The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS. | ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1858. | VOL. X.—NO. 492.

TERMS:

THE POST IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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Persons at a distance sending us the names of four solvent subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis.

No communication inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author.

☞ Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1858.

NOTES OF THE BANKS OF TENNESSEE,

Received by the State, Union and Planters' Banks of Tennessee, at Nashville.

By the Planters' Bank.

Bank of Tennessee,	Bank of Memphis,
Union Bank,	Northern Bank of Tenn.
Planters' Bank,	Bank of America,
Merchants' Bank,	Citizens' Bank,
Farmers' Bank,	Bank of Chattanooga,
Bank of Paris,	Bank of Middle Tenn.
Bank of Commerce,	Commercial Bank,
Bank of the Union,	Southern Bank.

By the Bank of Tennessee and the Union Bank.

Bank of Tennessee,	Bank of Middle Tenn.
Planters' Bank,	Citizens' Bank,
Union Bank,	City Bank,
Bank of America,	Farmers' Bank,
Bank of Chattanooga,	Merchants' Bank,
Bank of Memphis,	Northern Bank,
Bank of Paris,	Southern Bank,
Bank of the Union,	Traders' Bank,
Buck's Bank,	Kentucky Banks,
Exchange Bank.	New Orleans Banks.

MEXICO.—VERA CRUZ, Jan. 29, 1858.—*Messrs. Editors*—"Order reigns in Warsaw," after a fashion. After eleven days of terrible fighting at the capital the *Pronunciados* finally prevailed. Comonfort fled ingloriously, if not ignominiously; and General Zulonga, the father of the Plan of Tacubaya, now warms the venerable seat of Montezuma. Meanwhile the row is increasing throughout the country, and they are banging away at each other in scores of places—the press, (such portions of it as isn't suppres-pressed,) slang-wanging in a manner worthy of—of—say some of your cotemporaries. The new Government has formed a Ministry which will "bust up" in about a week. Next the victorious generals will get together by the ears, and in all probability compromise by inviting General Santa Anna back once more.

Straightway upon the abdication of Comonfort Senor Juarez proceeded to Guanajuato and has established a Puro, or Liberal Government there, as the present headquarters of the nation. The Liberal Governors of the great Central States are marching upon Mexico; but on the other hand a column of 5,000 men under Osalios and Lirmon has sallied forth to meet them, and warm work is anticipated. Last week the *Pronunciados* received a terrible thrashing from the National Guard at Oaxaca; in fact, were effectually "cleaned out" of that place.

We are under martial law here, and are threatened with a column from the centre if the Plan of Tacubaya be not subscribed to and the new Government thereby recognized. Well, that were easily done. Our authorities have already turned a double summersault, why not try a triple flip-flap. There'll be no bones broken, and they don't mind such things in this country of DIOS Y LIBERTAD.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The steamship Baltic has arrived with Liverpool dates to Wednesday, Feb. 3rd.

Money Market.—In London, money continued easy. Consols quoted at 95¾ to 95¾ for money.

The Leviathan steamship is safely afloat.

No later authentic intelligence had been received from the East.

The Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company will require additional capital to pay for seven hundred miles of cable. The Directors are very hopeful of the success of this great enterprise. Cyrus W. Field Esq., has been appointed the General manager of the Company.

The Americans in Paris have delivered and published a congratulatory address to the Emperer, on the occasion of his recent escape from the explosion of the "infernal machine."

It is said that the Pope of Rome, and Kings of Sardinia and Naples, were to have been assassinated at the same time that the life of Napoleon was attempted.

Unfavorable news was current about the condition of affairs in the Punjaub.

John M. Botts has returned to this country on board the Baltic.

NEW YORK AND THE SPECIE MOVEMENT.—The movements of specie are steady toward New York. Our city banks, says a New York paper, report on hand $20,652,948, while the exports for the week ending February 6th amounted to $2,928,270. This week another California remittance is due, and the balance of the domestic exchanges is still in our favor, from the liquidation of accounts still going on without any corresponding amount of business or credit.

