

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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What the Code of Honor Requires.

A correspondent of one of our Northern weeklies furnishes the only full account of the late fatal duel near Charleston, S. C., which has been published. He says: "Mr. Taber was a young man, influentially connected. His abilities were of the first order, and his prospects of attaining future distinction, as a public man, brilliant in the extreme. He was fearless, almost to audacity, and enjoyed considerable reputation as a duellist. Magrath, though a young man of a family remarkable for talent, was regarded as one of those quiet, easy, good natured fellows, who never trouble themselves about anything, and glide so smoothly down the stream of life, that not a ripple is left to mark their track. Magrath knew little or nothing of the management of a pistol, and nothing whatever of duelling. Both he and his opponent exhibited the utmost sang froid. The distance between them was but ten paces. It was arranged that they should fire "on the rise," that is, when in the act of raising instead of whilst lowering their weapons. Just imagine the scene. The trembling spectators retire still further from the neighborhood of the duellists. "Gentlemen," say the seconds, "are you ready?" "Yes," is the reply. "Prepare to fire!" "Fire!—One, two, three!" The reports are heard almost simultaneously; a slight smoke envelops the combatants, and their friends run up to them. Neither is found to be hurt. An effort is made to reconciliation without effect. The pistols are again loaded, the principals again take their places, and again the words: "Fire!—one, two, three!" are heard. This time Magrath's bullet raised the dust near Taber's foot, possibly striking his boot, but no further injury is done. A second and more prolonged effort at an amicable adjustment follows: "What do you require?" is asked of Magrath. "I shall be satisfied," says he, "with a withdrawal of the objectionable articles and the expression, on the part of the editors of the Mercury, of regret at their appearance." "No, no," Taber replies in his quick, nervous manner—"no regret—never, sir—I shall disclaim them, but never express regret for their publication!" All peaceful interference is now seen to be futile. Again the pistols are loaded, and the principals walk up to the posts.—The crowd recedes—he seconds take their stands—the pistols are presented; the order—"Fire!—One, two, three!" is given—the quick rattle is heard before the last word is uttered, and Taber is seen to stagger backwards, reel and fall. The people rush up and see the blood oozing out of his forehead. "Back, gentlemen," shouts the surgeon, "clear off, that we may have room to aid the wounded man." Alas, poor fellow, he is now beyond aid from human agency. A spasm or two and all is over with him, here.

What Woman Can Do.

We frequently hear the complaint, that, under the present organization of society, there is nothing for woman to do. Nothing for woman to do! Is there no wrong, or sorrow, or death?—Are there no motherless children, famishing equally for mortal and immortal food. Are there no families where the little ones are more than orphans, because the parents are drunkards and criminals, or both? Is there no brother, or other relative, whom womanly sympathy might take by the hand, and lead past the yawning pit of ruin, as the guardian angel, in the picture, leads the small child past the beetling precipice? While trouble, or evil, or death exists, there will be plenty to be done by women, whether unmarried or married. In fact, the province of single women lies more nigh these outdoor charities than that of the wife or mother. Wisely has it been ordered, that some of the sex shall be denied the sweet solace of domestic life, in order that they may imitate their divine master, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, comforting the widowed and the fatherless. But as the greater majority of women enter into the married relation, it is of them we ought to speak, in answer to the question, "what can woman do?" As a wife and mother, woman can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be a sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginnings, or how adverse a fate may occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health if disease has seized upon his overtasked powers. By her counsels and her love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. By her example, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good and noble men and women. And by leading, in all things, a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within her reach, so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can eventually do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much, alas! perhaps even more, to degrade man, if she chooses it. Who can estimate the evil that woman has power to do? As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly or want of affection. She can make a devil and outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife and perpetual discord on what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has intrusted to her charge into vile men and even viler women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring-head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil, instead of an angel of good. Instead of making the flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scoria of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. This is what women can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work, as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.

THE FATAL FLOWER.

Travellers who visit the falls of Niagara, are directed to the spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivaled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cleft where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring, she leaned over the verge and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed, and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arms were outstretched to grasp the beautiful flower which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek, she descended like a falling star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death. How impressively does this tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of eminent sinners perish forever! It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation, but in the pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insanely venture too far. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth, or pleasure; they sometimes hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment from the allurements of sin, but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes from Jordan's waves, and the soul sinks into the arms of the second death. Oh! every hour life's sand is sliding from incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the unconscious hand, the triller goes to his doom! The requiem of such a departure is an echo of the Saviour's question: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

FIGHT FOR A KISS.

One of our Maine young fellows thus describes his battle, and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweetheart: "Ah! now Sarah dear, give me a kiss—just one—and be done with it." "I won't; so, there now." "Then I'll have to take it, whether or no." "Take it, if you dare!" "So at it we went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squatted up in half of no time. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sallie's hair, like a flood in a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One plunge of Sallie's elbow, and my blooming bosom-ruffles wilted to the consistency and form of an after-dinner napkin.—But she had no time to boast! Soon her neck-tackling began to shiver, parted at the throat, and away went a string of white beads, scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor. She fought fair, however, I must admit; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—those long, white, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air! My goodness! Did you ever see a hawk bounce on a robin, or a bee on a clover top?"

