

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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TERMS:

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1850.

PROF. WEBSTER.—The Boston Post, of Wednesday, says the report from the jail on the previous evening represented Dr. Webster as exhibiting signs that he had begun to realize his true condition. He was disposed to converse on the serious topics appropriate to his unhappy situation. The Herald says that his appearance is that of deep dejection. His time is mostly occupied in reading his favorite authors, and in writing. A writer in the Bee states that Prof. Webster has been among the most strenuous opponents of the abolition of capital punishment.

Boston, April 6.

The Family of the late Dr. Parkman, to day, voluntarily gave to Mr. Littlefield, the reward of \$3,000 offered by them, soon after Mr. Parkman's disappearance.

New-York, April 5—9 a. m.

Fears are entertained of another visit from the cholera, excited by the death of thirty passengers on board the Siddons during her passage from Liverpool, from some disease resembling that scourge. She started with 265 steerage passengers.

DEATH FROM A NEWSPAPER ATTACK.—The Cleveland Herald mentions the death of Dr. Samuel Strong, of Elyria, after a short illness, the exciting cause of which arose from an attack upon his character in the Courier newspaper, published at that place.

GOING TO DESTRUCTION UNAWARES.—The Forsythe (Ga.) Bee lately contained the following:

"With shame and mortification we have to record the humiliating fact that the Southern meeting advertised to come off yesterday at this place, turned out to be a perfect and entire failure. No interest was manifested by any one, and the whole affair went off by default. When we take into consideration the vast interest at stake, the many incentives which prompt us to a firm, decided, manifest action upon the all important and all engrossing subject that is now agitating the Union from centre to circumference, we are overwhelmed with astonishment at the apathy and indifference manifested by the good citizens of Monroe in relation to the matter. Is it because they are wanting in patriotism? We hope not. Is it because they are recreant to their own interests? But talk will do no good. We have tried until we are heartily sick of it, and with but few exceptions, to no effect. 'Ephraim is joined to his idols—let him alone!'"

"THE TRUE LADY."—O, you foolish idolaters at the shrine of beauty! Know you that hundreds of husbands are made miserable by handsome wives, and that thousands are happy in the possession of homely ones? Homely without, beautiful within. Alas! what is beauty? It is a flower that withers and withers almost as soon as plucked—a transient rainbow—a fleeting meteor—a deceitful will of the wisp—suffumigated moonshine. The kind of wife you want is one of good morals, who knows how to mend your trousers—who can reconcile peeling potatoes with practical or fashionable piety—who can walk with a dash, and churn and sing with a kettle—who understands broomology, and the true science of mopping—can knit stockings without knitting her brows, and knit up her husband's ravelled sleeve of care—who prefers sewing tares with the needle to sewing tears with her tongue.—Such is decidedly a better half. Take her if you can get her, when you can find her—let her be up to her elbows in the suds of a wash tub or picking geese in a cow stable.

THE UNION.—Somebody has suggested the following as applicable to the times— Among the men, who dire divisions rise— For union one, and one no union cries; Plague on the sex, that such disputes began, The girls are all for union to a man.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, April 5.

The attention of the public is now seriously called to the fact that Congress is quite inadequate to the performance of their ordinary duties, and that the government itself must prove a total failure, unless that branch of it shall be induced to perform their proper functions. After four months of strife upon sectional questions, they are not perceptibly near to any conclusion of it. There are other very important and pressing questions besides those relating to the territories and slavery. There was never a Congress, upon which devolved more mighty and important matters, to say nothing of the regular routine of business.

Every one says that the territory and slavery questions can be settled, and it is time that they were settled. But still the discussions go on in an uninterrupted strain—and discussions of so vague and general a character as to have no practical effect or bearing. Some years ago I heard an eminent and experienced member say, "territory will be the ruin of this country yet." If Congress really means to abandon all its duties, and do nothing but agitate the slavery question, after the manner of the last four months, the government must thereby undergo a radical change.

