EVANSVILLE DAILY JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

WM. H. CHANDLER & CO.

FOR PRESIDENT:

GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR,

Of Louisiana.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

MILLARD FILLMORE,

Of New York.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,

NATHAN ROWLEY.

WHIG ELECTORAL TICKET.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE:

JOSEPH G. MARSHALL, of Jefferson.
GODLOVE S. ORTH, of Teppecanoe.

DISTRICT ELECTORS:

1st	Dist.—	JOHN PITCHER, of Posey.
2d	"	JOHN S. DAVIS, of Floyd.
3d	"	MILTON GREGG, of Dearborn.
4th	"	DAVID P. HOLLOWAY, of WAYNE.
5th	"	THOMAS D. WALPOOL, of Hancock.
6th	"	LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, of Greene.
7th	"	EDWARD W. MCGUAGHEY, of Park.
8th	"	JAMES F. SCOTT, of Clinton.
9th	"	DANIEL D. PRATT, of Cass.
10th	"	DAVID KILGORE, of Delaware.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE:

TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8.

THE ELECTION.—The result of the election in this county on yesterday turned out disastrously for the Whigs. This was not wholly unlooked for. Again and again during the canvass have we heard the Whig candidate and those who thought with him that the true policy was to move along smoothly and without excitement. warned that such a course would certainly reduce our majority from last year if it did not indeed defeat our party. Our opponents have been most active during the whole canvass, were thoroughly organised in every township and neighborhood, were making speeches, calling meetings and collecting money with which to buy votes, (for with this do we charge them among other base transactions.) almost every day since the canvass opened—have had all their big speakers—Chamberlain, Owen and Lane among us, and their lesser fry have worked, and lied, and swindled, as even *they* never worked, and lied, and swindled before. On the other hand the Whigs have done nothing, have not made a single speech, nor called a single meeting, nor scarce made a single inquiry as to what was doing in any part of the county, and the result is before us. Even with all this against us we should have succeeded but for the base and lying slander that was secretly and industriously circulated and sworn to by the locofocos against our candidate that he is a defaulter to the county and which among a certain class was believed. But there is no use in following these locofoco demagogues through their dirty work. We are beaten and by such means was never used before, at least in this county, and we hope the lesson will not be lost upon us. As for ourself, we consulted the wishes of our candidate and a number of our other friends and kept silent. Now, our hands are free; and and from this time until the November election we shall *work*—we shall labor night and day and all times, and from the highest to the lowest of these locofoco demagogues none shall escape, their rascality, shall be laid bare, and we shall see if a like result will follow.

THE MICHIGAN REVOLT.—The Ann Arbor True Democrat, organ of the Radical Democracy of Michigan, edited by Dr. S. Denton, of the State Senate, has hauled down the Cass and Butler flag, and raised that of Van Buren and Free Soil. The True Democrat is a publisher of the laws 'By Authority' for both the National and State Governments. It wields a powerful influence, for the people know it to be honest and faithful.

The Grand Rapids Enquirer, a barnburning Cass paper, speaking of Mr. Van Buren's letter to the convention at Utica, before its reception, says that it "contains councils of peace, words of concilation, and the earnest advice of a sage of Democracy, to union and concession."

"We do fear that it will work wider injury than is generally supposed. The Free Press may sneer and talk about the Detroit John Does, who will join in the Barnburner Movement in Michigan and its vicinity, but we tell these wisacres that we walk amid a smothered conflagration."

The Pontiac Jacksonian, and Jackson Patriot, which murmured at the Hunker nomination, have changed hands, but the Barnburners still control their columns, and they will eventually come into the support of Van Buren The Allegan Reccord, the Little John organ, first dropped Cass. Mr. L. was foremost in the Barnburner ranks against Gen. Cass for U. S. Senator in the Legislature.

Lieut. Gov. Greely presided at a recent Barnburner meeting at Adrain.

Hon. R. S. Wilson of Ann Arbor, and Chas. D. Smith, Secretary of the last Senate, and long editor of the Adrian Watchtower, are also reported as converts from Cass and Butler to Van Buren and Free Soil

Free Soil meetings were to be held at Pontiac on the 29th, and at Ann Arbor on the 1st of August. Why don't Gen. Cass resign?

