Sir Thomas H Webb

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM.

BY D. E. REED, & CO. BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS CO., NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1855. VOL. 1.—NO. 32.

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM
AND
PLATTE VALLEY ADVOCATE.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
Thos. Morton,
D. E. REED, & COMPANY,
Editors and Proprietors,
BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

TERMS.—To single subscribers—strictly in advance—$2,00. If not paid within four months, $2,25; over four and within eight months, $2,50; over twelve months, $3,00. Terms to Clubs:—3 copies, $5,00; 8 copies, $12,00; 25 copies, $32,00, in advance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months.

☞ No paper will be discontinued except at the discretion of the proprietors, until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For each square of twelve lines or less, first insertion,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	50
One square three months,	6 00
One square six months,	8 00
One square twelve months,	12 00
One quarter of a column twelve months,	20 00
One half column twelve months,	30 00
One column twelve months,	50 00
Business cards of eight lines, yearly,	5 00
" " " six months,	3 00
" " " three months,	2 00
Administrators' and Executors' notices,	5 00

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers will therefore understand:

1. That their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they paid, unless otherwise ordered.

2. That no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up to the time at which the notice is given, unless we are satisfied that the subscriber is worthless.

3. That when the paper, through the fault of a subscriber, has been suffered to overrun the time, the just and most convenient way is to remit one dollar for another six months, with directions to discontinue at the end of that time. This direction will, in all cases, be noted upon our books, and if not attended to shall be our loss.

4th.—The U. S. Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post-Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving seasonable notice, as required by the Post-Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post-Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BELLEVIEW.

I. H. BENNET.

Has opened a boarding house at Belleview, for the accommodation of regular boarders, and occasional visitors, who, he will take pleasure in making as comfortable as lies in his power.
Belleview, Nebraska. oct 25, '54

S. A. STRICKLAND,
Attorney at Law.

I WILL PROMPTLY attend to any business entrusted to me professionally in any or all of the Counties of Nebraska Territory.
S. A. STRICKLAND
Belleview, Dec. 1, 1854.

W. R. ENGLISH,

NEGOTIATOR, Collector, General Land Agent, Counsellor at Law, &c., &c.
Belleview, Nebraska.

Having an experience of 17 years in the Territory, will pay prompt attention to all communications, post paid, in regard to the Territory, &c., &c.

☞ Office near the Government building, and in rear of P. A. Sarpy's banking house.
Belleview City, Nebraska, July 15, 1854.

ST. MARY.

G. W. WALLACE,

Physician and Surgeon, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of St. Mary and vicinity. Office two miles northwest of St. Mary, on the Musquito creek.
aug 31-1y*

WATSON, KINNEY & GREEN,

General Land Agents, St. Mary, Mills County, Iowa. Will attend to the purchase and sale of real estate, the perfecting of titles, paying taxes, &c., &c.

☞ Farming land and village lots, to suit purchasers, on hand, for sale cheap, and on reasonable terms. CHAS. E. WATSON.
L. B. KINNEY.
n43-tf JOSEPH GREEN.

WILLIAMS & WILSON'S SAW MILL.

Keg Creek, Mills Co., Iowa. The proprietors of this mill intend to keep lumber of all descriptions constantly on hand; also to supply all special orders for lumber at short notice, for cash. n42-3m

SIGN PAINTER AND GILDER.

THE subscriber having located himself at St. Mary is prepared to execute orders of every discription of Plain, Fancy, and Ornamental Painting. Signs painted, lettered and gilded in the most approved style, and in the neatest manner. Patronage respectfully solicited. Office, at H. Myers, Front Street, St. Mary. STANISLAUS SCHEMANSKY.
St. Mary, Sept. 27, '54.

P. A. SARPY,

Wholesale and Commission Merchant, dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Books and Stationery, corner of Main and Gregory streets.
aug 31-1y*

C. E. WATSON,

Conveyancer, Notary Public, and Surveyor. Office at the Store of Greene, Kinney, & Co., St. Mary, Mills co., Iowa. Aug. 2, '54.

W. N. BYERS,

LAND SURVEYOR—Omaha City, Nebraska Territory. Land claims selected and located. Agent for the purchase, improvement and sale of city property or lands.

