



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

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From the Commonwealth. LINCOLN AND LANCASTER COUNTY.

Mr. Editor: Inasmuch as I am in receipt of numerous letters of inquiry from all parts of the Union in regard to Lincoln, the Capitol of the State of Nebraska, and the surrounding country, propounding almost innumerable interrogatories; which, if I should answer them all in full, it would take all my time; I will therefore with your consent, try to answer some of said questions through the columns of your paper; hoping it may be satisfactory to my numerous correspondents and at the same time, not be uninteresting to your readers.

I will state some of the questions that have been propounded to me and try to answer the same as correctly as I possibly can.

1st.—In nearly all my letters is this: Is the Capitol of the State of Nebraska permanently located at Lincoln? And if so, by what authority?

Ans.—The Capitol of Nebraska is permanently located at Lincoln, by Governor David Miller, Secretary of State T. P. Kennard, and Auditor of State John Gillespie; Commissioners appointed by an act of the Legislature of Nebraska, passed at their last Session, by which act they had full power and authority to make said location. There is no shadow of doubt about the legality and permanence of the location.

2nd.—What State Buildings are located there?

Ans.—The State House, for Executive officers and the Legislative Hall; the State University; the Penitentiary; the State Agricultural College, &c.

3d.—Are any of said buildings erected, or in process of erection?

Ans.—The State House is under contract, and the excavation is done and the foundations are laid, and the works of the basement are nearly built. There is a large force of workmen engaged on the work under the direction of Mr. John Morris, the efficient Architect and Superintendent, and the structure is to be completed by the 1st of September 1868.

4th.—What funds are on hand to build these State buildings?

Ans.—The Commissioners have about \$60,000 on hand from the sale of lots in Lincoln to build the State House, and have a large reserve of lots, not yet sold to back them up.

There are large appropriations of public lands from the United States, sufficient to build all the other buildings, and on a large scale.

5th.—Has the City of Lincoln been laid off into lots, blocks, streets, etc., and how large an area of land does it contain, and how large are the lots, blocks, streets, etc.

Ans.—The City has been laid out, surveyed and platted. The blocks are 300 feet square, the lots are 50 feet front, by 142 feet deep except on some of the business streets, which are 25 feet by 142 feet.

The streets are 100 feet wide except the business streets which are 120 feet wide.

6th.—Has there been any sale of lots, and if so, who sold them, and what did they bring at public sale?

Ans.—There was a public sale of lots in Lincoln last September, by the aforesaid Commissioners, at which sale, lots brought from \$50.00 up to about \$300.00, according to location and quality.

7th.—What proportion of the town was sold, and what was the net proceeds of the sales?

Ans.—About one third of the whole number of lots were sold, and the proceeds of the sale amounted to about \$60,000.

8th.—Does the proceeds of sales belong to the State, or is it an individual speculation of the Commissioners and other parties, as has been hinted by the Omaha papers?

Ans.—The land for the town site of Lincoln was donated and deeded to the State of Nebraska by myself and other individuals, and surveyed, platted and sold by the Commissioners, for the use of the State, and not a dollar of the money can be used for any other purpose but to erect the public buildings, as it was donated for that purpose. Further, the Legislature limited the

Commissioners to locate the Capitol on State lands, and only authorized them to use the proceeds to build the Capitol of the State, or State House.

9th.—When will there be another public sale of lots, and can they be bought at private sale, of whom, and at what price?

Ans.—There will probably be a sale of lots sometime in June next. Lots cannot be bought at private sale except at second hand. The minimum values set upon lots by the Commissioners run from 25 to 200.

Mr. James Sweet of Nebraska City, has a large number of lots he will sell on favorable terms.

10th.—Is your city improving much, and has it increased in population much since the location of the Capitol there, and what is its present population?

Ans.—There was in the town of Lancaster, which is now a part of the city of Lincoln, last August, when the location was made, about four or five houses, and three or four families. Now, there are about one hundred houses, either finished or in process of construction, (some of which are large and costly buildings,) and near three hundred inhabitants in the city. There are several hotels and boarding houses, five or six stores, two blacksmith shops, a wagon shop, a tin shop, etc.

11th.—Is there a chance for mechanics and laborers there, and what is the prospect in future for mechanical business?

Ans.—There is a good chance for mechanics and laborers, and the prospects for plenty of work and good wages are very fair for next season. There is plenty of room and plenty to do. Come, all of you!

12th.—Is your town site level, or is it rolling or hilly? And how is the country around the town?

Ans.—The town site is level, and is situated on a beautiful bench, elevated about fifty feet above the level of Salt Creek, and commands a view of the country for many miles around, which is lower and slightly rolling, and dotted over with farms and houses, and forms one of the most magnificent landscapes the eye of man ever dwelt upon—so romantic and beautiful that it reminds one of the fabled fairy land.

