The Examiner

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN] This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES. [EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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MOON'S PHASES.—JUNE, 1856.

New Moon 2d day, 7h. 0m. evening. W.
First Quarter 10th day, 9h. 11m. morning. N. E.
Full Moon 18th day, 7h. 13m. morning. W.
Last Quarter 25th day, 5h. 38m. morning. S.

Poetry.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's a name by mothers spoken
In the lonely hour of prayer;
There's a name—in accents broken
Utter'd—and by lips of care:
Sisters in their tears have breathed it,
Hearts have sobbed that spoke the word;
Soldiers, as in pride they've wreathed it,
Praised the hour that name was heard.
While the wintry midnight falleth,
And the western star grows pale,
England on that one name calleth—
Nightingale! dear Nightingale!

From the couch where wealth reclineth,
To the camp where anguish lies,
Where the bleeding warrior pineth,
Where the brave heart sinks and dies—
Seeking, tending the neglected,
Pouring comfort o'er the heart—
Onward moves the God-directed,
God-assisted for her part!
As the wintry midnight falleth,
And the western star grows pale,
Britain on that one name calleth—
Nightingale! dear Nightingale!

Other names shall Fame be pealing,
Other names may upward start—
Not like thine, to last while feeling
Throbs within a human heart;
Not like thine—whate'er the station;
Nothing can that name efface;
If forgotten by the nation,
What could hide its deep disgrace?
While the sand of centuries falleth,
While the stars of years grow pale,
Time shall hear a lip that calleth
God to bless thee—Nightingale!

THE WINTERS.

We did not fear them once—the dull gray mornings
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid;
The long night watches did not bring us warnings
That we were tenants of a house decayed.
The early snow like dreams to us descended;
The frost did fairy-work on pane and bough;
Beauty, and power, and wonder, have not ended—
How is it that we fear the Winters now?

Their house fires fall as bright on hearth and chamber;
Their northern starlight shines as coldly clear;
The woods still keep their holly for December;
The world has welcome yet for the new year.
And far away in old remembered places
The snow-drop rises and the robin sings;
The sun and moon look out with loving faces—
Why have our days forgot such goodly things.

Is it that now the north wind finds us shaken
By tempest fiercer than its bitter blast?
And fair beliefs and friendships have forsaken,
Like Summer's beauty, as that tempest passed?
And life grows leafless in its pleasant valleys,
The light of promise waning from its day,
Till mists meet even in its inward palace—
Not like the outer mists, to melt away?

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the Winters of our youth,
Before its hopes had fallen in fortune's quarrels,
Or Time had bowed them with his heavy truth—
Ere yet the twilight found us strange and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only—
The past that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the Winter is within us;—
Hard is the ice that gathers round the heart,
If petty cares and vain regrets can win us
From Life's true heritage and better part.
Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship rather;—
But nations toil and tremble even as we;
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
And dreading Winters they may never see.

Gleanings from late Papers.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—Florence will, hereafter, be a favorite name for girls. Thousands of mothers are naming their daughters after the noble and self-sacrificing woman who went to the Crimea to soothe the sufferings and bind up the wounds of those who had no other friends than the hospital nurses. They bestow the name on their children in the hope that they may, in some degree, resemble her. In a clever speech of Lord Ellesmere, lately made in the House of Lords, he refers to Florence Nightingale in these words:

"The vegetation of two successive springs has obscured the vestiges of Balaklava and Inkermann. Strong voices now answer to the roll-call, and sturdy forms now cluster round the colors. The ranks are full, the hospitals are empty. The angel of mercy still lingers to the last on the scene of her labors (hear hear); but her mission is all but accomplished. Those long arcades of Scutari, in which dying men sat up to catch the sounds of her footsteps or the flutter of her dress, and fell back on the pillow content to have seen her shadow as it passed, are now comparatively deserted. She may probably be thinking how to escape, as best she may, on her return, the demonstrations of a nation's appreciation of the deeds and motives of Florence Nightingale."

