

The Daily Union.

I. M. BROWN, Editor.
T. B. LONG, Associate Editor.
TERRE-HAUTE.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT 7, 1857

Agriculture and Partisanship.

A few days ago we wrote an article in answer to one which appeared in the Express, ridiculously charging us with advocating a political County Fair. In our article, we found it necessary to explain to the stupid writer of the Express, what every one else saw at first, that our remarks were written with a view to ridicule the carelessness and partial management of the officers, in neglecting to furnish the premium list to any paper but the Express, while the Journal and Union, professing different political principles it is true, but equally interest with the Express or any other newspaper in the prosperity of the agricultural and mechanical interests of our county and city, were never notified of a single step taken in the arrangements of the fair, and were consequently unable to furnish any information respecting it to their readers, consisting of more than three fourths of the citizens of the county. In view of this fact, we said that if it was the intention of the managers of this fair to make a political thing of it, they should have informed us, so that we might have advocated an American County Fair, and Col. Cookerly one upon the Democratic principle. Then, the writer of the Express, either presuming rather too largely upon the ignorance of his readers, or being too stupid to understand an article when he reads it, or too dishonest to construe it as other people do, if he happens to understand it, came out in a half column article, trying to convince his readers that we were advocating political fairs! when the very object of our article was—as he well knew—to condemn, most emphatically, every thing that would even indicate such a course. In our reply, we expressed a hope that the article in question was not written by the regular Editor, as his paper contained an announcement of his intention to be absent several days. And, in case he had written the silly thing, we even expressed a kindly wish that he remain absent not only "several days," but that he extend his absence to several months, in order that sensible people might forget the soft nonsense he exhibited in his uncalled for attempt to deceive them. But we are at length reluctantly convinced that it was he who wrote it, for he not only refused to remain absent for several months, as every person thinks he should have, but he has returned to the ridiculous charge, and, finding that he cannot support his nonsense with reason and argument, he has called to his aid numerous poetical quotations, capital letters and italics, so that, although his language may not exhibit much force in the reading, he has really succeeded in making it look quite forcious.

After endeavoring to distort the meaning of our language in relation to the advocacy of political fairs, by the use of a single isolated quotation, dressed up in italics and capital letters, he turns upon the editor of the Journal—who saw fit in his last issue to explain to his readers why it was that he had been unable to furnish them with the information which they had a right to expect, of their county fair, through their county papers—and says that before Col. Cookerly had noticed it, he had said that we were not in earnest. Now this is simply false. We had not, nor never have taken back anything that our article contained. Either the unfairness of the writer of the Express, or his dullness of comprehension—and we presume it was the latter—induced us to explain to him that we were not in favor of turning these things into a political channel; and the very language he has since quoted to prove the reverse, even garbled and emphasized as he has produced it, will show conclusively, to any sensible reader, that this is its meaning.

Then he comes out with a bold denial that the premium list had ever been sent to him for publication, and says that no member of the Agricultural Society ever contracted with him, requested him or ordered him to publish it. If no one ever contracted

with him for the publication of this list, was it to the winds that he made the modest statement that he would charge ten dollars for giving it a place in his paper? Now then, we are credibly informed that one of the officers of the Society, in excuse of his own course in this matter, said that the list was first taken to the Express and the editor said he would charge ten dollars for its insertion in his paper, and the officer, thinking, as a matter of course, that the other papers would make similar charges, and seeing that the Society was not able to pay three such bills as this, left the list with him and made no further inquiries about it. It was the misfortune of the officer that he did not go a little farther, and ascertain that the other papers were willing and anxious to publish it for nothing; and it was the pecuniary misfortune of the Express that he undertook to boast over us, for it learned the people that it was not customary to charge for the publication of documents of this character. And yet, after a transaction of this kind, the editor of the Express has the brazen impudence to accuse us of mercenary motives! Let the reader say whose course that charge befits.

