



"If any man attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot."—JOHN A. DIX.

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THE SUN OF AUSTRERLITZ.

On the second day of December, 1802, rose the "Sun of Auusterlitz." Its light revealed to Napoleon the certainty of the great victory of that day. His forces, consisting of 75,000 men, occupied a semi-circle of heights. The allied Russian and Austrian army, 95,000 strong, had held, twenty-four hours previous, a position equally strong, on the heights of Prutzen; but by a skillful maneuver, he had induced them to believe that he feared a battle; and accordingly, now at the break of day, he beheld their immense army, like a huge bat constrictor having unwound its coil, trailing its slow, ponderous length along his front, in order to attack his right wing.

The whole French army saw, as with its leader's eye, the blunder of the allies. The whole length of their lines was exposed; while Napoleon, from his semi-circle, could launch out the spokes of his power to attack them in any and all quarters. His Generals were eager to begin.

"Wait twenty minutes," said the Emperor, whose neither delight nor fear could betray into precipitate action. "When the enemy is making a false move they must not be interrupted."

The twenty minutes elapsed, the movement was complete, the blunder irremediable. Then Napoleon leaped upon his horse, shouting to his troops: "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows; we shall finish the war with a clap of thunder!"

The order of attack was at once given, and the mighty living ananconda was cut to pieces. The Russians, uttering fearful slaughter, were retreating across the frozen lakes—Napoleon rode furiously along his lines. "Engage those masses! break the ice!" The artillerists elevated their pieces, and by dropping their balls from a height upon the ice, broke it up, and overwhelmed the flying enemy by thousands.

This was Napoleon's greatest victory, and most brilliant stroke of genius. Afterward, on the eve of any battle, he had only to remind his soldiers that the "Sun of Auusterlitz" would look upon their action, to influence them with the most enthusiastic courage.

The prestige of some such achievement is a highly necessary stimulus to the bravery of troops. It inspires them with confidence in their own prowess, pride in their leader, and a sunlike and laughing joy in the certainty of victory under his eye.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

It appears that Jeff Davis is not the first traitor that has been betrayed by his hosts. Aaron Burr, who, after his failure of the scheme of empire in the Southwest, attempted, like Davis, to escape through the South to the Gulf coast, was similarly betrayed by his sole-leader. Parton, in his life of Burr, says: "Though his (assumed) dress was the homespun of the country, the quick eye of Perkins observed that his boots were far too elegantly shaped, and of material much too fine to accord with the coarse, ill-cut pantaloons from which they protruded. The capture of the Duke of Monmouth, after the failure of his rebellion, and the desertion of his friends, was damaging to his reputation for valor, but not so much so as Davis. Having donned the garb of a shepherd, he seated himself along with his ally, Bayne, in a field of waving grain. He finally gained a ditch—his 'last ditch'—and was captured so disguised by his garb and the ditch mud, as at first to throw a doubt upon his identity. The Duke of Argyle, after his rout near Glasgow, assumed the garb of a peasant, and thus escaped for some time his pursuers. Louis Philippe left France in the disguise of a courier, and reached England with the Queen, as plain 'Mr. and Mrs. Smith.' But Davis sinks lower than them all, and endeavors to escape in his wife's ermine, but boots betray him, and he stands before the world not only an acknowledged traitor, but a white-livered poltroon.

Nicholas Alexanderowicz, son of the Emperor of Russia, is dead. He is said to have dislocated his neck in trying to pronounce his own name for the benefit of a foreigner.

OUTRAGEOUS AFFAIR.

