

THE DEMOCRAT.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

D. E. VAN VALKENBURGH.

Thursday, August 12, 1860.

The editors of the *Republican* devote a weary column and a half of its last issue to the consideration of Corporation affairs. The article is mainly distinguishable in the first part for a childish misapplication of our remarks of the week previous, and in the end by a promise that in the future they will refrain from taxing the patience of their readers by the weakness of their effusions on this subject. While the candid reader cannot but condemn the lack of candor which characterizes the first part of their article, he will certainly thank them for the promise of a more tender regard in the future for the feelings of their readers.

The only point which the *Republican* makes, if, indeed, it might be called a point, is based upon a typographical error which appeared in our article, wherein the word "bridge" was printed instead of "street." This occurred in our statement that the appropriation of one hundred dollars by the board of trustees was for the grading of the street, and was not to be paid until the bridge was completed.

Taken in connection with the balance of our article, our meaning in this sentence was so plain that it could not be misunderstood, even by persons with as dull perceptions as Republican editors are generally supposed (or known) to have, from which we infer that their misrepresentations of our statements were the result of "malicious intent." Another instance of the fairness and truthfulness of the *Republican's* reasoning is found in the second column of their article, where it charges on the *DEMOCRAT* an article which appears in our paper as a *communication*, and which the editors knew was one of the many falsehoods of which they had been guilty in this Corporation business. They may be very ignorant, and doubtless are, of the rules of printing-offices; but they will not surely claim such a degree of obtuseness as not to know that the editor of a paper is not responsible for the statements, or sentiments made or expressed in a communication published in his paper.—The merest tyro in the printing business knows this; and yet the *Republican* attempts to answer a communication in the *DEMOCRAT* as being the statements of the *DEMOCRAT*. It is seldom we find such a conglomeration of unmitigated bosh—such an inexorable exhibition of stupidity allied to political trickery—as may be found in the leading article of last week's *Republican*. It is inconsistent with facts, with sound judgment—inconsistent with itself. But two weeks ago it denounced the present Corporate authority for inefficiency, and now attempts a sickly defense of the same authority. What course it will pursue in this matter hereafter is as uncertain as the "verdict of a jury." The only thing certain about it is that it will misrepresent all with whom it differs, and clothe its infinitesimal ideas with the most intolerable nonsense. This much is certain—nothing more.

THE *Republican*, of last week, attempts to be severe on THE *DEMOCRAT* for what it is pleased to term our exorbitant charges for legal work; calls us worse than any "Shylock," and gets off many other cutting and severe things not necessary to mention. There was no provocation for any such remarks, and we were somewhat surprised, when reading them, that the senior editor should permit himself to inaugurate such a course of warfare. We have since learned, however, that the senior editor, Mr. Phillips, disclaims any knowledge as to the authorship of the article. This disclaimer leaves the blame on the juniors of the concern, although no one suspicous of having brains enough to write even such an article. We had hoped to maintain amicable relations with the present proprietors of the *Republican*, but shall not do so at the expense of self respect.

What do the young gentlemen mean by Shylocks, exorbitant charges, etc.? In this connection we have a statement to make that will show to whom such epithets should be applied. Some few days ago the Secretary of Torrent Hose Co. No. 1, wished us to make a bid on the printing, in pamphlet form, of their Constitution and By-Laws. We proposed to print it for \$12, and although our profits would not be large, still we could live at that rate. Now, mark the tender consciences of the *Republican* juveniles: For the same job their proposition was forty dollars, but they afterwards reduced it to thirty-two dollars! This shows how much these gentle doves think of sun which could be seen was redder

our firemen,—only twenty dollars more, on a small job, and for an organization composed of our citizens, who have to raise the money out of their own pockets for such expenditures.

