

THE DEMOCRAT.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

D. E. VAN VALKENBURGH.

Thursday, August 5, 1869.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

The campaign in the reconstructed state of Tennessee not only waxes warm, but is already intensely hot. The indications now are that the privileged classes there (we mean those who, by the reconstruction infamy, are entitled to vote), are heartily sick of the disfranchisement of their best citizens, while southern dough-faces and northern scalawags control the state and local government. Not only do the general premonitions of the canvass indicate a healthy change in the sentiment of the southern people, many of whom have been reconstructed on the basis of loyalty, but the fact that the radical leaders in Tennessee have recently solicited a public endorsement from the cabinet at Washington, is indicative of the fears of defeat which possess them.

Both of the candidates for governor of Tennessee are republicans. One is conservative republican, in favor of repealing all disfranchising laws in the state; while the other is radical-scalawag-torch-and-turpentine republican, the name fitly describing the objects and intentions of the party. The entire democracy of the north, and many of the opposition, sympathize with the former, while the radicals pray for the success of the latter. Should the conservatives succeed, it will not be a democratic victory only in so far as it defeats the aims and objects of a party whose rule in the south has been of the most despicable character.

The work of organizing hell in the south was begun in Tennessee. There now appears to be a prospect that the work of restoring law and order will also be commenced in that state.

The radicals of Massachusetts confiscate all small stocks of liquors, while the heavy dealers have their returned to them, even if they should be so unfortunate as to be disturbed at all. Lager has been restored to the Germans, although it is as positively prohibited as any other liquor. But there are many German republican voters in the state; and while the Puritan element of the party must be appeased, the German element must not be too seriously offended.

For the DEMOCRAT.

"OLD ROSEY."

ED. DEMOCRAT: The editors of the *Republican* say that they "have no disposition to say aught in unkindness of the democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, for he was once loved and admired by the party we belong to." But before they get for they forget their good design and aim to heap reproach upon Rosecrans because of his democracy. Yes, his democracy makes him a criminal in the eyes of our republican notables. But why talk about Ohio politics? or why should our republican friends feel more interest in Ohio politics than those of Indiana? Can they not see enough of republican treachery in this state needing correction and reform? or have they become so blind as to treat such wrongs as "virtues"? Do they not feel the grinding heel of their despotism slowly cutting down our liberties? Can they not see the fire slowly kindling which is destined to consume our freedom and "pursuit of happiness"? Nay, their callous hearts lend a helping hand to encourage the fiend. They lure the weak-minded democrat with a bait of office to leave his party to assist them in their trickery, and then cry vengeance to the republican who chances to become tired and disgusted with their dishonest intrigues. Their bait need not be a large one, even that of town councilman will suffice, though the object of their bait in the democratic ranks is one of "a quarter of a century standing." The subterfuges of our present board learned with astonishment that their chances for office from democrats were as good as the chance of an ox to creep through the eye of a needle; and to satiate their ambitious desires for office another sphere must be sought. The republican tycoons sooner perceived their blatant cry of disappointment till the bait was thrown out. It being one of negro sweetness, the would be congressman, and the would be M. C. treasurer swallowed it to the motto of *Excelsior*, and thus became the notables of the incorporate town of Plymouth, as compensation for their sacrifice of democratic principles. Yet, these venerable, aged sires, are the law makers of our town, as you know it requires makers to make law, but how there can be makers and no law is a query. But some say they have a full code of laws, that they have worn out one Chicago press in publishing

them, and have about done the same thing for the press of our republican editors. O, how wonderful! If we are lost to judge of their laws by that venerable pugilistic member who walks with a cane and smokes a fine pipe, they are bitter, worse than bitter, they are licentious.

What is to become of us when in this land of liberty Caligula's examples are imitated? That tyrant revised his laws, published them in fine print, and nailed them to a pole so high that no one could read them, then executed all who would not obey them. So with our board, they closed up their laws that no person can see them and then cane the heads of those who do not know them. Many of our streets are impassable and yet the pugilists will not move. Something is "rotten in our alleys as well as in Denmark" but the great reformatory board will not perceive.

— Scale a commission to a blank of danger; And danger, like an arrow, suiting taints, Even then, when we get into the sun. *

AN OVERLAND TRIP TO OREGON.