GEN. HASKELL AGAIN INSANE.—We clip the following paragraph from the Louisville Courier, of the 9th instant, from which it will appear that General Wm. T. Haskell is again insane, and confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Hopkinsville, Ky.:

"Our attentive correspondent, "Broomatix," telegraphs us from Hopkinsville, under date of yesterday, that Gen. Wm. T. Haskell, of Tennessee, has again become deranged, and is now confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Hopkinsville.

☞ It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that when statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

THE DECLINE OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

[From the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.]

From many and various causes, which we have neither the time, space, nor ability to reveal, we are forced, from the testimony which comes before us by every mail, to conclude that the standard of public virtue is sinking lower and lower, and that the liberty of law is fast degenerating into the slavery of licentiousness. As a nation, though young in years, we are by degrees verging into crime and consequent decay, and should remember, before it is too late, we have a *Palace and a Prison on either hand*, and that the steps are few and irretraceable between the wild revelries of the one and the clanking fetters of the other. Our mild and enlightened representative republic is midway from the lurid flashes of anarchy, and the sighs and groans and tears which seldom reach a despot's ears or eyes.

We see but little that is hopeful in the future, whether we examine the knotty questions which are now pressing for decision, or the agents by whom these questions will be determined. Two Territories are now in a state of rebellion, demanding a strong and expensive military force to stay the tide of bloodshed and revolution, while at the same time the North is arrayed against the South and the South against the North in sectional hostility. The great lights—Clay, Calhoun and Webster—which but lately illuminated the political firmament, have disappeared, and in their places may be seen fierce comets, shaking from their horrid hair pestilence and war, or little twinklers, scarce perceptible through the largest telescope—men, whose party littleness and official corruptions and speculations, whose sectional animosities and personal rencounters, are a reproach to our nation, and a sad commentary on that oft repeated declaration of tyrants, "*Man is incapable of self-government.*"

We know no remedy for these evils, present and prospective, but in the patriotism, wisdom, virtue and vigilance of the people.—They can command and their servants must obey. They make and unmake laws and government. They are the only Warwicks—*the setters up and pullers down of Kings and Presidents.* Whenever they, through party demagogues, become corrupt, then all is lost. Then comes the sad rehearsal of past Republics—luxury, licentiousness, civil war, and despotism—until all that is pure and holy in religion, all that is grand and elevating in arts, science and letters, and all that is godlike in man, is crushed to powder beneath the armed, iron heels of some Nero or Atilla. Here is our only hope of political salvation. We would not, if we could, preserve our Government aside from the degeneracy of the people. If the past has no glorious recollections—if the present is filled with only bitterness and reproaches—let us then cease to covet an age of corrupt, drivelling dotage, shorn of reverence, or even of respect. Let us go the way of other Republics, with the full strength of manhood in our limbs, and the impress of youth on our brows. Let the old Ship of State hang out the stars and stripes, unfurl all her canvas to the breeze, and be given to the winds and waves. Let her go down headlong into the deep, amid the roar of the hurricane, with all her guns booming over the wide waste of waters, shaking the nations like the trend of an earthquake. This, even, is a better fate than to be devoured by official rats, or to rot at the wharf of Congressional corruption.

We honestly believe that the greater part of this national demoralization may be traced to the leaders of Democracy. Their scrambles for the spoils, their system of proscription, their false issues, and their intolerance of opinion when it will not bow down in adoration and crown them with honors, are working out the most injurious and corrupting results. It will end either in the disruption of that party, or in the destruction of the noblest Government ever founded by the wisdom, the virtue, and patriotism of man.

ACQUITTAL OF GOVERNOR BEBB.—Most of our readers will remember that ex-Governor William Bebb of Ohio, who now resides near Rockford, Illinois, was last Fall indicted for shooting at and mortally wounding one of a party of reckless young men who were infesting his residence and annoying his family, with a *charivari* or horning party on the occasion of the marriage of one of Gov. B.'s sons. He was tried for murder last week at Rockford, and triumphantly acquitted. Tom Corwin and Judge Wm. Johnson of Ohio, conducted the defence. The verdict is said to be in accordance with public sentiment in Rock county, and, while the fatal result of Gov. Bebb's shot is deeply deplored, it is hoped that the verdict will do much to put down those disgraceful exhibitions of brutality and ill breeding known as charivaris.

