

L. J. Lenoir

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1850

WASHINGTON, April 17.

In the Senate, today, a row took place between Messrs. Benton and Foote. Benton said in debate, that the South cried wolf, when there was no danger, and that the Southern Address was the commencement. Mr. Butler replied, and was followed by Mr. Foote, who commenced to make personal remarks on Mr. Benton, in an excited tone. The Vice President did not interpose, and Benton moved hastily, and in a hostile manner towards Foote. Both were in the outer row of seats. Foote promptly left his position, and standing in the area fronting the chair, presented a pistol. Benton was not armed, and called on the Senate to notice the matter, or all would have to obtain weapons. Foote stated that he was acting on the defensive, and that he supposed that Benton intended to shoot or stab him, and he left the corner with the view of defending himself without endangering others. Benton exclaimed that it was a lying and cowardly pretext for assassination, and that he never carried arms.

The Senate was paled and panic struck. Investigation into the matter appears ridiculous, but a Committee of seven was ordered to inquire into it.

Richard M. Young, of Illinois, a Democrat, was elected Clerk of the House, in place of T. J. Campbell, deceased.

MORAL OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER.—The Cambridge Correspondence of the Springfield Republican says of Dr. Webster: "To all, I learn, he stoutly asserts his innocence; previous to his arrest, he had always had the reputation of being in a great degree a materialist, but he had till within a short time attended the service in the college chapel—more lately, however, he had attended the Catholic church, but only for the purpose of hearing the music, for which he had a great fondness. Indeed, on the very week of his arrest, he placed his name at the head of a subscription list for a series of concerts to be given in Cambridge."

LIBERALITY.—It is announced in the London Watchman, that the income of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, for the year ending December 31, 1849, was one hundred and eleven thousand pounds sterling or \$500,000; an increase of £7,000 upon the income of the preceding year.

St. Louis, April 5, 1850.

NEWS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—We are indebted to James Sinclair, Esq., at present sojourning in this city, for the following extract from a letter to him from A. M'Dermot, dated at Selkirk's Colony, 13th February, 1850. Mr. M'Dermot says: "A packet has just arrived from M'Kenzie's river, which brings news that the ship that went in search of Captain Franklin is wintering in M'Kenzie's river. This packet is sent post haste by the State. It is thought the Captain is still alive."

This, we think, is the most accurate and reliable information that has yet been given to the public, affording a reasonable hope that the unfortunate gentleman, about whom so much interest has been felt, is yet alive. The fact that the packet was "sent post haste by the States," is conclusive evidence that she bears important intelligence, and her arrival will be looked for with intense anxiety.

THE DEVIL'S FRUIT.—Potatoes were first introduced at Moscow, by Mr. Rowland, about sixty years ago. At first, the people would neither plant them nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some, which he did, and found potatoes.

The farmers' daughters of Massachusetts sold straw hats and bonnets last year of the value of \$1,646,595.

MARCH OF MORMONISM.

Recent accounts from St. Louis, says the N. Y. Herald, inform us of the arrival there of four hundred English Mormons, who are preparing to journey westward, into the country of the singular people whose peculiar religion and habits they have embraced. Some persons may wonder that the English supply recruits to the Mormon ranks; but when it is remembered that the northern and central parts of Great Britain, and portions of Wales, have always contributed largely to swell the numbers of converts to any new religious enthusiasm, and that the Mormon elders, from this country, are continually visiting England in search of proselytes, all surprise will abate. In fact, we shall begin to look about at such a curious process in colonizing, and to ask, where will Mormonism end? What are to be the political results? How far do the tenets and habits of the sect square with the political religion of our constitution? The people are inquisitive already, and it is quite time that Congress should interpret the whole matter, and give to the Mormons such a government as is consistent with the constitution and the ultimate welfare of the country. The Mormons are wide awake, and Congress should be wide awake and stirring in this business. Mormonism is a reality. Give us action.

THE SOUTHERN CONVENTION.—There were two attempts, in Mississippi, to get up the Convention which proposed the Nashville Convention. The first was a failure. The second was not much better, as only sixty five persons could be found who were willing to attend it. The people of Mississippi, therefore, were evidently unprepared for any such movement as this Nashville Convention. And the proof multiplies upon us, daily, that the people in other southern States are not prepared for this Convention. Virginia, which was the next State to take action, through her Legislature, in regard to this movement, has thus far spoken decidedly against it. We have before us an account of meetings, held in some eight or ten counties, and attended by men of both parties, at which resolutions were passed strongly condemning the Nashville Convention.