PROSCRIPTION.—The present Administration, finding that coaxing cannot win back the barnburners of New York to the support of Cass, has in its wrath determined to try what virtue there is in proscription. The first victim is Amos Rathbun, postmaster at Auburn, who has been unceremoniously turned out of office to give place to a faithful supporter of Cass. The editor of the Buffalo Courier, a violent Administration paper, thus exults over this proscriptive act, and urges the Locofoco executioners to proceed with their work of decapitation:

"It is to be hoped that this is but the commencement of a vigorous attack by the Administration upon its enemies of the democratic members in this State."

The Albany Evening Journal well says:

This is plain talk! The Barnburners are marked! Whether this threat will shake the integrity of the few Barnburners who are in office, or not, we can't say; but it is quite certain that Cass will show them neither favor nor mercy, if he should have the power of dispensing the "spoils."

SINGULAR.—Most people have heard the story of the Dutchman who was hunting rats in his barn one night when they set the building on fire, and the exclamation of the enthusiastic destroyer of the vermin, to his boys, "go on with your rat-killin' and never mind the barn!"

A correspondent of the Boston Chronotype, writing from Chambersburgh, Pa., tells the following curious story of a horse recently turning barnburner:

A large and destructive fire originated in the town of Rocksburgh, a few miles from here, a week or two ago. A man having a sick horse took him into a field, and placing some dried herbs in a tin-pan, tied the same very securely to the horse's under jaw, and set the herbs on fire, that the poor beast might inhale the fragrant odors of the burnt offering, and so be cured of his ailings. Unfortunately not only the odors but the flames also ascended the horse's nostrils, which caused him to break from his owner, and in mad fury he galloped away to his stable, the door of which was open. The fire of the herbs was in an instant communicated to the dry hay, and in one hour the barn, a large and valuable hotel and six or seven other buildings were levelled with the ground So much for scorching a horse's nose.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

GEN. TAYLOR—SLANDER REFUTED.—Some time ago a story was fabricated and set afloat that Gen. Taylor was the owner of a large tract of land in the disputed territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and that an agent of his had been recently in Washington City purchasing negroes to stock it. This false allegation has been industriously circulated, and we think has been repeatedly published or alluded to in the Enquirer,—and in that paper of yesterday, it is again alluded to as follows:—

"GEN. TAYLOR AND THE PROVISO.—Our neighbors of the Whig press, and probably other neighbors not connected with the press, have labored patiently hard to delude themselves into the belief that Gen. Taylor is opposed to the extension of slavery, and would not interpose his veto to a prohibition of it in the new territories. We do not suppose they have succeeded in this effort—Gen. Taylor's location—his 230 slaves—his recent purchase of more land and more negroes to stock it—the very atmosphere of slavery with which he is surrounded—all are ponderous facts standing obstinately arrayed against his attempt at self-delusion."

Col. Mitchel of this city, wrote to Gen. Taylor several weeks since, referring to the allegation, and enquiring as to its truth. We annex the reply. It puts this vile slander at rest, as an unmitigated falsehood. Read and judge:

BATON ROUGE, La., July 14.

MY DEAR COLONEL:—Your kind letter of the 13th ult., has been duly received. In reply to your inquiries, I have to inform you that I have no land on the Rio Grande, nor have I sent $10,000 or any other sum to the district of Columbia to purchase slaves; and I trust that if I had such a sum in my possession, I could put it to a better use than buying lands on the Rio Grande, or slaves in Washington. Among the many accusations brought against me by my opponents, I should be much gratified to learn that they had succeeded in substantiating the charge that I have in my possession so large a sum for any purpose as the one above mentioned.

I beg that you will not put yourself to any trouble to meet the objections urged against me, by those opposed to me, if they are as groundless as the one in question, for when they see fit thus to disregard the obligations of truth it is useless to contend with them.

With my best wishes for your health and success, I remain sir,

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR.