13th.—Is your soil good, or is it barren? And is there plenty of good water in your town and country?

Ans.—The soil here is about three feet deep on the upland, and still deeper in the bottom, and cannot be beat for productiveness. There is an abundance of good water in all parts of the country.

14th.—Have you any stone there, and if so, what kind, and what is the Capitol to be built of?

Ans.—We have plenty of rock, both limestone and sandstone. The Capitol is to be built principally of limestone.

15th.—Have you any Rail Roads, and if not, what is your prospect for Rail Roads?

Ans.—We have no Rail Roads built to this point yet, we have a fair prospect of having two Roads built in the next two years; the Burlington and Missouri River R. R. by way of the Salt Creek Valley, and the Iowa and Missouri State Line Road, by way of Nebraska City. There are other roads in contemplation, but the two named are the most favorable at present.

16th.—What are your mail facilities?

Ans.—See in another column of the COMMONWEALTH, headed Mail Arrangements?

17th.—What are your prospects for a Printing office in your city?

Ans.—We have already one, the COMMONWEALTH, and there will soon be two more, the Statesman and the State Journal.

18th.—Is there any land for homesteads near the city, and what is the price of entered land near town?

Ans.—There can be homestead got within about seven or eight miles from town.

The price of land about town is not yet settled.

These are not half the questions asked, but let this suffice for the present and I may answer more in future.

JACOB DAWSON, Postmaster, Lincoln, Nebraska.

[From the Toledo Blade.] NABBY.

Mr. Nabby Goes to Ohio, on a Mission of Mercy—A Terrible Mistake, and its Consequences.

POST OFFICE, CONFEDERATE X ROADS, (which is in the State of Kentucky.) DECEMBER 23, 1867.

When the Almighty made niggers, he ought to have made em so that mixin with the sooperior race wood hev bin a impossibility. The cuss uv missegregation, and the hatred uv the Dimocriy uv Ohio for niggers, haz, between em, left me in a condishen wich I hardly supposed I shoold ever find myself in. I rite these lines, propped up in bed at my boardin house, my face heaten to a jelly, and perfectly kivered with sicin plaster; my nose, alluz the buy and glory uv my face, is enlarged to twict its fair proporsions; my few remainin teeth hev bin nocked down my throat; my lips resemble sausages; my left ear forever no more; and wat little hair wuz hangin about my venerable temples, is gone; my head is ez bald ez a billiard ball, and twict its normal size. It come about thus:

There wuz trouble in one uv the southern counties uv Ohio. In a reliably Dimocratic township in that county is a settlement uv niggers, who, in the old time, ran away from Kentucky, and settled there, where they cood hev wat they earned, wich wuz just so much swindled out uv Kentucky's accumulated wealth. Uv course, comin from Kentucky, these niggers are many uv em ez near white ez they kin be. One uv em, who carried with him the name uv his master, and, ez he says, father, Lett, is ez near a white man ez may be, and ez he married a wench who wuz a shade whiter than he, their children are just a shade whiter than both uv em. Uv these he had three daughters, rangin from sixteen to twenty.

Now, this Lett is a dimocler. He hed a farm uv perhaps 200 akers, and wuz taxed heavy for skool purposes, but his children wuzn't uv course allowed to attend the skool. None uv the nigger children were. But this Lett got the jjes into his hed, that there wuzn't no propriety in his payin taxes without enjoyin some uv the benefits arizin from em; and aided and abetted by the other niggers, who wuz wicked enuff to complain uv payin taxes to the support uv white skools, he sent his three daughters to the skool, direct in them to present themselves boldly, take their seats quietly, and study per severely. They did so. The skool marm, who wuz a young huzzy, with black eyes and naterel curls, from the State uv Noo Hampshire, wher they persekoot the saints, not only assented to reseevin em, but very joyfully gave em seats and put em into classes—think ut that—with white children.

There wuz trouble in that township. I wuz sent for to wunst, and gladly I come. I wuz never so gratifid in my life. Hed small pox broken out in that skool, ther woodent hev bin half the eggsetment in the township. It wuz the subjick uv yooniversal talk every where, and the Dimocriy was a bilin like a pot. I met the trustees uv the township, and demanded of they intended tamely to submit to this outrage? I askt em whether they intended to hev their children set side by side with the descendants uv Ham, who wuz condemned to a posishen of inferiority forever? Kin you, I askt, so degrade yourselves and so blast the self respect uv your children?

And bilin up with indignashen, they answered, "never!" and yoonanimously requested me to accompany em to the skool house, that they mite peremptorily expel these disgustin beins, who hed obtruded themselves among those of a sooperior race.

On the way to the skool house, wich wuz perhaps a mile distant, I askt the Board of they knowd those girls by site. "No," they replide—they had never seed em. "I have been told," sed I, "that they are nearly white." "They are," said one of em, "quite white."

