

# THE DEMOCRAT.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY  
D. E. Van Valkenburgh.

Thursday, June 17, 1869.

NOTICE.

With this number we assume the editorial and business management of THE DEMOCRAT, during the temporary absence of the editor. Having made a formal bow to the patrons of THE DEMOCRAT in times past, we do not think it necessary to repeat the operation at this time, but will merely state that whatever, in the management of the paper, is deserving of praise is to be credited to us; while that which is deserving of blame is to be scored to VAN's account. With this understanding we subscribe ourselves, cheerfully, etc., J. McDONALD.

ON A LINE.—We understand that a gay and festive "cuss"—a runner for some wholesale establishment, was in this city last Saturday, on a regular "run" to the "cussing" of the ladies, who were to be found, and made himself especially offensive to them. His conduct was said to be rude and insolent in the extreme. He despatched all his money to the "cuss" and then conducted himself as on last Saturday, he will have further attention paid to him. He is known.—*La Porte Union & Herald.*

The readers of the LaPorte papers have of late been treated to nauseating doses of fulsome flattery of the citizens of that place. Webster's dictionary has been ransacked for elegant and polished phrases with which to set forth the beauty of LaPorte femininity and the gallantry of the sterner sex of that altogether lovely city. After being convinced that all that is grand, and noble in human nature finds a home in the persons of the denizens of LaPorte, the reader is suddenly let down from the height of enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful and the brave, by the announcement that a "gay and festive cuss" was in the city on a "regular bender," and made himself "especially offensive" to the ladies, toward whom his conduct was "rude and insolent in the extreme," and the only punishment which this insolter of ladies in public received, was, that "he will have further attention paid to him" should he return. It would be a pleasure to know that the belaboring which this festive cuss received at the hands of outraged humanity of LaPorte, had proved fatal. We fear though, that he is so full of the devil, and so reckless of his own personal safety, that a repetition of the punishment will be necessary to thoroughly squelch him. He should be taught that if he insults respectable ladies on sixty or seventy occasions, the gallantry of LaPorte will probably pay further attention to him.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.  
AN OVERLAND TRIP TO OREGON.

DALLES CITY, OREGON, }  
May 27th, 1869.

In my last I believe I left you at the city of North Platte. We left North Platte at 11 a. m., Wednesday, April 14th, and were soon whirling along the banks of the South Platte again. 17 miles west we strike O'Fallon's bluffs that skirt the river on the southern side all the way from here to Julesburgh, they are very steep and in many places almost perpendicular. On the north side of the river, the prairie slopes almost down to the water's edge. The Platte is very beautiful here and most of the way from here to Julesburgh it averages almost a mile wide, and very shallow, numerous sand bars are seen, and small islands covered with cottonwood and willow, which gives the river a very beautiful appearance. The country now becomes more broken and hilly and no soil is found west of North Platte good for farming purposes. We saw numerous herds of deer and antelopes to day, also prairie wolves. The prairie here is thickly studded with prairie dogmounds, which give it the appearance of being ploughed. We saw no buffaloes on the whole route, but thousands of their skulls lie bleaching on the plains west of North Platte. Civilization has driven them farther north. This is the case with all other kinds of game. I was told by men who had traveled this route before, that game of every kind was but now occasionally seen. Ten miles east of Alkali we saw a large herd of antelope grazing about one half mile from the track they ran along by us for about two miles nearly keeping up with the cars. All the passengers who had muskets or pistols came out and fired at them. This was truly a sight not often to be seen. The train rattling along at the rate of 30 miles an hour over the prairie, with a band of antelope, along side of us almost keeping pace with us, and the platforms covered with groups of excited passengers shooting and crying out "there he goes," "go it old fellow," "shoot that one," "pop him" &c. &c. I was outside myself but as I was not much "on the shoot" I did not kill many. None were killed I believe, as the distance was too great to take good aim. It was truly a sight calculated

to make grave men shout and dance like children. We passed Pawnee Springs, a famous resort for ranchmen in early days, at 11:30, and Alkali at 12 m. The scenery here becomes desolate. We are now getting into the alkali and sage bush country. From here to Julesburgh, it is one wide boundless sea of sage bush, greasewood, and alkali.