REFERENCES:

Hon. Joseph Williams, Muscatine, Iowa;
J. D. McCall, Esq., Fort Desmoine, Iowa;
Hon. Enos Lowe, Bluff City, Iowa.

N. B.—Letters of enquiry relative to Northern Nebraska, answered promptly.
Omaha City, Jan 31, '55-1y.

Selected Poetry.

THE EDITOR'S SONG.

The editor sits at his table,
Writing as well as he's able
Paragraphs, leader and puff;
His scissors beside him are lying,
Whilst he is in agony trying
Of copy to furnish enough!

Toil, toil, toil!
What a weary life is mine!
Wasting the precious midnight oil
In leader, and column, and line;
Working from morn till night,
Working from night till morn,
Oh! why was the steam press ever made,
Or why was the editor born?

Toil, toil, toil!
And whose is the gain when won?
Whose are the trophies we achieve,
And for whom are the laurels won?
To stand in the foremost rank
Of each hard fought party fray—
To share the toil, and only to get
Abuse and neglect for pay!

Toil, toil, toil!
What a thankless task is ours!
To bake the bread and to press the cheese
That Senator Smith devours!
To sit on a three-legged stool,
Whilst others have hair-stuffed seats,
To prepare the hash and cook up the stew,
But never to taste the meats!

Toil, toil, toil!
As the constant drop on a stone,
So the ceaseless endless work
Wears away body and bone!
Though the poet sputter and write,
Though the orator bully and brawl,
If it were not for the editor's pen,
What were the use of it all?

Toil, toil, toil!
Christians, Mormons, and Jews;
Is there a man on this weary earth
But grows richer by reading the news?
Richer, richer, richer,
As they read it by sunlight and taper—
And yet there isn't a soul of them all
But grudges to pay for his paper!

Toil, toil, toil!
There's a row in the very next street!
Somebody's going to murder his wife,
And I must be off TOUT-SUIT;
Yesterday, just at this time,
Two policemen got choked in a riot;
And so it goes on from morning till night,
And an editor never knows quiet.

[Gets up, knock his hat over his eyes, and rushes out in a state of distraction, to "pick up an item."]—[Montreal Pilot.

☞ If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

☞ A new work is now in press which it is anticipated will meet with an immense sale. It is entitled "Smith on the Evasion of Debts."

☞ A boy at a crossing having begged something of a gentleman, the latter told him he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied:

"Your honor would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit in that way."

Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the best respect, an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime.—Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue; without an exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and let not a vile word disgrace you.

PAPER MADE FROM WOOD.

We copy the following article from the Saturday Evening Post:

"Whatever may be Mr. Beardslier's *method* for making paper of wood, you may assure the Evening Journal that the fact is not new by more than a quarter of a century. Several friends know that I made a paper of wooden bark and grass as early as 1828; and that the fact was stated in a communication to the directors of the American Bible Society, with a request to be allowed the privilege of laying before that body a plan by which I designed to take prairie grass into an engine at one end of a building—having it come out a printed sheet at the next stopping place. Although I used various kinds of wood and bark, I found bog grass the most convenient article, and made samples of white paper which were submitted to the best warehouse in this city, (the material being made a secret,) and was offered orders at the same prices paid for good looking paper of the same size. The bark of the milk-weed makes the very best paper, but there is not enough, in its uncultivated state, to make it an object.—But bog grass grows without limit, and after the first weeks of early spring it is of no other use. H. Betts.

N. B.—The bark of the basswood makes a better paper than the wood.

Brooklyn, 57 Front st, Jan. 15, '55.

Selected Matter.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

One hundred and forty-eight years ago to-day, a Massachusetts tallow-chandlers wife had a son.

He grew up an awkward lad—clothed in the regal linsey-wolsey of his mother's loom—whose hands were redolent of the perfume of soap and candles—a plodding soul, that toiled by day and studied by night—stealing from the hours allotted to repose, he labored on. Companions shunned him, he was so dull, the women of his choice ridiculed him, he was so awkward, but he labored on.

