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BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, FEB. 8, 1850.

THE MURDER OF DR. GEORGE PARKMAN.

PROBABILITY OF ANOTHER MURDER.—We copy the following from the Boston Mail of the 11th, for what it is worth. It is like a great many other things said in the case, but vague rumor and uncertain conjecture, perhaps:

The grand jury of the county of Suffolk commenced yesterday the investigation of the case of Dr. John W. Webster, charged with the murder of Dr. George Parkman. Forty-two witnesses have been summoned. It is said that a cabman will testify that he, on the night of the alleged murder, took Dr. Webster from his house in Cambridge, about 10 o'clock in the evening, brought him into the city and left him at the Medical College, where he remained all night, and that he took him back in his cab in the morning to Cambridge.

A new feature has been added to the case, by the knowledge of a singular disappearance that took place on the night previous to the murder, in this street. It is a fact which has thus far been kept studiously secret by the authorities. It appears that a young woman, about 22 years of age named Catherine Sproule, left the residence of Mr. Caleb Howe, No. 20, South Grove street, on the evening of the 22d of November last, and has not been seen or heard of since. She was rather a good-looking young woman, of Irish parentage, and resided in the family of Mr. Howe as a domestic.

The circumstance of her disappearance at this fatal period, taken in connection with the finding of the dead body of an infant near the Medical College, a few days after the murder of Dr. Parkman, (buried in the dirt, on what is called the New Jail Lands,) has given rise to terrible suspicions, and created another mystery, which it is to be hoped the new Grand Jury will unravel.

The Providence Mirror contains the following paragraph. We give it for what it is worth, simply cautioning our readers against placing much reliance upon the statements:

The story is, that Littlefield now says he was called in by Professor Webster, before suspicion fastened upon him, to help dispose of the murdered man, that he was knowing all the while to the whole transaction. There may be no truth in it, but it is the subject of conversation in Boston, and gentlemen in this city, we are told, have been positively assured that such is now Littlefield's statement. The idea seems to be, to make another Coolidge affair of it, with the difference that the new version implicates Littlefield much more seriously than the new version of the Matthews murder did the student who was employed by Coolidge, on a false representation, to help dispose of the lifeless body. The story has not yet got into newspapers, and may be unworthy of a place there; but it is believed by some in the city and may be true.

The Bible says, "Beware of dogs."—What does that mean? It means that we should avoid men who are like dogs, fierce, greedy, and ready to bite and devour us.

A Hint.—When you are in at a neighbor's in the evening, and a man asks his wife how long before she is going to bed, you may safely conclude that you had better leave.

An Eastern editor acknowledges the receipt of a present from a lady which he "shall wear next his heart."—"Twas probably a sticking plaster."

Cold.—A paper remarks that it is cruelly cold up the mountains, but no wonder, for they have no thermometer up there, so it gets as cold as it pleases. This is a good companion for the story of the heat in the South, where water can be boiled until it is red hot.

FEMININE DOCTORS.

At a Faculty meeting of the Memphis Institute, held on the 25th ult., after a spirited debate, it was resolved, "that henceforth female pupils be admitted in the Medical Department of the Memphis Institute." We are informed by a private letter, that immediately on the adoption of the resolution, two ladies matriculated, and became regular students—Miss Almira Frain, and Miss Mary Ward, both beautiful young ladies. More intend becoming students shortly. And why, we ask, may not ladies be Doctors as well as gentlemen? We are for humoring them in all their reasonable whims, and for giving them all they want, even to the *benefices*. In a certain branch of the profession, we think female practitioners would be the most popular. A few years hence, we predict female physicians will be common. But we should not like the idea of our wife being a doctor, as great a blessing as it would be in the domestic economy and general health of the family. Just imagine it! You are but fairly retired, and getting cozy and comfortable, when a rap comes at the door, and the doctress is called out to see some strange fellow, whom you don't know, and you may expect to get your nose snapped off if you ask. The babies squall, and have the croup till they can't squall any longer, but the feminine doctor is at other people's brats, and you are left to the domestic felicity of doctoring the babes yourself and spanking the older young ones, till daylight and your "help-mate" appear. Other terrible visions of the consequences to follow on wives being Doctors, come horribly before our eyes. We'll be blessed if our wife shall be a Doctor, and that's the word with the bark on it! Nor will we spurn any she-Doctor! Pshaw! squeezing hands that have just been rolling pills and mixing epine—looking love into eyes that have just been gazing at furrowed tongues, and distorted faces and wasted forms—kissing lips that a moment before were repeating deep mysteries in relation to purges and vomits. Bah! it is perfectly disgusting! Then to call on your love, and find that she had just gone to minister to diseased flesh, and not from philanthropic motives, but for vulgar lucre—and to meet her, and know she has just left a bad case of the Small Pox. Angels preserve us from such anxieties. Let them stick to their pills and puddings, their broom sticks and dust rags. Or if they will be men, let them exchange garments, and permit us to nurse the young generation, cook, wash and scrub. If any one of our size prefers editing, we'll take the petticoats.—*Evansville Journal*.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.—The Evening Post of Saturday says:

