

BUTCHER -- KNIFE.

DANVILLE:

Saturday Morning, June 27th, 1857.

O'R. O'Hara's Theatrical troupe have been playing in our city during the present week to the amusement of the theater-going citizens. We attended the performance on the first evening, and was highly pleased with the entertainment. On the third evening, while Mrs. O'Hara was dancing, a beautiful bouquet was thrown upon the stage, and in a moment the curtain fell, amid bursts of applause. Presently she appeared again with bouquet in hand, and continued the dance until 'the house came down.'

The troupe will perform here again this evening at candle lighting. Lovers of amusement can spend a quarter in no better way than by going to the theater tonight.

O'R. Several of our 'fast' going citizens are on a visit to Plainfield, this (Friday) evening. We don't know their business is in that region, but suppose they have followed the "show off," and if so, we have no doubt but they will occupy very prominent characters in the evening's performance. No doubt some of them will have "buttons all over 'em," eye and all. We don't wish to insinuate that they would be guilty of destroying any Whisk-eye or Brand-i, but suppose they saved all they conveniently could.

Show.—We have no doubt that some of our readers will be glad to learn that "Spaulding & Roger's Floating Palace," will soon be here. We understand that the Palace will arrive at this place about the 13th of July, and will be tied fast to the bridge across White Lick, immediately opposite this. As soon as she arrives, we shall forward dispatches to all the principal cities in the county, in order that all may have a chance to see this monster boat.

O'R. Rattletrap says, that comets are visiting angels, flying from planet to planet and showering blessings or curses on each as its inhabitants deserve. And that we certainly deserve a ducking for complaining so much of the dry weather the past year. Consequently, so long as the comet keeps shaking his dewy locks over the earth, we will have no dry weather.

A Bouquet.

We have received from Miss Mollie R., one of the neatest and most beautiful bouquets ever it was our pleasure to behold. Filled with roses, buds, evergreen and various other pretty things, it was really beautiful, and the room in which it was placed breathed a pure, soft and pleasant incense. This bouquet shall be placed along side others that have been presented to us by young ladies of our acquaintance. Mollie, you have our thanks for this beautiful present, and hope you will remember the editor of the Butcher-Knife when you have gifts to bestow upon your friends.

We would inform all young ladies who have a hankering notion of sending bouquets to us, that all such presents will be thankfully received, and a receipt in full given in our paper.

O'R. We received a communication from Brownsburg, written by some of the young men of that place, giving their school teacher particular 'fits' for his refusing, after he had consented, to let the young folks have the school house, to hold a singing school. We would publish the article, if we knew the facts in the case were precisely what was communicated to us; but men, when they become excited about such matters, generally give an extra coloring to the picture. Hope the teacher wont be so 'hard' on the 'youngsters' in the future.

O'R. There is a man living in Springtown who has retired from the labors of farming, and is living on the interest of what he 'owes.' This fellow is a subscriber for most the leading papers in the Union, and takes a great delight in perusing them. He has been solicited to subscribe for the Butcher-Knife, but prefers borrowing, rather than 'sink' a quarter and have one of his own. Our subscribers have complained of this man and this notice is for his benefit.

O'R. The grand Turk of Springtown don't believe our Government will stand forever and forever, (as John Irons certified it would.) He says it won't stand through one forever without a new set of understandings, for the present ones are nearly give out now.

O'R. Among the distinguished spectators at the 'theater' on Wednesday night, we noticed our venerable friend, Simon T. Hadley. *O tempora! O mores!*

DITCHING.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Prairie Ditching Company, up north, held in this town on Wednesday last, a great many reports were made and resolves adopted: Among others the T. reported not a dollar in the treasury. The President reported plenty of water found up there this spring, with a chance for a sprinkle now in a few days. The principle engineer reports meeting with an obstruction in the excavation line, in the shape of an enormous crawfish hole; and proposes putting the devil at a non plus by turning the main ditch into it.—But to this the president objects, first, on account of his principals as a man of peace; secondly, because to put out the Devil's fires, will but serve to license a lot of people around this place to commit any amount of crime.

As the Devil and the Butcher-Knife are now on pretty good terms, we too shall put our veto on this project of the principal engineer.

O'R. The grand Turk came very near watching a young couple kissing, and looked on, but she was impossible, but rather the limb of a tree just stood under, when the beau came down in the mud, the lady fainted, aching sides. Well, he did

O'R. We learn that certain parties in town are negotiating for the old Presbyterian Church building, to be fitted up and devoted to permanent use as a Theater. Hurra for Danville!

O'R. The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. 'Twas horrible to look upon.

ERRATA.—In the stanza "inscribed to Mrs. Joanna Connally" week before last, the types said, in the 2d line of the 2d verse, 'pasture' instead of 'parterre,' as it should have been.

O'R. A beautiful lot of shrubbery has been set out in the front yard of the Presbyterian church(?) It is an improvement.

O'R. To-day and to-morrow are the Regular Baptist meeting days.