"It matters not," sed I, feelin that ther was a good opportunity for im-provin the occhashen, "it matters not. Ther is within in the nigger at wich the instink uv the white man absolute rebels, and from wich it instinkively recoils. So much experiance hev I hed with em, that put me in a dark

room with one uv em, no matter how little nigger ther is in em, that unerrin instink wood betray em to me, wich by the way goes to prove that the dislike we hev to em is not the result of prejudis, but is a part of our very nachers and one uv its highest and holiest attributes."

Thus commuin, we reached and entered the skool house. The skool marm wuz there, ez brite and es crisp es a Janoary morning—the skollars wuz ranged on the seats, a studdyn es rapidly es possible.

"Miss," sed I, "we are informed that three nigger wenches, daughters uv one Lett, a nigger, is in this skool, a minglin with our daughters es a ekal. Is it so?"

"The Misses Lett are in this skool," sed she, rather mischevously, "and I am happy to state that they are among my best pupils."

"Miss," said I, sternly, "RINT EX OUT TO US!"

"Wherefore?" said she.

"That we may bundle em out," sed I.

"Bless me!" said she, "I reely coodnt do that. Why expel em?"

"Becos," said I, "no nigger shol contaminate the white children of this deestrick. No sich disgrace shol be put onto em."

"Well," sed this aggravin skool marm, wich wuz from Noo Hampshire, "poor em out."

"But show me wich they are."

"Can't you detect em, sir? Don't ther color betray em? Ef they are so near white that you can't select em at a glance, it strikes me that it can't hurt very much to let em stay."

I wuz sereely puzzled. There wuzn't a girl in the room who looked at all niggery. But my reputashun was at stake. Noticin three girls settin together who was somewhat dark complectid, and whose black hair waved, I went for em and shoved em out, the cussed skool marm almost bustin with laffer.

Here the tragedy okkurred. At the door I met a man who rode four miles in his zeal to assist us. He hed alluz hed a itchin to pitch into a nigger, and ez he coodn't do so safely, he proposed to lode the chance. I was a puttin on em out, and hed just dragged em to the door, when I met him enterin it.

"What is this?" sed he, with a surprised look.

"We're puttin out these cussed wenches, who is contaminatin your children and mine," sed I. "Ketch hold of that peccoliously disgustin one yonder," sed I.

"WENCHES! You d—d scoundrel! THEM GIRLS IS MY GIRLS!"

And without waitin for explanashens the infooriated monster sailed into me, the skool marm layin over on one uv the benches, explodin in peels uv laffer, the like uv wich I never heerd. The three girls, indignat at bein mistook for nigger wenches, assisted ther parent and between em, in about four minutes I wuz insensible. One uv the trustees, pityin my woes, tuk me to the nearest railroad station, and somehow, how I know not, I got home, wher I am at present recuperatin.

I hev only to say, that when I go on sich a trip agin, I shal require, as condishen precedent, that the Afrikans to be put out shol hev enuff Afrikan into em to prevent sich mistakes. But, good Lord, wat haven't I suffered in this cause?

PETROLEUM V. NABBY, P. M. (Wich is Postmaster.)

"DON'T ADVERTISE.—The Louisville Journal says: "Don't advertise; it is a very bad plan. It will call attention to your place of business, and it is much better for people who wish to trade with you to hunt you up. It gives your customers exercise, and makes them healthy. Besides, if you advertise somebody will buy up all your goods, and then you will have to get more, and it will be a great bother to you. Don't do it. Stewart, and Ayer, and Bonner, and Schenck, and others, never advertise. They have an idea that it injures their business."

—Dr. Parker, of Troy, N. Y., cut open the wind pipe of a horse, removed a piece of tin the animal gnawed from his manger, and after thus rescuin him from threatened strangulation, sewed him up agsin as good as ever.

PENDLETON'S ROAD TO RUIN.

In the fluctuations of the gold premium during the past few days, we have had an apt illustration of what might be expected, in uninterrupted series, on putting into practice Pendleton's system of greenback payment for National bondholders. The fact that \$2,400,000,000 of paper money, irredeemable and inconvertible, as well as non-interest-bearing, was in circulation, would make specie resumption, and consequently stability of values a physical impossibility. Every whiff of adverse or of fortunate intelligence, as in the darkest days of war, inspiring a fear that we were on the brink of still greater and more serious troubles than any yet encountered, would exert a natural effect upon the public mind, bewildering its judgment of the future. The gold-room in New York would become a power in the land. Unscrupulous brokers would be battledores between whom values would be shuttlecocks, tossed to and fro. Imagine a condition of financial affairs in which gold should be 240 on Monday morning and 290 Saturday evening following, with a fall to 220 by the subsequent

Wednesday. How long would business thrive under such vascillations as these? Who could tell what he was worth? What would national credit amount to? A speck of war in the political horizon, even such as the arrest of the blatherskite, Train, might sbrink the purchasing power of greenbacks one fourth. The discovery of immensely rich gold mines in Montana might carry it part the way back.—What the General Government was doing or might do would evermore be measures of fluctuation. Nothing would be steadfast.

