

# THE DEMOCRAT.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

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Thursday, July 1, 1860.

## THE STATE.

SOUTH BEND. Grand Ball July 5. . . . Horsestruck by lightning. . . . Festive last Tuesday evening. . . . Methodist church being demolished preparatory to being rebuilt. . . . New woolen mill to be built. . . . St. Jo. hotel has changed hands. . . . Pat. Richardson makes a visit soon. . . . Can't you drop down this way. Pat? . . . "Somebody is trying hard to create excitement about a strike." . . . At the Methodist church 34 votes were cast for, and 3 against, lay representation. . . . The Union slope over in relation to the commencement exercises at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. . . . Amount of county tax collected last year, \$25,285.76. . . . The treasurer pays the state \$46,492.10 and draws \$15,111.87 from the school fund. . . . Strawberries too common. . . . Young man seriously injured by a stick, thrown from a buzz saw, striking him in the groin. . . . Sneak thieves attending to "biz." . . . Corn prospects poor. A farmer uncovers 75 grub-worms in a space eighteen inches square by two inches deep. . . . Residence struck by lightning.

WARSAW. Little girl had a leg broken on Sunday of last week. . . . The street railway is reported to be a paying institution. . . . The Union and the Indianian have adopted the cash system; the latter is to be enlarged next week.

KNOX. Hon. (?) Samuel Beatty has removed to Grant county. . . . Two years ago burglars entered the county treasury and decamped with valuable papers, etc. Some time since parts of these papers were discovered in an old house, by some little children. The papers found consisted of county orders, checks, etc., worth over \$900. The commissioners made the munificent donation of \$5 each to the children for their honesty and promptness in making "it" known. . . . The ge-low-rius Futh is to be appropriately remembered.

LA PORTE. Rev. Wm. Lusk preached here last Sunday. . . . Bands of Gypsies encamped near the town. . . . Good Templars were to have a festival last evening. Commencement exercises of La Porte High School were held last Friday evening. . . . The 87th Indiana are to have a re-union soon. . . . The 4th not to be observed. . . . Burglars plying their vocation. . . . Little boy bit by a rattle-snake; doing well. . . . LaPorteans of the Masonic persuasion went to Goshen on the 24th ult. . . . Commodore Vanderbilt passed through last week.

—The trial of James M. Wiley, for the murder of Joseph Woodward, at Milford, Ind., last October, closed at Greensburg, Ind., Thursday. The jury was out but an hour, and returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced him to penitentiary for life. The trial occupied three days, and excited a great degree of interest. The fight in which the killing was done grew out of a quarrel between Woodward and one Atchison, at a republican jollification meeting. Wiley took the quarrel off Atchison's hands and stabbed Woodward to death with a butcher knife.

The old settlers of Randolph county were to have a meeting in Winchester on the 10th inst.

Eight convicts have been sent to the Northern Penitentiary from Kosciusko county during the past year.

The new building being erected by the Progressive Association (Spirituualists), at Richmond, will be known as Lyceum Hall.

The Hon. John R. Coffroth and H. B. Saylor will deliver addresses at the erection of the soldiers' monument in Polk township, Huntington county, on the 3rd of July.

The Columbus *Bulletin* expresses the opinion that the next census will give Columbus 6,000 inhabitants.

There are over \$1,000,000 of United States bonds held by the citizens of Dearborn county that are not subject to taxation, equal to about one-eighth of the taxable property of the county.

A correspondent, writing from Ashley station, says that the Rev. Thomas J. Newton, a prominent Methodist preacher for the past 20 years, has become a convert to Catholicism. He states "Mr. N. was a most bitter opponent of Catholicism, but after studying its doctrines and tenets for the past year, he was baptized in Cappenterville, Putnam county, by the pastor of the Catholic church of Crawfordville on Monday, the 21st.

—There's a good deal of sickness among the children of Evansville—the prevailing disease being something like *cholera morbus*.

—From nearly every country in the State comes a common complaint of the ravage of the potato bug.

—The new Masonic Hall at Brazil, cost \$10,000.

—Total value of real estate in Green county, \$4,031,416.

—Lawrence county is out of debt, with \$4,000 in the treasury.

Allen county has a balance of \$145,399.30 in her county treasury.

A man in Patoka made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, by hanging.

A wife whipper, by the name of Frank Moor, is in jail at Covington.

The Trustees of Princeton have raised the price of license to retail liquor to \$100 each.

Franklin county is assessed for county purposes 75 cents on the \$100, and a poll of 75 cents.

Mr. C. F. Cotttingham, who lived near Hamilton, committed suicide, by drowning, on Saturday last.

—The Huntington *Democrat* says a fire occurred at Antioch one night last week, destroying about \$6,000 worth of property.

