

BLOOMINGTON PROGRESS.

WILLIAM A. GAGE, *Editor and Proprietor.*

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1869.

Correspondence of the Progress.
A Trip to the Seashore.

LETTER NO. 1.

Leaving Old Monroe on the 21st, I arrived at Louisville on the same evening, went around next morning and visited the gallery in which Mr. Beard's fine picture is on exhibition. The painting represents the celebrated Horses, Cattle, and Sheep, belonging to Mr. Alexander, of Ky. The picture is the most life-like representation of animals I have ever seen, the price of it is \$3,000; it occupies the whole of one end of the gallery. Finding a boat (the St. Charles) ready to start for Cincinnati, I got aboard at 10 A. M., and we were soon steaming up the river. The scenery along the river is beautiful in places, especially near Madison. Hanover College is situated on an eminence, and in beautiful situations are any benefit to Institutions, this one should certainly be successful. At Madison, the Captain of our boat took aboard a drove of hogs, and 400 bushels of blackberries, the owner of the blackberries told me he would average 400 bushel per day, in his shipments to Cincinnati, for 30 days. Our boat being caught in a fog, Captin Hildreth thought it best to run very slow, as at times you could scarcely see one hundred yards ahead. We did not arrive in time for the morning train, so I had time to see the city. The bridge across the Ohio river here, is a splendid work of art. Taking the fast line, through train, for Philadelphia, at 4 P. M., we were soon dashing away on the celebrated Pan Handle route. The country through Ohio, along the road, is fine farming land, and much grain was still unstacked, fine crops of hay and oats still out. Night coming on, I put myself to bed in an upper chamber of a sleeping Palace, but slept about as much as Napoleon did the night before the battle of Waterloo. If I could have persuaded the Conductor to stop his train and wait until morning, it would have been fine, but he persisted in going ahead, at the rate of 30 miles an hour, the old iron horse snorting every mile or two as though he was seated at his own speed. Rolling out of bed, or climbing down rather, I came out on the platform about it, in time to see the cars cross the fine bridge that spans the Monongahela river, at Pittsburgh. A long row of furnaces and foundries were in full blast, and from the light and smoke they kept up, one would think he might be in the neighborhood of the infernal Regions.

The country, after leaving Pittsburgh, is very rough, and scarcely a good farm is visible between there and Harrisburg, but Oh! what lovely scenery meets the eye at almost every turn, as the ears wind through the narrow passes, or along the banks of the blue Junieta. In crossing the Allegheny Mountains, there is one place called "horse shoe bend," which is one of the most romantic and picturesque place I ever saw. The cars run around a deep ravine in a semi-circle, the track being cut out of the sides of the mountains, which are covered with trees away and away above you, and down, down to the bottom of the deep ravine, truly, if ever one felt like looking from "Nature up to Nature's God," it would be at this point. Going through the long tunnel, a mile and a quarter in length, is equal to being plunged into Egyptian darkness without any warning, for it ever there is darkness that may be felt it is in there; it could not be greater were the sun blotted out of existence. As we leave the mountainous region, and reaching Harrisburg, the country is better, and the lands are more and more improved until you reach the vicinity of Philadelphia, where land is worth five hundred dollars per acre. There you see costly country residences, the barns and out buildings being as good as any of our dwelling houses. The houses out here are a long way ahead of ours, being large and well proportioned. The sight of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, with five noble looking fellows, drawing two carts of manure out on his wheat ground, would meet the eye at many a turn.

The Chester White hogs were easily detected "going for" the clover; but there is one thing that even old unpretending Monroe can beat Pennsylvania in, and that is cattle; without yarning, I have not seen a smooth, well turned short horn in the whole State. I saw hundreds along the road, but all were rough, long horned, scrubby looking; the cows may be good milkers, but I doubt it. In my next letter I will say something of Philadelphia, where we are now stopping, at a first-class hotel, but expect to start for Atlantic City at 2 P. M. to-morrow, when I will be able to give your readers some account of the bathing place at

Brigantine Beach, on the New Jersey coast. More anon.

Yours,
ALFRED H. PERINO.

That Temperance Article.
Our contemporary, in his issue of last Saturday, says:

"The editor of the *Progress* is still laboring to place the *Democrat* in a false position before his readers." He should have had manliness enough to have produced the entire communication, that his readers may judge impartially."

We suppressed a portion of the temperance article that we thought had but little bearing on the subject. However, the *Democrat* shall have all the credit that belongs to its pet production, as we publish it this week entire. The portion omitted last week, is set up in large type, and our readers may judge whether its suppression did place the *Democrat* in a "false position" or not.

THE TEMPERANCE LECTURE.
It has been in contemplation for some time past to have a series of Temperance Lectures on the public square to be delivered by *genuine temperance* preachers. This night this is as it should be; it is in conformity with long established custom in Bloomington to have Temperance Lectures when we do not have anything else.