Col. A. M. MITCHELL, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AN IRISH HARVEST.—There is, says the Nation, growing to-day on Irish soil £80,000,000 worth of produce, by the reckoning of the best accountants. There are begging to-day between the hedge-rows that fence in these treasures, 2,000,000 of the Irish people; there dwell next door to beggary and bankruptcy in the towns and ports through which this vast horde of wealth, it is said, must be smuggled away before Cristmas next another miserable million. To our minds, if these £80,000,000 were boldly taken advantage of, a new foundation for life might be laid in Ireland.—Let us suppose the thing about to be tried—let us suppose a thousand clubs, of 300 men, spread over Ireland—their club-rooms over against every barrack in town and country—their scouts spying through every pass—their thousands battalioned in every city—their Irish League or Council of 300 honest, clear-headed and brave—what gracious purpose might not a regeneration fund of £80,000,000 be turned to?

Less than one half of it would feed the people till another harvest had forced its way into the light. It is the opinion of even English economists, that one year's produce in Ireland is two years' food. Upon the appropriation of this first part there could be no quibble, and should be tolerated no argument. If any man said nay, and put forth his hand upon the people's food, their answer should be the pike point or the bullet. Of course the mortgagees, Jews, and absentees would suffer. They must be clipped of their rack-rents, and usurious per centages, or the people must die or be banished. There is no alternative. There must be in Ireland a social revolution or a wilderness. England, Italy, France and Prussia, all have had their peasant insurrections, their revolutions in tenure, their wars for the possession of the soil. Ireland's is at last at hand.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In the Democratic Review for November, 1842, there war an account of the trial of Henry Blake for murder, who was convicted upon *circumstantial evidence*, and hung. About three months after his death, the Judge who presided at the trial received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect the day following. On his way thither, he overtook an old man walking slowly, whom he accosted and recognized to be Caleb Grayson, who had been a witness on Blake's trial, and had a similar note of his own, but equally at a loss to know the meaning of his summons. They both entered the cell together. The prisoner did not move, but only raised his head. Grayson recollected having seen him at a tavern the night before Blake's execution. and at the gallows.

"Well, Judge," said he, "I sent for you to see if you can get me out of this scrape. Must I hang to-morrow?"

The Judge shook his head. "It's idle to hope; nothing can prevent your execution."

"An application might be made to the highest authorities," said the prisoner. "Pardons have come sometimes even on the scaffold."

"None will come in your case," replied the Jndge; "it is needless for me to dwell on your offence, now; but it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured, that whatever may have occurred in other cases, no pardon will come in yours. In fact, I understand that an application has been made for one by your counsel, and has been refused."

The features of the prisoner underwent no charge; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a moment's pause, he said: "Is this true, Judge—upon your honor?"

"It is," replied the Judge.

"Then I know the worst," replied the criminal coldly, "and will now tell what I have to communicate, which I would not have done while there was a hope of escape. "You," said he, turning to the judge, "presided at the trial of young Harry Blake, who was accused of murder, and sentenced him to death."

"I did."

"And *you*," said he, turning to Grayson, "were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony, principally, he was hung."

"I was," replied the old man, "I saw him with my own eyes."

The prisoner uttered a low sneering laugh, as he said, turning to the judge.

"You, sir, sentenced an innocent man."

"And you," said he, turning to the other, swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickliffe. He was as innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now."

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, whilst the condemned felon stood opposite him, looking at him with a cold, indifferent air.

"Yes, old man," said he sternly, "you have blood and perjury upon your soul, for I—I," said he, stepping forwards so that the light of the lamp fell strongly upon his savage features, "I murdered William Wickliffe! I did it!—Thank God, I did it, for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand in it, I met Wickliffe on that afternoon alone—with none to interfere between us. I told him the injuries he had done me, and I told him the time had come for redress. He endeavored to escape, but I followed him up; I grappled with him and stabbed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew on the road side. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wickliffe lying dead in the road. You know the rest. The tale he told was true as the gospel. He was only attempting to draw the knife from the man's breast, when you came up and charged him with the murder!"

"Good God! Can this be possible?" ejaculated the old man. "It cannot! Villain, you are a liar!"

"Pshaw!" muttered the man, "what could I gain by a lie? To-morrow I die."

"I don't believe it; I don't believe it!" exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell, and wringing his hands. "God in mercy grant that it may be false! that this dreadful sin may not be upon me!"

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the judge and the witnesses with a calmness which had something almost fiendish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stopped in front of him; and with a calmness so suddenly assumed in the midst of his paroxism of remorse, that it even overawed the crimnal, said: "You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said, or I'll not believe it."

