Nebraska Herald.

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

VOL. I. PLATTSMOUTH, N. T., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30, 1865. NO 21.

THE HERALD

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BY

H. D. HATHAWAY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Office on Main street, opposite Amison, Dovey & Co's.

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☞ We are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice, and in a style that will give satisfaction.

Business Directory.

R. R LIVINGSTON, M. D

Physician and Surgeon.

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county.

☞ Residence in Frank White's house, corner of Oak and Sixth streets; Office on Main 8 feet, opposite Court House, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

WILLITT POTTENGER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PLATTSMOUTH - - NEBRASKA.

T. M. MARQUETT.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

—AND—

Solicitor in Chancery.

PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.

National Claim Agency.

WASHINGTON D. C.

F. M. DORRINGTON,

SUB AGENT:

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Is prepared to present and prosecute claims before Congress, Courts of Claims and the Departments. Patents, Pensions, Bounties, and Bounty Lands secured. ☞ Charges moderate, and in proportion to the amount of the claim. F. M. DORRINGTON

April 16, '65.

E. C. Lewis,

NOTARY PUBLIC

AND

CONVEYANCER.

Real Estate Agent, Tax Payer for Iowa and Nebraska. Titles of land investigated, &c.

☞ All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

Plattsmouth, N. T., April 26th, tf

D. H. WHEELER.

NOTARY PUBLIC

—AND—

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

Fire and Life Ins. Ag't,

Agent for collection of claims against Government, for Soldiers, their widows and minor Heirs. Agent for the purchase and sale of lands and city property, Leasing of Tenements, Payment of Taxes in all parts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Attend to all business appertaining to a General Land, Insurance, Tax Paying and Collection Agency.

☞ Refers to all the leading men in Nebraska.

Plattsmouth, N. T., May 13, 1865.

PLATTE VALLEY

BROKERS.

G. W. CROW, - - - PROP.

I am prepared to furnish all who may favor me with their patronage, with lodging, single meals or board by the week. G. W. CROW.

Plattsmouth, April 18.—y1

MRS. L. GOLDING,

PRACTICAL

MID-WIFE,

Has practiced successfully for several years in St. Louis and in Leavenworth city. Was educated professionally in Canada, C. E.

Mrs. Golding has permanently located in this city. Residence in the north-west part of town.

July 15—tf

JOSEPH SCHLATER.

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

MAIN STREET,

PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.

A good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Pens, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Fancy Goods, Violins and Violin Trimmings always on hand. All work committed to his care will be warranted.

April 10, 1865.

FOR SALE!

Thirty desirable business and residence

LOTS IN PLATTSMOUTH.

Ten thousand acres of prairie and timber

LAND IN CASS COUNTY.

Terms to suit cash purchasers.

D. H. WHEELER,
Real Estate Agent,
Court House, Plattsmouth.

☞ June 5, m3

NATIONAL MILLS,

DENVER, C. T.,

WHITTEMORE & CO, Proprietors,

Buy all kinds of grain at highest market rates. The attention of the wheat growers of Nebraska is called to the superior facilities afforded them by these mills in converting into cash the wheat intended for the Colorado market. [aug. 5.—m6

Probate Notice.

TERRITORY OF NEBRASKA, } ss.
County of Cass. }

Pursuant to an order of the Probate Court of said county, made on the 7th day of August A. D. 1865, notice is hereby given that all claims against the estate of Wiley James, late of Cass county, deceased, must be on file in the office of said Court on or before

the 8th day of February, A. D. 1866,

on which day said Court will be in session to hear and determine such other claims.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court [L. S.] this 7th day of August, A. D. 1865.

J. W. MARSHALL,
Probate Judge.

aug. 7—w4

The Horrors of Andersonville.

The New York *Post* publishes a letter from the counsel for Capt. Wertz, asking the public to desist from forming an opinion of their client before trial. Immediately following this letter is one from a Georgia planter, who is to appear as a witness in this case—His description of the den of horrors at Andersonville, is enough to make the stoutest heart shudder. After giving a history of the prison from its building by Capt. Winder, he describes in a measure the sufferings of the prisoners. He says the position was selected by Capt. Winder, who, when it was suggested to him that the trees be left standing for the shade of the prisoners, replied: "That was just what he was not going to do; he was going to make a pen for the d——d Yankees where they could rot faster than they could be sent there."

