

# The Daily Union.

1. M. BROWN, Editor.  
T. H. LONG, Associate Editor.

TERRE-HAUTE.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 2, 1858

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

We frequently hear it intimated as coming from a certain source, that, now, as the Union and the Express have been brought to advocate the same principles (7) one or the other must go down, and that the said source would "bet" that the Union would be the one. We have great respect for those who think evil of us, and we could almost worship those who are independent enough to speak evil of us! We shall not dab such sneaking and cringing objects from venting their spleen upon us in this way, save in one respect—don't say that we have laid down those principles which, alone, insure the permanency of our government and the perpetuation of our institutions. When those persons modify their remark of *anticipation*, so as to cover the above request, we shall let them revel in their own filth until they become disgusted at their own folly, and sickened at their own stench, for we regard them not half so much as we do the sand under our feet as we walk through the streets. When we go down—or when the Union goes down—it will be when such men have robbed us of an honorable living, and stolen what little we are worth, and thrown around this community a mist created by lying and by *deception*, through which honorable people cannot see until it is too late.

Already has this *Italian-like* assassinism been put in operation, by coaxing and prevailing upon a certain individual to push a claim of *insignificance*, which no man of honor would have done—none but a *dupe* of the vilest wretch could possibly have so far forgotten the true policy of a business man as to permit himself to be used for such a purpose. When these matters are properly understood by those who can feel and appreciate our situation and our intentions, we shall fear no decision at their hands.

We are not excited—we are only astonished to know that we are *cursed* with such citizens—men who have no more regard for the welfare of those who fear not to speak the truth, upon all occasions, without cringing to *favor*, as a cur would lick the hand of his master for a dry crust of bread.

We shall continue to speak our sentiments upon all occasions and upon all subjects, and shall give our opinions of all men, just as we may think proper, and we shall not stop to ask whether it will please or displease this or that one—we only work to please ourselves, and when that is done, our aim is accomplished whether the interests of any one else is advanced by it or not. *Bonam sermonis partem in alienum distulimus.*

We took a hasty look through Mr. T. A. MADISON's Sash, Door and Blind Steam Manufactory, yesterday, and was agreeably surprised to see the many facilities he has for doing all kinds of work. The additions of new machinery, made since our former visit, is an indication of that prosperity only obtained by men of perseverance and of correct business habits. Mr. Madison is now manufacturing Dugdale's Patent Washing Machine which is approved of by all who have seen or tried it, and, ere long, will be found in every kitchen in the country. Mr. M., individually, has gotten up a *bid* for working out wash boards, which he attaches to his flooring machine. A plank eight inches wide, and of any convenient length, is run through this machine in less than one minute, thus getting out from 15 to 20 wash boards per minute, all ready to cut to the proper length for the above named Washing Machine. Mr. M. designs manufacturing these machines extensively, and will send them all over the country on their mission of usefulness, in relieving the ladies of their hardest work. We noticed a machine for morticing window-blind frames which surpasses anything we ever witnessed for mechanical ingenuity; each mortice is made of the same size, and the machine steps off the distance required between each, as regular and correct as possible.

This establishment is one of the best in the West, and when we take into consideration the quantity of lumber required to feed the different machines here set in motion, it causes a serious reflection as to the wants of the incoming generations for the same material, as we believe the consump-

tion of timber, in the present age, gains about ten years to one upon the growth.— [By the way, can't some of our scientific and mathematical scholars give us the figures in such a calculation. We want to see if we are not correct.]

Success to all such establishments, we say, lumber or no lumber.

## Read Out.

John W. Dawson, of the Fort Wayne Times, has been read out of the Republican party! We are sure John will feel bad! He will no doubt feel as aggrieved as when he was denounced by the Catholics of Fort Wayne a "bloody Free School heretic." But we opine that John will be able to bear his grievous burthen, if he is lame. He publishes the best paper in Northern Indiana—is not afraid of man nor devil, and if he does not make some persons wish the hadn't shot, we are mistaken—that's all.—*New Albany Tribune.*

