Nebraska Herald.

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

VOL. 3. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1867. NO 28.

THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
WEEKLY,
BY
H. D. HATHAWAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞Office corner Main street and Levee, second story.

Terms:— $2.50 per annum.

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One square (space of ten lines) one insertion,	$1.50
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HAVING RETURNED TO ROCK BLUFFS TO practice Physic, offers his professional services to his old patrons and public generally. Particular attention paid to diseases of the EYE. A cure guaranteed in all curable cases. Charges moderate as one year ago. j:12 m6

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Corner of Main and Fourth Streets,
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This House having been re fitted and newly furnished offers first-class accommodations. Board by the day or week. aug28

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Dealers in
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
And a general assortment of goods usually kept in a first class country store.
AVOCA, CASS CO., - - NEB.
aug1

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Maxwell & Chapman,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
—AND—
Solicitors in Chancery.
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over Black, Buttery & Co's Drug Store.
apr1

CLARKE, PORTER & ERWIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
MAIN ST., OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
GAYLORD J. CLARKE, DE FOREST PORTER, WM. W. ERWIN.
☞ *REAL ESTATE AGENCY.* ☜
Jan24 wtf

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WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,
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PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA
A good assortment of Watches Clocks Gold 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.

O. H. IRISH, *Late Sup't Indian Affairs.* CALHOUN & CROXTON, *Attorneys at Law*
IRISH, CALHOUN & CROXTON.
The above named gentlemen have associated themselves in business for the purpose of prosecuting and collecting all claims against the General Government, or against any tribe of Indians, and are prepared to prosecute such claims, either before Congress, or any of the Departments of Government or before the Court of Claims.
MR. IRISH will devote his personal attention to the business at Washington.
☞ Office at Nebraska City, corner of Main and Fifth streets.

S. ADLER, B. A. FRINKMAN.
S. ADLER & CO.,
RECTIFIERS
AND DISTILLERS,
Dealers in all kinds of Foreign and Domestic
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
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WASHINGTON, D. C.
F. M. DORRINGTON,
SUB AGENT:
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is prepared to present and prosecute claims before Congress, Court 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 10, '65

G R. McCALLUM,
Manufacturer of and dealer in
Saddles and Harness,
Of every description, wholesale and retail, No. 130½ Main street, between 5th and 6th Streets, Nebraska City. je13

Place to get cheap Lamps and Lamp Chimneys is at *A. H. BLACK, BUTTERY & CO.* '.8

A Democratic Orator in a Muddle.

Not long since a Democratic orator was speaking to a gaping crowd on the vital issues at stake in Iowa, when attempting to palm off a lie on his hearers, an amusing incident occurred. He had told them how the rich bond-holders had reduced them to slavery in spite of the efforts of the Goddess of Liberty and several other personages, both human and celestial, till then unknown to the audience. He quoted extensively from George Francis Train's demagogue speech, and among other things the following:

"Work! work! work!
From the dawn to the dusk of day,
For your hopes are crushed with a weight of debt,
That the toil of your life won't pay."

Having wrought up his hearers almost to mutiny, he left that branch of the subject, and proposed to show up some of the Republican leaders, beginning with Ben. Wade. "Why, fellow-citizens," said he, "there's Ben. Wade, a regular agrarian, who wants all the property divided so that every man will have an equal share." (Thundering applause, and cries of "Bully for him," "That's the ticket!" "He's the man for me!") "Why, fellow-citizens," said he, "Ben Wade is a radical and an agrarian." (Deafening applause and yells of "Good for the radicals!" "Bully for the 'grarians!"

The speaker was thunderstruck.—Evidently his hearers had never heard much of Ben. Wade and the radicals. They had been stirred up against the rich, and they thought that radicalism was a species of Democracy of which Ben. Wade was the champion.

"Gentlemen—fellow-citizens," continued the speaker, "I don't think you understand me—Ben. Wade is the Vice President, elected by the radicals, and he is himself a radical, and an agrarian land pirate to boot. Why, what do you think? He proposes to take the rich man's property, for which he toiled in early life, and give it to those who have no property, even to those who do not work. What do you—

A voice — "Three cheers for Ben Wade!"

And in spite of all that two or three village leaders, candidates for constables and supervisors, could do, the crowd gave three thundering cheers for Ben. Wade and the "'grarians." The orator, finding that he had got on the wrong track, abruptly brought his remarks to a close.

