

The Daily Journal is published every morning (Sundays excepted) at 12 cents per week, payable in advance.

FOR PRESIDENT. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

WHIG ELECTORAL TICKET.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS. JOSEPH G. MARSHALL, of Jefferson. GODLOVE S. ORTH, of Tippecanoe.

DISTRICT ELECTORS. 1st Dist. JOHN FITZGER, of Posey. 2d " JOHN S. DAVIS, of Floyd. 3d " MILTON GREGG, of Dearborn. 4th " DAVID P. HOLLOWAY, of Wayne. 5th " THOMAS D. WALPOLE, of Hancock. 6th " LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, of Greene. 7th " EDWARD W. MCGAGHEY, of Park. 8th " JAMES F. SUTT, of Clinton. 9th " DANIEL D. PRATT, of Cass. 10th " DAVID KILGORE, of Delaware.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 27.

Together with all the news we could hunt up, we furnish to-day a lot of miscellaneous matter that has been accumulating on our galleys for a week. It is more than likely that one day in the week we shall dose our readers after this fashion.

ARKANSAS LEAD MINES.—We learn from the Little Rock Democrat, that Messrs Moreland, Moulton & Hunt, the proprietors of the lead mines in the neighborhood of Little Rock, are now erecting houses near the "diggings" for the accommodation of a large gang of miners, who will shortly arrive from Memphis.

Within a few days past discoveries of every extensive deposits of the mineral have been made at some distance from the premises, which prove that the mining region is much more extensive than was at first supposed. In digging the foundation for a furnace, a "lead" eighteen inches thick and seven feet broad, was struck about three feet below the surface of the ground. A sample of the ore has been subjected analysis by a celebrated chemist, whose report shows it to contain a larger per centum of silver than the lead from any other mines yet discovered in the U. States.—The proportion of silver is said to be sufficiently large to pay both the expense of capitulation and raising the ore. Much of the land in the neighborhood of the mines belonging to the U. States, and considerable excitement is manifested by speculators to procure information sufficient to enable them to make entries.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT WASHINGTON CITY.—On Saturday night, the 15th instant, some seventy-seven slaves belonging to persons in Washington and Georgetown, D. C., embarked on board a small vessel, and proceeded down the Potomac with a view of making their escape. A steamer was subsequently despatched in pursuit, captured the fugitives near the mouth of the Potomac, and brought them back to Washington on Monday, and all hands, captain, crew and slaves, committed to prison.—The affair created great excitement, and the indignation manifested against the authors and abettors of this wholesale abduction was of the most violent nature.

A PRESENT TO FRANCE.—Arrangements have been made and completed for the presentation to the people of New York to the city of Paris, of a grand liberty cap, on the 29th of this month. The ceremony will take place at the Grand Theatre, and on the same place a grand military and civil ball will also be given. Martin Van Buren, ex President will present the cap, and M. de la Forrest the French Consul, will receive it on the part of the City of Paris.

MOST EXCELLENTLY WELL SAID.—The editor of the Cairo Delta—by the way a first rate paper just started at Cairo, Ill.—ventures the following advice to his patrons. It is good, and because it is good we adopt it, and insist that the patrons of the Journal follow it: "If there be at any time a single article in the Delta to which any one objects, instead of stopping his paper or communicating the editor, let him walk up to the 'Captain's office' like a man, request the editor to defend himself and opinions, and if he can't do that, why pay up your subscription, get five hundred bills printed, and a large advertisement inserted a year, then ask him to refresh his physical nature with you down at the Mazeppa, give him a regalia, and on the first occasion send him a list of good subscribers.—You will then feel yourself a gentleman, and he will believe you are nothing else."

APPROPRIATE PRESENT.—A Mr. Tuttle, of N. Y., has presented Queen Victoria with a splendid baby-jumper, for the use of the royal nursery. Judging from the past, it will be kept in pretty constant use.

SINKING OF THE ROBERT FULTON.—A letter from Steubenville, dated 19th inst., says: "The steamer Robert Fulton, from Pittsburgh, bound down, ran on the rocks at Brown's Island above this place to-day, breaking her bottom timbers badly, and sunk immediately. By the efforts of Captain Collier, the boat was raised by means of a bulk-head, and she managed to get her down to that place, where she now lies. She had over 130 passengers, and considerable freight. The cargo is of course somewhat injured. The boat will no doubt be immediately taken back to Pittsburgh and repaired."