—The Terre Haute *Journal* says one of its subscribers has had ten acres of water-melon vines nearly destroyed by bugs. He has forty acres still in good condition.

—The Wabash *Standard* says that an unusually heavy hail storm passed over the north part of that county on Saturday last, doing great injury to the wheat and corn crops.

—Mr. White, in Parke, near the north line of this county, died Thursday from the result of injuries received in a personal difficulty with Zerubbabel Rooks on Saturday. White's skull, it is supposed, was fractured by the stroke of a club in the fight.

—We are glad to see that the cause of men's rights is making progress in the west. A woman commenced proceeding for divorce in Indiana lately, and the husband applied for alimony. He didn't get it, but it was something that the judges allowed him to ask for it.

—In one township of Kosciusko county are over three thousand acres of thrifty wheat.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

AN OVERLAND TRIP TO OREGON.

DALLES CITY, OREGON,

DEAR VAN.—In my last, I left you at Bryan, 858 miles west of Omaha. After getting the aforesaid "square meal" spoken in my last. I was soon aboard the cars and passing along the rocky cliffs that skirt Green River. Leaving it 22 miles west of Bryan, we strike

Hann's fork of the Green River, following this upon its north bank a distance of 20 miles, and passing Evanston and several unimportant places we arrive at Bridger, Utah, 54 miles west of Bryan and 912 miles west of Omaha at 9:20 p. m. Thursday, April 15th. We are now fairly in Brigham's dominion's. Old Ft. Bridger is 10 miles south of here on what is called Blaeck's Fork of the Green River. From here to Wahsatch a distance of 54 miles the road is upgrade. 5 miles west of Bridger we begin to ascend the Wahsatch Mountains. 20 miles east of Wahsatch we strike Bear River, crossing this six times, we arrived at Wahsatch, Utah, on the summit of the Wahsatch Mountains, 6,880 ft. above the level of the sea, and 866 miles west of Omaha, at 11 p. m. Thursday. No portion of the Union Pacific, west of this place had been accepted by the Government, when I was there, I believe the Government Commissioners were expected in Wahsatch by the 25th to examine the road from here to Ogden, a distance of 70 miles. I had supposed that in passing over the Union Pacific so far I had seen many hard places, and had probably seen human nature in its worst form, but in this I was sadly mistaken. In this respect, Wahsatch carried off the palm. It was then, the headquarters for all the laborers that worked on the whole line from Wahsatch to Ogden, which had been but recently completed to the latter place, as well as all the cut-throats, gamblers, horse thieves, dead beats, trigger pullers, as they are called here, of the whole Wahsatch country, althoughs what a poetical name, Wahsatch! perhaps as you sit in your comfortable homes, reading of this country you would form poetic ideas of Wahsatch, it is indeed a romantic looking country, but as for me I had enough of Wahsatch romance and I fervently wished at least while I was there, or rather the spot upon which it stood, was several leagues under the sea. Not including myself however. As

the road was newly built, and had not yet been accepted by the government from here to Ogden, the company were not allowed to carry passengers over it in the night and as we arrived here at 11 p. m. we were obliged to remain here all night giving privilege of getting out in the murky night and diverging to any number of hotels or, as you would call them if you should see them, hog-pens. The town was then

built about two months, we were informed by one of the citizens that as yet the accommodations were very poor and that the town had not as yet developed.

I thought it had developed huggly. The Depot and freight houses were not yet completed, thus depriving us of sleeping there. The company's officials, however, informed us that they had placed a couple of sleeping cars at our disposal which were standing on one of the numerous side-tracks here and, as there were some 60 of us, all through passengers, the cars would not accommodate us all, therefore we could leave our baggage and go on the principle of first come, first served then secured a short but exciting race or heat to the cars which stood about 12 rods off.

Gracious, talk about Weston, he was nowhere. As soon as the order was given to break, I dropped my baggage, deposited my pants in my boot leg, took a long breath and broke, my friend Burch ditto, the scene midway was inspiring, our Cheyenne Dutchman dappled little Englishman, and Burch were along side each trying to reach the goal first and heading the crowd, Burch a little a head the rest of the crowd behind, and your humble servant bringing up the rear, the next I saw, was the Englishman lying in one palpitating mass, wallowing in the creek just back of the depot, Dutchman's coat tail flying high in the air, ditto Burch's heels and the writer lying in a very dilapidated condition near a large boulder, which had greatly intersected his way. Finally by great exertion your humble servant succeeded in reaching the cars and was one of the first in at the death. Burch, Jacoby, and myself had the privilege of sleeping 3 in a bunk, bunks about 3 by 6, and also of hearing our Englishman snore all night in the bunk just beciv us. How we slept, or ever got through the night has since been a mystery to me, and always will be. Rising at 6 the next morning, (Friday April 15), Burch and I concluded we would take a short stroll up town and see what the chances would be for a cup of hot coffee, or something to refresh us. Arriving at last on Main street, we wended our way along by the tent business houses of Wahsatch, looking for a restaurant. It is amusing to note the orthography of the signs in these places, and also the advertising. I noticed a large bundle of Harper's Monthly which suffered considerably. I do not tell this to create any prejudice at all, but tell it just as it occurred. Some of our party ventured to suggest to these mail robbers that they had as much of an interest in keeping the mails in safety as anybody else, and they got the reply that "a man was a d—d fool that wouldn't pick up some kind of readin' matter when so much of it was lying 'round loose," together with the reply that it wasn't any of our d—d business, and that they had some six shooters with them to back it up." I comforted myself with the assurance that probably I'd hear from home in the next ten years anyhow, and that letters written by me to friends east, would possibly get through, with the growth of civilization. I returned to inquire where the government mail agents were, and the railroad agents said that there were three here, but they did not dare say anything for fear of getting shot, and that to rifle the through mails was but a common occurrence there.

