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FOR PRESIDENT:
ZACHARY TAYLOR.
FOR CONGRESS:
ELISHA EMBREE.
Of Gibson County.
FOR REPRESENTATIVE:
JAMES E. BLYTHE.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE:

Saturday Morning, June 26th, 1847.

DROWNED.—A young lad, 17 or 18 years of age, by the name of George Hewson, a nephew of Mr. John Hewson, was drowned in the basin of the Canal last evening about sunset. He was bathing at the time and it is supposed cramp seized him, and no one but a small boy being present, assistance could not be got in time to save him. His body was found about two hours afterwards and handed over to the Coroner. Verdict, accidental drowning.

RECEPTION OF THE VOLUNTEERS.—The Mayor and the Common Council, in obedience to a resolution passed at a public meeting of the citizens, invited Captain Robt. M. Evans, his officers and company, of Fountain county, to a public dinner on Thursday last, which invitation was accepted, and at 1 o'clock the authorities of our city and a large number of our citizens repaired to the large warehouse below Division street, where Capt. Evans and his company were welcomed by his honor the Mayor in a neat address, and invited to partake of a collation. Brig. Gen. Joseph Lane, Major Donaldson, Dr. D. S. Lane, Surgeon of the 2d Regiment, and other officers were present by invitation. Gen. Lane addressed our citizens, we understand—for we were not so fortunate as to be present—in a few remarks, in which he gave a brief account of the great battle of Buena Vista, and successfully defended our brave troops from the gross and slanderous attacks which have been made upon them by a few newspaper correspondents. Gen. Lane, as we knew he would, spoke in the highest terms of the gallantry, prudence and humanity of Gen. Taylor, and declared it to be his opinion that old Zack was the only man living who could have won that battle, that gave him 7,000 men and Mexico could not whip him. We are glad that Gen. Lane, himself a brave and generous soldier, has thus spoken his feelings in regard to his noble commander. It may possibly stop the slanders of such sheets as the State Sentinel and others, who would have rejoiced had he for any cause found fault of the old Hero.

Robert Dale Owen, brother David, brother Dick, and the balance of the family claim to have all the intelligence belonging to the party in this district, and, consequently, are the only fit persons for office in it—at least they are the only ones who receive office. Mr. Owen's little mouth-piece, printed at Princeton, is pretty positive that brother David is the only man West of the mountains who is capable of surveying the Northwestern Territory; and brother Fauntleroy, of course, the only competent person to survey the coast. There was no one in the District capable of commanding a company and earning \$1,100 a year but brother Dick—seven dollars a month was all the democracy were worth, as Robert Dale declared by his vote on the bill to increase the pay of the volunteers. Nor was there a single soul among all the democrats of the District who had sufficient intelligence to carry the chain for brother David in his surveying expedition, an office worth only \$1,200 per annum, in the gift of Robert Dale and likely to be lost to the family as there was no more brothers to appoint. But happily that old and faithful body servant of Robert Dale, B. C. Macey, who had been in the family and caught some of the intelligence belonging to it was thought of, and forthwith the appointment was made. The family being all provided for, Hon. Robt. Dale Owen reported to his Excellency, the President, that the First District was perfectly satisfied with the share of the spoils that had fallen to it, whereupon his Excellency, the President, expressed his great delight and promised a continuance of his favors so long as the people placed it in the power of the said Robert Dale to aid him by his votes. Mr. Owen has returned home, and in giving an account of his stewardship, mentions the appointments which at his instance have been made from the First District, and the Princeton Clarion says the people are satisfied!

The amount of receipt at the Fair for the benefit of R. v. Mr. Sneed's Church, we learn, amounted to one hundred and ninety dollars after paying expenses.

NOVEL DISTRESS.—Silver is not a legal tender in England, and the Barings could not, some time ago, raise money upon silver bullion to the amount of £80,000; and neither Barings nor Rothschilds could get paper, with their endorsement, discounted by the bank!

Why did Mr. Owen, after thrice condemning the President's Lieutenant General scheme, change his course and become its warmest and most uncompromising supporter?

