John Morgan

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS. ATHENS, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1869. [illegible]. 88.

TERMS:

THE POST IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

At Two Dollars a Year, Payable in Advance.

☞ No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.

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All letters addressed to the Proprietor will be promptly attended to.

Communications, to secuoe insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

The Post.

Athens, Friday, August 6, 1869.

Specie Payment.

A Washington dispatch says, Secretary Boutwell for some time past has been corresponding with eminent capitalists of Europe in regard to the resumption of specie payment by the government, and as a result thereof, European capitalists have offered to loan the United States three hundred million dollars in gold on a national bond, bearing interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum.

Gold in Tennessee.

Gold has recently been discovered in Cannon county, Tennessee. Professor Safford says that during the last thirty years gold has been found in limited quantities in Tennessee. It has been found in numerous localities. It is generally washed out of the sand and gravel of creeks and rivers. It has been found in Blount county, in Monroe and in Polk counties. The localities which have afforded most of the gold are those of Coco Creek, in Monroe county.

Wooden Legs Against Curls.

When a crippled soldier begs his way to Washington, asking for something to do in the pay of the Government, no attention is paid to him or his wants. He may have a wooden leg or none; [illegible]de to write a beautiful hand, keep [illegible]rectly, but he is not wanted. [illegible]le. When a nice young [illegible]d that vicinity, wrig[illegible]n bend, shaking her [illegible] pretty and winking one [illegible] person in authority, she is [illegible] a situation in the Treasury Department at once.

A Warning.

A Western paper warns the people to look out for the large worm which infests the tomato vines at this season. Its sting is deadly poison. It is of a green color, two or three inches long, and as large as a man's finger. In Wayne county, Indiana, a few days ago, a servant girl while gathering tomatoes, received a puncture from one of these worms, which created a sensation similar to that of a bee sting. In a short time the poison penetrated to every part of her system, and she was thrown into spasms which ended in death.

Somebody Predicts a Smash-Up.

A distinguished writer on financial subjects writes as follows in a private letter to a gentleman of Boston: "There are but few bonds left available for shipment to Europe. There must, therefore, be a large shipment of gold. It is estimated that there are one thousand millions of United States bonds in Europe, besides other stocks. It will require the equivalent of one million bales of cotton to pay our interest abroad every year. There is nothing in history parallel to this, and no recorded financial crashes will compare with that which must come on this country."

Murder.

The Nashville *Press and Times* contains the following account of a horrible murder:

A gentleman who passed through Carthage Sunday last learned while there that a negro preacher named Tom. McClelland, while holding a meeting in a church on Defected Creek, some six miles from Carthage, last Saturday night, was brutally murdered. He was praying with a numbers of mourners at the "altar," or "anxious seat," when four men in disguise rushed in upon him and shot him dead. It is reported that two other negroes were wounded. There is no clue as yet to the assassins. Tom was much esteemed as a negro of good character. Our informant says that there is no doubt in regard to McClelland's murder, as his coffin was being made in Carthage when he passed through. McClelland, for a year past, had been making speeches for universal suffrage.

☞ A mere scent of hartshorn will restore some people to their senses, while an earthquake would be powerless on others.

Look Out for the Earthquake.

We hope our christian readers will not be alarmed at the following—copied from the Cincinnati *Times*, which professes to be neutral in politics and religion:

As the 7th day of August, the time for the great eclipse of the sun to take place, is not far off, while people are looking out for that, let them look out for the earthquake that is to accompany it. The occurrence of the great and disastrous earthquake in South America, in the month of August, last year, by which seven cities on the Pacific coast were shaken down and overwhelmed by the tidal wave, and thirty thousand people lost their lives, was at or about the same time of the total eclipse of the sun, in the southern hemisphere, showing an apparent connection between the two occurrences. The philosophy of the matter seems to be, that such a conjunction of the sun and moon acts on the great internal ocean of molten lava, with which the interior of the earth is filled, in causing an unusual upward pressure of it, and an upheaval of the "crust of the earth" above it, in a section of country subject to earthquakes.