The *Republican* accuses this office of receiving corporation orders, and turning them over to some person in the "ring,"—as it is pleased to say—without discounting them one cent. Even if this were so, where is the crime? There is only one noticeable feature in the case, and that is, how does the *Republican* know it to be a fact? One of the juniors was a compositor in THE *DEMOCRAT* office for two or more years, and of course during that time was cognizant of the business of the office, and the *Republican* could obtain such information only through him. The junior referred to is thus clearly convicted of using information for his own ends to which he had no right, and which no one but a sneak-printer would think of using. He has betrayed the confidence of a former employer and has made nothing by so degrading himself.

We may have occasion to refer to this subject again; if so, we hope to be able to thoroughly ventilate some little matters that we wot of.

THE ECLIPSE.

It was our fortune to witness the phenomenon from the roof of the female college, or as it is now known, St. Agnes Hall. There telescope had been mounted under the direction of Prof. J. M. Moore, of Earlham College, Prof. Bosworth, formerly from Terre Haute, and J. M. Olcott, of Terre Haute; and there a number of persons had assembled, among whom were our worthy friend, Superintendent B. C. Hobbs, and any quantity of the small boys always uppermost. At a quarter past four o'clock the sun, half way down the western horizon, was perfectly clear, the air was balmy, but the breeze began to blow quite strongly from the northeast. At sixteen and a quarter minutes past four o'clock the first contact occurred, and the thermometer placed in the shade marked 76 degs. Gradually the moon advanced, gradually the shadow drew across the sun, until at 50 minutes past four, it covered about seven digits. The breeze was stronger, and we began to look about for the convulsion of nature, the affrighted animals, the falling up of leaves and flowers, and all the other things promised by astronomers, to come with the blackness of darkness. We looked in vain. The cows and horses in the neighboring lot acted no differently than usual; the chickens gulped down their evening feed with accustomed greediness; no dog howled; no owl screeched, no oppressive silence fell upon the ear, and nature didn't "convulse" to any alarming extent. At five o'clock appearances were changing; that band of light on the sun's surface was growing smaller, the shadows were falling like on a summer evening, and the hills and meadows away to the north and northwest looked darker, bluer than before, but to the south it was still bright and green. The shadows lengthened, immense numbers of swallows, seeing night approaching, wanted to go to bed in the chimneys, but the unaccustomed crowd preventing, they circled wildly about in the air over our heads, evidently angry. Along the road, to the east, a drove of city cows, mindful of milking time was hastening home, and the superintendent, or some one else appositely quoted—

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

The minutes were long. At five minutes past five the thermometer had dropped another degree, and now was noticeable the "tombre hue said to be observed during all eclipses, a dark shadow over all the earth, like that seen during the coming up of heavy thunder and wind storms, but still very different from that. It was a strange, indefinable mingling of light and shadow. The shadow crept slowly on, the darkness increased; one professor grasped the telescope, another a watch, and the third a note book; one reporter polished his glass, and another sharpened his pencil, while the third looked around for stars. There may have been silence in nature, but at the particular place in which we happened to be the people made a great deal of noise, but they all anxiously looked for the coming totality. At about five ten a sharp eyed old gentleman sang out, "Why there's Venus" and sure enough, about twenty degrees south west of the sun was the morning or evening star, whichever it may happen to be now. For a few minutes every body was looking for, or at that, and none but the most scientific kept their eyes upon the principal figure of the occasion. The little bit of the sun which could be seen was redder

