

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1850.

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TERMS:

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1850.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.

The President and his suite returned from Richmond, on Saturday evening, much delighted with their visit. Those who were present at the reception and the ceremonies of the monument, speak of the scenes as highly interesting. General Taylor's visit, and the day, and the deed by which it was celebrated, had some influence, it is remarked, to allay the excitement prevailing at Richmond on the question which agitates the country. It is believed, too, that there is beginning to prevail a more moderate and conservative tone of feeling here. It is much hoped that Doty's Resolution will not be again pressed, and that the members will not insist upon separating the California measure from others of a kindred character.

There is no fear whatever that the Wilmot Proviso will be again urged in a serious manner. Even some of the Northern Legislatures have, in effect, ceased to press it. The second of the series of the Resolutions of the New-York Legislature was supposed to contain the principle of the Wilmot Proviso; but it appears that it has been explained by its author, Mr. Raymond, as meaning little or nothing. If Congress legislates on the subject of slavery in the Territories, then, it recommends that the Legislature should be adverse to slavery. But, if this was the meaning, it is said, the Resolution might have been so drawn as to say so.

Some have lately stated that Mr. Webster intends to propose the Missouri Compromise. I doubt it very much. But, after all, I would not be surprised to witness a final adjustment upon that principle. It appears to me to be gaining ground. Every one, whom I see from the North and North-West, says that the mass of the people deprecate any course of aggression upon the South, and regard the Wilmot Proviso as the measure of a miserable faction. Mr. Wintrop's late speech against the free-soil faction—Giddings, Root, &c.—is certain, it is said, to do much good at the North. The speech is to be extensively circulated there.

Mr. Clayton had not, yesterday, revoked the resignation; but he will do so, as most persons say.

General John McNeil, a distinguished officer of the U. S. Army, in the war of 1812, died suddenly, in this city, on Friday. He resigned in 1830, in order to receive from General Jackson the appointment of Surveyor of Boston, which office he had held ever since.—*Cor. Char. Conr.*

The Richmond Whig says: "We mean to oppose all schemes, which look to a dissolution. It was on that account, that we opposed the original resolutions of the Legislature on the subject of a Southern Convention. We had no idea of investing 19 men with authority to go to Nashville, on behalf and at the expense of the State, and pledge this commonwealth to disunion. When the Legislature 'emasculated' those resolutions, as it did very thoroughly, we had no serious objection to their adoption. As many gentlemen, as choose, may go to Nashville, on their own hook, and at their own proper cost and charges, and consult as long as they please. If they shall propose wise and wholesome measures, we will approve them; if they do not, neither we nor anybody else are bound by them."

AN INDEPENDENT EDITOR.—A country editor very piquantly remarks:

We do not belong to our "patrons"; Our paper is wholly our own. Whoever may like it, can take it; Who don't—can just let it alone.

POLITENESS AND PRINCIPLE.—What's the use of making such a fuss Pat—is't one religion as good as another? Indade it is, yer honor, and a grate dale better too.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

The lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own, but a smooth surface, from which every man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, simulating their tastes; with this one, he hates a man; with that one, he loves the same man; he favors a law and he dislikes it; he approves and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than both sides—he attends meetings to suppress intemperance, but at elections makes every grog shop free to all drinkers. He can with equal relish plead most eloquently for temperance, or toss off a dozen glasses in a dirty grocery. He thinks that there is a time for every thing, and, therefore, at one time he swears, and jeers, and leers with a carousing crew, and at another time, having happily been converted, he displays the various features of devotion. Indeed, he is a capacious christian—an epitome of faith. He piously asks the class-leader of the welfare of his charge, for he was always a Methodist, and always shall be, until he meets a Presbyterian; there he is a Presbyterian, old school or new, as the case requires. However, as he is no bigot, he can afford to be a Baptist in a good Baptist neighborhood, and with a wink, he tells the zealous elder that he never had one of his children baptized, not he! He whispers to the Reformer that he abhors all creeds but baptism and the Bible. After all this, room will be found in his heart for the fugitive sects also, which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. His flattering attention at church edifies the simple-hearted preacher, who admires that a plain sermon should make a man whisper amen and weep, or at least wipe his eyes to coax a tear. Upon the stump his fact is no less rare. He roars and bawls with courageous plainness, on points about which all agree; but on subjects where men differ, his meaning is nicely balanced on a pivot, that it may dip either way. He depends for success chiefly upon humorous stories. A glowing patriot telling stories is a dangerous antagonist; for it is hard to expose the fallacy of a hearty laugh, and men convulsed with merriment are slow to perceive in what way an argument is a reply to a story.