In confirmation of the connection between total eclipses of the sun and the occurrence of earthquakes, we were told not very long since, by an intelligent friend of considerable reading, that the great earthquake at New Madrid, Mo., in 1811 or 1812, took place at or about the occurrence of a total eclipse of the sun. Such an eclipse of the sun as we are about to have, it is said, happens very seldom, and has not taken place for a long time. Hence we may look out for the region of country about New Madrid, or the coast of California, to be severely shaken about the 7th of August—and that the whole Mississippi Valley, or our Pacific coast, will feel the quaking of the earth more or less! It may not happen, but "look-out for the earthquake."

The Cuban Revolution.

All the latest news from Cuba is of a piece. The surprise at Baca, in which Puello fell, is but one of many events which are convincing the world that it is not possible for Spain to maintain much longer her hold of the Queen of the Antilles. Caballero de Rodas may be a good soldier and even a skilful ruler of men, but we have yet to learn that his management of Cuba is to be more successful than that of General Dulce. His proclamations have been quite good enough. His conceptions of the place and power of the newspaper have proved him to be a man of advanced ideas. Evidently he knows that there are potent rulers of men who do not resort to the sword. But he is not subduing the Cuban insurgents. He is not reconciling the patriots to Spanish rule. In spite of Spain, in spite of American neutrality, the insurrection in Cuba continues, the patriots fight and win and the world becomes impatient of a struggle which, so far as Spain herself is concerned, is an inconsistency and a grievous wrong. After months of revolutionary war Spain has failed to put down the insurgents.

Religion.

We have often heard that the age gives tone or a hue to religion. Among savages it is ferocious, and its doctrines are fierce. In a mild age its teachings are peaceable. Our country just now is very much unsettled; its people are in a bad way of thinking and acting, it is not for us to judge and say that as the age is demoraized, its religion is toned by it. In different minds religion takes very different forms. The melancholy man imagines that his natural inclinations must be mortified, that he must obey all forms and wear a long face. The benevolent man's religion causes him to be tolerant, humane, and liberal. It makes the good natured man smile upon virtue, and the morose one frown upon vice. Many place great stress in believing, and others in doing. It is a sure guarantee of any man's religion who can now *practice* benevolence—"Peace on earth and good will towards men."

The Rain.

There are few things so glorious as the burst of the rain monsoon on parched India—the clouds rolling up from the sea in precipitous masses, attended by all the artillery of Heaven; and, as they pass on to strike against the Himalayas, discharging their treasures as they go, all nature wakes to life, and becomes green as if by magic. Kalidasa's descripition, as translated by Mr. Griffith, the Principal of the Sanskrit College, Benares, is not unworthy of the subject. It thus begins:

"Who is this that driveth near,
"Heralded by sounds of fear?
"Red his flag, the lightning's glare,
"Flashing through the murky air,
"Pealing thunder for his drums,
"Royally the Monarch comes.
"See he rides, amid the crowd,
"On his elephant of cloud,
"Marshalling his Kingly train,
"Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain!"

☞ A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a dollar, answered briskly: "With pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending dollar, and that is out."

☞ See advertisements on 4th page.

Beautiful Thoughts.

Wm. Cullen Bryant has just addressed the Alumni of Williams College in the following impressive and poetic words:

It has occurred to me, since I, in the decline of life, came to visit once more this seat of learning in which our youth are trained to succeed us on the stage of the world, that I am in the situation of one who, standing on a spot desolate with winter and dim with twilight, should be permitted by a sort of miracle to look upon a neighboring region glorious with the bloom of spring and bright with the beams of morning. On the side where I stand are herbless fields and leafless woods, pools sheeted with ice, a frozen soil, and the shadows of approaching night. On the side to which I look are emerald meadows, fields of springing wheat, orchards in bloom, transparent streams, and a genial sunshine. With me, it is too late for any further hopeful tillage, and if the plough were put into the ground, its coulter would be obstructed by the ice-bound sods. On the side to which I look I see the tokens of judicious cultivation and careful tendance, recompensed by a free and promising growth. I rejoice at the kindly care thus bestowed, and my hope and prayer is that under such auspices all the promise which meets my eyes may be amply fulfilled, and that from these luxuriant fields a harvest may be gathered rich and more abundant than has ever yet been stored in the granaries of our land.

