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, JAN. 3, 1866. NO. 39

THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

BY

H. D. HATHAWAY,

EDTOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞Office corner Main street and Levee, second st'y.

Terms:—$2.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, per line, first insertion,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion - - - -	1 00
Yearly advertisements, not exceeding six lines	10 00
One quarter column or less, per month	7 00
" " six months	15 00
" " three months	10 00
One half column, twelve months	45 00
" " six months	30 00
" " three months	15 00
One column, twelve months	80 00
" " six months - - -	45 00
" " three months - - -	25 00

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

☞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.
[illegible]

WILLITT POTTENGER
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.

T. M. MARQUETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
Solicitor in Chancery.
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.

JOSEPH SCHLATER.
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,
[illegible] STREET,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.
A good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Yankee Notions, always on hand. All work commanded to my care will be warranted.
April 19, 1865.

E. C. Lewis,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
CONVEYANCER.
Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Leases and Schedules, [illegible] and legal blanks, &c.
☞Office in Mullen's drug store, all business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention.
Plattsmouth, N. T., April 26th, '65.

National Claim Agency.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
F. M. DORRINGTON,
CLAIM AGENT.
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.
To prosecute to success and prosecute claims before Congress, Court of Claims, Departments, Pensions, Pensions, Bounties, and Bounty Land claims. ☞Charges moderate, and no compensation to be asked in case of failure. F. M. DORRINGTON
April 26, '65.

D. H. WHEELER.
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
COMMISSONER OF DEEDS
Fire and Life Ins. Ag't,
Agent for collection of claims against Government, Collects pensions for soldiers and their heirs. Agent for the purchase and sale of Lands and City property, Loans Money, Procures Patents for Lands in all parts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Attends to taking Depositions and all business appertaining to a Notary Public. Also, General Land, Insurance, Tax Collector and Collection Agency.
☞Office in Court House near the Ferry Landing, Plattsmouth, N. T., May 10, 1865.

PLATTE VALLEY
HOUSE,
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. COLDING,
PRACTICAL
MID-WIFE,
Has practiced successfully for several years in St. Louis and in New Orleans city. Was educated, professionally, in Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Colding has permanently located in this city. Residence in the north-west part of town.
July 19—tf

FOR SALE.
Eight or Ten Thorough-bred American
MERINO RAMS
They were sired by J. S. Wilder, Wyoming County, N. Y., and stood by his famous old stock buck "Rodney." "Big Ben" was bred by Messrs. Cutlings, of Vermont, and is a half brother of his celebrated buck "Monmouth." "Old Holden" has shorn 23 1-2 pounds of wool of one year's growth. For further information inquire of
J. N. WILES, Plattsmouth, or
oct4 O. H. WILKES, Salt Creek Ford.

Wm. H. Lemke,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ONE DOOR EAST OF POSTOFFICE,
Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
dec27 1865 tf

Hess & Finisher
Have just opened and refitted their
Saloon and Restaurant
Lower street, south of Main, where they will furnish at all times the best dishes the market affords.
☞Fresh Oysters constantly on hand.
FREE LUNCH every morning between 9 1-2 and 10 1-2 ☞Day Boarders accommodated.
dec6 3m

FOR SALE.
160 *Acres of Good Land,*
Well watered, situated 7 1-2 miles west from Plattsmouth. A good chance for a Ranche. Terms reasonable. Apply to
F. M. DORRINGTON,
Real Estate Agent.
☞Office over Black & Buttery's Store. ao2

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
THEY
WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD
Call before purchasing, and
Examine Goods and Prices.
If you do not buy, you will
Get Posted!
REMEMBER
THE PLACE,
Main street,
OPPOSITE POST OFFCE,
PLATTSMOUTH, N. T.
July 1, 1866.—tf

WILLIAM S. THATCHER,
Oculist,
☞Warrants a cure or no pay. Office at the store of Howe & Thatcher,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.
Sept. 12, '65.

NEW
CABINET SHOP.
H. BOECK,
Having recently built a new and suitable shop on
Main St., Plattsmouth, N. T.,
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Cass and adjoining counties that he has the facilities for carrying on the
CABINET BUSINESS
In all its branches]
IN THE MOST APPROVED STYLE
I am prepared to turn out the
CHEAPEST
and most durable
Furniture
Of every description, ever offered in the Territory.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
☞Particular attention paid to making and finishing COFFINS.
All kinds of lumber taken in exchange for work.
Plattsmouth, April 10, 1865.