In our humble opinion, therefore, the originators and subsequent friends of this movement, are doing the South a deal of injury in persisting that this Convention should be held. That the people of the South, without distinction of party, are agreed in sentiment on this slavery question, at least up to a certain point, is undeniable. Any attempt to create an opposite impression, or the pushing ahead of a project which seems likely to create an opposite fact, is extremely dangerous. All southern men of all parties agree that we have rights under the Constitution. All agree, pretty well, as to the nature and extent of these rights. All are determined to maintain these rights. But this going ahead of the people—this attempting to lead them in the dark without telling them what is to be done—this Nashville Convention—is a bad business.—*Maury Intelligencer.*

St. Louis, April 15.

We were visited by a severe Snow Storm yesterday, which fell without ceasing for one hour. The Snow now measures eight inches deep on a level. The weather to-day is cold, but mild in comparison with what we have had for the last two days.

Recent accounts have been received here from St. Joseph, which represents much suffering existing among the California emigrants. The diarrhea had become an alarming epidemic, and numbers were dying from its effects. Many of those who had not been attacked by the disease, or who had recovered were returning home.

A License Law, of a very stringent character has been passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, prohibiting the sale of all spirituous or fermented liquor in a less quantity than twenty-eight gallons, except for medicinal and medicinal purposes. The agents for the sale of liquors are to be appointed by the town Corporations, and paid for their services by the Corporation Treasury. The penalty for infringement of the law is imprisonment and fine.

An excellent epitaph was given many years ago, in few words, on the tombstone of an elderly lady—"She was always busy; and always quiet."

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.—That if it is meant to dun for a small debt, it is a d—d sight manner, to wait to be dunned for a small debt. Yes, Sir.—E.—E.—E. Selah.—*Pine Knot.*

There is a fellow up Washington street, so jealous that he counts his wife's hair every day to see if she has not given away a memento during his absence.

DEATH BY SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

The following extraordinary occurrence is related in the Gazette des Tribunaux: "A few days ago, in a tavern near the Barriere de l'Etoile, a journeyman printer named Xavier C—, well known for his intemperate habits, while drinking with some comrades, laid a wager that he would eat a lighted candle. His bet was taken, and scarcely had he introduced the flaming candle into his mouth, when he uttered a slight cry, and fell powerless to the ground. A bluish flame was seen to flicker about his lips, and on an attempt being made to offer him assistance, the bystanders were horror struck to find that he was burning internally. At the end of half an hour, his head, and the upper part of his chest were reduced to charcoal. Two medical gentlemen were called, and recognized that Xavier had fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion. This conflagration of the human frame is frightfully rapid in its progress; bones, skin, and muscle are all devoured, consumed, and reduced to ashes. A handful of dust on the spot where the victim fell is all that remains."—*Lie. Mercury.*

A Berlin paper states that there is in Russia a place called Annendale, where a most singular customer exists. Every ten years the awful scenes of the crucifixion are enacted by the villagers. Some are dressed to represent soldiers and Jews, some as Pharisees, and many men, women, and children stand round as the crowd of spectators, while on the three crosses are nailed figures in wax, and at the feet kneel women who represent the Marys. The whole scene is gone through with in all its details, and lasts all day. This very singular performance, which has been kept up since the middle ages, is announced to take place again in the month of June, of this year, and strangers are invited to witness it.

DISSOLVE THE UNION! NEVER!
Dissolve the Union! never!
'Twas e'en a madman's part,
The golden chain to sever,
Which girdles Freedom's heart,
What! Faction rear her altar,
And discord wave her brand,
And hearts from duty sever,
At Party's base demand!

Look up—'tis Freedom's temple
You long to enter draw;
And if your arms uplifted,
A demon precepts the blow,
Think every radiant column
Has cost a Patriot's blood,
And would you have them shattered,
Where long in pride they stood!

'That flag—that honored pennon,
Mirrored in every sea;
What, would you quench one beaming star,
Nor sink in infancy?
Read it—and e'en its speechless fold,
So mercifully given,
Like martyred Abel's blood, would cry
For vengeance to the Heavens!

Dissolve the Union! never—
You may not, if you would,
Go, Traitor, go for ever,
And hide you where you should!
For he who breathes dissension,
To shake a people's trust,
Should cover back to nothingness,
Or crumble into dust.