In our paper of Wednesday, we showed from the Congressional Globe for the last session of Congress, that Mr. Owen three several times voted not only against this most unjust and unrighteous measure, but against showing it the slightest favor, against extending to its friends the ordinary courtesy, a fair chance of passing it by their own votes, and that all at once he wheeled to the right-about and became so thorough going and uncompromising a supporter of the presidential scheme that he was willing to sacrifice a bill of great importance to the Administration and the country rather than permit it to be shorn of this feature, but a short time before so odious to him; and we naturally asked the reasons for this most extraordinary cause. Reasons there must have been—grave and potent reasons. And what were they? Had General Scott or Taylor done anything in the meantime to deserve being superseded? The former had been busily engaged pursuant to orders, in preparing for his attack upon Vera Cruz, and the latter had gained the ever memorable victory of Buena Vista. Nothing in this, surely, deserving of such a return! And again the question recurs, why this total change of front?

Let us turn to the Legislative records of the day and see if they will help us to solve the question. When Mr. Boyd, on the 26th of February, proposed the Lieutenant Generalship in the form in which Mr. Owen voted for it, Garret Davis, of Kentucky, got the floor, and spoke as follows of the measure and the means with which the executive was then working to secure its success.

This is another measure to increase executive power. The bill and amendments authorize the president to appoint two additional major generals and three brigadier generals, and to select any major general to take the command in chief of the American armies. The three-rejected Lieutenant general is thus brought up in another form and with another name. The war upon Generals Scott and Taylor by Mr. Polk and his friends is ceaseless and unvaried; and it is brought up again actively in the halls of congress under new auspices, and the power which the ten additional regiments to the regular army have given the president in the appointment of three or four hundred officers. That project was early in the session rejected by this house without a division, and some weeks afterwards by a majority of thirty, and if it is to succeed, it will be by the corrupt use of presidential patronage. That is the influence which now reigns and rules. Controlled by it, the majority go on systematically adding to executive power, while they are all the while proclaiming themselves the only democrats of the country. In sober truth, the president is fast becoming a monarch.

Mr. Schenk, of Ohio delivered himself to the same effect as follows:

He observed that the measure now presented was no thing new. It was neither more nor less than the old and oft rejected project of a lieutenant general. He then went into a brief review of the reception and treatment of that executive proposal by this house when formerly sent to it. But here it came back again once more. He had heard it prophesied then, that, though, apparently dead under a heavy rejection by yeas and nays, it would nevertheless be galvanized into a new existence—would come up by a legislative resurrection, and would obtain a vote of a majority here. He had not believed this then, but he believed it now. Indeed he was prepared to see any and everything when the president saw fit to recommend it obsequiously carried by the house. He expected to see tea and coffee taxed—ay, and by the vote of his colleague (Mr. Brinkerhoff) too, notwithstanding his fulminations against it at the last session. The measure was then passed by the house. And this fact proved that if the President possessed but half the military skill at conducting a war that he did as a drill sergeant in managing that house, there was no need of appointing any other commander-in-chief. At that business he had proved himself a perfect martinet. He had found a way to make gentlemen here face to the right or to the left; nay to face right about, at his word of command. An intimation from the white house was sufficient.

The president talked about "conquering a peace," he had conquered nothing as yet, unless it were the independence of that house, the credit of the country the treasury, and the constitution, and he threatened, before long, to conquer the liberties of the people. It will be seen by the extracts that Mr. Davis answered our question at the time, and face to face with Mr. Owen and his associates, by attributing their sudden change of action upon this subject to the fact that the President had recently (Feb. 10th) been vested with the power of appointing some three or four hundred additional military officers, and that he plainly told them that if the measure succeeded it would be by the corrupt use of Presidential patronage. Mr. Schenk as plainly charged that they had been "managed" by the President, and made to face to the right, left, or right-about as he commanded. Now, when it is remembered that the same bill which was to create a Lieutenant General Benton provided also for a Captain Richard Owen, and that about the same time too, brother David stepped into his comfortable \$3,000 a year, we think there will be no difficulty in understanding what Messrs. Schenk and Davis meant by such terms as "Presidential management," and "the corrupt use of Presidential patronage."

The Judge and the Journal will find it a hard matter to convince the people that their interests will be safer in his hands than Mr. Owen's.—*Paoli Telegraph.*

And don't we know it! Didn't Mr. Owen most faithfully attend to all their interests—in Oregon, California and Texas? And while they were foolishly sending delegates to great western conventions at Memphis and elsewhere to memorialize and bother Congress about granting money to improve Western Rivers didn't he patriotically vote against their River and Harbor Bill which appropriated \$80,000 for the improvement of the Ohio above the falls and \$240,000 for the Ohio below the falls, and for other western rivers?

