

THE DEMOCRAT.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
D. E. Van Valkenburgh.
Thursday, July 1, 1860.

THE STATE.

SOUTH BEND: Grand Ball July 5. ...Horsestruck by lightning... Festival 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 to make 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 stops 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 last week... The street railway is reported to be a paying institution... The Union and the Indian 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 a part 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 magnificent donation of \$5 each to the children for their honesty and promptness in making "it" known... The geology of Path 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 reunion soon... The 4th not to be observed... Burglars plying their vocation... Little boy bit by a rattlesnake... doing well... LaPortians 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 (Spiritualists), 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 Carpentersville, Putnam county, by the pastor of the Catholic church of Crawfordville on Monday, the 21st.

—There is 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 \$145,389.30 in her county treasury.

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

A wife whipper, by the name of Frank Moore, 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. Cottingham, 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.

A Mr. White, in Parke, near the north line of this county, died Thursday from the result of injuries received in a personal difficulty with Zerubabel 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.

AN OVERLAND TRIP TO OREGON.

DALLAS CITY, OREGON,

DEAR VAN:—In my last, I left you at Bryan, 558 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 Ham'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. Old Ft. Bridger is 10 miles south of here on what is called Black'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 cutthroats, gamblers, horse thieves, dead beats, trigger pullers, as they are called here, of the whole Wasatch country, all readers 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 as 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 had been 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 hugely. 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 occurred 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 dapper little Englishman, and Burch were along side each trying to reach the goal first and heading the crowd, Burch a little ahead 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 intercepted his way. Finally by great exertion your humble servant succeeded in reaching the cars and was one of the first in at the depot. 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 below 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 wound 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. In all probability the rarity and extent is exceeded by nothing on earth. Every street corner, every board fence, every rock, tree, or inanimate thing is used to inform you of the superior accommodations of the place and country. The signs are generally painted on canvases, thus making it convenient to take them down, "pull up stakes," and move to the end of the track again. They are generally painted with coal-tar, or the first available mixture they come across. In Wahsatch there are three "Taylor Shops," one "Temple of Fashion," a few (very few) "Billard Halls." One sign I noticed in particular, was over a very dilapidated shanty, and ran this way: "Cleaner of clothes don't hear." The "First National" informs you that "Gold dust is not hear." The hotel, saloon and restaurant advertising is worse, if anything than the others. Here is a specimen. "Look hear! for 6 bits you can get a good square meal at the 'Howling Wilderness.' What is meant by a 'square meal,' as it is called here, must not be supposed by the readers of the Democrat as being a meal set before you in a cubic form, but a substantial repast of rye bread, bologna sausage, rye whiskey, pork and beans, and something that will serve to fill up the corners of a burly Wahsatch miner's stomach. Even the irrepressible Drake has been here with his everlasting S. T. 1860 X.

Finally Burch and I made our way over to the "Howling Wilderness." Upon entering, a large sign on one side of the door says:

WARM MEALS AT
BUT OUTS AND PIES

the "and pies" being lettered three times as large as the rest calling special attention to the pies. On the other side you are informed by a small notice "EGGS AND COFFEE EXTRA"

Burch being the spokesman he informed the proprietor's wife, an old lady of some sixty winters what was wanted. She politely informed Mr. Burch that "she'd like to see his

spondulix 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. "Well, fact is, stranger, my old 'oman and I was gittin' along all right down on our little farm, on Bear River, until the tarnation locomotive got into this country, and then there was such big excitement here that the old 'oman told me I was a blasted fool for tinkering around down on my little farm that, when every body was makin' their everlasting fortunes up here at Wahsatch. Well one day I comes hum and I finds the old 'oman's got everything packed up to go, and then I had to go. After I makes my everlasting fortune up here, 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 affrays, had been stabbed, or died from the effects of wounds received in such affrays, 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 ride 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 land 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 or hallooing in a