DEXTER.

This famous little horse made his last appearance in public, at Chicago, some time since. He is thus described:

Dexter's dam was a small mare fourteen and a half hands high, with three white feet, a star and snip, and hip shotten. She was muscular, with an uncommonly fine shoulder and barrel. She was a good roadster, but had nothing particularly noticeable about her. In 1857 this little mare was taken to Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and the result was the paragon Dexter, whose name will endure as long as speed is valued or the sports of the turf indulged in.

Dexter is fifteen hands one inch and a half high, and was nine years old last spring. In color he is a rich, glossy brown, blaze face, four white feet, the white running well up the legs. His head, though somewhat large, is clean and bony; lower jaw well open at the base, leaving plenty of room for the windpipe; ears tapering and lively; eyes bright and prominent; head well set on a rather light neck, which is well fitted to fine sloping shoulders, withers high, with great depth of brisket and good barrel; back slightly arched, with broad loin and hips, and a drooping rump; uncommonly long from the point of the hip to the hock; short canon bone; mane and tail sufficiently full to develop his Hambletonian origin.

The best time he ever made was at Buffalo, August 14, 1867, in a trot against time, making his mile in 2:17. He now belongs to Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York.

☞Col. Forney, writing about the Paris Exhibition, says: "That which pained me most in our department was the worst picture of Mr. Lincoln ever painted; and when I noticed how many persons stood before it, and how universally his fame was diffused among the working classes of the world, I regretted that something more worthy of his virtues had not been prepared."

The Grotto Lupercale.

An interesting piece of news, both from an antiquarian and historical point of view, comes from Rome. There has been brought to light by means of excavations in the grounds of the palatinate, near the palaces of the Cæsars, the antique grotto Lupercale. It is known that the histories, half religious and half civil, which are attached to this grotto, go back as far as the Arcadians of Evandre, who raised an altar at this place to the god Pan. Afterwards, if we may believe tradition, when the cradle which bore Romulus and Remus was cast upon the bank of the Tiber, these young adventurers crawled to this grotto, where they were suckled by a wolf. The grotto from that time became doubly sacred, and took the name Lupercale.

This grotto, with the addition which had been made about and above it, was respected until the time of Augustus, but it subsequently disappeared, with other heathen altars, destroyed by the hands of the Christians. M. Gori, who has the credit of this discovery, came upon it while following up the course of a pure stream of water which fell into the great Tarquin sewer, but which came from an unknown source. He found that this stream was fed by waters which came from the heart of the Palatia forest into the grotto Lupercale, and to the foot of this altar to Pan. Of the sanctified basin which secured this water but a few fragments remain. The source of the sacred stream has survived the temple, and the temple its deity.

The Life of a Newspaper Man.

For the information of those individuals who foolishly imagine that the life of a newspaper man is a paradise on earth, and is fraught with untold pleasures and privileges, we give the following sketch of the duties of this individual, concerning whom such a wrong impression exists. It is taken from Mr Hunt's volume of the "Fourth Estate:"

"The man who becomes a journalist must almost bid farewell to mental rest or mental leisure. If he fulfills his duties truthfully, his attention must be ever awake to what is passing in the world, and his whole mind must be devoted to the instant examination and discussion and record of current events He has no time for literary idleness, with such literary labors on his shoulders. He has no days to spend on catalogues, or in dreamy and discursive researches in public libraries. He has no months to devote to the exhaustion of any one theme. What he has to deal with must be taken at a moment's notice, be examined, tested, and dismissed at once; and thus his mind is ever kept occupied with the mental necessity of the world's passing hour."

☞Johnson's enormous egotism has done the country a service by making public the letter of Grant protesting against the removal of Sheridan. He made it public for the purpose of getting his reply into print; but where one man will pay the slightest heed to anything in the 'humble individual's" letter a hundred will ponder and remember these words of the great and patriotic soldier, viz.:

General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unreconstructed element in the South—those those who did all they could to break up this Government by arms, and now wish to be the only element consulted as to the method of restoring order—as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them.

