DAILY JOURNAL.

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FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR,
Of Louisiana.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
MILLARD FILLMORE,
Of New York.

WHIG ELECTORAL TICKET.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE:
JOSEPH G. MARSHALL, of Jefferson.
GODLOVE S. ORTH, of Teppecanoe.

DISTRICT ELECTORS:

1st	Dist.—	JAMES E. BLYTHE, of Vanderburg.
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. SUIT, of Clinton.
9th	"	DANIEL D. PRATT, of Cass.
10th	"	DAVID KILGORE, of Delaware.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE:

TUESDAY MORNING, SEP. 12.

OLDEN TIME.—Below is an exact copy of a genuine note which verifies much that has been said in reference to the currency of this western country from thirty to fifty years since.—Mole, muskrat, mink and "Coon" skins, were respectively the half dimes, dimes and quarters, while wild cat, otter and beaver skins, Bear fleece * and Buffalo beef, were the larger currency. Some of our old citizens will remember the persons named in this document, the reading of which will, no doubt, recall to their memories scenes of frontier life, the recollection of which will excite feelings both of pleasure and regret. Each old pioneer who may chance to see this, after reading it, will be lost in deep revery, and imagine himself in all his youthful vigor, fearlessness and buoyancy of spirits, in pursuit of the deer, the bear and the buffalo; or silent and solitary, upon the margin of some stream or pool watching his traps.

"The 12th day March, 1795.

"For value rec'd I promise to pay Robt. "Simpson or his order twenty-seven pounds "lawful money to be paid in Buffalo beef c 12 "pr. Hundred—Bear flease will be rec'd c 24 "pr. Hundred—to be paid next Fawl at the "time Sd. Simpson makes his hunt on the "Ohio River. As witness my hand and seal—
"JOS. BARNETT, (Seal.)

"Test JOHN WALKER,
"PETER THORN.

On the back of the vote is the following endorsement.

"The 24th March, 1798. For value rec'd "I asign the within note to Ebenr. Simpson, "as witness my hand and
"ROBT. SIMPSON, (Seal.)

Upon a note of this description given for two dozen "Coon" skins suit, was brought before a territorial Justice of Knox County in due form. When the parties appeared, the defendant acknowledged that the plaintiffs claim was just, but pleaded as an excuse for non payment that his only "Coon dog" died in the fall, and that the plaintiff, who had a good coon dog, had refused to lend him his.—The plaintiff admitted the truth of the plea, and the justice deemed the defence sufficient; and he entered judgment "that the plantiff lend the defendant his coon dog two weeks immediately after New Years'; and that during that time the defendant catch the two dozen skins, and pay the plantiff, and upon condition that he does so, the court and the constable shall have no costs—otherwise the plaintiff shall have execution for six dollars, and the defendant shall pay the court 50 cents and the constable 87½ cents costs.

* "Bear flease" is the fat of the bear, which is all deposited between the skin and the muscles, and may be stripped off so as to leave nothing but a perfectly lean carcass."

PHANTOM SHIP.—A gentleman informs the Newark Advertiser, that, while at the ocean House, Newport, all being calm, waiting the rising moon, just as her whole disc was visible above the ocean, a ship, "far out at sea," with all sails spread, moved slowly across her face, apparently impressing upon it the free and beautiful out line of every sail and spar. Slowly, indeed, it moved along, too soon disappearing.

HONORABLE CONDUCT.—It is a fact (says the New Orleans Bulletin) which is most wothy of record, and one which we have received from a Mexican gentleman of great intelligence and liberality, that there does not exist in the whole of Mexico at this time a single debt contracted by any of our regular army. We doubt very much if the same upright conduct has ever before marked the career of a victorious army in a campaign of over two years in an enemy's country.

☞Considerable excitement has been created in Quebec, by the arrest of four or five leaders of an Irish Club, on a charge of stealing cannon balls from the batteries.

GEN. TAYLOR—HIS WRITING.

The Locofocos and Barnburners, and an occasional Whig, affect to doubt Gen. Taylor's ability, to write decent English, and although they admit that his public dispathches, and some of his letters are excellent in style and composition, yet they insist that they were all written by Major Bliss, or some other friend. Now the fact is *the Old Hero does his own wrighting, as well as his own fighting, without shrinking from responsibility*, and we proceed to give you the proof of this assertion. Read the evidence.