and more fiery than ever, and blazed all the more brilliantly when contrasted with the gloomy aspect below, for the darkness upon the earth was now black and forbidding. Suddenly the sun's light went out, quick as lightning came the change, and in the heavens we saw the dark sphere of the moon surrounded with a halo of the most beautiful silvery light, the corona of the astronomers. The gloom disappeared, the blue sky shone out as clear as crystal and studded here and there with stars, the most noticeable among which was Venus which glowed with brilliancy. Below the sun, stretching from the north around the west to the extreme south, was a broad band of yellow light, very much resembling a fine aurora. It is impossible for pen, no matter how gifted, to convey any idea of the transcendental beauty of the scene. Everybody was carried away with delight, and even the steadiest and most unimaginative gave vent to their admiration in ecstatic exclamations. The light was not so great as from a full moon, but it was great, perhaps, after the sun was wholly obscured, and until the end, there could be noticed on the edge of the moon bright projections of flame and crimson colors, resembling stars, caused by the burning of hydrogen; and at the period of obscuration the professor in charge of the telescope, and one or two observers with first class eyes, saw the phenomenon known as Bailey's beads, or the separation of the last thread of light from the sun's disc into small particles. The moon seemed to the eye to be two or three feet in front of the sun. The period of total obscuration passed so quickly that one could but just glance around, and it was impossible to pay attention to the separate details, to take in the full grandeur. As quickly as it disappeared the sun again flashed out, first, with an intensely bright, white light, which soon turned red as the moon passed. We could then realize, what the people of Indianapolis missed, no matter how nearly the eclipse might have been total here, for the least particle of the sun's light destroyed the effect. It was worth traveling a thousand miles to see even if it occurred every three years.—With the end of total obscuration the same gloom noticed before came back for a few minutes, but faded quickly away with the returning light. The shadow of the moon approaching and retreating could be seen by none of our party, although closely watched for, but a few minutes before totality a haze or mist was discovered in the north west. This soon disappeared, however. The total obscuration commenced at fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds past five, and lasted until seventeen minutes and thirty-five seconds after, a period of two minutes and 20 seconds. The thermometer when the sun shone out stood at seventy and one-half degrees, and at twenty minutes past five at seventy degrees, making a change of six degrees in one hour, at least half as much would have been caused under ordinary circumstances. The obscuration disappeared as gradually as it appeared, the moon being lost sight of at a quarter past six.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

AN OVERLAND TRIP TO OREGON.

Chinamen run all construction trains west of Argenta as their labor is found much cheaper than any other. Wages on the Central Pacific are as follows in coin; construction trains \$2,50 per day, track laying \$3,25, blasting (day work) \$3,00, blasting (night work) \$4,00, Sunday work \$4,00, and telegraphers and station men get from \$90 to \$125 per month, carpenters \$4,25 and stonecutters \$5,00. Chinamen are not paid at more than half these rates. Passing Battle mountain, Stone House, Iron Point and Goleonda we arrive at Winnemucca at 1 p.m., and take dinner, we are now in the midst of the famed Humboldt Silver mines. West of Winnemucca the scenery becomes indescribably grand, challenging comparison with any thing I had seen on the whole route. Leaving at 1:30 we pass Rose creek, Mile city, Humboldt city, Creanua, Humboldt bridge and pass Humboldt lake, or as it is called here the "sink of the Humboldt" at 6:30 p.m.—this is certainly a curious phenomena, all the waters of the Humboldt empty into this and sink down out of sight, the water is very hot, numerous whirl pools are seen which seem to suck the water down, a perpetual steam or mist is constantly arising from it and was told that on a still day this mist almost obscured the sight for nearly half a mile in every direction from its banks. It has no visible outlet and has been sounded to a depth of 600 feet without finding bottom. Passing White plains, Creanua and Hot springs we arrive at