There is now a struggle for precedence in the order of action, between the California and the Territorial Bill. The majority in both Houses seem to be inclined to dispose of the California Bill. Mr. Webster has announced this as his policy. He will next, he says, agree to act upon the Territorial Bills, and according to the principles which he has already avowed. On the other hand, Mr. Foote has solemnly assured the Senate, that if the California Bill be first pressed to a final passage, the Territorial Bills will never pass the House; and foreseeing this, he also states that the southern members of the House will not permit the California Bill to pass. For my own part, and having a very good opportunity of knowing the disposition of the House, I must say that the Territorial Bill, in the form proposed in the Senate, cannot pass the House; and that if the California Bill cannot pass the House, until the three Territorial Bills pass, that the California Bill will not pass at all.—*Cor. Cher. Cour.*

NO DOUBT!—Among other arguments used by the Charleston Mercury in favor of a "dissolution of the Union," is the cogent one, that England would rejoice at the event! This is a beautiful argument to be used by a man calling himself an American! We have, however, but little doubt that England would be delighted to acquire a powerful ready made empire by treason and treachery, which the whole force of her arms, backed by the contraction of an irredeemable national debt, failed to accomplish. If the truth was known, England has at this moment her paid emissaries all over the Union, fanning the flames of civil discord and strife. Her motto in Ireland, India and America ever has been "divide and conquer." Consequently, such arguments as that of the Mercury, instead of strengthening, must weaken the cause of those who employ them. The people cannot help doubting the propriety of any course which punishes England looks upon not only with composure, but approbation. For our part, we are determined to do nothing which by the remotest possibility can give aid and comfort to England, or bring our country back to its state of colonial vassalage.—*Jackson Southern.*

NOVEL ENTERPRISE.—ANOTHER MODE OF CONVEYANCE TO CALIFORNIA.—Considerable of a stir was created in Baltimore about a week since by the arrival of a herd of eleven Syrian camels at that port; and every body was wondering what on earth was to be done with such a number. We learn from a reliable source, that Messrs. Sands & Howes, the well known enterprising circus proprietors, are about to establish an overland line to California with them, which is to leave Independence, Missouri, direct for San Francisco, early in June. These gentlemen have already thirty-one camels in this country, and the brig Catharine, Capt. Gordon, now on her passage from Algiers to New-Orleans, has on board twenty-two more, making in all fifty-three, most of which have been selected with care as brood stock. We are told that a caravan of twenty five or more, will leave each point once a month, and continue through the year. Success to this new enterprise and its projectors, say we.

If none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world. Our Master could love the criminal while he hated the crime, but we his disciples, too often love the crime but hate the criminal. A perfect knowledge of the depravity of the human heart, with perfect pity for the infirmities of it, never co-existed but in one breast, and never will.

THE PULPIT ON DISUNION.

The following eloquent and patriotic sentiments were delivered before the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, recently by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, in his inaugural sermon:

"Paul's principle as set forth in the text, applies as well to the Civil, as to the Social, and the Ecclesiastic. A Christian minister amid the partisanship of a community's politics, is to 'know nothing save Christ Jesus and him crucified.' His duties as a preacher are superinduced duties. As God's Ambassador he comes to man divested altogether of factitious differences. To the sovereign and the slave—to the mighty man and the menial—to the creature fawning on the foot-cloth of a throne and the freeman standing proudly before kings in the glory of immortal manhood—to all alike, he comes, bearing the same flaming credentials of God's anger and God's love; standing in his high place of embassy, he is not to look that the Holy Ghost will descend from Heaven to give point to a lesson of statesmanship, or power to an axiom of political economy. He is to look on man as a spirit whose nationality is but a decaying garment, a spirit winged for soaring to that high world, where men of all kindreds and peoples are one in Christ. He is to forget all human distinctions. He is to 'let the dead bury their dead.' He is to 'know nothing save Christ Jesus and him crucified.'"

