Nebraska Herald.

PLATTSMOUTH NEBRAKSA.,

THURSDAY, AUG. 24. 1871.

THE BLUE RIVER REGION.

Seward and Butler Counties—Soil, Timber, Crops, Fine farms of Shields, Reed Brothers, Dobson and Judge McKay.

SEWARD COUNTY, NEB., August 15th, 1871.

ED. HERALD:—We are commanded to "rejoice with those that do rejoice," and I want you Mr. Editor, and all your readers to rejoice over the fact that west of the Missouri river eighty miles and in the vicinity of the stream known as the Blue, is a valley, extending for miles in width and in length following the stream from its source to outlet, which may be truthfully called the garden of Nebraska, if not of the United States.

Your correspondent has traversed the valley for miles amidst

"The soft inclining fields of corn,"

and the already harvested crops of oats, wheat and rye, going through the process of "sweating" preparatory to being threshed and manufactured into the "staff of life."

The district adjacent to the Blue river is an excellent agricultural region, finely timbered and watered, with splendid pastoral advantages. The country west of the river is almost entirely destitute of timber, very sparsely supplied with water; but very prodvctive soil.

Throughout the fertile regions of the Blue, wheat, corn, oats and cereals, sorghum and all culinary vegetables yield fully as well as in productive Cass county. The prairies furnish a boundless pasture ground and the grass of the valley furnish excellent hay.

I have observed thousands of acres of sod-corn along the Blue river which will turn off from forty to fifty-five bushels to the acre. The same crop on old land that has been cultivated one or two years, will yield much greater, say, from sixty to seventy-five bushels per acre.

Government lands even ten or fifteen miles west of the river, on open 'bald' prairies, free from even a hazel brush and entirely destitute of running water, are eagerly "gobbled up" by homesteaders. Their rude and uncouth, though comfortable "dug outs," may be found on almost every Government eighty on the Blue valley.

Seward, the capital of the county of that name, is situated at the conflux of the Blue river and Lincoln creek, in a well settled country, heavily timbered and possessing many of the advantages of the river counties. The town is said to contain 800 inhabitants; three good hotels, printing office, and other concomitants of a western town.

Adjoining the city on the north, I observed an Osage Orange fence, surrounding an 160 tract of land, which will average throughout four feet in height, and resembles very much the many surrounding fine farms in your own county. Speaking of Osage, reminds me to put in this: *that no where in Nebraska does this plant do as well as in the Blue valley;* owing no doubt to the scarcity of gophers and other animals so destructive to the plants in the older settled counties.

Leaving Seward behind us and traveling up the Blue valley we come to the town of Ulysses, in Butler county, about twelve miles distant from Seward and three miles from the Seward and Butler county line. The town boasts of a baker's dozen houses, all told—two stores, a blacksmith shop, hotel and the best saw and grist mill on the Blue river. The timber in this vicinity is of the best quality—much heavier than I have found elsewhere., and in greater quantities. Close by this village resides, on handsomely improved farms, the first settlers of the Blue river Shilds & Sons; they will be remembered by many Plattsmouth merchants as the great trappers of the Blue river. In conversation with the old gentleman, a day or two since, he remarked that "his occupation was gone—the settlers were too thick and had too many new-fangled notions—his traps were tampered with and he was going to the Solomon river, just so soon as he could sell out this *yere traco' land.*"

Adjoining him on either side are the well known Reed Bros., owners of the Ulysses mills formerly freighters and ranchmen. They each own a half section, with from 80 to 100 acres of oak, walnut hackberry and hickory timber; a hundred acre cornfield each. Though they raise great quantities of grain they make stock-raising a speciality.

The elder brother—George—has fifty-seven head of cattle and fourteen head of horses, and will ship to Chicago next March eighteen head of fat cattle. On this farm we found the best crop of growing corn we have observed in the State this year.

Robert's farm adjoins Shields' on the south. His improvements are not so extensive as his brother's, but the soil, timber and natural advantages are much the same. His time and attention is given to the milling business, although he indulges in cattle and hog raising in no small degree. He is a quiet, unassuming and hospitable gentleman who is beloved by the community in which he resides.