Col. Gibson, an old and distinguished officer of the army, states to Mr. Crittenden:

"I have been for many years associated with Gen. Taylor in military service, and frequently on courts martial and of inquiry with him, and Gen. Taylor "always drew up the proceedings and reports of the courts."

John C. Spencer of New York, late Secretary of War, in a letter of his published in the N. Y. Courier says:

"You ask me to communicate the opinion which you understand has been expressed by me, in reference to the attainments of Gen. Taylor, derived from his correspondence with the War department during the time it was in my charge. It is very true, I have often stated my high opinion not only of the sound judgment and unsurpassed discretion of Gen. Taylor, but also of his capacity as a writer; and when doubts were cast upon the authorship of the admirable dispatches which came from Mexico under his name, I declared unequivocally my thorough conviction that he was the author of them. And I stated my reasons for this conviction; that his official letters and other communications which had fallen under my observation contained the same condensed vigor of thought and expression, the same peculiarities of style, and beauty, and force of language that characterized his Mexican despatches; and that, from circumstances personally known to me, I was certain that he could not have had the aid in writing the letters and communications referred to, which some of the newspapers alleged had been rendered to him in Mexico. This opinion I now deliberately reiterate. You and I know perfectly well that persons who are in the habit of literary composition can detect the style, manner of thought, and turn of expression of a writer, after having been acquainted with some of his productions, with a certainty at least equal to that with which an expert in penmanship can decide upon the signature of one whom he has seen write his name.

"I do not mean to deny that Gen. Taylor, like Gen Washington, and like every other modest man, may have had the aid of a literary friend in looking over his despatches, written as they must have been, under great excitement and sometimes in haste; and that friend may have erased a redundant word of phrase, or rounded a period. If this be evidence of incapacity, who shall escape? It is notorious that the writings of Washington; and particularly his Farewell Address, underwent the revision of Gen. Hamilton; and that the messages and public communications of every other President have always been subjected to the critical examination of his Cabinet. Indeed, I do not hesitate to say that the man who will submit important public papers to the public scrutiny without the revision of a friend, when it can be obtained, will evince more presumption than good sense.

"For forty years Gen. Taylor has been in the military service of the country; more than thirty years of the time in garrison and at posts, where in a time of peace he has had abundant leisure.—His habits are admitted on all sides to be exemplary, and he to be anything but an indolent man.—What then, have probably been his occupations during the tedious days, weeks, months, and years of garrison duty? The answer to the question may be found in the rich, manly, and condensed thought that makes his compositions models of epistolarly writings."

Major Bliss states that "every despatch during the campaign was written by the General himself, and the most I ever did was to dot an *i* or cross a *t*."

Is more proof necessary to establish the fact, that Gen. Taylor does his own writing.

GEN. CASS—RIVER AND LAKE IMPROVEMENTS.—One of the resolutions adopted by the Baltimore convention which nominated Gen. Cass is in the following words:

Resolved, That we are decidedly opposed to taking from the President the qualified veto power, by which he is enabled, under restrictions and responsibilities, amply sufficient to guard the public interest, to suspend the passage of a bill whose merits cannot secure the approval of two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives until the judgement of the people can be obtained thereon, "and which has saved" the American people from the corrupt and tyrannical domination of the Bank of the United States, and from "a corruptive system of general internal improvements."

This resolution, so far as it relates to internal improvements. cannot be construed otherwise than as an unqualified commendation of Mr. Polk's vetoes of the bills making appropriations for the improvement of our lakes and rivers. Gen. Cass, in his letter accepting the nomination of the convention, says that he has carefully read and cordially approves of the resolutions it adopted, and that if elected to the Presidency he will faithfully carry out the doctrines and measures they prescribed.

They people of the West are deeply interested in the improvement of their lakes and rivers, and it vitally concerns them to know whether Gen. Cass, if elected to the Presidency, could or would sign such bills as Mr. Polk vetoed.—If he were to sign such bills, after declaring that he cordially approves of what Mr. Polk has done, would he not be guilty of the basest treachery to the convention which nominated him? Has he not, by endorsing and pledging himself faithfully to sustain the resolutions of the convention, proclaimed to the world that he thinks Mr. Polk, by vetoing the river and harbor bills, saved the country from a corrupting system of general internal improvements? And thus believing and thus pledged, is it reasonable to suppose that he would approve bills making appropriations for the improvement of rivers and lakes?