"The press of business at the Custom house during the last week has been unparalleled. Every day the easterly winds have brought in several large packet ships, with heavy cargoes. The duties collected during the last five days have amounted to eleven hundred thousand dollars per day. It is expected that the receipts for to-day will swell the gross receipts for the week to near a million and a half of dollars.—Such a flush of business on the top of the new arrangements produced by the late treasury circular, have given the officers of the Customs as much as they can well do."

ASTOR PLACE RIOTS.—ACQUITTAL OF RYNDERS. We learn from the evening edition of the New York Tribune of Saturday, that the jury in the case of Isiah Rynders and O'Donnell, for the Astor place riots on the 16th of May, after two hours absence, returned a verdict of not guilty. The other three, indicted with them, had been previously acquitted. The charge of Judge Edmonds was, however, decidedly against the prisoners.

A few days ago, Foote, of Mississippi, commenced a speech in the Senate by saying that he rose to speak with great reluctance. If his reluctance to speak were half as great as the reluctance the Senate feels to hear him, he would be as mute as a mouse throughout the remainder of his Senatorial career. Whenever the chair man sees the little Mississippian making himself erect and says "Mr. Foote," every other foot in the Senate, that has any regard for the comfort of the man it supports, proceeds hastily towards the door and makes its exit.—*Lou. Journal*.

COURAGEOUS WIFE.—Charles C. Sackett, formerly of Cincinnati, arrived at San Francisco, accompanied by his lady, says the *Enquirer*, on the 7th of November last. They walked over six hundred miles, and suffered greatly on the way. It will be remembered by some of our citizens, that Mr. S. and lady were of the same party that the two Lawrence's of our city were.—These young gentlemen both died before they reached the plains.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE GALLOWS.

We have already alluded to the extraordinary case of John Talmadge, of one of the interior towns of the State of New York, who, after being indicted for murder and imprisoned for six months, was found to be wholly innocent. The case is one of the most remarkable on record, and shows how careful we should be in our judgments and verdicts. A correspondent of the New York Mirror gives the following thrilling narrative of the incidents connected with the affair. Nothing more fully imbued with startling interest can be found in the most absorbing works of fiction:

BALLS OF SEA, Dec. 24th, 1849.

The most singular and astonishing developments that ever characterized the proceedings of a court of justice, have just been made before the Oyer and Terminer, now sitting in this place. You remember the case of John Talmadge, indicted here last spring for the murder of Wm. L. Dodge, the engineer who was killed by the running of the cars from the track. The catastrophe was produced by stones placed by the accused on the inside of the rails. Talmadge was a worthy and intelligent and wealthy farmer of the higher grade, and up to the time of his arrest had maintained a character and standing that placed him beyond the reach of calumny. Yet he was a high spirited and passionate defender of his own and the rights of others.—And as the railroad passed through his farm, he had been coolly subjected to the loss of several cattle, run over by the cars, for which the company refused all remuneration, and in consequence of which, much litigation and bitter animosity had ensued between the parties.

