

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1879.

Read the speech of the battle-scared veteran Gen. Rice, on fourth page.

Mr. C. L. Vandalligham is a Democratic candidate for the Legislature in Montgomery county, Ohio.

The United States Government has in its possession the French spolia fund, while a man who is entitled to \$100,000 of it is dying in a Connecticut poor-house.

How harrowing to the very soul is disappointment. The consul is but the mere wreck of a "granger," accustomed to what he was once. Some five years ago he was a regular stalwart.

Our Turk Island diplomat puts a few queries to "some well-posted soft-money philosopher," which he himself answered many times when he sought to be recognized as a "bully 'granger," and labored to secure the nomination for the office of Clerk of Jasper county. Refer to your files of those days, Mr. Consul.

The Radical State Committee of Maine are still calling for more money to use in that State. Another appeal was received by the general committee in Washington on last Friday, saying that the canvass is a desperate one, and that the Maine radicals must have more funds at once. The committee replied that notwithstanding they had already sent large sums to Maine, they would at once order another as earnest on the clerks and employes in the several departments for that purpose. The clerks complain at the extortion that is being inflicted on them for the benefit of Maine politicians.

Our diplomatic friend down street professes to be greatly mortified over our allusion to the overflowing false sympathy of "the average radical" at the misfortunes of "Dixon and Litz-Piukston," and adds, in substance, that the only authority the people have that Dixon "was a thief, a murderer, a liar and a bad man generally," "comes through democratic sources," then seeks to show how greatly Dixon was admired by reproducing what "comes through radical sources." No doubt he will next week hash up for his readers what has been prepared by the radical general committee for the Okolona Southern States. Callicus' postmaster pretends to think that Barksdale should have permitted Dixon to pepper him with pistol-balls on one side, and then turned to the other also for another peppering.—The consul himself might, in illustration of the beautiful theory he so eloquently advanced, have turned one side, but it would have been his back. His peculiar diplomatic qualification reveals itself in the fact that he can prepare over two columns in condemnation of violation of law by a man in the South, and seek to fasten responsibility on the Democratic party, but is unable to indite a sentence in condemnation of his partisan friends Sprague and Conkling, DeYoung and Kulloch. "Oh! ye hypocrites!"

THE EXCURSIONISTS.

Editor Democratic Sentinel:

We arrived in Pueblo, Colorado, Monday, August 10, and found ourselves surrounded by one continual rise of miniature mountains, forming a complete basin. These mountains, if they might be termed such, probably range from 600 to 800 feet.

Pueblo is counted one of the intensely hot cities of Colorado, owing to the reflection of the white glaring sun, which possesses none of the mellow effulgent rays that tempers the sun in our milder climate.

This city, during the winter, is considered a very lively, wide-awake place, but now dull and monotonous, on account of the absence of the great number of inhabitants that may enjoy the pure free air during the exceedingly warm months of summer.

Even this near home we find quite a difference in the prices of merchandise and groceries. In groceries they are very much in advance of our eastern markets, very high prices being demanded for potatoes and fresh fruits. California fruits, such as plums, grapes, peaches and pears, being sold at the rates of twenty-five and thirty cents per pound.

There are three daily and two weekly newspapers supported here, which bespeaks for a town of only 5,000 inhabitants a great deal of enterprise and vim. Yet I cannot but say that a great many of them—the papers of the West, I mean—like papers of almost every port, are of but little significance, the editorial columns being filled chiefly with backbitings and bickerings. Among those of the latter class I will place in most conspicuous prominence the *Kansas City Journal*, which has, so far as condensed meanness in composing editorials regarding our Indiana excursionists is concerned, who have "as far as heard from paid all bills," and which has, so far as regards the home construction in general of that paper reached the highest pinnacle of perfection to which it may ever attain.—To said editor I will say, in behalf of the party of which I am a member, "Wrap the mantle of charity about you" and lie down to the pleasant dreams that may ever be yours, while you're very massive (?) brain's distorted in conceiving such enormous lies as filled the editorial columns of your editing paper during our unfortunate and unwillingly prolonged stay in Kansas City. But I am digressing, and will return to Pueblo the city of which we have now but pleasant remembrances.

On Tuesday morning we entered the cars on the Narrow Gauge owned by the Denver and Rio Grande RR. Company, and start to Canon City, forty miles west of Pueblo. We were perfectly enraptured with the scenery on this road, the table lands being to us something wonderful, one succession after another of them rising many feet above us, seeming of solid rock, but through the sandy crevices bushes, grass and even trees grow quite successfully.

The projecting rocks form wild forest homes for myriads of birds, of the family we denote barn swallows, and thousands of little nests are built along close proximity.

Far off in the distance we can see a blue mist—cloud as it were—a veil between earth and heaven. As we travel on and on, the blue mists roll away and we can discover through our field glasses, shrubbery on the very tops of these seeming clouds.

These immense clouds, we are informed by our neighbors, will eventually prove to be high peaks of the Rocky Mountains. As we near Canon City and behold these mountains in their wild rocky grandeur, we almost entirely ignore the rock-bound table lands which have surrounded us like mighty walls, and which two hours before we thought the most wonderfully attractive scenery through which we would pass.

As we enter Canon City we look around with wonder. Can this little place, with hundreds of tents stretching along the base of the city, be worth the name? And yet we are told it contains 4,000 human beings. I think on this particular day 260 of them belong to our party and 2,000 more are imaginary. The majority of the houses are very small and insignificant, some being built of clay and covered with gravel. The minority, I suppose, are tents.

