



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

VOL. 4.

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THE HERALD

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THE BEST OF GOODS, and prices as low as can be found in the city.

THE STATE OF NEBRASKA

Brownville, Neb., Nov. 30th, 1868.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: In the weekly Republican of Nov. 25th, is an article headed, "The State of Nebraska, By Ajax."

"Ajax" has certainly given a large amount of information in that article, and deserves great credit for it. Yet he has innocently committed errors, and I wish to correct them.

The old maps of the United States represented the country between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains to be a vast desert, and those who have read Riley's narrative of his captivity among the Arabs on the Desert of Sahara, naturally conclude that the "Great American Desert" was similar, and came here with the belief that the most of Nebraska was a sterile, sandy waste.

Ten years ago, the general belief was that there was good land from fifty to one hundred miles west of the Missouri river. "Ajax" now assumes that the "western limit of what we have estimated as first and second class cultivable and fair grazing lands to be a few miles west of Fort Kearney."

Myself and others, among whom is M. H. Sydenham of Fort Kearney, believe that the region west of that place will be cultivated as extensively as any other portion of Nebraska. "Ajax," like many others, believes there is a great desert somewhere west of here, because he has been taught so from his childhood. He says there is 49,428 4-10 acres of land in Nebraska, and that 10,000,000 or about one third, are "sandy, alkaline and bad lands," and intimates that this quantity is worthless for farming purposes.

He says, "The desert lands lie away from the streams of magnitude." That is so, far, far away. "The sand hills near Fort Kearney, between the Platte river and the Republican Fork, are," he says, "well known." A mistake. "Ajax" They are not. Twenty miles or so east of Kearney there is a ridge of sand, blown, as I believe, from the bars of the Platte river, during the course of time, but I do not recollect of any other sand between the Platte and the Republican, and I have traveled extensively from range 5 to range 24 west, which is from sixty miles west to sixty miles west of the meridian of Kearney.

He also says, "South of the Republican Fork, the country is less sandy, but the soil is so alkaline that vegetation is scarce, and life cannot be sustained, because of the acid waters."

I have traveled south of the Republican and in the Republican valley, in Nebraska and Northern Kansas, as far west as range 26 west, and never tasted, or heard of, alkaline water, and the soil and vegetation is as good, as it is between Omaha and the Elkhorn.

He further says, "North of the Platte, or rather, of the Loup Fork, there are several hundred miles of unexplored country, supposed to be nothing but a waste of sand."

I have been north of Loup Fork, as far, or farther west than the meridian of Platte Creek, which is thirty-five miles west of Kearney. There is a region of sandy country there, but it is not a "barren waste of sand." The soil is as rich, or richer, than the sandy lands of New Jersey or Dela ware, and there are wide, fertile valleys, with good streams of pure water, every few miles. The dwarf plum and cherry trees, loaded with fruit, grow even on the summits of the hills. There were acres of wild roses in full bloom, and every short distance—in the hills as well as the valleys—we started up numbers of antelope. Some person set the grass on fire one day, and before we left, it had burnt over hundreds of acres, and was still burning. So much for a barren waste of sand.

There is great ignorance about the interior of Nebraska. I believe that it would pay if the Legislature would send a small exploring party of practical men up the valleys of the different streams in central and western Nebraska.

Right west of Omaha, in the centre of the State, lie the valleys of the various tributaries of the Loup. Commencing at Columbus, pass up the main valley to the forks, say sixty miles, then up either of the forks. Some many persons are there who know anything about it. I know, perhaps, as much as any one, yet all I know is, that such a region in any of the Eastern States would be considered almost a Paradise. Beautiful streams of pure clear water, a fertile soil, nutritious grasses, fair amount of timber—both hard and soft—and thousands of acres covered now with a stunted growth that is burned down every year, but that, as soon as the annual fires cease, will grow up to be magnificent forests. Give the people correct information concerning the western half of Nebraska. Remove the Indians from our State, and in three years counties will be organized far west of the meridian of Kearney. The "Desert" will contract its bounds, and future historians will locate it entirely outside the limits of Nebraska.

W. A. P.

BURNING PRAIRIE GRASS.

A correspondent writing to the Omaha Republican from Seward county, under date of September 20th, says:

"Our cold wet weather through the latter part of August culminated in a slight frost on the morning of the 3d inst; not enough, however, to injure vegetation. From present appearances, the weather will remain settled for a while, and let folks finish their haying with more satisfaction."

Our grass crop is good. While speaking of grass, I would like to give a few hints that, I think, would be of profit.

