



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

VOL. 3.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1867.

NO. 29.

## 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, \$1.25. For subsequent insertions, 75c. For one month, \$3.50. For three months, \$10.00. For six months, \$17.50. For one year, \$32.50. For a full page, double the above rates. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. We are prepared to do all kinds of job work in short notice, and in a style that will give satisfaction.

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### WARNING IN SEASON.

From The New York Tribune. If a President had been chosen in the Autumn of 1862, he would have been a champion of National restoration by means of giving the whole country up to the revolted Slaveholders and bidding them work their will with it; if one had been chosen in the August of 1864, he would have been pledged to peace on any terms with the Confederate rebels. Had the builders of the Chicago Platform of that year evinced the simplest common sense—had they briefly resolved that they wanted Union and Peace, and didn't care what became of the Nigger—nay, had they known enough to say nothing at all—Gen. McClellan could have barely been beaten, even with the dead weight of Pendleton hung to his skirts. That Platform cost him more votes in this State than composed Lincoln's majority; we presume it was the same in Connecticut, and elsewhere. We consider that Lincoln's election was secured by Sherman's capture of Atlanta and Sheridan's victories in the Valley of Virginia; but McClellan's overwhelming discomfiture was engineered by Vallandigham & Co. at Chicago. The Republicans owe their victories of 1866 primarily to Mayor Munroe and his subordinate Thugs in New Orleans; but Andrew Johnson & Co. greatly intensified them by their harangues while "swinging round the circle" somewhat later. Eliminate those two elements from the canvass, and we could not have called out the full vote that gave us Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. There may have been no more Republicans in either State after than before those performances; but a good many more of them found their way to the polls than would have done but for Messrs. Munroe and Johnson.

The Republican party need not depend for its victories on the persistent misbehavior of its enemies. It is strong enough to rule by its own merits, independently of their follies and crimes. But to this end, it must 1. Complete promptly the Reconstruction of the Southern States on a basis of blended justice and magnanimity. 2. Systematically educate and enlighten the People. The necessity and urgency of closing up the work of Reconstruction on the broad and safe basis of Universal Amnesty with Impartial Suffrage is now so clear that we will not dwell upon it. Events are more cogent than arguments. We will speak to-day only to the second point. If there were neither a newspaper nor a common school in the country, the Democratic party would be far stronger than it is. Neither elementary instruction nor knowledge of inspiring events is needed to teach the essential articles of the Democratic creed: "Love run and hate niggers." The less one learns and knows, the more certain he is to vote the "reg'lar ticket from A to Izzard."

But Republicanism rests on a radically different basis, and is sustained by wholly diverse considerations. It lives by intelligence; it dies in the murky, stifling atmosphere of Ignorance. Canvass almost any township in the land, and distinguish those who take from those who fail to take a newspaper, and you will find that two-thirds of those who take vote Republican, while three-fourths of those who read nothing but a chance paper picked up for a few moments in a bar-room vote the Democratic ticket, and will not be persuaded to touch any other. If every man in the country could read, and did habitually read two good journals, one of each party, we should have no more doubt of electing a Republican President next year than of the rising of the sun. But every voter who does not read is a peril; and the multiplicity of such voters subjects the results of our elections too much to the control of accident. Fortune will not always favor us as she did in 1864 and 1866. We can be sure of victories only by deserving them. And the duty now imperatively pressing upon us is to take care that every voter who can read, and will read it, or who has some one in his family who can and will read it to him, is seasonably supplied with a good Republican journal for the whole year 1868.

We are not going to succeed so easily

as many have fondly calculated, and we rejoice that we are not. If we let the contest go at hap hazard, and do not seasonably provide for and deserve success, we may be beaten. But if we begin now, and, by concerted, systematic effort, put a good Republican newspaper into the hands of every voter who will read it, we cannot be beaten. Flooding the country with printed matter on the eve of an Election is a desperate resort—better than nothing, and that is all. No reliance can be placed on it; little good ordinarily comes of it. But begin now, and systematically insure that every man that has a vote shall have a newspaper if he will take it, and all is safe. Republicans! resolve to see to it at once!