loud voice. I tried it several times and the effect was both beautiful and magical. It seemed as if there were a hundred voices answering mine. Hawks fly across from cliff to cliff, and their noisy screeches may be heard echoing along its rocky sides. I saw scenery here and in Weber Canon, just east of Ogden, which equaled, if it did not excel anything which I had seen at Green River, or which I saw on the Central Pacific, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and which I shall speak of in a future paper. The rocks are all red sandstone, and this, in contrast with the green grass that borders each side of the creek, gives the canon a beautiful appearance. The old California emigrant road enters the canon five miles west of where the railroad enters it, and runs on the north side of the creek and canyon, the railroad is on the south side. Both are within a stone's throw of each other the whole distance. On entering the canyon the road runs down zig-zag. I should think the engineers of the road had attempted to make the whole alphabet in getting to the bottom. There is a difference of 930 feet between Echo Summit—the place where the road enters—and Echo Creek at the bottom of the canon. The road runs along the edge of the cliffs 2 miles in reaching the creek, making the grade 490 feet to the mile. The company have as yet only a temporary track, but had men at work on the permanent route, one mile north. In descending we make the first "tack," then switch off and back down, then "heel foremost" again, first forward then back, until we reach the bottom, making two complete z's. Seven miles west we strike the permanent grade again. This will be much better as it will be a gradual grade from the summit to the creek, but in grading it the company were obliged to make two tunnels and do a large amount of blasting, and as they were anxious to get to Ogden and Monument Point before the Central, thus giving them larger subsidies from the government, and more of them, they built the aforesaid temporary track. Before we reached the bottom I wished that temporary had been—well somewhere else, for on our last "tack" down, the brakemen failed to put on their brakes, and as a Yankee would say, we went down "a flukia." To look at our engine one would think it was on a big drunk, first darting one way, then back, then shooting off on another tangent, through rock cuttings and over precipices, the car wheels rattling all the time, horribly suggestive of not the most pleasant ideas. It was enough to make each particular hair stand on end. Finally we reached the bottom safe and sound. If a Life Assurance company were to establish itself at the top of the grade they would do a thriving business.

As we struck the permanent grade, hundreds of Chinamen could be seen blasting the rocks to our right, high above our heads. As we go up the steep canon the cliffs become higher, and the scenery more grand. The cliffs are so high that standing on the platform of the hindmost car you have to look straight up, and you nearly break your neck in trying to see the tops, the great cliffs frown down upon the road as if to devour it, and as the road rapidly disappears from under your feet, the road looks like a snake dragging its slow length along, and the whistle of our locomotive is echoed and re-echoed along the cliffs until you would think there were a hundred engines in the canon. At the bottom of the canon we stopped and hitched on 33 flat cars loaded with ties, iron and telegraph poles, bound for the front beyond Corinne, Utah. All along the canon we saw dozens of teams hauling and distributing telegraph poles, and dozens of mashed up flats which had gone over the grades. The majority of the workmen were packing up ready to move to the front again although hundreds yet remained to ballast the track and put it in good order.

We arrived at Echo city 34 miles west of Wahsatch at 11 a. m. Friday. Ten miles east of Echo city you see the old Mormon Fortifications built on the north cliffs of Echo canon, by the Mormons in 1857 to resist the government. They were never used, if they had been a small number of men could have defended themselves against an army and with their guns they could have swept the canon for a distance of half a mile, east and west. Five miles east of Echo city, we pass the highest cliff on the Echo canon called the Great Eastern on account of its resemblance to the bow of a ship. Echo city is built at the mouth of Echo creek, where it enters into Weber river, just 40 miles north of Salt Lake city, and 40 miles east of Ogden. As you leave it, going west, you enter into

Weber river valley, it being much wider than Echo canon. Echo city is the nearest point on the Union Pacific to Salt Lake city, and one stage and telegraph line diverge from here there. Here is situated the large reservoir built by the Mormons in 1860 from irrigating ditches run down the Weber canon for the use of the mormon settlements between here and Salt Lake. I understand President Young has let out all the contracts for his branch road from here to Salt Lake city, and that the grading will be ready for the iron and ties by next September. Two miles west of Echo city we enter Central city. A much nicer and larger and nicer place. The greatest number of people here are Mormons. Irrigating ditches, bring the water from Weber river through all the principal streets and everything is neat, orderly, and clean. One half mile west of central city, we pass the 1,000 mile tree. It is a large cottonwood tree near the track, the company have put a sign on it which says 1,000 mile tree, 1,000 miles from Omaha. We pass several very nice Mormon farms and ranches between Central and Mormon cities. You see their neat, whitewashed houses on their beautiful farms, all in a group,—one for each spouse,—scattered all along Weber canon. I saw on one farm near Mormon City, 11 of these houses, and the natural inference was that he was the happy possessor of that number of wives. I tell you I thought I would—well—I thought if I was in his place I'd get me another one and make it an even dozen. As you approach Mormon city the cliffs become higher, the canon becomes narrower and the river swifter. Between Central City and Ogden a distance of 35 miles, the Road bridges Weber river 18 times and passes through five tunnels. We arrived at Mormon city at 2 p. m. Friday.

DRUGGISTS.

G. BLAIN & CO.,
Druggists in
DRUGS, ETC.,

South-West Corner Michigan and Garo Sts.,
Plymouth, Ind.