In the face of his pledges to sustain the Baltimore platform, the locofocos in the West are trying to make it appear that Gen. Cass will, if elected, approve such internal improvement bills as Mr. Polk vetoed. We call on all who are in favor of improving the navigation of the Westarn rivers and lakes to disregard what the Locofocos assert without any authority and to look at the Baltimore platform and observe what it declares on the subject.

Mr. Polk vetoed bills making appropriations for the improvement of the navigation of the lakes and the Ohio, Mississippi, and Red rivers. The Baltimore convention resolved that, by vetoing these bills, he saved the country from "a corruptive system of general internal improvements." Gen. Cass says he has carefully read the resolutions of the convention, heartily approves of them, and will, if elected, regulate his administration by them. In the teeth of this pledge to veto internal improvement bills western Locofocos have the audacity to proclaim that Gen. Cass will approve of such appropriation bills as Mr, Polk vetoed. What sort of opinion do they entertain of Cass thus to declare that he will falsify his solemn pledges to his party?

When Mr. Polk's first veto of the river and harbor bill reached the west, it created the highest indignation among the Locofocos. Thousands of them openly denounced him as a traitor to the interests of the West, and expressed the deepest regret that they had assisted in promoting to the Presidency a man who had repudiated the wise and judicious course which Jackson, Van Buren, and all the earlier Presidents had pursued. Now, Mr. Polk was not pledged on the subject of internal improvements. But Gen. Cass is pledged to veto them, and if he prove true to his pledge and puts his veto on such bills as Mr. Polk has vetoed, these Locofocos who sustain him, cannot justly find fault with him. He will tell them to read the Baltimore resolutions and his letter of acceptance, and then say if he could, without the blackest treachery, have signed bills making appropriations for any kind of internal improvements.—*Lou. Jour.*

POLITICAL CALCULATIONS.—The official organ, a day or two ago, elected Gen. Cass, *on paper*; by the following vote:

The Union says: "We positively claim the following States for Cass and Butler:

Maine,	9
New Hampshire,	6
Pennsylvania,	26
Virginia,	17
South Carolina,	9
Ohio,	23
Mississippi,	6
Indiana,	12
Illinois,	9
Alabama,	9
Missouri,	7
Arkansas,	3
Michigan,	5
Iowa	4
Texas,	4
Wisconsin,	4
Total,	153

Being 7 more votes than the number necessary to elect a President."

Now the official organ will please strike from this positive claim for Cass and Butler the following States at least:

Ohio,	23
South Carolina,	9
Pennsylvania,	26
Total	58

Take 58 from 153 and 95 will remain. The vote of all the States will be 290; necessary to a choice, 164. So if Cass should receive the vote of each of the States in the above table, furnished by the official organ, save Ohio, S. Carolina and Pennsylvania, he will fall short of an election just 51 votes in the States designated.

Ohio is Whig and will remain so. The Van Buren ticket there will divide the Locofoco party. This is a well ascertained fact already.—Van Buren and Cass, old spoilsmen both, steeped to the eyes in corruption, are not the men for whigs to support, in Ohio or elsewhere, and they will not be supported by them.

South Carolina will do as John C. Calhoun predicts and desires—throw her vote away rather than give it to Lewis Cass.

Pennsylvania has a tier of 12 northern counties, with a Locofoco majority of six or seven thousand votes. The Barnburners in this region—Van Buren men who have not forgotten how he was cheated by Cass and his friends in 1844—are hard at work, with Wilmot at their head. Six hundred of them in one of these counties—Bradford—have signed a call for a State Convention, and it will be held, and a Van Buren Electoral Ticket will be nominated This Ticket will receive more than votes enough to neutralize the Polk majority of 1844 and will give the State to Taylor. Mark the statement:

But without Pennsylvania, or Indiana, or Mississippi, or Iowa, Gen. Taylor's election is certain by the vote of the following States:

First, he will get *every* State which, four years ago, voted for Henry Clay. Here they are—

Massachusetts	12
Rhode Island	4
Connecticut	6
Vermont	6
New Jersey	7
Delaware	3
Maryland	8
North Carolina	11
Tennessee	13
Kentucky	12
Ohio	23
Total	105

He will also get—

New York	36
Georgia	10
Louisiana	6
Florida	3
Total	160

Being 14 votes more then enough to elect him President.