And what was the birth or the life of such a booby to the elite of Christendom? What was he to the great and learned of earth? He, a dipper of candles, a type sticker, a maker of almanacs, an interpreter for 'poor Richard'—what was he to statesmen and potentates? Ah! he never changed his employment; in youth, he made light for Boston's lampless lanters—in manhood he enlightened the world. The poor printer's boy to-day—the honored of Kings to-morrow; the 'poor Benny' of his mother to-day—the immortal Franklin forever.

Crowns had pressed the brows, and laurels wreathed the temples of meaner men. He charged bayonets against the lightnings of Heaven, and they fell harmless and quivering at his feet, he wreathed a garland of their fiery wings, and bound it round his brow.

And yet he was no genius. Plain common sense, a fixedness of purpose, an unwearied industry, and indomnitable perseverance, a noble motive—these alone were his. Without the polish of schools, the graces of courts, the eloquence of the orator, the inspiration of the bard or the fame of a warrior, the old printer of Philadelphia is remembered to-day, and thro'out the land, the eulogy is pronounced for him, and for him the poet tunes his harp.

Amidst all the memories of men who have lived and died within the last half century, his shines cloudless and unblent with meaner rays, like some greater star that has outwatched the night, and glitters undimmed on the brow of the morning.
—Chicago Journal, Jan. 17.

Special Message.—The President of the United States sent to Congress, a special message, accompanied by a letter from the Secretary of War, in regard to extensive threatened hostilities among the Western Indian tribes. The prompt action of Congress is invoked to make provision for arresting the threatened difficulties. The President says:

"The proposed temporary provision to meet a special demand, far from obviating, in my judgment, only serves to illustrate the urgent necessity of an increase of the regular army, at least the extent recommended in my late annual message. Unless by the plan proposed, or some equally effective, a force can be early brought into the field adequate to the suppression of existing hostilities, the combinaton of predatory bands will be extended, and the difficulty of restoring order and security greatly magnified. On the other hand, without a permanet military force of sufficient strength to control the unfriendly Indians, it may be expected that the hostilities will soon be renewed, and that years of border warfare will afflict the country, retarding the progress of settlement, exposing emigrant trains to savage barbarities, and consuming millions of the public money."

☞ A sovereign is dead! The illustrious Kamehameha III, of the Sandwich Islands is no more. This piece of royalty was aged about forty. He was chiefly distinguished for getting drunk, whether on those French brandies introduced at the cannon's mouth by the French, or on less refined liquors made little difference. He was of medium sized and dull physiognomy. His predecessor, King Kamehamha II, and his Queen, both died in London, while on a visit. Under his reign the Sandwich Islands were near being annexed to the United States, but Liholiho, his son, who traveled in this country and in Europe four years since, is said to be unfavorable to the measure.—N. Y. Tribune 31st ult.

☞ The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of the evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection; itself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. The stars and the night is holy.

☞ The washerwoman who attempted to hang her clothes on Mason and Dixon's line has been prosecuted for a violation of the last great compromise.

FACTS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper established in North America was the Boston News Letter, the first number of which appeared on Monday, April 24, 1704—one hundred and fifty years ago. Should not each anniversary be celebrated by the Boston publishers?

Rev. James Aspinwall once remarked that the ancients counted up seven wonders of the world. If they had possessed a newspaper press they would have an eighth, more marvellous and of more real worth than all the rest together.

The London Times has no "free list." Its own editors are obliged to purchase copies for home reading.

Few men, remarked Rev. Hubbard Winslow, confer more benefit upon the community than good editors, and few do more harm than bad ones.

There is something singular in the fate of the first press which was used in California. It traveled from from New York to Mexico, thence to Monterey, and to San Francisco, from thence to Stockton and Sonora, and finally brought up at Columbia. In every place it did its duty, but the sheriff threatening its seizure on account of the non-payment of a note, due from the purchaser it its last owner, the people decided to spare the pioneer press such ignominy, and therefore made a bonfire and its ashes soon mingled with the winds.

Emperor Nicholas is so much in favor of popular education that he allows three newspapers to each million of inhabitants. Their contents submitted to royal approval before they are printed.

In looking over the old files of Boston newspapers the eye constantly meets in the advertising department with the names of those who are or have been our wealthiests citizens.

The vicissitudes of newspaper property are very striking. A paper in Philadelphia fell in two months from a circulation of 15,000 to 3000; while the London Weekly Chronicle, which rose to the enormous sale of 122,000 copies a week, was reduced by a change of proprietors to 3000 in a very short time.