Talmadge had been heard to say, he "hoped to God the cars would run off," and this, together with the circumstance referred to, had concentrated public suspicion upon him, and he was indicted. At length two witnesses, (Irishmen connected with the road) were found, who saw Talmadge place the stones on the track. Their story was simple and plausible, and there seemed on the part of the accused no possible escape from the gallows. The man whom all had esteemed, who had been honored by the people with many a high public trust, and represented them in the State legislature, was soon, in the reluctant belief of all, to swing upon the scaffold, and expiate the crime of deliberate cold-blooded murder. In this state of things the day of trial arrived.

Thousands from all sections of the country crowded to the scene, eager to catch every movement, and listen with tearful eyes to every word that seemed to make against the prisoner. The most eminent counsel were employed on both sides.—The prisoner, persisting in his entire innocence, with pale countenance and an eye of wild agony, sat trembling and restless in his box.

The two principal witnesses took the stand. They were calm and apparently honest in the natural and plausible story which they told, from the effect of which it seemed impossible for the accused to escape. His wife who sat by his side, and who, up to this moment, had preserved an unexampled composure, now burst into a flood of tears, and by her sobs interrupted the proceedings of the court; and the friends of Talmadge began to abandon all hope and to prepare their minds for the awful sentence, and the still more appalling scene that was soon to follow it.

At this point a movement of the crowd took place toward the door of the court room. "Make way, make way!" resounded through the spacious hall. Two men pressed up to the prisoner's counsel and whispered, agitated and almost breathless, in their ears. A fellow Irishman, who had long known that the story of these two witnesses was all a fabrication, to obtain the reward offered for the detection of the man who placed the stones, had been moved by conscience to disclose it, and to conduct another person to the proof, positive and undeniable, that when the fatal catastrophe occurred, they were not in this country, but in Ireland.

This proof was now presented to the prisoner's counsel. The witnesses were placed upon the stand. The evidence of Talmadge's entire innocence was clear and undeniable—the attorney for the people at once moved permission to withdraw the prosecution, and to arrest the two false witnesses on the spot, which was granted, and such a shout as rang through the multitude present, never before thundered from the windows of a court house.

Talmadge was borne off on the shoulders of the people, and the booming of a six pounder as expressive of their exultation, closed up on one of the most novel and exciting scenes that ever transpired in any court or country.

The whole number of slaves in the world is estimated at 7,600,000.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

"The mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers that she most did love,
She knew she'd find them all again,
In the flowers of light above."

The death of a child is to the mother's heart like the dew on a plant from which a bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son's, but with the seal of immortality on his fair brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring her spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all the hard passages and cares of life. The world to her is no longer with human hope—in the future so glorious with heavenly hope and joy.

She has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright, fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartments where her infant died, are emblems of the far brighter hopes now dawning on the day dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the New Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head reposing on the breast of its kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that book— emphatically the Word of life—now living clothed on the ineffable table, which she daily reads—"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lovely bosom,
Whose joy and light is fled;
For thick in your grave-yard
The little hillocks lay—
And hundreds of sweet blossoms
Are gathered there to-day.

Horace Mann says: "There is a time in the career of every young man when he awakes to his great destiny, like an heir of a throne to the responsibilities of the crown to which he has succeeded. Let every one reflect the vocation for which he is by nature fitted. The very respectable cobler may be spoiled in a poor lawyer. A young man had better stick to robbing another's sheep upon the mountains, than fleeing them in the Lord's pasture."

Men generally look with distrust upon each other. The wealthy one, like a dog in the possession of a good bone, watches it jealously, and snarls if a lean, half-starved cur approaches within snuffing distance.

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "Oh, yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."—What an insinuating wretch!

VICTORIA OCTOBER.—The Grand Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, Abdul Medschid Khan, now in his 28th year, has nine children—four sons and five daughters.—The eldest was born in September, the second in October, and the third in November, 1810,—two in February and September, 1812,—two in November and December, 1814,—and one in April, 1818.

"I say, Pete, some rascally whig stole half my pig last night!"

