



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

VOL. 1

PLATTSMOUTH, N. T., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 27, 1865.

NO 38

THE HERALD IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY H. D. HATHAWAY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Business Directory. R. R. LIVINGSTON, M. D. Physician and Surgeon.

WILLITT POTTEGER ATTORNEY AT LAW, PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA.

T. M. MARQUETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA.

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National Claim Agency, WASHINGTON D. C. F. M. DORRINGTON, PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA.

D. H. WHEELER, NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

PLATTE VALLEY RECEIVED, W. W. CROW, PROP.

MRS. L. GOLDING, MID-WIFE, Has practiced successfully for several years in St. Louis and in Leavenworth, Mo.

Hess & Finisher, Saloon and Restaurant, Levee street, south of Main, where they will furnish all the best dishes for sale at moderate prices.

FOR SALE, Eight or Ten Thoroughbred American MERINO RAMS.

PROBATE NOTICE, Notice is hereby given that Mrs. Marjorie E. Marth has made application to the Probate Court of Cass county, N. T., to be appointed Administratrix of the estate of N. H. Marth, late of said county, deceased.

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CHEAP GOODS AT THE NEW STORE!

Howe & Thatcher, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY-GOODS, FANCY GOODS, Boots and Shoes, YANKEE NOTIONS,

Hardware, Queensware, STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES, OUTFITTING GOODS, & C

WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD, Call before purchasing, and

Examine Goods and Prices. If you do not buy, you will

Got Posted! REMEMBER THE PLACE, Main street,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, PLATTSMOUTH, N. T., July 1, 1865.—if

Estray Notice, Taken up by the subscriber, two and a half mile north-west of Reed's mill, on Weeping Water, Cass county, N. T., one dark red steer, 4 or 5 years old, crumpled horns, and some tan on his flank and belly, some of tail white, and branded along the back with the letter "A" in two different places.

NEW CABINET SHOP, W. W. CROW, PROP.

H. BOECK, Having recently built a new and suita shop on Main St., Plattsouth, N. T.,

CABINET BUSINESS, In all its branches, IN THE MOST APPROVED STYLE

CHEAPEST Furniture, Of every description, ever offered in the Territory.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, Particular attention paid to making and finishing COFFINS.

LUMBER - YARD, Mickelwait & Sharp, Dealers in Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Pickets, and every variety of Cottonwood, Walnut and Oak Lumber.

PLATTSMOUTH, N. T., November 27th 1865.

STATEMENT OF THE FARMERS' AND MERCHANTS' Insurance Company, OF QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

We, the undersigned, President and Secretary of the Farmers' and Merchants' Insurance Company, of Quincy, Illinois, do hereby certify that the said Company is possessed of a capital, in accordance with the Charter of said Company, amounting to Four Hundred and Eighty-six Thousand Five Hundred and eighty-three dollars and ninety cents.

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHORITY, To expire on the 21st day of January, A. D. 1866.

Whereas, H. M. Van Frank, Esq., Vice President of the Farmers' and Merchants' Insurance Company, located at Quincy, Illinois, has filed in this Office a certified copy of the Act of Incorporation of said Company, together with a written instrument, under the seal of said company, signed by the President and Secretary thereof, uttering and certifying that said Company is possessed of a capital of Four Hundred and Eighty-six Thousand Five Hundred and Eighty-three dollars and ninety cents.

S. BLOOM, Dealer in READY MADE CLOTHING

Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Valises, &c., &c., &c.

Also a large lot of RUBBER GOODS and REVOLVERS always on hand.

Emigrants, AND—COUNTRY MERCHANTS

will find it to their benefit to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Cash paid for Hides, Furs and Wool, Plattsouth, May 25, if

PUMPS! PUMPS! The undersigned is prepared to furnish the pumps of Plattsouth and surrounding country with ANY DESCRIPTION

NOTICE, To John R. Sarge and Jonathan W. Wise and the undersigned, legal representatives of the estate of Peter A. Sarge, deceased.

NOTICE, You are hereby informed that on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1865, Jesse Wetherill, William Campbell filed their petition in the Probate Court in and for Cass county, N. T., to wit: Lot 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 in block number sixty-four (64), in the city of Plattsouth, and that said petition will come up for hearing on the

23rd day of January, A. D. 1866, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the office of the Probate Judge in and for Cass county, N. T.

STRAYED, Strayed from my farm, 2 Steers, yearlings, part marked with under half crop in right ear, upper slope or crop in left ear. Also one red spotted calf not marked. I will pay a reasonable reward to know where they are.