Wadsworth at 9:30 p.m. We left at 10. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and I improved the opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery by standing out on the platform of the hind car, and as the sparks flew in showers around, leaving their bright light behind and the shadows of the cars twisting themselves into all manner of fantastical shapes as we whirled through deep rock cuttings, rounded short curves and rattled over bridges, our train resembled a huge demon seeking to devour whom it might and this in contrast with the ever receding track and telegraph lines formed a beautiful sight, and one not soon to be forgotten. The road is up grade west of Wadsworth and at Reno 40 miles farther on we commence the ascent of the Sierra Nevada mountains. We pass Verdi at 2 a.m., Tuesday, April 20th, and at 4 a.m., we pass state line 138 miles from Sacramento, and enter California the land of gold; pass Boca, Little Truckee and strike the Truckee river 9 miles farther on, here are situated 12 saw-mills belonging to the company which were built in the spring of 1867, and have been running constantly night and day, sawing pine ties and telegraph poles for the road; the mountain cayons here are full of tall straight pines which run up to an immense height, from 180 to 290 and 300 feet. Talk about your Indians "shell barks" and poplars, these California pines throw them completely in the shade. Many run up to a height of over 60 feet without a limb. We pass camp 24 at 5 a.m., here the temperature becomes colder and when we passed Truckee city 14 miles east of the summit we were in the midst of a severe and blinding snow storm, here two additional engines and one snow plow were attached to our train and we were soon ploughing our way through the snow; 10 miles east of the summit we were obliged to stop on account of the snow it being some 2 feet deep, and word was sent back to Truckee for a gang of men to clear the track, these soon arrived and in a short time we were ploughing our way up the mountain sides again. Eight miles east of the summit we enter and pass through the big tunnel under the Sierra Nevada mountains, it is 1,400 feet long, and between this point and Reno 41 miles back there are 12 tunnels the shortest being 45 feet long and this being the longest one. It is said that when it was projected a few English engineers were called into requisition by the company to survey the route and report, they did so, and gave it as their opinion that it was entirely impracticable but could be put through in about 3 years. American engineers were employed who went to work surveyed the route, lot out the contract, employed some 1,200 Chinese and with the aid of plenty of hard labor and glycerine cans, were running through in 22 months from the time of its commencement. Two miles west of here we pass Donner lake 1 mile to the north. It is a beautiful sheet of water 1 mile wide 8 miles long and alive with trout, and will no doubt at some future time make a great summer resort for the people of the Pacific coast, as it is but a few hours ride from Sacramento. I understand that a shrewd Californian has already leased grounds near it and intends building a mammoth hotel for the accommodation of visitors. At this point there are some very steep grades, and it often happens that when there is a long train and a short curve and steep grade to be made, as was the case with us you could look up and see the engine going almost directly in the opposite direction from the hind car and some 20 feet above you! Five miles east of the summit we enter the huge snow shed built by the company to protect the track from the heavy falls of snow, which were to be anticipated during the winter months, and to avoid this as far as possible the company determined to erect these sheds which should protect the road over the snow line, accordingly they have erected a building which doubtless is the largest in the world, it is 22 miles in length, 16 feet wide and 16 feet in height not including the pitch of the roof. It is put up in the most substantial manner, all the timbers used being of the best quality to be obtained. It is braced together and is in addition firmly bolted to the rocks. In many places where there are side tracks it is wider than the figures given above, I understand that more than 40,000,000 feet of lumber were used in its construction, and it covers an area of more than 1,700,000 square feet or nearly 58 acres. Seven a.m., found us at the summit 8042 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, being only 80 feet lower than the summit of the Rocky mountains at Sherman, on the Union Pacific, and at 9 we were at

Cisco just 92 miles from Sacramento. It is said that when the road was completed to this point the bonds of the road were selling way below par in the New York market, all the money men in Wall street having invested in "Rock Island" or "Erie" or in some other stock which they predicted would not "fail" as would the Central Pacific, what true predictions. Taking breakfast here and leaving at 9:30 passed Emigrant Gap, Blue Canyon, Shady Run, Alta, Dutch Flat, Gold Run, Colfax and Clipper Gap, 11 a.m., found us at the neat little town of Auburn close by nestled at the foot of Sierra Nevada mountains. All the road from here to Sacramento was built in 1867. Here the temperature was mild and warm. Wheat, corn, grass and oats were a foot high, flowers were in bloom, and farmers were ploughing their corn, what a contrast was this. At 9 a.m., we were up at Cisco with our overcoats on, shivering over like warm stove and at 11:30 we were a few miles beyond Auburn, passing down the beautiful Sacramento valley amid waving fields of corn and grain. Who would not live in California, who in view of this contrast would live in "states." While the people of the Atlantic states are shivering with cold and wading in mud knee deep during their wet damp spring, the people of California are seeking out the coolest breeze and I felt like breaking out all over and singing that song of our unfortunate Corinne stage driver, "Oh California you're the land for me." Twelve miles west of Auburn we strike the American river, passing New Castle, Rocklin, Arcade and Maryville Junction, we arrived at the Central Pacific depot in the city of Sacramento at 1:20 p.m., among a clamorous multitude of hotel runners, hack drivers and news boys, and what I saw there, at San Francisco and of my unfortunate trip (by sea) from the latter place to Portland Oregon, shall be reserved for another and a more condensed paper.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

TO THE FARMING & THRESHING COMMUNITY.