The New York *Express* says, were it not true that good poetry never dies, and that the human soul lives forever, there would be deep sorrow in thoughts like these. Men no more decay than nature decays. "If a man die shall he live again?" is a question answered affirmatively in holy writ, in the promised resurrection, in the bright, beaming future of all who on earth live as becomes those created by God. Every year the grass fades, the flowers bloom and fall, fruits ripen and decay,—but the human mind, in men like Mr. Bryant, has lived three score and ten years, with no mental decay, strong in intellect, cultivating all that is beautiful in art, poetry and letters, are certain to leave behind that unfading glory, which knows neither age nor decay, neither Autumn nor Winter, nor anything that dims the intellectual lustre of well-spent lives. As after the rain the bow in the cloud appears and fades away, so is it with men of faith, great genius and true love. They flash upon us at times like the "meteor through the troubled air," but they no more die than does the genial sunshine, the transparent stream, or the emerald meadow. The *good* men do,—whether in the manifestations of great genius, or in great deeds of mercy,—lives after them, and lives forever.

Terrible Railroad Accident.

A dispatch from Clarksville on the 28th, gives the following account of a fearful accident which occurred near that place on the Memphis, Charleston and Louisville railroad.

A fearful accident happened to the northward bound train from Memphis at a trestle and bridge over Budd's Creek, about nine miles south of here, at about one o'clock this morning, involving the total destruction of the train, the death of three persons outright, and the wounding of thirty or thirty-five persons. The cause of the accident has not yet been ascertained. The trestle was only about two years old and the bridge three. Two spans of the bridge, about fifty feet each in length, and five beats of the trestle fell. The speed with which the train was going carried it under the track on the other side of the creek. The Express books and papers were saved, from which it is ascertained that there was about one hundred thousand dollars in the safe, and at last accounts from the wreck, the safe had not been found. After the fall of the train, fire was communicated to the baggage and passenger cars from the engine, and all were destroyed except the hind sleeping-coach, together with all the express matter and the passenger's baggage, which was a serious loss. Considering the fact that the fall was at least twenty-five or thirty feet, and all the cars were pulverized, it seems a miracle that a single soul escaped.

Seven Pines.

Two hundred years ago or more a party of hunters from Jamestown encamped among the bushes, about six miles from the present site of Richmond, and during the night they were invited to a "corn-dance," where their Indian neighbors celebrated the return of the harvest. In order to guard against the danger of losing their way while returning without their dusky guide they searched for landmarks.—And, among other things, they selected seven pines which grew from the same stump and chipping these trees with their hatchets, they concluded they could safely retrace their steps by the way of the "seven pines." The spot became afterward a camping ground for white hunters; and as they separated in the morning, wherever they might be, they usually arranged to meet at noon under the "seven pines." Thus it was named, which, after the elapse of two centuries, was to be known throughout the civilized world as the Battle-field of Seven Pines.

A Haunted Murderer.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

In the year 1858, a man now living in Kansas City had a difficulty with a man in California, and killed him in self-defense. He was arrested, tried and acquitted by a jury of his countrymen. The man whom he had killed had been his friend. They worked together in the same mines, slept under the same blanket—were, in short, companions and comrades. After the killing, the man of whom we speak has never seen a happy day. Grief, or a continued dwelling on the subject, has, to a certain extent, impaired his mind, and he positively asserts now that the spirit of the dead man is always with him. To avoid it, he sold out in California and went to British Columbia. It followed him like a shadow. Then he went to Colorado. Still the ghost pursued him. In agony he fled to the States; no rest here. Day and night, he says, he can see the countenance of his dead friend, feel his presence in his room. The ghost has never yet spoken to him. At first the features expressed anger and resentment. Now they appear kinder and more complacent. This story may appear a little ridiculous, but it is true nevertheless. Names could be given if it were possible to betray confidence. The man is known to a few here. He rarely goes upon the street, and expresses himself resigned to his fate, and prays that God will forgive him, as he believes now that his friend has done so.