Perseverance, effrontery, good nature, and versatile cunning, have advanced many a bad man higher than a good man could attain. Men will admit that he has not a single moral virtue; but he is smart. Smart! It does not occur to many that there is much difference between men and game; or that offices and laws are much more than heaven-traps; or public men very different from smart trappers. We object to no man for amusing himself at the fertile resources of the politician here painted; for sober men are sometimes pleased with the grimaces and mischievous tricks of a versatile monkey; but would it not be strange indeed if they should select him for a ruler, or make him an exemplar for their sons.

QUESTION.—I have several bills for clothing against young gentlemen whose fathers are able to pay but refuse. As they are minors, I cannot sue them, but are not their fathers responsible?

ANSWER.—No. They must provide for their maintenance, but are not answerable for debts otherwise contracted. The fault is entirely with tradesmen and storekeepers, who give credit to a minor on the strength of his father's capability of paying the debt. They deserve to lose it, for if they were to say to the son, "Bring me an order from your father and I will supply you with what you require, and not without it," there would be no difficulty. Half of the follies and extravagance of young men arise from the facility of obtaining credit on their father's name; and many fathers, rather than have trouble, pay the bill when they should refuse to pay it firmly, as it only encourages young men in a life of idleness and extravagance. Any person trusting a minor without an order from his father or guardian, richly merits to lose the debt. If the son is worthy of credit the father will not withhold his sanction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An unhappy youth, attempted to commit suicide in Louisville last week.—*Cause—unrequited love! Poor boy! poor boy!*—*Nash. Gaz.*

Several boys about our town in the same unhappy condition—all but the suicide part.

A western editor observes, that if a man who has a pretty wife, two pigs, a cow, a cat, a dog and a fat baby, is not satisfied, he never will be until he takes a newspaper.

GADDERS AND VISITANTS.

We are willing to barter our good time with a friend, who gives us in exchange his own. Herein lies the distinction between a Genuine guest and the visitant. This latter takes your good time and gives you his bad in exchange. The guest is domestic to you as your good cat or domestic household bird; the visitant is your fly that flaps in at the window and out again, leaving nothing but a sense of disturbance, and victuals spoiled. Visitants always show their genius, in knocking the moment you have just sat down to a book. They have a peculiar compassionate sneer, with which they "hope they do not interrupt your studies." Though they flatter off the next moment to carry their impertinences to the next student that they can call their friend, the tone of the book is spoiled; we shut the leaves, and with Dante's lovers, read no more that day. It were well if the effect of intrusion were simply co-extensive with its presence; but it mars all the good hours afterward. These scratches in appearance leave an orifice that closes not hastily. "It is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship," says worthy Bishop Taylor, "to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, leads to their families, but can never ease any loads."— "This is the secret of their gaddings, their visits, and morning calls. They too have homes which are no homes."

FRANKLIN, TENN., Feb. 25.
I notice a misstatement has crept into the columns of the Gazette. The men murdered were William P. Barham and John G. Ellbeck—not Thomas.

The murder occurred about 11—perhaps a quarter after, on Sunday night. They were walking up Main street—the proof seems to be that they had turned above the Episcopal Church, and were returning when they saw a negro crossing over from the same side of the street they were on, with a load of some kind on his shoulders. He was crossing between the Academy lot and the Presbyterian Church; one of them remarked, "we must look into this." They crossed over themselves and were seen to stop the boy—one took hold on the arm, the other collared him. Plenty of negroes passing from prayer meeting at the time; three or four were standing on Dr. Ewing's corner, not exceeding 30 steps from the place they occupied. A few words—a slight scuffle, and Ellbeck was seen to hump himself and start down the street.—He proceeded about 30 steps and fell dead. Barham raised a stick, made a few steps and fell in the act of striking.