Any one with a tolerable share of discernment must see that Gen. Taylor's chances for carrying Pennsylvania, Indiana, Georgia, Louisiana, Florida, and even Mississippi and Iowa, are better by far than are Gen. Cass's for carrying Ohio!

But the official organ is alarmed! It sees from the returns of the election in Arkansas, that the South is giving way, while it cries out piteously that the North is to have its own course, for Gen. Taylor, it says, has written a letter to Senator Baldwin, Truman Smith, and others, that he will veto no bill deliberately passed by the people's representatives in Congress! That is, the organ in its consternation screams forth, he will not veto the Wilmot Proviso, should the two Houses of Congress pass it! "O dear, what can the matter be?"—Is it possible that Gen. Taylor could have written that he would not *veto* such a bill as Mr. Polk *signed* the other day! It must be truly distressing to the official organ!—*Baltimore Patriot.*

HON. GEO. ASHMUN, of Mass., is doing able service to the Whig cause, on the stump. last week he addressed the Whigs of Springfield at a large and enthusiastic meeting. In all the noble valley of the Connecticut the Whig cause is all right, and schisms do not affect the old phalanx, which has heretofore rolled up its true republican majorities.

☞The "hormonions democracy" in New York are in a terrible muss. It is well known the movement of the Barnburners in that State was started to defeat Cass, and give her electoral vote to Gen. Taylor. Now, E. Croswell, the heart and soul of the Hunkers says: "Altogether and entirely as we prefer the election of Gen. Cass, we should prefer the election of Gen. Taylor to the success of the third party. The Whigs are doing all they can to secure the votes of this State for Taylor, and he will obtain them."

SCENES IN PARIS—A ROMANCE OF THE TOMB AND A WEDDING.—"*Everything* happens in Paris!" was a favorite saying of old Talleyrand, and experience every day proves the truth of his words to those who live there Our fashionable world, (for, in spite of alarmists and English newspapers, there is still a strong remnant of that Israel left) has been much shaken by a marriage which has just taken place under the most romantic and extraordinary circumstances; so romantic indeed as to need the pen of the first romance writer of the age to do the story justice.

Upon the summit of one of the many hills over which stretch the ghastly streets and lanes, the palaces, the tenements, the hovels of that vast city of the dead, called Pere la Chaise, which as it in mockery of the living city below, reckons likewise of its fashionable quarter, its court end, its gardens and its fountains, stands one of the most superb and striking monuments of the whole place one towards which, though still in an unfinished state, the guide is sure to hurry the stranger immediately on his entrance into the cemetery. "This tomb will cost forty thousand francs. It is wholly of white marble, and is being erected in memory of a young doctor of Bordeaux by his disconsolate widow."

Such was always the description given by the guide as his v ctim stood. before the stupendous monument, the latter sometimes full of admiration at the delicate execution of the carving on the marble, and sometimes full of wonder at the astonishing facility with which doctors must earn money at Bordeaux thus to enable one of them to leave sufficient behind him to leave his disconsolate widow the means of proclaiming so expensively to the world her grief at his loss.—Close beside this marble tomb, the modern glory of the cemetery, stands the beautiful tribute to the memory of Mad'lle Mars, a very *chef de œuvre*, both in conception and execution, forming a contrast, by its neatness and quiet elegance, to the gigantic proportions of its neighbor.

Each day for the last six months brought a visitor to both the tombs: to the splendid one, a lady attired in deep mourning, who would kneel and pray for hours together on the hard stone, and weep as she leaned her head against the marble pillar whereon was to be carved the name of the deceased; to the other a gentleman of snow white hair and aristocratic countenance, who would not kneel and pray, but sit in quiet meditation, sometimes the whole day long, upon the little wooden bench placed at the foot of the grave of the actress, gazing out upon the glorious panorama of Paris which lay at his feet. It is said, indeed, that much of his time was spent in reading the works of Marivaux and others, wherein poor Mars had obtained her high renown.