Fall burning of the prairie is very destructive to the following year's grass crop and injurious to the land. Land on my farm and others adjoining, was all burned over in November, four years ago, (the year I came here,) and the next year the grass was not four inches high. Since that time I have protected my farm from fire and have had good grass every year, and it continues to grow better from year to year. This year I burned my meadow on the 2d day of June, and the blue joint is waist high, while the adjoining, that was burned in April, is worthless.

My observation induces me to believe that our upland prairie can be made to yield good hay in great abundance.

My method would be to protect them from fire. Never allow them to burn only as you desire to mow. Harrow thoroughly in March with a sharp toothed harrow, and burn from the 15th of May to the 1st of June. The soil is apparently best bound, and needs to be loosened.

Every farmer has noticed how rank the grass grows on the back furrows of his fields, and every untended sod in his field; now what is the reason? Certainly it is because the earth is loosened around, which gives the plant new vigor, and permits the ground to absorb and retain moisture.

An English farmer sent a dumb-headed hand to plow. Said hand misunderstood his orders and plowed a portion of a favorite meadow. The farmer on discovering the mistake, set to and turned back every sod carefully in its place. The result was doubtless the amount of hay per acre from this land than he obtained from the rest of the meadow. How many millions of dollars worth of fertilizers are burned on the prairies of Nebraska every year, and yet how stupid we are, how un-concerned. Why this measure is worth to our soil more than all the guano, bone dust, lime, salt, fish, and all other manure which eastern farmers buy from year to year. Let us look at this, and protect our farms from fire, and our lands will increase in fertility, and our timber will rapidly accumulate. Let us set proper examples to the thousands that are coming forward to make their homes with us.

Farmers of Nebraska, nature has bequeathed to us a lovely heritage. Our future is full of hope and promise. Let us lay broad and deep the foundations of this empire that will soon teem with its millions."

THE ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.—Every school-boy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred that daily use it, can tell why it is so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed on the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, he had occasion to use some paper for dispatches some of the Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told he said, "Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

"That originated the term 'foolscap' which has been applied to a size of writing paper about thirteen by sixteen inches.

POOR PAY.—A Western theatrical manager has a knack of doing "people" out of their salaries. A young actor from N. Y. joined his company and ventured, after a two weeks' engagement to hint that he would like his money. "What?" exclaimed the indignant manager, "you ask me for a salary, after the pieces I have given you to play? The fact is, sir, the man who plays Claude Melnotte and others ought not to expect any salary. "Yes," said the disappointed youth, "but my board is due, and I shall get turned out of my boarding house—and the truth is, I have nothing to eat." "Keep cool my boy," replied the manager; "black-berr as will soon be ripe."

The Democratic Legislature of Ohio at its last session having enacted that no device of any kind should be printed on the ballots nothing but the bare names of the candidates and the offices for which they were supported, with the simple title of Democratic or Republican having headed their ballots "The White man's Government," the State canvassers have been constrained to reject them all, returning the Republican candidates as elected in the Democratic stronghold.

PEACE COMMISSION.

The following dispatch we received last night by the Stovepipe Railway Messenger, in relation to the Peace Commission which lately went on a Buffalo hunt to Chicago. We make extracts only.

"They assembled in a grocery and considered the Smoky Hill route and then ordered pipes and tobacco. Fifty thousand savages assembled. A delegation from the Canada tribes attended. They declared they were civilized, but wouldn't show any signs of enlightenment until a barrel of whisky was rolled from behind the counter."

Three or four treaties were made, the Commissioners paying for the drinks. The Canada Indians then exhibited their progress in the arts by calling for liquor "all round." The Commission was convinced. Col. Tappan was convinced in tears, but whilst he was drying his eyes on a red blanket, a squaw hit him on the mouth with an empty gourd. Col. Tappan then slapped her on the head with a bottle, which was a signal for "rappin" all around, and the next thing, the gallant colonel knew, was to find both his feet sticking through the window sash and a savage pouring hot bear's grease into his ears. In this position he made a speech in which he advised "official intercourse," but Congressmen Bunk couldn't see it, as a beautiful squaw had just slung a piece of soft cheese into his eyes. The Colonel said the Redskins were the "heaviest people in the world to get along with," but just then a big buck laid a buffalo chip on his mouth as a signal for silence, and "Big Injun Me" who wore two yellow "pretzels" for ear rings, rose to his feet, having been previously deposited on the floor by ten drinks of kill me-quick, and waved his hand toward the setting sun, delivered the following eloquent oration. The stenographer of the Commission has furnished us with a copy, which we are assured will be published in three volumes, by the authority of Congress, highly embellished with handsome engravings, and to be sold only by subscription, at the office of the tax collector. The eloquent aborigine gazed with proud and lofty indignation at the gallant colonel, whose ponderous cavalry boots stuck through the window like the sign of a shoe shop, and then said: "Ugh."

and sat down. Despondence prevailed until Kick-the-moon, a Chief of the Sap heads, proposed a treaty, and the fifty thousand braves leaped on the counter and sipped the fiery beverage from as many pumpkin shells. And as the generous stimulant trickled down their crackling gullets, the noble chief rose from his douchy couch, on a Plantation Bitters box, and handed to the trembling groceryman, a young papoose, for pay. The man, who was a law abiding citizen declined the proffered currency, because it was not "legal tender," though only nine months old, and as a pledge for debt, it "hadn't been stamped." The affectionate guardian laid the currency on the floor, and raising his innocent high in the air brought both feet down on the little Injun, accompanied with the exclamation, "Me stamp him."