Yes, Mr. Gregg! we intend just what you predict. It was a bad *shot*, and Mr. Case will regret it so long as he lives.—We know what he desired long ago, and so predicted. It was to benefit him, that a move was made some months ago, to get us off the State Central Committee by circulating libelous petitions. Failing in that, they thought to cripple our influence by denying us a position. The truths which we published, they feared, and knew would injure them; and as they could not answer us by argument, they took that shallow course of *Reading out of the Party*. Just such as school boys would use—and just a piece of the whole farce they have played ever since last March. Nothing honorable, nothing manly in it. The burthen is not grievous, even if we are lame. Indeed we rather like to carry just what they may choose to put on us, but it may happen that we shall dump them just where they, most of all places, would not like to be put. The thing already begins to hurt. It don't go off so well as it did when they were in frenzy. Reason begins to return, and with it returns come. All right! We are on board, with our vessel freighted with "ammunition" till they all come back to the old Whig faith, and submit to terms, and be taken in. And won't we have a good time when taking them in, Eh? When they renounce the flesh, the devil, their own folly and abolitionism?

But, brother Gregg, if you had been up here, and had been so *heretical* as to have published the *truth*, as we did, they would have read you out, notwithstanding you are the oldest editor, the best editor, and most consistent editor in Indiana. We have got smart boys up here, we have—They can *turn their coats*, and claim to be still orthodox, with as much assurance as the devil tempted our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But then you and I are "Know Nothings." We ain't fit to vote with Republicans up here. Oh, no! We and those other Know Nothings whose influence redeemed Indiana, ain't loyal men. Oh fit! Ingratitude.

If there be a crime  
Of deeper die than all the guilty train  
Of human vices, "tis *INGRATITUDE*."  
And then Shakespeare has added the eli-  
mastic, in his style, full, and forcible—  
"I hate ingratitude more in man  
Than lying, villainy, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
Inhabitats our frail blood."

[*Fort Wayne Times.*]

The railroad war at last has blown over. The New York Central which has vainly assumed the style of a would be dictator, has at last succumbed to every demand made by the Erie road. Among the articles of armistice, are that the free pass system shall be totally and irrevocably done away with and each road is to be mulcted in \$1,200 fine for every infringement of the agreement, both roads coming under bonds of 50,000 dollars each, to abide the terms of contract. All roads west, are selling tickets over both roads now. All passenger and outside agents are to be dismissed forthwith.

**PARALYSIS RESULTING FROM TOBACCO TIN-FOILED.**—Within a few years past tin foil has come into very general use, in the place of paper, as an article in which to put up chewing tobacco for general use. The change was convenient, and the new article grew into favor among tobacco chewers. At first consumers had to pay a pretty good price for it, but of late the article has been cheapened. But it has just received a blow that we think must terminate its entire use. It is now asserted and with severe experience to support it, that the tin foil has dangerous poisonous qualities. Two cases have just arisen that are calculated to give a great celebrity to this belief. Police Justice Bagg, of Detroit, and a prominent citizen of Cincinnati, have been attacked by severe strokes of paralysis, induced as the physicians declare, by the poisonous influence of tin foil used by tobacco venders. If this judgment be sound, we may expect to see at once a general abolition of the use of the article.

## Miss Snibbs's Confession.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Miss SNIBBS seated herself in her big stuffed rocking chair—smoothed with her fat dimpled hand her checkered apron—composed the snowy cap that framed in her round, healthy rosy face—placed her two chubby, slippers feet upon an ottoman, and said to me patronizingly enough:

"Listen to me, Margaret."

And so I listened.

"You see," began Miss Snibbs, "I was a first—a terrible first. I wasn't contented with having two strings to my bow, but I wanted twenty. I could not accept the homage of one heart and rest easily—One was nothing, while a score was a joy, a glory. I was (here Miss Snibbs held her light hand over her light eyes) I was, when I was a girl, about as handsome as—

—as I wanted to be, although I say it—who should not say it? And when I went to L— Seminary, I was called the bell of the school. I was proud of the title, as you would be, if you were handsome."

"But Miss Snibbs"—I interrupted.

"Don't disturb me, Margaret. Every one knows you're plin enough."

I bit my lips and was silent.

"Well, as I was saying, I was proud of the title, and worked hard to retain it—I hadn't been at school long before I had brought every student to my feet, each with a burning declaration of love."

