THE ADVERTISER.

Published every Thursday morning

BY CHURCH & HACKER,

J. S. Church. J. C. Hacker. Proprietors.

Office—No. 74 McPherson's Block, up Stairs, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Terms, in Advance:

One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 00
One copy, three months 50

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1871.

VOL. 15.—NO. 36.

THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Half inch	$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$2.50	$3.50	$5.00	$ 8.00
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

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☞ **Mt. Carmel Commandery Knight Templar No. 3.**—Meets in Masonic Hall on the second Saturday night in each month. R. W. FURNAS, Em. Com. JNO. BLAKE, Recorder.

☞ **Brownville Chapter No. 4. R. A. M.** Regular Communications first Monday night in each month. Lecture Meetings every Monday night. JOHN BLAKE, M. E. H. P. RUFUS T. RAINEY, Secy.

☞ **Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.**—Regular Communications First and third Saturday nights in each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. SIDNEY FRENCH, Secy.

☞ **Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.** Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. J. STEVENSON, N. G. D. O. CROSS, Secy.

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☞ **Methodist E. Church.**—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. J. W. MARTIN, Pastor.

☞ **Christ's Church—Episcopal.**—Corner Atlantic and Second streets. Services every Sunday Morning at 10½ o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 2½ o'clock. Evening Service at 7½ o'clock. Holy Communion administered on the first Sunday of each month. Seats free. G. R. DAVIS, Rector.

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☞ **Christian Church, London.**—Divine service every Sabbath at 11 a. m., and in the evening.

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☞ **M. E. Church, London.**—Services every other Sabbath. Rev. J. W. MARTIN, Pastor.

☞ **M. E. Church, Peru.**—Services every Sabbath. Rev. MARTIN PRITCHARD, Pastor.

☞ **M. E. Church, Nemaha City.**—Services every other Sabbath. R. BURGE, Pastor.

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☞ **City Council.**—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, F. A. Tisdel, Jr. Aldermen, W. D. Lewis, F. E. Johnson, C. Neidhardt, D. Plasters. Marshal, D. Campbell. Clerk, J. B. Decker. Treasurer, J. W. Middleton. Police Judge, W. F. Rogers.

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Post Office Hours from 7 a. m. to 7½ p. m. Sundays from 10 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLOCK, P. M.

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HEWETT & NEWMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Brownville, Neb. Office No. 70, McPherson Block, up stairs.

FRENCH & ROGERS, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to their care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

JOB A. DILLON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, Tecumseh, Johnson County, Neb.

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N. K. GRIGGS, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

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H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS.

A. P. COGSWELL, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in Cogswell Block, corner First and Atlantic streets. Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and the Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. 7tf

RICHARD V. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office in Hannaford & McFall's Furniture Store, Brownville, Neb.

WILLIAM H. HOOVER, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in District Court Room. Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District.

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EVAN WORTHING, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and Dealer in all kinds of Grain and Country Produce. Office and Warehouse, No. 80 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

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JULIUS GILBERT, County Surveyor. Postoffice address, Clifton, Nemaha County, Nebraska.

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J. H. BAUER, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Etc., No. 85 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Mending done to order. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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CHRIS. HAUBOLD, Merchant Tailor, No. 62 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Has on hand a splendid stock of Goods, and will make them up in the latest styles, on short notice and reasonable terms.

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REYNOLDS HOUSE, J. N. Reynolds, Proprietor. Nos. 88 & 90 Main street, opposite Postoffice. Newly furnished throughout; thoroughly remodeled from cellar to attic. First Class Sample Room on first floor. Most convenient House to the business part of the city. Livery accommodations convenient. Stages for all points leave this House daily, making close connections with all Railroad trains. 37-y

AMERICAN HOUSE, L. D. Robison, Proprietor. Front street, between Main and College. Good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with this House.

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ARCHITECT & BUILDER!

Brownville, Nebraska.

WILL DO ALL KINDS OF BUILDING, PREPARE Plans, Draw Designs, and Furnish Specifications. Satisfaction guaranteed. Job Work of every description at short notice. Shop on First Street, between Main and Atlantic. 26-tf

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BERKLEY & SWITZER,

Wagon & Carriage Makers

—AND—

BLACKSMITHS.