How could we expect to convince the people of the 240 mile district that their interests would be safe in other hands!

In our last we published the proceedings of the meeting authorizing the Mayor and Common Council to receive and welcome such of the Indiana troops as arrived here on their way home, and to tender them a public dinner. CAPT. ROBT. M. EVANS' company arrived on Wednesday night, and were met at the wharf by the Mayor and Council and by a large number of citizens, and at once escorted to quarters at one of our hotels. A public dinner was given to them on Thursday, which was attended by quite a number of citizens. The following correspondence between his Honor, the Mayor, and Captain Evans, has been handed us.

EVANSVILLE, June 23, 1847.
SIR:—Although unfortunately no opportunity was afforded to you and the gallant volunteers under your command to carve out for yourselves a niche in the temple of military fame, yet, in view of the promptness with which you rallied around your country's flag at the first sound of the tocsin, notwithstanding the certainty of having to endure great hardships and privations with the probability of finding your last resting places in a foreign land far removed from friends and relations, and inasmuch as you have, throughout, faithfully discharged the duties assigned you, and manifested, not merely a willingness to engage in mortal combat with your country's enemies, but that kind of impatient eagerness to do so which characterizes those only who are both free and brave; we feel that you are entitled to the same esteem and gratitude, and the same marks of respect, as those of our brave countrymen whom fortune placed in the most honorable position on the field of battle. Therefore in behalf of the people and in the name of the Common Council, I bid you welcome home—for here you are at home—and tend to you all the hospitalities of the City; expressing the hope; in which we all unite, that you will so long delay your departure as to partake of a public dinner to be provided at the expense of the city.

Very respectfully your ob't. serv't.
JAS. G. JONES, Mayor.
Capt. ROBT. M. EVANS,
Commanding Company 1st. Reg't. Ind. Volunteers.

EVANSVILLE, June 24th, 1847.
JAS. G. JONES—SIR: I received your letter late last evening, and after referring its contents to my company found it too late to furnish a reply. I hasten, however, this morning to say, that I am authorized in their behalf to accept the kind invitation so generously extended by your City and to present to your citizens collectively and individually the heartfelt thanks of each and every member of my company for the kind and hospitable reception they have had and as a slight return for this and the high terms in which they are pleased through you, to regard the motives that induced them to rally in defence of their country's cause, to assure you that in this they are amply compensated, for all the toils and privations they necessarily had to encounter, in a campaign so arduous.

I am in haste yours &c.
ROBT. M. EVANS, Capt.
Commanding company.
JAS. G. JONES, Esqr.

COL. HARNEY.—Capt. Henry of the 3d Infantry, a gallant officer who has fought in every battle since the Mexican campaign opened except those of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo, in a letter to the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, gives a description of the personal appearance and qualities of the dashing and intrepid Harney which we are satisfied our readers will be gratified to see, familiar as most of them may be with the gallant Colonel of dragoons. He says:

Sandy hair, very light complexion, a frank, generous expression of countenance, form perfect in symmetry, without one particle of superfluous flesh, fit "to run for a man's life," in the prime of manhood, with a mild but determined blue eye, and you have him standing before you. Mount him on his noble charger, excite that blue eye until it almost scintillates, and give animation to that form until it appears to expand, and you have one of the most gallant, dashing cavalry officers in any service. He is a man of iron will, and if necessary, of desperate courage. As a partisan officer he is conspicuous. I deem him the best in the service. Like all men of such a temperament, he is a warm, devoted friend, and a bitter enemy.—Think of his towering form carrying his brigade to the storming of that terrible height.—What a picture for an artist! Harney with arm outstretched and sword drawn, pointing to the height, with his gallant brigade, regardless of all obstacles, rushing into the enemy's breastwork! All accounts represent him as conspicuous, and that the clear, shrill tones of his voice, calm almost to frigidity, could be distinctly heard all the way up the mountain side.