Both were stabbed to the heart; one blow each was all that was given. There are negroes that know who did it, but will not tell.

The supposed murderer is in jail, a negro of Bennett's. Spots of blood were found on the right arm and collar of his coat. His dress on that night, was just such as described by those who saw the murder committed. He was close to where his wife lived and going in that very direction. It was necessary, in order to reach his wife's house, that he should go the very street he did. He boards himself; hence the temptation to steal the bacon. As to the blood, the boy is a tanner and may have got the blood on his clothes by handling green hides.

It is a most melancholy affair, but we will spare no pains to ferret out the guilty party and bring him to justice.

THE PACIFIC RAIL ROAD.—Books have been opened at St. Louis for subscriptions to a Rail Road, to run from that city westwardly to the western limits of the State of Missouri, so that it may strike the line of Rail Road that may be established to extend to the Pacific. On closing the books on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., it appeared that the amount of \$305,500 had been subscribed in the course of the week. The books were to be re-opened on the Monday following, and a confident expectation appears to be entertained, that the subscriptions there would amount to half a million. The city authorities also were expected to subscribe a similar amount to the project. Books were also to be opened at various other places in the State, and the most sanguine hopes appear to be entertained of the success of this enterprise, which is pronounced to be "The Great Work of the Age."

The neat old lady in Virginia who scrubbed through the floor and fell into the cellar, is but one among the very nice females with which our country abounds. We know a good lady in New Jersey who whitewashed all the wood she burnt; and another in Connecticut, who used three times a day to scour the nose of her lap dog, to keep him from soiling the dish out of which he ate his meals. The same good lady took her own food through a napkin ring, to keep it from coming in contact with her lips.

PRETENTIOUS DIGNITY.

Among the countless deceptions passed off on our sham-ridden race, let me direct your attention to the deception of dignity, as it is one which includes many others. Among these terms which have long ceased to have any vital meaning, the word dignity deserves a disgraceful prominence. No word has fallen so readily as this into the designs of cant, imposture and pretense; none has played so well the part of verbal scare crow to frighten children of all ages and both sexes. It is at once the thinnest and most effective of all the coverings under which freedom sneaks and skulks. Most of its men of dignity, who were or bore their more genial brethren, are simply men possessing the art of passing off their impudence for wisdom, their dullness for depth, and of concealing imbecility of intellect under brightness of manner. Their success in this small game is one of the stereotyped satire on mankind. Once strip from these pretenders their stolen garments, once disconnect their show of dignity from their real meanness, and they would stand shivering and defenceless objects of the tears of pity, or targets for the arrows of scorn. But it is the misfortune of this world's affairs, that offices, fully occupied only by talent and genius, which despite pretence, should be filled by respectable stupidity and dignified emptiness, to whom pretence is the very soul of life. Manner triumphs over matter; and throughout society, politics, letters and science, we are doomed to meet a swarm of dunces and wind-bags, disguised as gentlemen, statesmen and scholars. Coleridge once saw, at a dinner table, a dignified man with a face wise as the moon's. The awful charm of his manner was not broken until the muffs appeared, and then the imp of gluttony forced from him the exclamation: "Them's the jockeys for me!" A good number of such dignitaries remain undiscovered.

SONG.
Of sing to me one song of thine,
One song before we part;
That I may hear away with me
Is mine in my heart.
Let it be a gentle one,
A song of early joy,
Such as a fair haired maiden sings
To win her much loved boy.
Of sing to me the song I heard,
The other day at noon,
When it came to me like a warbling bird,
And ceased as short and soon.
Dashedly that song was still,
For I started from out the trees;
So the bird is hush'd when the bramble
Sings with the passing breeze.

Turn not so fearfully away—
I cannot bear to part,
With anything but hope and joy
In the swelling of my heart.
Look up to me with laughing eyes—
We shall meet again ere long;
And then the greeting I shall have,
Will be thy gentle song.
So sing to me that song of joy,
That song of Summer hours,
Murmuring like the soft warm breath
Of a south wind over flowers.
I will kiss thee as thou warblest on,
My token as I part,
And so will hear away with me
The music in my heart.