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CUSTOM WORK

DONE ON SHORT NOTICE, AND IN A STYLE and manner which will guarantee satisfaction. Mr. Berkely does the Wood Work, and Mr. Switzer the Blacksmithing and the Iron Work, and professes to be a superior hand at

HORSE SHOEING.

☞ Give us a call. 26-2m

GEO. S. PHILLIPS,

Livery, Feed, & Exchange Stables

Brownville, Nebraska.

J. BLAKE,

DENTIST

All Operations Performed in the best manner.

OFFICE: Over City Drug Store, front room.

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PROPRIETOR,

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No. 37 Main St.

BROWNVILLE, NEB.

John L. Carson, Banker,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Exchange bought and sold on all the principa cities. Also dealer in

Gold and Silver Coin, Gold Dust, and Government Bonds.

Deposits received, payable at sight. Interest paid on time deposits by special agreement. Taxes paid for non-residents. All kinds U. S. Bonds wanted.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE.

46 Main-st., Brownville.

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FEED STABLE

IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE.

This House has been remodeled and refurnished throughout, and affords the best accommodations in the city to the local and traveling public. It is centrally located. Stages for the West, and Omnibusses for all trains, go from the Sherman House. Fair first class, charges moderate. 15-tf.

Dr. C. F. THIBAUT,

German Physician & Obstetrician

OFFICE IN THURMAN'S DRUG STORE,

Brownville, Nebraska.

POSSESSING an Electro-Magnetic Battery, he will be fully able to attend to all Nervous and other diseases.

Will be in Brownville from the 1st to the 5th, and from the 13th to the 18th of every month. 31f

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OLD KENTUCKY

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Pure Wines, Bitters, &c.,

63 MAIN STREET,

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JOHN BOUSFIELD,

Bricklayer and Plasterer,

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Is prepared to take Contracts in his line, in city or country. All work done in the best of style. Also, will build Cisterns, and warrant them perfect. 25y

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry

JOSEPH SHUTZ,

No. 59 Main Street, Brownville.

Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.

WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. [31-1y.

JOHN Q. A. SMITH. E. H. WILCOX

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SMITH & WILCOX.

Dealers in all kinds of Grain, for which they pay the highest market price in Cash.

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FOR SALE.

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28-1y

STOVES!

ALL SIZES AND PATTERNS,

AT W. D. SHELLENBERGERS.

THE ADVERTISER.

BROWNVILLE, NEB.,

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1871.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J. W. FORNEY.

No. XXI.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Called to Washington on official business, I find myself this warm and breezy morning of the 30th of May seated at the open window of my old room at the Mills House, once more looking over into the sacred grounds of Arlington, where twenty thousand Union soldiers sleep their last sleep, and silently yet sternly sentinel the capitol they saved. And this is Decoration Day! The departments are closed in honor of the dead heroes. From Main to Mexico, wherever the grave of a Union man is to be found, it will be visited by some Union man or woman.

Such graves as these are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palastines—
The Meccas of the mind.

The fervor with which Decoration Day is venerated proves the undying love of our people for their country. The sentiment is a conviction that grows with every hour, and ripens to be renewed in freshness and vigor. Decoration Day, is therefore, another Independence Day; precisely as the abolition of human slavery in 1863 gave force to the abolition of British surveillance in 1776. But it was more than this. It was the intellectual disinthralment of four millions of black and thirty millions of whites. It revolutionized the wicked work of ages of misrule. It wrought in less than nine years the destruction of the evils of almost as many centuries.

Where were we all on the 30th of May eighteen hundred and sixty-one? As I ask the question, Robert E. Lee's Arlington house shines out white from the dark green foliage of the southern side of the Potomac, and seems to answer: "Ten years ago this day my owner had just tendered an unstained sword, with a troubled heart, to his country's foe. Ten years ago Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Stonewall Jackson, James Buchanan, Edward D. Baker, Howell Cobb, John B. Floyd, Lewis Cass, Owen Lovejoy, were living; they have since gone before the Great Judge, and have answered all their mortal deeds. Ten years ago the thousands of slain around me, and 'three hundred thousand more,' were active and intelligent men, useful fathers, husbands, sons and brothers. But these dead have left behind lessons and warnings that will not die."