THE MULE CONTRACT.—The Washington States corrects a statement which originally appeared in the St. Louis Democrat, and which we re-published, to the effect that the Secretary of War had recently made a private arrangement with certain speculators, for the delivery at St. Louis of fifteen hundred mules at $150 per head. No such arrangement has been made.

SIGNS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—On Thursday, in the Massachusett's House of Assembly, there was an animated debate on the resolve to amend the Constitution, so as to prevent foreigners from voting until the expiration of two years after their naturalization. The resolve was passed. In the Senate, the bill to allow Atheists to testify as witnesses, was defeated, 20 to 13. "*Atheism*" *must try again.*

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—Jack Henderson, the Clerk to the Surveyor-General, and Marshall, the Governor-elect of Kansas, have arrived in this city.

THE NEW EXEMPTION LAW.

AN ACT to introduce into one, all laws upon the subject of exempting property from execution and attachment in this State.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee,* That hereafter there shall be exempt from execution or attachment, or seizure in the hands of all heads of families in this State, the following named property and no other, to wit: two beds, bedsteads and necessary bed clothing and for each three children belonging to any family, one additional bed, bedstead and bed clothing, the value of such bedstead in no case to exceed twenty-five dollars; one cow or cow and calf; and if the family consist of six or more persons, then two cows or cows and calves, one dozen knives and forks, one dozen plates, half dozen dishes, one set of tea spoons, one set of table spoons, one bred trey, two pitchers, one waiter, one coffee pot, one canister, one cream jug, one dozen cups and saucers, and dining table, two table cloths, one dozen chairs, one bureau, not to exceed forty dollars in value, one wash basin, one bowl and pitcher, one wash kettle, two wash tubs, one churn, one looking glass, one chopping axe, one spinning wheel, one pair of cotton cards, one pair of woolen cards, one cooking stove and utensils, not to exceed twenty-five dollars in value, or one set of cooking utensils, ordinarily used in cooking, one seive or sifter, one cradle, one bible and hymn book, and all books used in school, one loom and gear, one horse, mule, or yoke of oxen, one ox cart, ring and staple, or one, or two, or one horse wagon, (not to exceed 75 dollars in value) and harness, one man's saddle, one lady's saddle, two riding bridles, twenty-five barrels of corn, ten bushels of wheat, five hundred bundles of oats, five hundred bundles of fodder, one stack of hay, not to exceed twenty dollars in value; and if the family consists of less than six persons, one thousand pounds of pork slaughtered or on foot, or nine hundred pounds of bacon; all poultry on hand, and fowls to the value of twenty-five dollars.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That in addition to property mentioned in the first section of this act, there shall be exempt execution or attachment or seizure, in the hands of all heads of families in this State, who are engaged in agriculture, the following named property, to wit: two plows, two hoes, one grubbing hoe, one cutting knife, one harvest cradle, one set of plow-gears, one pitch-fork, one rake, one iron wedge, five head of sheep, and ten head of stock hogs.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That there shall be exempt from execution or attachment or seizure in the hands of each mechanic, who is the head of a family in this State, who is engaged in his trade or occupation, one set of mechanic's tools, not to be worth more than one hundred dollars, (who is the head of a family,) such as are used, or necessary for carrying on said trade or occupation.

SEC. 4. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That all the property exempt by this act, shall not go into the hands of the executor or administrator of any decedant's estate, but shall descend, and be vested in the widow and minor children of such deceased persons, and when there is no widow, then said property shall be exempt in the hands of said children, without regard to solvency or insolvency of said estate.

SEC. 5. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That all laws and parts of laws in conflict with the provisions of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 6. *Be it further enacted,* That in addition to the property enumerated in former sections of this act, there shall also be exempt from execution and attachment, one gun in the hands of every free white male citizen in this State, of the age of eighteen years and upwards, and every female who is the head of a family.

SEC. 7. *Be it further enacted,* That a home-made carpet, manufactured by the wife or any female member of the family, for family use, and being so applied, shall be exempt from execution.

SEC. 8. *Be it further enacted,* That ten wagon or cart loads of wood, or its equivalent in coal, shall be exempt from execution in the hands of the heads of families.