Meantime we would not be misunderstood here. Far be it from us to bow before that most foul, yet favorite infidel clamor, whereby a Christian minister, by the imposition of Ecclesiastical hands, is held thereafter divested of all rights as a man and a citizen; even under the shadow of the Cross, he will go—he may not—he cannot forget his country. Paul, amid the surpassing glories of a commonwealth like ours, would have cried with even more than his Roman exultation, "I am an American citizen." Our beloved land, with its boundaries the broadest—its government the freest—its institutions the noblest the world ever saw, is God's great gift to every man who breathes its blest air, and exults in its sunshine. And we would be to that man, whether Civilian or Ecclesiastic, who dare lay down at a fool's bidding his great birth-right, or prove recreant to one of its ennobling prerogatives—who dare leave American liberty, as an unpurged thing, to be marred by the hand of unskillful legislation, or wrecked amid the conflicts of self-seeking ambition—who dares fail in one title of all he can do to give steadfast strength to American name and American nationality. God's pity on the creeping thing that can listen unmoved to the whisper of Disunion that rises even now upon the ear! Perish the heart that throbs not in agonizing desire that this glorious sisterhood be never broken! Palsied be the right arm that feels not its sinews tighten like steel to speed our soaring eagle in its flight to the sun! Stricken be the bosom that bares not itself in full strength to roll back this desolating surge that would sweep all these glad and goodly and glorious things away as wrecks upon the billows! Not know my country!—not honor my country!—not struggle for my country! Why then I would be a creature without soul, unworthy my ministry—unworthy my manhood.

Nay, nay—such political wisdom, I will know—I must know—because absolutely in it, I am to know Christ crucified. For, my audience, dear as to American Christians must be his country—dear, because of the prayer of its consecration, and the blood of its baptism—dear, because of its great breadth and mighty power, and glorious fame—the home of the free—the hope of the oppressed—the beacon to the nations—the cradle of that infant liberty, which yet, when its limits shall have waxed strong, will leap from its swaddling bands in great manhood, and go forth in a giant's path, to shake down the despots of a world in rushing Omnipotence! Yet to his loving heart is it dearest of all, as the great instrument under God to bear on to its consummation his adorable Gospel. He sees Christ in American nationality!—Christ, the God of all Providence, presiding and preserving it—as the great spring in the mechanism of a triumphant Evangel. And to him it seems that to sever this blessed Union, were to loose the silver cord of man's hope, and to break the great wheel at the cistern. And every Christian minister will stand by the Union—and pray for the Union—and struggle for the Union—and preach Christ and him crucified as the cement of the Union, till his right arm is withered, and his tongue dumb in death!

If you are slandered, hold your peace about it! Don't blow the flame, and it will go out of itself. Don't galvanize the carcass into life by the electric battery of passion.

ONE MONTH LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steam ship Cherokee, Captain Wendle, arrived this morning at an early hour. She left Chagres at 12 M. on Tuesday, the 26th of March, arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on Thursday, at 7 P. M., and left there at 11 A. M. on Friday, the 29th, thus making the quickest passage ever accomplished from Chagres to New York.

The Pacific mail steamer Oregon, Capt. Patterson, sailed from San Francisco on the evening of the 1st of March, and arrived at Panama on the 20th of that month. She brought to Panama two hundred and sixty passengers, and \$1,342,602 on freight, principally in gold dust, and at least \$1,000,000 in the possession of the passengers.

She brought one month later advices from California, and her mail, under the charge of Wm. A. Bayley, U. S. M. A., is the largest yet brought from California, consisting of about twenty-six thousand letters, and a large quantity of newspapers. Mr. Bayley brings despatches from Hon. J. T. Van Allen to the Secretary of State.

One of the passengers by the Oregon has with him a lump of gold weighing fourteen pounds—real value two thousand seven hundred and eighty eight dollars—but four thousand dollars has been offered for it. He intends exhibiting it in the United States. The fortunate finder of this lump had toiled without success for several months, when he was thus suddenly and amply rewarded for his exertions.

The quantity of gold dust in possession of the miners is very large, and they were taking advantage of the improvement in the weather to bring it down to San Francisco; and the succeeding steamers, it is supposed, will each carry away larger amounts than have heretofore been shipped by any one steamer.

It was quite healthy at San Francisco and Sacramento City, and as the mud was drying up, business was assuming a very active appearance. Money still remains scarce; loans were made at from 10 to 15 per cent. per month. Lumber of all kinds was arriving in large quantities, and prices had materially declined in consequence.— Good lumber could be purchased at \$85 per 1000 feet, and forced sales were made at still lower rates.—*N. Y. Com.*

MARIETTA, (Ga.) April 5.