"Ah, gentlemen," said Fredrick Douglas, the really great leader of the colored race of America, yesterday afternoon, "who shall tell the story of these last ten years! I cannot. To me all is changed; and what an unutterable, indescribable change! From slavery to liberty, from ostricism to equality, from ignorance to self-respect, from sin to schools, from the lash to the light, from the bludgeon to the ballot, from a country bound in chains to a nation robed in glory, from a capitol that seemed to be rooted to despotism to a great city, free and wholesome and beneficent. Find your orator to tell us of these marvels. I have no speech to describe, though my heart cherishes them all."

"Blessed be this night," said another of the same race on another occasion. "Five times have I been sold into slavery in Washington—three times on the block, and twice with the ball and cain on my feet; and now I am free, and all my children and their children's children."

And what could John M. Langston, the law professor of the Howard University, say? The son of a gentleman of Virginia by his own slave, he lives to represent the intellect of his father and his accepted offspring, and to honor and bless his mother.

But on this sacred day other memories are revived. I recall, as I write, the face, the form, the character and history of James Jackson, of Kentucky, who sleeps with the blessed Union martyrs. The readers of these hasty anecdotes will perhaps recollect my reference to him on the night of my Mazeppa speech, on Missouri avenue, after I had been elected Clerk of the House of Representatives, in December of 1859. Jackson was afterward a Whig Representative in the Thirty-seventh Congress from Kentucky, and when elected was about forty. He was chosen as a proslavery man, with intense attachment to Henry Clay, John T. Crittenden, and the old leaders of that school of politics, but also with intense attachment to the Union. I never met him until I met him as a Representative in the great Congress preceding the rebellion. His genial nature, his extremely handsome face and athletic form, his eloquence of speech and magnetism of manner, attracted me; and yet, although somewhat differing in politics—he as the ideal of the old Whig party in its best days, and I as the ideal of the better days of the Democracy—we coalesced in ardent devotion to the Union. He was against me for Clerk, yet he was glad I was elected—not because he cared for me, but because he desired to rebuke the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, whose course on the Kansas question he did not hesitate to denounce as unutterably bad.

On this decoration day, as I look out upon Arlington Heights and hear the guns thundering over the graves of those who perished that their country might live, I think of handsome Jackson, and of an incident related to me by one of his devoted Kentucky friends, now holding a high and honorable position under General Grant's administration. Jackson left his seat in the House to offer his life to the Republic. In doing this he felt that he was separated from many near and dear friends in Kentucky, all of whom, equally devoted to the Union, were also devoted to slavery. He had served several months in the war when slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia. His old associates, believing they could swerve him from his fidelity to his country, conceived that emancipation would greatly disappoint him, and one of their number wrote him a letter, stating now that the Yankees had shown that this was simply an Abolition war, he ought to leave the "Federal" army and come over to his old friends, in which case a better position awaited him. This letter, owing to circumstances unnecessary to relate here, fell into the hands of his brave wife, a Kentucky women. She was so indignant at the attempt to debauch her husband that she tore it up, but immediately after, believing that he had better see it, womanlike, gathered the fragments and sent the missive foward to her husband. He received it in the company of friends, laughed heartily at it, and referred to the Confederate who had written it as a capital good fellow, but as one who had wholly misunderstood his character. Among those who heard of the letter was the well known Brigadier General William Nelson, subsequently killed by General Jefferson C. Davis in a personal rencontre at the Galt House, in Louisville, on the 26th of September, 1862. Nelson remarked, after the letter to Jackson had been read, that the writer seemed to *know his man* or he never would have written it. This observation was reported to Jackson by some convenient friend, who belonged to the school of men who always report unpleasant remarks, and resulted in a challenge from Jackson to Nelson. Nothing prevented a mortal meeting but the intervention of the venerable John J. Crittenden, the friend of both, who came from Louisville to the camp and stepped between the young Hotspurs. But they never spoke until after one of the subsequent battles, in which Nelson displayed almost superhuman bravery. Jackson's cavalry regiment could not be called into the fight, and he lay chafing at a distance from the field. But when he came into camp and found that praise of his adversary was in the mouth of every soldier, he rushed up to him and threw his arms around his neck and said: "I can never be the enemy of a man who has fought so bravely for the old flag."