It is undoubtedly the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his present command. *This is a Republic, where the will of the people is the law of the land.*

☞The Salt Lake Vedette tells us that in that Elysium of Mormondom young maidens of fourteen and fifteen summers are given to lustful, decrepit monsters of from 40 to 80 years of age, who have already one foot in the grave. This is called modern civilization in Zion.

Mr. Gough's Recovery.

The following incident is worthy of being often repeated, as an encouragement to labor for moral or religious reform. A warm heart and wise tongue may overcome formidable obstacles. Rev. J. L. Cuyler tells this story:

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale house.—As he sauntered along—out of humor with himself and with all mankind—a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, in cordial tones, 'Mr. G—, go down to our meeting at the town hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went, he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it yet. The poor boot crimper who tapped him on the shoulder (good Joel Stratton) has lately gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is to-day the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echo of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester! He that winneth souls is wise.

SURRATT.—What of this conspirator? What had he to do with the assassination? Only this. He was simply a poor "tool" in the hands of more wicked men—a "cats paw"—nothing more. As to his guilt there was no doubt, from the conviction and execution of his miserable mother, with her fellow conspirators. Another wicked Satan planned the work, he simply helped its execution. As the electric telegraph was the result of many minds—indeed of all past and present prophets, poets, philosophers and inventors—so that assassination was the concentration and culmination of all the wickedness in that struggle for the perpetuation of the "peculiar institution." Bad ambitious men had sworn to "rule or ruin." This was one of the modes by which it was to be done. Who were the managers? Whiskey-drinking, cock-fighting, horse-racing, lottery vending, pothouse politicians and play house actors were employed to do the wicked work. A few of the lesser criminals, as usual, will lose their poor lives, while the older Satans will, as usual, escape unhung. As to what becomes of the insignificant Surratt, nobody cares. Let him be forgotten.—*Am. Phren. Journal.*

☞A convict in the Auburn (N. Y.) prison, who was looked upon for some time after his incarceration as hardly *compos mentis*, has invented and made a superior sewing machine, entirely different from any used in the outer world, upon which the prison clothing is made. Near by, a knitting machine of his make is turning out stockings for the prisoners at a rate which made the ladies stare with astonishment as they passed by it. He has also made a gun worth $125, and is now at work making locks of his own invention for the new cells. His name is Moody, and he is a nephew of Col. Moody of Ohio, the celebrated Methodist minister who made such a stir among the rebels during the war. He is confined for grand larceny.

☞The Baraboo (Wis.) *Independent* has boiled down the Democratic platrorm and gets this resolution: "*Resolved*, That the Republican party is a curse, for it gives us no offices.'

☞A lady in Lafayette, Ind., in preparing her Sunday dinner, put some beans in the pot to bake. In a hurry to get to Church she inadvertantly put her hymn book in the pot and wrapped a piece of pork in her pocket handkerchief and took it to Church with her. The mortification was intense upon discovering her mistake during service; so was her husband's at the singular pious composition of the repast.

EMIGRATION TO THIS COUNTRY.

A steady stream of emigration is pouring into the United States with unabated rapidity. The arrivals from Ireland, especially, are unusually large, notwithstanding the active demand for labor in that country. The dissatisfied rebels who, after the termination of the war, went to Mexico and Brazil are also returning as rapidly as possible to their former homes. These significant facts prove that the complaints of "tyranny," "despotism" "misery" and "distress," with which the Copperhead Journals are filled, have little or no foundation in the fact; and that, despite the high taxes caused by the rebellion, America still remains one of the most prosperous countries on the globe. We would not continue to have an annual influx of hundreds of thousands of emigrants if many opportunities of employment were not open, and if this country was not found by its new citizens to offer to industrious toilers richer rewards than Europe. We have still room for millions more of industrious men and women, and every new cargo of this precious freight at once affords a guarantee of increased prosperity by strengthening our industrial forces, and gives a proof of practical appreciation of the superior advantages enjoyed by the citizens of the United States.—*Forney's Press.*

—THE HUNTING LEOPARD.—In Persia the leopard or panther (*guepard*) is trained to hunt gazelles just as the falcon will hunt herons. The huntsman provides it with a hood, and seats it on his saddle bow. The moment he sights a deer or gazelle he uncovers the guepard, and lets it down from his horse. According to the distance, in one or two bounds the guepard springs upon its prey, which it seizes by the neck and brings to the ground. The huntsman then comes up, and after caressing the guepard, which has already begun to make a meal of the quarry, and giving it a bit of meat to divert its attention, he puts on its hood and restores it to its place at his saddle-bow. When the guepard misses its prey, which very rarely happens, it hides itself and lies down, and can only be persuaded to renew the chase by repeated caresses. A trained guepard costs in Persia from ten to twelve thousand francs.

