

The Daily Union.

L. M. BROWN, Editor.
T. B. LONG, Associate Editor.

TERRE-HAUTE.

TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1856

For President in 1860:
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,
Of Kentucky.

Monetary.

The Baltimore Patriot of a late date says:

The money market continues exceedingly easy, and without special change.

There is an abundant supply of funds in the hands of the bankers, and prime business paper goes very readily on the streets at 5 per cent. for endorsed, and 6.7 for single names. Call loans, with undoubted collaterals, are making at 4.5 per cent.

The money market is extremely easy in Terre-Haute, and but a small portion of our capitalists seem to trouble themselves about agitating the current. Our country is full of the necessary products of the farm, and still there is no demand for it.

When our grain is set afloat, mechanics, and all classes of laborers will begin to move, and not before. Business has been on a stand-still for near twelve months, and people have been depending on their creditors for a release of their own indebtedness, until all hope in that respect is lost, and now something must be done to stir up a new trade—some other current must be sought, through which relief may be obtained. This binding chain between debtor and creditor, which has tied business down for so long a time, is now broken, and it wants but little power to again start up all kinds of business to a proper excitement. Let our produce dealers make this move; the farmer must get rid of his produce before we can effect even a start—he must have the money for his surplus, and the purchaser must force his way into a market where the profits will justify his undertaking. This, we think can be done, and the sooner the better.

Lost—Yet Gained.

We lost three subscribers the other day, on account of our opposition to the repeal of the Hog Ordinance. This does not surprise or ruin us, nor does it give us the hysterics. We looked for three times that number, if any at all, and even that number would have made us more sanguine than ever, but now when we know the number to be so small, we do not feel inclined to contend with as hopeless a minority as it indicates. We shall oppose the repeal of that ordinance upon any and all occasions, regardless of consequences! We profess more independence than to be pulled this or that way, for money or for favor. The hogs are a miserable nuisance, and ought not to be permitted within the corporation limits, and we do not intend they shall be if we can prevent it.

For the satisfaction of those three disaffected hog raisers, we will here inform them, that since we have taken a stand against the repeal of that ordinance, we have added more than twenty names to our list in consequence of that position, and we look for as many more. So, under these circumstances, you had just as well take your hogs out of the city.

The richest, and yet the most ridiculous notion we have seen advanced lately, by a newspaper scribbler, has emanated from a Virginia press, in the recommendation of A. P. Willard, of Indiana, for Vice President, and A. M. T. Hunter, of Va., for President. Willard for Vice President! Great heavens, save us!

Shocks of earthquakes continue to occur at Naples. Tremendous hurricanes have also occurred, and at least 50 houses have been demolished, and many people killed. Several villages have also been destroyed by a deluge of rain.

ILLNESS OF GENERAL CASE.—The New York Herald's Washington letter-writer, under date of July 14, says:

The great labor of the State Department and the oppressive weather seem to bear heavily upon our veteran Secretary of State. Yesterday and to-day General Case has been very much indisposed, though not seriously ill. He performs the duties of his office at his residence. The President visited him to-day.

A daily mail has been established from Pittsburgh to Washington, which gives the people of Pike county increased facilities of mail intercourse by way of the Ohio & Mississippi railroad with Cincinnati and the East.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Two little boys, at Red Mills, Ky., sons of Wm. Wood, Esq., were struck by lightning on Saturday last. One was killed: the other it is thought will recover.

An Hour in the Dead Letter Office.

A female correspondent of *Life's Illustration*, gives the following account of a visit to the Dead Letter Office at Washington:

We had been fortunate enough to procure the entry to this place through special favor and influence, although, as a general thing, no visitors are admitted.

It was a large, light room, with two or three desks, at which were seated aged officers in silent occupation among literal drifts of letters. The walls were lined on every side with huge mail sacks which had been returned full of unclaimed epistles, from myriads of post offices, there might have been fifty or a hundred of these sacks and each probably contained thousands on thousands of letters!