They both died in 1862—Jackson at the head of his regiment in the battle of Perryville, and Nelson, as I have said, by the hands of Jefferson C. Davis, a brave and noble soldier, now in New York, whom Nelson had grossly insulted. Jackson and Nelson were both men of strong convictions. They were men of storm and tempest, but of noble hearts. They loved Clay, Crittenden, Breckenridge, Preston and Prentice of the Louisville *Journal*. To go into the Union cause against all their social prejudices and friends was a great struggle, but go they did. They died young, but they had lived a long experience. Nelson was a commander in the navy, and died a Brevet Major General in the army. Jackson had just got into Congress when the war broke out, and died before he finished his Congressional career. They are both in Heaven.

THE DOLLINGER SCHISM.

The excommunication of Dr. Dollinger is creating no small stir in the religious circles of Europe. The time has passed by when spiritual despotism was supreme, and priestly fulminations possessed transcedent power. The venerable head of the Romish Church has, in his old age, become engaged in a controversy which cannot but weaken his spiritual power, almost as effectually as his temporal authority has been lessened. It brings him not only in collision with the clericle dignitaries, but also with the jealous prerogatives of the Catholic Monarchs of Europe, who as far less subservient than they once were.

We see it stated that, though the Bavarian Ambassador at Rome, the Pope threatened to excommunicate the King of Bavaria for his friendly course towards Dr. Dollinger since his repudiation of the dogma of infallibility, but that on the following day Cardinal Antonelli called upon the Ambassador and withdrew, in the name of the Pope, the threat and apologized therefor. Throughout the Catholic countries of Europe, especpecially in the feeling of dissatisfaction is strong. In Munich, an address, approving of Dr. Dollinger's views, is being signed by the students and it is to be forwarded to the other universities of Germany, and to Switzerland. Eighty Catholic Parishes have also signified their assent to his opinion.

WEST OF THE MISSOURI.

Detailed Description of Some of the Principle Counties in the Interior of Nebraska.

Ed. Plattsmouth Herald:—Having just returned, as you know, from quite an extensive trip through our State, I desire to publish some facts in regard to the various portions of the State, from which can be deduced some idea of the agricultural resources of Nebraska. I have lived some three years in the State, and although I do a fair amount of reading I have never found anything from which I could learn definitely of the quality of land, &c., in the counties west of us. I now propose to take the counties in detail and give you facts as I observed in passing through each, and to commence I will, omitting Cass and Lancaster, come to

SALINE COUNTY.

This county is situated between ranges one and four, east of the sixth principal meridian, and its south line is twenty-four miles from the Kansas and Nebraska State line. Its principal towns are Crete, De Witt, Pleasant Hill, and Swan City. It is watered by the Little Blue River, Turkey Creek and Forks and Swan Creeks, all of which are quite heavily timbered. The general surface of the country is a gently rolling prairie; the soil is good, being a dark sandy loam with a subsoil of clay of a quality which holds moisture so well that even should no rain fall for a long period, vegetation would not be apt to die out. Just now they are having a struggle over the location of the county seat, and I believe they have an election every three weeks about it. The last I heard was that Pleasant Hill was ahead, but I am told that the Cretans cried fraud and I suppose another election will come off shortly. Passing through Saline county, we came to

FILMORE COUNTY.

There are not so many streams running theough this county. The north part of Turkey Creek being the principal one, and in the north-west corner School Creek, both being well timbered. The prairie is good and will make beautiful farms. There is plenty of Government land in Fillmore county subject to Homestead and Pre-emption. After leaving School Creek, where we camped for dinner, we came, in the afternoon, into

CLAY COUNTY.