BLENNERHASSETT AND HIS ISLAND.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OHIO.

In 1806, AARON BURR was denounced, for attempting what in 1836, SAMUEL HOUSTON attempted, succeeded in, and was glorified for. The transitions of History—the mutations of Opinions—the vacillations in the wave of Human Society, and the tremendous roll and power of that Wave, as it tumbles its tides over the American Continent, were never better illustrated in any thirty years of human existence.

We do not say that the plan of Burr and Houston were identical, for, Burr, was charged with an attempt to separate the Union, and whether truly or not, can never be proven.—But in their conduct, as to the attempt on the Spanish or Mexican Provinces, they were so nearly alike, that one can never be proved innocent, while the other is guilty. Thirty years made a most wonderful difference between the two! In 1806, the genius of Andrew Jackson was limited to the banks of the Cumberland, but in 1836, it had taken flight and accompanied Houston and his squatters beyond the Sabine! The spirit of the drama was changed, and the prudent, republican, peaceful policy of Jefferson was exchanged for the doctrines of Annexation and Conquest, of golden dreams and eagle flights, beyond the Sabine—beyond the Trinity—beyond the Rio del Norte, even to the Halls of the Montezumas, the orange blooming land of the Aztecs, and the wave washed shores of the Pacific! Such is vaunting Ambition, the ejicle of whose desires the room the globe, and all which it contains can hardly limit!

Burr, with an ambition equal to any of them, and with scarcely greater crimes, was far less fortunate than the modern adventurers, and might well lament that his plans, like his sins, were too early for his times! His history, however, was more various, and his life one of a very singular and mysterious interest.—The chief mystery was, that the world could never understand how a man, so eminent in ability, and station, could ever be so wicked!—Later illustrations, however, have made it perfectly credible, that one of the most eminent men, should also be one of the worst. The country is in this respect, improving in the number of moral curiosities which it can present to the examination of the moral Physiologist. We wish to speak, however, of Blennerhassett and his Story. The "American Review" for April contains a most interesting article on this subject, in which most of the facts, concerning the Life and Fate of Blennerhassett are correctly given. Burr's expedition has nothing about it, which is so deeply interesting as this little episode, whose scene was laid on an island in the Ohio.

Herman Blennerhassett was one of those not very uncommon men, who are weak in judgment, but brilliant in abilities. His wife was beautiful, accomplished, graceful, and ambitious. He dealt in philosophy and the Fine Arts; she in taste, elegance and gaiety. He was of an Irish family—she an English. He was related to Emmet—she to British nobles. He inherited fortune, but was a republican. Not finding quite as much freedom to speak in England, as he liked, he came to the United States, to think and speak as he pleased. Soon after, he heard of the beautiful Valley of the Ohio, then the El Dorado of the aspiring Emigrant. He came, and was one of the first of the thousands and millions, who have come to this lovely Western Vale, to seek the Visions of Hope, and realize, in part, their Dreams of Terrestrial Beauty! They came, and what they imagined, they made! The garden bloomed; the air was fragrant; philosophy and poetry danced attendance; grace and elegance presided, where Ease and Learning were guests; and, in lieu, that fancy colored Creation of the eloquent Wirt was all but realized.

We said that Mr. Blennerhassett was weak in judgment, though possessed of shining qualities. This was manifested clearly enough, in leaving all the places in which it was calculated to succeed, to seek, like some Pope, and Virginius, happiness in "Nature." At the utter which is found in the system of retreats of a new and unsettled country. In such places, the men of hardy bold, and vigorous business minds, do well; while the refined and elegant are ill at ease. Mr. Blennerhassett, however, partook of the spirit of the last French Revolution, and wanted the "anchor of the soul," without which, human mind is but an unbalanced, unadvised vessel, the sport of fickle winds and waves.

In common with many of the distinguished men of his time, he gave no evidence of that clear religious faith, without which, there can be no true contentment in any condition of life. The works of the French skeptics and enthusiasts, which were his favorites, could not guide his intellect to the simple truths of Christianity. He laid out his plan of existence for the indulgence of every lawful pleasure, but lacked those higher motives of action, which inspire men with firmness and dignity.