ARTEMUS WARD as a FARMER, An Agricultural County Association invited Artemus Ward to address them on the occasion of their next annual fair.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1865. DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and I think I will come. Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturist will be acceptable; and as that history, no doubt, contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write you through the press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years. My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye and oats, but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm. My neighbors told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lecturing."

Those cows are now quite fat. I take pride in those cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm. Two years ago I tried sheep raising. I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gaily o'er the hillside. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, "We must have some shepherd dogs." I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said: "We must, Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago."

I wrote to my old friend, Dr. Dexter H. Follet, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. He kindly foretook far more important business to accommodate me, and they came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-colored, hazel eyed, long-tailed and sharply-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields. "Turn them in, Eli," I said. Eli turned them in. They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made quite a mistake in the breed of these dogs. These dogs were not partial to the sheep. Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed, "Wall, did you ever!" I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the green sward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay around in confused heaps. The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their life-stories. Thus ended their interesting tails. I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepstir, I was not a success.

Last summer, Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass. To me the new-mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold sings about it, in beautiful verses, down in Jersey every summer, so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of these men know the price of a ton of hay to-day. But new-mown hay is really a fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow, myself. I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe in the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins. "I am here." "Then follow us." I followed them.

Following them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then, in a low, firm voice, he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, change places with me. I ain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will sooner have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter'ble gashes in the other or not. But you, John, you are young."

The old man changed places with his son, a smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready."

"What mean you, old man?" I said. "I mean that if you continue to bransh that blade as you have bran'ished it, you'll slash h—l out of some of us before we'er a hour older."

There was some reason mingled with this white haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he would be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a good deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would re-appear with his head nearly done up in a large wet rag, and said he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"

"Oh, no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say, "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves it."

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown. I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so, and he do-so-so. She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married, and Perkins is troubled no more with headache. This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on account of no skare krows been put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nuther in. Old Bisbee who was frade you cut his sons leggs off Ses you bet go and stan up in feeld yrself with dressin gown on & gesses krows will keep way, this made Boys in the store larf. no more terday from

Yours respectfully ELI PERKINS. "this letter."

My friend Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of the Rural New Yorker, thinks if I "keep on" I will get in the poor house in about two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay county want me I will come. Yours truly, CHARLES F. BROWN.

An official telegram received in San Francisco Nov. 29th, form Nevada says: On the 17th inst, Lieut. Osmar, with 60 California volunteers and a howitzer, attacked a large band of Indians who had formed themselves on the Black Mountains, about 100 miles north-west of Dungenen, in the Northern part of the State of Nevada.

During the engagement one volunteer was killed and two wounded. Of the Indians 120 were killed, a few escaped, and all their horses, arms and ammunition were captured. This was the band which three weeks ago robbed a train, killed the teamsters.

SAVINGS OF JOSHI BILLINGS. I hev finally cum tew the konklusion that there ain't truth enuff in the world, just now, to do the bizness with, and if sum kind uv kompromise can't be had, the devil might ez well step in and run the consarn at onst.

I always advise short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister kant strike ile in boring 40 minits, he has either got a poor gimlet, or else he iz boring in the wrong place.

Don't tell the world you're sorrowed, enny more than you would tell them your shame. Philosophers are like graveyards—they take things just as they cum, and give them a decent burial and a suitable epitaf.

Ennybody can tell where lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man to find out where it is going to strike next time—this is one of the differences between larning and wisdom.

Sailors heave the led for the purpose of finding the bottom, not for the purpose of going there—it is sum so with advice; men should ask for it, not so much for the purpose of strengthening their own plan.

I hev got a first rate rekolekshun, but no memory—I kin rekolekt distinctivly uv losing a 10 dolar bill onst, but I kant remember where, to save my life.

There is men of so much larning an impudence, they wouldn't hesitate tew criticise the song of a bird. Hogs hev an excellent ear for music—but it takes a dog to pitch the tune.

I hev seen men as full of indecision as an old barn, always reddy, but don't know adzactly which way to pitch. There is sum folks whose thoughts kan't be controlled—they are like twins, they kan't be had nor they kan't be stopped.

Most enny body kan write poor sense, but there ain't but few that can write good nonsense, and almost takes an eddycated man tew appreciate it after it iz writ.