The location of the B. & M. R. R. through the north tier of townships in this county has attracted a good many settlers. I think by the census of 1870 the population of this county was 35. It is now over 200, and constantly increasing, though both timber and water are scarce.

ADAMS COUNTY

Came next on our line. This county is very much broken, it being the head of the Little Blue, and west fork of Big Blue; and near the center of the county a colony of people from Michigan have started a town. Owing to the extreme reticence of the most intelligent looking man I saw there, I was unable to glean any fates in regard to Adams county which I can give you, and to speak from what I saw there would be so unfavorable to that county that I refrain from abusing it and pass on to

KEARNEY COUNTY.

This county, after you get beyond the sand ridges that border the Platte River, is most beautiful. It has no running streams in it of any consequence; but the prairie is so level that when rains fall the water finds the lowest places and forms small lakes, which are seldom or never dry, affording plenty of water for stock. All along in this county we saw plenty of Antelope, and from observation I know they are not found in any country where they cannot obtain water. Passing on through Kearney county we struck the

REPUBLICAN VALLEY.

We traveled up this valley for about sixty miles west of the western boundary of Franklin county. There are a good many bodies of Cottonwood timber on the Republican River, which will make good house logs and can be sawed into boards which will be used for building purposes. In passing up the river the distance I have named, I should say that from the north side a creek runs in at an average of every five miles, some of them quite large and all well timbered. The soil, both on the bottom and and the up land, is good and suitable for all kinds of farming; and as a stock-raising country I think it is unsurpassed this side the Rocky Mountains. Judge Cook, Mr. Painter, and several other gentlemen, have laid out a town and county next west of Franklin county. They have named the county Harlan, and the name of the town Alma City. A few miles above we find Republican City, which is a stockade, built for protection against Indians. Here we found Mr. F. A. Beiyon, a very intelligent gentleman and whom every settler who goes to the Republican valley in that locality should consult, as he is thoroughly posted. Some 24 miles above here the county and town of Arapahoe was located, after which we returned to Kearey City, when, cutting loose from the train, I crossed the Platte River and found myself on the line of the U. P. R. R. at Kearney Station, which is in

BUFFALO COUNTY.

From what I heard about it, I had imbibed the nation that the upper Platte valley was a vast sand plain; but I was mistaken, and my surprise was great to see such fine, magnificent bottoms, upon which is now grass plenty large enough to make hay. This county is well watered by the Platte, and branches of the Loup and Wood Rivers, the latter being, I think, one of the finest streams I have seen in Nebraska. It is in this county the junction of the B. & M. R. R. with the U. P. R. R. will be made, and if so, I predict for it a very lively growth. Passing along down Wood river, I was delighted with the beautiful aspect of the country. On one side was the Platte, its occassionally visible, flashing brightly in the distance; on the other, the small bluffs gently rising from the plain which was dotted all over with dwellings. Here you have no difficulty in finding the railroad sections, as all, or nearly all, the Government land is taken up while the Railroad land is vacant, but it will not be so long. The usual price which the U. P. R. R. asks for their land, and the very liberal terms which they give purchasers, will insure a speedy sale of all their lands in that locality; and I do not see why people do not buy these lands more rapidly than they do. Go where you will and the settlers will say, "well, we'll have a railroad in a few years." But here they have one at their doors, and one of the best railroads in the world; and a man can buy a quarter section of land, move on to it and make his home and pay for it, and in less than five years his farm will be worth $5,000. These are my impressions. We next come to

HALL COUNTY.

This is also situated on the Platte river, and is quite well watered and and timbered, though I noticed near Grand Island the soil was sandy. They expect the Midland Pacific Railroad to go through this county and up on the Loup Fork country. I found at Grand Island some very clever and intelligent people, among whom was Mrs. Eberhard, the editress of the Platte Valley *Independent*, whom, as the Irishman said I found to be a most "gentlemanly lady," and from whom I obtained a good deal of information in regard to the country. She tells me that the Loup Fork is a splendid country and is rapidly filling up. I also met Messrs. Handy & Thummel, in the real estate and law business, and who are ready and willing to give to strangers all the information in their possession in regard to the country. Leaving Grand Island I crossed the Platte river on a bridge, or a lot of bridges, as the river here has a half dozen channels. The bridge had recently been finished, and is a free bridge, built by Hall county, and owes its existence to the energy of the people of Grand Island, and I have no doubt it will prove a paying investment for the county and the town. Again on the south side of Platte, we come into

HAMILTON COUNTY.