W. MICKELWAIT, N. J. SHARP.
LUMBER - YARD.
Mickelwait & Sharp
Dealers in Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Pickets, and every variety of Cottonwood, Walnut and Oak Lumber.
Will keep constantly on hand Cord wood, both Cotton and Oak. All orders promptly filled.
☞Office on Levee Street, south of C. L. Cooper's Feed and Grain Depot,
PLATTSMOUTH, N. T.
November 8th, 1865. 6m

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 fifty-eight one-hundred Dollars, being Deposit Notes in force on the first day of January, 1865, secured by lien on the real estate insured, amounting to over Nine Millions Dollars, and not encumbered more than half its values and, in addition thereto, the said Company is possessed of Cash assets and Bills Receivable maturing daily, nearly all drawing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting to Ninety-Six Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-Four 81-100 Dollars, being balance on hand January 1st, A. D. 1865.

[S E A L] W. N. CLINE, President,
[SEAL] W. R. VAN FRANK, Sec.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
Adams County. }

I, Alexander Johnson, Clerk of the County Court, within and for said county, do hereby certify, that W. N. Cline and W. R. VanFrank personally appeared before me, who, being duly sworn, depose and say that the facts stated in the above certificate are true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the County Court, at my office, in the city of Quincy, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1865.

[L. S] [U S N S] ALEX. JOHNSON, Clerk.

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHORITY,
To expire on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1866.
INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, }
Office of Territorial Auditor, }
Omaha, Neb., Nov. 18th, 1865. }

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, under oath, certifying that said Company is possessed of a capital of Four Hundred and Eighty-Six Thousand Five Hundred and Eighty-Three Fifty-Eight One-Hundred Dollars, being Deposit Notes in force on the first day of January, 1865, secured by lien on the real estate insured; and also a written instrument, signed by the President and Secretary of said Company, authorizing any and all Agents that said Company may appoint in the Territory of Nebraska to accept and acknowledge service of process, &c., for and in behalf of said Company, and waive all claims of errors by reason of such service, &c.; and the said Company has fully complied with the requirements of "An Act in relation to Insurance Companies," approved February 14th, 1864.

Therefore, be it know, by these presents, that in pursuance of the said Act, I, William E. Harvey, Auditor of the Territory of Nebraska, do hereby certify, that said Farmers and Merchants' Insurance Company has full authority to transact business of the Insurance in the Territory of Nebraska, under the laws of this Territory, until the 31st day of January, A. D. 1866.

In witness whereof, I have subscribed my name, and caused the Seal of the Auditor's Office to be hereunto affixed, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1865.

[L S] W. E. HARVEY,
[U S N S] Territorial Auditor.
dec13 4w

Estray Notice.

Taken up by the subscriber on his enclosed premises, about three miles north of Wyoming, in Cass county, on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1865, one Piney Mare, supposed to be ten or eleven years old, branded as follows, to wit: ear bob, black legs, mane and tail; white spot in forehead and a straight white strip running down over the right nostril, and said animal is branded on left shoulder and left hip with the letters "K. C." The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay charges and take said animal.

dec6 6w* CHARLES H. TUCKER.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by the subscriber on his premises near Mt. Pleasant Precinct, Cass county, N. T., on the 25th day of November, A. D. 1865, one Calf, supposed to be about nine months old; red and white color, and has one undercut out of left ear. No marks or brands perceivable. The owner will call, prove property, pay charges, and take the calf away.

Mt. Pleasant, November 25th, A. D. 1865.
dec6 3w* C. W. COURTRIGHT.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by the subscriber living near the school house in District No. 1, in 5-Mile Grove Township, Cass county, N. T., two Milch Cows, medium size; one is red and white spotted, with point of right horn off, and white spot in forehead, supposed to be ten years old; the other is supposed to be seven years old and is mostly red. There are no marks or brands perceivable. The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay charges, and take said animals away.