"How do you know it was a whig?"

"Because, if it had been a Locofoco, he'd have stole the whole of it. Locofocism always 'goes the whole hog.'"

ROYAL PASTIME.—A correspondent of the New York Observer, says that the Pope amuses himself by playing chess and billiards with his Cardinals. Wonder if Pope Peter spent his time in this way.

The Legislature of Indiana, in granting divorces, affix the proviso that the party applying shall not contract marriage, during his or her life, with any other person than the one from whom he or she is divorced.

The—! They might as well stay married.

Whitism, like a terrapin flat on his back, is at length looking up.—*N. Y. Patriot*.

Locofocism, like a sheep's tail, has a decided tendency downwards.—*Lou. Jour.*

THE CITY'S CHILDREN OF INIQUITY.

The moral sense of the city has been terribly shocked by the horrible statistics contained in Mr. Maitell's Report; and all the professional philanthropists of the city are pausing for a moment, in the midst of their benevolent efforts to convert the "Timbures," and asking what shall be done for the heathen at their own doors? The question is more easily asked than answered; but it taken up in earnest by men who care less to figure on the Committees of "Charitable Associations" than to promote the welfare of society and do good to their fellow men, we by no means despair of finding a remedy for the moral contagion which is preying upon the very vitals of the city.

The *Commercial Advertiser* talks about committing the great work of reforming these thousands of juvenile thieves and delinquents to some of the religious organizations now in active operation—such as the "Bible Society," the "Tract Society," or the "Home Mission Society." We do not believe in the pre-emption rights of any of these "moral levers" to the exclusive works of reforming the world. It has been suggested in other quarters that the Churches of the city should take up the Chief's Report, and act upon it, as Congress does upon a Report from the Treasury. But we have not sufficient faith in the omnipotence of the Church to rest satisfied with its eloquent prayers for the "miserable sinners" who never enter its splendid palaces of devotion. The Church is too apt to lift its eyes unto heaven and thank God it is not as others are; it loves to repose on velvet cushions to regale its refined senses with the rich and melting tones of the organ; and to roam through the gorgeous palaces of the imagination in the starry train of some sentimental moralist. The Church is too much occupied with "things above" to trouble itself with the sufferings and the crimes which throng in our streets and concentrate in our prisons.

The Howard's, the Fencibles, the Olerlins, and other hard working saviors of sinners have few followers among our modern Christians; and as it is easier to pray for the universal salvation of the wicked, than to take hold and help some poor sinner out of the mire; and it requires less personal sacrifice to attend a "monthly concert meeting" in behalf of a general reformation of the whole world, than to go to work and get a special reformation at home, we must look to some more definite and practical movement to meet the urgency of the case—the magnitude of the evil.—*New York Mirror*.

THE RESULT.

Night—darker night—on Europe falls;
The panting millions strive no more;
The Cossack revels in her halls;
And quaffs the wine cup, stained with gore.
The gathering storms of suffering years
In one fierce thunder-pool depart;
While the red reaper gathers tears,
And binds the independent heart.

The struggle's o'er—the voice is gone;
The bones that moved are bones again;
The murderer's yell is onward borne,
And (some stalks o'er fields of slum,
While in the dust the hopeless sigh,
And Virtue bleeds in War's embrace,
The dead upon their banner lie,
And smiles of glory light each face.

Old crumbling thrones arise again,
With deeper woes and deadlier hate;
The iron hand makes bare the chain,
And hurls the dungeon's hinges grate.
Free thoughts now fester in the mind,
And generous souls forget to give;
While patriots bound to fate resigned,
Kiss the red robber's hand to live.

Oh God! when will the people rise
And walk erect in proud attire,
While calm contentment lights the skies,
And pale disunion's lurid fire?
When princely word shall weigh no more,
Than plebeian speech, though homely said,
And mind shall with the eagle soar,
And matter kenneled with the dead.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD COIN.—We have been shown a counterfeit half eagle taken by one of our banks. The deception is so complete that no one can judge of the true value of this coin without both weighing and gauging it. From its appearance after being broken in two, we should judge that about one third is pure gold and the rest alloy.—*Balt. Patriot*.