An affair occurred last week which shows that the wretches who are prowling and robbing throughout the country, are becoming brutal, as well as bold. On last Friday afternoon, Charles Fox, living in this township, near the Brown County line, some five or six miles from here, went to transact some business at Highland, leaving his wife at home, with a child some two or three years old. Shortly after he left, a man, who had probably been watching, went to the house and with drawn revolver demanded all the money on hand. Mrs. Fox told him there was none about, as it had been loaned to a person the day before. He swore it was a lie, and threatened if she did not immediately tell where it was he would kill her child, at the same making an attempt to seize upon the latter. She prevented him from reaching it, and again protested there was no money about, but if he did not believe her he would have to make search alone, as she would not assist him. He then went up stairs, telling her he had an accomplice watching on the outside, and if she attempted to make any alarm she would be killed. When he was gone she proceeded to hide a watch and some other valuables. There were two revolvers in the room, one of them loaded and the other empty. She hastily seized one, and pretty soon the man, having failed to discover any money, came down stairs to compel her to go up and find it for him. As soon as he appeared, she leveled the revolver at his breast and pulled trigger; but unluckily it was the empty one, and only snapped. The ruffian immediately knocked her down with his revolver, kicked her in the breast and side, and left her lying senseless on the floor. She lay in that condition for several hours, before recovering consciousness, or strength to go to bed.

The brute is supposed to have gone in the direction of Robinson; and it is believed that he was alone, although Mrs. Fox thought she heard him talking to some one before entering the house. We understand that Mr. Fox offers a reward of \$500 for the villain, if brought to him alive. We presume he wants to give him a touch of "civil law."—White Cloud Chief.

DISCOVERY OF GALVANISM.

The discovery of this interesting branch of science, formerly called "animal electricity," is first noticed in a work entitled "The General Theory of Pleasures," published in 1750. It failed, however, to attract attention; and this new kind of electricity was again left to be brought into notice by Louis Galvani, professor of anatomy at Bologna. It appears that the wife of Galvani, being in a bad state of health, was recommended a soup made of frogs as a restorative; and some of these animals, skinned for the purpose, happened to be on a table in Galvani's laboratory, on which was placed an electric machine, one of his assistants in his experiments, by accident, brought the point of a scalpel in contact with a set of nerves, of a frog, lying near the conductor, when the muscles of the animal became strongly convulsed. A repetition of the experiment, attended with similar results, led to a regular investigation of the cause, an account of which was published by Galvani in 1791. In the year 1800, Volta made known his discoveries in connection with this branch of science, and it has been subsequently developed still further.

NEW RAT TRAP.—Take a smooth kettle, fill to within six inches of the top with water, cover the surface with chaff or bran, place it where the rats harbor, and it will drown all that get into it. Thirty-six were taken in one night by this process.

A correspondent writes that while Gen. Sherman's army was besieging Savannah, and before it had opened communication, Gen. Blair went to Sherman's headquarters, and said that he would have to attack the rebels immediately.

"What will you do that for?" inquired Sherman.

"Because," said Blair, "I am out of whiskey and cigars, and I must open communication immediately."

The attack was made.

A SPIRITED SCENE.

As we entered the room Reverdy Johnson was making a very excited speech in reply to an objection made by a member of the court to his appearing as counsel for one of the prisoners, on the ground that Johnson had avowed the new test oath prescribed by Congress, not binding upon the conscience. Mr. Johnson was louder in his defence of Maryland loyalty than facts warrant, and the very fact that he had to proclaim his own devotion to the Union was a humiliating evidence that he is not willing everything, if needs be, should yield to the preservation of our Union. But he is in his dotage. Making a somewhat equivocal remark, that might be construed into a recognition of the personal responsibility the members of the court might be made to assume for their acts, the President of the court remarked that the day had gone by when a man from the North was to be browbeaten by the bogus chivalry of Maryland or the South, and that for himself, he did hold himself personally responsible for all he did, and wished the gentleman to distinctly understand that. The scene was decidedly enlightening. The court was cleared for decision of the question, and when again opened the objection was withdrawn, and Mr. Johnson permitted to appear as counsel.

Beride Reverdy Johnson, who appears for Mrs. Surratt, and Thomas Ewing, Jr., who appears for Doctor Modd, the legal array is not only not eminent, but is not respectable. The detestation of the crime is so great, the conviction of the guilt of most of the accused so firm, that lawyers, who value even their time—to say nothing of their reputation—will not appear in defence.—Washington Correspondent Cleveland Herald.

