ravished vision, when he is not permitted to approach it, but must forever keep off at an immense distance?

Oh! it is absurd to suppose for a moment that man fashioned after the likeness of his God, endowed with a powerful intellect, and capable of such vast progression in knowledge, and such sublime ranges of thought, should be doomed to the circumscribed sphere of this, with only the glimmerings of the colossal dimensions of intellectual enjoyment, and the "continuous flood of rich discovery." (The dim vision we have here will never be brightened till we shall have passed away, to appear as denizens in a realm whose inhabitants are expatiating in boundless fields of knowledge, and witnessing the unfoldings of transcendent glories.

It is true here amid earth's scenes and relations, we see and appreciate much that is beautiful and lovely, and to a certain extent have clear views of much that is worthy of our pursuit, but the lovely and beautiful are first to fade from the view—first to pass off forever. Amidst the fluctuations, sorrows and ills that assail us here, there are pleasant and joyful seasons—times when all we look upon wears a smiling and inviting aspect. Yes, the beautiful is in all things, if we were only prepared to appreciate it with the exercise of proper judgment. "There is the beautiful in physical nature, the beautiful in morals, the beautiful in politics, the beautiful in poetry, the beautiful in art, the beautiful in fancy, the beautiful in person, face, and even in manners—there is the beautiful."

But in the broad range and localities of earth's beautiful things, abhorrent spectacles and deformities are also to be seen.

The blushing rose, and the delicate sweet-scented flower are tended on by thorns and thistles; in the midst of the wheat the tares spring up; in the same channel the gold and the gravel roll on together; the just and the unjust in the relations of life are side by side; "the good and the evil trench upon the same line of difference and contrast;" in the same fold are found the sheep and the goats; and in the same locality the wis and the foolish were crowded together.

So it is when we sink in death; we are all deposited in the same cold, dark earth to repose alike and molder in our original clay. The good and the bad lie side by side; the rich, the poor, the learned, and the ignorant; the fairest and most lovely with the most reckless and abandoned, all are there placed on an equality. In the grave to which we are all rapidly hastening, and into which generation upon generation, for six thousand years, have been falling, no distinction has ever been known. From the very nature and arrangement of all we see about us what else can we expect but to wear away too in the general wreck of matter! In the world through which we are passing we receive such repeated and forcible intimations of decay, decline, change, and loss, following in such rapid succession "that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us." The most substantial edifices erected by man, too, are gradually giving way. "If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our

imaginings, and only make the feelings of instability stronger and deeper than before. The halls which were once crowded with all that taste, and science, and labor could procure; which resounded with melody, and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins,—mocked by their own desolation." Their courts are deserted; the voice of hilarity and wailing, and the steps of the busy and the idle have alike ceased. In the magnificent and spacious domes that once held our fathers the lean lizard crawls, the serpent hisses, and the wild bird screams. All, all are fast passing away and melting like mist before the meridian sun. So it is with men and things.

Why is it the rainbow with its variegated and dazzling beauties, and clouds enkindling with radiant glow, come over us, and then pass off so suddenly and leave us to muse upon this faded loveliness? "Why is it that the stars who hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory"? Why is it that the beautiful forms of human mold presented to our view, are taken from us, and leave the many streams of affection and sincere attachment "to plow back in Alpine torrents upon the heart"? It is because we were born for a brighter world than earth, and destined soon to leave it with all it has that is bright and lovely,—its dearest and kindest friends; yes, and its sorrows and its pains—*false friends and deceivers—Janus-faces and Jaldases.*

No sooner do days, months, and years appear with their productions on the calendar of time than they have passed away never to return.—Having passed from earth, perhaps to rest for a while in oblivious silence, we shall all be summoned before the great Supreme Court of the Universe, to be tried "for the deeds done in the body"; and if acquitted by the All-wise Ruler of Worlds, our abode will be in "a realm where rainbows never fade,—where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the Ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever", and new scenes of glory be bursting upon us throughout Eternity.

HUMILIS.

FRANKLIN COUNTY, NOV. 24.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"Who comes so gracefully
Gliding along,
While the blue rivulet
Sleeps to her song;
Song, richly vying
With the faint sighing
Which swans, in dying,
Sweetly prolong!"

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
The Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
"Fairy boat, stay,
Linger sweet minstrelsy,
Linger, a day."
But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone;
So, while we gazed on them,
Fast they flew on—
Like flowers, declining
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And the next gone!

Daniel Webster, while a young lawyer, was retained in a case for which he received a fee of \$18. Later in life he was employed in a similar case and received a fee of \$5,000, though he used the same brief which he had prepared for the first case.

Money proves to be a friend, frequently, when men prove untrue.

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she—she far more than he, and she too often in despite of him—who has kept Christianity from lapsing back into barbarism; kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by these two greedy monsters—money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race has been furnished for each noble deed, and inspired with each patriotic and holy aspiration, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan or more than Spartan—some Christian mother. Moses, the deliver of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the king's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's better instincts always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember, that though the sinewy sex achieves enterprise on public theatres; it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and enslave the soul in secret. A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage. So everywhere; man executes the performance but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, and her comfort.

Above all, let not man practice upon woman the perpetual and shameless falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not crucify her emotion, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her independence, nor play off mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them remember that, for the ghastly spectacle of her blasted character, they are answerable. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions for her genius, the friend of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The following very beautiful reflections are from the Hartford Conrart: "Do our readers reflect that we are now in the enjoyment of our Indian Summer? The season is now the loveliest of the year, though at the same time the saddest. Nature is dying in beauty around us. As she fades on earth, each hue is lovelier than the last, until the brown tinge of absolute decay covers her brilliant charms.—The smile on the cheek of the expiring season was never more beautiful—more winning. One would suppose that its very loveliness would turn aside the dart of death, or, if that could not be, strip it of all its poison. Beautiful as the season is, it is most melancholy. The varied hues of the bright leaves are too well known to be hues of death not to create sadness in the beholder. The gay dress of the forest cannot compensate for its silence. We tread over the scattered and falling leaves, and ask, as our footfall strikes dead on the ear: "Where are the forest birds? The answer is a silent one. More eloquent than words!"

But let us enjoy the season while we may. Its vivid beauty will not last us long. It is as evanescent as it is gay. Let us then give our heart to its loveliness while it flashes around us. Winter and death will soon spread their gloom around us without our pining ourselves romantically with their anticipation. Nature will not be dead. She only sleeps to rise in beauty for another year. It is not so with man."