Of course this allusion was hailed with repeated cheers.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK—FIFTY LIVES LOST.—Late advices from Australia furnish, we regret to say, sad intelligence concerning the British ship Varoon, Capt. Robertson, bound to Sydney, from Dundee, which it appears was totally lost prior to the 20th of last February, about 20 miles northwest of Cape Northumberland, and lamentable to deplore, every soul belonging to her met with a watery grave. The number who were on board is but imperfectly known; they were reported to be upwards of fifty, which included the passengers.

SNOW-DRIFTS IN MAY.—A Correspondent of the "Rural New-Yorker" says he saw a snow drift in Farmington, Ontario County, N. Y., since May day, four feet deep, without any prospect of an immediate dissolution.

A PERIL OF THE SEAS.—Sailors are oftentimes exposed to fearful dangers, while they believe themselves in perfect security. The illustration may be found in the following account from a Sydney (Australia) paper, of an accident which happened to the Kit Carson, of Dennis, in the Bay of San Francisco, and the discovery made on her arrival at Australia:

"The American ship Kit Carson on Friday last was received in the Waterview Dry Dock for examination and repairs. It appears on leaving San Francisco for Sydney heavily laden with flour, the night being exceedingly dark, and a thick black fog adding to the pilot's difficulty in getting the ship away from the land, he mistook his course and a sudden but slight concussion with a rock, which did not however, for a moment, impede the progress of the vessel, warned him that he was nearly on the shore. So trifling had been the shock, that Captain Crowell had no idea that any more serious injury than a graze of the sheating had been sustained, and the Kit Carson pursued her voyage in safety. On examining her bottom, however, on Friday last, at Waterview, it was found that a solid piece of stone, about eighteen inches in diameter, had been forced by the concussion into the bilge at the port side, where it providentially remained firmly wedged. Had it by any means been worked out, we need scarcely observe that the ship must have foundered immediately. The damage otherwise done will require the substitution of seventy-two feet of false keel and a new forefoot, in addition to three streaks, each sixty feet long, on the port side where the ship struck the rock."

A WHALING INCIDENT.—A Rio Janeiro correspondent of the New York *Times*, under date of Dec. 31, 1855, relates the following:—

During the present month an incident occurred on this coast which illustrates the peril and uncertainty of life and success among whalemen. The bark *R. L. Brastow*, of Mattapoisett, Mass., a whaler, was cruising off the coast of Brazil, and on the 14th inst. a school of whales was fallen in with. At 12 o'clock, the mate, David Dexter, and five others, manned a boat, and soon struck a large sperm whale. Dexter was inclined to wait for the other boats to come up, but not so with the whale, he making the strongest demonstrations against the proposed annexation, performing in a violent and most rapid manner evolutions that are nowhere written down in the books on tactics. They gave him all the line, and he took it and more too, for he ran away with the boat and crew, and when the excitement of the chase was somewhat over, the bark was not in sight. It was now about 5 o'clock, and the mate, hauling in what line he could, cut it, and commenced searching for the ship. He continued the search that night and the next day, but seeing nothing of her, and having only a little bread to eat, he shaped his course for the coast of Brazil, which he reached on the morning of the 23d instant. Mr. Dexter came into the harbor and found shelter on board the United States frigate Savannah.

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF THE LIFE OF A SOMNAMBULIST.—Miss Ann G. Kilgon, a young lady from Mercer, Maine, who is at Medfield, Mass, on a visit, last night about 12 o'clock left the house of her friends in a state of somnambulism, and walked off a high embankment into a pond near by. Her shrieks brought to her assistance a young man by the name of Daniel D. Curtis, who chanced to be passing, and plunging into the water rescued her from drowning, and took her immediately to her friends. Dr. Gallop was called and succeeded in resuscitating her, and she is now doing well. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Curtis for risking his own life to save Miss Kilgon.