The enterprise hitherto has been unusually successful at this time, as there is positively nothing going on, especially on Sabbath afternoons, to fill the public square for pious minds. The college will, for a season, furnish no opportunity to our preachers to solicit invitations to lecture at that institution. Had we failed, as last, an important election near hand, preceded by a long and feverish contest in which the self-taught friends of temperance could only themselves almost exclusively to the great triumphant party, holding large and disorderly meetings until late hours of the night, during the week, then temperance lectures would not be needed or desirable, for pretty much the same crowd which is expected to attend on Sunday, and approve the hypocritical cant of the one, would be too much exhausted by the labor of the week cheering the drunken brabes of the other; besides, in point of effect, the night performances would perhaps be preferable; while at the Sunday meetings the preachers necessarily speak of the evils of "temperance" somewhat theatrically, the orators of the night demonstrations would furnish also the disgusting example.

But "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and on last Sunday afternoon was to be seen the first breaking out on the surface of the clear and well defined premonitory symptoms of what usually result in a case of pernicious temperance insanity; we may, therefore, soon expect to see some of its morbid manifestations, in the shape of petitions in favor of prohibitory liquor laws, destined for the waste paper box of some legislator, whose majority, with their heads fevered by their last night's debauch, will give them not even a respectful reading; otherwise it may develop itself in the form of remonstrances to some partisan Board of Commissioners to induce them to violate their oaths, and duty, in refusing to grant a license to retail liquor, to men qualified under existing laws, so that the courts having appellate jurisdiction may promptly overrule their decisions. But about the speech:—The occasion was a propitious one, the weather was fine, and the saloons and most of the business houses were closed. A crowd was soon collected by the vigorous ringing of the court house bell; with about the usual number of ruffians, free negroes and rat terriers, we also observed one horse in the audience, but in justice to that animal it is proper to state that he came with evident reluctance, and only put on airs from a pressure of surrounding circumstances, over which he had no control. The speech, as a whole was a good one, well suited to the occasion, and we liked it; it was delivered by a young man by the name of Taylor, who is, we believe, connected, in some way, with the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Church. Then there was not much in it to enlighten the honest inquirer after the merits of a genuine temperance reformation; but it answered equally well for those who had evidently come prepared to accept vehement declamation and loud and confident assertions for demonstrated fact, without a single inquiry as to the evidence on which it was founded. Said the speaker: "no man can be a patriot who is a drunkard" or a drunkard." This assertion was a good and safe one, well calculated to secure the attention of an unthinking audience, on account of its extravagant boldness, and as equally, perhaps, incapable of refutation as of proof. We imagine, then, perhaps, the speaker misapprehended the connection in which the expression was used by John H. Logion, in his temperance speech a few years ago, at all events the repetition sounded somewhat flat. In this connection we will make a suggestion to the preachers generally, gratuitous, it is true, but nevertheless valuable, we think; that when they meet to swap sermons at their annual "Associations," "Savvys," "Pre-tories," "Conferences," and what you call 'em; that they also exchange temperance lectures, while the system might not really bring us anything better, it would at least be a change, and secure greater accuracy in the matter of quotations. Those assistance destructive of chickens, men on such occasions, the Lay Delegations, could make themselves useful, as well as ornamental, by seeing that this thing is not neglected.

"Don't vote for the drunkard or the drunk drinker" remarked the speaker, somewhat excitedly.

The expression was, we thought, somewhat unguarded, and might endanger the success of the entire enterprise by a premature exposure of its object, and succeeding speakers, on similar occasions, are urgently advised to go slow, for while the conditional meaning of such vapid declamation is well enough understood in the inner circles, there are many honest, earnest temperance men, who might be inclined to accept the plain English without the necessary grains of allowance, and conscientiously act thereon. In view of the approach of another election next year, this might be embarrassing. Keep steadily in view the fact, that this little display is only intended for temporary use, to keep in operation a sort of nucleus, around which the fast scattering forces of a demoralized political party can be rallied for the coming campaign; when the exigencies of the occasion shall be supplied by a platform of pretended principles, carefully prepared after

the most approved rules of shameless deception, in which you dare not insist on having one sound temperance plank; when that shall be accomplished, then this must be forgotten and even denied, for the temperance tail to the radical kite will be as carefully concealed in the next canvass as the cloven foot of the devil is said to have been on the occasion of a certain radical performance in the Garden of Eden. Wait for orders, brethren, you don't know yet what besotted vagabond may be found to be the available party candidate; Johnson, Grant, or some bloated beast of smaller notoriety, for whom you have knowingly and willingly given your influence and votes, may want a re-election at your hands; the contest may be a close one—for the people are becoming disgusted, the old tricks are about played out—in such case it may be necessary to send again for the novitiate but then, somewhat potent "dogger" man, get down in the dirt and promise him not to meddle with his abominable business by prohibitory laws, may, that, in consideration of party success, you will emasculate the existing burlesque on a temperance law, of what little mast fed surly it has.