**A BRIEF LOVE-STORY.**—John Paul, the brilliant and versatile correspondent of the Springfield Republican, objects to the introduction of the nomenclature of the prize ring into journalism. "Fancy," he says, "a love scene written up as follows:— 'Twas night, and the aromatic Arabella and the filigineous Fitzfooodle, in accordance with a previous arrangement—play or pay being the word—were seated in the garden. Both were in excellent condition and showed the benefit of good training. Arabella was a little too much in the flesh, perhaps, but Fitzfooodle didn't carry an ounce of spare weight, and stepped smilingly into the ring, looking confident of winning. The moon in the far heavens lay smiling and serene like a bottle holder, while the stars looked down with their mid' spectacular organ, seemingly ready to act as referees. A clock in the neighbouring kitchen called time. Little was lost in preliminary sparring; side by side sat the amative ameters, grasping each other's mawleys. Indeed it was a beautiful scene, calling back memories of the holyday day when the Chess Chicken had a mill with the Skaneateles Sockdellager. A counter or two, and Fitzfooodle neatly got his fin around Arabella's ribs, his right still grasping her small and delicate bunch of fives. "Is your money mine?" asked Fitzfooodle in tender accents. No reply was heard; it was evident that the side-winder had knocked the breath out of Arabella. But the demoralization was but momentary. "I don't see it," she said, getting her left fin out of chancery. This was one on Fitzfooodle's nob. He went down on his knees to avoid further punishment. At this there were cries of "fowl," "fowl," in a restaurant near by, and the victory was claimed for Arabella. But Fitzfooodle refused to give it up, and both retired to their corners. Arabella came up, looking game to the backbone; Fitzfooodle notwithstanding his late punishment, still smiling and confident. "My parents are wealthy," he murmured, and again got his left duke on Arabella's ribs, and fibbing away until there was danger of a row outside the ropes. "The figures?" she gasped. "A peach orchard in New Jersey," he returned, and with that put one in on her potato trap, which she returned with interest on his kisser. There was a lively round of sounding exchanges, and it was plain that from that forth Fitzfooodle had the fight his own way. Finding it useless to hold out any longer, Arabella threw up the sponge, closed her lovely peepers, and reposed her lovely knowledge box peacefully upon Fitzfooodle's manly breadbasket, utterly regardless of the fact that a huge mosquito had tapped her bugle, and was drawing the claret at a fearful rate.

The London correspondent of a New York paper says of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt: Jenny Lind left many friends and admirers in America, who will be sorry to hear that her latest appearance in public has been a failure. That the freshness of her voice should be gone was inevitable, but it seems to be agreed that its splendor and strength are also gone. In plain truth, it is now little better than a beautiful wreck, the frequent order of the still aspiring artist only makes the more apparent.

**The Next National Republican Convention.** It is announced from Washington that the National Executive Committee of the Republican party have definitely decided in favor of holding the next National Republican Convention in the city of Chicago. No decision has been reached in regard to the time of holding the Convention, and the settlement of this question will probably be postponed for some months. In selecting as the place of holding the National Convention of 1868 the city where the first Republican President was nominated, as well as the last unsuccessful Democratic candidate, the Committee have paid a just compliment to the State which gave Abraham Lincoln to the nation, and to the Northwest which rallied with such enthusiasm to the defense of the Government when it was assailed by traitors. The selection is at once a recognition of the hospitable spirit which has ever characterized the citizens of Chicago in their reception of immense masses of people gathered together in their midst, and of the power of the Northwest in the Union, and an omen of future victory. The last two National Republican Conventions—those of 1860 and 1864—consisted of delegates from the States represented in the proportion of two to each Representative and Senators in Congress. If the same apportionment should be adopted in calling the Convention of 1868—as will undoubtedly be the case—its composition as to members from the different States will be as follows:

ORGANIZED STATES:	36
Maine	14
New Hampshire	10
Vermont	10
Massachusetts	24
Rhode Island	8
Connecticut	12
New York	40
New Jersey	14
Pennsylvania	22
Delaware	6
Maryland	14
West Virginia	10
Ohio	22
Michigan	14
Illinois	14
Wisconsin	10
Minnesota	8
Iowa	16
Missouri	22
Kansas	10
Tennessee	20
Georgia	10
Alabama	10
Florida	6
Arkansas	10
Mississippi	10
Louisiana	10
California	10
Oregon	10
Washington	10
Total, 10 States.	140
Grand Total	176

**Beautiful Allegory.** The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German: Tophonus, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter, "It will not burn you, my child, take it." Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they don't burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

Henry Ward Beecher, in his discourse on Sunday, said that "some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week days."

**WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?**—The Irish News says: "We ask again the plain question, what is the Democratic party, that the Irish people seem to cling to as their only salvation here and hereafter? In our humble judgement, the main object of that party is to make political tools of the Irish people."