The Spaniards.

We copy the following as showing the temper of the war in Cuba on the part of the Spaniards:

An interesting letter relative to the Cuban situation has come to light. A Spanish gentleman went out to Cuba several months ago to claim an inheritance that had been left him. He says that at Nuevitas he learned that nine Creoles were going to be presently shot. They passed near him with a firm step with heads erect, and with a look of brave determination arrived at the fatal spot. They seated themselves upon the bench already prepared for them, and at the sound of the voice of the officer who gave the word to fire, cried out, "Hurrah for Cuba; hurrah for Cespedes!" After they had fallen the volunteers stuck bayonets into their bodies.

At Sibra he saw a groupe of armed men marching toward a house of modest appearance. Wishing to see what was about to be done, he followed the soldiers, who arrived before the door, halted awhile, and three of the party entered. The latter cried out at this moment, "Here's the insurrectionist, here is the man." "What do you wish," said a young man. "If it is I whom you search, I am at your service, but do not frighten my father and mother without ceremony." The volunteers seized the speaker, and, beating him along the road with the buts of their muskets until they got clear of the cemetery, they ran him through with at least twenty bayonets.

What Editor's Have to Do.

The Chicago *Evening Post* gives in its experience as follows:

If we reflect upon the variety of matter in a newspaper; that the work has to be done rapidly, and cannot in many particulars have the deliberation of the closet, from the nature of the case; that no matter what takes place, the comment thereon must be made, the demands of the situation being as remorseless as tide or time, moving on regardless of affection, affliction, misfortune, death—when we consider these things and more that we might mention, all will understand that the general accuracy of the press and its general character for literary excellence are something remarkable. That, under these circumstances, the daily press of the country makes a few blunders; mixes up dates or facts badly; kills a dead man now and then, or buries a live one; misrepresents an opponent, or too warmly eulogizes a friend; or cuts other fantastic tricks, is not surprising. If it did not, the gods and not men would be the conductors of the press. That it performs its general duties of chronicling the goings on of the whole world, in events and in ideas, and makes valuable additions besides to the best of general literature, is a matter about which those growlers at the press and those pretenders in it, who could not write an advertisement for a lost puppy so that it could be parsed, had better stop to think about.

Bad Weather in October.

Capt. Saxby, of the Royal Navy, has called public attention in the London *Times* to the following facts, which if verified by results, will prove a curious instance of *a pariori* reasoning:

At 7 a. m. on the ensuing October 5, the moon will be at the part of her orbit, which is nearest the earth; her attraction will, therefore, be at its maximum force. At noon the moon will be on the earth's equator, a circumstance which never occurs without marked atmospheric disturbance; at 2 p. m., the same day, lines drawn from the earth's center will cut the sun and moon in the same arc of right ascension. The moon's attraction and the sun's will, therefore, be acting in the same direction. In other words, the new moon will be on the earth's equator when in perigee, and nothing more threatening can occur of high tides and destructive storms.

The "weather-wise" among our readers would do well to lay aside the foregoing paragraph until the time comes to see whether the prediction contained in it will be verrified.

☞ Actions are said to speak louder than words, but it is certain they don't make so much noise. Quiet people therefore prefer them.

The War of Revolution in Spain.

(From the New York Herald.)