He says that Winder and Wertz were regularly engaged in swindling the prisoners out of their proper food. As the greed of gain grew upon these men, the corn-bread was reduced in its quality, being then manufactured of equal proportions of ground field peas and corn, unbolted, unsifted, uncleansed, indeed, from the dirt and trash which peas naturally accumulate, and at last, when the number of prisoners increased to over thirty seven thousand, the meat rations per week were reduced to a piece of bacon for each man about three inches long and two wide, and one *pone* of the bread above described per day. Then, also, the custom of carrying the prisoners' food into the stockade in wagons was abolished. They drove up to the gates, which was slightly opened, and the scanty food, foul and unhealthy as it was, was thrown inside by the guard to be scrambled for by the wretched prisoners, the strongest and those nearest the gate getting the largest share, the weak and sickly getting none. If the remnant, who were finally allowed to pass out of this military Golgotha, were not wild beasts, unwashed, befouled devils, no thanks are to be given to Henry Wertz for lack of effort to produce such a consummation.

When it rained, as it does in that climate almost continually during the spring and fall months, the soil within the enclosure was one mass of loblolly, soft mud, at least fifteen inches in depth, through which stalked and staggered the gaunt, half-clad wretches thus confined. The stench from the prison could be perceived for two miles, and farmers living in the neighborhood began to fear for the health of their families. As a consequence of this, the hospitals—facetious was Wertz in his horrible humanity—were crowded to repletion with the emaciated, starved and diseased men who were truckled into them. The hospitals were constructed of logs, unhewed, the interstices unfilled and open, admitting the rain, without floors, cots, bunks, or blankets, filthy and fetid with the festering, putrid bodies of the sick, the dying and the dead. Words fail language is impotent to describe one of these dens of disease and death. I once mustered the courage, impelled by the earnest entreaties of a North friend, to enter one of them, to visit one who was tenderly reared, and walked in the best ranks of Connecticut society. I believe I had seen before this what I deemed to be human wretchedness in the worst forms. I thought that I could nerve myself to witness mortal agony and wretchedness, and destitution, as I had heard it described, without blanching or trembling. But if the condensed horrors of a hundred "black holes" had been brought before my mind to prepare me for the ordeal, they would have failed to realize the facts as I saw them face to face.

I cannot, in a daily paper, read by innocence and virtue, detail what met my sight on the occasion I refer to—I will not pollute any page, save the records of the court that must try the culprit for the crime of torture by disease and filth, with the details of that caravansay of horrible, intentional slaughter.

☞ "Sallie," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me; you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," said Sallie, "you are too green to burn."

GOV. STONE.

On the 17th inst., Gov. Stone addressed the largest political meeting for about three hours, that ever assembled in Glenwood. He warned the people that, although the contest of arms to preserve the Union was concluded, yet important and responsible duties remain to be performed; and that a misstep at this hour might loose for us the fruits of victory which had cost the country its best blood and millions of its treasure.

He reviewed the action of the Copperhead party, since the convention at Chicago; their continued and persistent opposition to the prosecution of the war, and their mendacity and artful dodging to catch the soldiers vote at the coming election, as well as to avoid the truth of their own disgraceful and treasonable history. In speaking of the Union party, Gov. Stone showed that by their gallantry and zeal, the rebellion had been crushed; that it had promised and pledged itself to the people that it *should* be done and also in the campaign of last fall it predicted that if Mr. Lincoln should be re-elected the war would end in six months, and showed that the prediction was fulfilled in much less time. He showed that the party had redeemed all its pledges in the past, and urged that such a record was an earnest of its sagacity, intentions and success for the future.

In speaking of the election, last fall, the Governor asked "if there was *one* man in that vast assemblage who believed that it would have been better for the country if Geo. B. McClellan had been elected last fall instead of Mr. Lincoln?" A man from the audience answered. "I do."

The Governor asked, "What is your name?"

The man replied, "Atkison."

Gov.—"How long have you lived here?"

Atkison—"About six months,"

Gov.—"Well that's what I supposed"—from Missouri." At this moment the audience fairly shook the walls of the Court House by the loudest and most enthusiastic applause.

This man Atkison pretends to be a lawyer by profession, and has already appeared with some of his brethren in that capacity in Glenwood; we also learn that he was a member of Clark Jackson's rebel legislature.