A shocking and fatal occurrence took place on Saturday night last, about eight miles from Powder Springs. Mr. Smith, the bailiff, in an attempt to arrest a Mr. Austin, (who had before been under arrest in this place, but had made his escape,) proceeded to his house with an armed posse, and demanded admittance. Austin refused, saying he was roughly treated when he was previously taken, and if they attempted to enter the house he would shoot them. Mr. Smith, handing his pistol to another man opened the door, when Austin fired and shot him in the right side.— Austin was immediately shot by one of the posse, and died almost instantly. Smith is still living, but it is feared he will not recover.

EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The Sussex (N. J.) Register gives the details of the explosion of the Powder Magazine at the Andover Mine on Tuesday last, by which two sons of Wm. S. Johnson, aged 12 and 14 years, were blown to atoms.— The concussion was sensibly felt at a distance of 10 or 12 miles. In Newton, over 5 miles from the scene, every house was shaken.

It is very difficult to draw the dividing line between the virtues and vices of a man. If one becomes incensed against another on account of certain faults or errors discernible in him, he will be very likely to condemn the whole character of the man. By so doing, he gives place to the voice of passion, and not of reason and sound judgment, for those who would judge others must remember that there are none without both good and bad qualities. It is not personal feeling that is required, but a love of all that is good, and hatred for all that is bad.

ARMY OF EMIGRANTS.—The Chicago Democrat learns that persons are in that city, from St. Joseph, Mo., who report that there are from 50 to 60,000 persons at that place, and up and down the Missouri river, awaiting the proper time to start for the plains.

A Lover, wishing to concentrate his ardor into one burst of passion, exclaimed—"Oh, Angelina Augusta, I feel towards you just like the burning bush that Moses saw—I'm all afire, but ain't consumed."

Messrs. Paige, Archer and Joy, directors in the exploded Canal Bank in Albany, have had a judgment taken against them for about \$45,000, as sureties for lost funds of the State deposited there.

HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY OF A CHILD.—A

girl only thirteen years of age, named Ann Tinker, was sent to the house of refuge at Philadelphia, on Friday, for poisoning the family of Mr. Samuel Gillingham. Mrs. Gillingham and her two children were taken dangerously ill after eating some mashed potatoes; and finding a paper of white powder in the girl's pocket, she was questioned, and finally confessed that she had desired to kill the two children because they offended her on the previous day.—*Balt. Sun.*

TO TRAIN A HORSE TO THE HARNESS.—You must be very gentle with him. You may commence by throwing a rope over the back and letting it hang loose on both sides; then lead him about, caressing him, until he becomes satisfied that it will not hurt him; then put on the harness and pull gently on the traces.

Lieut. Hunter, in a letter to Commodore Perry, charges that officer, in substance, with cowardice. The accusation is made in the following terms:—

"You retreated, sir, from 'Tobasco,' under the fire of the enemy, after demanding an unconditional surrender; and you know perfectly well that when one of the most gallant officers of our navy was killed, (Chas. W. Morris,) you were retreating with a white flag flying at your fore."

Youth has one delightful time, when Hope walks like an angel by its side, and all things have their freshness and their charm. There appears so much to enjoy, that the only question is, what to enjoy first.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear.— The ruin of millions may be traced to it.

"A stuck up" sort of a genius entered a shop not long since, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed:—

"Are these apples fit for a hog to eat?" "I don't know; try them and see," was the instant reply of the shopkeeper.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down hill, lest it break thy neck with following it, but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.

Is the jay more precious than the lark, because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the adder better than the eel, because his painted skin contents the eye.

It is estimated, on the principle of past increase as determined by the censuses, with the addition of statistics of emigration, that the population of the United States in 1851 will reach 26,000,000.

Movements are making in the West looking to the erection of a monument to the memory of Robert Fulton, on the banks of the Ohio river.

A California letter states that a young gentleman in gold specs—a recent graduate of Yale College, has commenced the woodsawing business and is doing well.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early, and pay no attention to the moon.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied, as he that nobody can please.