The soil of Spain is again crimsoned with the blood of her children engaged in battling against each other in the name of revolution headed by legitimacy, against revolution which claims to be founded on the popular will and sanctioned by a citizen vote. Don Carlos' invasion, as it has been termed, of the soil induced "risings" in support of his claim; the newly appointed executive met the movement by military efforts for its repression; blood was shed five days since, and this morning we have to record by special telegram from London and through the Atlantic cable the facts of the occurrence of other and more severe engagements, the killing of a number of government officers, the cutting of railroads and telegraphs, the marching and countermarching of armed men, with the existence of a home contest so general, apparently, in its character that it must eventuate either in the readjustment of the present form of government on a new basis and with new men at the helm; another and more radical change; foreign invasion at the instance, it may be, of party invitation and the promptings of the exiled Queen, or anarchy. On Sunday, the 18th of the present month, Don Carlos was announced as having disappeared from France and crossed the border into the province of Navarre. From Paris we were told that he was "hotly pursued" by French police on nearing the frontier. These officials, in general so active in the discharge of their duties and so unerring in their identification of individuals, failed to interrupt his journey—a fact which may be interpreted as significant or the reverse by the public in estimating the chances and consequences of the issue. The Carlist party in Spain assumed a "threatening attitude" the very next day. Queen Isabella's partisans commenced to agitate for war on the 20th instant. They tendered the military command to General Lersundi, formerly Captain General of Cuba, which that gentleman, for reasons best known to himself, judged it prudent to decline. The excitement extended from Madrid. It pervaded the country during the night, so that Barcelona, Cordova and Valladolid, with other important points, were in insurrectionary attitude the morning of the 21st inst. Numerous arrests were made, and generals, colonels, sub-officers, private soldiers and peasants were classed by the Cabinet as malcontent, traitorous, or in actual counter-revolution, on all sides. Napoleon employed himself as a neutral and pacificator, ordering that all "Spanish conspirators" should depart from the frontier—a measure which proclaimed to the surrounding peoples that Spain, even in her days of infantile democracy, could produce "conspirators," just as did France in her era of reasserted imperialism.

Moved and influenced in such manner and by such causes, the Spaniards met in arms. A battle was fought at Ciudad Real, one hundred miles distant from Madrid, on the 20th inst., between the civil authorities and the advancing partisans of Don Carlos. Several persons were wounded on both sides. The Carlists were driven off or retired, their leaders either escaping or being unknown. Action in the field was followed by secret caucus in the cities.—The musket and sabre were, it was rumored, to be exchanged for poison, the knife and the stiletto, the government announcing the discovery of a plot having for its object the removal of the leading emancipators—Serrano, Prim and Rivero—by assassination. Fevered, uncertain, aimless to some extent, and vastly demoralized in national spirit, the Spaniards initiated the Carlist "outbreak" which we chronicle to-day. His adherents, Basquinos particularly, are in arms in many hundreds, Ciudad Real being still their chief point of concentration. A battle was fought yesterday between his men and the troops of the existing government, which resulted as stated above, and other engagements are expected momentarily. The Carlists, to the number of four thousand, were at La Mancha last night, government forces being on their march towards that place for the purpose of attacking them. The Spanish question at home presents an eventful point in the European history of the day a point which develops the truth of the embarrassing fact that "Not all the blood at Talavera shed, not all the laurels of Barrosa's height," have "won for Spain her well asserted right." When, and by what agency, and in what form, will she obtain it?

Burning Witches.

Massachusets is not the only place where "witches" were burned. On the 30th of May, 1431, Joan of Arc was burned at Rheims as a witch. At Geneva, in 1515, five hundred witches were burned. In the diocese of Como, 1524, one thousand witches were burned. In 1580, in Lorraine, to 1595, nine hundred witches suffered at the stake. In 1683 witchcraft was all the rage in Pennsylvania. Only nineteen witches were burned in Salem in 1692, but forty-five or fifty more confessed themselves to be possessed of the devil, and if the people of Massachusets should make an honest confession now, we think as great a number could be found. Barrington, an English historian, estimates that as many as thirty thousand witches were executed in England in two hundred years, and in Scotland thousands of witches have been tried as by fire.