Gradually an interest arose between the pair, who thus, as it were, shared the vast solitude between them. Together at sun rise they often waited at the gate of the cemetery until the regular hour for admittance, and then ascended arm in arm the toilsome height upon which stand the neighbor tombs. Soon was the lady induced to repose upon the little bench by the side of the elderly gentleman; gradually she was led to take interest in the subject of his readings, and now and then, indeed, could be induced to listen to whole passages from the comedies which the gentleman was perusing.

In short, this very comedy, more dramatic by far than any in Marivaux's collection, ended last week by an astounding marriage, the Princess Semiloff, widow of the "young Doctor of Bordeaux," espoused the Count Charles de Mornay; the constant admirer and faithful friend of Mad'lle Mars. The black hangings which shaded so gloomily the gilded saloons and painted staircase of the beautiful mansion of her highness in the rue de le Pepiniere have all been torn down, and everything wears once more a joyous and festive aspect. Great entertainments are there to be given as soon as the happy pair shall have concluded their bridal tour.

Both parties have been sincerely congratulated by their friends, the lady upon having secured to herself the most true and constant knight, the most refined gentleman in all France, now that Chateaubrand is no more; the gentleman upon having monopolized the finest independent fortune in Europe, thus left vacant by the death of the young Doctor of Bordeaux, who succeeded two years ago to David, the tenor singer, who succeeded a year before that to Prince Semiloff, the first triumphant suitor of the only daughter of Count Pahlen. Some people consider M. de Mornay as more bold than wise. The Princess Semailoff evidently shares the peculiarity of that Duchess Sarrans of whom Madame de Sevigne says. *Elle est malheureuse en mar is—ils meurent tous de bonne heure!—London Atlas*

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—In the last number of the "Review of the Empire," the Baron Belix de Porter relates the circumstances which are thus freely translated:

In one of the warmest and most fatal engagements in the Portugal campaign, the 27 th regiment of the line, was among the first that gave away, being suddenly surrounded and briskly assailed by a corps of English which threw them into a moments confusion.

Their Colonel had, however, succeeded in rallying them, when a shot broke his leg and killed his horse. Believing him dead, his men thought only of revenging his loss, which was but the work of a moment. At the point of the bayonet, they opended a wide passage through the enemy. No one thought, however, of the remains of the Colonel, when a sergeant of the voltiguers, by the name of Chesquiere, a small delicately formed man, cried out—

"What a shame to leave the remains of the Colonel to the enemy! Come to the rescue! and let us show these youngsters whom they have to deal with."

Two brave fellows turned back with him, but it was only to them a glorious death on the way. He arrived alone, but all his strength was insufficient to remove the body. After many vain efforts he sat down by the deceased and cried like a child.—Suddenly he perceived two of the enemy's officers at a distance. He makes signs with his musket, and they thinking to make a prisoner, hastened up. One of them he soon disables with a shot, and commences a deadly encounter with the other. At length he is victor, and his wounded enemy surrenders. Catching a horse, he compelled his prisoner to aid him in placing the body of the Colonel across the saddle; then ties him and his companion to the tail of the horse and arrives at the hospital with his two prisoners and his precious load. On examining the wounds of the Colonel, the surgeon says they are not mortal, and the necessary aid being administered he revives and informed of his obligations to Chesquiere, throws himself into his arms. Chesquiere utters a cry and it is only then they perceive that he is wounded.

"Take off your coat and come here," said the surgeon, "that I may dress the wound.

He hesitates and his face becomes suffused.

"Come along," cries the surgeon, "do you suppose I have any time to throw away?"

In spite of the sergeant's resistance they took off his coat, and exposed an arm plump round and well formed as a females. A lady, in fact, it was. The English officers wept with rage and mortification at being the prisoners of a woman. The explanation was thus: Virginia Chesquiere of Dilmont, near Leslie Flanders, seeing her younger brother incapable of sustaining the fatigues of war, taken by conscription, had obtained her parents permission to put herself in his place. They were twins and of much the same appearance. She took her place on the departure of the troops, had served six years and been successfully promoted to her present grade. The general, informed of these facts, gives her discharge, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The young woman returned to her home and is universally cited as a model of personal courage and of feminine propriety.