The *Quebec Gazette* tells a singular story of one *Benjamin Gros* who, a short time ago, obtained admission into the Hotel Dieu, and, after a few days, died there. After death, it was ascertained that Benjamin was a woman whose real name was Crock, although she had worn male attire and the name of Gros ever since she was 8 years old; she is said to have been a native of Nova Scotia. She died aged 64. The drollest part of the story is that Gros was twice married, and leaves a widow behind him, or her.

A LAND OF LIBERTY!

[The following graphic account of recent outrages at Washington is from the pen of General Webb, editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. As an American writer, we have no reason to discredit the testimony which he bears to the existence of a state of things in the very Capital of the "free and enlightened Republic," which must render the vaunted superiority of that country a bye-word and a jest. The editor of the *Islander* is a great admirer of American "institutions," and frequently says (what nobody heeds) that the Colonists must ultimately adopt them. Heaven forbid that *we* should ever copy the example, in any respect, of a country wherein the expression of free thought, according to the testimony of one of its own citizens, "is at the peril of limb, if not at the hazard of life."—EDITOR EXAMINER.]

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1856.

More than forty eight hours have elapsed since a member of the House of Representatives committed an assault upon a member of the Senate of the United States, when in his seat in the Senate Chamber and in the discharge of his duties legitimately appertaining to his official position, which has no parallel in the history of our country. I would not permit myself to write on this subject, while participating in the excitement which it was so well calculated to produce, even here, where freedom of speech both in and out of the Capital, is only indulged in by the few; even by them, under the full conviction that such indulgence is at the peril of limb, if not at the hazard of life. But the lapse of two days, and a careful consideration of the causes which have led to the existing state of affairs, have given me all of coolness, deliberation and discretion, which I shall ever exercise when discussing this subject; and I shall therefore proceed to discharge what I consider a duty, the neglect of which would be a crime so long as I retain my connexion with the Press of the United States, of which I have become, with some half dozen exceptions, the senior member.

First then, let me repeat Mr. Sumner's version of this assault, as given to me by himself very shortly after his head had been partially shaved, and two wounds respectively three or four inches long, and literally tearing the scalp from the bone, had been sewed up. He says—"At the moment of adjournment I was busily occupied in franking documents for my constituents preparatory to the closing of the mail; and to several gentlemen who approached with a view to conversation, I pleaded the necessity of my accomplishing a large amount of work in the next half hour, as my apology for continuing my labors. Having got rid of nearly a dozen persons by pleading this excuse, about twenty minutes after the adjournment, Mr. Brooks, of the House of Representatives, presented himself directly in front of my desk, and attracted my attention to the remark—'Mr. Sumner, I have read your speech.' I looked up and became conscious it was Mr. Brooks, whom I knew by sight, and exclaimed, 'Ah!' when he added—'yes, I have read it twice carefully; and a more infamous libel never ——' At this moment his blow descended upon my head, and I have no knowledge of anything that took place, until I found myself on the floor of the Senate Chamber, near the Clerk's table, supported by some friends."

Those who witnessed the assault, say that in receiving the blows given in quick succession and with terrible force, Mr. Sumner attempted to rise from his seat, to which he was in a measure pinioned by his legs being under the desk,—the legs of which, like all the desks of the Senate Chamber, have plates of iron fastened to them; and these plates are firmly secured to the floor. His first attempt to rise was a failure, and he fell back into his chair, and the blows of his assailant continued to fall mercilessly upon his uncovered head. His second attempt ripped up the iron fastenings of his desk, and he precipitated himself forward; but being blinded and stunned, he fell wide of the direction in which Mr. Brooks stood. Prostrated on the floor, and covered with blood as I never saw man covered before, the assault continued, until Mr. Murray and Mr. Morgan, both members of the House of Representatives from New York, had time to come from the extreme south-east angle of the Senate Chamber; and who, forcing their way through the crowd of Senators! and others, in the midst of whom Mr. Sumner was lying senseless and being beaten, they seized the assailant and rescued the body of Sumner. Of course, I do not speak from personal knowledge, but Mr. Murray informs me, that not only did the blows continue until he had reached the scene of action and forced his way through the crowd; but when he first threw his arms around Mr. Brooks he failed to secure his right arm, and at least one blow was inflicted upon the prostrate form of the insensible Senator, after he, Mr. Murray, had laid hands upon his assailant.

