



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

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Probate Notice. TERRITORY OF NEBRASKA, ss. County of Cass.

NASBY AGAIN. Mr. Nasby suggests a "Psalm of Sadness" for His Friends South.

SAINT'S REST, (which is the Stait uv) Noo Gersey,) Sept. 12, 1865.

The utter and abject stait uv cussitood in2 wich the Dimocrysy find theirselves, North and South, makes a day uv fastin appropriet. Ef the Lord is ever a goin to help us, now's his time.

On the street I see a nigger! On his back a coat uv bloo, and he carryeth a musket.

He is Provo Guard and he halieth me, ez wun hevvin authority.

And my tender daughter spit on him, and lo! he arrested her, and she languisheth in the guard house.

My eyes swell on him, and my sole is a artesian well of woe; it gusheth with grief.

For that nigger wuz my nigger—I bought him with a price.

Alas! that nigger is out of his normal condishun, he is a star out uv his speer, wich sweepeth thro' the politikle hevns, amashin' things.

Normally he wuz wuth gold and silver—now he is a nightmare.

Wunst I was rich, and the nigger was the basis thereof.

His wife was mine, and she was my konkine.

The normal results of the konkine-inge I sold, combining pleasure and profit in an eminent degree.

And on the price thereof I played poker and dremk mit gooleps an rode in gorgus chariots, an wore purple an fine linen every day.

Wuz this miscigenashun or nigger equality? Not any. For she was mine, even as my ox, or my horse, or my sheep, an her increase was mine, even as was theirs.

And when the wife of my buzzum lifted up her voice in complaint, saying, "Lo, I am abused—this little nigger resembleth thee"—half the price of the infant chatel wood buy a diamond pin with which to stop her yawp.

And my boys followed in my footsteps, and great was the mix, but profitable.

But my drem is bustid. The nigger is free, and demands wages for the work of his hands.

His wife is free, an she kin decide whether she'll cleave to her husband or be my konkine.

Yesterday I bade her come to me, and lo! she remarkt, "Go 'way, white man, or I bust yer head."

And I gode. Her children are free—they are mine, likewise, but I can't sell em on the block to the highest bidder.

Therein Linkin sinnid—he violatid the highest and highest instinks uv our nabur; he interposed a proclamashun atween father and child.

We took the hethen from Afreka, and was makin Christians of 'em. Wo to him who stoop us in our mishunary work!

It is written, "Kin the Ethiopie change his skin?" I was a changin' it for him, I an my fathers, and we had mellered it down to a brite yaller.

Dark is my father. I obeyed the grave Law of Labor as I served in the army, by substioot—now shel I have to stane my hands wuth labor, or starve.

In what am I better than a Northern mudsill? I kin git no more dimund pins for the wife of my buzzum, and she yawpeth continuously.

Protect us from nigger sojors, which is grinnen feends. Shelter us from the ghost uv John Brown, wich is marchin on.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY. Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

FENIANISM. The World's Cork (Ireland) correspondent says: "In Limerick meetings of Fenians have been regularly chrochid, and the organization has established an absolute court wherein the names of those countrymen who are too timid or too lukewarm to give in their adherence are set down by committees appointed to wait upon them.

Delegates from the parent society are said to abound in the country, well supplied with money and actively encouraging the martial spirit.

In Cork the Fenians have boldly marched past the Capwell Police Barracks, their officers armed with green rods, and chanting as they marched a new national song, "The Green above the Red." They were pursued by the police, but the country people, at the intimation of pursuit went by a detour through the fields and informed the Fenians, who, without deserting ranks but by detached marches in various directions, at faster speed melted away.

At Nevagh the grounds of Castle Albany have been ravaged by the Fenians. At Gungaven the police have been beaten. Banry is given over to the Fenians, who drill in the town without opposition. Through the deep fastnesses of Connaught this organization has extended itself. Forces are being discovered and reported at Galway, Roscommon and Sligo.

I am told, by a friend who fully understands this subject, that there are in each of the following counties, men enrolled as follows: Limerick, 6,000; Kerr, 1,500; Kilkenny, 800; Wexford, 1,200; Wicklow, 1,000; Clare, 500; Kildare, 500; Dublin, 8,000. This makes a total of nearly 40,000 men, if we estimate for the northern counties—where Fenianism is yet weak and the Government has more partisans—half as many.