I also found here, enjoying rural life, your friend and constant reader of the HERALD, P. G. Dobson and wife. The old gentleman and his lady are residing in the village and keep the only hotel or boarding house in the place. He is delighted with the country and says it is the next place to "the ould sod." His boys—and he has a host of them—are comfortably established on homesteads and deeded land, in the vicinity.

Alex. Dobson, a brother of P. G.'s, has an "abiding place" upon a half section of railroad land. He has 97 acres in cultivation; forty head of cattle, three horses, two mules, a good dwelling house, and the best breed of swine on the river. He reads the HERALD and then files it away. We imagine a good looking girl could find a comfortable home and a fond and loving husband on that "ranche." His post-office address is Ulysses, girls!

Between Seward and Ulysses, the half-way house betwixt both points, we found Judge McKay and family. They are comfortably situated on a beautiful piece of prairie, about 80 acres of which is in a high state of cultivation. Like a hen gathering her chickens around her, Mrs. McKay has her boys on 80's and 160's close by. On this farm we observed fruit trees, grapes and shrubbery of nearly every kind, tastefully arranged on the site of their prospective new dwelling house. The Judge's front name is not Norville, but nevertheless he feeds some forty or fifty head of cattle on the neighboring hills. Everything in and about his house indicates order, industry and frugality, characteristics of the New Englander. On his centretable we found a copy of the Bible, Shakspeare, Statutes of Nebraska and the weekly NEBRASKA HERALD.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I have this to say to those seeking homes in the central part of the State: By all means visit the northern part of Seward and the southern part of Butler, before permanently settling elsewhere.

Enclosed please find $10 for the five copies of your paper sent last week.—Before I return home will swell the list to twenty-five. Yours &c.,

HOMESTEADER.

A Hint on Architecture.

Why is it that we are so far behind in architectural taste in the construction of the many new homes that are constantly going up on the South Side?

A friend of ours, who lately spent several weeks in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and who made it his special business to study the superior style of their houses in comparison to those in our own midst, made the just remark, 'that we are, in this respect, far behind the age, and that we need a few contractors, who would bring about a decided change for the better.' Why can not our house contractors study and cultivate a little more taste and economy? It would most surely be to the advantage and comfort of those fanmies for whom they are building. Just look at the number of houses that have been erected in the borough of Allentown, and all along the same range of hills east and west from there; we cannot imagine anything more tasteless. Many look like store-boxes, with a door and a few holes for windows. They frown upon us like watch-dogs, and are a disgrace to the 19th century. We do not altogether blame our contractors for this want of taste. They build these houses as they are ordered to build them, and their owners have no time nor opportunity to study architectural comfort and taste.

But we venture to say that no contractor could sooner fill his pockets and, at the same time, confer a great benefit on our rapidly increasing boroughs, than by putting up houses that will commend themselves for comfort, convenience and taste. Let them do this, and they will receive more orders than they will be able to fill; let them go to our eastern cities and find out how they build houses there, far better than ours and for the same money, to say the least.

Our people begin to get their eyes opened; they demand a change for the better. A few dollars will bring them in possession of architectural designs.—They find out that because a house is small, is no reason it should be an eyesore to every passer-by.

We repeat it, that the man who will bring about the desired change in house building, will become a benefactor to the community, establish his reputation and will make such a profitable investment for himself as to make him a rich man in a short time.