### THE ELECTIONS—A LESSON.

From The New York Tribune. Late in the Summer of 1862, Mr. Lincoln was persuaded, after long urging and hesitation, to issue his edict of Emancipation. The country, it was said, was not prepared for it—that is, the slow coaches were not. And when the elections that soon followed showed Democratic gains almost everywhere—from East to West—the "Conservatives" shouted that Abolition and Radicalism had received their death blow. "Look at Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin!" they exclaimed—"their Republican majorities reduced more than half; see Pennsylvania carried by the Democrats, and a U. S. Senator gained, in spite of Lincoln's large majority; see Ohio, swept clean by 5,000 majority for the Democrats, who carry fourteen Representatives in Congress—a clear gain of seven; see Indiana, Illinois likewise carried—both branches of the Legislature, two-thirds of the Representatives in Congress, and a Democratic U. S. Senator gained in each; see New Jersey, which gave Lincoln four of her seven electors, now swept by the Democrats by over fourteen thousand majority, giving another Senator, with four of the five Representatives in Congress; look at New York, where Lincoln had fifty thousand majority, and the Union ticket last year a hundred thousand, now electing Seymour Governor by ten thousand, and seventeen to fourteen Representatives in Congress—do you not see the handwriting on the wall? Isn't it high time to give up nigger worship, and attend to saving the Union?"

These taunts were bitter, but the exultation that impelled them was transient. Though Fredericksburg, and Galveston, and the first repulse at Chancellorsville, were still before us, the National cause was not lost, for it was the cause of Freedom and Humanity. Much less is it lost now, though the false hearts which thought the defeat of Wadsworth, and the loss of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, lessons that only the blind could fail to read and heed, still remain to renew their croakings, and have another, though less, opportunity.

Judge Sharswood is elected to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, as we feared he would be; and we believe thus the extent of the Democratic triumph in that State. Many Republicans would vote for him on personal grounds; yet a good County ticket in Philadelphia would have defeated his election. But it was supposed that any thing would be elected that could get on the Republican ticket; so nominations were made that the people would not support; while the Democrats, having little hope of success, nominated three soldiers who had a good War record, for the best offices, and so gained thousands of votes. We trust the lesson will not be lost on those who control nominations in our State. We can tell them that the Legislative jobbers and Railroad robbers who are "fixing things" in several districts to nominate themselves to our next Legislature may buy ever so many delegates, but cannot buy the people. Mr. Jacob Sharp, for example, will waste his money if he uses it to achieve a Republican nomination.

We shall of course have the old cry renewed—"See how Ohio has voted down Equal Manhood Suffrage—had not we better drop the Nigger, and take care of ourselves?" The answer is ready: Ohio on Tuesday gave more votes, and a larger proportion of her Republican strength, for Manhood Suffrage, than any other State has ever given—more by many thousands than she would ever have given till now.—Say that one Republican in every twenty went straight over to the enemy on this question, and one weak brother voted the Republican ticket but failed to vote for Manhood Suffrage, what? New York, twenty-one years ago, gave but 85,406 votes for Equal Rights; in 1860 she more than doubled this, giving it 197,503; and still it was heavily beaten, though Lincoln carried the State at that election by 50,000 majority. The next time it will have at least 300,000; and, if beaten by a handful, its enemies will scream and fire guns in their glorious victory. So it will be in other States; while the vital principle of genuine Democracy marches on through seeming defeats to its inevitable and conclusive triumph.

There are still some persons in the Republican camp whose hearts are with the adverse host, and who, we trust, will now be tempted to let their todies follow. At all events, through whatever trials of its constancy, its consistency, the great party of which they would fain bear the bag so long as there may be anything likely to go into it, will move right on to the arduous but inevitable achievement of Equal Rights for all citizens; and those who are not ready to suffer in that cause cannot leave its ranks too soon. "Soldiers!" said Garibaldi to the forlorn hope of Italian liberty in 1849, "I offer you privation, hardship, hunger, wounds, death—will you follow me?" Such is the spirit in which Humanity and Justice claim their votaries; such are the appeals, such the crises, which separate the gold from the dross. When the Republican party has no further prejudices to vanquish, no further wrongs to redress, we hope it may die and be buried; not linger on, maintaining a mockery of existence on the good ideas of the past, the bad whisky of the present, like the Sham Democracy—Whenever all its better aspirations shall have been actualized, its dissolution cannot and should not be long postponed.

### THE JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

**Josh Cleans out his Pigeonhole of Correspondents.**

**Iowa**—Don't press the matter tew much. The only way to heal a gal or the 'wonts' iz to get her wonted, and then stampede things briskly.

**Sharpley**—The best thing I know ov for tight boots iz small feet.

**Albany**—I kant tell you what the usual life insurance rate iz. Perhaps Andy Johnson kan tell you; he has lately bin reinsured, his policy having about run out.

**Mike**—It ain't necessary that a prayer tew be good should be very long or very loud. I have used one like this for the last 4 years and it suits me: 'O, Lord! visit mi heart fast, mi head next and mi pocketbook last.'

**Mason**—'Man wants but little here below,' may have been true when first written but ever sense the war he wants awl he can lay his claws on.

**Byron**—I read yure pome carefully; it wont ansere. It iz tew much longer than it iz wide. poetry iz a good deal like a clothes line, apt to spread lengthways if at all. Most every body sumtime during their lives haz the poetry ailment, jist az they hev the teeth out, but one teeth cutting satisfies every body but the phools.