As yet these men have no fire arms nor do they ever meet in public or private with weapons of any sort; but at the signal could fill the country with muskets. Every Fenian, it is said, who left the Northern army has retained his musket. Enough Irishmen trained in war have returned to their native island to officer the entire able bodied population of Munster. The nucleus of an army is being formed with its headquarters in America, and a bureau of intelligence as vast as the archives and indexes of your War Department.

Excitement over the previous alarm has had an immediate effect on capital. Money is held more tightly, and Dublin papers complain that it is being frightened away from Ireland. Englishmen residents here, not stipendiaries of the government, profess to be weary also of the many outbreaks of which this is the last, and anxious to leave the populace which hates them, once and forever.

It may prove to be the least significant feature of this caprice that the very British army which is to put down the Fenians is composed of native Irishmen. In the army the Fenians are at work, and the garrison of Cork may to-night pledged against the interests of the sovereign who employs them. There are in the Queen's ranks 5,000 men who are put there by the Fenian Brotherhood as a sort of cheap West Point, and instructed not only to perfect themselves fully in soldierly training, but to corrupt their countrymen of every garison. When the Fenian revolution begins we may hear of a revolt from Canada to India, wherever there are two Celts in the same regiment with two Saxons.

The Chronicle says: 'Upwards of 300 young men were seen, a few nights since, in one of the most retired corners of the city, going through military evolutions. Almost all had sticks and obeyed in silence the words of command given in a suppressed voice. There is, we believe, a Fenian organization in Limerick. It numbers at least 2,000 strong. A Belfast paper describes a similar meeting in that city.'

Business men can make it profitable to advertise in the HERALD.

A SAD CASE. Mr. T. B. Aldrich, the unfortunate man whose arrest, incarceration in jail, and suffering from delirium tremens we recorded in yesterday's issue, died on Thursday night, alone in his cell. Mrs. Ackley, wife of the jailor, had but a few moments before his death administered such homely remedies as her experience led her to believe might lessen the sufferings of the prisoner patient; but alas! all in vain.

The saddest part of this tale remains to be told. Mr. Aldrich was the son of a highly respected Massachusetts clergyman, still living. In 1856 Mr. A. was a young merchant in Boston, and failed. Coming to Iowa to retrieve his fortunes, he reached the town of Dennison in Crawford county. Here his rare business qualifications, thorough education, gentlemanly deportment, energy and integrity, soon won him hosts of friends. He was appointed Postmaster, then elected Clerk of the District Court. Preferring the adjoining county, Carroll, he removed thither. His reputation had preceded him. He was elected Clerk for the District Court there also, and twice re-elected. Then was chosen Treasurer and Recorder; holding these until last Fall, when he was drafted. Leaving his young and accomplished wife he came to Camp McClellan. A splendid penman, he was soon made clerk at headquarters. Here, away from home and its hallowed associations, he gradually formed associations with drinking officers, drank deeply himself and became frequently inebriated. A short time ago he was mustered out and was again free. This event was signalized by a spree. Too proud, it is supposed, to hasten homeward while bearing evidence of his drinking bout, he remained in this city, and again and again gave up to the tempter. While laboring under delirium tremens, he stole clothing, &c., as we have before stated, and soulless liquor-dealers aided him down to death and hell by still feeding the terrible appetite which was consuming him. The rest is known. Poor Aldrich died as thousands have before, a victim to the accursed traffic in intoxicating liquors. Far off in his once happy home his youthful wife impatiently awaits his coming. On her widowed lap reposes the innocent pledge of conjugal affection, born to her since her husband's departure. A drunkard's widow and orphan, as yet unconscious of their loss, will there plead to Heaven for Justice to those who for sordid gain helped the loved husband and father to destruction.

Poor Aldrich! He was but twenty-six years of age. Lieut. Tabor, with whom he boarded in Dennison and Carrollton two years and a half, and who knew him intimately, informs us that he never knew a nobler spirit, a more upright and honorable man than was Aldrich before he became a victim to intemperance. O, when—when—shall this flood of desolation be stayed?—Davenport Gaz.

A well known lawyer being sent for to counsel some men accused of horse-stealing, and then lying in jail, was also sent for by an Irishman who occupied another cell of the same building.

"Well, Pat," asked the lawyer, "what do you want with me?"

"Yer, honor," returned Pat, "I jest heard that there was a lawyer in jail, and sure I wanted to see him."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"An' what should I want wid you but to get me out of this?"

"Well, what are you here for?"

"Jist for burglary, I believe they call it."

"And what is the testimony against you?"