And giving a pole cat skin full of mut ton tallow, into the liquor man's face, said: "You take him." The Commission made peace. The following is a list of the presents distributed: Ten dozen empty sardine boxes; twelve cases of the Grecian Balm; one bottle in the day, for the head of each tribe; a wooden horse, finely caparisoned with a side saddle and a pair of spurs; a church bell and a bottle of Saratoga water; the patent right of two States for a first class stove blacking; a mouth organ and a recipe for making ice-cream lemonade; a handful of silk-worms; a treatise on the proper method of studying Latin and Greek; a railroad pass from California to the Sandwich Islands; a suspension bridge and a second hand car, sixteen squalls of a two-year old, and a snow-squall; a handsome young widow and a hundred thousand dollars in oil stock; and a yellow dog with his tail drove in. The presents were carefully cased in a panier, and forwarded through the post office under Congressman Bunk's "frank" to meet again at the sound of the trumpet.—Nonpareil.

A REPUBLICAN DOCUMENT.—A colporteur, during one of his rounds a few days since in Adams county, O. not far from Mineral Springs, distributing Bibles and Testaments, called upon an old farmer, whom he ascertained was without a copy of the "word of God." The colporteur asked him if he did not want to purchase a Bible. "No, he didn't want any." "Well," said the colporteur, "If I give you one, will you receive and read it?" "No, he didn't want it any way. It was a good enough book to read, but it was full of Republican doctrine, and he didn't want any book of that kind in his family."

The Democrats of Yazoo, Mississippi, have started a school of colored children, whose parents have voted the Democratic ticket. Of course they will import Yankee teachers, for the presumption is that the party can furnish them.

THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN.

A correspondent of the London Queen says: Calmly looking on at the unseemly controversy now raging between the sexes, and gathering from the current literature what man expects from woman, we fear there is nothing in store but failure on the one side and disappointment on the other. In the first place, the being that man describes as a helpmate for him is not to be found on earth—was not found in Paradise, amid the innocence, freshness and beauty of the first creation. In early ages of the world the sons of God became enamored of the daughters of men; the reverse is now the case—the sons of men are aspiring, in theory at least, to the angels of heaven. The impossible woman, that every man seeks for and no man ever finds, is an angel—not only a perfect being but a compound of all perfections. She must be richly dowered, but know nothing of the value or vulgarity of wealth; she must be young, yet have all the wisdom of age; beautiful, yet totally unconscious of her charms; prudent, but not puerile; modest, but not a prude; clever and accomplished, but innocent and unassuming; she must have brains, but not in excess; her intellect must always remain exactly five degrees below her husband's so as to avoid the inconvenience and confusion that would naturally ensue if hers ever rose a point above his, and unhappily allowed him to feel for an instant an uncomfortable sense of inferiority. Such is man's idea of a perfect woman, and with such he might drain to the dregs the cup of human happiness; but, failing in this, he is a poor, disappointed creature, wounded in heart, soured in disposition, and tossed like a derelict ship too and fro on the ocean of life. We are not now going into man's character or man's merits, nor disputing his right to such a partner, if he can by any chance meet with her. We should be the first to offer our congratulations on so felicitous a union, and pray that this the end of their days, and when their final hour approached, that death itself might not divide them. We simply assert that such a being is not to be found—that this impossible woman does not exist. The immortal soul of a man years after the beautiful, the good, the true; and suffering, and humanity answers him with sorrow, weakness and imperfection. He feels that virtue after all, is the right thing; and if he cannot have it in himself—cannot just live up to the mark that he ought to attain to—he thinks it highly desirable that some one should. He can enjoy the virtue that is achieved by practice and self denial in another, and, in some incoherent way, expects some part of the blessing to fall on his head and attend his steps. Doomed to disappointment, he would cover his own delinquencies by heaping reproaches upon woman. Many a man starts upon his wedding tour with the firm conviction that an angel is his traveling companion—that he has found the impossible woman who had condescended to cast in her lot with him, who regards her idol with blind admiration. But, even in the midst of the bridal feast, how often has a man's hand written on the wall, "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and the man upbraids the angel for not possessing the qualities that never existed. Putting, then, the impossible woman aside, let man, with due caution and a prudent regard to consequences, seek the possible, looking first for a warm heart and a clear head, and as much amiability, beauty, youth and money as he can combine with them; let him keep the heart warm by love and tenderness, and develop and judgment by respect and confidence; and if she should happen to have a preponderance of intellect—which, with all due respect to manly power, is the case sometimes—let him regard that priceless quality not in a spirit of mean, petty rivalry, but as a gift from heaven, a joint possession, by which both may be better, both wiser and happier. Whatever sense they may have between them they will want it all.—Life's journey is long, life's burden is great; let them be satisfied to beguile the one and share the other—content if step by step and side by side they can move along together, and thankful if a gleam of sunshine sometimes falls upon their path.