MARGARET AGNEW, then Blennerhassett, was not over-rated so much as many people think by the rich coloring of poetic eloquence. She was, in fact, a remarkable person. All who saw her in her prime and glory knew the fact.

"A very intelligent lady, who was familiarly acquainted with her in her best days on the island, and has since visited and seen the most elegant and beautiful females in the courts of France and England, as well as Washington city, says that she has beheld no one who was equal to her in beauty of person, dignity of manners, elegance of dress, and in short, all that is lovely and finished in the female person, such as she was when 'queen of the lady isle.'"

She dressed in the brilliant colors, and threw over dress, manners and style, the roseate hues of her own brilliant imagination. Marietta is fourteen miles below the island, and is the place where Mrs. Blennerhassett sought society, and purchased many of the supplies of the family; for Mrs. B. was a business woman, as well as an elegant lady. Sometimes she rode down, and sometimes she went in a boat. Her equestrian style, she is thus described:

"When she rode on horseback, her dress was a fine scarlet broadcloth, ornamented with gold buttons, a white beaver hat, on which floated the graceful plumes of the ostrich, of some color. This was sometimes changed for blue to yellow, with feathers to harmonize.—She was a perfect equestrian, always riding a very spirited horse, with rich trappings, who seemed proud of his burthen, and accomplished the ride to Marietta, of fourteen miles, in about two hours; dashing through, and under the dark foliage of the forest trees, which then covered the greater part of the distance; reminding one of the gay plume and rapid flight of some tropical bird winging its way through the woods."

The manner in which Herman Blennerhassett was beguiled of property, reputation and happiness, by that artful and wicked man, Aaron Burr, is well enough known.

We must skip all the intermediate passages of their lives, and come to the closing scene of this elegant woman, this bird of pleasure just

skimming through these Western woods, as we have seen the Parquet illuminate the verdure of the forest with the brilliance of its colors.

For a long time we could not discover what had finally become of Mrs. Blennerhassett. The Review gives us the first information of her end. Before, however, we attend the death of Margaret Blennerhassett read one verse, written by her own pen, in memory of that lovely island, when first she was desolated by a ruffian mob, and she was lying at Montreal, in the ruins of the past, with her flowers all withered and scattered.

"The blackening fire swept through her halls, The winds by whistling through them, and the wave No more in spring-floods o'er the sand beach crawls, But furious drowns in one overwhelming grave They hallowed haunts, it watered as a slave Drive on, destructive flood and ne'er again On that devoted Isle let man remain."

"Too many blissful moments there I've known; Too many feelings now forever gone; To wish that thou wouldst e'er again display The joyful coloring of thy prime array;— Buried with thee, let them remain a blot; With thee, their sweets, their bitterness forgot."

"We believe there is yet a cabin or two on the island, and cornfields where the garden stood. But the Palace of Fancy, and home of Philosophy, of Beauty and Grace will be read no more!—Burr and JEFFERSON'S finished the scene."

Must we relate the last days of Margaret Agnew? Providence has furnished mankind with many lessons, but few more remarkable or instructive than this. We close with the words of the "Review," apt and touching.

"The reverses in this accomplished woman's fortune, and in that of her amiable husband, illustrate the uncertainties of human life, and unfold the mysterious doings of Providence with the children of men."

"More than forty years have passed away since these events were transacted, and not a vestige now remains of the splendid and happy home of Herman and Margaret Blennerhassett. All has passed away like the vision of a pleasant dream; while the thousands of passengers who travel up and down the Ohio, in steamboats still eagerly inquire after, and gaze upon 'the Island of Blennerhassett' with wonder and delight."