This county is watered by the Platte river, Lincoln creek, Beaver creek, and the head of the North fork of the Big Blue river. I think this to be one of the finest counties I have been in on this trip. The soil is black and rich, the vegetation is abundant, and where there is the least appearance of a creek I found good timber growing. Elder Stafford has a fine farm at what is called Stafford's grove, sixteen miles east of Grand Island. Coming further on we next strike

YORK COUNTY.

It is almost exactly like Hamilton, except that the people cannot stay at home and see the Platte river. A town is started called York Center. This town was commenced by some gentleman in Lincoln, who expected the B. & M. R. R. would run through there; but things turned out differently from what was expected, and so that town contains to-day two houses and a large number of stakes which mark streets, squares, alleys and blocks. York county is a rich county, and I would say here, that in all the counties I have named, there is plenty of vacant land, and people who desire to settle in either of them will find people ever ready and willing to extend to them all the aid and assistance they desire in hunting up good locations. We came next to

SEWARD COUNTY.

which is so well known that I cannot give any additional information about it only that the roads are so crooked through it that a man has to drive from two to three miles in order to get one in the proper direction; and I think it would be well if the Commissioners of Seward county would regulate the roads and not permit every farmer to turn the road every time it suits his caprice.

AN INSECT YEAR.

The present year bids fair to be one of the worst insect years ever experienced. The Hessian fly has committed extensive depredations on wheat in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Southern Indiana; scores of complaints of chinch bugs come from Illinois and Iowa, and some from other sections; in still other places immense swarms of black caterpillars, and army worms (the true army worm that lives on grass and other vegetation on the ground) are doing great damage. But the worst of all is is the Rocky Mountain potato bug; this pest, it appears, prevails much more extensively than ever before, at least so early in the season. They are also fast pushing their way east, having entered Ohio on the south line of March, and crossing the Detroit river in swarms on the north.

The Detroit Free *Press* says, "every chip, plank, stave, bark, board and floating thing, large or small, in shore or channel, in stream or eddy, was filled with a crew of potato bugs, calm, contented, and as much at home as if feasting on the potato." Most of them were taken by the wind across to the Canada shore; others "struck boldly and rapidly down the rapid current, still eastward bound, via lake Erie to Buffalo." And it is said they will either disembark at Buffalo, or continue their course down the Erie canal. Now, leaving all pleasantries out of the question, it will not be at all strange if the potato bugs should make their appearance in the vicinity of Buffalo in the course of the season. Indeed, it would rather be surprising if they did not secure transportation on some of the passing propellers, and finally reach the potato fields of Western New York. Meantime, says the *Free Press*, "the potato bug possesses the land. Farmers do not hope to save the crop at all. From all parts of the State (of Michigan) the same cry comes up, and potatoes have greatly risen in price. Let the citizens of New York pray shipwreck of the fleet on Lake Erie."

There seem to be but two remedies for the pest; one is picking off the bugs, which, when they get so numerous, is impracticable; and the other is Paris green. The *Free Press* says: "All sorts of remedies have been tried. Paris green seems to have the most reliance placed upon it. The druggists of Detroit have had their stock exhausted. One firm disposed of a ton in three days. Telegraph orders have been transmitted to New York to forward with all speed a new supply."

Thus it is seen that the present season for some cause—as a very early and in many sections dry spring, or perhaps some other phrase or phrases in the weather—is very favorable for insect depredators, and that if no heavy storms, friendly insects, or other preventives come to the farmer's relief, they are likely to do immense damage during the season.

WENDEL PHILLIPS AT BOSTON.