When a gentleman marries a lady, beautiful and rich, his friends say: "He has married a perfect Bird of Paradise." If the lady happens to be poor, however, they say: "A perfect Bird of Paradise, with the exception of the feathers."

The Sub-Treasurer, Mr. Young, has made a formal demand on P. M. Wetmore, accused of being a defaulter to the Government for a large amount, for a settlement of his account.

THE PRESENT YEAR.—A German newspaper has recently published a prophecy by a Benedictine monk who died in 1847, the purport of which is that the present year 1850 will be one of unusual prosperity. The different sects of christianity will in that year accord. The Sultan will be poisoned, (Aboul Medjid had best take care,) and his empire will become christian. Russia will suffer much from a war-like nation of the East. A German Prince will found an eastern empire. Grain, fruit, herbs, and other vegetables will be so plentiful that the barns will be unable to contain them. The disease of the sweet potato will every where cease, and old men will not remember such a year of fruitfulness. The wine of this year will surpass that of the year of the comet.

Enclose new flannel in a bag, put it in a boiler with cold water; heat and boil it.—It will never shrink any more after this operation, and should then be made up into garments.—*Maine Farmer*.

COMING TO THE SCRATCH.—The Catechin (Md.) Whig learns that Hagerstown has lately been visited by a scourge, in common parlance termed the itch. Whole families are down with it, and several schools have been temporarily dismissed per consequence. The Hagerstown News has a paragraph which seems to confirm this.

MORE UNITED STATES.—The territory not yet formed into States, will make forty-six and a half States as large as Pennsylvania. Of these, thirty-five will be north of 30 deg. 30 min. or slave States, supposing the Missouri Compromise line to be adopted.

MRS. MILLER.—It is now stated that Mrs. Miller who did not commit suicide at Niagara, is living with her paramour in private lodgings, at Raleigh, N. C., and passing by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

CHOLERA AT NEW ORLEANS.—Although the New Orleans papers deny that the cholera prevails in that city, we perceive that the Board of Health reports for the month of December 537 deaths, of which number 111 were from cholera, 9 from cholera morbus, 31 from diarrhoea and 28 from dysentery.

When boots first came into fashion, a pair was presented to a worthy mayor in some part of England. He examined them attentively, and concluded that they were a new kind of basket. Accordingly, when he went to church next Sunday, he slung one of them around his neck and put his prayer-book into it. His wife used the other to bring home her marketing in.

DISUNION PETITIONS FROM THE NORTH. The Massachusetts Anti Slavery Society, never at a loss for something on which to lay violent hands, are engaged in circulating a petition for secession from the Union. These fanatics seem jealous of the attention bestowed upon their disunion petitions, and seem determined to have a large share of the public notoriety that they have recently enjoyed.

Do not divert from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you; their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Hood gives this graphic picture of an irritable man, thus: "He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.—During the last few months, bills have passed as follows:—Maine exempts a Homestead to the value of \$500, and in the absence of a Homestead, personal property to that amount. Vermont exempts a Homestead to the value of \$500. Iowa and Minnesota 40 acres of land, or a lot; California, 230 acres of land, or a lot worth \$2000; Deseret, it is said, secures a home to every family. Georgia, Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Connecticut had previously enacted similar laws.

At Peoria, Illinois, yesterday, the Daily Champion and Weekly Register offices were destroyed by fire. Mr. Kirkpatrick, editor of the former, and Mr. Pickett editor of the latter journal, both perished in the flames.

A NEW ARTICLE OF DIET.—A short time since a person in the western part of this county found buried in the sand a nest of eggs. Supposing them to be turtle's eggs, and being passionately fond of that article, he carried them home, had them properly cooked, and commenced his luscious repast. After eating fourteen, "unsight and unseen," earnestly prompted him to examine the "centers," when, upon opening one of those left, he found an infant five finger beautifully gold therein.—Reader, place yourself in his condition, and then you may know his feelings.—*Oakland Gazette*.