"Believe it," replied the prisoner, I saw the whole transaction, and heard your testimony at the trial; for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse, and seized Blake by the collar; your hat fell off on the pommel of the saddle, but you caught it before it reached the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and while Wilson held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed your hand on the ground, and, going to a bush on the road side, broke off some leaves and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of a sumach bush. As you did so, you looked round at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said, 'Don't be uneasy about me, Caleb; I didn't kill Wickliffe, and don't mean to escape.' At one time you were within six feet of where I was. It's lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wickliffe; but I saw all even when you stumbled and dropped your gloves, as you mounted your horse."

"God have mercy on me!" ejaculated Grayson. "This is all true!—but one word more. I heard Wickliffe, as we rode up, shriek out 'Mercy, mercy, Harry!'"

"He was begging for his life—my first name is Harry!"

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear that it left no doubt on the mind of the judge that he was guilty of Wickliffe's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims to Circumstantial Evidence.

☞ There are now about four thousand troops stationed at Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis. The Barracks not being equal to the accommodation of the troops, a number are encamped in tents around in the delightful groves that surround the Barracks.

STORY OF A SHARK.

The following thrilling sketch is from "The Wanderings and Fortunes of some German Emigrants" by Frederick Gerstaecke a German writer, recently translated by David Bleak. The reader will understand that the ship, filled with men, women and children, is under way—that Werner, a young physician, is sitting upon the cross-trees, sometimes looking out upon the sea, and sometimes at the beautiful daughters of Pastor Herhmann upon the deck—and that a mischievous fellow, who had stumbled in the steerage repeatedly over some great wooden shoes of a set of Oldenbarghers, watched his opportunity, and threw them overboard.

Suddenly the cry of "A shark! A shark!" was heard from the cross-trees. It was young Werner, above alluded to, who had chosen that elevated place as his resort, and to whom all eyes were now turned, to learn the direction in which the sea monster was to be found.

Werner pointed to a streak of light formed by the sun upon the water, and all the voyagers distinctly perceived from the deck the dorsal fin of the sharp, standing six or seven inches out of the water.

Although several of these voracious creatures had been already around the ship, still probably few of the travellers had seen one of them, and all pressed to the ship's side to view the fish, as it came nearer and nearer to the ship and the surrounding wooden shoes.

"Well, I should like to know if he eats wooden shoes!" said Brever, rubbing his hands complacently and watching every movement of the creature.

His wish seemed to be on the point of being fulfilled, for the fish. approaching the first sabot, described a circle round it, and all expected the immediate disappearance of the same, when a fearful cry—such a cry as can only issue from the breast of a terrified mother—was heard from the midst of the crowd which had pressed, full of curiosity, to the bulwarks, and in the same moment a heavy body fell on the smooth surface of the waters, and sank beneath it.

"My child! my child!" cried the woman, in the very act of throwing herself after the helpless being, which now reappeared on the surface struggling and gurgling. But those who surrounded her held her back, and gazed in apprehension of the worst, at the swiftly approaching shark, which now shot forward like an arrow, its attention being aroused by the splash of the object in the water.

"Both the daughters of Pastor Herhman had witnessed the child's fall; and the eldest of them, in a voice almost choked with terror cried, "Help: help! for God's sake!"—"Launch the boat," cried the captain. But there was some delay. A few seconds more must decide the fate of the child—for the shark was scarcely ten yards distant from him, already seemed to scent his prey. It was then that the young man in the cross-tree glided down a rope with the activity of a sailor, and before any one could guess his purpose, or hinder him, sprang into the crystal flood beneath, right before the very jaws of the fish, and coming to the surface again seized the child which had just reappeared for the third time.

"A cry of admiration at this desperate boldness arose from the sailors as well as passengers; but the shark, frightened by the loud crash, and rendered uneasy by the cries and noise on board the ship, drew back from the body he had almost reached, and careered around the brave swimmer in narrow circles.

"Strike with your hands—splash—kick—make as much noise as you can!" cried the seamen with one accord. But the captain had caught up a rope and threw it to the young man, who holding the child in his left arm, seized the rope with the right one, and held himself afloat by it, while he kicked out with all his force, and splash the water far around him.