The City of Quincy, Ill., has determined, that no licenses to keep liquor or beer shops shall be granted in that city. About one-half of the voters were polled—six hundred, of which only forty five were in favor of the licenses.

Perhaps full one-half of the population of San Francisco live in tents. "Happy Valley" and the hills surrounding are covered with these frail tenements, and as the occupants pay no rent for the land upon which they locate their tents, they thus contrive to live quite economically. Board and lodging can be obtained at 25 to 35 dollars per week.

PRESERVATION OF THE HEALTH.—Good men should be attentive to their health, and keep the body as much as possible the fit medium of the mind. A man may be a good performer but what can he do with a disordered instrument? The inhabitant may have good eyes but how can he see through a solid window? Keep therefore the glass clean, and the organ in tune.

MORE GOLD.—The officers of the *Ann* inform us that the little town of Parkville, a few miles below Weston, on the Missouri river, has nearly been depopulated within the past few days, not less than eighty out of one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants having started in search of gold high up the Kaw river, in the Indian Territory.—Recent discoveries have led them to believe that gold exists in that country in considerable quantity, and numbers have started to search for it, confident of ultimate success.—*St. Louis Intelligencer of March 29th.*

"Always be prepared for death." This was the admonition of a Missouri elder, as he placed in his son's belt two bowie knives and a pair of revolvers.

A NEW PARTY.

We see some of the papers are talking about getting up a "union" party, but we cannot see for the life of us the occasion for such a movement, when every reasonable man must allow that ninety nine hundredths of the people of this country are already a union party. Disunion, though it may be talked of at Washington, by a few noisy orators and small fry statesmen, has never seriously entered into the minds of a score of sane persons in the whole country. Disunion can only be the last desperate struggle and resort of faction, which can accomplish its object by no fair and legal means. None save political renegades dare hint at such a thing, and a few crack-brained fanatics that "let's just pray for it." Our Mrs. Partington, on hearing so much said about dissolving the Union, asked whether they would dissolve it in alcohol or hot water? She was told that it must be dissolved in blood if ever.

"Well," she replied, with that fixed spirit of resolve beaming from her face, "they shall never have any of my blood for that purpose. I'll spill the last drop first."

Kisses.—There are a great many kind of kisses in this world. First, there is the little pert one of affection; then there is the pure and holy one of friendship, and the clammy one of "good bye;" but of all the kisses ever invented, give us the long and laughing one of youth and love—a kiss that not only adds wings to your heart, but fills the strings to your suspenders.—As Debbis very justly observes, if anything will make a man feel like a bassawl, it is playing lips with the girl you love.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says that gentlemen from California, now in Washington, say that Col. Fremont is the richest man in the world. His gold mine will probably be saleable in a few years at six millions an acre. Mr. Wright says also that he knows of spots belonging to the Government, which are worth six millions of dollars an acre, and will produce from ten to twenty per cent on that sum.

A GEM.
There's not a health, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And send the evening hour,
There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and ead its own.

There are some grumblers who are always complaining of the light, flashy, superficial character of the newspapers of the day. Reader, did you ever hear any of these Jeremiahs?—and if so, did they not invariably come from shallow-filled bellows, with hardly a thimble-full of brains—coxcombs, who would have staggered, top-heavy, under the weight of two ideas? So far as our experience has gone, it is such owls, that complain of the want of power in the contents of the newspaper press.—They want profounder articles—the Pacific Ocean isn't deep enough for these masons!

PIETY.—The world does not hate Piety, but it hates the lust of power veiled under the garb of Piety. It hates those who make Piety a trade. In its heart it loves the altar, but it hates all who, while they make the altar a desk for money changing and money making, would drown the noise of their operations with the hymns of simulated adoration.

NEW EPIDEMIC.—It is stated that marriage has assumed the shape of a violent epidemic at Wilmington, Delaware, and that one minister alone pocketed something like one hundred dollars for adjusting the "yoke matrimonial," a few days since.

PROTECTED FROM EXECUTION.—By the homestead law which has just passed the N. York Legislature—both branches—a man's home, unless worth over \$1000, cannot be touched for debt hereafter contracted.

SCHOOLMASTER.—"Bill Thompson, what is a widow?"

Bill—"A widdler, sir, is a married woman that haint got no husband, cause he's dead."

