

BUTCHER -- KNIFE.

DANVILLE:

Saturday Morning, June 6th, 1857.

With this number one half volume of the Butcher-Knife expires. We have been publishing a list of paying subscribers, and we have thought it would be right to commence the publication of delinquents,—a black list. Look out next week; and if you don't get your name in the paper in one way you may in another.

Our worthy friend, Green of the *Bulletin*, is on a visit to Indianapolis, on official business with Gov. O. P. Morton. It is whispered among the knowing ones, that he's about to receive the appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary to Billtown.

Circus and Menagerie.

Next Thursday Mabie's Circus and Menagerie will be in town, and with it the various other amusements which always follow such shows. The show is said to be a humbug; but that is the same old story. The one coming is always the best. They all come to be humbugs, but the people are fond of being humbugged. The crowd is expected to be in attendance on that day. If you want to see your quarters and you can have a good time.

The Sheriff and his Deputy, were indicted in the Commissioner's Court this week, for stealing Jo. Miller's wood. We believe the indictment was "squashed." At any rate, the Sheriff's got out of it somehow.

The Commissioner's Court has been in session during the last five days. Considerable amount of business was transacted; but the most interesting feature was Campbell's refusing to pay office rent while in the Court House. This county has kept a lot of "suckers," living off the hard earnings of our citizens, long enough; and we are pleased to learn they will receive no comfort from the present Board.

There is said to be a real Grand Turk in Springtown, a retired merchant, who may be seen smoking his pipe in some easy position, after meals in real Turkish style, where dreaming of fortunes won and future ease, he goes off into such a trance, that one might suppose him to be a statue were it not that he has such a habit of winking at the Ladies that his eyes will keep up the motion.

For the Butcher-Knife

MR. EDITOR:—We noticed on last Sunday, in time of church, an old man slipping around and telling people not to hitch their horses to his fence, and he even turned some horses loose. Is there no means by which the old man could be induced to consent to the hitching of horses to his fence? We understand some of the members are willing to cushion off a seat for his benefit, if he will not be so penurious, and give his christian friends the privilege of hitching to his fence.

MEMBER.

Uncle Simon Hadley has given Nigger Charley a lease on his lot south east corner of the square, for the purpose of having it improved (?). Few men have more public spirit than Uncle Simon. If we had a few more of the same sort, who would take some pains to have the town improved, it wouldn't look like it does.

The Editor of the *Swamp-Angel* says he attended a dance, a few evenings since, and makes out that he danced.—We have no disposition to doubt the editor's word, yet, we should like to know what he done with his feet. That's the question that bothers us.

Little Clay township is certainly blessed with public institutions, having a railroad, five towns, four Mills, five school houses, five churches and eight dry goods stores, with many other shops and smaller institutions too tedious to mention.

Miss Prosperity wonders if "Quis," the *Bulletin* correspondent, ever had a mother, or ever kept decent company anywhere.

The County Board at its present session, ordered new book cases to be made for the County Library. They also ordered the Jail to be--let alone till their next meeting.

If you'd ask us for tobacco—
Tobacco that's worth chewing,
We would ask you, we would urge you
To buy of Jesse Martin.

Our Cartersburg correspondent says: there was a "big coon fight out east tother day—only three dogs, and it whirped all uv 'em."

Dr. Smith has gone to Thorntown on a visit. Who did you leave to care for your "ducks," Rust?

The editor of the *Bulletin* lately compared us to a monkey. This reminds us of a good joke on the said editor, which we cannot refrain from telling. Not long since a gentleman was in town, and meeting Mr. C. on the street, asked him if he knew where the editor of "the Danville paper was?" "No," said Mr. C., "but just start around the street, and the first man you see that looks like a baboon, stop him, and he'll be the man you are in search of." So the man started off, and in a few moments met Hon. John Irons, hobbling along on his four legs. He marched up in front of him, and asked him if he was the Editor of the *Bulletin*. "No," said Mr. Irons, and the gentleman immediately made further search, and after walking a few rods met the veritable 'visible Green.' He looked him square in the face, and said, "You're the editor of the Danville paper, ain't you?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Green. "From the description given to me by Mr. C.," replied the gentleman, "I mistook another man for you, but I see now that he doesn't fill the bill half so well as you do!"

We are pained to learn that our friend Dunnington is confined to his bed with rheumatism. Hope it will not long until he will be able to "mav."

Major Burgess is going to on a visit to the Hot Springs, in Arkansas, next Monday to improve his health. He has promised to be a regular correspondent to the Butcher-Knife during his stay at the springs.

Those interested will be glad to learn that the gate in front of the Presbyterian Church has been repaired and is now kept shut. The Trustees of the Church deserve credit for the promptness and energy they have displayed in protecting the building and the grounds from the desecration of "unclean" intruders.

The Commissioners talk of putting the new Court House under contract next spring.

Thanks to "Daddy Rammel's" express for Needmore papers in advance of the mails.

The boys at the Shanties still "kape a we drap of the crayther" we suppose—judging from the occasional passage of a reeling customer through our streets. They'd better dry it up.