The President of the Military Commission is that brave old soldier and sterling patriot, Maj. Gen. David Hunter.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph says: "A lady has been in the habit of picking her teeth with pins. A trifling humor was the consequence, which terminated in a cancer. The brass and quicksilver used in making these pins will account for this circumstance. Pins are always pernicious to the teeth, and should never be used for toothpicks."

CORN DRINK.—A Yankee girl sends us the following: To five gallons of cold water, add one quart of sound corn and two quarts of molasses. Put all into a keg—shake well, and in two or three days it will be fit for use.—Bung tight. It may be flavored with essence of spruce or lemon. The corn will last to make five or six brewings. If it becomes sour, add more molasses and water. It is a cheap and simple beer, and is called very good.

That was a good joke on a young and gallant Hoosier officer, who, on receiving a note from a lady "requesting the pleasure of his company" at a party to be given at her house, on the evening designated, took his volunteers and marched them to the young lady's residence. When it was explained to him that it was himself alone who had been invited, he said: "By golly, the letter said company, and I thought the young lady wanted to see all my boys."

There was once a negro very ill, and about to die. His mistress called to see him, and told him that he must forgive his enemies before he died. The negro hated one of his brethren heartily, and would not consent to forgive him for his many acts of meanness toward him; but at last, he compromised the matter as follows: "If I dies, I forgive dat nigger; but if I gits well dat nigger must take care."

A Miss Request.—A lady recently wrote from England to the War Department, Washington, requesting them to send her all the names of the men who had been killed in this war, so she could see if her son John Smith was among them.

A reverend member of the Free Church Synod of Glasgow and Ayr informs the composers of the daily press that it is their duty to spend the whole twenty-four hours of the Sabbath in rest and other exercises.

TO FRIGHTEN BIRDS FROM CORN FIELDS.

The devices farmers have used for the purpose of protecting their corn fields from crows and other destroying birds, are very numerous. Nearly all of them afford more or less protection. Among the good ones is, to tie bright scraps of tin upon poles, which are inserted at an angle in the ground. This leaves the tin to swing in the sunlight. Old clothes stuffed in the shape of a man with a wooden gun, is for a while a terror to the feathered marauders.—Twine stretched across the field several times gives them the idea of a net, and will do good service. Very many have faith in tarring the seed, but we have some doubts about its always being efficacious. Those who wish to try it can easily do so by first pouring hot water in a measure of corn, letting it drain off speedily, and then pour on sufficient hot tar to give each kernel a coating, after which sift upon it plaster or slacked lime. We have never found anything better than to shoot a few of the pests, and swinging them up about the field, as our soldiers are beginning to do with guerrillas down South.

WAITING FOR WEEDS.

Our best farmers have stopped waiting for the weeds to appear before commencing to cultivate their corn.—They have concluded that of all the foolish racing matches in the world, those between "weed" crops and the weeds, are the most foolish. It is a match in which the weeds are bound to win, unless the greatest possible efforts are used to encourage the corn. Just wait for the two to start even, and the driver of corn will find that he must urge his nag to the utmost or he is beaten, and if beaten, the loss is his nag itself. The farmers have concluded that there is always foul driving among their opponents, and there is no preventing it. The only way is to start ahead of them; it is comparatively an easy matter to keep the advantage. It is certainly time to be in the field as soon as the rows of corn can be seen, and it is well to stay there most of the time, until corn is sufficiently advanced to be "laid by."

BARKING DOGS.—Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Sonniini speaks of the shepherd's dog in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this circumstance. Isaiah compares the blind watchman of Israel to these animals; "they are dumb, they cannot bark."

But on the contrary, David compares the noise of his enemies to the "dogs round about the city." Hence the barking of a dog is an acquired faculty, an effort to speak which he derives from his associating with man. It cannot be doubted that dogs in this country bark more and fight less than formerly.