SEC. 9. *Be it further enacted,* That when the articles on hand, to which the above limitations apply, exceed the amount of limit, and are sold, there shall be reserved out of the funds arising from such sale, a sufficient amount to supply said articles to said families, within the range of the above limits, and said reserved fund shall be so applied to the use of said families.

SEC. 10. *Be it further enacted,* That no additional article, by this act exempted, other than those exempted by previous laws, shall be exempt from attachment or execution, upon contracts made prior to the passage of this act.

Passed January 26, 1858.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 12.—Two of the McKeesport murderers, Henry Fife and Charlotte Jones, were hung this afternoon, at 2 o'clock. About thirty persons witnessed the execution inside of the jail yard. A large crowd gathered on the outside of the walls. Both delivered addresses, acknowledging the justice of their sentence, but pronouncing Monroe Steward, (who is sentenced to be hung in a fortnight,) as innocent of the crime.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The Union of this morning contains a letter from the Provisional President, Col. Calhoun, of Kansas, in which he states that he has written to Gov. Denver to procure the sworn statement of the Judges of the election held at the Deleware Crossings; and says that he will be governed entirely by that return in giving certificates to the members of the legislature.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 15.—Recent developments show that George Smiser, the late Collector of St. Louis county, a defaulter to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

EXTREME GRATITUDE.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer relates the following:—It is currently reported about town, as an illustration of extreme gratitude, that the clerk of a banking firm in Wall street lost a package of money and checks amounting to $20,000. It was picked up by an apple woman, at the corner of William Street, and very soon restored by her to the owner, who magnanimously rewarded her with a present in current funds of two hundred—cents. The old lady is said to have used Dominie Samson's favorite exclamation, "Pro di-gi-ous," on the receipt of this magnificent renumeration.

☞ The five steam sloops-of war now being built have been named by the President as follows:—The one building at Pensacola, "Pensacola;" the one at Norfolk, "Richmond;" the one at Philadelphia, "Lancaster;" the one at New York, "Brooklyn;" and the one at Boston, "Hartford."

AN ARKANSAS WEDDING.

'Spade,' a traveling correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, gives the following rich wedding scene. 'Spades am trumps."

The groom was a lanky specimen in homespun, and led his bride by the hand.—She was a bouncing, rosy-cheeked damsel, following a step or two behind, feeling evidently in a novel position. 'You Melindy, take yer finger outen yer mouth!' Melindy cast a defiant look at her maternal relative, withdrew the offending member, wiped it on her apron and quickened her pace. The young parson, after some little trouble, arranged them to his satisfaction and proceeded.

'John Stribner, do you take Melindy Woods, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your lawful wedded wife?'

'That's wot I'm hear for,' answered Mr. Stribner, cramming his hands into his breeches pockets.

'You will please answer, Yes or no.'

'Yes or no,' promptly returned the gentleman.

'No, no! say yes.'

'Y-a-s, then!' casting a sheepish look around him.

'Melindy Woods.'

Y-a-s!'

'Wait a moment, please. Melindy Woods, do you take John Stribner, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your wedded husband?'

'I reckin.'

'Then in the presence of these witnesses spoken of, I declare you man an 'wife, '*cordin to the laws of Arkinsaw an' the Gospill;* an' wot's thus jined let no man put in sunder.

The parson turned away, flushed and excited; but was recalled by a querry from Mr. Stribner.

'Mus' a' kiss her now, George?'

'As you please, John; she's *yours* now.'

'Hole up your mouf, Melindy.'

'Shan't do it! Right here afore folks.'

John did'nt argue the point, but slided up to the grinning group where I was standing, and proposed that 'us boys should take some 'bust head,' (whiskey.) Meanwhile I heard Melindy's triumphant voice among some of her companions. 'Kiss! humph! Jawn's turned fool, I believe.' I slept on my corn-shuck shake down afore the fire soundly that night, being separated from the bridal apartment by a curtain extemporised for the occasion.—From behind its folds I heard 'Jawn's, remonstrating voice, followed by a host of loving apologies from Melindy for the refused kiss. I'l take my 'affydavy' that he received that one a hundred fold, with interest.