MADNESS AND THE COLOR OF HAIR.—Men with dark hair and eyes are usually robust and sanguine, have strong passions and are generally furious maniacs, and have marked crises—while those with intensely black hair and eyes are of a nervous temperament, and are more subject to melancholia; those with brown hair have less energetic paroxysms, while light haired of the lymphatic temperament, although subject to mania and monomania, have often agreeable and pleasing reveries, and are seldom furious, but the cases are generally more chronic, and pass into dementia; while red-haired lunatics are very treacherous and dangerous and are never to be trusted. The same also applies to white haired maniacs, who are almost always furious and traitorous.—*Medical Times.*

"I don't know where that boy gets his temper," said a fond mother a few days since; "he don't take it from me." "Why no, my dear, I don't perceive that you have lost any," was her husband's reply.

HOW TO MAKE A CANNON.—The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon:—"Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron around it."

GOLD.

Gold is the only metal that is always found in the metallic state, not chemically combined with other bodies.— Therefore, at the cooling down of the crust of the globe, its mere weight would carry it down into crevices below the surface, precisely as the metal in a smelting furnace falls through the slag to the bottom. The gold found in streams, and alluvium and diluvium, has been subsequently thrown out by volcanic action as the spangle gold of California testifies, and also the lumps melted in matrices.— The traditions of all South American gold mines are, that when the water broke in—the usual mode for nature to close a mine—"It was at its richest"—*mas riquesus que nunca.* Marvelously has nature timed this California discovery.—The railway of Panama, the first of numerous railways through that district, shortening man's transit to the east—the thing talked of and desired for ages, is its first result; and with that railway the reign of law and order commences in that region of stagnant listlessness and active tyranny. A new and improving race is planting progress. When the work shall be done, and civilization rooted, probably more gold will be discovered, if not in the very act of cutting, side by side with the coal beds we are now told of for the first time. If gold and silver can be procured as plentifully as copper, we shall be enabled to use pleasant utensils without risk of thieves. But assuredly men will not coin it into money, when free railway transit over all the earth shall have made honesty not merely the "best policy," but the only practicable policy.

INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY IN KENTUCKY.—Recently a case was being tried in one of the county courts, in which an old gentleman presided, who was well known for his disregard of the cobwebs and technicalities of the law, when they stood in the way, or interfered with his notions of short justice, and also for the emphasis and energetic manner in which he rendered his decisions. The case was that of a merchant suing a young man to recover the price of some clothing which he had furnished him. The debt was fairly proven, when the young man sought to evade payment by pleading non-age. "Confound you Jesse Hawkins," said the Judge, "you good-for-nothing sneak, you! will you stand thar and plead the baby act, and cheat the man out of his money, after you've been cavorting about the country with his goods? It's unconstitutional, and I won't stand it. I'll not give these big lawyers a chance to help you; and if you don't pay over the amount, my son Tom thar shall lick you quicker nor a steak of greased lightning, before you leave the court room." The counsel for the defendant remonstrated, against this treatment of his client; but a suggestion from the Judge, that he would be the next victim of his son Tom, unless he was "mighty careful," quieted him, and the young man actually paid over the amount in controversy.

A TOUCH OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—The St. Louis Organ tells, that a fine, likely, fashionable dressed slave, who had been through the wars with General Worth, was sent to the police office by his master, for being drunk. According to custom, Lieut. Cozzens asked his name, upon which the dusky exquisite, with all the airs of a fop of upper-tendon, handed out his wallet, and, with a courteous bow, presented his card. "Well," exclaimed the Lieutenant, with intense astonishment, "you are some, and no mistake for a darkey." The first family African smiled. "It's the way we always do, sir, in South Carolina."

When a dog howls opposite a house at midnight, some one in that house will soon die.

If an infant, before it is christened, is fed out of a raven's skull, it will ever after be able to understand what the ravens say, or the raven's language. If a child, whose parents are unknown, is fed with a raven's skull, when it comes to maturity it will be acquainted with everything concerning them.

If you find a pod with nine peas in it, and put it behind the door the first person that comes in will be the name of your husband.

A crowing hen and a whistling woman are not fit to be kept about a house. When moving into a new house, let the first things you bring into it be a little coal and salt.