A COPPERHEAD THREAT.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* contains the following in its Washington correspondence:

Let Congress attempt to depose our worthy chief magistrate, and such a hurricane will be raised as the world never saw. Thirty thousand armed and equipped militia from the State of Maryland, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands from the North, would assemble and fight for the maintainance of the Government against the oppressors and usurpers. Then instead of regal honors at the Executive mansion, as contemplated by Mr. Wade, a halter would be his end—a fit punishment for his treachery and contumacy.

☞Henry Clay Dean recently wrote to Horace Greeley, inviting a discussion of the national debt question, from the stand point of Democratic doctrine of repudiation. In reply H. G. sent the filthy thing the following extinguisher:

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE,
NEW YORK, September 8, 1867.

MR. DEAN—Sir; I have yours of the 28th ultimo. Should I ever consent to argue the propriety and policy of wholesale swindling, I shall take your proposal into consideration. I do not know where the cause of national villiany could find a fitter advocate than yourself.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.
H. Clay Dean, Mt Pleasant, Iowa.

☞Gov. Geary, of Pennsylvania, it is said, has written a letter saying that "President Johnson must not be impeached; he is as necessary to our Radical success as Pharoah was to the delivery of the Israelites."

☞"Jerome, Jerome," screamed Mrs. Butterfield, the other day, to her biggest boy, "what are you throwing to those pigeons?" "Gold beads, mother, and the darned fools are eatin' 'em; I s'pect they thinks its corn!"

☞The New York *Herald* has the following editorial on the employment of western troops:

An Indian war is upon us. The blunders, right and left, which have made it necessary, will not now mend affairs. We must to-day accept the fact, look it in the face, and prepare to fight it out. The question is, how can it best be brought to a conclusion? Certainly not by our regular troops; for the whole past history of our frontier indicates a complete failure of the army whenever this duty has been assigned to it. There is but one method, and that is by volunteers. The governor of every frontier State and Territory should have authority to keep the Indians quiet in his district, and to raise a sufficient volunteer force for the purpose—the bills to be paid by the general government. The troops thus raised should be placed in command of volunteer officers, who, selected from our ablest frontier men, understand Indian tactics, have personal wrongs to avenge, and a local responsibility to urge them to action; let them not be afraid to take a scalp. The Indian appreciates force and nothing else. If this method be pursued we shall close our Indian war in less than six months and at the minimum cost. If it be carried on in the present style, the country may prepare itself to be bled of its treasure for the next ten years, only to find the Indian question as unsettled then as it is now.

☞Artemus Ward, who was a staunch Roman Catholic, was nursed in his last illness with all the tenderness of a brother by "Arthur Sketchly," who is also a Catholic. A member of the "Savage," to which 'Arthur Sketchly,' or to give him his right name, Mr Rose, also belonged, circulated a report and got it published in some sectarian papers, to the effect that Artemus Ward was really a Protestant, but that at the last moment Arthur Sketchly fetched a Roman Catholic priest to attend him at his death-bed, and thus caused him to die a Catholic. The calumniator was called upon to retract this statement and publish a contradiction. He refused to do so, and Arthur Sketchly withdrew from the "Savage" club, together with a considerable number of its most respectable members.

FANNY FERN ON HEALTHY EXERCISE.—Fanny Fern thinks it ought to be considered a disgrace to be sick, confidently adding: "I am fifty-five, and I feel at times as if I was just made. To be sure, I was born in Maine, where the timber and the human race last; but I don't eat pastry, candy nor ice-cream. I own stout boots—pretty ones too. I have a water proof cloak, no diamonds; like a nice bit of beefsteak and a glass of ale and anybody else who wants it may eat pap. I go to bed at ten and get up at six. I dash out in the rain because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I will be well; and when I am buried, I warn you don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up." We suppose Mr. Parton will have that final injunction carried out.