The Enormous Cost of Fences

Occasionally we meet a paragraph in some agricultural paper upon the cost of fences. Few people, even those who have been at great expense therefor, fully realize the amount of land occupied by fences and walls, and how large a proportion of their expenditure is caused by them, and in great measure unnecessarily. In South Carolina the improved land is estimated to be worth twenty millions of dollars, and the fences have cost sixteen millions. Nicholas Biddle thirty years ago, said the fences of Pennsylvania had cost one hundred millions of dollars. In Ohio, their cost is placed at one hundred and fifteen millions, and in New York at one hundred and forty four millions. Whoever has traveled in England will have noticed how small the fields are, and how much of the land is taken up by hedge rows. In many parts of New England the stone walls are equally numerous and useless. The first improvement is made when the rail fence around the dwelling and garden is supplanted by the light picket fence, which, when painted, is even yet considered in itself an ornament. The front dooryard of many a rich farmer in New England is to-day simply a strip the width of the front of the house, paint, to the road, and half the beauty of the place is taken away by the fences, which make insignificant what might be ample and attractive. The original idea was to keep the cows and pigs out of the yards. Very well so far; but the better way is to confine them to their proper quarters, and open up the grass plat, giving space, freedom, and a sense of largeness to the surroundings of the house. Keeping even step with the improvement in farming, the selling of cattle, the greater care of stock, the increased value of animals, will be the advancement in the appearance of the farm-house by the tearing away of obsolete fences and the general clearing up, and planting in flowers and shrubbery in the immediate vicinity of the house. Even in the villages we have noticed lately more reforms of this kind, which have added twenty-five per cent. to the looks of the places so reformed. As land proves more valuable, it will be found profitable to carry out the idea on a larger scale. In France, Germany and Holland, the farms are divided by a path or ditch. In those countries where the land is so minutely subdivided, and, as a rule, the proprietor-ship are so small they cannot afford the amount of land here taken up by fences and walls. It is obvious that in the case of fences the annual expense, after a short time, for replacement and repairs is something, taking the country through, of large consideration. The tax thus paid is simply enormous. Slowly, indeed, yet surely, we are coming to understand how wasteful and inartistic we have been in this respect. There is still ample room for improvements. When, in our villages, adjoining owners shall become more neighborly, we shall see fewer high board fences, and a greater number of well kept lawns and flowering shrubs.—*Providence Journal.*

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Times* fancies he has discovered Darwin's "missing link"—the tail—coiled under the "Grecian Bend."

OUR ARRAPAHOE LETTER.

Improvements, Prospects, etc.

ARRAPAHOE, August 7th, 1871

H. D. Hathaway, Editor Plattsmouth Herald:

DEAR SIR:—Presuming that many of your readers are interested in the progress of our country, I will endeavor to satisfy their curiosity by writing a short letter for your paper.

We reached Arrapahoe two weeks ago Thursday evening in good health and spirits, after a long and tiresome journey. We saw some nice country along Blue river, but none we liked so well as when we arrived at the Republican river, and that is better farther up the river. All along here the valley is about four miles wide, is excellent grass land, and the uplands are proving to be good for farming where they have been tried; sod corn growing along the river is very large, also potatoes, melons, etc. Those wishing to come to our new country would do well to come and look at this part of Nebraska before locating elsewhere. It is well watered and timbered for a prairie country, and a town being started in the midst of such a country will be a decided advantage to settlers. We have put in two bridges since we came here—one across Muddy creek, west of the town; the other across Camp creek, east of the town—both good bridges. We have the timber partly on the ground for the town house, and one dwelling house completed and expect to put up others as soon as possible. H. Crum has one completed on his claim, across the river, in sight of town. L. Brainard has one, a ½ mile east of the town site. We have had but two Indians in camp since we started.—Four tribes passed through along the river, but did not molest us; two of them paid us a short visit and went quietly away. The bottoms and bluffs were covered with buffalo a week ago, now none are to be seen; the Indians are driving them south

There is a chance for stock raising in the valley not excelled in the west; there is a wide range of grazing land and an abundance of water and shelter from cold storms and wind. The river and creeks are well timbered with Cottonwood, Ash, Elm and some Cedar. The water is possible when wells are dug, and properly walled it is of good quality.—Settlers are coming in slowly—four having taken claims and don't count east of us inside of as many weeks.

SETTLER

Oh! speak not hastily of the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive foot-steps. Despise not woman's tears; they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern of manhood is melted sometimes into sympathy; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tear—an awful pleasure. If there be none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should not wish to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

Three heavy golden vases were lately found at Pompeii, in the middle of a street, only a few feet unqar the ground. It is believed they were carried by priest in a procession to propitiate the gods, and that the bearers were killed while moving through the streets.