5 Mile Grove, Nov. 15th, 1865.
dec6 3w* R. J. PALMER.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by the subscriber, near Mt. Pleasant, Cass county, N. T., one yearling steer, of a red and white color, marked with a swallow fork in the left ear, and smooth crop off of the right. No other marks or brands perceivable.

This 25th day of November, 1865.
dec6 3w* W. J. LINCH.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by the subscriber, at Three Grove, Cass county, Nebraska, on the 5th day of November, 1865, one yearling steer, mostly black, some white spots; no marks or brands perceivable. Also one two year old heifer, mulley white and red pied, no marks or brands perceivable E. E. WOOLSEY.
December 6. 3w*

Estray Notice.

Taken up by the subscriber, living near Folden's Mill, on Weeping Water, Cass county, Nebraska, on the 5th day of December 1865, one Steer, mostly white with red spots, split and upper bit in right ear and crop off of the left ear, branded on the left hip, supposed to be 4 years old. Also one Cow, white and black; ear bit and top bit out of left ear, under bit and crop off right ear; supposed to be 3 years old.
dec6 5w JOSHUA LYNN.

Estray Notice.

Taken up at the residence of the undersigned, five miles south-west of Plattsmouth, on 4-Mile Creek, 1 red Steer, two years old, some white on belly, end of left ear off. Also, one other red Steer, two years old, large white spot in forehead, white back, and some white on belly, end of both ears off, slit in left ear and hole in right ear. Also, one Roan Steer, 1 year old, end off of left ear. Also, one black Calf, white back and belly, under bit out of left ear.

Plattsmouth, December 1st, 1865.
dec6 3w* HENRY SNYDER.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by the subscriber, at his residence, in Oreapolis Precinct, Cass county, N. T., on the Platte Bottom, about three miles north of Plattsmouth, on the 21st day of November, A. D. 1865, one yoke of Oxen, described as follows, to wit: one is of a brindle color, with very long horns; the other is of a light red color, with two white spots on right hip. The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

dec6 5w FRANK G. PARCEL.

Legal Notice.

J. F. Fox vs. William Boxley
To William Boxley:

You are hereby notified that an order of attachment was obtained against you by J. F. Fox from the Justice's Court, before J. H. Allison, a Justice of the Peace in and for Cass county, Nebraska Territory, for the sum of one hundred dollars. Said order of Attachment was issued on the 22th day of November, 1865, and you are required to appear and defend on the 16th day of January, 1866, at 1 o'clock p. m.

dec20 3w* J. F. FOX.

Legal Notice.

J. W. Conn vs. William Boxley
To William Boxley:

You are hereby notified that an order of attachment was obtained against you by J. W. Conn, from the Justice's Court, before J. H. Allison, a Justice of the Peace in and for Cass county, Nebraska Territory, for the sum of one hundred dollars. Said order of Attachment was issued on the 29th day of November, 1865, and you are required to appear and defend on the 16th day of January, at 1 o'clock P. m.

dec20 3w* J. W. CONN.

THE FUTURE OF REBELS AND COPPERHEADS.

A DREAM.

BY PARSON BROWNLOW.