"How rapidly you dispose of them!" said I, watching the speed with which the clerks tore open the epistles, glancing over them to see that no drafts, checks or other important documents were enclosed, and then threw them upon an immense heap of opened letters at their feet.

"It is all habit ma'am," said the gentleman nearest me. "We are accustomed to open a certain number daily, and to those who do not understand the expedition and accuracy with which we work, it would seem, indeed, almost incredible."

As he spoke, a tiny gold ring rolled from the folds of a rose tinted letter whose pages were expertly written over by a delicate female hand.

"A child's ring," he said taking it up; would you like to look at it ma'am?"

I took it into my hand—it was a fairy circle of virgin gold, with the words "Mary to E. V." engraved within—and I wondered who the Mary was, and whether the little "E. V." who never received the tiny gift, was dead or living.

Meanwhile the clerk had been taking a rapid note of the signature, direction, etc.

"What will you do with it?" I inquired returning the ring to his care.

"We lay all such things aside, in case they should be called for."

"And are they often redeemed?"

"Not often—not once in a hundred cases," he replied, taking a little gold dollar from beneath the seal of another letter, and laying it carefully under the desk.

We stood in silence, regarding the pile of opened letters, which was growing higher with every moment. It was a strange medley of styles and hand writing. Some were inscribed on huge sheets of foolscap, in a manner that conveyed the impression to your mind that the writer must have grasped the pen with both hands, and gone at the paper as he would dig a spade into the earth, and folded with a glorious disregard of all geometrical precision; others again were daintily written on colored tissue paper, and some were in that easy flowing hand, that bespeaks energy and refinement of character in the calligrapher.

"Oh, how I should like to read these letters," said I involuntarily.

The official smiled. "That is what all the ladies say. It would be almost impossible to preserve our charge from the curiosity of the female sex, if, fortunately our rules did not protect us from many visitors."

"Do you ever read them?"

"Never, unless they seem very important or contain inclosures of amount. It is all we can do to keep up with the arrival of the dead mails now. If we were to stop to read one letter in a hundred, we should be lamentably behind hand; besides the privacy of these letters is a point of honor with us. We have no more right to read them here, when unnecessary, than to pry into any other personal secrets."

Here one of the clerks leaned over, and handed our companion a tiny package.

"From one of the letters," he said, I thought the lady might feel interested in it."

It was a single curl of golden hair tied with a bit of pink ribbon, and rapped in a little piece of paper, on which was written, "Baby's hair."

I knew the history of that letter in an instant, though I had never looked on its folds. I could see the fair young mother parting the sunny tresses from the infant head and placing it with half a smile and half a tear, within the closely written page that was to gladden the heart of the far away husband. And he never received the letter. Perhaps he died under the mighty shadow of Sierra Nevada; perhaps the turf of some Mississippi valley lay close on his pulseless heart, while she the faithful wife, was growing more sad, less hopeful with every day that brought no answering word.

"Baby's hair?" I could not bear that the bright curl should be thrown carelessly among the host of letters; it seemed like desecration.

"May I keep this little lock?"

"Certainly if you like."

And I placed it carefully in my reticule with tender hand. I know not where the sorrowing young mother's heart is breaking, day by day, but certain am I that there is an invisible bond of sympathy between her soul and mine, clasped by a lock of curling, silky gold—"baby's hair."

It would be vain to attempt to chronicle the numerous inclosures which dropped from the various letters which were opened during the short space of time we stood there. Bits of rainbow colored silk, sent for "patterns," tiny muslin colors, newspaper paragraphs, bank bills, gold, cards, coarsely written messages from little ones at home, whose hands were guided by the mother or sister, so that the absent father, cousin, or brother, might have a little letter, and innumerable other affecting relics.

"Where do all these letters go when they have been opened and examined? are they burned?"

"No; that was formerly the custom, however. We used to make great bonfires of them, but aside from the fact that

bits of written paper would always escape from the flames, thus destroying all privacy in the letters, it was found that many people made it a business to seek among the ashes for the gold, jewels, dollars, etc., which often escape our notice here, and go out in the opened letters. So now they are all sent to a paper mill and re-manufactured as writing paper."