We had been here but a short time, when the sky became suddenly overcast with clouds and the rain was soon descending in torrents, and the rain was soon descending in the air until you were tired, confused, sick and disgusted with the everlasting hub bub. You saw nothing but White Pine goods, White Pine whiskey, White Pine wagons, White Pine miners and White Pine pack trains. Here is one passing now, loaded with goods just from San Francisco and bound for White Pine. The leader staggers past under the combined weight of three barrels of whiskey, the next mule passed with the same number; what are in these? probably bread or provisions for the half famished miners at White Pine; no, as I live, it is gin. What can the next mule have, possibly ground coffee or oceyysters; nothing else I assure you but brandy, the next must certainly carry delicacies of some sort; pshaw, nothing else but old cognac, the next contains cheese, perhaps pickles, strawberries or sardines; as sure as I live, nothing but old rye; the next has hoppers and the next rum, and the next and the next passes until all have left. Leaving Elko at 8 a. m., Monday April 19th we were soon ascending the Humboldt mountains, at 9 we were at the summit, and at 9:30 we strike the Humboldt river 20 miles west of Elko and are soon passing along its banks, near its crystal waters and down the fertile valley of the Humboldt, and at 10 a. m., we are at Argenta 72 miles from Elko, breakfasting upon green peas, lettuce and radishes just from the Sacramento market.

We are now in the state of Nevada, the land of silver and excitement!

The Central Pacific from Elko to Sacramento was in splendid condition, and with his clothes very strongly impregnated with alkali mud. During the night the six hind ears became detached from the train and we went down our grade at the rate of about 60 miles per hour. I may have spent a more miserable Sunday than I spent that day in crossing the desert, but if I have at any period during the course of my existence, I have not the slightest recollection of it. During the day we changed trains and caboose eight times, ate unleavened bread and drank alkali water. If there had been any thing to have broken the monotony it would have been different but there was nothing but that hateful sea of white sand and red gravel. 6:30 a. m., Monday morning (April 19th) found us at the city of Elko, over 200 miles from the front and 400 miles from Sacramento. We are now fairly in Nevada, 15 minutes later found us at the Humboldt hotel refreshing the inner man in a very lively manner.

The city of Elko is situated on the eastern slope of the Humboldt mountains, is a large place, contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and it being the nearest point on the road for the famous "White Pine Country," distant 180 miles south-west, it is quite an important place, as all the goods for that region have to be transferred here. It was for a long time the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific. Eight stage lines diverge from here to the White Pine mines, fare \$75; these were inadequate to supply the demands of the excited multitude who were rushing thither, expecting to find the silver dollars already coined, and the silver bricks moulded, sticking their heads up out of the ground and ready to be pocketed. Here the silver mania had taken possession of every body without distinction of age or sex, and the excitement had been unabated since the discovery of the mines. If you were not going to White Pine, you did not amount to much, and a man would be insulted if you told him you were going any where else but to White Pine. You saw men just from White Pine with their pockets full of specimens, and their lungs nearly gone

(owing to the high altitude of the mines) hoarsely discussing the richness of their claims—every body and his father, friend, cousin or brother, if he had not already gone, was going. Flaming posters dazzled the sight with glowing accounts and statistics of new companies just started, and curious to relate every other company was better than the preceding one. Everybody was wonderfully rich in "claims," "feet," and "pay rock." Tons of ore from White Pine, were lying in front of every store and in every office, awaiting dissection. Every man who stood on every street corner, and before every office, and in every saloon was discussing in brazen tones the "richness" of the mines, and could sell you "feet" or "share" from one up to a thousand. You hear of nothing but "dividends"—I suppose the assessments were kept in the back ground. Passing a crowd, White Pine was poured into one ear and Washoe into the other, "pay rock," "silver brick," "Humboldt," "big mines," "struck it rich," "indications sure," "acres of it," "I'll sell you 10,000 feet," "feet," "stocks" and "ledges," hummed and drummed through the air until you were tired, confused, sick and disgusted with the everlasting hub bub. You saw nothing but White Pine goods, White Pine whiskey, White Pine wagons, White Pine miners and White Pine pack trains. Here is one passing now, loaded with goods just from San Francisco and bound for White Pine. The leader staggers past under the combined weight of three barrels of whiskey, the next mule passed with the same number; what are in these? probably bread or provisions for the half famished miners at White Pine; no, as I live, it is gin. What can the next mule have, possibly ground coffee or oceyysters; nothing else I assure you but brandy, the next must certainly carry delicacies of some sort; pshaw, nothing else but old cognac, the next contains cheese, perhaps pickles, strawberries or sardines; as sure as I live, nothing but old rye; the next has hoppers and the next rum, and the next and the next passes until all have left. Leaving Elko at 8 a. m., Monday April 19th we were soon ascending the Humboldt mountains, at 9 we were at the summit, and at 9:30 we strike the Humboldt river 20 miles west of Elko and are soon passing along its banks, near its crystal waters and down the fertile valley of the Humboldt, and at 10 a. m., we are at Argenta 72 miles from Elko, breakfasting upon green peas, lettuce and radishes just from the Sacramento market.