The American Messager, the monthly paper of the American Tract Society, is the largest circulated journal in the United States. Over 125 000 copies are printed.

The first paper printed North of the Ohio River, was The Centinel of the North-Western Territory, started in Cincinnati, on the 9th of November, 1793, by Wm. Maxwell.

Mr. Mahlon Day, who, with wife and daughter, who was lost on board of the Artic, who is the old and respected printer and publisher of that name, and was one of the founders of the New York Sun, the first penny paper in New York, established in 1832. He leaves a son in New York.

// The Nebraska Palladium was the first newspaper issued in Nebraska. Published by D. E. Reed & Co., editors and proprietors.

Vulgarity in Dress.—To people who may fancy they are making themselves more respectable, by covering themselves with extravagant and gaudy colored dresses, the following contains a whole some lesson:

"The honorable Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch Duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has been staying for some days past in New York. Miss Murray is a lady of fine person, robust health, and uncommon energy of character—aged about 35 years. She has visited several of the public institutions, and been entertained by many citizens at their houses, where her frank and cordial manners, her singular intelligence and great kindness of heart have secured her many friends. Miss Murray, we understand, has keenly enjoyed her extended tour in this country. She appears, however, to have been struck with amazement of the expenditure, the *helplessness*, and the ill-health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities. Miss Murray, like all the fashionable women of Europe, dresses so plainly that it probably costs her less to dress for a whole year, than many a New York lady expends for half a-dozen handkerchiefs! It is a settled thing in Europe, that extravagance in dress, is *the very extreme of vulgarity*, and is never indulged in, except by those whose only claim to distinction, is the length of purse."—[Ladies' Enterprise.

☞ "Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor live together when they go to heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there." "Then ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?" The rich mother did not answer.

[From the Prairie Farmer.]

Curious Habits of the Brown Sand Hill Crane.

[*Gras Canadensis.*]

Many of these noble birds still nest in this vicinity, but their number is small compared with the numerous flocks that a few years since, might be seen holding their strange dances on some favorite knoll, or feeding, while their sentinels, judiciously posted, stood ready to give warning of any suspicious intruder.

Some are incredulous as the dancing of cranes. It is true, their movements are not as graceful as a Frenchmans or their quadrilles quite *a la mode*; but dance they certainly do. As for their music, though lacking the harmony, it is about as loud and melodious as a fashionable opera air.

The Sand Hill Crane is omniverous, devouring pretty much anything eaten by birds. The nest is a simple pile of rushes, or grass, flat on the top, built in some deep slough or pond. The eggs—two in number—are shaped much like those of the common turkey, of a light amber color, and splashed with brown. The nest is usually surrounded by deep water, but the young birds swim readily, and leave it as soon as hatched. It is believed by many that they separate immediately upon leaving the nest, each of the old birds taking care of one—the supposition being that they would fight if allowed to remain together. In corroboration of this somewhat singular idea, I can only say, I never found two of the young birds in company, and a pair which I had caused a hen to hatch, fought from the time they left the shell till, in fact, they killed each other outright.

This bird is easily domesticated. I kept one for several years, who showed all the attachment and intelligence of a dog.—He never forgot a friend or forgave an injury. If any one had abused him, it was of no avail to attempt disguise; he recognized his enemies in any dress, and by an angry croak showed his displeasure, and warned them to keep out of his reach. He was a great gormandizer, and was very fond of field mice, many of which he destroyed, being quite expert at finding their nests, and scratching out the inmates with his long bill. He would have been of service in the garden, were it not for his inquisitive propensities, which led him to pull up for examination every thing he saw us plant. Though a desire for knowledge might be very laudable, this mode of obtaining it met our disapprobation, and eventually caused his banishment.

Though a migratory bird, he did not seem to suffer from cold in the winter, and being fond of wading, even kept a place in a neighboring slough free from ice till late in the season, by tramping about in it. I provided him with a warm house, but he preferred to sleep with the cows. He always slept beside one of them, lying flat on his breast, with his legs folded under him, and his head and long neck turned back between his wings. He was on good terms with all the cattle, and might frequently be seen playing with them; his part of the performance consisted in springing up, flapping his wings, and whooping tremendously. This was precisely the same as the dancing of his wild brethren. He would also dance to the waiving of the handkerchief; and on windy washing-days sometimes danced for hours at a time to the clothes on the line. When much enraged, he would stand with his head and bill pointed directly upward, and utter a harsh, croaking sound, quite unlike his usual whoop.