Master—"Very well. What is a widower?"

Bill—"A widdener is a man what runs after the widdlers."

Master—"Well, Bill, that is not exactly according to Johnson, but it will do."

A young and beautiful damsel, near Frankfort, Kentucky, having two lovers, and not knowing which to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one and eloping with the other.

MEN OF TALENT.—Those who can pull fine Saxon over the eyes of the public.

THE LAUGHING HERO.

An INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE AT GOLDEN HILL.
It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1836. *Janora*, mother of deers and mistress of the mansion of golden clouds, came, as she almost ever comes to the living greenery of the plains of Gulch—a thing of beauty, queen of the sky, on a throne of lightning amber, robed in the crimson of life, with a diadem of purple and streamers of painted pink. Old it was a glorious dawn for the poet to sing of earth, or the saint to pray heaven; but neither poet's song nor saint's prayer made the morning of the place and the hour. Alas! it was a very different sort of morn.

A number of hoarse drums roared the loud reveille that awoke four hundred Texan privates and their guards—four times their number of Mexican soldiers.—The *drum* of the *Grand Marshal's* grand march. The *trumpets* were raised to salute the *General* who led the *Army* in the *morning*, and every eye was turned to the *General*, who stood at the *head* of the *column*, and every heart was beating with the *excitement* of confidence and hope.—"Thank, noble Santa Anna! He is going to execute the *troop*. We shall be shipped back to our beloved United States! We shall see our dear friends once more!" Such were the *cheerful* cries with which the *American* volunteers, and the *few* Texans among them, greeted the order to form into line.

The line was formed, and then broken into two columns, when every instrument of music in the Mexican host sounded a merry march, and they moved away with a quick step over the prairie towards the west.

Five minutes afterwards, a singular dialogue occurred between the two leaders of the front column of prisoners.—
"What makes you walk so limp, Col. Neil? Are you wounded?" asked a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes, and bravely flashing forth in all their beams.
"Col. Fanning, I walk lame to keep from being wounded; do you comprehend?" replied the other, with a laugh, and such a laugh as no words might describe—it was so loud, so luxurious, like the roar of the breakers of a sea of honor; it was, in short, a laugh of the utmost heart.

"I do not comprehend you, for I am no artist in riddles," rejoined Fanning, smiling himself at the ludicrous gaiety of his companion, so strangely alluded to.
"You discover that I am lame in each leg," said Col. Neil, glancing down at the members indicated, and manifesting the movements of a confirmed cripple, as he laughed louder than ever. "And yet," he added, in a whisper, "I have neither the rheumatism in my knees, nor corns on my feet, but I have two big *revolvers* in my boots!"

"The *revolver* of the *Army*, by which we are to deliver up all our arms," Col. Fanning mournfully expressed.
"You will see, however, that I shall not do so, unless the sun is an hour high!" replied Neil. "Col. Fanning, you do not know the *trickery* of these base Mexicans."

At the moment the sun rose in a sky of extraordinary brilliancy, and a million flower cups flung their rich colors around the green prairie, as an oil ring to the bed of light, which the mandate "to halt" was given by one of Santa Anna's aids, and the two columns of prisoners were broken up and scattered over the plain, in small hollow squares, encircled on every side by Mexican infantry and troops of horse with loaded muskets and naked swords! And then came a momentary pause, as if in an occasional shriek of terror, as the most timid among the captives realized the impending storm of fire and extinction of life's last hope.

And then the infernal work of wholesale murder was begun, and a scene ensued such as scarcely might be matched in the very annals of hell itself. The roar of military burst in successive peals like appalling gusts of thunder, but could not utterly drown the prayers of the fallen, the screams of the wounded, and more terrible groans of the dying!

Col. Fanning fell among the first victims, but not of the silent Neil. With the order of the Mexican officer for his men to fire, our hero stepped almost to the earth, so that the volley passed entirely over him! He waited not for a second's truce, but lay flat on each boot, he arose with a couple of six shooters—his deadly revolvers at his feet—and commenced discharging them, with the quick rapidity of lightning, into the thickest ranks of his foes—his immense strength enabling him to pull off both the triggers at once.