We copied on yesterday an article from the Louisville Journal giving credit to Cassius M. Clay as one of the number who some time since voluntarily stepped forward and paid the debts of the Hon. Henry Clay. We are glad to perceive by that paper of Monday, that this is a mistake. Cassius M. Clay had nothing to do with that arrangement. The Journal was led into the error by the "false phraseology" of Cassius' letter. The Journal says:

"We have reason to believe, that, in our remarks of Saturday upon Cassius M. Clay's letter, we were led into error in regard to a single point by the writer's phraseology. He says to the Hon. Henry Clay, 'We paid your debts.' This seems to mean that Cassius M. Clay was one of the contributors, but perhaps it admits of the construction that the Whigs, the Hon. Henry Clay's political friends, paid his debts. Whatever the intention of the remark may be, we are assured that Cassius M. Clay did not contribute one dollar, and that the contributors, instead of being many in number, were only three, all gentlemen of vast wealth, and all living in distant States. An individual, commissioned by those three, we remember, visited Lexington, and with a woman, named Mrs. Clay, accepted the sum of his indebtedness in bank, paid the amount, and departed no one in Lexington knowing who he was, whence he came, or should be borne in mind, that the debts of Mr. Clay, thus paid by his three affluent friends, were security debts and not the result of any imprudence or mismanagement of his private affairs. He had abundant means to discharge them by the sale of a part of his property, or he could have soon discharged them by the practice of his profession, but his three generous friends chose to relieve him from the necessity either of selling a portion of his estate or of resuming in his old age the arduous practice of the law. The relief was great to him, though to each of them the amount contributed was a trifle. In view of the facts, the public can judge what right Cassius M. Clay has to say 'we paid your debts.'"

We regret having been led into error by Cassius M. Clay's absurd if not deliberately false phraseology, for we know that the bare suggestion in a newspaper that Mr. Clay is under a pecuniary obligation to Cassius M. Clay must be exceedingly mortifying to the feelings of the great statesman although he knows there is no foundation for it.

It is asserted for a fact by the Queen City, that a man in Ithaca, N. Y., has made a whistle out of a pig's tail! This has always been regarded as an impossibility, but skill will overcome great difficulties.

A STRANGE STORY.—The last Lewisstown (Ill) Republican announces the death of Mr. Norman Bemis, under very distressing circumstances.—He was married on Thursday of last week, to Miss Felt, who came from Liverpool, on Duck creek. On the night after the wedding, they rode down to Liverpool, to visit a friend and spend the night. Between 7 and 8 o'clock at night, Mr. Bemis left the house to visit a connexion of his, Mr. Brush, a few rods distant. In approaching Mr. Brush's house, he observed a person in female attire, carrying two guns. The person retired as Bemis approached, and although saluted twice or thrice by Bemis, no answer was returned. Bemis had partly passed the house, and was approaching the strange person, when he was shot dead. No persons were in Mr. Brush's house at the time, except Mrs. Brush and a little boy, and they heard some one exclaim "Bemis is shot." Going out, they found the person in female attire, holding Bemis's head in her lap, and Bemis dead or dying. The deceased person was Neamah Nordrup, who acknowledged that she had shot Bemis, but declared that was an accident as he did not know that the gun was loaded. A coroner's verdict was to the same effect.—Nordrup gave herself up, and after the examination, was held to bail in the sum of \$1,000, to answer the charge of involuntary manslaughter. It appeared on the examination, that it was intended to cherevare the newly married couple; and that Nordrup was to participate in it; that he had left Liverpool and gone to his home a mile or two distant, after the arrival of Bemis; that he took the two guns, without seeing whether they were loaded or not, returned to Liverpool before his associates in the cherevare arrived, carelessly snapped the gun at, and killed Bemis. Nordrup, it is said, knew the gun was empty when he last used it, but it had been borrowed and returned with the lead in it, without his knowledge.

LAUGHTER—FUN IN THE SENATE.

Grave Senators love a laugh!—When the debate is spicy, they prick up their ears as if it did them good; when witty, they shake their sides as if they would grow fat with the exercise. If a correspondent's words are to be credited, they had enough to do in the debate between the Senators FOOTE, of Mississippi, and HALE, of New Hampshire—and that common folks may enjoy the fun, we proceed to give a sketch of it:—

The topic before the Senate was the mission to Rome—the subject matter, the deficiency bill.

Senator HALE.—I must vote against the bill—not because it contained any appropriation, for a mission to Rome, but because it grants millions for the war. The mission was a progressive move for the administration. I hope others will vote for it. How much better this appropriation for a peaceful mission to Catholic Rome, than the other appropriations for killing Catholic Mexicans! The only drawback I feel is, that I regard it as an attempt on the part of Mr. Polk to pander to the Catholic sentiment, as Mr. Badger had declared.