While it is maintained, by some, that history never repeats itself, it may be admitted by all, that the necessities of political campaigns not unfrequently do. Therefore we say again, go slow, for while we have no doubt that you will always be found sufficiently "full" to gracefully accommodate yourselves to the circumstances, they arise yet we submit that the letting down might be accomplished with greater ease if the expressions were more guarded now. It was stated that the amount now expended for liquor, in the United States, would, if applied to the cause, liquidate the entire national debt in two years. If this statement is correct we echo the preacher's exhortation: "God grant they may do it" but let the calculation prove inaccurate, on account of the premium paid for the Executive bonds of the whisky, &c. of the Executive at Long Branch this season, we suggest a place about as likely to be adopted—to estimate any deficiency on balance sheets, at least approximately. Let at the preachers, who on Sunday, receive the contributions of their congregations in the forenoon, and in the afternoon leave them to the tender mercies of the devil, while they make speeches on the public square to advise the people how to vote at the general election, contribute such an amount of their fat salaries as may be found to be in excess of what such abilities would command it, the market for any other honest business—an amount easily ascertained by defining broad oaths are going to work—then let them ass at, by their influence and votes, in driving fit place and power, the drunken, gambling, thieving vampires who have been sucking the life blood from the treasury of the nation for many years; then indeed may we expect to see the beginning of the end of that "great national blessing," a public debt. Many other points were interesting, but we have no space to comment further.

Mr. Pendleton's Nomination.
George H. Pendleton accepts the position of Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. He possesses the strong elements of personal popularity, intellectual ability, and partisan fidelity; and his relations to national politics are such that he could not well have refused to take the lead in the present emergency, without abandoning political life and expectation altogether. As it is, he stakes little on the contest. His defeat leaves him still the Ohio leader, while his election would give him a manifest advantage for the future.

The summerault of the Democracy is remarkable. From Rosecrans to Pendleton is a distance never before achieved at a single whirl in the air. The one nominee fought the battles of his country—charging with drawn sword upon the rebel cohorts in the field, and denouncing their friends in the North as deserving the contempt of all honest men. The other stood firmly by the wing of the Democracy thus contended, and by the policy of furnishing "not a man or a dollar" to subdue the rebellion.

There is another significant thing about this change, or perhaps still deeper import at present. The candidacy of Rosecrans was to mark a "new departure," the ultimate goal of which was like that aimed by the Chase movement last summer, and by the Autumn intrigue to throw Seymour overboard for the benefit of the Chief Justice. It was part of a plan to leave the old leaders tugging to lift Democracy out of the slough of despond, and to join forces with the more enlightened Conservatives of the South in a new organization, with new men in command. The return to Pendleton is simply a settling back into the old situation. It is an attempt to revive old hopes lately extinguished in despair. It means a determination to stand by the old organization and the accustomed leaders, "sink or swim, survive or perish." No careful observer of political events and tendencies can doubt which it will be.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

Polygamy has seen its best days, and Brigham Young is said to be alarmed for the future of his pet institution. The completion of the Pacific Railway is having its effect, and it can not withstand much longer the assaults of the civilized world. The Mormons can no longer speculate off of immigrants crossing the Plains, or furnish supplies to overland stage companies. There are no more railroads to build in that locality, and a general stagnation in business has set in.

A "flying toad," now in Washington, was captured in a scene at Cape Henry, a few days since. It is of most singular conformation and of beautiful variegated hues, measuring about six inches in length, with perfectly flat bony back, eyes wide apart and in the centre of a circle; capacious mouth, and fins as large as wings, about the centre of the body on each side.

Hundreds of Gentiles are visiting them daily, pouring treason against polygamy into the ears of all who are disposed to listen to them, and encouraging the faithful to renewed exertions for the abolition of the disgraceful practice. In addition to this, Joseph Smith, Jr., who contends for the faith of his father, which does not recognize the odious doctrine of polygamy, is in the field. He will be aided by all the disbelievers in the Territory, as he will by the sympathy of the whole Christian world, and be protected by the Government of the United States in the right of free speech.

Brigham will not now dare to interfere with any Federal officer, or threaten the lives of citizens. A large number of troops, soon to be relieved from hunting down roving bands of Indians, are to be stationed at points not far distant from Salt Lake City for the winter. Congress will meet in December, and it is safe to say that this question will command its early and earnest attention. A large number of Senators and members of Congress having visited Utah, during the present summer, and have witnessed the workings of the institution for themselves.—*Ind. Journal.*

A story was in circulation among the Democrats of Blackford county that the eclipse is a part of Grant's reconstruction policy, gotten up for the purpose of making every body look as much like a negro as possible. As a consequence they got there mad up, high, and were going around saying to each other "there, we told you we'd be 'mal-garnished if Grant was elected."