These are the simple facts of the case as they will undoubtedly be sworn to by both Mr. Sumner and Messrs. Murray and Morgan; and I give them precisely as they were related to me by those gentlemen, and without the slightest desire to aggravate what I consider the most inexcusable outrage upon the institutions of the country of which I have ever become cognizant.

In looking at this grave attack upon the constitutional rights of a Senator, this violation of the privileges of the Senate, and this most unpardonable outrage upon the sanctity of the Senate Chamber, both Mr. Sumner and Mr. Brooks, as far as they are individually concerned, sink into absolute insignificance. Had they met and fought, and both been killed on Pennsylvania Avenue, together with a dozen friends of each, it would have been a melancholy event; but in my estimation, based upon cool and deliberate reflection, such an event, sad as it would have been to record it, would not, and should not have caused a tythe of the feeling of indignation and horror, which will be felt by every right-minded man in the nation, when he hears of this terrible outrage upon our institutions and the freedom of debate and liberty of speech, and gross violation of the sanctity of the Senate Chamber; and learns, that it was calmly witnessed and approved of by certain Democratic Senators, and indirectly sustained, approved and justified by every friend of the present Administration in the House of Representatives, and with two honorable exceptions, by every member of that body from the slave-holding States—one and all of whom voted to secure their colleague from the punishment justly due to his conduct:—a vote worthy of men who deliberately violated their solemnly plighted faith by the repeal of the Compromise of 1820, and whose only idea of constitutional rights, constitutional obligations and constitutional requirements, appears to be regulated by the one only consideration, of what is required by the Slave power to insure its extension over free territory, in order thereby to perpetuate forever the government of the United States in the hands of the Slave-ocracy which now controls and directs it.

It is not the assault upon Mr. Sumner, *per se*, which I feel called upon to deplore and to hold up to the calm and indignant condemnation of the people of the United States; but because by this assault upon a Senator of the United States, in his seat in the Senate Chamber, and when in the discharge of his legitimate duties, the Constitution has been trampled under foot, the sanctity of the Senate has been violated, freedom of debate has been attempted to be suppressed by brute force, and Liberty itself—Constitutional liberty and freedom of thought and action—has been ruthlessly assailed, and the assault been justified and applauded by grave Senators and every Representative of the People, save two, Humphrey Marshall of Ky., and Henry W. Hoffman of Md., living in the slave States, and by every Representative of the People who speaks the sentiments or sustains the measures of the existing Administration of the county.

After nearly thirty years of editorial labor, always speaking my sentiments frankly and fully, it is unnecessary to remind the daily readers of the *Courier and Enquirer*, that no man in the United States has been willing to go farther in sustaining the Constitutional rights of the South in regard to the peculiar local institution, than I have. I have repeatedly published and proclaimed, that I do not look upon slavery as a curse to the slave; but on the contrary, in the aggregate, a great blessing, and so I think, designed to be by God; but I have ever held and published, and every day of my life I am more confirmed in the conviction, that slavery is a curse to the country where it exists, and utterly demoralizing to the people who tolerate it. It is, however, a purely local institution, with nothing national in its character; and the reckless Slaveholder who seeks to extend this curse through the legislation of the General Government, and the equally reckless Abolitionist who would have the General Government directly or indirectly, interfere with this purely local Institution, whose blighting influence we deprecate, are alike disturbers of the public peace and enemies to the Constitution of our country.