There is a masked political society in Charleston, known as the "United S. C. Avengers." The name is split up in this way so the illiterate can spell it. Outside of that state the letters are run together and the society is known as the "United Scavengers."

After he built the Drew church, one of his old neighbors was in inquiring of Daniel his experience about "special providences." "Believe in special providence? of course I do," said Daniel. "Why, when I subscribed $10,000 for the church I had no idea where the money was coming from, but Providence was with me. I went down to Wall street, got in with some of those New York smart fellows and in less than six months had skinned them out of $10,000 a slick as a whistle!"

Gen. Sherman has a bluff and effectual way of disposing of false reports.—He denies the slaughter of Indians by the United States troops as reported in the papers from time to time, and pointedly says, "If we killed half as many as the New York *Herald* says we do, we'd be short of Indians," which certainly is a quaint way of stating the case.

A new style of brogan shoe has been produced made principally of the wood, in Massachusetts. The sole is divided of the ball of the foot, and connected by a hinge of oil-leather of suitable thickness—two inches wide, so as to give free play to the toes. A portion of the uppers is made of leather, but they are toed and heeled with wood. In the fastenings copper rivets are made use of and all the parts where the wood and leather unite, are packed with india rubber. These shoes sell for less than a dollar a pair, it is said, and are a modification of the European wooden shoe

A girl in Indiana is studying law, and intends to practice. A lawyer, after trying to frighten her, at last asked her if she was not afraid of losing her reputation. She replied that it had never occurred to her that lawyers, generally, had any reputation to lose! The "examination direct" was not continued.

The pay of the enlisted men of the United States army has been reduced. Privates of cavalry, artillery and infantry receive hereafter $13 instead of $16, and the compensation of non-commissioned officers is proportionately less than formerly.

A Philadelphian sends the following to *Harper's Drawer*:

Seeing a month or two ago in the *Magazine* anecdotes illustrative of the theology of our "colored brethern," reminds me of a sermon delivered before the African Methodist Episcopal Church at Frankfort, near here. The preacher was telling his congregation about Moses crossing the Red Sea; and, to make his description quite plain, illustrated it as follows: "Now you's the children of Israels an I'S Moses; Jassey is the Wilderness, and Bristolburg (a supuh hoh Philadelphia along the Delaware) the Promised Land. Well I bring ye down to the rihber, and waves my hand up toward Tacony, and the waters roll back to Philadelfy and we all goes over without gettin' wet. When the last pickaniny gets over I waves my hand toward Philadelfy, and I waves it toward Tacony, and the waters roll back from wud Tacony—*an dey wet fishin' for shad dar de next mornin.*"

THE LAST HOPE GONE.

We had hoped, for the credit of the State, that it would transpire that acting Governor James and Attorney General Roberts had allowed the State to be swindled by Morton, Hopkins & Co., because of their ignorance. But the following, from the *Journal*, shows that such is not the fact but that the Attorney General was officially notified of the state of the case:

"We rise to explain that the reason the present "military necessity" who is the figure head dubbed "Attorney General" of Nebraska did not put in an appearance in the late saline land case was not because of ignorance of the pendency of the suit. Ex Attorney General Robinson, when he handed over the office to the new incumbent fully explained the status of the case, informed him of the time of trial, the reason of the continuance and all the circumstances connected with it. Who is paying the expenses of this heroic Brigadier in his prolonged sojourn in the East? We ask this question out of curiosity, not that we conceive that it is a matter of the least interest to us or to the State. The office is vacant to all intents and purposes whether he is present or absent in flesh or spirit."

Death of Mrs. Vallandigham.

A Dayton dispatch of the 13th inst. says:

A private dispatch received here today by John M. Spragg, Esq., from Cumberland, Md., announces the death, at that place, of Mrs. Vallandigham, the wife of the late C. L. Vallandigham, of this city. Mrs. Vallandigham was stricken down by the sudden death of her husband, and has been suffering severely ever since from physical and mental prostration. A few weeks since she was taken to Cumberland, Md., by friends relatives, where she has continued to grow worse, and was recently seized with an attack of dysentery which resulted fatally. Her remains will be deposited in a vault at Cumberland, and removed here for interment in the family burying ground as soon as the weather will permit. Mrs. Vallandigham was a sister of the late Hon. John V. McMahen, of Baltimore.

