

The Daily Union.

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

TERRE-HAUTE.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 7, 1856.

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

Davis and Secrest.

The speaking on Saturday last, at the Court House, between the above two gentlemen, was largely attended by all classes of politicians, and as yet, we have heard but one expression of opinion, and that was—Davis got the best of it, all the way through!

The first hour consumed by Mr. Davis was devoted to a plain and fair explanation of his course in the last Congress—giving his reasons for differing with the administration, showing plainly that he stood upon principle and upon justice, and that no power or influence of the administration could cause him to swerve from his known duty to his constituents. His remarks upon the Kansas matters were plain and forcibly illustrated, showing that he stood with Crittenden, with Montgomery, with the Americans and Republicans of the North, and with the conservative element of the South. What more can the voters of this Congressional District ask, than the pledge Mr. Davis gave them on Saturday, that he would stand by those principles sink or swim—he would rather fall fighting for them, than to be returned to Congress for thirty years by those who opposed them.

Mr. Davis acquitted himself with honor, and made a good impression, which will tell in the right way, at the ballot box.

We must acknowledge that we were somewhat deceived in Secrest's abilities as a debator, although we have been slightly acquainted with him, more by reputation than otherwise, for twenty odd years. We are not in the habit of misrepresenting any one—we never had any inclination to do so—and when we apply the term *humbug* to Secrest's speech on Saturday, we can't see that we give him any more credit than he deserves, for our candid opinion is that the general tenor of his remarks was woven together for the express purpose of *humbugging* those who were present. It is true he denied being a Lecompton Democrat, and produced Republican evidence to prove that he was not, but still this evidence does not satisfy us where he stands now—we will admit, for argument sake, that he was originally, anti-Lecompton, but what evidence have we that he still stands upon that ground now, and that he will stand there during the sitting of the next Congress. His position reminds us of poor tray, who was judged by the company he kept, and suffered accordingly. If we have an administration party in this district, Mr. Secrest is doing the dirty work of that party. He was nominated by it—he is supported by it, and according to his own word he is "working within the pale of Democracy, while Mr. Davis is outside of it." Is not this a plain admission that he will be Lecompton when the time comes, or when old Buck blows his horn? If we could even look for a different course when the tug of war comes, we might be more easily reconciled, but we cannot, and consequently we must set him down as favoring the policies of the present administration by working for them, and being legitimately the candidate of that party, whatever he may say to the contrary notwithstanding. Suppose a man was sitting on a black horse and would say that he was on a white one, would that be any evidence that the horse was white? So it is with Secrest, he is on a Lecompton Mule—neither horse, jack, jenny, or gelding—but simply a Lecompton Mule, and all the protestations he can urge between this and the day of election, can't make us believe otherwise, and if he don't want people to see the kind of animal he is riding, let him get off and hide the long-eared, good-for-nothing, braying blather-skite in the bushes, where it may only be seen by an occasional hawker! Hide that mule and come outside "the pale of Democracy," if you do not want to be buried there!

Mr. S., after saying that he was anti-Lecompton and that he favored the Dred Scott decision, which we have no objection to, he branched out on the origin of Republics, telling the people what Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Clay, Webster and others, agreed upon, and actually consumed his first hour in this channel, when he knew that there was not a single man in the whole community that would take issue with him on any

point; he touched upon in their history—Many thought this part of his speech good, and in this way he deceives hundreds of the unsuspecting. In this then, we base our assertion, that his speech was a *humbug*, and we think all who are not led astray by prejudice will agree with us. Any school-boy, of intelligence, could have covered pretty near the same ground. More, when we have time.

A New Principle in Mechanics.

During our late visit to Indianapolis, we had an invitation to visit the residence of Mr. D. M. Boyd, No. 37 South Meridian street, to witness the working of a new machine, or, rather, a new principle in mechanics, which Mr. Boyd has lately patented. The sample machine to which this new power is applied, is for cutting shingles. The entire machinery consists of three *oblong cog wheels*, which are so constructed as to give a reciprocating motion even in this little sample machine of more than two-horse power. A boy ten years old may run this machine for hours with as much ease as he can turn a grind stone, and give as much power as a two-horse engine, cutting at the rate of 50,000 shingles per day.

Mr. Boyd claims a triumph in mechanics heretofore entirely overlooked, and which sets aside one or two old established principles which he will be prepared to explain during the State Fair exhibition at Indianapolis, where one of his machines will be seen in operation. The power obtained by these three wheels is rather difficult to estimate, and seems to baffle the best of mathematicians, it being so immense, and apparently upon, as we may say, a new rule or principle of the lever.

Mr. Boyd claims that this power may be applied to all machinery where a reciprocating motion is required, and that it will dispense with more than one-half of the present machinery required to get that motion. It may even be applied to an engine, giving more power with less steam and less machinery. If these principal features of this invention prove to be practicable, then Mr. Boyd has certainly made a step which will work a greater revolution in mechanics than any invention of the age. We hope Mr. Boyd will succeed to the fullest of his anticipations.