Democratic journalists are delighted with the new fifteen cent scrip, it is so "easy now to make the change." To enlighten us still further, they explain that this little scrap of currency represents "the customary price for a gin-sling, whisky cock tail and brandy smash." Perhaps it will be a better Democratic emblem than the full-grown greenback.

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One of the most heroic deeds on record was performed a few days ago, by the fireman on the westward bound mail train over the Oglethorpe & L. C. Railroad. As the train, under full headway, was approaching a crossing about a mile east of Malone, N. Y., the engineer discovered a child about two years old on the track. He at once sounded the whistle for "down brakes," and reversed his engine. The mother of the child, on hearing the whistle, ran screaming toward the track to save it, but the fireman, W. Lavany, seeing that it would be too late, leaped from the locomotive, and snatched the little one from the track just as the wheels were about to crush it. When the mother saw that her child was safe, she uttered one loud cry of joy, and sank fainting to the ground.

The Lafayette Journal describes "bats" as "those little fellows which look so much like a mouse that you can't distinguish them from a swallow." If that description is original, it is good. Its connection of ideas reminds us of the fellow who was asked to sing, and begged off on the plea that "he was so hoarse he didn't know where he should sleep that night."

The Cunard steamship Russia, on her last outward trip from New York to Liverpool, is claimed to have made the fastest time on record. Her time was about eight days four hours and forty-five minutes, allowing that she got fairly under way at 3:30 and arrived at 8:15. In this trip she beat the Scotia, who had made the fastest time on record, either way, by two hours and a half, that steamer having made the run in eight days, seven hours and fifteen minutes.

A lady while out berrying at North Granville, N. Y., came upon a corpse with the throat cut from ear to ear. She dropped her pail of fruit and rushed for the villagers, who at once repaired to the scene to find that the corpse had come to life and run off with the berries. The clever rogue had stained his neck and breast with berry juice.

The Big Sandy Herald relates the following snake story: "We saw a man last week, who lives in Lawrence county, near the mouth of Bear Creek, who had been bitten on the finger by a copperhead snake. He was far from any surgical assistance, but putting faith in the modern receipt he drank nearly two quarts of whisky, and that, too, without becoming intoxicated. When we saw him he was doing well."

Moss agates, popularly supposed to contain specimens of real moss, but which are simply siliceous formations penetrated with iron solutions, taking the form of mosses, vines, trees, etc., are found along the Union Pacific road at points, for two hundred miles from Cheyenne westward. The blue and cream agates are the most highly prized.

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During the present term of our

Common Pleas Court, Mr. E. I. Holden, the Prosecutor, and his assistant, Calvin Taylor, have been stirring up our people on the Sunday law. Several have been fined for selling cigars and tobacco. Some of these cases have caused quite a bitter feeling, as it is alledged that a certain gentleman made some of the Sunday purchases complained of, then prosecuted the vendor for a violation of the Sunday law. This is decidedly cool, and justly merits rebuke.

We also learn that it is in contemplation to have our Ministers arraigned for preaching on Sunday—inasmuch as they preach for money, and all labor, trade or traffic, for money are price, is prohibited on the recognized day of rest.—*Satiric Union.*

DeHaven's Combination

OF

CIRCUS AND WILD ANIMALS.



ALDERMAN & LADD,
GEO. W. DEHAVEN,
W. R. CARROLL,
WM. ALDERMAN,
SAM. H. JOSEPH,

Proprietors,
Manager.
Equestrian Director.
Treasurer.
General Agent.

As re-arranged and re-organized for the Spring and Summer Tenting Season of 1869, have inaugurated their campaign, and will appear for

ONE DAY ONLY,
AT

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA,
ON

Monday, August 23, 1869.



Announcement Extraordinary.

By virtue of an execution to me directed, from the Clerk of the Monroe Common Pleas Court, I will expose at public sale, to the highest bidder on

Saturday, September 4th, 1869,

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M., of said day, at the door of the court house of Bloomington, Monroe County, the rents and profits for a term not exceeding seven years, of the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot Number fifty-two (52) in the Town of Stinesville, Monroe County, Indiana.

And on failure to realize the full amount of judgment, interest and costs, I will, at the same time and place expose at public sale the fee simple of said real estate.

Taken as the property of John H. Pugh, at the suit of Kirk & Hunter.

Said sale will be made without any relief whatever from valuation or appraisement laws.

LAWSON E. MCKINNEY,
July 28, 1869. Sheriff Monroe Co.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed, from the Clerk of the Monroe Circuit Court, I will expose at public sale to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, August 21st, 1869,

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M., of said day, at the door of the Court House of Monroe County, the rents and profits for a term not exceeding seven years, the following described real estate, to-wit:</