☞A man of considerable originality, up in Sandisfield, Massachusetts, lost his reckoning not long ago, and worked hard all day Sunday, and on Monday at the proper time, harnessed up, loaded his family into the wagon, and drove off with all due solemnity to the church, but found the door locked. The elder lounging in the shade of the church, on the last half of his morning cigar informed him that he was at least twenty-four hours and a half behind time. He left for home with the simple remark. "This knocks all my pious calculations to thunder."

☞It is said that there are in Iowa nearly two hundred lodges of a secret, oath-bound order, whose nominal object is the "Liberty and brotherhood," but whose real and primary design is the abrogation of all laws interfering with the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

☞E. F. Barton, the preacher who victimized a Madison, Wis., bank out of a large amount of money on forged drafts, said he committed the deed to provide for his family, that he might give his whole attention to theological matters.

☞The *American Journal of Mining* gives the following amusing reason why shooting stars didn't appear when expected: "When the mologieistric temperature of the horizon is such as to cloricise the imperient indentation of the hemisphere analogy, the cohesion of the borax curbistus becomes surcharged with infinitesimals, which are thereby virtually deprived of their fissurial disquisitions. This effected, a rapid change is produced in the thoramouber of the gympasticustus polerium, which causes a convacular in the hexagonal antipathes of the terrustrium aqua of ceremouclar light, which can only be seen when it is visible." That's so. We know about it, and perfectly agree with the *Journal.*

☞Gen. Schenck delivered a speech at Pleasant Valley, Ohio, a few days since, in the course of which he related a portion of a conversation he had with Gen Grant. Gen. Grant betrayed the deepest anxiety as to the mischief the President may do before Congress meets. Gen. Schenck remarked that Congress would soon be in session again, Gen. Grant anxiously replied, "It will be seventy-eight days yet." "Why General," exclaimed Schenck, considerably surprised, "do you count the days?" "Yes I do," replied Gen. Crant; "it will be seventy-eight days, and I would to God the time was nearer!"

☞It is stated that the Hebrew *National*, a new weekly journal, gives some interesting statistics of the Jewish race. It says that there are now living about 6,000,000 Israelites, about half of whom live in Europe. There are 1,300,000 in Russia; in Austria, 900,000; in Prussia, 154,000; and in all other parts of Germany, 192,000; in France about 80,000; in Switzerland, 3,000; in Great Britain, about 42,000; in Syria and Asiatic Turkey, 52,000; in Morocco and North Africa, 610,000; in East Asia, 500,000; in America, 250,000; in Belgium, 1,800; in Denmark 6,500; in Italy, 4,500,

☞The "fast" trait of Yankee character was touchingly developed recently in this wise. A loving father of a dutiful son died in one of our western cities, and his body was brought east for interment. The son, speaking of the dedeased parent remarked: "Father died at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, I had his body embalmed, funeral services in the cars, homeward bound, before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with the body!" On the whole that was very fair time!

☞The Uniontown (Ohio) *Standard* says that "if sheep are kept in the same lot with cows or fat cattle, no dogs will disturb them. As soon as the dogs approach them they will run to the cattle, who drive off the dogs. A farmer of thirty years in Shelby adopted this plan and never lost a sheep by dogs, although in the neighborhood the dogs killed sheep to the north and south of him."

☞A colored orator, named Jackson, at a pic nic at Mt. Sterling, Ky., recently pointed Mungen's ethnological speech as follows: "Evil disposed persons have said that the negroes belonged to the monkey tribe, because they had long heels. Their heels could prove no such thing, for it was a fact that a monkey had no heel at all, and the longer a man's heel was the further he got from the monkey tribe."

☞The following is the list of prices paid by Mr. Robert Bonner for his celebrated horses: Dexter, $50,000; Pocahontas, $35,000; Auburn Horse, $13,000; Peerless, $5,000; Flatbush Maid, $5,000; Lantern $6,000; Lady Palmer, $5,000; total $118,000.

☞The Washington *Press* says last week as a son of Mr. Foster, of Lime Creek, was riding by the house of Mr. J. Thomas, of this township, he was set upon by a swarm of bees, the hive having been turned over by accident, and his horse completely covered by them. He was so badly stung that he died in a few minutes. The boy was stung considerably but not dangerously.

☞A suit is pending in Missouri, brought by a lobby agent against a member, for neglecting business for which he was paid $11,000.