"Sling the rope around your elbow," called the Captain, "and we can haul you up." The young man did so; but all his bold and generous sacrifice seem in vain; for the shark by this time had found that there was no new danger to be apprehended from this quarter, shot forward once more.

The sailors, indeed, hauled the rope with their utmost strength and good will, but their help seemed to come too late; for the monster was but a few feet off from him, and was just about to turn on its back, to snap at the body of the unhappy man, when—in that very moment—when every one in breathless and fearful dread awaited to see the worst—a heavy peice of meat fell into the sea, close to the open fangs of the shark, and was swallowed by him as quick as lightning.

It is true that this mouthful only seemed to have whetted his appetite for more, for he turned again, and made a second movement to seize the body of the bold swimmer, who was already half drawn up from his watery grave; but suddenly the shark began to lash the water with his tail, started back several feet, and dived down.

Nobody troubled himself at the moment as to the cause of this almost inexplicable salvation, for all that had hands hauled away to get the poor fellow, who was almost terrified to death, on board; and he had scarcely handed the living child to its mother, before he fell back senseless in the arms of those around him.

But there was not a woman on board who would not have pressed forward to call back the fainted one into life, and the mother of the saved child threw herself on her knees, and audibly sought the Almighty not to rob her so soon of the saviour of her beloved child.

There was no surgeon on board—as, indeed, there hardly ever is on board of ships destined for emigrants—but the Captain had abandoned his medicine chest to them and Hoffman's drops, salvolatile, and several other powerful remedies, were applied to bring the color back to the pale cheeks, and open the closed eyelids.

At last a deep sigh escaped from the breast of the unconscious one; the women uttered cries of joy, and Herhmann's elder daughter clasped her sister's hand fervently, and called her a *good, dear* girl, while a tear glistened in her own eye.

Young Werner recovered, though but slowly; and it was touching to see the woman, with the rescued child on her arm, fell down on her knees before him, and kiss his hand so that he could hardly prevent her.—Even the hardy sailors felt their heart warm and soften at the sight.

THE BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—We find in a late sermon of Theodore Parker the following story. The subject of the discourse is 'rest:'

'They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple on feast day disputing about rest. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men. The third that it was the possession of power to rule the state. The fourth, that it consisted only of a happy home. The fifth, that it must only be in the old age of one rich, powerful, famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all were vain unless a man kept all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said—'Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary, he can only find rest who to these things addeth this—that he keepeth the tradition of the elders.'

"There sat in the Court a fair haired boy, playing with lillies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said—'Nay, nay, fathers, he only loveth rest who loves his brother as himself and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth, and power happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age, he is law to himself and above all tradition.' The doctors were astonished. They said, 'when Christ cometh, shall he tell us greater things?'—And they thanked God, for they said, 'old men are not always wise, yet God be praised that out of the mouth of this young suckling, has His praise become perfect.'"

THE CHILD TO THE TOMB.—The following eloquent anecdote is from the journal of a traveller in the East.

——A little child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly over-cast. I met there one morning a little girl, with a half playful countenance busy blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

'And why,' I enquired, 'my sweet girl, do you put seed in those little bowls there?'

'It is to bring the birds here,' she replied with a half-wondering look; they will light on this tree when they have eaten the seed, and sing.'

'To whom do they sing to, you or each other?'

'Oh, no!' she replied, 'to my sister—she sleeps here.'

'But your sister is dead?'

'Oh, yes sir, but she hears the birds sing'

'Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers.'

'But she knows I put it there. I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning.

'You must,' I continued, 'have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again.'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, with a brightened look, 'I shall see her in heaven.'

'But she has gone to heaven already, I trust.'

'No; she stops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together.'

MEDICAL.—DR. C. S. WEEVER, (of the late firm of Trafton & Weever,) Physician and Surgeon, office on the corner of First and Vine streets, a few doors above the Exchange hotel. aug 2

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. C. S. WEEVER, successor to Trafton and Weever, would respectfully inform his friends, the friends of the late Dr. William Trafton, and the public generally, that he has, in order to be near his residence. exchanged offices with Dr. Geo. B. Walker, and may now be found at the office on the corner of First and Vine streets, at all business hours, except when absent on professional duties.