This city is being built a State Prison probably possessing one-tenth the capacity of our Northern Prison of Alcatraz.

From this fact I presume we might surmise that the inhabitants of this section of the Centennial State are peaceable, and not given to theft or murder.

This country is watered by irrigation; canals for this purpose can be seen traversing the fields in all directions. These fields are not very numerous. In one of them, however, was growing the largest corn I ever saw. This corn was an exception.

We were now informed that we could open our cars in order that we might enjoy to the fullest extent the wild natural scenery, and that we would penetrate seven miles beyond the city into the very heart of the Rocky Mountains.

Now comes a panorama of beauty which I might better not attempt to describe, for my brain is not imaginative enough to conceive of words to paint the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of this Grand Canon of the Arkansas.

These seven miles of road are built through one solid mass of rock, and in the construction of the same many lives have been lost in blasting away the massive formations. For long distances we could see great iron bars supporting the telegraph wires; these bars were split into solid rock probably 60 feet above our heads.

Imagine the horrible and portentous danger of hanging suspended by a rope 1400 or 1500 feet from the top of one of the slopes, drilling in these dangerous holes, filling with powder and applying the fuse, then imagine the breathless suspense of being 6000 feet high out of danger's way.

As we advance into the Canon, peak after peak of this mighty mountain rises almost perpendicularly to the height of from 1500 to 2300 feet, calling forth from this impulsive multitude of exclamations of wonder and admiration. The Arkansas river, which flows along the railway, and sometimes immediately under it, is deeper and narrower than any other point, and the banks are of solid rock.

With kind wishes for the prosperity of my many readers, I am ever, Y.

Goodland Letter.

EDITOR SENTINEL:—Agreeably to my promise to you I will now endeavor to give your readers, through the medium of your excellent paper, a brief account of the doings and surroundings of our pleasant little town.

Goodland is many of your readers' town, but owing to the fact that there was another town and post office of the same name in this State, it became necessary to change the name of this place, and taking in consideration the beautiful surrounding country, and the excellence of the soil, the place was very properly and happily called Goodland. Our people here think that the country throughout the section cannot be beaten anywhere for productive qualities. Mr. T. S. Sturtevant, a member of the Indiana editorial delegation in their recent excursion to the Far West, informs me that nowhere in their line of travel did they meet with anything to compare with it. To satisfy ourselves, all we need to do is simply to get into a buggy and take a look at the "immense (as our neighbor expressed it the other day) oceans" of corn growing all over this beautiful land, as far as our vision can extend. To see the wheat, oats and rye stacked in the barns, and the industrious farmers busily engaged in threshing and caring for the smaller grain, which have been grown in immense quantities, are certainly sights that amply repay one for the trouble in going to witness such scenes.

Our town is located in the south-eastern corner of Newton county, about one mile from the Jasper county line, and perhaps two from the Benton county line, on the Pan-Handle RR. It is easy of access from all points of the compass. Its population is said to be almost all Americans, on the farms, and the globe, including the Hengelshain, but our people here do not appear to owe him any grudge on account of our Revolutionary difficulties. They seem to have "buried the hatchet," and are willing to "let go by gone's" to "let the dead past bury its dead." I believe that we have no "Heathen Chines" with vain tricks and ways peculiar" here: owing no doubt to the fact that we have no Senator Nyes to represent us.

We took in the Remington RR on Wednesday and Friday, and we certainly must express ourself well satisfied with the management, and exhibitions in every department of the institution. We are informed that the Fair was a financial success, as well as a successful exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry—and here let me say that to Dr. S. C. Maxwell is due the credit of building up and improving the poultry department in its present excellent condition.

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Remington Squib.

Having occasion a few days since to visit Fowler, I took especial pains to note the prospect for crops. Never before, in this section of country, have I seen such evidence of the prosperity of farmers as now. Innumerable stalks and shocks of small grain; threshing machines running, (I counted 12 on the trip) and thousands of acres of corn as good on the average as any I ever saw.

I ever saw a more favorable weather than this over the prairie, which will ripen

the cereal and furnish labor for hundreds of huskers. Surely every thing now indicates a letting up of the financial squeeze which has reigned supreme for the last three or four years.

With abundance to sell and the present prospect for fair prices what is to prevent?

S. & M. Solomon have bought the south room of Exchange Block, into which they will move their stock of goods in a few weeks.

For the first time in the history of Remington the summer supply of ice holds out thus far. The prospect is that there will be sufficient to last until frost comes.

Freel Hoover has returned from his excursion with the editorial corps, and intimates that he had a good time generally. He thinks we have as good a country here as any he saw on his travels.

The first day of the Fair, as to be expected, was not very successfully attended. Very many more entries were made, however, on any first day of previous years.

The only excitement was the 7 mile walking race, in which were four contestants, Linfoot, Garrison, Loring and Shearer, who came out in the order named—Winner came 56 minutes 6 seconds.

It was go-as-you-please. Winner started on a trot and kept it up to the finish. The rest of the field was soon passed and in a few minutes the train was standing inside the city limits of Remington. The bridge is of the Howe truss pattern, and is almost a marvel of strength and grace, built by Messrs. Freeman & Co., of Toledo. No less substantial and good looking are the trestles approached by the trestles designed by Will. Garis, chief engineer, and built under the supervision of George Markley, the ablest stocks and shocks of small grain; threshing machines running, (I counted 12 on the trip) and thousands of acres of corn as good on the average as any I ever saw.

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