



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

VOL. 3.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1867.

NO. 30.

THE HERALD

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

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Letters from Europe, BY JOHN W. FORNEY, Esq.

Editor of the "Philadelphia Press" and "Washington Chronicle," and Secretary of the Senate of the United States.

Since the commencement of the publication of Col. Forney's letters from Europe in The Press, the publishers of that paper have been the recipients of innumerable inquiries from those who wished to know if the correspondence would not appear in book form.

It is published in one large, handsome volume of over 500 pages, bound in cloth. Price, \$2.

Booksellers, news agents, canvassers, and all others are solicited to order at once whatever they may want of the above work, so that their orders can be filled from the first edition.

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ORCHARD GRASS FOR PASTURE.

As our prairie grasses are eaten out by stock farmers naturally seek other grasses to supply the place. Experiments have been made with various results with blue grass, timothy and clover, but so far as we know the orchard grass has never been introduced in this vicinity.

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unfits it for a lawn grass. Its seed weighs twelve pounds to the bushel, and, to sow alone, about twenty-four pounds to the acre are required to make sure of a good crop.

TERRIBLY IN EARNEST.

If men and women were as earnest in seeking the Great Physician of souls as they are in obtaining the services of a doctor in sickness, few people would go unsaved.

"Spare Hours," Dr. John Brown tells of the terrible earnestness of one of his patients, to get him to the sick bed of a grandson:

"I shall never forget a proof I myself got twenty years ago, how serious a thing it is to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want him. It was when cholera first came here in 1832. I was in England, at Chatham, which you all know is a great place for ships and sailors. This fell disease comes on generally in the night; as the Bible says, 'it walks in the darkness,' and many a morning was I aroused at two o'clock to go and see its sudden victims, for then is its hour and power.

"One morning a Sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out in great fury. Off I set. We rode in silence down the dark river, passing the huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men roared with all their might; they had no many dying or dead at home to have the heart to speak to me.

We got near the place; it was very dark, but I saw a crowd of men and women on the shore at the landing place. They were all shouting for the doctor; the shrill cries of the women and the deep voice of the men coming across the water to me. We were near the shore when I saw a big old man, his hat off, his hair grey, his head bald; he said nothing but turning them all off with his arm, he plunged into the sea and before I knew where I was, he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me, carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right leveling every man or woman who stood in his way.

It was Big Joe, carrying me to see his grandson, little Joe; and he bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe was dead that night. He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy. I can never forget that night and how important a thing it was to be able to relieve the suffering, and how much old Joe was in earnest about having the doctor."

A REMARKABLE LAKE.

The Jacksonville (Oregon) Sentinel of a late date says:

Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the sunken lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles north-east of Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to the water all around. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unrippled, and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air current does not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten. No living man ever has and probably never will reach the water's edge. It lies silent still and mysterious in the bosom of the "everlasting hills," like a huge well, scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountain in unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired several times in the water at an angle of forty-five degrees and were able to denote several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible but is vouched for by some of our most trustworthy citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.

GOV. HAYES.

Gen. R. B. Hayes, Governor-elect of Ohio, made a speech in Cincinnati lately, when his election had been established beyond doubt, from which we quote the following paragraph, as admirably illustrative of the general Republican sentiment:

"One word as to the issues: The Union party have been in favor of maintaining inviolate the faith of the nation. They will continue to stand on that plank to the end. [Cheers.] They believe that the national credit was an important part of the national power, in its last struggle, and the good name of the nation is, under all circumstances, to be maintained. Again, it is probable, from the complexion of the Legislature, that a three-fifth vote cannot be obtained to submit again the colored suffrage issue for many years to come, and therefore cannot be in any canvass before the people for a long time. In the meantime we shall have the experience of other States in this matter. But on this you may rely, that the Union Republican party will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the party of progress, the party in favor of human freedom, the party in favor of equal human rights, the party in favor of giving to all the governed an equal voice in the government, and although it is defeated this year, we remember that in 1863, in the very pinch of the war, we were beaten in Ohio, Pennsylvania and other States, by majorities far larger than any given against us this year. And we remember, also, that in 1863, our majorities were without parallel in the political history of this country. What happened then I am sure is to happen now, and next year, the great year of the Presidential election, will see us again united, with 5,000 majority in Hamilton county, and 50,000 in the State of Ohio!"