☞ "PITCHING IN."—The Philadelphia Bulletin says, the greatest of all nuisances, to a respectable editor, are these small-minded gentry who believe that the mission of a journal is not to disseminate news, and aid buyers and sellers by advertisements, but to be perpetually "pitching in" to this or that subject; more generally into this or that individual.—Such characters are generally very loud and talkative specimens of the *genus irritabile,* prone to hint that they could carry on a journal with all its difficult details much better than anybody else in the country; that they would "stir up things," and that their firm belief is, that all a paper needs is "pepper" to make it excellent. We can imagine as we write, that we even now hear the familiar accents: "Now I just want you to write an article and give so and so fits"—for men of this description are generally gifted with a degree of assurance which respects no duty or dignity, and suffers the possessor to believe that his miserable fancies will actually receive consideration. And yet we can say with truth, that we never met with one of these advocates for indiscriminate "pepper" and abuse, who would not writhe with agony at the faintest allusions to himself in type which fell short of flattery, or who was not in fact a coward.

Men who put faith in abuse as a necessary element in journalism, who take no interest in articles which are not in some way personal, and who relish no "fun" unless it cuts, are invariably vulgar and selfish, just in proportion to the degree in which such tastes prevail with them. It is melancholy, however, to see the number of them in every community, and the degree to which they often succeed in inspiring writers for the press with their own spirit.

☞ The Baton Rogue Comet, speaking of the late fight in the House of Representatives, says: "There should be a kind of bull pen (for the convenience of business, we would suggest an anteroom for it,) to which, when one member calls another a "liar," they should each be conducted, and allowed to prove which is the liar, by the bone and muscle. There could then be standing rules, limiting fights to fifteen or twenty minutes, which is long enough to settle an affair of honor of this kind."

☞ Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age: its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts of learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labarynth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.

A WITTY REPLY.—During the discussion in the Virginia Senate last week, on the bill for the purchase of a piece of statuary from Wm. B. Barbee, Dr. McKenney, of Norfolk city, gave another example of his ready wit.—Mr. Stuart remarked that Mr. Barbee had quitted the profession of the law to pursue that of art. in reply to this Dr. McKenney asked Mr. Stuart, in a sage whisper, if he did not consider law a more *artful* profession than that of sculpture, and if lawyers didn't *chisel* more than sculpturers.

SINGULAR FACT.—The Constitution of the United States names the 4th of March for the inauguration of the President. Upon expressing doubts as to what course would be adopted, should the 4th of March fall on Sunday, it was ascertained that it would not fall on Sunday for three hundred years.

THE WIFE'S DOWER.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Everybody who knew John Gordon, knew him to be one of the meanest and most contemptible men that ever was permitted to walk the earth. His brother Peter was not a whit better—so that it would appear that meanness ran in the blood of the family.

John was pretty well off, so far as this world's goods were concerned. His property was all invested in a building which had cost him about thirty thousand dollars. He did not marry until he was forty, probably from the fear of incurring unnecessary expense; and when, finally, he did take a wife, it was only as he would have taken him a housekeeper, a servant.

Mrs. Gordon was a poor woman, and had been obliged to work very hard for a living. Probably she married on purely prudential considerations, for she could not possibly have loved, such an abortion of a man as John Gordon. She made a mistake but she meant right. She took good care of her husband, treated him better than he deserved, and was in every respect an obedient and faithful wife. All she received in return was the meagre support which her husband's house afforded her.

When they had been married some three years, John was taken sick, and lingered along for a year, during which time his wife was an excellent and devoted nurse. Her whole aim seemed to be to discharge her duties to her lord with fidelity. She had made a bargain with him, and she performed her part of the contract with scrupulous exactness.

One day I heard that John Gordon was dead. It was a small loss to the community and I could not think of pitying his wife, for her lot would certainly be ameliorated by his departure. She would be entitled to one-third of the income of his real estate, which, for a poor woman, as she had been, and having no luxurious tastes to gratify, would be a princely stipend.

I neither thought nor heard any more of John Gordon or his wife for two months, when a woman appeared at my office and introduced herself as the latter.

"Mine is a very bad case, Mr. Docket," said she, seating herself by my side.