"Och! niver a bit at all. Only I tould the justice of the peace meself that I did it."

"Well, if you have confessed it, I don't see but what you'll have to stay here."

"An' is it that you say? Sure, now, an' in the country I came from niver a bit would they kape a body in jail on sich a thrifling evidence as that!"

"Brick" Pomeroy says—"In this section, the whisky is so weak since the war tax struck it, that it is run in candle-moulds, frozen, and sold by the 'stick.'"

"CALL ME PET NAMES." The following "retorts courteous" are from the columns of the two leading papers in Louisville, Kentucky:

You crooked old bundle of contradiction—don't you oppose the policy of restoration? Didn't you say you were in favor of a general amnesty, by which, of course, the right of those who had been in rebellion to vote should be conceded to them?—Democrat.

You ill-smelling and well-stuffed old sack of poudrette—don't you know that the amnesty held out by the President to those who take the pre-cribed oath does not embrace the right of voting?—Journal.

You diseased odor of bad cat in bad health—didn't you know that the amnesty advocated by you, and even the President's amnesty, does not forbid the right of voting; or have you lost all your sense in your scents?—Dem.

You old center of all stupidity, scent of all creation; you old uncorked bottle of the distilled essence of assafoetida, stink-weed, pole-cat and nigger—don't you know that, if the amnesty recommended by us, and even President Johnson, does not give the right of voting, they don't intermeddle with the right at all, but leave it to the States, where it properly belongs? You old cess pool of six cities—don't you know that if we are for the repeal of the Kentucky expatriation law, it doesn't follow that we are not for the enactment of some other law which shall protect our State, as far as possible, against aggression of the rebel spirit? A large class of non-voters of Kentucky would be a very great evil, but we wouldn't have those to whom the present expatriation law applies clothed with the elective franchise without taking a stringent oath of allegiance. You mean old pointer and setter of Satan's manhood; old effigy cut from a solid mass of guano—please mark that.—Journal.

SOUTHERN MERCHANTS. A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, writing from Charleston, South Carolina, says:

I inquired of the returning merchants on the steamships, how they were received in the North? An Augusta man complained that he could get no credit, and that there was a disposition to be grinding and exacting. One Charleston man said, "I asked for sixty days, and got it without a word of objection." Another told me that he asked for four months was given three, and treated like a gentleman everywhere. Another showed me his receipt for a debt of about fifteen hundred dollars, contracted before the war, which he had paid in full; and he asked for four months on a bill of eight thousand dollars, which was readily given. Still another settled his old indebtedness with one-third cash, and eight and twelve months notes for the balance, while he got ninety days on three-fourths of his new bill. One man said he had many friends in the North, and they all knew he had been a thorough rebel. He expected some taunts, but tried to carry himself like a gentleman, and was courteously received "even in Boston." These are specimens of a score of answers I have received to this question.

An inveterate punster happened to get into a bank just as the worthy cashier was running up, with his accustomed celerity and correctness, a very long column of figures. The wag-gish visitor saw the sum completed, and then remarked to the official, with a very grave face, "B—, I understand they think of sending you to the world's fair, as a specimen of the American adder."

That was a handsome but expensive tribute to the great English novelist paid by a little English boy, at service in London, whom an unpinching mistress found reading Pickwick at midnight, and took away his candle. The lad didn't wish to live any longer, and within two hours it was found had hung himself with his suspenders. Dickens should give the boy immortality in his next novel.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, replied, "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

BROWNLOW ON THE SOUTHERN METHODISTS. We have information that six traveling and eight local preachers of Holston conference have determined to change their relations and to fall in with the new conference organized by Bishop Clark, of the old Methodist Episcopal Church, and many of the membership are falling in with the old church.

Rev. W. Hicks and Dr. Charles F. Deems are giving the loyal church all the opposition they can. Deems is a Yankee by birth and raising, and the class of men, when they become Southern are more intensely Southern than all other men. He publishes that they are whipped but not convinced, and calls upon the disloyal brethren to go to work with them and aid in building their old disloyal organization. The spirit of rebellion is still in them, and it sticks out in all they say or do. The whole South is still rebellious, and they aim now to divide the Union, and set up a Confederacy by common consent. They aim to do their dirty work in the Union, and under the old Constitution. The Southern churches are in the secret and in the work. The old Methodist Church will organize conferences in all the States, and provide loyal Methodists with loyal preachers and publications. Those who are for the Government, for peace and order, will fall in, and those who are for another rebellion will give opposition. Rebel preachers will be slow to favor a loyal church movement. They are now what they were in former days—"It was not until a multitude of the common people believed, that the Priests became obedient to the faith."