SIAM OUTDONE.—There is a freak of nature on exhibition at New Orleans, two children which are joined together. They are thus described: "Their bodies are separate from the small of the back up each having a perfectly formed bust and head, two arms, &c., and each has two legs, but there is only one trunk. Both are remarkably intelligent, reading and writing with ease, while their manners are really refined. In quite a lengthy conversation they did not make a single grammatical error, and their language was unusually select. Upon questioning them as to their education, they replied that they had been carefully taught by their former mistress, in Columbus, North Carolina, in which village they were born.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Washington Star of Nov. 26th says a gentleman, who during the war held a position in the Quartermaster's Department, resided on Capitol Hill, and became very much attached to one of the fair lady teachers of our public schools, who returned his affection with interest, the consequence of which was an engagement between the parties. The day was fixed when they should become bone of one bone, flesh of one flesh, &c., but misfortune frowned in the meanwhile on the gentleman alluded to. He lost his position during the summer, and although fate seemed to stare him darkly in the face, he resolved manfully to try for another place. He struggled long and in vain. The time already fixed for the marriage was near at hand, and what was he to do? Straightway he went and related his situation to his betrothed, who, although for some time a victim to the dead lock in the city Councils, had just recovered, through the kindness of Mayor Bowen, a check for her unpaid salary. This she at once turned over to her anxious Romeo, bidding him to get it cashed forthwith, and wait her on the marital platform. He went forth rejoicing, but alas! he could not find the man of cash. Some had not the money, while others lacked the will to cash the check. This state of things continued till almost the hour appointed for the marriage, when, giving to despair, he rushed in, check in hand, to where the parson, bride and friends were awaiting the ceremony. After relating his troubles and disappointments, a friend present, with compassion in his soul, cashed his check, the would be groom took his place, and in the twinkling of an eye was the husband of his benefactress. The lady school teacher sent in her resignation, and the pair, after liquidating several little board bills, started for a far Western State to settle and perhaps rear a family.

Gen. Meade's annual report states in detail the prominent events which have occurred in his department. He says:

During the whole period of my civil administration, extending over a space of eight months, there were tried by military commission in the States of Georgia, Alabama and Florida, only thirty-two persons. Of these only fifteen were convicted; four of these sentences were disapproved; eight others remitted; two referred to the President of the United States and still awaiting action, leaving but one person convicted and in confinement for violation of the civil law, and tried by military authority, this simple statement of facts I deem a complete refutation of the charges that the military power was so despotically and arbitrarily exercised.

As with the rights of persons, so with the rights of property, it was my study and effort to sedulously guard the rights of individuals, without reference to any consideration but that of justice and law so far as I could comprehend it.

Late on the evening of the election, a loud and persistent knocking at the door of a room in which the inspectors of a ward in Albany were engaged in canvassing, was at last answered. "Misther Inspectors, whin ye'es come to my rote, lave it out. I have my reasons. Will ye?"

A little boy in Maine was told by a lady friend that he must study hard at school or he wouldn't be President of the United States. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "but I don't expect to be; I'm a Democrat."

"Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall awfully printers here below have no redress above?"

The shining angel band replied: "To us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's book can never enter Heaven."

At the election, Robert Collins, of Fearing, Ohio, aged one hundred and six years, rode to the polls, and, when the Democratic judges of election refused to go out to receive the ticket (it was for Grant,) he got out of the wagon and walked into the house and voted.

A writer in the Israelite, published in Cincinnati, makes an appeal to his Hebrew brethren to unite with Christians in the observance of the same day as a Sabbath.

Enough money is spent in one month in New York for liquor, to keep the whole population in bread for six months.

Two Irishmen in Virginia the other day fought a duel with cork bullets. One of the combatants did not know the trick.

Gen. Grant and Sheridan will be at the Soldiers' Re union in Chicago on the 16th inst.

No President since Washington has been a communicant in a church during his term of office.