"Indeed, madam, I thought you were very comfortably provided for. You have one-third of the income of your husband's estate, or about a thousand dollars a year."

"It seems I am not to have this," she replied, gloomily.

"Not to have it?"

"Peter Gerdon has taken possession of the estate, declaring it belongs to him. He says my husband sold it to him a few weeks before he died."

"How could that be?"

"Peter showed me the deed, and says it has been recorded."

"Does he? So much the better for you, madam. The law gives one-half of his personal estate——"

"But he sold it for one dollar," interrupted Mrs. Gordon.

"He could not sell it without your concurrence. Did you release your right to dower in the premises?"

"No, sir; Peter says I did, though, and shows me my name, duly witnessed, on the deed."

"Didn't you sign it?"

"No, sir."

"Then it is a forgery."

"I suppose it is."

"You are confident you did not sign your name to the deed?"

"I am very sure I did not, and for a very good reason."

"How's that?"

"I cannot write; I never even wrote my name. I was brought up in the country, where girls did not get so much schooling as now. My folks were very poor, and I never had a chance to go to school," replied Mrs. Gordon, with some confusion.

"Did not your husband know that you could not write?"

"No; I never told him."

I dismissed her with the request that she would call the next day. I went at once to the Registry of Deeds, and found that Mrs. Gordon had told a straight story. Her miserable, contemptible husband had given his property to his brother in his last days, so as to cheat his wife, who had cared for him in health, and nursed him in sickness, of her just claim upon his estate!

He was a villain! I need not say I felt a deep interest in the case of my client, and resolved to bring matters to an issue at once.—The next day, when she called, she directed me to her sister, by whom it could be proved that Mrs. Gordon could not write her name; who had seen her make her mark often, within a very short time.

The person who professed to have witnessed the signature of Mrs. Gordon was a clerk in the office of Peter. My first move was to take steps to arrest him on a charge of fraud, and to sue his employer for my client's share of the rents, which he had just collected, and which he had refused to pay over to her.

When I had proceeded thus far, I received a visit from Peter Gordon.

"What do you mean, sir?" he asked rather sourly.

"I mean to get justice for the widow."

"Her husband was worth nothing when he died."

"But his wife has one-third interest in his real estate."

"It was sold to me; and she signed away her right to dower."

"Did she?"

"Certainly she did."

"Did you see her sign?"

"To be sure I did; so did my clerk."

"There is a warrant out for the arrest of your clerk, and I have some hopes that he will turn State's evidence, and convict his principal."

He started back with astonishment and terror.

"I—I don't understand you!" he stammered out.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Gordon; you will understand it all in due time."

"For God's sake, don't arrest my clerk. He will be the ruin of me," groaned he.

"You should have thought of that before," I said.

"You don't mean to say that everything isn't all right about my brother's affairs? Because, if it isn't I will make it right, you know," he whined in supplicating tones.

"You say you saw Mrs. Gordon sign that deed?"

"Well—no; not exactly; but I suppose she signed it."

"You know she didn't."

"How should I know?"

"She can't write! She never even wrote her name in her life!"

"Gracious!"

I pressed the rascal closely and made him acknowledge that his clerk had signed the name for a consideration. I would have caused both of them to be sent to the State Prison, if Mrs. Gordon had not begged me to spare them. As it was, I secured the entire income of the estate for my client, and charged my bill to Peter, who was but too glad to pay it.

BENEVOLENCE.

A benevolent man was Absolom Bess—
At each and every tale of distress
He blazed right up like a rocket;
He felt for all beneath poverty's smart,
Who were fated to bear life's roughest part,
He felt for them in his inmost heart,
But he never felt in his pocket!

He din'nt know rightly what was meant
By the Bible's promised four hundred per cent,
For charity's each donation;
But he acted as if he thought railroad stocks
And bonds secure beneath earthly locks,
Were better, with pockets brim full of rocks,
Than heavenly speculation.

Yet all said he was an excellent man;
For the poor he'd preach, for the poor h'd plan,
To better them he was willing;
But the oldest man who had heard him pray,
And preach for the poor in a pitiful way,
Could hardly remember him rightly to say
Mr. Bess had e'er given a shilling.