'Twas the still hour of midnight; I lay on my bed,
And feverish virions surrounded my head.
I dreamed I had passed through my last dying throe,
And my soul took its flight to the regions below.
Then soon through the wide yawning portals I passed—
My passport examined—admitted at last;
And being informed by a ghost on the way
My respects to Old Nick I straightway must pay.
Forthwith to his throne I went and fell prostrate,
And paid my respects to the old apostate.
Then rising, he bade me to follow his wake,
And a trot through his kingdom for pastime we'd take.
"I'll show you," said he, "how my quarters are cram'd
In various parts with the ghosts of the damned."
"'Nough said," I replied, "go ahead and I'll follow,"
So our pathway we took across a big hollow;
As we wended our way I saw on the right
A palace of iron, of towering hight;
I viewed it in wonder, and as I drew nigher,
Discovered it was but a furnace of fire;
Its apartment above, its basement below,
Were crowded with beings the image of woe.
"What's this?" was my query; the Devil replied:
"'Tis the place where my slave holding children are fried—"
As they said on earth a white man must be
Above the d—d nigger, so 'tis here as you see—
The whites are above, and the niggers below
The brimstone to stir and the bellows to blow.
But let us go on; you shall see as we pass
The punishment dire of a still *meaner* class.
That place to the left is the fiery abode
Of a class who by thousands tread the broad road;
They are hireling watchmen, who strive to increase
The size of their flock for the sake of the *fleece;*
No care had at all for the *souls* of their charge,
Dumb dogs were they all while the wolf ran at large.
There are priests of all classes, divisions and names,
Condemned to be broiled in the sulphurous flames;
But the meanest by far of those miserable creatures
Are those factors of *hell*—the pro-slavery preachers;
They preach that the Lord made the nigger's skin black,
That the white man must ride to heaven on his back;
And Slavery's divinity, they'll make it so plain,
To deny it is taking the Lord's name in vain.
Disputing with them is time thrown away
For the Gospel *they* preach says "servants obey."
They make a long prayer, a sermon comes next,
And "cursed be Canaan" they take for a text;
And here a new light on their vision has burst,
And somebody beside poor Canaan is curst.
Just a few steps ahead I'll show you this station,
Along with "those men who would ruin your nation."
And now as we stood on a precipice dire,
I saw far beneath a great lake of fire:
Like a sea in the tempest its surface was tossed,
While it swarmed with the pale burning ghosts of the lost.
Rock-bound on all sides, the deep hollow roar
Of its surges resounded while lashing the shore;
"The blackness of darkness"—a sulphurous cloud—
Hung over the scene like a funeral shroud;
Yet plainly 'twas seen the red waves were at play,
As they dashed the dim crags that threw back their spray.
Each wave as it rose displayed on its crest
Some dozen pale ghosts there riding abreast,
'Till striking the crags, they sank from the sight,
And others rushed in, like men to the fight.
"'Tis *here*," quoth the Devil, "I demagogues throw
When they come down and call for their lodgings below.
As they never loved aught but broiling and strife,
And were true to nobody, or party in life,
Ever turning and twisting and dodging around,
No place more befitting for them could be found:
For here they are tossing and dodging forever,
Like drift-wood afloat on Niagara river.
'Tis here you will find all those wicked men,
Who devoted their powers—the tongue and the pen—
To propagate slavery and spread it abroad
And make all mankind accursed of God.
'Twas such that brought on your great civil war,
And justly are they condemned therefor,
With the meanest of Devils who dared to rebel,
To broil in the flames of nethermost hell.
Here are lying Reporters, Editors, Speakers,
And old Union-savers—the compromise shriekers.
But a new class of sinners came not long ago,
And what to do with them I swear I don't know;
I saw them t'other day while crossing the Styx,
(Sent here, I suppose, for their d—d dirty tricks;
For of all who arrive here day after day,
There's none but the *meanest* come in by *that* way.)
A floating down stream at their ease toward the lake;
A species of being half man and half snake—
Their heads crowned with copper, their bodies with scales,
And, scorpion-like, they have stings in their tails.
They agreed with those here like water with oil,
And in less than an hour had all hell in a broil,
And now I am puzzled to know what to do
With this *low-lived white-livered copperhead* crew.
I'd be glad to see the whole world come to hell—
I'm fond of mean men, but *they* please me too well.
In their zeal for my cause and the good of this place
They've brought the whole kingdom and cause in disgrace;
Though loyal enough to my kingdom and throne
They've tarnished its honor wherever they're known.
But they served without pay or hope of reward,
So I'm bound by no bargain to show them regard.
I think I'll just take them outside of the town,
Where the drainings, and filth and offal are thrown,
And toss the whole pack of them into the ditch,
And cover them up with sulphur and pitch,
And set it afire and leave them to choke,
And writhe in the flames or strangle with smoke.
When Jefferson Davis and his rebel host
Shall arrive at the gates of the home of the lost,
I'll meet and assign them a place near my throne,
And Davis and Floyd shall be stars in my crown;
But this cursed crew to the ditch I'll consign,
They were true to my cause, but I can't call them mine."
Just then came a messenger hastily down
And called out, "Your Majesty's wanted up town,
For another batch of that peace shrieking crew
Have come sneaking down and are asking for you."
His majesty then grew black in the face,
"I'll go, and *by hell*, kick them out of the place.
Their stench I detest—I can't bear them near—
And I'll let them know they shan't stay here;
'Tis too much for *us*, with *our* devilish natures,
To bear with such fallen, such cowardly creatures."
So saying, and wearing a terrible frown,
A tridant he seized and hurried up town,
Then quickly I heard mingled whining and shrieking,
And, in thunder and wrath, Old Belzebub speaking:
"Get out of my courts, you rascally crew,
You're too mean to stay where the *common damned do!*"
And then like a man of his reason bereft
Satan tumbled and pitched them about right and left.
They yelled and shrieked—"Peace! pray Satan hold on,
We are loyal to you!" Cried Satan, "Begone!"
While the blows he dealt out made the peace-makers scream,
With their yells in my ears, *I awake from my dream!*