CHOLERA.—Since our last publication another vessel has arrived, on board of which cholera and sickness generally have been fearfully prevalent. The Isaac Wright left Liverpool on the 9th of January, with 203 passengers. On the second day from Liverpool the cholera appeared on board.—The first victim was a hale, stout Irishman, apparently in good health. He was seized at 9 o'clock and was buried at half past 11. Before his death he admitted that he had an attack of cholera at Liverpool, and came out of the hospital only a few days before the Isaac Wright sailed. Of the 203 passengers, 180 were sick with cholera and other diseases during the voyage, and 33 died. The salvation of the remainder is attributed to the free use of cayenne pepper and salt. There were no cases of cholera on board when the ship arrived at quarantine.

The Journal of Commerce says: "It appears from the records of the physicians, that the disease as manifested there, has been attended with an unusual fatality.—The first case appeared on the 21st of January, and came to the Island direct from the ship Vandalia. Since that time fifty five have gone into a collapse, of which forty-five terminated in death. This extraordinary fatality is accounted for by the fact, that by far the larger proportion were persons who were previously much debilitated by disease or privations. A number were passengers in the ship Caleb Grimshaw, burned at sea, and endured much hardship in consequence of that disaster."—*N. Y. paper.*

SIGHS THROUGH A KEY-HOLE.

"Many years ago, Oh! very many years ago, I enjoyed a week full of North Carolina hospitality, which was then as now, cordial, genuine and altogether sincere. By the way, Arthur, I never understood why hospitality is so generally, indeed, almost universally marked as a southern characteristic, so distinguished as to imply that the virtue hardly exists elsewhere. Now I have found warm hearts in many cold corners of New England, just as warm as in any hot State down towards the gulf, and a Pennsylvania Dutchman has entertained me, in his way, just as royally as ever did a F. F. Virginian. The American people are very hospitable; and in every day feeling than to an impulse; a feeling which has nothing to do with Northern or Southern color. Curse this geography in America.

"Uncle tell me your story"
"Well, I fell in love, as you used to say, with a girl, just seventeen, and the sweetest, loveliest—
"Yes, I know," said I, "I have seen such."

"But Ellen, I tell you, was a nonpareil, modest, retiring—don't interrupt me—and she loved me, and I loved her, with a love so true, that it is no wonder indeed the course didn't run smooth."

Soon after our engagement, (it was early in August,) Ellen and I went to visit Col. L., a friend of her father, in the country. We found there half a dozen, yes more, young ladies, and real devils they were too, so different from my Ellen. Our Colonel was delighted with the noise we made, of gaiety and fun, he was as fond of fun, and as gay as any of them. We had a glorious dance.

Here my uncle stopped; he was busy with memories too sacred to be disturbed by any thoughtless speech of mine. But at length he resumed—

"My host showed me to my room. I was fatigued with my riding and dancing, and I was soon asleep and dreaming. The ladies left the drawing room, or rather the dancing room, before I did—a half dozen of them huddled together in one large chamber, as I afterwards discovered. I suppose there were plenty of beds in it; but as for that I neither know nor care."

Col. C. came to my room and awakened me.

"Jump up quick," said he; "and I'll show you some fun. Come with me, no one's here. Now look through the key-hole."

I had noticed that the door was ajar—but I peeped in. By the Lord, the girls were searching for flesh, in their 'sacred linen,' and my Ellen was among them, six of them by the Lord Harry.

I had no sooner seen this and suggested the thought that Ellen might be in better business, than that same Colonel gave me a push, and in a twinkling I was in the room on my hands and bare knees before all those girls.

I think I went and dressed myself. Col. L. did not sleep in the house that night. I had letters which required me to leave very early, before breakfast. I received a letter from Ellen two days afterwards, and I never have seen her since."

RATHER PRECOCIOUS.—A "young lady," fourteen years of age, is practising the game of swindling in St. Louis, getting goods and having them charged to customers.