To his friends and acquaintances, Dr. Weever has only to say that he will be happy to serve them at all hours day or night with the same zeal and fidelity as he has heretofore done; and for a compensation as low as that required by any well read Medical gentleman in Evansville.

To those not personally known to Dr. W. he begs leave to say that he was for three years a Pupil, and for nearly four years a partner of the late Dr. Wm. Trafton, during his pupilage he enjoyed the advantages of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, and the Marine Hospital and subsequently those of the Jefferson Medical college of Philadelphia where he graduated in 1844 and where he also enjoyed the benefit of attendance of the Blockley Hospital, and at Wills Hospital for the blind and lame.

Dr. Weever's residence is on Second street, first door below the Rev. Mr. Dodges Church. Persons calling at the office will always find some one there at all hours day or night. au 2.

ICE! ICE!!

CONSTANTLY kept for retailing at the store of
may 26 ALLIS & BOWES.

PAPER HANGINGS.

250 PIECES Wall Paper, new styles;
200 " " " Satin faced;
100 " New styles 4-4 Window Paper;
Just received and for sale low by
my 6 J H MAGHEE & CO.

State of Indiana Warrick County, s. s.

In the Warrick Circuit Court for October Term 1848

Elizabeth A. Williams, vs. John H. Williams. } Libel for Divorce.

THE said Elizabeth A. Williams having on the 15 day of July 1848, filed her bill of complaint against said John H. Williams in the above entitled suit in the office of the Clerk of said Warrick Circuit Court; also an affidavit of a disinterested person, showing that said John H. Williams is not a resident of the State of Indiana. Therefore the said John H. Williams is hereby notified of the filing of said petition for divorce, that the same is pending in said court, and that unless he appears to, or answers said bill of complaint on or before the calling of the cause at the next term of said court to be held at the Court House in Boonville, on the second Monday in October next, the same will be heard and determined in his absence. J. WAIT B. MOORE, Cl'k

JAMES J. THORNTON, Pl'tff solicitor. jy 22.

State of Indiana Warrick County, s. s.

In the Warrick Circuit Court for October Term 1848

Asa B. Bement, vs. Radley Fields, Calvin M. Williams. } In Chancery.

THE said Asa B. Bement having on the 15th day of July, 1848, filed his bill of complaint against the said Radley Fields, and Calvin M. Williams, in the above entitled suit in the office of the Clerk of the Warrick Circuit Court. Also an affidavit of a disinterested person, showing that said Radley Fields is not a resident of the State of Indiana. Therefore the said Radley Fields is hereby notified of the filing of said bill; that the same is pending in said Court, and unless he appears and pleads to, or answers said bill on or before the calling of the cause at the next term of said Court, to be held at the Court House in Boonville on the second Monday of October next, the same will be taken as confessed, and held as true against him. J. WAIT B. MOORE, Clerk.

BAKER & GARVIN, Sol. for Compl't

jy 21-3 w.

Sheriffs' Sale.

THE following described real estate has been levied on, and will be sold by me to satisfy a writ of Fieri Facias against Hiram Nelson and Solon Loomis issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Vanderburg Circuit Court in favor of the State Bank of Indiana, I will on Saturday the 12th day of August A. D., 1848 at the door of the Court House in the city of Evansville between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., of said day expose to sale at public auction, and outcry first the rents, issues and profits for the term of seven years, to wit: the West half of the South West quarter of section No 7, in Township No 5, Range 10 west in the County of Vanderburgh. And should no person offer or bid for said rents, issues and profits, a sum sufficient to satisfy said writ and costs; I will at the same time and place proceed to sell at public auction and outcry the fee simple of said above described premises to satisfy said writ, and interests and costs due thereon.

jy 20 JOHN ECHOLS S. V. C.

State of Indiana Vanderburgh County. ss.

Vanderburgh Circuit Court, in vacation July 20, 1848

John Shanklin, Samuel Orr, Daniel Woolsey, Alauson Warner, and Conrad Baker, Trustees of the Evansville Presbyterian Church, and Congregation. vs. James G. Jones, Silas Stephens, Jane E. Scantlin, James Scantlin, jr., Robert M. E. Stephens, Henry C. Stephens, Saieta Evans, John P. Evans, Demte C. Evans, R. M. Evans Benj. S. Evans, Samuel Shannon, Louisa Shannon, Martha Jones, John Jones, Jane King, Elijah King William King and Elizabeth J. King. } In Chancery.