JEREMY MASON. This is the name of the greatest of New England's criminal lawyers, who practiced in the courts when Daniel Webster was a boy, and of whom the following story is told:

Mason was engaged as counsel in the celebrated trial of E. K. Avery, a Methodist divine, for the murder of a young lady in Rhode Island. He experienced great difficulty in obtaining evidence sufficient to establish his case, when one night, towards twelve, as he was hard at work, a well known clergyman rushed in upon him, breathless with excitement and exclaimed:

"Mr. Mason! Mr. Mason! I've got evidence to clear Brother Avery!" "Well, sir, what is it?" "Yes, sir, I had a dream last night, in which the angel Gabriel appeared and said Avery was innocent!" "Very good, sir, then take that summons and have it served on Gabriel at once."

In Gen. Grant's report of Sherman's movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta he says that it was "prompt, skillful and brilliant," and that the "history of his flank movements and battles during the memorable campaign will ever be read with an interest unsurpassed by anything in history."

We learn from this report also that Sherman's "march to the sea" was not a result of Hood's flank movements from Atlanta, as was universally believed at the time, but that he had planned it deliberately and laid the general features of it before Gen. Grant more than two months before he moved, and more than one month before Hood started on his fatal tramp to Tennessee. We learn, too, that Grant had doubts about the movement, but finally yielded his consent.

RIDE IN A PNEUMATIC RAILROAD TUBE.—A London paper contains an account of the opening of a pneumatic line of railway from the general post office of the London and Northwestern railroad, and the passage through the tube of several gentlemen who were anxious for a new sensation. Due preparation was made, and, against many remonstrances the party determined to go.—The account of the expedition says:

The first sensation at starting, and still more so upon arriving, was certainly not agreeable. For about a quarter of a minute in each case there was a pressure upon the ears suggestive of a diving bell exercise, a suction like that with which one is drawn under a wave, and a cold draft of wind upon the eyes, having almost the effect of falling water; but once fairly in the tube these sensations were got rid of, or left behind, and the motion had little positive discomfort about it. It was a curious sensation to be flying along with the earth, feet foremost, in utter darkness; for the best part of ten minutes, which, in such a place, seemed half an hour.

Various experiments have been tried with the tube and its powers of suction, one of the officials at last determined to see what would happen in case the train stuck fast at any point on its journey.—A carriage was accordingly "rebolted" or fastened in such a way that it could not move, and the power of the engine exerted to its utmost. The carriage in question was intended for passengers, and furnished accordingly. By and by one of the cushions, the others, and finally all the movables which the carriage obtained, were hurled through the tube and delivered at the other end, the force exerted being such that even the nail keeping down the carpet were extracted.

Street Etiquette for Gentlemen. The following rules will be found as applicable to this latitude as any other: 1. Gentlemen walking should keep their hands in their pockets. It shows their gait and figure to advantage, keeps the hands warm, and out of other people's pockets.

2. In the afternoons congregate in front of the hotels and "saloons." Then upon ladies passing set up an equine chachination (translated horse laugh). This will give them an exalted opinion of your taste and refinement.

3. Keep the centre of the side-walk. By this means others in meeting you will not know which side to pass; when they attempt it, step in the same direction with them. This affords an agreeable variety to a promenade.

4. If you see a person on the opposite side of the street whom you wish to interrupt cry as loud as possible to him "Hol Jones." Of course Jones will Hol! and you will show to passengers that you take a great interest in the fate of Jones.

5. When turning a corner walk rapidly and wish your eyes in the opposite direction. You may thus meet "somebody" and give them an opportunity to study "astronomy by daylight."

6. Dog-fights are an agreeable variety with which to "spice" city life; therefore encourage them by your presence, and get up a few bets as to which will win.—Ez

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IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.—Wanted—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind. A school committee man writes: We have a school house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high. A newspaper says: A child was run over by a wagon three years old cross eyed with pantalets which never spoke a word afterwards. Parasol—A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone. Straps—Articles worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calf skin. An exchange describing a celebration, says: The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the Chaplain.

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, in his address to the Legislature of that State, says: There is no conflict between the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Georgia, the laws of the United States are supreme. The Governor then pays the handsomest tribute to the good conduct of the negroes during the war, and says they must be thoroughly protected in their personal property and to have the right to testify in courts, and should be encouraged to work. He concludes his address with the earnest prayer that God will help us all. The sentiments of Gov. Jenkins are most cordially endorsed by the members of the State Legislature.

A famous philosopher says a brisk walk will cure the blues in less time than you can slaughter a bobolink fly with a flat-iron.