We passed "Cottonwood Springs" at 12:15. The northern boundary of Colorado is only a few miles south of here. At 1 p. m. we enter the city of Julesburgh, Nebraska, 377 miles west of Omaha; this place was for a long time the terminus of the road, and in the early days of the "Union Pacific," it had the reputation of being the "hardest place" on the whole route. For about six months the gamblers, cut-throats, and thieves "run" the town until the vigilance committees "run" them. A telegraph line and stage route runs from here to Denver City, Colorado, 200 miles south-west, it is said that when the road was first completed to this place, over 2,000 persons came up within three days of its completion with cloth tents and temporary saloons, hotels, hurdy-gurdys, lunch houses, faro-banks, and fortunes were made in a day; now all is deserted save the railroad, telegraph, and stage offices, and a few huts built of sod, slate and stone, used by the traders and ranchmen. Julesburgh proper, is about one mile south of Julesburgh station, just across the Platte; or as it is now called Fort Sedgewick. It cannot be called a place at all, only a few buildings in a cluster around the Fort. At Julesburgh we saw a company of U. S. Indian soldiers, Pawnees, I believe they were, strutting around on their Indian ponies as big as life and dressed in blue uniforms; some of their less fortunate, half-clad, Indian brethren were looking on with envious eyes at their blue costumes, red blankets, and gay caparisons for it be remembered a red blanket, and a blue jacket are the bight of an Indian's ambition. They belonged to the garrison Ft. Sedgewick. We leave Julesburgh at 1:15 strike the "Platte Hills" south of us, 10 miles west of Julesburgh, and we leave the "Platte" 25 miles west of Julesburgh, cross "Lodge Pole" creek and follow it on the north side all the way to Cheyenne. It rises in the Rocky Mountains a few miles south of Cheyenne and empties into the Platte, just west of Julesburgh. All that portion of the road from Julesburgh to Cheyenne is called the "Lodge Pole" division. We now begin to ascend the Rocky Mountains. The road is up-grade all the way from here to Cheyenne, very poorly built, very crooked, and very rough, the cuts are just wide enough to admit the cars and that is all, and many places where there are steep grades, the ends of the ties stick out beyond the grade some three feet. In many places we passed over the ties would be so loose you could see them give, and here them break, then you would look down the steep grades and visions of something else but happiness danced on my mind. I can assure you all this was horribly suggestive to me at least of "broken bones" and "mutilated bodies". The company's employees seemed to have an idea on this division that the poorer the road the more speed; why I tell you it was absolutely horrible to think of. It was all you could do to keep your seat. We had considerable sport over a Dutchman in our car, who was very much frightened. Whenever the car would bound up a foot or two he would ejaculate "Mein Gott! Mein Gott! of I gots to Cheyenne alive I tot tanks dis road for it. Ah, Mein frow, Mein frow," with the perspiration oozing out in great beads from his forehead. I can confidently assure the readers of the Democrat that my trowsers were completely worn through and that Burch's Portland Plug Hat was completely "caved in." It is really a shame that this portion of the road should have been accepted by the Government when every portion of it shows on its face, as having been built in the most indecent haste. Passing Lodge Pole, we arrived at Sidney at 1:30 p. m. 102 miles east of Cheyenne. We are soon smoothly, gently, gliding along on our way to Cheyenne. Between here and Cheyenne is where the horrible Indian atrocities were committed by the Cheyennes in 1867. Just west of Sidney we saw several graves with stones heaped around them. A simple board with the words, "Killed by the Indians, 1867" was all that marked their last resting place, or told their horrible fate. We saw the charred and blackened timbers of several bridges that were buried by the Indians where

the road crosses the Lodge Pole Creek just east of Cheyenne, and places where the road had been torn up for a distance of over half a mile. You will notice the section hands here at work on the road have their muskets with them all the time, to be used in case of emergency. No hostile demonstrations have been made here since last spring when Custer gave them such a chastising in the Washita Mountains. We pass Antelope, Pine Bluff, and Hillsdale, (named in honor of Chief Engineer Hillsdale of the Lodge Pole division who was killed here in 1867 by Indians, while surveying.) West of Hillsdale the scenery becomes grand. The road follows the canons ascending the mountains, is very crooked and gets up the best way it can. In ascending the mountains the road runs through what is called Cheyenne Pass.

The temperature here becomes colder and you find an overcoat and a good fire to be very agreeable; midway between Sidney and Cheyenne we pass

the boundary line between Nebraska and Wyoming Territory, it is marked by a simple post upheld by stones. Four states have now been inhabited and I expect to be in the land of the Mormons by this time to-morrow. Yours Truly,

ORLANDO M. PACKARD.

CHURCH ITEMS.

BY THE REV. WM. LUSK, JR.

THEODORE A. LEMON M. D., formerly of this place, died at his residence in Detroit, Mich., on the 27th of May. At that time passed away one, who, from long residence in this place, and many bright and beautiful traits of character, is remembered with affection. He had his weaknesses, and who of us has none? "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." We leave his failure to be remembered with Christian charity, and avoided by a vivid knowledge of their character and consequences. He was the son of T. D. and C. B. Lemon, and at the time of his death was thirty-nine years of age. He was favored with all the blessings of an excellent and lovely Christian home. In early life he was baptized in the Christian Faith and thus made a member of the Church. His youthful days were full of promise, and he grew up exemplifying the most lovely and valuable qualities of character, and surrounded by many and warm friends. He was thoroughly educated, being a graduate of Wabash college. He chose the medical profession, and as a physician, he possessed the ability to stand high and make his life a grand success. He came to this place in the year 1851. His life here is familiar to all. There are few in this place, or in the county unacquainted with Dr. Lemon. There are few who have not received from him some kindness, and many will never forget his valuable professional services. He was confirmed in the Church July 3, 1865. The privileges of the Church are for all for whom Christ died, and "He tasted death for every man." These privileges the deceased loved, and held to with a wonderful tenacity. One year ago last March his health completely failed, and in the following June he gave up his business in this place, and in the following September went to Detroit, Mich. Lately he was gradually improving up to the Monday evening before his death. He was preparing to enter into business again, and walked to and from his boarding house, a distance of one mile, three times a day, and gave every promise of restored health and a bright and useful manhood. He died unexpectedly from a hereditary disease. His wife was with him from the middle of the day previous to his death, but did know of his sickness before her arrival as she was visiting friends and telegrams failed to reach her. He suffered greatly, but his last hours were calm, peaceful, thoughtful and hopeful. He leaves an estimable wife and a bright and promising young son. They will remain at Detroit. While we drop a tear in memory of the failures in his life, we will not forget the beautiful in his character, or the hours of pleasant fellowship in days of brightness and days of darkness. We extend our sympathy to the home that death has invaded, and remembering the vacant place in our own associations in this world, we silently recall the thought that