Senator FOOTE.—[quite excited] I demand to know of the Senator, of North Carolina, whether he used this language.

Senator HALE.—[Mr. B. not noticing the question] I did not intend to misquote. If the Senator did not use the expression, I do make the charge. It is, to use a yankee phrase, an attempt to fish for votes.

Senator FOOTE.—I pronounce such language vulgar, coarse.

Mr. HALE replied with warmth and energy, when Mr. Foote explained, that vulgar, meant something common, mostly used with the people. The explanation was accepted—and amid laughter, of the most hearty kind, the debate was continued as follows:—

(We use Houston's report.) Mr. HALE.—Perhaps I should make some explanation to the Senator from North Carolina. I certainly did not mean to misquote or misrepresent him. I am sure he will not suppose that I could do so.

Mr. BADGER.—Certainly not.

Mr. HALE.—Now, one word as to what was said which produced such a flood of eloquence from the gentleman from Mississippi. I certainly did not expect that gentleman and myself could very cordially agree in certain political matters. Our positions on some subjects are wide apart; and, therefore, it does not seriously disturb my equanimity to find him quite antagonistic in reference to these questions. When he came down upon my political position, with all his Jupiter Tonans, thundering eloquence, I regarded it as a matter of course. But really, sir, when a gentleman of his refined taste, eloquence of diction—parity of style—classlessness of manner—and every other contributing to the character of a perfect orator, is compelled, reluctantly compelled, I doubt not, to profess my poor efforts vulgar, I do not feel so.

Mr. FOOTE.—I did not pronounce the effort vulgar.

Mr. HALE.—It was the language then?

Mr. FOOTE.—No it was the sentiment; and, if the Senator will refer to the original, he will find that what I say is strictly true.—"Vulgar" is derived from the word "vulgus," which means the common people; and the sentiment is common among the masses.

Mr. HALE.—Ah! that is all?

Mr. FOOTE.—Certainly.

Mr. HALE.—Then I am very glad to find that my sentiments are becoming so popular! [Laughter] Now I do not travel with the dictionary in my pocket, but one of the pages has brought me one of those big dictionaries which we had in the Senate the other day, when the Senator from Kentucky lost so much in not being present to hear.

Mr. FOOTE.—Ah! take care—that may have been in secret session.

Mr. HALE.—If so, it got out! I don't know, however, but that if the public were here, and listened to our poor debates, it might be well for some of us if the injunction were taken off the dictionaries! But I have the dictionary before me, and I find that this "vulgar" word—

Mr. FOOTE.—What dictionary is it?

Mr. HALE.—Written by one Sam Johnson! [Laughter] I find, sir, that this vulgar word was used in common by that vulgar fellow, Shakespeare, [Laughter] also by one Dryden, one Rowe, and a man who used to write doggerel, one John Milton. [Great laughter] All of them used this "vulgar" word "pander!" Now in its direct application to this very case, I said that I believed that this was an attempt on the part of the administration, to "pander" to the Roman Catholic voters, or Roman Catholic prejudice, and I gave credit to the Senator from North Carolina.

Mr. FOOTE.—The Senator has not read the authorities. Will he allow me to look at them for a moment? I do not deny that the word is to be found in the dictionary, or that Shakespeare used it. But I meant to say that it was a word always intended for purposes of scurrility—of vulgar meaning; and like many other epithets in Shakespeare, not appropriate on all occasions, and certainly not becoming in such a dignified body as this.

Mr. HALE.—I shall read the authorities. Here is one:—

"Oh ye pandering rascals, there's a conspiracy against me!"

[Great laughter.] Mr. FOOTE.—Very well. Would the Senator affirm that "rascal" is Parliamentary language?

Mr. CAMERON.—Would the Senator be so good as to read the authority again? So good of us on this side did not hear distinctly.

Mr. HALE.—Certainly; with great pleasure, sir:—

"Oh ye pandering rascals, there's a conspiracy against me!"

[Laughter.] "Why, sir, if I had searched the dictionary from beginning to end, I could not have hit upon a word which more clearly expresses what I meant to convey! This is an attempt on the part of the administration to

lic voters. This is what I think. When the honorable Senator from Mississippi says he has great confidence in the Administration—

Mr. FOOTE.—Will the honorable Senator allow me to interrupt him for a moment?—The most serious part of what I said was not so much a denial of his allegation, as a solemn call upon him in support of the charge.