Pauses followed with surprise and fear, the Mexicans could not stand a passage, through which Neil leaped, with the swiftness of a panther, and fled away, as if wings were tied to his body, while a dozen horsemen were ordered to pursue him. For awhile it seemed doubtful whether the great evil would not distance even these, so much had the words of the occasion increased the natural elasticity of his mighty muscles. But presently a charger faster than the rest might be discerned galloping on his brown rival, and approaching so near, that the dragon reared his boiling side for the *capt* de *grace*. Neil became conscious of his danger, and hastily slackened his speed, till the hot stream of smoke from the horse's nostrils appeared in single with his very hair; and then, wheeling suddenly, he flung his revolver round from a revolver, and the other tumbled from his saddle. The victim then recovered his flight.

A mad yell of grief and rage broke from the remaining ranks as they witnessed the fate of their comrade, and as if it was immediately evident in the augmented caution of their pursuit—for they galloped afterwards in one body, thereby greatly retarding their progress, so that Neil reached the river before them. He passed not a moment, but plunged headlong down the steep bank into the current, and struck off for the other shore. The dragons discharged their side arms ineffectually, and gave over the chase!

In a few minutes Neil landed, and as soon as he felt satisfied that he was really saved, burst into an inexpressible convulsion of laughter, exclaiming: "I will kill you! Just think how astonished the yellow devils looked when I landed the revolvers out of my boots!"

Such was Col. John Neil—possessing a fund of humor that no humorist could ever explain, and a flow of animal spirits which would have enabled him to dance on the graves of all his dearest friends, or to have sung Yankee Doodle at his own execution!

Col. Neil was born and brought up in a plantation on the banks of the Cumberland river, in Tennessee. At the age of fifteen he ran away from his father, and made his way to the wilderness of Texas. He there adapted the profession of arms, which he never more relinquished. He has been captain of rangers, a colonel of militia, a commander in Mexican battles, and a general in the ranks of the Sheriff of many counties; and yet all his life he has been one long, merry laugh. And indeed he may be said to have a perfect right to laugh, if ever man had, for a braver, warmer, more generous heart never beat in a human bosom. He deserves to realize his favorite wish "to die laughing!"—*Sunday Times.*

THE COMPOSERS OF YOUR "IF."—There is a pleasant kind of delusion in which some people indulge, that, under other circumstances, they would be much greater than they are; that, had they but enjoyed certain advantages which others have enjoyed, and which they have not, they would have gone far beyond the ordinary limits of human excellence; in fact that they would have become great. It is true, perhaps, that they never tried very hard to alter the circumstances in which they were placed; that they never exposed themselves to dangers and difficulties, or underwent privations, or even underwent any great labour in order to remedy the wrong of which they complain. They have been content to suffer all the injustice to which they were subjected without a struggle, and to suffer the world to be deprived of a great man without so much as one effort to prevent the irreparable loss. Only when it is too late to repair the evil do they discover it, and bewail their own fate and that of the world that such should have been the case.

"If I had not gone to college"—"if I had had the advantages of my elder brother"—"if I hadn't been taken from school before I knew the value of learning"—"if I had, or even if I had not, been sent out into the world to get my own living"—"if any of these contingencies had happened, then the world would have been richer by one more great man or wonderful woman!"

THE AUDUBON CALIFORNIA PARTY.—Letters from California state that the party which crossed the continent under the charge of J. W. Audubon, has finally broken up after trying their luck at the Stanislaus and Tuolumne diggings. While so employed, the proceeds did not average more than one dollar per day for each man. Individuals of the party are now engaged at other occupations, at salaries varying from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per annum.

THE LOUISVILLE EARTHQUAKE.—The Louisville papers, of the 5th inst., all speak of a shock of an earthquake felt in that city on the previous evening. The Louisville Courier says: "Last evening, about five minutes past 12 o'clock, the shock of an earthquake was directly felt all over the city. We were in our sanctum writing at the moment, and the building vibrated and trembled for the space of twelve or fifteen seconds to such a degree as to cause us to experience a sensation similar to the shock of a sudden discharge of heavy artillery, combined with claps of thunder or the trembling and jarring of a dozen needles rattling by." The shock was so violent in many portions of the city as to create considerable alarm, and the inmates of various houses precipitately fled to the streets in the utmost consternation.

INTO HIM.—A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen as they were passing by; they made a full stop, and viewed the building very carefully.

The lawyer somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them: "What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

One of them replied: "Why, indeed, I was thinking so, till I seen the devil poke his head out of the window."

"John, is my coffee hot?"

"Not yet, massa, me spit in him, and he no fizzle."