

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald

VOL. I.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, EVENING, JUNE 22, 1883.

NO. 10

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The members of the Republican State Central Committee are requested to meet at the Paxton Hotel, in the city of Omaha, on Thursday, June 28, 1883, at seven o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of fixing the date and place for holding a convention to nominate candidates for Judge of Supreme Court and Regents of the University, and such other business as may properly come before it.

G. W. K. DORSEY, Chairman.

Fremont, June 9, 1883.

GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN'S account in the North American Review, of the last struggle by Lee and his army about Richmond, is wonderfully interesting. The paper establishes "Little Phil's" reputation as a very pleasant, entertaining writer of more than ordinary ability. He starts out by saying, "I feel it my duty to give to history the following facts." He then tells the story of the struggle of General Lee to escape from the coils which General Grant had thrown around him and his army, as he, (Gen. Sheridan), remembers and saw it from the saddle, and at the front; and his story is a fascinating one, told in an off hand, easy style, which cannot help but please the reader.

ONE objection urged against the HERALD'S suggestion of diverting the water course on Washington avenue by the way of Seventh street to the sewer on Chicago avenue, at Richey's lumber yard is, that the water from the north side of town must have a way to escape and that the present water course through block 28, furnishes the only escape for all this surface water. A moment's thought, however, will convince anyone that this is no objection; this water all empties into the main sewer anyway, and must always be taken care of through the gutters on the north and south streets. There is no question but the plan of taking this water either by the way of Seventh or Sixth streets, into the main water course, is the proper one, for the reason that it can be done with less expense and when once accomplished, our city will be in no danger from disastrous freshets. As it is all the property in block 28, the most valuable in the city, is in constant danger of total destruction. Once let this sewer become clogged up during a flood like the one day before yesterday, and nothing can save the property.

IOWA POLITICS.

As the time approaches for the meeting of the republican state convention becomes more clearly outlined, there is but little doubt that the present state officers, with the exception of Judge Day, will be renominated. The chances are that Judge Day will be beaten, and that either Judge McDil or Judge Reed will be the candidate for the supreme bench. The issue in the convention on the temperance question will be as between a simple declaration in favor of re-submission of the prohibitory amendment and a declaration in favor of immediate statutory prohibition, pending the re-adoption of the constitutional amendment. The 30,000 majority last June in favor of prohibition will be urged as an instruction to the party, and it is probable that the convention will declare in favor of prohibition.—Sioux City Journal.

DEATH OF MRS. MARQUETT.

The community was shocked yesterday by the intelligence of the death of Mrs. T. M. Marquette, although he had long been known that her demise was only a question of time. She had been a sufferer from consumption for some years, and bore her painful illness with the utmost fortitude. To the stricken husband and orphaned children will flow the warmest sympathy of an extended circle of friends.

Her bedside was surrounded by ministering near ones, and her last hours were smoothed by all that affection could suggest. Her sister, Mrs. Cutler, of Cass county, had been with her for several days. The funeral will take place from the residence, 1744 P street, at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.—State Journal.

Our people will be grieved and shocked at the foregoing announcement of the death of Mrs. T. M. Marquette, Mr. and Mrs. Marquette were married in this city in 1861, both being residents of Plattsmouth and here through the early years of their wedded life, they resided fighting life's battles amid the privations and hardships of early pioneer life. A few years ago Mr. Marquette's professional engagements compelled his removal to Lincoln where he has since resided. Mrs. Marquette for some years, has been in failing health, having contracted the dread malarial consumption. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Marquette in Plattsmouth will deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their distress.

THE SAME OLD ROOSTER.

Stewart Samuel—Powerful and Athletic Condition of Tilden.

Omaha, Neb., June 15.—Dr. Geo. L. Miller, editor of the Herald (Dem.) of this city, sends the following from New York to his paper here. Coming as it does immediately upon the heels of Hon. Henri Watterson's remarkable letter on the same subject, it demands universal attention, and is consequently given to the Associated Press:

New York, June 15.—When Mr. Tilden invited Henry Watterson to visit him at Gramercy Park, I happened to be snipe shooting on the Hudson, otherwise I should have gone along with Watterson to see the grand old sage. As it was, when I got back to New York with a bag full of game, I found the following telegram awaiting me: I interpret the cipher, so that Republican voters as well as Democratic, may understand: "Gramercy Park, 11 a. m.—Henry is here. Can do nothing till you come. Hurry up." I started at once for Gramercy Park—paying a hackman \$8 to drive me there. It was 6 o'clock in the evening when I reached there. Mr. Tilden heard the rumble of wheels, and ran down the front walk to meet me. Not waiting to open the gate, he vaulted over a seven-foot iron fence and clasped me warmly to his bosom as I alighted from the hack. I was delighted to find my old friend in as vigorous health as when he and I used to sit together and talk politics in the dear old days of '76 (1876). Nay, he is looking even fresher and stronger than then. His left eye fell out several months ago, and the glass one he has substituted for the missing orb gives his countenance a peculiarly juvenile appearance. Then again, Mr. Tilden is fuller and stouter than he was. He has grown several inches in height, and a generous diet has swelled his physique into goodly proportions. His hair, too—I must not forget that. It used to be white; now it is as black as a raven's plumage. His voice is full and robust, and as he greeted me he broke into such a hearty laugh that the horses hitched to the hack took fright and came very near running away. "Here, give me a hold on that trunk," said Mr. Tilden; "I do not allow a porter on my place." And with these words he swung my three hundred pound sole-leather gracefully upon his brawny shoulders and started with it toward the house. I could hardly contain my joy at beholding my beloved leader in such splendid condition. Watterson met us at the door complaining of a lame back. He had bowled tenpins with Mr. Tilden till a late hour the previous night and was completely used up. "I rolled small balls," said Watterson, "and he rolled big ones. Today I am as sore as a felon, while he is sound and spry as a cat. The herculean physique of the man is marvellous." Mr. Tilden showed us over his house. It is seven stories high, and before I reached the attic I was so blown and weak in the knees that Mr. Tilden had to take hold of my arm and boost me along. Mr. Watterson stopped on the fourth floor to recuperate on a bottle of brandy the grand old statesman had thoughtfully left there by way of refreshment. As we descended, Mr. Tilden playfully slid down the balustrade—a favorite pastime of his, as he informed me. We then entered the library, which is filled with bookcases stored with the choicest literature. The walls were adorned with portraits of Mr. Tilden's ancestors, and what magnificent looking men they were, too! Never before had I seen such splendid specimens of healthful manhood. Mr. Tilden told us about them, and I was surprised to learn that none of them had died before reaching the mature age of 15 years. I could not help noting the marked resemblance Mr. Tilden bore his grand old ancestors. Supper being announced, we were shown into a spacious refectory. Mr. Watterson complained of a weak stomach, and contented himself with some fruit. I partook heartily of mutton chops and griddle cakes. Mr. Tilden's appetite astonished me. By way of whetting it, he first bit a tenpenny nail in two. "Sir," said I, "you have remarkable teeth." He laughingly replied, "Poor teeth, George, are the footprints of time." I shall not forget that epigram to my dying day. He then partook of three eggs in a glass of sherry, after which followed in rapid succession a porter-house steak, four mutton chops, a pork tenderloin, two plates of cucumbers, a dish of lyonnaise potatoes, and half a dozen batter cakes, the whole washed down with a glass of fine old three-star brandy. Then I thought I understood how the glorious sample of manhood before me came by his sturdy strength and vivacious spirits. We adjourned to the gymnasium—a spot Mr. Tilden regards almost as tenderly as he does his beloved library. After dallying with a 100-pound dumb-bell much as I would toy with a bean bag, our sprightly host put on the boxing-gloves with Watter-

son. He had the haughty Kentuckian floored in two minutes. He invited me to a bout, but I respectfully declined. The muscle, and agility, and bottom of the man amazed me. Then, in a sportive mood, he exhibited his prowess on the horizontal bars, the vaulting horse, and the trapeze. I have patronized every circus that has visited Omaha during the last twenty years and I have never seen any professional "skin the cat" as easily and gracefully as Mr. Tilden did on his trapeze. And Watterson and I stood by transfixed with wonderment. "Great heavens!" quoth I, "what an athlete is here!" Mr. Watterson was overcome by the emotions of awe that surged through his bosom; he was too full for utterance. At 11 o'clock we were again in the library. We did not light the gas; we sat in the gloaming and talked literature, and art, and science, and then by the dim light of the coal fire in the grate Mr. Tilden read to us from Milton's "Paradise Lost" in rich, full, clear tones. I would like to tell you, cherished readers of the Herald, all he said about literature, and art, and science, but he asked Watterson and me not to give the snap away until the campaign got further along, and I cannot overlook the fact that the opinions of every man are his own and his house is sacred. I agree, however, with Mr. Watterson that no power on earth could induce Mr. Tilden to accept the Presidency.

GEORGE L. MILLER, M. D.

We notice our brethren of the democratic press are beseeching the Ohio bourgeois now in session at Columbus to declare through their platform, in "ringing tones," a set of principles which will be the key note for the National Democratic convention, and which will lead their party to victory at the polls in the coming state election. Among these appeals we notice that of our neighbor of the Omaha Herald who speaks in the following intrepid manner:

The tariff it is conceded, will be the coming issue. The people of Ohio cannot be so blind and so ignorant of their material interests as to endorse the wholesale pillage which has been perfected to a system and committed on them and the whole country these many years under the mask of protection. The truth needs but to be squarely and precisely laid before the voters to obtain a righteous verdict. That the democratic convention will do this, and do it unqualifiedly, we have an abiding belief.

We take with many grains of allowance the announcement by the Omaha Herald, as its belief, that the tariff is going to be the overshadowing issue, especially in Ohio. The Herald does not say just how the people of Ohio have been pillaged by the "perfected system," yet the editor of that paper intimates that if Ohio's people are intelligent, they are aware of the fact that they have been pillaged and robbed by protection. Had the Editor of the Omaha Herald paid close attention to the voice of the producer of the Buckeye State, upon the passage of the tariff act by the last congress, which reduced protection upon wool, he would have received a very intelligent pointer as to the views of that individual upon this question. About the loudest kicking done by the people of any section of the Union was done by that people because the tariff was reduced upon wool, one of Ohio's products. The people of Ohio are not ignorant and yet they, to judge by the expression of their people upon the passage of that act, know nothing about this "wholesale pillage" the editor of the HERALD speaks about.

We are inclined to believe the editor of the Omaha Herald is well aware of the fact that his party expect to win in Ohio, if they win at all, upon the issue of free whisky; the republican party of that state have taken bold grounds upon that question, in favor of its regulation by the state, in the shape of a tax, and the Ohio democracy if they retain the whisky vote, without which they cannot hope to win, have got to either dodge and trim or take the other side of that question. About the last thing the Omaha Herald, and that portion of the democratic press which understands the true situation in Ohio, want to see is a square toed, outspoken declaration by the Ohio democracy in opposition to the platform of principles adopted by the Ohio republicans.

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