Didn't Pay.

A boy named Henry Johnson, living in Michigan, climbed into an apple-tree, back of a farmer's house, the other night, and imitated the hooting of an owl so accurately that the farmer rushed out and put nine buckshot into him. It is said that Henry has not hooted since.

☞ The eclipse occurs to-morrow.

Artesian W[illegible]

They have been three years boring an artesian well near St. Louis. The depth reached is 3,832 feet, or only [illegible] feet less than three-fourths of a mile. But no pure water has been reached at that depth, and it is now proposed to plug the hole up and lose $66,000, the cost of the great bore, so far. The boring was done at the rate of about 30 feet per month. Artesian wells are so named from the province of Artois in France, formerly called Artesium, where they have long been employed. These wells, it is thought, were known to the ancients, and it is a settled fact that they existed in China many centuries ago, and while our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were roaming over the hills of Britain destitute alike of civilization and of clothes. The artesian well at Grenoble, in France, is one of the most famous in the world, and was begun in 1833 with the expectation of reaching water at a depth of not more than twelve or fifteen hundred feet. In 1841, at a depth of 1,792 feet, water was at last found, and has flowed ever since at a rate of five hundred thousand gallons in twenty-four hours. There are numerous wells in other parts of Europe and also in this country, but the deepest one in the world, except that now under consideration, is at a sugar refinery in St. Louis, begun in the spring of 1849, and continued until 1854, when the work stopped at the depth of 2,199 feet. The supply of water procured is comparatively small in quantity, and strongly impregnated with sulphur.

A Consistent Cuss.

On Sunday, the 18th, there was an excitement in Fairfield, Conn., caused by a deacon of a church flaggelating his white servant girl. The girl wanted to go to Sunday school, the deacon wanted her to stay at home and cook his dinner, while he went to church and prayed for her, and to make her stay he thrashed her unmercifully, arousing the whole town from its quiet. The deacon is a political abolitionist, and has for years made himself ill through excessive sympathy for the "poor slaves of the South."

Turpentine.

A French doctor has discovered that turpentine is a sure antidote to phosph[illegible] rus, and he commends this dis[illegible] most especially to parents wh[illegible] dren have been sucking lucifer[illegible] It appears that in more the[illegible] cases of the kind he has, and y[illegible] pentine (one teas[illegible] doing. It [illegible] fully, and his rep[illegible] these c[illegible] by th[illegible]

FOR CASH OR [illegible]
UNTRY PROD[illegible]
we defy any one to undersell us

I [illegible] W. G. HORTON [illegible] w York,
thabens, April 2, 1869-tf-70

C. W[illegible]LS
OUT[illegible]ORN
ENS, [illegible]ENN[illegible]

—o—

A Good Enterprise.

Coffee county, in this State, will, on the 25th of September, vote on to a proposition to issue one hundred thousand dollars in county bonds, toward building a cotton and woolen factory. A board of nine directors, to be elected annually, is to be intrusted with the management.

A Stunner.

Brigham Young's last proposition is a legislative "stunner." He promises to confine himself to one woman, if every member of Congress will do the same.

☞ A man named Brazzel and his son, living in Glasscock county, Ga., was tied to a tree and whipped, on the 16th instant, for stealing a trunk, pistol, $90 in greenbacks, etc., from a negro named Warren Kitchens. Brazzel bore a disreputable character.

☞ Distrust those who love you extremely upon a very slight acq[illegible]tance and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard, too, against [illegible] profess, as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

☞ Postmaster General Cresswell has appointed Louis Pleasant, a bright mulatto, Route Agent on the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad. The negro has accepted the position.

☞ A country clergyman says he has married but one couple in a year, and that they paid him nothing, stayed to dinner, as it was a rainy day, and then borrowed his umbrella when they left, which he has never seen since.

☞ "Mamma!" said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his brother, "if the Lord [illegible] any more babies to give away, d[illegible]