**Bonnet**—Bonnets continue to be worn yet; the present stile iz about the size ov a kold buckwheat kake; feathers are not so much worn this spring, on akkout ov the grate supple ov bob-tailed 'wasters in the kuntry.

**Lizzy**—The gentleman yu inquire iz a bachelor in full communion by profession; hiz habits for honesta iz good; he pays cash for hiz whiskey and bill-yards.

**Farmer**—I kant tell yu how much oats it iz best to put on an akker, but I think at a ruff guess, 15 or 20 bushels would be a grate plenty. I never had but 7 years chance at farming, but if mi memory served me right (and I never caught her in a lie) rye must be a good crop to raise, for old rye sells now quick for 6 or 7 dollars a gallon.

**A Paris correspondent writes of the approaching fashions in hair**—"I have endeavored to find out what colored hair and eyebrows will be worn this year. The artists in hair have met and agreed that dark brown eyebrows are to accompany golden tresses, and golden eyebrows black hair.—Brown or chestnut locks and curls are not to be tolerated. It is not quite settled if the chignon is to be maintained; it is believed not, if a more expensive and complicated decoration can be invented. The complexion is to be dead pearl pale, the lips very light pink, and the mouth to be worn slightly open."

**A Pittsburgh paper tells how thieves met a gentleman walking the streets late at night with a box under his arm and undertook to show him the hotel.** They relieved him of the box and ran off with it. The gentleman was a naturalist, and his box contained four rattlesnakes. Fancy the thieves' emotion when investigating their prize!

### It takes three editors to run a New Orleans paper—one to get killed in the duels, one to die of yellow fever, and one to write obituaries.

**Peaches** are so plenty in some parts of Michigan that thousands of bushels will rot under the trees. They are to be had in endless quantities at from 25 to 50 cents a bushel.

**The new opera house in Paris** will contain twenty large statues, forty busts and four groups of statuary, and will be adorned with 500 marble monolite columns.

**The fashion reports from Paris** announce that large hoops are again to be in vogue, and short dresses be again worn only by young girls. This is bad news—especially the latter part of it.

**An old lady** announced in court at Atlanta that she "had no counsel," that "God was her lawyer." "My dear madam," replied the Judge, "he does not practice in this court."

**A country editor,** describing the bonnets now in fashion says; "They have a downward slant, that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her eyes."

**England has imported twice as much wheat this year as last, and three times as in 1865.** But eight per cent went from the United States, though the amount this year was nearly five times as much as in 1866.

**The following, from a paper published near the setting sun, is very severe on the east.** "Johnny," said a little three year old sister to an elder brother of six, "Johnny, why can't we see the sun go back where it rises?" "Why, sis, you little goosy, because it would be ashamed to be seen going down east."

**At a trial in a divorce case,** a witness, recently, in England, made the following reply: Mr. Sergeant Tindal—"He treated her very kindly did he not?" Atkinson—"Oh, yes, he kissed her several times!" Mr. Sergeant Tindal—"And how did she treat him?" Atkinson—"Well, she retaliated."

**The Chicago Times** viewing the recent election in the light of Copperhead triumphs, exclaims: "It is the judgement of the country upon negro supremacy at the South. Let us thank God." This is the same sheet that clamored so lustily for impartial suffrage and negro supremacy at the South a short time ago!

**General Sheridan** had an enthusiastic reception in Albany. In his speech he said: "To my old comrades I may say that for the last few years we have been making history, and I hope that history will be good history, and that they will not have recorded in it that rebellion is honorable."

**A young lady from the country** went into the store of a merchant, and asked if he wished to purchase a couple of chickens, at the same time throwing a couple of live ones on the counter. "Why, yes," he replied; "but will they lay there?" meaning would they remain on the counter a few moments. "Lay there!" archly retorted the rustic beauty; "No sir! they want lay nowhere. Them's roosters!"

**The Pomeroy (Ohio) Telegraph** says: "The lack of editorial in this weeks Telegraph can be accounted for by the fact that we delayed writing until after the returns began to come in, from the hope that we might gain inspiration therefrom; but somehow they have most disgustingly failed to accomplish that object. The fact is that we don't inspire worth a cent."

**A MILD PURGATIVE.**—Recently we heard a good story of an occurrence which took place in Newburyport Mass. A servant girl in that town went to Dr. Spofford for advice, declaring her ailments to be pain in the bowels. The doctor gave her a cathartic, and requested her to call again in a few days, which she did. He asked her if she had taken the medicine, to which she replied in the affirmative. He then asked: "Did anything pass you after taking it?" "Yes sir," she said "a horse and wagon and a drove of pigs!" The doctor collapsed remarking: "I think you must be better."