RESULT OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1796 TO 1856.		NORTH CAROLINA—OFFICIAL.	
1796—John Adams,	71	Buchanan	46,764
" Thomas Jefferson,	63	Fillmore	36,309
1800—Thomas Jefferson,	73	Buchanan over Fillmore	10,455
" John Adams,	64	The vote of the State shows a falling of 17,394. Gilmer received 8,075 more votes than Fillmore, and Dragg 9,319 more than Buchanan.	
1804—Thomas Jefferson,	162	LOUISIANA—OFFICIAL.	
" Charles C. Pinkney,	46	The Baton Rouge papers publish the following as the official vote of Louisiana:	
1808—James Madison,	128	Buchanan	22,164
" Charles C. Pinkney,	14	Fillmore	20,709
1812—James Madison,	132	Buchanan over Fillmore	1,450
" DeWitt Clinton,	89	ALABAMA—OFFICIAL.	
1816—James Monroe,	183	Buchanan	46,639
" Rufus King,	34	Fillmore	28,552
1820—James Monroe,	218	PENNSYLVANIA—OFFICIAL.	
No opponent but one vote.		Buchanan	230,690
1824—Andrew Jackson,	99	Fremont	203,556
" John Q. Adams,	84	Fillmore	26,338
" W. H. Crawford,	41	MARYLAND—OFFICIAL.	
" Henry Clay,	37	Fillmore	47,492
1828—Andrew Jackson,	178	Buchanan	39,115
" John Q. Adams,	83	Fremont	281
1832—Andrew Jackson,	219	Fillmore over Buchanan	8,347
" Henry Clay,	49	GEORGIA—OFFICIAL.	
" John Floyd,	11	Buchanan	56,617
" William Wirt,	7	Fillmore	42,429
1836—Martin Van Buren,	170	NEW HAMPSHIRE—OFFICIAL.	
" W. H. Harrison,	73	Fremont	38,068
" Hugh L. White,	26	Buchanan	32,220
" Willie B. Mangum,	11	Fillmore	391
" Daniel Webster,	14	VERMONT—OFFICIAL.	
1840—W. H. Harrison,	234	Fremont	39,363
" Martin Van Buren,	60	Buchanan	10,557
1844—James K. Polk,	170	Fillmore	546
" Henry Clay,	105	MASSACHUSETTS—OFFICIAL.	
1848—Zachary Taylor,	163	Fremont	108,190
" Lewis Cass,	127	Buchanan	39,240
1852—Franklin Pierce,	254	Fillmore	19,726
" Winfield Scott,	42	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
1856—James Buchanan,	174	Buchanan	Unanimous.
" John C. Fremont,	114	MICHIGAN—OFFICIAL.	
" Millard Fillmore,	8	Fremont	71,162
*No choice by the people—John Q. Adams elected by the House of Representatives.		Buchanan	52,139
		Fillmore	1,501
		TENNESSEE—OFFICIAL.	
		Buchanan	73,638
		Fillmore	66,178
		KENTUCKY—OFFICIAL.	
		Buchanan	60,000
		Fillmore	60,000
		Puzzles are becoming quite common now-a-days, so we drop this one in for the study of newspaper readers:	
		I O U O W E F O R Y O U R P A P E R Y U P	
		LITTLE GRAVES.	
		There's many an empty cradle, There's many a vacant bed, There's many a lonely bosom, Whose joy and light is fled; For thick in every graveyard The little hillocks lie, And every hillock represents An angel in the sky!	
		Without great deliberation and prudence, the faster we go the further we may go out of the way.	
		POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The latest estimate of the population of the earth makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions, viz:	
		Pagans, 686,000,000	
		Christians, 329,000,000	
		Mohammedans, 140,000,000	
		Jews, 14,000,000	
		Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers 170,000,000; the Greek and Eastern Churches 60,000,000, and Protestants, 90,000,000.	
		This is what women can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work, as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.	

POPULAR VOTE.

IOWA—OFFICIAL.		INDIANA—OFFICIAL.		ILLINOIS—OFFICIAL.		OHIO—OFFICIAL.		NEW JERSEY—OFFICIAL.		CONNECTICUT—OFFICIAL.		DELEWARE—OFFICIAL.	
Fremont	44,127	Buchanan	118,672	Buchanan	105,344	Fremont	187,497	Buchanan	47,482	Fremont	42,771	Buchanan	8,003
Buchanan	36,641	Fremont	94,379	Fremont	98,180	Buchanan	170,874	Fremont	28,307	Buchanan	35,159	Fillmore	1,663
Fillmore	9,444	Fillmore	22,386	Fillmore	37,451	Fillmore	28,123	Fillmore	24,091	Fillmore	4,472	Fillmore	124,666
Total vote	89,812	Buchanan over Fremont	24,296	Buchanan over Fremont	9,164	Fremont over Buchanan	16,623	Buchanan over Fremont	19,105	Fremont's majority	7,612	Buchanan's maj.	1,828
		ILLINOIS—OFFICIAL.		OHIO—OFFICIAL.		NEW JERSEY—OFFICIAL.		CONNECTICUT—OFFICIAL.		DELEWARE—OFFICIAL.		NEW YORK—OFFICIAL.	
		Buchanan		Fremont		Buchanan		Fremont		Buchanan		Fremont	
		118,672		94,379		170,874		47,482		42,771		274,185	
		94,379		22,386		28,123		28,307		8,003		195,868	
		24,296		9,164		16,623		19,105		7,612		124,666	
		105,344		98,180		187,497		47,482		42,771		274,185	
		98,180		37,451		170,874		28,307		35,159		195,868	
		9,164		37,451		28,123		24,091		4,472		124,666	
		9,164		9,164		16,623		19,105		7,612		124,666	
		118,672		94,379		170,874		47,482		42,771		274,185	
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		24,296		9,164		16,623		19,105		7,612		124,666	
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