Mr. Polk's Washington Union has a long and violent article against the proposed convention at Chicago. The organ says that the public money is all required for carrying on the war, and that none can be spared for the improvement of rivers and harbors. Mr. Polk is willing to see hundreds of millions expended for the destruction of life and property in Mexico, but not a dollar for the saving of life and property in the United States. He is willing to expend countless sums for sending out armed ships to prevent a single vessel from being taken by Mexican privateers, but not a farthing to prevent scores and hundreds of vessels from being wrecked by the innumerable obstructions in our rivers and harbors. Any one might conclude from Mr. Polk's policy, that he would make greater exertion to kill our Mexican than to save all the lives and the whole property of his own countrymen.—*Lou. Journal.*

The Washington Union announces that the President intended to leave Washington on the 22d for the North, and Mrs. Polk was to start at the same time for Tennessee.

The two persons wounded by the premature discharge of a cannon at Covington, Tuesday, were Wm. Gracy and Jesse Doane, volunteers in Capt. Joyner's company. One of them lost both hands, and the other one hand.

THE GREAT CRATER IN THE MOON.—Modern improvements of the telescope seem to have given a new impulse and interest everywhere to astronomical research. We have a remarkable description of one of those vast caverns of craters in the moon, from fifty to sixty miles in diameter, to which the telescope of Lord Rosse has introduced the inhabitants of our earth.—To this crater the name of Tycho has been given, and the following highly graphic, though somewhat indistinct, account of it is taken from Dr. Nicholas' "Contemplations on the Solar System."

Wandering through a district perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion; where there is no plain larger than a common field, and that rent by fissures and strewn with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices, we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge stretching further than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, Oh traveller! Averting your eyes from the burning sun, and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape? It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder.

We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space of fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world forever and ever. Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus; no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose Jacques Belmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, and found on the other side, not the natural mountain he had ascended, but one unbroken precipice thirteen thousand feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity, and at some ten miles distance from the base a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by two thousand feet than Mont Blanc, is elevated above the level of the sea—would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather, would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour, fascinated as by ten thousand rattlesnakes?

But onwards, and to the bottom of this mysterious place! No foot of man can take us there, so that we must borrow a wing from the condor. Off, then—down, down, and arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one, 4,000 feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall, without breach, only with a few pinnacles on its top, towering 17,000 feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of 27 miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky; no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it; only benign night, with its stars, and the mild face of the earth. But we tarry no longer; so off again, and rest for a moment on the top of the highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho. What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops and craters, and the whole visible surface is studded with them; all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep.

Look yet further. What are those dazzling beams like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favorites they are of the sun; for he illuminates them more than all else besides, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho. In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has further ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large space of similar splendor, from which these rays depart. What they are we know not, but they spread over at least one-third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm which, in first rashness, we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb, on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe, even by those silver though mystic cords.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED AND UNANSWERED.—Can there be a Church without a Bishop? Will Salt-peter explode? and can a man marry his wife's sister? three important questions, have been answered. The public are now cogitating upon—shall there be funerals on the Sabbath? This will depend upon whether there are any deaths on Saturday.

The New York Express, of Saturday evening says:

There is quite a panic in the grain and flour market to-day; flour has fallen from \$9, where it stood three days ago, to \$7 50; and there is no disposition on the part of Eastern purchasers or exporters, to take hold of the article even at that.

Grain of all kinds has fallen off. Indian corn that sold at 110 a 120c. is now selling at 85 to 90c.; corn, rye, and oats are all lower.

Cotton has not only gone up, but there is an active demand for export. The supplies of flour and grain are unusually large and freights are down.

WAR.—The celebrated Fenelon, in some remarks on the subject of one of the greatest scourges of the human race, says,

"If people had never seen War kindled between neighboring nations, they could hardly believe that men could arm themselves against one another. They are overwhelmed with their own miseries and mortality, and yet indistinctly increase the wounds of Nature, and invent new ways of destroying each other. They have but a few moments to live, and yet cannot be contented to let those melancholy moments slide away in peace. There lie before them vast countries without possessors, and nevertheless, they worry one another for a nook of land. Ravaging, spilling blood, and destroying mankind is called the Art of great men, but War says St. Austin, 'are spectacles in which the Devil does cruelly sport with mankind.'"

MORE TREASON!—The Catholic Telegraph, for lately denouncing the Locofoco policy of robbing the Mexican churches to support Mr. Polk's war, is set upon by the Union's echo of the Louisville Democrat in quite a ferocious style. We give the following extract:

"As to the article quoted from Catholic papers, they are sheer Mexican Whiggery, and not Catholicism. It's the precise tone of the Whig press. The intimation as to a 'feeler' thrown out, is a fine specimen of that 'charity which thinketh no evil,' our readers will all understand."