A North Carolina letter says:—"The slaves through the country universally understood that they are free—and so do their masters, in most cases—and the relation between master and slave is already beginning to change gradually into that of landlord and tenant, or employer and employee. The quondam slaves generally desire to remain where they are for the present. They, as well as their late master, have their local attachments, which it is not easy to break off without some necessity for it. Let what may be said on the subject, the whites and blacks of the south are destined to soon get along together much better under the new relation than the old. All that is necessary is plenty of Union bayonets for some time to come, to get things started in and habituated to the right channel."

A lawyer in Hollidaysburg, Pa., was employed by a lady to make her will, in which she disposed of about \$40,000, mostly in real estate in New York, and judgments against parties in Philadelphia and St. Louis. The lawyer was bequeathed \$10,000, on condition that he at once collected the debts and turned the property into money. After visiting these cities in a fruitless chase after the alleged property, he returned to find the lady was a lunatic who had a monomania for bequeathing property which she did not possess.

Cheese Making from a few Cows.

It is probable that the great majority of our readers keep less than half a dozen good milk cows—enough for good cheese making. "A Farmer's Wife," from Gurnsey Co., Ohio, sends us the following account of her simple method, which we recommend to our readers:—"Cheese making is more profitable than butter making in the hot summer months, for those who have not a good place to set milk or cream. We seldom keep more than four cows; and from that number we make a cheese daily, weighing from 8 to 10 pounds. The morning's milk is strained into a kettle with the night's milk and warmed. Then, after having the rennet soaked a day or week previous, pour in as much as will curdle it in 15 or 20 minutes, but not sooner, as too much makes the cheese dry, and apt to crack. A little experience here, however, is all that is necessary, as it would be impossible to tell the exact amount of rennet to the quantity of milk, owing to the great difference in the quality of rennet. Stir it together, and, when curdled, let it stand five or ten minutes. Then cut the curd in slices with a knife, about one inch thick, and cut crosswise in the same manner. Place the kettle again on the fire; put the hand in down to the bottom, stirring it gently, so as that the whole shall be heated evenly, considerably more than milk warm. This will separate the whey from the curd. Remove the kettle from the fire and let it stand a minute. Dip, or pour off the whey on the top, and pour the curd into a large butter-bowl. Salt to suit the taste. Then cut fine with a knife, and put it in a crock, and set it in a cool place. If you have not such a place, put in salt enough for the next curd, which will preserve it until the next morning. Then make another curd in the same way, and mix well together, and put to press. I prefer this method, for two reasons. First, while making cheese, the family can be provided with milk and butter. Secondly, the cheese needs some attention after putting to press, which can better be attended to in the morning. I use the lever press in preference to the screw, because the weight is constantly pressing, whereas the screw presses strongest at first. The weight should be light at first, and gradually increased, and, if desirable, the cheese may be taken out the same evening and turned, after washing the cloth (which should be of linen), and put back to press until morning, when it may be taken out and rubbed well with butter, and placed on an airy shelf and turned and rubbed daily. I prefer letting it remain until morning before turning, as the cloth will then come off readily, leaving it perfectly smooth. It should then be put back to remain until next morning. Cheese made after the above direction and pressed in this way will seldom crack, or be injured by the cheese-ily; but if any should crack rub them well with flour. Cheese, but little inferior to the best quality, may be made from the milk of two or three cows, by straining the night's milk altogether into a vessel sufficiently large to hold it, as but little cream will rise when a large quantity of milk is contained in a deep vessel. Whatever does rise should be removed as it will run off in whey. Add the morning's milk, and proceed as above. A very simple, but rude press may be constructed by any farmers wife in five minutes, which will subserve a good purpose. Place the cheese on a piece of a broad board a little inclined, and use a fence rail for a lever, placing one end under a building, or any other structure of sufficient weight, and on the other end lean a couple of rails, or hang a pair of stones. Press cheese only hard enough to remove the whey. A little practice will make perfect. While pressing the cheese should always be kept shaded from the sun. I think we are incalculably supplied with the most wholesome, palatable, nutritious article of food.

Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

Dealers in hardware say they never found things as hard as now; that tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, spades not trumps, and more rakes in market than are inquired after, brass is in good demand for politicians; brads are in request, but holders cannot be got to fork them out. Nails do not go by pushing, and have to be driven.

A few days since, a Canadian gentleman, who is an ardent annexationist, exclaimed, on receiving the news of Lee's surrender, "Now, then, Canada will be annexed to the United States, and share in the new glories of the 'regenerated, disenthralled republic.'" A refugee officer standing by, replied, "Go slow, my friend; it's easy to get into the Union, but it's hard to get out."

General Lee is writing a history of his campaigns. It is to be hoped that it will contain, incidentally, a fair statement of the treatment of Union soldiers at Belle Island, Libby Prison and Castle Thunder.

Why is Missouri like a sick man? Because she is convulsed by wretches and Pukes.

The rebel leaders contended that Cotton was King. We trust they will now be convinced of the superior power of hemp.

Thinning Corn in the Hills.

Thinning should be done as soon as practicable after the corn has come up. This is usually done at the first hoeing, but should be delayed till danger from the grub, or cutting worm, is over. Unless careful laborers can be employed, many hills will be neglected. Superfluous stalks may be removed at any convenient time, even in lowery weather, when the soil is too wet to be worked with cultivators or hoes. The best manner of doing this is to cut them off to the ground, with a sharp knife, and drop them near the standing corn. The stalks should be removed from the middle of the hill, that the remaining plants may stand as far from each other as possible; the farther they stand apart the larger the ears will grow. When the stalks are pulled up, they will often loosen and break the roots of those that are left; but if cut off as directed the roots soon die. If care be not exercised in dropping only a proper number of kernels in a hill, much labor will be required to thin out a large field. Still it is better to do so than to allow five or six stalks to grow where there should be only three, or at most four. There will be more and better grain on four stalks than on a larger number.

EARTHQUAKE.

The following article appears in the St. Louis Republican of the 30th ult.:

A little before 7 o'clock yesterday morning, the shock of an earthquake, lasting for nearly a minute, was felt in this city and at Carondelet and Alton. A good deal of alarm was excited. Persons not yet up were aroused by the shock, and houses exposed vibrated so much as to cause the overthrow of flower-pots, &c. Children were much frightened, and at Alton the bells of a clock were set in motion. There were three distinct shocks, the first being the most serious—the others following in quick succession. What effect may have been produced in the southeastern part of the State, where such visitations have been common, is as yet unknown. The earthquakes at and around New Madrid are matters of history; there lakes of water suddenly became high land, and trees standing on high ground was hidden from view—and the whole surface for a great many miles was at once changed in position and appearance. The effects are visible at this day, and shocks are of frequent occurrence.

About 7 o'clock of Sunday evening a storm of lightning, thunder and some rain passed over this city from the north, and during the night rain fell for some time.

Roger A. Pryor, in 1860, declared in a public speech that "the first anti-slavery President who was elected would be assassinated, and if there was no other person to do the deed, he would be the Brutus to plant the dagger in his breast."

This is the puppy who now declares that he is not, and has not been, a secessionist, only an advocate of State rights.

Artemus Ward is lecturing. His tickets read, "Admit the bearer and one wife." He adopts precautionary restriction because of his experience in Utah, where two or three family tickets, from the number of wives pertaining to each household, filled the entire hall.

Out in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., the people are all putting shanters on their houses, so they can use petroleum, it is so much plentier and cheaper than day-light.

An Irish gentleman building a house, ordered a pit to be dug to contain the heaps of rubbish left by the workmen. His steward asked him what they should do with the dirt taken out of the pit. "Make it large enough to hold both the rubbish and the dirt, to be sure," said he.

An Irish barrister, when he first domiciled in Liverpool, was troubled with "niver a brass farthing," and he "onst upon a time," described his poverty as follows: "When I first came to Liverpool, I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through; and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces."

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