HOW THEY OPPOSE SECESSION. A correspondent of the Canton Register gives the following as a specimen of the patriotic manner in which a certain Democratic paper in Fulton county used to encourage the soldiers in the work of putting down the rebellion:

On Tuesday last the great conscription act passed the United States Senate. * * * How signally these black-hearted traitors will fail they shall soon see. This infamous act of tyranny will be repelled by a million and a half of as good men as ever trod the soil of freedom. * * * Can the imbecile orang-outang at Washington coerce fifteen hundred thousand free Northern men to trample their consciences in the dust by fighting a people who are to-day a thousand times nearer the right than the bloodhounds of despotism who are pursuing them. * * * The first attempt to carry out its provisions will be the signal for the united uprising of a determined and desperate multitude of freemen who will court annihilation rather than submit for one moment to the tyrannies of the Lincoln despotism.

There are a million and a half of men in the North to-day waiting impatiently to hear the magic battle cry: Down with the usurper! To Arms! To Arms!

We remember to have seen in the same sheet an enquiry something like, "how long will we have to wait before the strong arm and steady aim of the back-woodsman will rid the nation of a tyrant?" These are fine fellows to give reception dinners and hearty welcomes to returned soldiers. Wirz might assist with equal propriety.

Take one pound white glue, one quart rain water, three gills alcohol, four ounces white lead; dissolve the glue in rain water, add the alcohol and dissolve again; then add the lead; boil fifteen minutes; stir all the time; bottle while hot. The above is a recipe for mending wood, leather, &c., to make them as strong as before broken.

A Western pettifogger once broke forth in the following indignant strain: "Sir, we're enough for the hull of ye. Me and my tyrant can't never be intimidated nor tyrannized over, mark that. And, sir, just as sure as this court decides against us we'll file a writ of progander, sir, and we—" Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of progander.

"Mean? Why, sir, a writ of progander is a—a—it's a—wal, I don't remember the exact word, but its what will knock thunder out of your one-horse court, anyhow."

NEWSPAPERS. A school teacher who has been engaged for a long time in his profession and witnessed the influence of a newspaper on the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them acquainted with the location of the important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman; they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers are always taking the lead in the debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in the use of language.

In reading the arrivals at the hotels of one of the principal cities, as reported in the daily papers, Yankeeedom is fully represented; as usual, on hand, and ready for anything that may turn up.

There is a great emigration going on from Canada to this country. A Montreal journal says, "the people are leaving us by tens of thousands."

A fellow up the country was fined for kicking Alexander Barn. He said it was a devil of a free country where a man dare not throw his boots against the gable end of A. Barn.

The trial of the steamboat burner, Murphy, now going on in this city, has developed one interesting fact, and that is, that Jefferson Davis was opposed in toto to the operations of the scoundrels who placed the lives of hundreds of peaceable men, women and children in jeopardy by burning steamboats on the waters of the West and South—that is, if we are to believe the evidence of Frazier. This is about the only white shade that has lately been thrown on the character of the arch-traitor, but it will not do him much good while the enormities of his tool, the devilish Wirz, are placed on record against him. He is the man responsible for the Andersonville atrocities—not this poor tool. We would just as soon think of holding the bull dog responsible for the mangling and tearing of a child when his master set him on. We would punish the dog as an instrument, but as an instrument only. The master should receive the whole penalty of the law. If Davis was opposed to steamboat burning, why didn't he stop it? It cannot be said he had not the power, because all the power of the Southern Confederacy was concentrated in his hands. It looks like a foolish attempt at whitewashing Davis.—St. Louis Press.

IMPORTANT.—The following important dispatch is published in the Indianapolis Journal, it being telegraphed to that paper from Washington on Thursday:

C. H. Chandler, United States District Attorney for the Eastern District Virginia, has publicly stated that he had received orders to suspend all confiscation.

If this is true, as we have no doubt it is, it proves that no effort will be spared by the President to induce the people of the South to accept willingly and freely the duties and responsibilities of a restored Union.

The anticipated gold interest to be disbursed on 5-20's amounts to about \$18,000,000, the greater part of which will be paid at New York.

According to the new navy regulation, neither ensigns, masters or lieutenants will be promoted to the next higher grades, unless they can speak the French or Spanish language with some degree of fluency.