Now how did the editor of the Express conclude his homily? He couldn't find an idea of his own forcible enough for a regular clincher, and prompted by a kind of a second nature of his, he took down, from the nearest shelf, that much used book of poetical quotations, and mechanically turned to the word "envy." He found two quotations, and, not knowing what to do with them both, he placed one at the head of his article, and the other at the tail. The first one reads thus:

"Envy is but the smoke of low estate,
Ascending still against the fortunate."

The latter may be read and explained by this one as follows:

"Env[y] that's us—the smoke, &c.] with pale
and meagre face
Stood shooting at stars, [that's Hudson—the
fortunate] whose darts fell down
Again on her own face."

How decidedly expressive the quotation is! What a figure we—Env[y]—would cut, shooting darts at a star in the shape of our neighbor of the Express! His modesty don't seem to have been at all outraged by his placing himself among the stars; but our sense of comparison would certainly be very much outraged should we attempt to liken him to any celestial body more remote than the moon, and even then we should want such a moon as that described in Hudibras:

"And like a lobster boil'd, the moon
From black to red began to turn."

We believe the T. H. & R. Railroad carries visitors to and from the State Fair at a reduced price, but by what train or upon what days we are unable to learn, and the managers do not seem desirous to give any publicity to the fact.—Express.

Passengers are carried to and from the State Fair by the T. H. & R. Railroad, at half price, and they have made it public by posters and otherwise. If the editor of the Express never learns anything, beyond the contents of his own paper, he will certainly become an object of the greatest compassion. If he will look at the head of our local column he will receive the coveted information.

A Ludicrous Scene.

It was customary some years ago in many of the inland towns of New England, to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence, by a sham fight intended to represent some of the Revolutionary battles, and of course—victories; one portion of the town people representing the Red Coats, and another the Federal forces. Below we give the rich end of an account, which we find in an exchange of one of the celebrations. A little town had resolved to perform the sham fight of Cornwallis, Deacon Moses Jones, a poor, wealthy farmer, was chosen to enact Washington, and Squire Bigler Wood, an aristocratic lawyer, to represent Cornwallis, but let the writer tell his own story:

The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in the course of which Cornwallis was to be essentially whipped, and then ingloriously surrendered.

At nine o'clock the two companies marched into the village, arrayed themselves in fighting positions, reminding the spectator of the time when

Brave Wolf drew up his men
In style most pretty,
On the plains of Abraham,
Before the city.

The two commanders were greatly excited, and Washington, I regret to say, was in anything but a fit condition to act out the part he was to perform.

Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but

was a little agitated, or rather elated. Everything being ready, the companies exchanged shots. Bang! whang! bang went the guns and the two companies yelled like stuck pigs.

"That's it, (hic) my brave boys!—give it to them owdacious Red Coats!" bellowed Washington.

"On, Romans!" yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and remembered the heroic appeal of the Thespian belligerents—"breathes there a man so dead that won't fight like thunder?"

"Go it Continentals! down with taxation on tea!" bellowed Washington.

"Well, old boy!" said the immortal, as he cufted his horse's ears with his cocked hat, "what in the thunder do you want of me?"

"General Washington," replied Cornwallis, "I surrender to you myself, sword and men."

"You do, do you?" sneeringly replied the General.

"Yes, General, the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle."

"Eagle! Eagle!" yelled the General, rolling off his horse, and hitting the Britton a tremendous blow with the flat of his sword; "do you call me an eagle, you sneaking cuss?"

Cornwallis was down only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself with an entirely unlooked for recuperation, on the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical truth pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and in spite of the men of both nations, succeeded in giving the "immortal" a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously ended in glorious.

For many years after the surrender there was coldness between the Deacon and the Squire, but as time rolled on, and their locks became frosted over with white, they learned to call it a joke.

Both are now living, and whenever they meet, they smoke and talk about that ar, like a couple of jolly old men, as they are.