"The earliest herald by our fate allotted Beckon, and with inverted torch, doth stand To lead us with a gentle hand Into the land of the great Departed, Into the silent land."

It has not been customary for the Anglican Church to report membership. The plan is now being generally adopted, and the result shows a membership in the United States of nearly two millions, and at present a rapid increase.

A new Masonic Hall has just been completed at Goshen, at a cost of \$8,000. It is to be dedicated on Saint John's day.

CHURCH ITEMS.

BY THE REV. FR. SIEGLACK.

CATHOLIC CITY IN ENGLAND—The London *Tablet* says:

The population of Great Britain had increased in 1861 to 20,066,000, being at the rate of a little over 26 per cent, annually; the increase since 1861 up to this year is at about the same rate. By comparing the statistics given in the Catholic Directory of 1849 with those of the present year has an increase of over ninety per cent. in the number of clergy and churches, chapels, stations etc. The numbers are as follows: 1849, clergy, 897; churches, etc. 696. 1863, clergy 1,690, churches etc. 1,229. Besides these, there are about five times as many monasteries and convents as there were twenty years ago. So that it is no exaggeration to calculate that the catholic population is doubling itself in twenty years. Thieving at a premium....Hon. Garland Rose, formerly a citizen of La Porte U. S. Marshal for this state under Lincoln, and post-master at Indianapolis under Johnson, died in Washington City on the 7th inst....Man killed by the falling of a tree.

INDIANAPOLIS: Gov. Baker is ill....Agitating the big hotel question....Threatening letters sent to the mayor in reference to the enforcement of the Sunday laws....Brevet Major General Hill to command the arsenal....\$800 to be given as prizes to the most expert velocipedestrianists at the state fair....A poet in the *Sentinel* offers a prize to the person who will furnish a word to rhyme with "noble." In order to quiet the poet's mind, we respectfully hand in the card of our young friend, Thomas J. Goble, and shall expect to receive the prize by return mail....The Sunday law excitement continues unabated....Strawberries 12½ cents per quart....Chickens with four legs....Thirteen families, near the rolling mills, boast of having, in the aggregate, 100 children....20 persons immersed in the First Baptist church, on the 6th....State convention of spiritualists on the 17th....Velocipedestrian playing out....Medical college admits females....The *Sentinel* calls marriage licenses "noose papers"....A henry in operation last week, in the shape of a woman's rights convention. All the old 'uns, male and female, were in attendance.

A New York paper announces that

A. T. Stewart has become a convert to the Roman catholic religion and has given a large donation to the Sisters of Charity. He is now in open communion with the church.

THE STATE.

—Scarlet fever in Ft. Wayne.

—Two "social evils" in Columbia City.

—The Terre Haute Police force costs \$8,000 per year.

—The Goshen post office was robbed of \$15, all in nickel.

—In all Vermillion county there are but two liquor saloons.

—The Delphi papers are heavy on "rail roads" just now.

—The town of Sullivan has a liquor license law—\$100 per annum.

—The immortal philosopher, "J. N." has turned up at Logansport.

—Knox county draws \$14,556 33 from the school fund. Johnson county, \$11,514 65.

—A doctor, an Evansvillian, has vaccinated over 1,400 persons within the past four months.

—A daughter of Hon. A. P. Edger-

ton, of Ft. Wayne, was recently mar-

ried to a gentleman from New York.

—The New Albany loom works

promise to be among the most impor-

tant of the manufacturers of that city.

—Miss Harpold, of Brazil, dropped

dead, on Thursday of last week, while

laughing at the capers of a dog. Heart

disease.

—The sheriff of Elkhart county re-

cently fell among Philistines, in Chi-

cago, and was relieved of valuable

possessions amounting to \$1,800 besides \$100

worth of clothing.

—The children will be sorry to hear

that the little girl who rode so nicely

in Forepaugh's circus, fell from her

horse the other day, at Crown Point,

and fractured an arm.

—The Goshen *Democrat* says:

"At the exhibition of the hook and

ladder company on Tuesday evening,

about an hour previous to the meeting

of the council, Mr. John W. Egbert

performed a feat, which for daring,

and seeming recklessness of life and limb,

beat anything witnessed by our citizens

for many a day. He slowly climbed

the ladder (after it was firmly braced

against the wall) from the bottom to

the top and down again, without harm-

ing a hair of his head, and amid the

huzzas of a large and admiring crowd."

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