The Governor was listened to throughout with marked attention, and was frequently interrupted with great applause, which gave a conclusive evidence that the people are as determined to keep the copperhead down, as they were to bury it last fall.—*Glenwood Opinion.*

☞ Over in New Jersey during the last Presidential canvass, a young lawyer, noted for the length of his neck, his tongue and his tail, was on the stump blowing his horn for Gen. McClellan. Getting on his eloquence he spread himself, and said:

"I would that on the 8th day of next November, I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town and every hamlet, to every mansion and hut, and proclaim to every man, woman and child—George B McClellan is President of the United States."

At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out: "Dry up, you fool. You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

ITEMS WORTH COMMITTING TO MEMORY.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape. Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it. An inkstand was turned over upon a white tablecloth, a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared. Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies, by painting them with a brush dipped into a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water. Bedbugs are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water, put on with a brush. Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the celler, and not used until it is three months old.

☞ An Iowa paper advises farmers to "hold on to the wool." That is what the Kentucky Conversatives are doing, but it may prove a bad speculation.—*Sol. Miller.*

LETTER FROM HORACE GREELEY.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.

Every year somebedy thinks it worth while to start the statement that Horace Greeley is going to leave the *Tribune*—that the stockholders are about to turn him out, or something of the sort. I believe it was Senator Anthony's paper, in Providence, R. I., that first revived the old story this time; but it has been repeated, and modified, and enlivened with so many varieties of the lie circumstantial, that at last people begin to believe it. Somewhat puzzled, and desirous to know for my personal satisfaction whether there could possibly be any truth in the story which, if true, was of concern to the Journalism of the nation, I wrote over to the veteran, inquiring about it. His reply was so characteristic that I am tempted to betray his confidence by printing it,—at risk of acquiring the unenviable reputation of a betrayer of private correspondence:

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.

FRIEND REID: Thank you for yours of the 3d Your inquiries are laughable. The facts are these:

We elect an editor of the *Tribune* annually by a stock vote (one hundred shares one vote each). Once, many years ago, *two* votes were cast against me for editor—none before nor none since.

I have never heard that any stock holder desired my withdrawal from the *Tribune*.

I *mean* to reduce my work on it at the earliest moment, and have so stated to all who have a right to know. I am overwhelmed with labor. I grow old, and want rest and comfort. My idea is to get somebody else to take the laboring oar, receive the kicks and cuffs and let me farm a little, travel a little, fish some, and write when in the spirit. Such is my dream. I hope to realize at least a part of it during the year 1866; but I may not till some time later. You know how circumstances control everything.

At present I am writing about an average of two columns per day for the *Tribune*—too much; I mean to write less when I can.

That's all *I* know about the matter. Perhaps they know more at the *Herald* office.

Vol. II, I grieve to say, does not get on so fast as it should. I have too much other work, a very sick wife, and am not very well myself, and the weather is good for corn and turnips, but bad for history. I hope for improvement in many, if not most respects.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

If to the above it be added that Mr. Sinclair, now the publisher and principal stockholder of the *Tribune*, is an intimate friend of Mr. Greeley's and by marriage his cousin, and that Mr. Greeley's salary has recently been increased one half, inspite of his protest against it, I fancy there are few who are likely to continue apprehensive that he is to be lost from journalism very soon.—*Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ A lieutenant in the servive, by the name of Broom, was advanced to a capaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Capt. Broom. One of his friends, much to his annoyance called him Broom—having done so the fortieth time, Broom said:

"You will please remember sir, that I have a handle to my name." "Ah," said his tormentor, "so you have; well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

☞ Cambridge etiquette has been very happily caricatured by the following anecdote. A gownsman, one day walking along the banks of the Cam observing a luckless son of his Alma Mater in the agonies of drowning, exclaimed:

"What a pity that I have not had the honor of being introduced to the gentleman. I might have saved him;" and walked on, leaving the poor fellow to his fate.

☞ "Conscience!" said Mrs. Partington indignantly, "Do you suppose nobody has got any conscience but yourself? My conscience is as good as yours—aye, better too, for it has never been used in the course of my life, while yours has been used until it is nearly worn out."

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

Some one, whose head is unusually "level," has written out his ideas of religion as follows. It will do to read and think about:

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late; keeps the wife from being fretful when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them; projects the honey-moon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from the paper, sand from sugar, chickory from coffee; beet root from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from the milk can.

The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches at the top; and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles.

The religion that is to sanctify the world—pays its debts. It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, according to gospel, though it is according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks on a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

Feeding him with his own Gruel.