For twelve years Rothschild, the distinguished and opulent Israelite has been seeking admission into the English Parliament, holding in his hand the certificate of a regular popular election. And for twelve years has he consistently refused to take the usual oath prescribed for the Christian members of the body to which he was duly elected a member. There can be no doubt that Mr. Rothschild was right, and acted from sincere and honorable motives. Indeed his oath in the prescribed form would have carried with it no moral obligation, as he did not believe its declarations, and did not assent to the doctrine upon which it is founded. It is remarkable that the British Parliament should have held out so long against the claim of Mr. R., sustained as it was by reason and common sense.

The ceremonies of his admission were interesting. On presenting his credentials the oath of office was read to him in the usual form. He replied that his conscience would not permit him to take it in that form. Lord John Russell then presented a resolution authorizing the new member to omit from the form the words "on the faith of a Christian." The opponents of the measure, notwithstanding their long and finally defeated contest, again entered their protest against the proceeding, but the resolution was adopted. Mr. Rothschild then demanded that the usual Parliamentary Bible be replaced by a volume of the Old Testament, and he pronounced the oath, omitting the objectionable words. This, of course, establishes the precedent for all future occasions of the kind, and the Jews may be regarded as fairly admitted to the duties and privileges of Parliament on the ground of their own ancient and peculiar faith. The question should have been thus determined long ago.—N. A. Trub.

We heard one man say that he had decided which way he should vote. Why said we, have you heard Davis and Secrest. Yes, but that did not do the work. Just as soon as I saw Secrest fully in the face, I decided to vote for Davis! We leave our readers to make out of this just what they please. The man we refer to is a good judge of human nature, and that confidence was enough for him!

Yellow Fever.

NEW ORLEANS, Sat., Sept. 4.

The deaths yesterday from yellow fever were seventy-seven.

"Apropos to the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, we publish the following:

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil.

O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright.

The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;

While the Tritons of the deep

With their conchs the kindred league shall pro-

Then let the world combine—

[claim.

O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine

Bright in fame!

Though ages long have pass'd

Since our fathers left their home,

Their pilot in the blast,

O'er untrav'd seas to roam—

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!

And shall we not proclaim

That blood of honest fame,

Which no tyrant can tame

By its chains?

Where the language free and bold,

Which the bard of Avon sung,

In which our Milton told

How the vault of heaven rung,

When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;

Whil'st, with reverence meet,

Ten thousand echoes greet,

From rock to rock repeat

Round our coast!

While the manners, while the arts,

That moulds a nation's soul,

Still cling around our hearts,

Between let ocean roll,

Our joint communion breaking with the sun:

Yet, still, from either beach,

The voice of blood shall reach,

More audible than speech,

"We are one!"

—This poem was first published in Coleridge's "Sylvine Leaves," in 1810.

—A pop is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

PEACHES! PEACHES!!

PERSONS WISHING FINE PEACHES,

may be accommodated by having orders at

Ridge & Donisthorpe's and C. H. Bailey's stores.

Sept. 7, d31 HENRY JAMISON.

ONE FULL GRAND PIANO,

ONE PARLOR GRAND PIANO,

TWO LOUIS XIV CARVED PIANOS,

TEN 7 OCTO CARVED AND PLAIN,

Together with complete assortment of other sizes and styles at

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NEW MUSIC.

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PALMER HOUSE.

Corner of Washington and Ohio Streets

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JESSE D. CARMICHAEL, Prop'r.

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AMERICAN HOUSE,

OPPOSITE UNION DEPOT.

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HOLLOWAY & MORROW, Proprietors.

"Good warm Meals always on hand on the

order of Trains, and plenty of time to eat them.

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WRIGHT HOUSE.

East Washington Street, South Side,

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LOU. EPPINGER, Prop'r.

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Guests carried to and from the house, free of charge.

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OCULIST, AURIST

AND

GENERAL SURGEON.

39 East Washington St., over McGinnis' Clothing

Store, Indianapolis.

PROF. UPDEGRAD, M.

Formerly resident Physician at Will's Hospi-

tal, Philadelphia, and for many years Principal of

the Davi's Eye and Ear Infirmary, Professor of

Anatomy, and Lecturer upon Physiology, has

an office in this place; and will operate on

all forms of disease, and begs leave to inform

the public, that all diseases of the Eye and Ear, (with

the exception of the last named,) are curable,

and that the superior advantages he has had in

Europe, in perfecting himself in all that is

new and valuable in Surgery, warrants him in say-

ing, that everything within the bounds of the pre-

sent knowledge may be expected of him.

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Sept. 6, d31

OFFICE, 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

H. R.

Sept. 6, d31

Office, 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

July 30 '56.

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Horse Power for Belt or Tumbler shaft Machine.

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