How to make Good Citizens of the Freedmen.

Forty years ago the late Lord Macaulay said:

"There is only one cure for the evils newly acquired freedom produces—and the cure is *freedom!* When a prisoner leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him to his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage, but let them gaze on and they will soon be able to bear it

"Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned how to swim. If men are to wait for liberty until they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever."

☞A young and beautiful lady in St. Louis, in "fixing up" to attend the Southern Hotel ball, unfortunately used a little too much of a preparation of belladonna, for lending additional brilliance to the eyes, and temporarily lost her eyesight—a warning which fashionable young ladies would do well to heed.

☞The widow of a musician had inscribed on his monument: "He has gone where his music can only be excelled. The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this, and had inscribed on her husband's tomb: "He has gone where his fire works can only be excelled."

A TALE OF HORROR.

PART FUST.

Jane Ann Pilkinhorn was the only darter of poor but honist parents. They had no other child but her. She was their all, and besides the dog Towzer, (who was a yaller dog and warnt pertticklerly overburdened with branes) she was the only human bein they had to lov. That, howsumdever, was their misfortin and not their fault. Her ize shone like a new brass kitle, and her cheeks was as red as a temperance lecturer's nose. Her hare was the color of saffron tea, and her form was as graceful as a houn pup. So much for Jane Ann Pilkinhorn.

PART SEKUNT.

Jethro Snodgrass was an adopted son of the Rev. Mordecai Mumblechop, the villidge parson. He was a "fair and komely yuth," as the poet sez, and stood six feet in his stokins. (That is, in the Winter. In the Summer he didn't wear stokins.) His complexion was as clear as a taller candle, and his hare curled as natteral as the tale of a yelpin cur when gittin a bastin from his master. But Jethro had one faleing. Altho adopted, he was in every respect a *minister's son!* He druv a fast hoss and was pertticklerly fond of femail society. He smoked cigars and drinked beer, and was much inclined for the society of wimmin. He played keards and pitched quates for a shillin a game; and was constantly running after the gals. He liked to dance all nite to the fearful raspin of the country fiddle; but his topmost pashun was a hankerin arter the opposite sect. Otherways, he wouldn't have been a minister's son! And there's where the laugh comes in! So much for Jethro Snodgrass!

PART THIRD.

I bleeve that I have previously intimated that Jethro Snodgrass was fond of wimmen of the femail sect. But of all the wimmen in town, Jane Ann Pilkinhorn was his fust choice and his best holt. He loved her very muchly, and she dittoed him full as muchly if not muchlier. Their two luvs blended together like bordin house biskit, (which can't be pulled apart without using a pair of pinchers and a claw hammer.) And can it be possible that two fond hearts like theirn must be torn forcibly asunder? Yes, gentle reader, it is possible, and a good deal possibler.

PART FOURTH

It was a cold nite in the month of Jinnewary. Jerusalem! how cold it was! It was cold enuff to freeze the nose on a graven inmidge. It was eenymost as cold as rich relation's greetings. Jane Ann Pilkinhorn and Jethro Snodgrass was "tripping the light fantastic hoof," (as Spurgeon sez.) in the dancin hall of Bill Baxter's tavern. "The taller candles shone o'er fair women and brave men, and all went jolly as a dinner bell." But hark! what sound is that? That fearful sound, that hawses the dancers to dry up on their dancin, and even the fiddler to cease his onairthly stranes? Jane Ann Pilkinhorn has fainted and tumbled kerchunk onto the bare floor.

"Water! water!" shouted Jethro Snodgrass frantically.