An editor of a newspaper actually returned from California by the last steamer with a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. What a consolatory event! We had always thought that editors, like English postboys, never got rich and never died, but thinned gradually off, both in person and purse, and then somehow "went away, and were missed." Here is an instance, however, of fortune's disposition to favor the race, and we owe her a debt of gratitude for it that we shall feel it our duty to pay when—we pay that of nature, at any rate.—*N. Y. Mex.*

The Placer Times, of December 8, published at Sacramento, says: "The Odd-Fellows are quite numerous in this city. Since the middle of August they relieved twenty-three sick Old-Fellows at Doctors Deal and Martin's Hospital; forty have been relieved in their tents. Out of this number, but, two have died."

A remarkable discovery, it is said, has been made in New York, viz: that *worth* and *wealth* are not *always* synonymous.

A Union meeting, without distinction of party, composed of hundreds, was held in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on Friday afternoon, when a number of speeches were made and resolutions adopted.

The Boston Chronotype is no more.—Editor says: "If it had told less truth in its life, it would not now be lying in death."

A BILL.

To give the county courts jurisdiction to provide for the partition and distribution of the estates of deceased persons.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee. That the county courts shall have and exercise concurrent jurisdiction with the circuit and chancery courts, to hear and determine all petitions or bills for the partition and distribution of the estates of deceased persons, whether the same shall consist of real or personal property, or both, or for the payment of debts, and when necessary to decree sales of either personal or real estate, or both, when the same is necessary for partition and distribution amongst the heirs and distributees or legatees, or the payment of debts according to the laws now in force and use, in this State, and in all such cases, said courts may appoint a commissioner or commissioners, to make such sale or division, and declare the compensation he or they shall receive for such services.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted. That in all cases where the county court shall direct or decree a sale of property according to the provisions of this act, the person or persons as appointed to perfect a sale shall enter into bond with two or more good securities before the county court so decreeing said sale, payable to the chairman of said court and his successors in office, in double the assessed value of the property decreed to be sold, for the use and benefit of those interested.

Passed, Dec. 31st, 1849.

THE ODD-FELLOWS.—The Washington Globe thus bears testimony to the great increase and noble mission of Old-Fellowship:
"We believe that in the whole history of the world there is no instance of any society of men, unaided by power, wealth, or political influence, who have from a humble beginning, risen rapidly to be both numerous and opulent, as the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. The fact is itself a eulogium on the Order—on its objects, its conduct, and its administration.—The great aim of it is to do good, and the only aim we believe. To comfort the sorrowstricken, to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to relieve the necessitous, are the cardinal purposes for which Old-Fellowship was instituted. So far it has nobly fulfilled its mission, and its success has far exceeded everything that could have been anticipated. Everywhere the Odd-Fellows are erecting noble buildings called halls, which are not built for show altogether, but for use, and they are made useful always, we believe."

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A SLAVE.—At the fire which occurred in Sparta, on the night of the 19th inst., an incident occurred, strikingly illustrating the fidelity and personal devotion of a slave to a kind master. It seems that the fire, by which so large a portion of the village was consumed, spread with such incredible rapidity as to allow the citizens no time to save their property, and in some instances hardly sufficient to escape from their burning houses.

Dr. Mackie, who but a short time before had been burnt out, was taken by surprise in his chamber, and lost his furniture, books, watch, and even his wearing apparel; and but for the great presence of mind, and generous devotion of one of his servants, would, in all probability, have perished himself.

The lower story of the building was on fire, and the stairway having been consumed, there seemed no possible means of escape. In this critical juncture his faithful servant came to his side, and seizing a feather bed, threw it from the window, then throwing his master upon it, he sprang from the window himself. Neither the doctor nor the boy received any injury.—*Savannah Morning News.*

COULDN'T ALLOW IT.—A gentleman tells us a good story of his domestics. Having employed a new female servant, he sat down in the parlor, the evening after to a civil game of whist with his wife and a couple of neighbors. The next morning "my lady," "the help," observed that "the card-playing must be put a stop to, or she should be obliged to leave—she didn't approve of the practice, and never allowed it in families where she lived."—*Boston Post.*

The following "rules" are posted in the New Jersey school-houses: "No kissing girls in school time. No licking the master during holidays."