Mr. Phillips being loudly and impatiently called for, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Mr. Chairman:—The extremes of the earth meet upon this platform tonight. Here we are, the fruit of two or three thousand years of civilization. All that art and letters and religion could do for us we have inherited. We harness the steam; we send lightning on errands; we subjugate nature. More than that, we have learned the omnipotence, the absolute omnipotence of order. We know what patient, persevering effort, generation after generation, marrying the ages together, can accomplish. We are educated by a thousand years into the consciousness of the sacredness of the law. These are very great powers. Now we stand side by side to-night with the rude tenents of the forest; men with few ideas, scanty traditions, rude arts. They come to us with only three elements of humanity. One is the indestructable sense of right and justice, which we never found a race so demoralized that they did not possess it. In their case these are added to an eloquence to assert their rights, and a courage to defend them, which places the Indian side by side with the Saxon and the Greek. No race ever outdid him. There is a class of men in our country that gather up the tradition of Indian violence, from Massachusetts Bay back to Colorado, and try to fire the heart with revenge. Why, fellow-citizens, if from Phillip Pokanoket down to Black Kettle on the far prairies, the Indians had resisted us inch by inch for every acre of land that we stole from him, I should be ashamed of the soil that fed him and the sun that looked down upon him. What is to give our children courage? This same climate and this same sun. Is our race in the next thousand years to run into cowardice, into pigmy thoughts, into standing cowed and at bay? The Indian who taught us what this American continent can make of manhood has written that record in a resistance that neither the omnipotence of civilization nor the overwhelmning numbers of forty millions of people could ever reduce into yielding to us tamely. I thank him- I am only proud of my country as a continent, because the race that preceded us was no race to yield up tamely their rights. I should be ashamed to be the successors of some of the races that go out in history. Why, you know, fellow-citizens, that the darkest page in human record is the contact between civilization and the aborigines. The contact of civilization with barbarism is the scandal of history. The civilized man approaches his victim, demoralizes him with his vices, and then crushes him under his feet. And if we were to measure the justice or the merit of civilization by the fringe which comes in contact with barbarism, as we advance we should have to cover our faces and put our hands upon our lips, for it is a record of infamy from the earliest stage which history has recorded down to the present day; and the only and the brightest spot in that section of our history is that the Englishman, with all his art, with all his wonderful superiority, with all the omnipotence of his warlike machinery, and his overwhelmning numbers, has never yet met the Indian and frightened him anywhere.

You say, these representatives of three hundred thousand men, they can only appeal to our pity. From Massachusetts Bay back to their own hunting grounds, every few miles is written down in imperishable record as the spot where the scanty, scattered tribe made a stand for justice and their own rights. Neither Greece, nor Germany, nor the French, nor the Scotch, can show a prouder record. And, instead of searing it over with infamy and illustrated epithets, the future will recognize it as a glorious record of a race that never died away, but stood up manfully, man by man, foot by foot, and fought it out for the land God gave him, against the world, which seemed poured out over him. I love the Indian, because there is something in the soil and climate that made him, that is fated in the thousand years that are coming to mould us, and I hope we shall always produce heroes as persistent as Philip and Mekavoka, the Philip Sidney of the prairie.

Now one word more. Do you know the history of a single aboriginal race, brought in contact with a great civilized wave, that has ever behaved any better? Can you show me a finer record on any continent? When the barbarians of India met Alexander of Macedon, and the Macedonian King hurled in their faces the same reproach that the press of America does at the Indian, "You defend yourselves savagely!" the haughty chief replied, "Sir, if you knew how sweet freedom was, you would defend it even with axes!" That is what the Indian says to us. No matter what be the masacre; no matter what be the weapon; no matter what be the ruthlessness with which I assert my righ against your uncounted millions. If you knew how sacred justice was, and how sweet liberty, you'd recognize that I was right in defending it, even with these stern methods.

But still there is another word to be said. Every fair-minded man that approaches the Indians comes back with the same testimony. Every gentle heart, be it in the bosom of man or woman, every fair-minded man, be he soldier or citizen, comes back with the same record. The ordinary ruffian paints him black