HAVING just received a fresh supply of everything in our line of trade, consisting mainly of

Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils, Dye
Stuffs, Varnish, Glass,
Brushes, Perfumeries,

Yankee Notions, Stationery,
Pure Medicines and Liquors
for medical purposes only
to which we invite attention.

We have received, and will sell at reasonable rates, a quantity of Kerosene and "Red Oil." Also every style and size

KEROSENE LAMPS.

For burning the same. We are also agents for all the popular

Patent Medicines,

Of the day. Physicians'

PRESCRIPTIONS.

Carefully put up at all hours of the night, by an experienced druggist. We earnestly invite the public to favor us with a call and examine our stock, and become convinced of the fact that we are doing a liberal business.

G. BLAIN & CO.

LIVERY.

LIVERY AND

SALE STABLE.

The undersigned having purchased the livery stable of ALLMAN & ROSE, is fully prepared to meet every want of the livery business. He has better horses and finer buggies than has ever been kept in Plymouth, which he is prepared to furnish the public on the most reasonable terms. Travelers are invited to any part of the county on reasonable terms.

S. L. HARVEY,

ONE DOLLAR SALE.

HOW CAN IT BE DONE.

Is the cry of the crowds who throng

ONE DOLLAR STORE,

73 Lake St., Chicago,

That every description and variety of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, LEATHER GOODS, JEWELRY, BOOKS, ALBUMS, SILVER-PLATED WARE, &c., &c., can be purchased at the extremely low price of ONE DOLLAR for each article, when the same goods cannot be obtained at any other place for double the amount, and which the wholesale merchants cannot buy for that price. We reply: We have buyers constantly at the east, by whom job lots are obtained at enormous discounts, and besides a large portion of our goods are imported direct from European Manufacturers.

Having also every facility possessed by the largest Dollar Sale firms of Boston, we will, by means of the

CLUB SYSTEM,

extend the advantages of our immense wholesale and retail trade to those living at a distance, thus saving in express charges

THREE-FORTHS THE AMOUNT

now paid, and giving a better quality of goods than can be obtained of any eastern firm.

Sold in your clubs, or send for circulars, to

ANNAND & CO.,

73 Lake St., Chicago.

Goods at Wholesale to the Trade.

1860

GROCERS.

JUST OPENED.

SHOOK & CRAWFORD.

on the

Corner South of the Parker House, Annapolis

opened a splendid line of

Queensware,

GLASSWARE and LAMPS,

Of the latest and most approved style, which will be sold at prices that defy competition.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

Also a fresh supply of

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Cash Paid for Country Produce.

17 SHOOK & CRAWFORD.

A. BECKER & CO.,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,

Tobacco, Cigars, &c.,

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA,

MANUFACTURERS.

PLYMOUTH FOUNDRY

and

MACHINE SHOP,

ENGINES BUILT AND REPAIRED ON

SHORT NOTICE.

PULLEYS,

SHAFTING,

MILL GEARINGS,

CASTINGS.

Miscellaneous and common, on hand or made to order. These shops, which were destroyed by fire last winter, have been rebuilt and furnished with new machinery throughout. All kinds of castings done in the best style and most durable manner. Orders solicited. 17-19 W. J. ADAMS, Proprietor.

WOOLEN FACTORY.

WOOLEN FACTORY.

Allen Woolen Factory.

TEPECANOE TOWN, IND.

Manufacturers of

CASIMERE, DOESKIN, SHEET GRAYS,

Plain and Fancy

FLANNEL, JEANS, SHEETING, BLANKETS, STORMING

YAKS, CLOTH DRESSING,

DYEING, FULLING, &c., &c.

Polos, Carding, Spinning, &c. All of our manufacture we will exchange for Wool at the Factory or at A. L. Allen & Co.'s Cabinet Store, two doors South of the Parker House, Plymouth, Ind.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE.

MATRESSES,

Spring Beds, and

LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

Having unequalled facilities, we are enabled to offer our goods at

EASTERN PRICES,

And guarantee to satisfy the public, both as to the quality of our goods and the prices at which we offer them.

LaPORTE, INDIANA.

(17) **FARROW & CO.**

UNDERTAKER.

CABINET WARE,

AND

FURNITURE.

A. L. ALLEN & CO.

Have on hand at all times a complete and elegant stock of Cabinet Ware and Furniture, which they will sell at very reasonable rates. Also a complete stock of undertaker's Furnishing Goods, and Coffins of all kinds. A good horse belonging to the establishment.

12 1/2 1/2 **A. L. A. ALLEN & CO**