Her, chubby Miss Snibbs looked down at her chubby little feet, and rubbed her chubby face with her chubby hands. She was proud of her hands and feet.

"I said that I had brought every student to my feet—with the exception of one, I am forced to add. This one exception was a trouble to me. He was a fine looking fellow, with large hazel eyes, and a deep expression lying over his whole face. I loved him better than all the rest for his obstinacy.

"You can't fool him like you have all the rest," said my room mate to me one day. "He loves Mary Harris, and hasn't heart, or a thought for any one else."

"I tossed my head lightly at her words.

"I have conquered every other heart, and I shall conquer his," I said, emphatically. "Not a fig do I care for Mary Harris. I could rid myself of twenty such rivals in the twinkling of an eye, if I cared."

"The next day my words were repeated all over the school, and before night, I suppose reached the ears of Charlie Hargrave, the possessor of the one unshrubbed heart. In less than a week I received a beautiful bouquet from him, accompanied by a sweet note. I showed the note, and wore the flowers in my curls, and boasted intolerably of the success that was sure to crown my efforts. I put on a pitying look in the presence of Mary Harris, and brought all my charms out to battle against the heart of Charlie Hargrave.—At last he came to see me every evening; walked with me in the cool hours of the morning, and said many things to me, such as handsome girls always hear many times in their young womanhood."

Miss Snibbs looked at me, when she said handsome. I understood her glance.

"I was homesick, you see.

"Well, one evening my landlady came up to my room, and told me that Charlie Hargrave wished to see me alone in the parlor a few minutes. I knew what he had come to tell me, and my heart leaped with its vain joy. You see, Margaret, he loved me! I dressed my hair carefully and put on my most becoming dress—a plain, blue muslin—fastened some flowers on my bosom—flowers that Charlie had sent me, and went down to him. I think now that I looked beautifully, Margaret. You needn't smile. If a woman is handsome she is sure to know it, and if she is homesick (Miss Snibbs looked significantly into my face again) she ought have sense enough to realize it."

"Yes ma'am," I said weekly.

Miss Snibbs paused in her narrative played with the strings of her checkered apron, rubbed the rosy palms of her little hands together, and looked pensively out of the window.

"Go on please," I said.

"Margaret, listen to me: I am going to tell you something that never passed through my lips before. Margaret, I say, listen to me!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I went down stairs to meet Charlie Hargrave. He was looking finely—nobly. I blushed a little, and made pretty, stammering speeches when he addressed me. At last, with a suddenness that quite discomposed me, he went down upon his knees before me, graying my hand as he did so. I have a very pretty hand, you know, Margaret."

"I have been long wishing to ask you a question, Charlotte," he said, fixing his deep eyes upon my face. "I tremble to ask it now. O, that I knew the answer, that would come from your sweet mouth, I dare not ask you now, for fear your answer will be a cruel one. I prefer even his dreadful, excruciating torture of uncertainty to the blackness of a sure hopelessness. Dare I say what burns through my heart for utterance?"

"I bowed my head, and whispered, 'Say what you will, Charlie.'

"Well, then, dearest Charlotte, will you tell me—can you tell me—which—

"What, Charlie?"

"Which—which weighs the most, a pound of feathers, or a pound of stones?"

"You see, Margaret, I was sold. And now listen to me."

"Well."

"Listen to me, Margaret—I never flirted afterwards."

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**A. H. C. BROCKEN,**  
20 CLIFT STREET, NEW YORK.  
MANUFACTURES OF  
GLASS SYRINGES, HOMEOPATHIC VIALS,  
GRADUATED MEASURES, NURS-  
ING BOTTLES, ETC.

Glass Ware for Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, Photographers, etc. Green Glass Ware by the package. A liberal discount made to the trade. Orders from Country Druggists and Dealers solicited. Price List sent on application.

Sept. 2, 1858.

## Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of an order of the Vigo Court of Common Pleas, I will on the 7th day of October, 1858, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the premises of Joshua Anderson, Fayette Township, I, said county, offer at public auction the following described real estate, to wit: The south east quarter (4/4) of the section No. 3, townships No. (5) and No. (6), in the county of Vigo, Indiana, containing forty (40) acres, as the property of the said Joshua Anderson, and I will on Saturday the 28th day of September, 1858, within the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the Court House of the town of Terre-Haute, Indiana, offer the rents and profits of the above described premises, together with the appurtenances thereto belonging for a term of seven years, and should the same fail to sell for a sufficient sum to satisfy said execution and costs, I will then and there offer the fee simple to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution and costs.

W. H. STEWART, Sheriff.

Sept. 2, 1858. [pr's fee \$4.00]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Vigo Court of Common Pleas, I will on the 7th day of October, 1858, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the premises of Joshua Anderson, Fayette Township, I, said county, offer at public auction the following described real estate, to wit: The south east quarter (4/4) of the section No. 3, townships No. (5) and No. (6), in the county of Vigo, Indiana, containing forty (40) acres, as the property of the said Joshua Anderson, and I will on Saturday the 28th day of September, 1858, within the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the Court House of the town of Terre-Haute, Indiana, offer the rents and profits of the above described premises, together with the appurtenances thereto belonging for a term of seven years, and should the same fail to sell for a sufficient sum to satisfy said execution and costs, I will then and there offer the fee simple to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution and costs.

W. H. STEWART, Sheriff.

Sept. 2, 1858. [pr's fee \$4.00]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of one

Execution issued from the Vigo Court of Common Pleas, I will on the 7th day of October, 1858, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the premises of Joshua Anderson, Fayette Township, I, said county, offer at public auction the following described real estate, to wit: The south east quarter (4/4) of the section No. 3, townships No. (5) and No. (6), in the county of Vigo, Indiana, containing forty (40) acres, as the property of the said Joshua Anderson, and I will on Saturday the 28th day of September, 1858, within the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the Court House of the town of Terre-Haute, Indiana, offer the rents and profits of the above described premises, together with the appurtenances thereto belonging for a term of seven years, and should the same fail to sell for a sufficient sum to satisfy said execution and costs, I will then and there offer the fee simple to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution and costs.

W. H. STEWART, Sheriff.

Sept. 2, 1858. [pr's fee \$4.00]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of one

Execution issued from the Vigo Court of Common Pleas, I will on the 7th day of October, 1858, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the premises of Joshua Anderson, Fayette Township, I, said county, offer at public auction the following described real estate, to wit: The south east quarter (4/4) of the section No. 3, townships No. (5) and No. (6), in the county of Vigo, Indiana, containing forty (40) acres, as the property of the said Joshua Anderson, and I will on Saturday the 28th day of September, 1858, within the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the Court House of the town of Terre-Haute, Indiana, offer the rents and profits of the above described premises, together with the appurtenances thereto belonging for a term of seven years, and should the same fail to sell for a sufficient sum to satisfy said execution and costs, I will then and there offer the fee simple to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution and costs.

W. H. STEWART, Sheriff.

Sept. 2, 1858. [pr's fee \$4.00]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of one

Execution issued from the Vigo Court of Common Pleas, I will on the 7th day of October, 1858, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the premises of Joshua Anderson, Fayette Township, I, said county, offer at public auction the following described real estate, to wit: The south east quarter (4/4) of the section No. 3, townships No. (5) and No. (6), in the county of Vigo, Indiana, containing forty (40) acres, as the property of the said Joshua Anderson, and I will on Saturday the 28th day of September, 1858, within the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the Court House of the town of Terre-Haute, Indiana, offer the rents and profits of the above described premises, together with the appurtenances thereto belonging for a term of seven years, and should the same fail to sell for a sufficient sum to satisfy said execution and costs, I will then and there offer the fee simple to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution and costs.

W. H. STEWART, Sheriff.

Sept. 2, 1858. [pr's fee \$4.00]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of one

Execution issued from the Vigo Court of Common Pleas, I will on the 7th day of October, 1858, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M., at the premises of Joshua Anderson, Fayette Township, I, said county, offer at public auction the following described real estate, to wit: The south east quarter (4/4) of the section No. 3, townships No. (5) and No. (6), in the county of Vigo, Indiana, containing forty (40