That Slavery is a curse to the country in which it is permitted to have a foothold, except in those Southern regions where white labor is impossible, is sufficiently demonstrated by the present condition and future prospects of the more Northern Slaveholding States; that it is demoralizing in its influence upon the people among whom it exists, is rendered equally apparent by the habits, and customs, the violence, and habitual disregard of life, and the whole tone of thought and action among the people who are born and educated amidst its influences. That it is an Aristocratic and Anti-Republican Institution, is proclaimed by the very terms of "Master" and "Slave," by which alone it can be described; and like all other aristocratic institutions, it produces specimens of the highest refinement, the gentlest habits, and the greatest culture, only to render more conspicuous the general brutality and debasing recklessness which it imposes upon the great mass of the people. The Southern Gentleman and the Southern Lady are, therefore, noble specimens of humanity, and well calculated to grace and adorn every society in which they may be cast; and nobody estimates more highly and appreciates more thoroughly, this small class than I do. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that the superiority of the few to whom I allude, is purchased at the expense of the many; and the truth of this observation will be conceded by every candid person who will ask himself the question, where—in what section of our country,—whether in the slave or free States—occur the most street fights, homicides, brawls, and acts of violence? I am safe in saying that during the past five years the deaths or injuries in the slave States from these causes would average at least two a week; while in the free States during the same period, they would not average two per annum; and even in those cases the probability is, that the actors in them would prove to be the inhabitants of the Slave States.

I make this remark more in sorrow than in any spirit of boasting, for the double purpose of proving to my countrymen the true cause of the demoralization which exists in this, the capital of the Nation, and to rouse them to a sense of their duty to themselves, and their posterity, in resisting, as one man, the extension of this blighting curse into the now free territory, and over the virgin soil of Kansas. And if any other illustration of the truth of my position be required than that to which I have referred, let me instance the occurrences of the kind alluded to, within the last five months, which have happened here in the capital of the Nation, and in which members of the House of Representatives have been the principal actors. I confine the record to them alone:

First, then, William Smith, an ex-Governor of the State of Virginia, and a member of the House of Representatives, assailed and beat the Editor of the *Evening Star*, in December last, in the lobby of the House.

Second, Albert Rusk, a member of the House of Representatives, from Arkansas, assailed and beat the Editor of the New York *Tribune* in the grounds of the Capital, immediately after leaving the House of Representatives.

Third, Philip T. Herbert, of Alabama, a member of Congress from California, shot down and killed an Irish waiter at Willard's, and is now under bonds to appear before the Grand Jury and await his trial, for such crime as they may adjudge him to have committed.

Fourth, Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House of Representatives, from South Carolina, assails and beats unmercifully a Senator from Massachusetts, when occupying his seat in the Senate of the United States, and engaged in the transaction of business legitimately appertaining to his station.

Here, then, you have, in five months *four* flagrant breaches of the peace, on the part of members of Congress who were born and bred in Slave States, and who are necessarily demoralized by that institution, while, during the same period, not a solitary instance has occurred of members from the Free States forgetting what is due by public Legislators, to law and order—to civilization, and to the decencies and courtesies of the society in which they live.

You must next look to the manner in which these flagrant breaches of the peace by those whose duty it was, above all others, to respect the laws, have been treated by the House of which the offenders are members. The first and second outrages—whipping editors who failed to protect their persons from pollution, by promptly resisting force by greater and more decisive force—were considered such trivial offences, that the subject was not even referred to in the House which was outraged by such conduct on the part of one of its members. The third offence—the shooting down and killing an Irish waiter at Willard's Hotel—was gravely considered by the House of Representatives and voted to be an occurrence not meriting investigation even; and every Representative from a Slave State, and every supporter of this Administration, save one, united in suppressing inquiry; and the offender daily takes his seat in Congress and legislates and aids in the passage of laws for the government of the country, while he himself is about to be tried for the gravest crime which man can perpetrate against his fellow man.