Remarkin as how "that wuz the fust time in ten years that he'd heard young Snodgrass call for water, and that he didn't keep the stuff in the house," Bill Baxter run to the bar and fetched up a decanter of airthquake jin which he throwed into Jane Ann's face. Jane Ann immejuntly rekivered. Jethro Snodgrass took her into his arms and toted her into the parlor. She throwed her arms clean round his neck, exclaimin:

"My preserver! my preserver!"

"Not by a darned site!" sez Bill Baxter, who was standin by, and who had a sneakin noshun arter Jane Ann himself, (bein a bachelor and onmarried,) and was therefore jelus—"not by a darned site! You never'd a come to if I hadn't slung thirty-seven cents worth of jin in your face, and now Snodgrass is gettin the kredit of it!"

"Beware!" sez Snodgrass, "beware how you provoke my wrath, or I'll smash your jaw!"

Bill Baxter not bein a fitin man, immejuntly retreeted, vowin venjunce onto Jethro. And he had it speedily.

Ten minutes arterwards, Jethro Snodgrass entered the bar-room, and throwin three sents onto the bar, exclaimed in a voice of thunder and lightning: "Give me a glass of your best jin!"

Bill Baxter, with a leer in his sore eyes, sech as only a fiend inkarnate cood immytate, set up the bottle. Jethro poured out a tumblerfull and drunk it down at one gulp. In less than ten sekonds he clapped both hands on his stomick, and hollerin "Pizened! pizened!" he dashed round the floor in fearful agerny.

From that shock he never rekivered, but arter a lingerin illness of three days he expired. Jane Ann Pilkinhorn was kerrid home in a wheelbarrer in a state of unconsciousness, ravin and tearin her hare like a disappointed John Bull Inglishman after investin all his property in the Konfederate loan. She is now thirty years old, and ain't much on the marry. To the last chap that popped the question at her, she replied, with tears in her ize, that she "didn't see it," and "that if he hadn't got no more feelins than to come gallivantin round a young gal that was mournin the loss of a lover, the best thing he could do was to go and hang his head."

Bill Baxter, the tavern-keeper, was arrestid and tried for highbougery in third person singular, but on akkount of the manufakterer of the jin that Bill sold, bein appinted on the jury, the jury coodent agree, and Bill was discharged. A few months arterward he was smashed to deth under a pile driver, and was obliged to go South for his helth. Sitch is life!

Moril—Don't drink airthquake jin.

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRINTER.—May he be shod with lightning and compelled to wander over gun powder.

May he have sore eyes and a chestnut burr for an eye-stone.

May he never be permitted to kiss a handsome woman.

May 543 nightmares trot races over his stomach every night.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies and his sauce seasoned with spiders.

May he never strike oil, and be continually blest with nothing.

May his friend run off with his wife, and his children take the whooping-cough.

May his cattle die of murrain, and his hogs destroy his garden.

May the famine-stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers, and hiss murder in his dreaming ears.

May his cows give sour milk, and churn rancid butter. In short—

May his daughter marry a one-eyed editor, his business go to ruin, and he go to the—Legislature. Amen.

THOUGHT IT WAS A CONUNDRUM.—It is said that Artemus Ward being at one of the New York churches recently, edified the audience by his unexpected reply to the preacher's text, which was as follows: "How are the mighty fallen? How are the mighty fallen?" After a short pause Artemus looked up inquiringly, and said meekly, "I give it up."

☞The coolest thing we have seen for a long time is the following passage from the Mobile Daily *Times*: "The immense moral superiority of the South over the North has always been noted by all travelers. Their truly pious and sincere love of man, their tender care of orphans, contrast most happily with the inhuman and heartless treatment of the Northern nabobs towards the laboring classes."

☞One of the best things of the season is that of Bishop Simpson, who has declared in favor of paying the rebel war debt when it becomes due, viz: after the independence of the Confederate States shall have been secured."

☞By the Prussian law of divorce, it is required that, before ulterior proceedings, the pastor of the quarrelling couple shall have an opportunity of reconciling them. In 1864, of 7,596 applications for divorce, 3,154 were reconciled by their pastors.

A HIT.—The New York *Independent*, in its last issue, gets off the following:

Claims of the Democratic party to the gratitude of the nation: Because it lost its life in the war of the Union.