We passed into another room where were many mementoes of the good old days before the law of prepaying postage went into effect. There were two or three huge stones which had been sent for "a joke," involving an immense amount of postage to be paid by some unfortunate, who luckily never received the ponderous package—a gigantic rag baby, said to have been sent by some vinegar faced old maid

—a neatly manufactured night cap, which some indignant old bachelor—name not recorded—refused, in high dudgeon to receive, and which consequently found its way here, and a daguerreotype of a young man, which had been cracked across the nose and wrathfully sent back by some fair damsel with whom he had quarreled.

We asked the Postmaster General, to whom we were introduced, how it happened that all the employees in the dead letter office were gray haired old men.

"Because they have more discretion and less curiosity," he said, smiling—"Younger men could not be depended upon; they would probably read the letters often."

"And why do you not employ ladies?"

I am quite sure they could discharge the duties admirably."

"Indeed," said the Postmaster General, mischievously, "I am afraid their curiosity would be so extreme that the department would fall into inextricable confusion, to say nothing of the number of secrets they would ferret out of the dead letters."

We were so indignant at this horrible and heretical opinion, that we asked no further questions, but took our leave, much gratified with our novel and interesting experience in the dead letter office at Washington.

Township Meeting.

In accordance with a previous call, the citizens of Harrison township met in convention on Saturday.

John P. Usher, Esq., was called to the Chair, and J. P. Baird, Esq., acted as Secretary.

On motion, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the citizens of Vigo county, irrespective of former political associations, who are opposed to the present corrupt Administration, hold a Mass Convention, for the purpose of selecting candidates for the various county offices to be filled at the ensuing October election.

Resolved, That we request the several townships of this county, to meet with us in a convention, for the purpose of making nominations for county officers, and that we recommend Saturday, the 14th day of August, as the day for holding said convention.

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed by the Chair, to act as a Central Committee for this Township.

Whereupon the Chair appointed the following gentlemen as said committee: R. N. Hudson, I. M. Brown, H. D. Scott, J. W. Stratton, R. Thomas, N. Erlanger and Samuel Conner.

The meeting adjourned with a universal good feeling, and a settled determination to arrest the downward progress of our National and State affairs, and to check by the strong arm of the sovereign people, the reckless action of the Chief Executive of this State, and Nation.

J. P. USHER, Pres't.

J. P. BAIRD, Sec'y.

THE NORTH POLE.—In discussing the probability of the existence of an open Polar Sea, the New York Courier and Enquirer gives the subjoined interesting paragraph:

"If the probability of reaching 82 deg. N. is granted, the next consideration is, the probability of finding an open sea. The facts upon which such a probability is based are these: It is generally admitted that the geographic pole and the thermometric pole, or the point of maximum cold, do not coincide. The latest investigations go to prove that there are two Northern poles of maximum cold, both being near the 78 deg. N. latitude, and this, together with the direction of the isothermal lines, proves that the existence of a higher temperature and an open sea, near the North Pole, is not only probable but almost without doubt. Again the periodic movements of birds and fishes, including the whale, that can only live in an open sea, and in a higher temperature than is found at the thermometric pole, towards the North Pole, prove the existence of an open sea. We have also the statements of travelers. A party of Russians, in 1810, claim to have discovered an open sea. The Scroobes, father and son, in 1806, saw an open sea, commencing at 81 deg. 31 minutes. Two of Dr. Kane's party found an open sea as low as 80 degrees 20 minutes. The indications are, that this sea is open all the year, but however that may be, we believe its existence in summer is no longer questioned."

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it would be vain to attempt to chronicle the numerous inclosures which dropped from the various letters which were opened during the short space of time we stood there. Bits of rainbow colored silk, sent for "patterns," tiny muslin colors, newspaper paragraphs, bank bills, gold, cards, coarsely written messages from little ones at home, whose hands were guided by the mother or sister, so that the absent father, cousin, or brother, might have a little letter, and innumerable other affecting relics.

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