The last offender, Mr. Brooks of South Carolina, will, at least, have his conduct inquired into; but it must not be lost sight of, that such inquiry by the House of which he is a member was strenuously resisted by every member of that body save two, who represent the slave States, and by all who sustain the present pro-Slavery Administration. Nobody who knows the parties, and has a proper respect for what he writes, would be willing to charge that the Southern members of Congress voted corruptly in thus striving to prevent an investigation into the aggravated assault upon a Senator of the United States by one of their own body, and that, too, when the Senator assaulted was in his seat in the Senate Chamber, and as much under the protection of the Senate as he would have been if that body had been in session. I say that no considerate person would presume to call this deliberate corruption on the part of the members of Congress from the Slave States. What then was it?

How is this extraordinary vote to be accounted for or explained? I answer, by the demoralizing tendencies of the Institution of Slavery, which not only compels its representatives to vote as its instincts demand, regardless of the Constitution and the Laws, but which equally requires of the members from the free States, who have loaned themselves to this administration in doing the behest of Slave power, to disgrace and stultify themselves in the eyes of the whole American people. If there be on God's footstool one human being more entitled than all others to the contempt of honest men, it is the Member of Congress from a free State, who entertaining the sentiments which all our Northern members do, and without a solitary one of the excuses for this vote which naturally cluster around those who are born and educated amid the influences and tendencies of the peculiar institution, yet, in miserable subserviency to this Administration and the pro-slavery doctrines to which it is committed, dares not vindicate the constitution of the country by punishing one who puts at defiance its provisions most dear to freemen and most essential for the preservation of our liberties.

I may mourn over the demoralization of Slavery, and the overbearing violence and disregard of law and civilization which it engenders in the masses, while it exalts and refines the favored few; but it rarely calls forth a feeling of contempt. Even its vices and its crimes are, in the main, manly ones; and whatever if contempt the late votes in the House of Representatives may have engendered, it belongs solely to the unscrupulous members from the free States, who consented to do this dirty work of party, and who have been so aptly denominated "Dough faces" by the very men, who, having benefited by the treason, turned from the traitors with loathing and disgust.

To attempt to describe the actual state of affairs here in the capital of the nation, would be a hopeless task. It would not be believed were one from heaven to proclaim it trumpet-tongued through the land; and yet no one can live here, as I have for the last six months, without feeling his blood boil at witnessing the fears and apprehensions of fatal consequences on the part of our Northern men, if any one ventures openly and manfully to speak the truth in the bar rooms, at the corners of the streets, and on the floor of Congress. And there is reason for these fears. This is a city in a slave district; its tone is the tone and sentiment of slavery; its visitors are mostly from the slave States, and a large majority of them (not the better portion of them) carry pistols and bowie-knives; and what is more, they have, both here and elsewhere, proved that they will not hesitate, on occasion, freely to use them. They are overbearing, threatening and defiant in their manner, and our people have been overawed and cowed. Sumner, a man of peace, ventured to beard them, and we perceive his fate. Wilson put them at defiance; but at the same time he put *pistols* in his pocket, and publicly declared that he held his person sacred from assault! Greeley carried a revolver during the latter part of his sojourn here, and then, and then only, even he was no longer molested; and since the brutal assault on Mr. Sumner, two-thirds of the anti-Nebraska members of Congress, and all who claim and exercise the right of free speech, as distinct from abusive language or a bullying, threatening manner, have arrived at the conclusion that the time has come when it is a duty they owe alike to themselves and to the country, to assert, and if necessary to vindicate this great constitutional privilege, and to be in a situation at all times effectually to protect themselves from the bully and assassin.

This is not a flattering picture to go abroad, but it is true, and recent events prove it. No reasonable man should doubt that the Slave power have unalterably determined to extend the area of their now merely *local* institution; and if possible render it National. The bowie-knife, the pistol and the bludgeon, are all elements to be used in effecting this result, the latter practically and on the most trivial occasion—the two former only theoretically and except under extraordinary circumstances. They are designed to operate upon the *fears* of the Free State; and our people may as well be told at once, that when they visit this city they should come determined, at all proper times and in all proper places, openly and manfully, but quietly and in gentlemanly and courageous language, to speak their honest convictions of the heinous crime perpetrated by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; of the inquitous