Later from California.
ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER STAR OF THE WEST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The steamship Star of the West, with later dates from California, arrived here yesterday. She brings \$1,250,000 in specie.

The whole Democratic ticket in California has been elected.

The town of Columbia has been destroyed by fire.

Congressmen Gwin and Scott, and Governor Foote and Mr. Starkweather, a'ne Minister to Chili, came passengers.

The Wabash was at Aspinwall, and the John Adams and Decatur at Panama. The Star of the West touched off Havana on the 28th ult., and at Key West on the 29th.

The Democratic ticket in California has been successful; Weller, 40,000; Stanley, 27,000; Bowrie, 27,000.

Columbia, in Touloumne county has been destroyed by fire—loss \$700,000. Only twelve buildings escaped. One building was destroyed by a powder explosion; in which five persons were killed and several injured.

The Oregon Constitutional Convention was in session.

The outrages in Carson Valley have caused the formation of a Vigilance Committee.

California has voted to pay her debts by a large majority. The Constitutional Convention project will probably be defeated. The grand jury is investigating the affairs of Harassey, the late refiner and melter at the mint, who is a defaulter of \$150,000, and had been detected in abstracting treasure from the coiners' department. The miners are generally successful.

The Indians had murdered Colby, the Collector of the port of Townsend, in Washington Territory. The citizens had captured eighteen Indians and it was thought they would be hung.

The shipment of treasure by the Senora which connected with the Central America was \$1,595,000.

The San Francisco markets were quiet and the importations large.

The news from Chili is unimportant.

Mr. Venable, U. S. Minister to Guatemala, is dead.

The Aspinwall Courier says that Robert E. Moore, Surgeon in Chief of the Panama Railway, was a passenger on board the Central America.

The following persons embarked on board the Central America at Aspinwall from the Isthmus, and are supposed to be lost, unless they stopped at Panama.

F. H. B. Smith, Wm. Frazers, Capt. W. G. Dyer, J. Sellance, H. M. Tirato, W. Watson and son, Orie Barlow, Jos. O'Neil, Wm. Olfens, C. W. Griffith, Thomas Maloney, F. Carpenter, Wm. Hernse, William Plass, A. Armour, T. J. Norris, and F. Griffith.

Ladies, prepare for an extreme change in your habits; for a Paris correspondent of the New York Courier says the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustle, wadding or anything else.

Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but

was a little agitated, or rather elated. Everything being ready, the companies exchanged shots. Bang! whang! bang went the guns and the two companies yelled like stuck pigs.

"That's it, (hic) my brave boys!—give it to them owdacious Red Coats!" bellowed Washington.

"On, Romans!" yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and remembered the heroic appeal of the Thespian belligerents—"breathes there a man so dead that won't fight like thunder?"

"Go it Continentals! down with taxation on tea!" bellowed Washington.

"Well, old boy!" said the immortal, as he cufted his horse's ears with his cocked hat, "what in the thunder do you want of me?"

"General Washington," replied Cornwallis, "I surrender to you myself, sword and men."

"You do, do you?" sneeringly replied the General.

"Yes, General, the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle."

"Eagle! Eagle!" yelled the General, rolling off his horse, and hitting the Britton a tremendous blow with the flat of his sword; "do you call me an eagle, you sneaking cuss?"

Cornwallis was down only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself with an entirely unlooked for recuperation, on the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical truth pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and in spite of the men of both nations, succeeded in giving the "immortal" a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously ended in glorious.

For many years after the surrender there was coldness between the Deacon and the Squire, but as time rolled on, and their locks became frosted over with white, they learned to call it a joke.

Both are now living, and whenever they meet, they smoke and talk about that ar, like a couple of jolly old men, as they are.

Later from California.
ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER STAR OF THE WEST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The steamship Star of the West, with later dates from California, arrived here yesterday. She brings \$1,250,000 in specie.

The whole Democratic ticket in California has been elected.

The town of Columbia has been destroyed by fire.