Oh, an excellent man was Absolom Bess,
And the world threw up its hands to bless
Whenever his name was mentioned;
But he died one day, he did, and oh!
But he went right down to the shades below,
Where all are bound, I'm afraid, to go
Who are only good intentioned.

A BAD CASE OF THE AGUE.—The following is quite as tragic if not so beautiful as the death of Minnihaha. Its talented author is unknown to us:

And he took the ague badly;
Oh it shook him, shook him sorely,
Shook his boots off and his toe-nails,
Shook his teeth out and his hair off,
Shook his coat all into tatters,
And his hair all into ribbons;
Shirtless, coatless, hairless, toothless,
Minus boots and minus toe-nails,
Still it shook him, shook him, 'till it
Made him yellow, gaunt and bony,
Shook him 'till he reached his death-bed,
Shook him 'till it shuffled for him
Off his mortal coil; and then it
Having made him cold as could be,
Shook the earth still down upon him;
And he still lies 'neath his grave-stone,
Ever shaking, shaking, shaking.

EUROPEAN TROUBLES.—The revolutionary spirit, on the continent, is actively at work again, under ground. The staple of the latest news from Italy has reference to "insurrections," "incendiary placards," "arrests" and "expulsions" for "political offences," with an attempt to murder the King of Naples. The Pope is in hot water again at Rome, in consequence of some enthusiasts there trying to regalvanize "the Republic." The narrow escape of the French Emperor, the other day, was the narrow escape of France. The duration of "Order," there, many think, depends entirely upon a pistol shot, a well directed poinard, or the explosion of an infernal machine. Austria keeps the peace only at the point of the bayonet. Of the Western Powers, England alone is quiet—and of all the crowned heads, that of Queen Victoria would seem to be about the only one that is safe on its proprietors shoulders.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—In the Senate today, the Hon. James S. Green, of Missouri, from the committee on Territories, presented a bill and report in favor of the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State, with one representative, until that State is known to be entitled to more from the regular census returns of its population. Messrs. Douglas, of Illinois, and Collamer, of Vermont, presented minority reports.

☞ We see it stated in Northern papers that there are so many domestics out of employment at the present time, in all the large cities, that the value of their labor has fallen off nearly fifty per cent. from the scale of prices that obtained a year ago. It is said that servants, both male and female, are so plenty in New York that many are willing and anxious to work for their board. Three dollars a month is the highest wages that the women are able to secure. Wages are now lower than they have been for fifty years.

☞ Said old Mrs. Philanthropy, the other day, accosting a precious urchin in the street, with a wardrobe remarkable for its ventilating advantages: "Bubby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that awful hole in your trowsers?" "Oh, you git out, old 'oman," was the respectful reply, "our folks is economizing, and a hole will last longer than a patch, any day." The old lady's honest sympathy was wasted, while the youngster beat a retreat around the corner, displaying a flag of truce in the rear.

LIFE IN TEXAS.

George W. Kendall, one of the proprietors of the New Orleans Picayune, owns large estates in Texas. Writing to a friend in Boston, he describes his mode of life as follows:

You may, perhaps, wish to learn the mode and manner of my life hereaways; let me enlighten you. Three days in each week I ordinarily pass at my rancho here, three or four miles from New Braunfels, with my family; two days I spend at the Estancia, a place of mine, thirty miles West, and where my flocks of sheep are pastured; and the other two I am on the road backwards and forwards, my conveyance an old Jersey wagon, with two trusty horses. There is one gap of eight miles on the road without a house, and another of twelve; yet the way is not lonesome. I never pass over it without seeing an abundance of deer, turkies, ducks, patridges, and the like; I carry alongside of me a double-barrel gun, a Sharpe's rifle, and one of Colt's revolvers, and some kind of game is sure to grace my wagon both going and coming.

My sheep now number some three thousand, and their flocks you never set eyes upon; in May I hope to be able to count upwards of four thousand, as my lambs come in April. I have, besides, a fine gang of brood mares, besides some forty cows, and like the elder Mr. Norval, "to feed my flock and increase my store" is now "my constant care." Did I not once tell you that I had much rather see my lambs skipping upon the hills and playing in the valleys than to witness the pirouettes and entrechats of the best corps de ballet that ever existed? If I did not say as much to you it is nevertheless true.