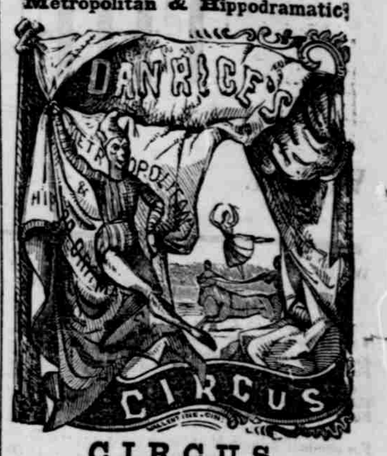
HOW SHE DID IT.—"I never undertook but once," said Tom, "to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way, cool, quiet, and determined as ever, Just after we were married and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then the way it was done was just in this way. She finished breakfast before me one morning, and slipped away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanting. So I took hold regularly enough, and churned till the butter had come. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said you know, of course. Well, by and by, this began to be rather irksome. I wanted she should ask me, but she never did, and I could not say anything about it' to save my soul, so on we went. At last I made a resolution that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up and standing a few minutes just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard, to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so with a palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong, I didn't exactly feel how, but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the afternoon. It seemed as it dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping round town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands the destiny of life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but somkind of a storm I expected. Will you believe me? She never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn, just where I left it!

Not a word was said—I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and, shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn, and went to it in the old way. Splash began the butter paddle, splash, splash, but as if in spite, the butter was so long coming! I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts.—Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last, from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time:

"Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk quite long enough, if it's only for fun you are doing it!"

"I knew how it was in a flash; she had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in, for me to exercise with. I never set up myself in household matters after that!"

DAN RICE'S
Metropolitan & Hippodramatic



CIRCUS.

THE most novel and unique Circus in America—blending selections from the "North American," the "Monster" and the "New York Circus," into one

IMMENSE TREBLE COMPANY!

Transported upon the speedy and light draught steamer "Alleghany Mail," for the express purpose of being always puctual in appointments for exhibitions preserving the splendid paraphernalia always brilliant, enabling the performers to be ever refreshed, and the horses at all times rested, composed mostly of artistes who have never before appeared west of the mountains, their inimitable skill commanding a princely remuneration that virtually restricts their displays to New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore; and comprising what has never before been known to be concentrated in one circle,

THE BEST LIVING!
Clown, Female Rider, Principal Rider, and Scene Rider!

Now for the first time brought into this juxtaposition preparatory to a winter's campaign in New Orleans.

This TRIPLE ESTABLISHMENT will be exhibited at Evansville on Monday September 18th, one day only.

Admission—Pit and Boxes 25 cents; Dress circle, (children half price) 50 cents. Doors open at 2, P. M. The "entree" made half an hour thereafter.—Also at 7½ in the evening.

The genius of the great clown will be found to pervade every branch of this novel affair-everything will be light, airy, "spirituelle" and rapid, and of a nature calculated to diffuse cheerfulness and innocent merriment amongst all who participate in this truly intellectual and artistic entertainment.

The immense Amphitheatre accommodates comfortably over

Three Thousand Persons.

and all the appurtenances and accoutrements used in this Equestrian Fete are upon a scale of extent and splendor commensurate with the overwhelming aggregate of bright talent that constitutes the Troupe.

In a Troupe of such numerical force and rare attainments, instead of a minute description, the reader will be content with that passing reference to the most prominent, which can be compressed within the limits of an advertisement.