Have we not enough of this?—Would anybody with \$100 in his pocket, worth \$72 in coin, be any richer with \$200 there, worth \$36? Would it buy more pounds of sugar, yards of cloth, quintals of fish, or barrels of flour? Would it pay a laborer for more days of work? Would the National debt be any nearer extinguishment? Would the people be better able to bear the burden of taxation? These questions are well worth pondering before the voter yields himself to a plan which would bind him, and his children, irrevocably to the wheel of fluctuation.—Chicago Republican.

TEN FOLLIES.—To think that the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study, the more they learn.

To conclude that if exercise is good for the health the more violent and exhaustive it is, the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes you to feel better, is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that some how or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried yourself without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, and at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

"We have an acquaintance, an old gentleman, whose young people pester him very much with conundrums. He got into a drowse, the other evening, at the church, but recovered himself partially, just as the preacher gave out the text: "How are the mighty fallen?" Imagine how mortifying to his friends and family, as well as to the person, was the scene, when our friend looked up inquiringly at the preacher, and in the meekest possible tone of voice replied: "I give it up!"

A man boasting in the company of young ladies that he had a luxuriant head of hair, a lady present observing that it was owing to the mellowness of the soil.

TWO TANNERS.

The New York Sun says it is discovered that the grandfather of the Hon. George H. Pendleton was a tanner, while General Grant is not only the son of one tanner and the brother of another, but has been in the leather trade himself, and was dealing in the products of the tan yard at Galena when the war broke out and he was called to another sphere of usefulness: But it may even be said that he continued in the same business all through the rebellion, for he gave a thorough currying and dressing to Beauregard at Shiloh, to Pemberton at Vicksburg, to Bragg at Chattanooga, and to Lee at Petersburg and Five Forks. It would be rather curious if these two descendants of tanners should be rival candidates for the Presidency next autumn. But we warn Mr. Pendleton that in that event all the experience of his grandfather will not save him from the most complete tanning that ever a politician had to undergo.

A Democratic mob, in New York city, burned an asylum for colored orphan children, in 1863, and murdered a number of the inmates—

Actuated by the same spirit, some of the party in Kentucky, have just been trying to blow up, with powder, a school for the education of colored children. It appears that the teacher proposed to have an exhibition on Christmas Eve. She was warned that it could not be permitted, but refused to believe that the rebels would carry their threats into execution, and went on with her preparations. The exhibition was finally held in one of the colored churches, which was packed with the friends of the school and children. Within a few minutes after the exercises closed—but not till the people had left—the church was blown to pieces by the explosion of a keg of powder, which had been placed under the platform on which the children were seated; and probably fired with a slow match. An explosion during the exhibition would have destroyed the whole crowd. The opposition pretend to be horrified at the proposition of allowing colored men to vote, on the ground that they are generally ignorant, and they attempt to prevent any improvement in this respect by blowing up their schools with gunpowder.

The following plan for avoiding explosions of coal oil lamps, is well worth a trial by those who use them.—It is given by a writer in the St. Louis Democrat, who claims to have given it a thorough trial:

"Advise the good people of your city to fill their coal oil lamps about one-fourth full of common table salt, and you will never need to record another similar accident, if they will be counselled by you. I have adopted the above plan in my family and find that

1st. All the gas created by the heat of the flame is consumed.

2d. The flame is much brighter and clearer.

3d. The oil burns away much slower.

4th. It never explodes.

Our young readers will take notice of the following incentive to diligent search of Biblical learning. Whether the prize be gained or not, there is pleasure and profit in the search:

John Swan, of Cambridge, Ohio, in a recent number of the Guernsey Jeffersonian, says:

"I will give twenty dollars to any man, woman or child, that will furnish me with a passage of Scripture which says that the soul is immortal. Clergymen and Sunday School Teachers are especially invited to try."

Southern Whites.—A friend who is a teacher to the freedmen in the far South sends us a private letter from which we make the following extract. She says:

I would like to convey to you a true picture of the Whites here. I had no conception of such abandoned, degraded, God forgotten people. They hate us, they hate the freedmen, they hate the government, they hate knowledge, and they hate God—and He seems to have deserted them. In almost every other man, upon a knowledge of their character, we learn there lives the spirit of Mrs. Stowe's "Legree." And horrors so dreadful have been perpetrated in nearly every home here, that we shrink and quiver at their recital.