Mr. HALE.—I understand.

Mr. FOOTE.—Allow me further to state my proposition?

Mr. HALE.—Certainly.

Mr. FOOTE.—If a person were arraigned as a criminal, and no evidence of his guilt was produced, he would certainly go free of punishment; I therefore invoke the Senator to adduce his proofs. I challenge him to the proof.

Mr. FOOTE.—The evidence is to be found in the absence of all proof to the contrary.—This is a fair mode of argument, as the Senator must admit. When there is something palpable on the face of the case, if no other motive strikes the mind as being the palpable motive, then the inference is legitimate, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, that that is really the motive.

Mr. FOOTE.—Suppose the Senator were charged with a grave offence, of which he was altogether innocent, though appearances were against him; and if he failed to adduce proof of his innocence, would he then be justly found guilty?

Mr. HALE.—Non constat! The conclusion does not follow from the premises—not at all. But the Senator from Mississippi said that Pope Pius IX was 'the man of the age.' Why, I thought James K. Polk was 'the man of the age.' [Laughter.] I should like to know what right any democrat, sound in the faith, has to pronounce Pope Pius IX 'the man of the age!' [Laughter.] I did not propose, however, to go into this question of a mission to Rome. I rose only for the purpose of freeing myself from the charge of using a vulgarism. As modified, however, by the Senator from Mississippi, instead of a charge, it is a compliment. I feel flattered. He says my sentiment is becoming very common among the people. I agree with him. I do believe the people regard this as an attempt on the part of the Administration to pander to Roman Catholic prejudices.

Mr. FOOTE.—I hope the Senator will allow me to correct him. I did not say the sentiment was common amongst the people, but that his language was of a very common caste and character.

Mr. HALE.—Well, from a common man I do not propose to say anything else. And now, having exposed the attempt on the part of the Administration as well as I can, I would appeal to Senators; and if there are any other ambitious men in the Senate besides myself, I would call on them to see to it, that the man who has prepared this measure does not bring all this grist into his hopper.

If there be any other Presidential aspirant here beside myself, I think he had better look well to this business. Did the Senator from Michigan speak to me! [Great laughter.]

Mr. CASS.—No! I did not speak.

The opposite question, and naive reply, says one, produced a merriment in which the Senate and audience joined. Mr. CASS was good natured. He went to Mr. Hale's seat, and shook him cordially by the hand.—The New Hampshire Senator carried the day this time.

SIMPLE DIVISION.—We heard a story the other night on the subject of "Division" that we thought "some" at the time, and never having seen it in print we are tempted to give our readers the benefit of it.

A Southern planter named P., pretty well to do in the world now, was some 20 years ago a poor boy on the eastern shore of Maryland. One of his strongest and most marked traits of character was an inordinate love of money. This, however, is characteristic of the people of "them diggings," where they practice skinning strangers during brisk seasons, and skinning one another during dull times. In due course of time P. was of age and thought it about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village, and in the course of events was introduced to a daughter of Judge B.

"Dang fine gal," said the embryo speculator to a friend who was gaining him an entrance among the elite.

"Very."

"How much might Jude B. be worth?"

"About \$10,000," was the reply.

"And how many children has Judge B.?" continued the enquirer.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," mentally ciphered P. Here was a chance—a glorious chance—and he improved it, too. He made love to the beautiful, unsophisticated daughter of the Judge with all the variations. Strange to say—for he was as uncouth a looking cub as ever went unlicked—his suit prospered, and they were married.

The honey moon passed off, as all other honey moons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and often made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Started at a number of names he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening, at tea, he said:

"My dear, I thought there was only three of you!"

"So there are, by my Ma, but Pa's first wife had eight more."

Eleven go into ten no times and nary one over!" said the astonished P., who jumped up, kicked over the chair, and groaned in perfect agony. I'm sold! I'm sold! and a d—n sight cheaper than an old bell-weather sheep at that!"—Pitt. Sun. Mer.

A little boy, not over ten years of age was seen the other day cramming his mouth full of "fine cut," when a gentleman standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle, asked him what he chewed tobacco for.