Dick Turner, the noted turnkey of the Libby Prison, is securely locked up in the most dismal subterranean dungeon of that place of torture. There is no pity felt for him in Richmond.—A correspondent, who saw the cruel-hearted man, describes him pale as leprosy, his beard whitening, his deficient teeth ajar, and his eyes full of torror. He is now as mean and cringing in his behavior as, in power he was insolent and cruel. When turnkey, he shot men dead with a revolver, who came to the windows for air and light, kicked and knocked down others, and took delight in augmenting the untold miseries of the poor prisoners under his charge. He has heard, in his loathsome cell that the soldiers have decreed his death so soon as they are fully assured of his identity, and his pleadings for mercy are presented to all who come near him; but he pleads to hearts of stone.

FEEDING THE SICK.

Sad mistakes are made by hundreds of well-meaning folks in their method of administering nourishment to invalids. It is the custom to keep the delicacies intended to tempt their appetites constantly within their reach. The result is, that instead of feeling any desire for the jellies, broths, etc., thus obtruded upon their notice, the sight of them creates loathing and disgust.—Sick people should never be haunted with food in this way. Even persons in health would lose their relish for choice dishes if condemned to live in a larder, surrounded night and day with all the dainties of the season. If you have anything rare and delicious for your patient, surprise him with it. A pleasant surprise is a good tonic, and you may excite his palate by springing a refreshing rarity upon him unexpectedly. Never hand a sick man a pile of eatables, telling him that you expect him to devour the whole of it. Feed him on the infinitesimal plan, with fairy morsels; and as soon as he has taken what he requires, remove the remainder. In visiting sick rooms, how often one finds bowls of arrow-root and sage, dabs of jelly, cups of beef tea, fragments of dry toast, slices of oranges and the like mixed in among black draughts, boxes of pills, plasters, leeches and abominations of the "healing art." No wonder the pale and languid inmates have no appetite.—*Home Journal.*

OPENING COURT.

An Iowa correspondent writes: "It was at the first term of old Judge McF——'s Court, held in B—— county, that the following good 'un was really perpetrated:

"A new sheriff had just been elected, and the Judge, wishing to have everything done in order, called the newly elected official into his room to instruct him as to his duties, and finding said official decidedly verdant as to the proper manner of opening Court, wrote out the whole proclamation, and gave him all the necessary instructions thereto. Now it so happened that F——, of P—— county, a fun loving attorney, was sitting by at the time, and seeing some chance for fun ahead, prepared another proclamation, and by a little legerdemain succeeded in substituting it in the sheriff's hat for the one the Judge had given him. Eleven o'clock came, and so did the order from Judge McF——. "Sheriff, open Court.' Drawing his instructions deliberately from his hat, he commenced in a stentorian voice: 'Hear ye! the Honorable District Court of the County of B—— is wound up, and all ready to grind. All having grists may pitch in, and their grists shall be ground!" The laugh that came in can only be appreciated by Western men.

☞ The following story is told by one who says he was an eye witness to the affair:

Just before the capture of Savannah, Gen. Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago, one fine morning, to take the cars east, on his way to rejoin his command. The General being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, and was about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with:

"Ye'll not be goin' in there."

"Why not, sir?" asked the General.

"Because them's a leddies caer, and gintleman'll not be goin' in there widout a leddy.

"There's wan sate in that caer over there, ef yees want it," at the same time pointing to it.

"Yes," replied the General, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"

"Oh! bother your staff!" was the petulant reply. "Go you and take the sate, and stick yer staff out of the windy."

☞ Pat was employed at a furnace. He was ordered to take the two-wheeled cart with the oxen, and draw some iron to a particular spot and dump it. He brought the load to the place designated, and after gesticulating wildly before his meek oxen, exclaimed: "Rare up, rare up, ye bastes, and throw the load overboard!"

TO KEEP BUTTER.

A compound of one part sugar, one part nitre, and two parts of the best salt, beaten together into a fine powder and mixed thoroughly with the butter in the proportion of one ounce to the pound, has been found to keep it in every respect sweet and sound during two years. It is also said to impart a rich, marrowy flavor.

ECHO'S OPINION ON THE REBELLION.—By what argument could the rebelion have neen prevented by Buchanan? Cannon.

What was the result when the South ceased to reason? Treason

For what kind of a ruler were the aristocracy aching? A king

What power assisted in again making us feel peace? Field-piece.

What must a rebel do before a Yankee musket? Must "git."