Finally our train is made up, and at 9:15 a. m., we leave the town of Wahsatch, glad enough to get out of the place. The road from Wahsatch to Ogden is called the "Utah Division," and from Wahsatch to the latter place is down grade. Eight miles west of Wahsatch we strike Echo Canon.

Echo Canon is a very narrow strip of table-land which could hardly be called a valley, bordering on each side of Echo Creek, which rises in the Utah mountains, 125 miles south of Bridger and flowing north-west, empties into Weber river, 40 miles north of Salt Lake City.

It seems as if this canon was hewn out by the hand of the Almighty on purpose for a road of some kind. It is not in the widest place over an eighth of a mile wide, the average width being about 20 rods.

The rocky cliffs on each side are perpendicular, and on an average are 400 feet high. The whole length of the canon is 60 miles. It is called Echo Canon from the fact that being very narrow, the echo of your voice can be distinctly heard vibrating along the canon when speaking a hallooing in a

sounding first. You bet," says she, "I can't git along in this ere country without the spon," Burch and I deposited our spon with the aforesaid proprietor, and in receiving it he told us that we must excuse his old woman for talking as she did for she had drank a little too much rye that morning, and at the same time he branched out on "business," and "prospects," commencing from the time he was ten years of age, and giving us a regular history of himself and relations, from that time up to the present. I ventured to inquire how times were, and how he got to this country. "Wall, fact is, stranger, my old 'oman and I was gittin' along all right down on our little farm, on Bear River, until the tassel locomotive got into this country, and then there was such big excitement here that the old 'oman tell me I was a blasted fool for tinkerin' around down on my little farm than, when every body was makin' their everlastin' fortunes up here at Wahsatch. Wall one day I comes him and I finds the old 'oman's got everything packed up tew go, and then I had to go. After I makes my everlastin' fortune up her, then I'll steer straight for Bear River again; that's good enough a country for me." After partaking of a bountiful repast of hard boiled eggs, leathery beefsteak, bewitched coffee, and hot biscuit, "slightly colored" with saleratus, off of a dry goods box, (reader do not start), minus table cloth, we wended our way back to the depot, ready to take the train, which was to start west at 9. Arriving at the depot we were informed by the railway officials that three men had been shot last night and several wounded, in a saloon several rods distant. The station agent pointed out 16 graves on the hill back of the depot, with rough slabs over them to keep the wolves from tearing them up. He told us that of those 16 deaths only one had been natural, and she a young girl from California that died with the small pox and had it when she came here. The other 15 were all men who had either been killed in bar room fights, or affairs, had been stabbed, or died from the effects of wounds received in such affairs, and all this in the brief space of six weeks. Going down to the telegraph office, we saw out on the track, not 2 rods distant, several tons of mail matter—two eight car loads—piled out in the ditch and broken open. It had been thrown there the night before by the westward bound train. Several bags had been kicked over on the track, and the freight trains had cut them open and scattered their contents in all directions. Several men were standing around helping themselves to what best suited their fancy. I noticed a large bundle of Harper's Monthly which suffered considerably. I do not tell this to create any prejudice at all, but tell it just as it occurred. Some of our party ventured to suggest to these mail robbers that they had as much of an interest in keeping the mails in safety as anybody else, and they got the reply that "a man was a d—d fool that wouldn't pick up some kind of readin' matter when so much of it was lying 'round loose," together with the reply that it wasn't any of our d—d business, and that they had some six shooters with them to back it up." I comforted myself with the assurance that probably I'd hear from home in the next ten years anyhow, and that letters written by me to friends east, would possibly get through, with the growth of civilization. I returned to inquire where the government mail agents were, and the railroad agents said that there were three here, but they did not dare say anything for fear of getting shot, and that to rifle the through mails was but a common occurrence there.

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