AND now at this time to wit, July 20, 1848 come the above named complainants by James E. Blythe their solicitor, and file in the office of the clerk of the Vanderburgh Circuit Court their certain bill of complaint against the above named defendants, and it satisfactorily appearing by the affidavit of a disinterested person this day filed in the office of the clerk aforesaid that John Jones, Jane King, Elijah King, William King, and Elizabeth J. King, five of the above named are not residents of the State of Indiana.

Therefore notice is hereby given to the said John Jones, Jane King, Elijah King, William King, and Elizabeth J. King that unless they appear and plead to or answer the complainants said bill of complaint on or before the calling of the cause at the next term of said court, to be held at the Court House in Evansville on the fourth Monday in September next, the same will be heard and determined in their absence.

jy 21 SAM'L T. JENKINS, Cl'k

State of Indiana, Vanderburgh County, s. s.

In the Vanderburgh Circuit Court, in vacation July 24, 1848.

John Williamson, vs. Elizabeth Williamson. } Petition for Divorce.

And now at this time comes the said John Williamson by John J. Chandler his attorney, and files in the office of the Clerk of the Vanderburgh Circuit Court, his certain Petition for Divorce against the above named Elizabeth Williamson. and it satisfactorily appearing from the affidavit of a disinterested person this day filed in the Clerk's office aforesaid, that the above named defendant is not at this time a resident of the State of Indiana.

Therefore notice is hereby given to the said defendant that, unless she appear and plead to or answer the complainants said Petition for Divorce, on or before the calling of this cause at the next term of this court to be held at the court-house in Evansville, in the county of Vanderburgh, and State of Indiana, the same will be heard and determined in her absence.

jy 27-3w $2. SAM'L. JENKINS, Cl'k.

State of Indiana, Vanderburg County, ss

In the Probate Court Vanderburgh County, in vacation July 27th, A D. 1848

James T Walker, adm'r of Joseph Finney, deceased, vs. Unknown heirs of said Joseph Finney, dec'd } Petition sell real estate.

AND now at this time comes the said administrator, and files in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court of Vanderburgh County his petition praying for the sale of the real estate of the said Joseph Finney, deceased, and it appearing from the affidavit of a disinterested person this day filed in the Clerks office, aforesaid that the unknown heirs of the said Joseph Finney deceased are not residents of the State of Indiana. Therefore notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs to appear 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 second Monday in August next and show cause if any they have or can show, why the real estate of the said Joseph Finney deceased should not be sold and made assets in the hands of the said administrator for the payment of the debts, and demands outstanding against said estate.

au 1 SAM'L T. JENKINS, Cl'k.

A VALUABLE FARM for SALE

CONTAINING two hundred and sixty-one and one half acres, ninety-six improved, ten miles from Evansville on the state road leading to Terre Haute, one half mile from Browning's steam mill. This land lies on both sides of the state road, and can be so divided that it will make two good farms. On the East side of the road is a new two story frame house, with a store room attached, thirty-two feet long, a frame smoke house and shop, a large double log barn sixty-six feet long by twenty two wide, with a twelve foot shed running the whole length, and all other necessary out buildings, and plenty of good water, one hundred of choice apple trees, with a variety of peach and other fruit trees.—On the west side of the road, is a good frame dwelling, a frame smoke house, with a large double barn, well shaded, with stables and other out buildings, one hundred bearing apple trees of the best kind, also a variety of peach, plumb and cherry trees, a never failing well of the best kind of water. The land is in a high state of cultivation, plenty of good hickory, white and black oak timber for all purposes, plenty of sand, free and lime stone rock, in short everything to make it a desirable location. It is one of the best locations in this part of the State for a store and public house. This farm will be sold on reasonable terms and payments made easy. For further information enquire of James T. Walker, of Evansville or to the proprietors on the premises.

Possession may be had immediately if required.

JOHN BURTIS.
THOMAS HENNESSY

Scott township, Vanderburg co. Ia. [ap13 d&wm6

JUST Received this day by express, a few cases of mens' fine Calf monroes and Misses' Laced Boots and a variety of childrens' shoes, &c., &c.

may 9. W. R. BAKER, No 22 main street.