TO YOUNG MEN.

Horace Greeley deals out wisdom to young men in the following style: "I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would 'go into business'—that is, into debt—to-morrow, if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer, whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant 'shinning,' and who, from month to month, barely evades the insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business, so that it has been computed that but one man in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in the State prison, a slave in a rice-swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunately, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—'Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar.'" Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risk and must often give notes and other obligations, and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all he owes; I speak of real debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, from all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore!"

The following mysterious puzzle has nearly "turned the brain" of a score of adepts who have tried in vain to solve it.

O B O D.

The explanation is "a little dark e (darkey) in bed wrong end to with nothing over it."

"STRATEGY, MY BOY."

An exchange tells a novel love story: A young couple planned an elopement; the girl descended from her room upon the traditional ladder, but at the gate they were met by the father of the girl and the minister, by whom the couple were escorted to the parlor; where, to their surprise, they found all their relatives collected for the marriage ceremonies, which took place at once. It was a neat paternal freak. Not near as neat as that of a fond parent we know of. He heard his daughter and her fellow plan an elopement. The next day the old man waited on the young one and addressed him thus: "You're a fine, brave youth, and I don't object to you for a son-in-law. Here's a hundred dollars to aid in the elopement. May you live happily in the same house, and may no accident occur to throw the least shadow on the sunshine of your life. All I request is that you elope with my daughter—she's a mighty nice girl, but somehow her mother and I could never travel smoothly with her, we don't know her good points—elope with her to such a distance that she won't return to her loving father and mother any more. Good-bye, sonny, and may you be happy." There was an elopement that evening, of one. The young man went unaccompanied. He thought everything couldn't be right when the father was so anxious to get rid of the girl. The father looks on this as a neat bit of strategy for one who had never been on McClellan's staff.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

Hon. J. H. Campbell, United States minister at Norway, with a party of American gentlemen, went far enough North to see the sun at midnight. It is 60 degrees north latitude, as they ascend a cliff one thousand feet high above the Arctic sea. The scene is thus graphically described:

It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet and the sound of its waves scarcely reached our air lock-out; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—the bridge of gold running due north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

There was once one very illiterate gentleman—one Peter Patterson—appointed as Justice of the Peace. The first day his clerk handed him a duplicate writ. "Well what shall I do with it?" was his query. "Nothing but sign your initials," was the reply. "My initials—what are they?" "Why, two P's," replied the clerk, impatiently. Cold perspiration stood on the forehead of the unhappy magistrate, and he seized a pen, and, with desperation upon his face, wrote, "Too peez."

James Guthrie, when Secretary of the Treasury, one day sent a letter to a friend in Baltimore. The next morning its recipient appeared in the Department and handed back the missive. "Mr. Guthrie," said he, "I can't make out one word of your letter but the signature, so I have brought it for you to translate." The Secretary knitted his brows, and puzzled over it for some minutes. At last he gave it up. "Hang me if I can read it either! I have forgotten its exact contents, but I know what I wanted to see you about. Sit down and I will tell you."

Mr. Weber, one of the savans of Zurich, Switzerland, recently examined the stomachs of a number of moles caught in different localities, but failed to discover therein the slightest vestige of plants or roots; whereas they were filled by the remains of earth-worms. He shut up several of these animals in a box containing earth and sod, with growing grass and a smaller case of grub or earth-worms. In nine days two of the moles devoured 341 white worms, 193 earth worms, 26 caterpillars and a dead mouse. Fed with a mixed diet of raw meat and vegetables, the moles ate the meat and left the plants, and when vegetables exclusively were dealt out to them, both died of starvation in twenty-four hours.

Admiration.—to comprehend and demonstrate that a thing is not beautiful, is an ordinary pleasure and ungrateful task; but to discern a beautiful thing, to be penetrated with its beauty, to make it evident, and make others participate in our sentiment, is an exquisite joy a generous task. Admiration is, for him who feels it, at once a happiness and an honor. It is happiness to feel deeply what is beautiful; it is an honor to know how to recognize it. Admiration is a sign of an elevated reason served by a noble heart. It is above a small criticism, that is skeptical and powerless, but it is the soul of a larger criticism that is productive. It is, thus to speak, the divine part of taste.—Cousin.

A foreign journal announces that the railway from Paris to Strasbourg has now three-story cars, for first, second and third class passengers.

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