I have seen a good deal in my day, Jim—the world, the elephant, &c., but never saw anything which afforded so much real enjoyment as my flocks when doing well. And since I have been here on the spot in person, now nearly two years, I have had extraordinary good luck; I have not lost two per cent. of my sheep per annum, and when I tell you that twenty per cent. is the average loss the world over, you may well imagine that my success is remarkable. I never sell a ewe or anything which produces; I have pasturage for twenty thousand sheep and any number of horses and cattle; and to see all this space covered is now what I am working for. I don't bother my mind a moment about Kansas, or Brigham Young, or politics of any kind—don't care who is President—fear God and hate the Indians—am indifferent about Walker and the devil—try to keep my feet warm and head cool—and smoke my pipe in peace with all mankind.

Here, notwithstanding we occasionally have a cold and blustering norther, our climate is delicious; I am now writing, on this 1st January, A. D., 1858, sitting in my shirt sleeves, doors and windows wide open, no fire, and robins and other summer birds singing in the green live oaks of my yard. Think of that, all muffled up as you are, and weep. And then here among the mountains we have no fevers, no chills, no consumptions, no sickness of any kind. There's balm in Texas.

☞ No family is perfect without a daughter or a sister in it. A round dozen of 'great big' brothers will not compensate for one soft eyed sunny-hearted girl. Such a treasure, numbered in the household, has a humanizing and civilizing tendency—better to a rough, ungainly fellow in boots and whiskers, than two seasons at a dancing school, or a year at college. One can almost invariably select a youth who has no sister to bless him with. He is awkward as an *auk;* one of those fellows that is proverbially 'afraid of the girls,' and blushes like a cauliflower at the sight of one. And it is not because he is modest but because he is a sort of an unblanketed savage. Blessed is the circle that has a daughter in it.

TO SALÆRATUS EATERS.—At a late convention of Dentists it was asserted that the main if not the sole cause of the great increase of defective teeth, was the use of salœratus and cream of tartar in the manufacture of bread; and Dr. Baker fully agreed with the facts offered in proof, adding the results of some experiments made by himself. He soaked sound teeth in a solution of salœratus, and they were destroyed in fourteen days! We here have the opinion of men whose talents, time and zeal are given to dentistry, that salœratus and cream of tartar in bread are a chief cause of ruin to teeth. Now, will those who know this fact go on eating all that come in their way, without inquiring what it is made of?—*N. Y. Presbyterian.*

"SAMIVEL, BEVARE OF VIDDERS."—The Schenectady Reflector is responsible for the following: Quite a mistake lately occured in a love affair at Duanesburg. A couple of young ones agreed to elope together, and, by some mistake in the preliminary arrangements, the gentleman put his ladder up to the window of the room in which his sweetheart slept and which proved to be that in which her anxious mamma, a handsome widow reposed. She turned the mistake to her own advantage; got into his arms; returned his affectionate embraces; was borne by him to the carriage, and by preserving becoming silence until daylight kept him blind of his error, and, by the potent power of her blandishments, actually charmed him into matrimony with herself. We give these facts on the authority of a responsible correspondent.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 15.—George H. Simonson, a well known citizen, was to day badly assaulted by rowdies. He has since died.—The excitement in the city is intense and the citizens have appointed a vigilance committee.

A PAINFUL CASE.—A Philadelphia paper says that one of the most painful cases that ever came before a Coroner was presented on Wednesday morning. A woman, forty-five years of age, who is said to have children married and in good circumstances, died without a home, from exposure, starvation and intemperance. Her name was Mary McMacken. Her clothing consisted of strips of rag carpet wrapt around her person.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.—The Memphis Avalanche says:

We regret to announce the death of our late fellow-citizen, David Adams, Esq., which occurred on the steamer Ben Franklin, on Saturday last, in this port. Mr. Adams had just returned from the far South, where he had been with the hope of restoring his shattered constitution. He returned, however, in despair to die among his friends, and it was permitted to him to depart from the home of his early adoption.