Geo. Fickler is preparing to open a meat market on the south side of Main street, between Second and Third.

A Washington editor is mad because a compositor headed his editorial, "The Champagne Opened," when he wrote: "The Congress Opened." He says that printer is always thinking of something to drink.

The venerable game of ten pins finds a defender in the Parkersburg *Times*, which cannot see that it is any worse than croquet—one consists in rolling a ball so that it will hit a pin, while the other consists in rolling it so that it will go through a hoop—and adds the clincher that the best Methodist preacher in Iowa is the best croquet player in Iowa.

The "girl of the period" was in town yesterday; she wanted some of "them hails what yer strike with a maut, to toll like ye town gals."

The Wilmington (DE.) *Independent* appeals to its delinquent debtors, and says, truly: "A paper can't subsist on good wishes and kind words, any more than a man grow fat, sleek and saucy on sawdust diet. It cant be did."

Here are some newspaper verses beginning: "Last night I drew from off my sleeve a little golden hair." Lucky for you that your wife didn't find it before you did.

In Boston, a favorite beverage is composed of liberal proportions of champagne, whiskey, rum and claret, a lemon and a small modicum of black tea. To an admirer of the "cow," this must be quite a nice drink. And the Bostonians have given it a nice name. Boston, it must be borne in mind, is moral; Boston is temperate; and while Boston morality and temperance might stretch so far as to indulge quietly in a flowing bowl, we it would not do to openly acknowledge the fact; the proprieties must be observed; and so Boston gives the above mentioned cheering concection the title of "tea punch!" The Hubbites knew their rum punch, by any other name will taste as good, and so by giving it a euphemistic appellation, they lose none of the delicious flavor, at the same time adding the devil around the stump in a manner highly edifying to all lovers of society

In Virginia, recently, a man put on a panther's skin and sought to scare a boy named Forrest. The device succeeding in scaring the boy into the belief that he was a panther sure enough, and he shot the varmint dead with a rifle.

Lakes of borax have been discovered in Scharston Territory and in Nevada. The latter is rich in fields of carbonate of soda which are said to be inexhaustible, and also in pure sulphur. The soda is perfectly white free from all impurities and from the grit so commonly found in it; pure enough for a housekeeper's use as it is taken out of mine. Crude borax can be purchased from Nevada for five cents a pound at Sacramento. Rich mineral deposits, as jasper, cornelian, amethyst, moss agate, &c., are found in great abundance; while petrified wood susceptible of a high polish is very abundant.

An exchange, wanting to compliment a "live stock journal," says it is edited by a man whose head is full of live stock.

A landlady at Ottumwa egged a bride out of her house the other day, because she said the girl ought to have been married three weeks before she was.

A Wheeling man who hung himself did so because he was too shiftless to keep a corpse. His last words were "Clean me up, and put a boiled shirt on me."

A $2,500 monument has been erected over the grave of the late E. M. Stanton.

The McPelters, Pograms and Bascoms of the "Confederate X Roads," are daily waxing weaker, and their ancient glory is gradually flickering out. In 1860, Kentucky stood Republican, 1364; Democratic, 94,852. In 1864 Republican 27,766; Democratic 64,321. In 1868 Republican, 35,566; Democratic, 115,889, Democratic majority 76,323. In 1870 Republican 57,261; Democrats 85,145, majority for the Democrats, 31,684

On Monday there was another election for State officers, succeeding a long and lively campaign in which both parties got out their full strength. The returns are not in yet, but the telegrams inform us that the Democratic majority will be 20,000. Kentucky, the strong hold of the Bourbons, will soon be conquered to modern ideas and civilization.—*Lincoln Journal*

Probate Notice

All persons having claims against the estate of Amos I. Lucas, deceased, late of Plattsmouth Nebraska, are hereby notified that said claims must be filed in the Probate Court of Cass Co., on or before the January 16, 1872, or they will be forever barred.

July 15th 1871. A. L. CHILDS, Probate Judge

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