"Out upon the treason and toyism!" Speaking of the above, the last number of the Telegraph remarks:

"It seems that for the expression of our opinions, we Catholics must expect to be denounced! Because we refused to submit to the abuse of the Union newspaper; because we flung back the reproaches so mercilessly heaped upon our heads, we are to be held up as traitors, sympathizing with Mexico!! Little did we think once on a time, when with head and heart we wished all success to the democracy, because we thought we saw in its councils the greatest safeguard of liberty, that some editors would be the first to make us feel how dangerous an experiment is any expression of personal independence."

The Telegraph will learn that there is no such thing as "personal independence" among locofoco editors. It is their business to submit to every usurpation of the Executive and applaud them into the bargain. If a few more weeks had elapsed before this thieving proposition had been officially disclaimed, in the face of the storm of indignation which it raised throughout the country, we would have found nearly every locofoco press in the land huzzing for the measure. As short as the time was, they began to father the bantling right lovingly in various quarters.

BATHING.

Animal life is sustained by three things—air, water and food. The first is most essential, and with the first two many may exist a considerable time. But most people appear to reverse the order. They make food their chief aliment, and do with as little of the two others as possible. They never think of air, and seem to be afflicted with a universal hydrophobia, dinking liquid in every possible form in preference. They appear to imagine that clear water is only requisite for washing, and then they wash as little of the person as may be—only the hands and the face. I was amused the other day, to hear a man in the barber's shop ask the barber, after he was done shaving, "Does my neck want washing?" as if a man's neck did not want washing every day. In my early life I was troubled with the headache, sadness and a hundred other atabularious notions. I seldom passed a summer without a fit of sickness of longer or shorter duration. Three years ago I removed to the seaside, where I have abundance of free air, and where I bath in salt water almost daily, sometimes twice a day, even in March. Since that time, I have scarcely had an ill day—my mind is as free as the air, and my spirit buoyant as the wave. My health and strength are better than when I was 18 years of age. I live in a town containing 11,000 inhabitants, and I suppose that one-half of them never bathed in their lives—they would much sooner think of taking a voyage of 3,000 miles over the ocean, than of being three seconds under it. I know one man who is over sixty years of age, who says he never washed all over in his life; yet he is a healthy and respectable man, and would be very much offended, if any one were to call him a dirty fellow. The celebrated Judge S., was remarkable for his intemperance to personal cleanliness, and some times wore his linen two weeks. One day a young lawyer undertook to remonstrate to him on this subject. "How often do you change your linen?" asked the Judge. "Every day," was the reply. "Well," said the Judge, what a dirty fellow you must be!" Some people too, never clean their teeth. I know one man who is a good moral reformer, yet his breath is so offensive that it is unpleasant to converse with him. I have had some compliments paid me on account of my writings, but never one which I valued so highly, as the remark of a lady. "His breath is sweet as new milk." I can have no idea of a person being pious, who is not cleanly. It has been said, cleanliness is a part of godliness. I think it is a very essential part. There was great wisdom in the rabbinical injunction, not to eat with unwashed hands—it showed that he who first made it, thought bathing more important than eating. He who created the universe, evinced his knowledge of the properties of water, when he made it palatable to every taste; and he exhibited his sense of its importance, when he covered three-fourths of the globe with water. If some people had created the world, it would have been all land—I am often excited to laughter, when ladies ask me, "Are you not afraid to live so near the water?" What do such ladies imagine water to be?

Multitudes of people shut themselves up by dozens, in shoemakers' shops, factories and book-binders, pasting papers over the window joints to keep out the air, and then wonder they are sick. If they would come out into the open atmosphere, and bathe three times a week in the ocean, they might have less fancies, and jump over a five rail fence.

THE THREE VOICES.

What saith the Past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed;
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint hearted;
Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal—
So, as a funeral bell, slow and deep,
So tolls the past to thee! Weep!

How speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk, upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
Slow, but advancing,
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor;
Let the great meaning enoble it ever;
Drop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face seaward;
Look where the light fringes the far rising alope,
Day cometh onward.
Watch! Though so long be twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeams arise on the praying;
Fear not for greater is God by thy side,
Than armies of Satan against thee allied!