"What do I chew tobacco for," replied the boy, "why, sir, I chew it to get the strength out of it, to be sure, what d'ye think I chew it for?"

JOHN J. CHANDLER, Attorney at Law—Office on First st. between Main and Sycamore. ap26.

CITY PLOUGH MANUFACTORY.

Main street, Evansville, Indiana.

The subscriber respectfully informs the Public that he is carrying on the Plough Manufacturing business, in Evansville, on Main Street, near the Canal, where he keeps constantly on hand, a superior article of Sloop, Diamond and improved Diamond, with a cast mould board. He will warrant these Ploughs to be as good as any to be found in this city, and request those wishing to possess a good article to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. ap26

J. M. PARVIN.

IRON.

A LARGE and general assortment of all sizes of Common Bar, Flat, Round and Square, Broad and Narrow Band, Axe and Hoe Bar, Plow Bar, Plow Moulds and slabs, Nail and small Rods, together with all sizes usually called for in the above line. For sale by A. LAUGHLIN, Water street. ap25

STEEL.

A LARGE and general stock of the best Brands of American Blister, English Blister, German and English Sheer, broad and narrow Spring, and all sizes of flat and squared Cast Steel, Axe Temper. For sale by A. LAUGHLIN, Water street. ap25

NAILS.

250 KEGS Boston and Juniata Nails, assorted sizes; 25 kegs Flooring Brads, assorted; 25 do Assorted spikes. For sale by A. LAUGHLIN, Water street. ap25

BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS.

A FULL and general assortment of every thing in that line, namely: Anvils, Bellows, Vices, Screw Plates, Rasp, Files and Grinders. For sale by A. LAUGHLIN, Water street. ap25

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

100 Hbls New Orleans Sugar; 250 Bbls do do Molasses; 40 do do do do; 25 Bbls Sugar House Molasses Polka brand. For sale by A. LAUGHLIN, Water street. ap25

HYDRAULIC CEMENT.

A FULL supply of this article fresh from the mills, together with the best of Roach Lime. For sale by the barrel. A. LAUGHLIN, Water street. ap25

In the Probate Court of Vanderburgh County, in vacation, April 24th, 1848.

Margaret Hibber, vs. Lawrence Hibber, George Kleichman, Mary Kleichman, John Delker, Petition to sell real estate.

vs. Dorrolta Delker, Deedrich Hibber, Peter Hibber, and George M. Hibber.

AND now at this time comes Margaret Hibber, Administratrix of John G. Hibber, deceased, and files her petition praying for the sale of the real estate of which the said John G. Hibber, died seized, and also to file an affidavit from which it appears that John Delker and Dorrolta Delker his wife, and George M. Hibber, are not at this time residents of the State of Indiana.

Therefore notice is hereby given to the above named John Delker, Dorrolta Delker and George M. Hibber that unless they appear and answer said petition on or before the calling of this cause at the next term of said Court to be held at the Court House, in Evansville, on the third Monday in May next, the same will be heard and determined in their absence. ap25

SAM'L T. JENKINS, CLK.

Four Days Later From Europe.

PROSPECTS.

Favorable to All Cash Customers.

ALLIS & HOWES.

THE HOUSE that sells goods for small profits and ready pay, have just been receiving several important additions to their large stock of Groceries.—They pledge themselves to sell as good articles and at as low rates as can be obtained in the West, and invite all dealers, who wish to do a *serious business* to come and convince themselves that these assertions are something more than empty boasts. Their stock embraces every thing belonging to the grocery trade, in proof of which see the columns of our city papers. ON EVERY PAGE YOU WILL FIND THEIR ADVERTISEMENTS. ap24

SUGAR! SUGAR! SUGAR!

100 Hbls New Orleans Sugar; 200 lbs Rio coffee; 250 Bbls Molasses; in store and for sale by ALLIS & HOWES, Water st. ap24

TOBACCO.

JUST received from Baltimore, 50 boxes Tobacco; Assorted Brands, in store and for sale by ALLIS & HOWES. ap24

JUST received by steamer Glencoe, 75 sides sole Leather; 25 Bbls Lemon Syrup; 3 Tierces refined Sugar for family use. For sale by ALLIS & HOWES, Water st. ap24

JUST received by steamer Tempest, 50 Bbl