Congressmen Gwin and Scott, and Governor Foote and Mr. Starkweather, a'ne Minister to Chili, came passengers.

The Wabash was at Aspinwall, and the John Adams and Decatur at Panama. The Star of the West touched off Havana on the 28th ult., and at Key West on the 29th.

The Democratic ticket in California has been successful; Weller, 40,000; Stanley, 27,000; Bowrie, 27,000.

Columbia, in Touloumne county has been destroyed by fire—loss \$700,000. Only twelve buildings escaped. One building was destroyed by a powder explosion; in which five persons were killed and several injured.

The Oregon Constitutional Convention was in session.

The outrages in Carson Valley have caused the formation of a Vigilance Committee.

California has voted to pay her debts by a large majority. The Constitutional Convention project will probably be defeated. The grand jury is investigating the affairs of Harassey, the late refiner and melter at the mint, who is a defaulter of \$150,000, and had been detected in abstracting treasure from the coiners' department. The miners are generally successful.

The Indians had murdered Colby, the Collector of the port of Townsend, in Washington Territory. The citizens had captured eighteen Indians and it was thought they would be hung.

The shipment of treasure by the Senora which connected with the Central America was \$1,595,000.

The San Francisco markets were quiet and the importations large.

The news from Chili is unimportant.

Mr. Venable, U. S. Minister to Guatemala, is dead.

The Aspinwall Courier says that Robert E. Moore, Surgeon in Chief of the Panama Railway, was a passenger on board the Central America.

The following persons embarked on board the Central America at Aspinwall from the Isthmus, and are supposed to be lost, unless they stopped at Panama.

F. H. B. Smith, Wm. Frazers, Capt. W. G. Dyer, J. Sellance, H. M. Tirato, W. Watson and son, Orie Barlow, Jos. O'Neil, Wm. Olfens, C. W. Griffith, Thomas Maloney, F. Carpenter, Wm. Hernse, William Plass, A. Armour, T. J. Norris, and F. Griffith.

Ladies, prepare for an extreme change in your habits; for a Paris correspondent of the New York Courier says the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustle, wadding or anything else.

Cornwallis was not intoxicated, but

was a little agitated, or rather elated. Everything being ready, the companies exchanged shots. Bang! whang! bang went the guns and the two companies yelled like stuck pigs.

"That's it, (hic) my brave boys!—give it to them owdacious Red Coats!" bellowed Washington.

"On, Romans!" yelled the excited Cornwallis, who had seen a theatrical exhibition once, and remembered the heroic appeal of the Thespian belligerents—"breathes there a man so dead that won't fight like thunder?"

"Go it Continentals! down with taxation on tea!" bellowed Washington.

"Well, old boy!" said the immortal, as he cufted his horse's ears with his cocked hat, "what in the thunder do you want of me?"

"General Washington," replied Cornwallis, "I surrender to you myself, sword and men."

"You do, do you?" sneeringly replied the General.

"Yes, General, the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle."

"Eagle! Eagle!" yelled the General, rolling off his horse, and hitting the Britton a tremendous blow with the flat of his sword; "do you call me an eagle, you sneaking cuss?"

Cornwallis was down only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself with an entirely unlooked for recuperation, on the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical truth pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and in spite of the men of both nations, succeeded in giving the "immortal" a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously ended in glorious.

For many years after the surrender there was coldness between the Deacon and the Squire, but as time rolled on, and their locks became frosted over with white, they learned to call it a joke.

Both are now living, and whenever they meet, they smoke and talk about that ar, like a couple of jolly old men, as they are.

Later from California.
ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER STAR OF THE WEST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The steamship Star of the West, with later dates from California, arrived here yesterday. She brings \$1,250,000 in specie.

The whole Democratic ticket in California has been elected.

The town of Columbia has been destroyed by fire.

Congressmen Gwin and Scott, and Governor Foote and Mr. Starkweather, a'ne Minister to Chili, came passengers.

The Wabash was at Aspinwall, and