First among these is the Hero of the day, the great Shakspearan Jester and Original Clown, the Gentleman, the Scholar, the Poet, the Tragedian, the Orator, and the whilom Preacher

DAN RICE,

in the noonday refulgence of whose wit the feeble attempts of all other clowns pale and glimmer with a feeble and uncertain light. The most exalted among men have been content to revel in the lucubrations of this most eccentric genius; his humor is always racy and spicy, ever speaking and effervescing and bubbling over. In close proximity is the Fairy Queen, the Ellsler on horseback,

Mademoselle Rosa!

upon whose shoulders the mantle of Madame Macarte has fallen; incomparably in advance of any Female Equestrian in the country; like Macarte, sylph-like in movements; singularly beautiful in person; bewitching in her "pas de seul" upon her tiny pad; and a greater than Macarte, an American woman in fearlessness, indomitable spirit, and perilous Feats!—Following, where but for gallantry sake he should lead, is the World's only Rider,

Young Glenn Roi!

who disdains the vaunted feats of most celebrated equestrians, and has instituted a series, which, by their impossibility to others, he has made peculiarly his own. With the form of an Adonis, a courage that never falters where the most daring and skilful quail, feats existing only in the imagination of proudest riders, backwords somersetts, pirouettes, and the most charming pictures, this gifted youth makes child's play of upon a SADDLESS HORSE. Next, since all cannot be first, (and who can better afford to follow, without caste!) is the Apollo Belvidere of the circle,

Wade Hampton Runnells!

who has obtained a more brilliant reputation in Europe probably than any artiste in this profession who has there sought Fame and Fortune. Lofty in his conceptions, faithful in execution, always tasteful in wardrobe, he brings to bear upon Dramatic pieces more mind and greater researches than they have before been thought susceptible. In such a category, embracing the best Dramotic Equestrian, the only bare-back Rider, the very first of Horsewomen, and the King of Clowns, what need to mention

Henry Patrick Madigan!

as Equestrian, Vaulter or Gymnast, the best general performer of the age, or

Monsieur In Thorne!

the most accomplished of Frenchmen, whose attainments make up an entire encyclopedia of the sports of the ring, or

W. B. Burnish!

who does everything in the business, or everything well, or

Young Hiram Day!

whose feats put older Equestrians to blush, or the beautiful and dexterous Horsewomen, Mesdames RICE, WILLIAMS, GARDNER, and MADIGAN, or the accomplished Marta de cirque, F. ROSSTEN, or the masterly achievements of the Pet, MASTER WOODS, and MASTER GULIEME, and MADEMOSELLE MARGUERITE, and OSBORNE, and KENNEDY, and PURCELL, and ROBERTS, each of whom richly merit a chapter to themselves! Here indeed may be expected a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

DAN RICE.

[sep 5 td]

CHAS. HARRINGTON.... HAAC A. CRANE.... P. G. O'RILEY

HARRINGTON, CRANE & O'RILEY, *Forwarding and Commission Merchants*, (successors to Harrington, Hannah & Co.) Water st., opposite the wharf boats. sep 6.

NEW GOODS AND NEW HOUSE.

THE store formerly occupied by Mrs. THLESTON, corner of Main and Second Streets, is now occupied by THEODORE and JOSEPH VENNEMAN as a Fancy and Domestic Dry Goods Store They have on hand a full assortment of Fancy Goods, such as, Cassimere and Muslin Delain Shawls, silk and Muslin Delain Handkerchiefs, Lady's and Gentlemen's Cravats, plain black and plain mode colored Lustre and California plaids, Marino and Bombazine black Silk 1 yard wide, Linen Lace and Edgings at a very low price, a good variety of Cotton Lace and Edging new styled, Silk Fringe for Dresses, and a good assortment of Trimmings, heavy brown Muslin, brown and bleached Drilling, fine Cloth and Cassimere, Cassinet, Jeans, and a large asso. tment of Cotton Goods for Pantaloons and Coats, Boots and Shoes, and Fur Hats.

To our friends and the public in general, we respectfully invite them to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing.

We respectfully tender our thanks to the public for the very liberal patronage extended to us in our former House, and we hope by punctual attendance to business to merit a share of patronage. Don't forget call, as we get new goods every two months.

T. & J. VENNEMAN.
[sep 4] Main Street.

LOTS TO LEASE.

I HANE leases on four lots on Main street and on several on First street, having nine and ten years to run, which I will lease or sell on favorable terms if application be made soon.

sep 6-1w WM. M. WALKER.

SODA AND BLUE LICK WATER.

A. C. HALLOCK has erected a fine Soda Fountain for the accommodation of the public and requests those who appreciate a cooling drink in a hot, dusty day, to give him a call.

Also constantly on hand pure Blue Lick Water from the Drennon (Ky.) Springs. my 26