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THE STATE.

—Twenty-two of the male convicts at Jeffersonville are there "for life."

—Spearing for frogs is the pectoral amusement of some of the Waltonites of Fort Wayne.

—There are four hundred convicts now in the State Prison South, of whom sixteen are women.

—The wool purchases in Waterloo City this year amount to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

—Within the past year the Ohio Falls Car Works, at Jeffersonville, have turned out over \$700,000 worth of work, and still have a number of large contracts on hand, with others pending.

—Mrs. Fish, of Indianapolis, had a windfall of \$16,000 in gold the other day, by the death of a relative in Canada.

—F. F. Jones, a wealthy citizen of Liberty Mills, Indiana, dropped dead at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, on Saturday night of last week, from heart disease.

—The Indianapolis Journal says the days of the democracy are numbered. We suppose the Good Being has numbered them, just as he has numbered the sands of the sea shore, and the leaves of the forest.—New Albany Ledger.

—Lawrence Stutte, at Ft. Wayne, was on trial a few days ago, charged with being the husband of five wives, four of whom were wed and won in the short period of three weeks.

—The Evansville Journal says the chicken cholera is becoming a serious injury to poultry breeders. A lady near that city has lost "nearly one hundred laying hens and two hundred young chickens" by it.

—Martin county, Indiana, recently had a calf which possessed two heads, two necks, one spine, two tails, five feet and two lungs. Its owner valued it at one thousand dollars, but it got into a pond on his farm, and was drowned. Its skin and lungs are preserved.

—The Layayette Courier says that a gentleman of Shelby township, in Tippecanoe county, having been invited to the wedding of a daughter to "kiss baby," extended the token of admiration to himself. The husband proposed to kill him, was finally content with having him fined twenty dollars.

—A ferocious sow, near Newark, Ohio, a few evenings ago, seized a child named Smoots, stripped its clothing of, broke one of its arms in three places, severely cut its face and was only prevented from killing it by the interposition of a young woman who was near at hand, and came to its rescue.

—The Logansport Pharos says that a young gentleman of that place has sued a barber for spoiling his moustache in trying to color it, and laid his damages at \$50. That is a stiff price even for a vigorous old moustache, and extirpated for a young one that could be extinguished by a spoonful of hair dye.

—A fortnight ago, at Danville, Indiana, Many Weekly, driving a wagon loaded with a reaper through a gate, noticed that something was wrong about his horses' heads, so he got off the wagon and walked around in front, when the horses suddenly started to run away, and he trying to hold them, was dragged some distance, and finally becoming entangled and releasing his hold, the wagon passed over him, the wheel's striking his head and terribly mangled his skull. He died the same night.

—A convention of editors and publishers was held in the parlor of the Clinton House, Elkhart, Ind., on Friday, July 23, 1869.

—J. Stoll, of the Ligonier Banner, was chosen president, and J. F. Radcliffe of the Waterloo City *Air Line*, secretary.

—The following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

We the editors and publishers of the 10th Congressional District of Indiana, in Convention assembled, at Elkhart, on this 23d day of July, 1869, grateful to the princely hospitalities extended to us by the enterprising and warm-hearted citizens thereof, do hereby

Resolved. That we shall ever entertain the warmest feelings of gratitude for the hospitable and cordial manner in which we have been entertained by them, at the Clifton House, this day, and shall ever cherish in our hearts, kind recollections of the good things we have enjoyed at their hands. Also,

Resolved. That our heartiest thanks are due to Messrs. Chase, of the *Review*, for their energy and enterprise in planning and managing the affairs connected with the Convention, so as to enable us to proceed more harmonious, prompt and agreeable than we otherwise could have done. Also,

Resolved. That we tender our hearty thanks to the Elkhart Paper Company, for courtesies shown us, and also to the editors of the *Union* and *Review*.

—The Franklin Jeffersonian tells the following joke—which might have been much more unpleasant than it was—on the cook in a farm house near that town, where the hands were busy at work in the wheat harvest. "She was cooking onions, and through mistake poured a goodly quantity of whisky instead of vinegar over them. The harvesters at the dinner-table relished them very much, and were not aware that the onions had been cooked in whisky; but they found it out in a short time after they were through eating, and, we understand, one old sturdy member of the church was so drunk from eating the onions that he was unable to work until late in the afternoon.

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