LA PORTE THRESHING MACHINES!

I am now selling the LaPorte Threshing Machine. Wanted to give satisfaction, or no sale. Those fishing a good machine will do well to call on me at Wolf Creek, or address me by letter, at Plymouth, 443 STEPHEN LOUDEN.

Those in debt to me in any way are notified to call at once and make arrangements to pay or give satisfaction in some way. If you don't call soon you will be called on. I fear I will be compelled to resort to very unpleasant means to settle with those who neglect or refuse to settle. I MUST HAVE MY BOOKS SETTLED, AND MUST HAVE MONEY.

H. B. DICKSON.

Train run daily, Sundays excepted.

C. W. BRADLEY, Superintendent.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railway.

On and after April 28, 1868. Trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

(Train leaving Chicago at 7:30 A.M., arrives at Ft. Wayne at 10:30 A.M., leaves at 12:30 P.M., arrives at Pittsburgh at 1:10 P.M., leaves daily.)

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS, EXPRESS, EXPRESS, EXPRESS, EXPRESS.

Pittsburgh, 6:45 A.M. 9:30 A.M. 2:10 P.M. 5:05 A.M.

Rochester, 7:20 A.M. 10:40 A.M. 3:25 P.M. 6:05 P.M.

Albion, 7:38 A.M. 11:00 A.M. 3:45 P.M. 6:20 P.M.

Canton, 12:23 P.M. 1:58 P.M. 6:37 P.M. 9:27 P.M.

Massillon, 12:54 P.M. 2:38 P.M. 6:55 P.M. 9:45 P.M.

Youngstown, 2:06 P.M. 3:31 P.M. 7:54 P.M. 10:54 P.M.

Mansfield, 4:03 P.M. 5:39 P.M. 9:59 P.M. 12:59 P.M.

Crashaw, 4:45 P.M. 5:59 P.M. 10:00 P.M. 12:55 P.M.

Bucyrus, 6:36 P.M. 7:35 P.M. 10:41 P.M. 12:58 P.M.

Upper Sandusky, 7:20 P.M. 7:58 P.M. 11:15 P.M. 1:57 P.M.

Lima, 9:10 P.M. 8:52 P.M. 12:30 A.M. 2:17 P.M.

Forest, 9:24 P.M. 8:59 P.M. 12:35 P.M. 2:15 P.M.

Up Sandusky, 5:18 P.M. 7:32 P.M. 9:55 P.M. 4:51 P.M.

Delaware, 5:30 P.M. 8:45 P.M. 3:31 P.M. 5:54 P.M.

Circleville, 6:40 P.M. 8:45 P.M. 3:45 P.M. 6:54 P.M.

Marion, 7:05 P.M. 10:42 P.M. 4:45 P.M. 10:49 P.M.

Wooster, 8:00 P.M. 11:45 P.M. 6:45 P.M. 12:57 P.M.

Orville, 9:00 P.M. 11:30 P.M. 6:45 P.M. 12:57 P.M.

Millington, 9:30 P.M. 12:30 P.M. 7:15 P.M. 1:56 P.M.

Castalia, 9:47 P.M. 12:30 P.M. 7:24 P.M. 1:57 P.M.

Albia, 10:30 P.M. 12:30 P.M. 7:30 P.M. 2:00 P.M.

Salmon, 11:00 P.M. 1:29 P.M. 9:05 P.M. 3:00 P.M.

Pittsburgh, 1:45 A.M. 4:45 P.M. 10:45 P.M. 6:05 P.M.

J. M. KIMBALL, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

FURNITURE.

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