What of the gentlemen who raises the biggest war whoops? Wore hoops

Is Jeff Davis a more than ordinary man? Nary man.

What rebel is judged most leniently by people generally? General Lee.

Where is the intervention plan that Nap. laid out? Played out.

Shall we in future have a rebellion ever? Never.

FOUND THE STRING.—Mrs. Mehitable Shingle, who hails from a down east village, about two miles on this side of sunrise, on returning home from a visit to our city the other day, informed her "darter" Jemima that she "cum purty near being pisened at the hotel with some soup they called violoncello soup; and she knew it was violoncello soup for she found a hull lot of stringe in it."

☞ A remarkable cure for the sting of a bee and preservation of life, came to our konwledge yesterday. Mr. T. E. Wight, of Clay Junction, was recently stung by a bee on the neck just below the ear, on one of the main cords; the pain was intense, and the lady of the house sought for some saleratus, but failing to find it, took a little gum camphor, and pulverizing it in alcohol, gave it to Mr. W., who drank it, the husband of the lady in the meantime having gone for the physician. Mr. W., at once found relief from pain, and on arrival of the physician, the latter stated emphatically that the camphor and alcohol had saved Mr. Wight's life.—*Toledo Blade.*

KEEPING GREEN CORN.—In July last, we made a planting of sweet corn, for the purpose of drying it for winter use.—Part of the crop we cut from the cob and dried in the sun in the usual manner; and part we cut up, stalk and all, and put in to small stooks, about the 10th of October, when the corn had just glazed. Of this latter saving, we have recently been eating, and find it nearly as good as when it was cut up and stooked. What effect continued freezing and thawing may have upon it, as Winter advances, we cannot yet state, but for green corn to eat in early Winter, we shall practice hereafter the cutting and stooking of it in the field.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ A writer in Harper's Magazine gives an excellent personal description of Sheridan, as follows: "His body is stout but wiry, and set on short, heavy, but active legs. His broad shoulders, short, stiff hair, and his features betray the Melesians decent; but no brogue can be traced in his voice. His eyes are grey, and being small, are sharp and piercing and full of fire. When maddened with excitement or passion these glare fearfully. His age is thirty-four, but long service in the field has bronzed him into the appearance of forty.

☞ A wounded rebel soldier thought he was about to die; and feeling that he had many sins to answer for, he requested that a minister should be sent to him. The Rev. Mr. H., a rebel parson, was called in. Sitting down beside the wounded man, and assuming all the sacerdotal air he gravely said:

"My friend, in what state was your mind when you first felt that you should like to be baptised?"

Feebly and dolorously the dying man replied:

"Ar-kan-saw"

The divine was instantly disgusted, and rising from the sick bed in great indignation, said, "shucks! that fellow don't know enough to go to Heaven!" and he instantly left the room."

BONAPART'S PREDICTION OF AMERICA.—At St. Helena he said:

"Ere the close of the 19th century America will be convulsed by one of the greatest revolutions ever witnessed.—Should it succeed, her power and prestige are lost, but should the Government maintain her supremacy, she will be on a firmer basis than ever. The theory of a republican form of Government will be established, and she can defy the combined power of the world.

☞ "Are you really, you know, going to 'ang Davis?" said an English sojourner; "'twould be blasted bad, that would, you know." "Oh, we shan't hang him," said his interlocutor. "We shall probably blow him from the muzzle of a gun, as you did the Sepoys in India." "Ah," said the stranger, "but that was quite another thing, you know."

A brother of Charles Dickens, residing in Chicago, had three children born to him last week.

☞ According to a North Carolina paper, the motto of a large number of the subdued rebels must be. "Turn up the sacred soil, porcine inhabitant, or your name will swell the mortuary column."

☞ The Nashville Press and times says, "The man who advocates gradual emancipation is about to apply for a patent for the gradual explosion of gun-cotton."

☞ A letter writer says Washington can boast of a marvelous proportion of beautiful women but a great many of them look better than they behave.

☞ One honest Georgia postmaster, and only one, has paid over to the Post Office Department, in greenbacks the value of the Postage stamps he had on hand at the breaking out of the war.

☞ A poultice made of flour and molasses is excellent for burns. Keep it applied until it is about well.

☞ The young lady who lost the litile pink *bow* from her jockey-hat has found a big brown one under a beaver.

☞ Douglas Jerrold was at a party when the Park guns announced the birth of a Prince. "Pow they do poder these babies!" Jerrold exclaimed.