A young crane makes no despicable article of food. The old ones, I should suppose, would be rather tough and snaky, but an old Indian hunter of my acquaintance says, "A turkey is not half as good eating."

Audubon supposed this to be only the young of the white crane, but he was wrong. The white crane is more of a southern bird, and exceedingly rare here. I saw a pair flying over this fall for the first time. These two species are among the largest and finest of our North American birds.

R. W. KENNICOTT.

The Grove, Illinois.

A Quaker's Letter.—We cut the following from an English paper:

Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Greene, and bring him before the lamb-skin men at Westminister, and teach him to do in the future as he would be done by.

Thy Friend, R. C.

☞ A wag observes that he looks under the marriage head for the news of the *week*.

AREA OF THE UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES.

Here is an interesting lesson in Geography for young America to study.

According to the late Census Report, the area of the United States and Territories is 2,936,166 square miles. The following tables, taken from that document, transposed so as to give each its proper rank, shows the area of each state and territory:

	Square Miles.
Nebraska Territory,	335 882
Utah Territory,	269 170
Texas,	237,504
New Mexico Territory,	207.008
Oregon Territory,	185,030
Minnesota Territory,	166,025
California,	155 980
Washington Territory,	123.022
Kansas Territory,	114,793
Indian Territory (Kan.,)	71.127
Missouri,	67.380
Virginia,	61.352
Florida,	59 268
Georgia,	58,000
Michigan,	56 243
Illinois,	55.405
Wisconsin	53.924
Arkansas,	52.198
Iowa,	50 914
Alabama,	50.722
North Carolina,	50,704
Mississippi,	47.156
New York,	47.000
Pennsylvania,	46.000
Tennessee,	45.600
Louisiana,	41.355
Ohio,	39.954
Kentucky,	37.680
Indiana,	33.809
Maine,	31,766
South Carolina,	29.385
Maryland,	11,124
Vermont,	9.280
New Jersey,	8 310
Massachusetts,	7 800
Connecticut,	4.674
Delaware,	2.120
Rhode Island,	1,306
Dis. Columbia,	60

Nebraska Territory is large enough to cut into seven States of the size of New York, and leave a surplus large enough for a State the size of Connecticut. Kansas Territory has an area sufficient to make two States the size of Ohio, and one the size of Indiana. Texas will make four States of the size of Indiana; and California has a sufficient area to convert into sixteen of the size of New Hampshire and a surplus to make one about the size of Massachusetts.

Newspapers.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price.—Every parent whose son is off from him, should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not access to papers. Other things being equal; the first were always decidedly superior to the last; in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain, they had command of more facts. Youth will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will peruse nothing else.—[Judge Longstreet.

To Cure a Felon.—A felon generally appears on the end of the fingers and thumbs; it is extremely painful for weeks and sometimes months, and, in most cases, cripples or disfigures the finger or thumb that falls a victim to it. But it can be easily cured if attended to in time. As soon as the pain is felt, take the thin white skin of an egg, which is found inside the shell; put it round the end of the finger or thumb affected, keep it there until the pain subsides. As soon as the skin becomes dry it will be very painful, and likely to continue for half an hour or more, but be not alarmed. If it grows painful, bear it; it will be of short duration, compared to what the disease would be. A cure will be certain.

☞ Two darkeys in the west went out to hunt possums, &c., and by accident, found a large cave with a small entrance Peeping in they observed three young bear whelps in the interior.

"Look heah, Sam," said one, "while I go dar and get de young bars, you just watch heah for de old bar."

Sam go asleep in the sun, when opening his eyes he saw the old bear scouring her way into the cave. Quick as wind, he caught her by the tail, and held on like blazes.

"Halow, dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?"

"Lord bless you, Jumby, save yourself, honey, ef dis tail come out, you'll know what dark de hole!"

☞ Bill Brown says that his Shanghai rooster is so tall he has to go down upon his knees to crow!