



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

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

Governor's Proclamation removing the Capitol. WHEREAS, agreeably to the provisions of an act entitled "An Act to provide for the location of the Seat of Government of the State of Nebraska," passed by the General Assembly and approved June 11, 1867, and of an act entitled "An Act to give the Commissioners further time to locate the Seat of Government and Public Buildings of the State of Nebraska," approved June 20th, 1867, the Commissioners appointed by said first named act did on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1867, select the following described lands belonging to the State, viz: S E 14 of section 23, the W 12 of the N. W 14 and the W. 1-2 of the S. W 14 of section 25 and section 26 of township No. 10 north of range 6, east of the 6th principal meridian, and did survey, lay off and stake out the said tract of lands into lots, blocks, streets and alleys and public squares or reservations for public buildings; and

WHEREAS, It is declared by said "Act to provide for the location of the Seat of Government of the State of Nebraska," and for the erection of Public Buildings thereat," that said town, "when so laid out and surveyed shall be named and known as LINCOLN," and the same "is declared to be the permanent Seat of Government of the State of Nebraska; and

WHEREAS, Said last named act provides that as soon as the capital building provided for in this act is erected and completed, it shall be the duty of the Governor to issue his proclamation announcing said fact, and the reason it shall be the duty of all the State officers whose offices are properly kept at the capitol, to remove within three months their several offices, together with the public property, archives, records, books and papers to said Lincoln, and all sessions of the Legislature shall thereafter be convened at the same place; and

WHEREAS, Said capitol building is now erected and completed in accordance with the terms and specifications of the contract made pursuant to said last named act;

Now, therefore, on this third day of December, A. D. 1868 I, David Butler, Governor of the State of Nebraska, in conformity with the requirements of said act, do hereby announce that said capitol building is erected and completed, and that it is ready for the reception of public property, archives, records, books and papers and for the removal thereto of the several State offices.

I hereby announce, also, that from this day the business of the Governor, and Secretary of State's offices will be transacted at the Capitol in Lincoln.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Nebraska.

DAVID BUTLER, By the Governor: T. P. KEENE, Sec'y of State.

VENOM OF TOADS.—At the risk of increasing the young lady horrors of toads, we venture to repeat the story which a British paper brings us. It says that the toad does in reality possess a venom capable of killing certain animals and injuring man. This poison is not, as is generally thought, secreted by the mouth; it is a sort of cutaneous secretion which acts powerfully if the skin be abraded at the time of contact. Dogs which bite toads soon give howls of pain. Smaller animals coming under the influence of the venom undergo true narcotic poisoning, soon followed by convulsions and death. Experiments show that the matter exuding from the parotid region of the toad becomes poisonous when introduced into the tissues. Some savages in South America use the fluid of the cutaneous glands of the toad for their poisoned arrows. The venom exists in a somewhat large quantity on the toad's back. Treated with ether, it dissolves, leaving a residue which contains a toxic power sufficiently strong, even after complete distillation, to kill a small bird.

Bourne.—This word is used to denote a lady's private apartment, in which she receives only her most intimate friend; and it carries with it ideas of refinement and luxury. If, however, we trace the word to its origin, we find that the root, or first syllable, bour, is the same as our English word pour; and that the term signifies, literally, a place to which a woman retires to "pour" a poetry, as we might call it. Like many other words, however, it has lost the tinge of reproach and vulgarity it once bore, and has acquired an air of elegance which conveys all trace of its low birth.

THE PRESUMPTION.—Giving.—I am rich enough, and can afford to give away five hundred dollars a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little for truth. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a waiting friend above ground. [Pope to Swift]

JOSH BILLINGS On the "Trestles" and the famous "Game of Yewker." Trestles are the only tuds ov all the ud family who kan klime a tree. How they do it iz an unfathomable mystery—almost equal to the milk in the koker nut.

Philosophers all agree that the milk is put into the koker nut, and then the koker is neatly plugged up, but who the fellow is who dug it, the philosophers are honest enough, for a wonder, to admit they kant tell.

I am glad there is one man living who iz smart enuff tew beat the philosphers, for they are aw a sticking their olfactory into everything, and ben make them-selves kook for a week, giving reasons for things they don't understand.

I am afraid it will go hard with the philosophers in the day of judgment. The trestled is both male and female, but not both to once; the female don't climb trees for obvious reasons.

WHEREAS, a trestled is on a tree, they conform tew the customs of the tree, looking and acting just like the tree. This shows good breeding, if nothing more.

Trestles are good studdy singers. They hev rather more musk than melody; their voices have been cultivated tew woe; cultivation sple-medy for me; I simply respect art, but I wor-ship and weep with nature.

About all that kan be said of these musk iz, that they are harmless parasites, whose chief ambition is tew klime a tree, and be mistaken for a party it.

The ol bred game of kendar is about 27 years of age. It was first discovered by the deck hands on a Lak Ery steamboat on a handed down by them to posterity, and its juvenile buty.

I was originally created close to the Connecticut line in New England, whar the gam of 7 up or sledge was born and exists now in all its pristine virginity.

I play ol sledge to this day in all its native fierceness. But I won't play enny gam, if I know my character, wher juck will mak an ace, and a 10 spot won't count for gam.

From a Grateful Colored Citizen.— A MAN AND A BROTHER. EDITOR OF GAZETTE:—I'm a man; have enjoyed the citizenship two days out of forty years, and from the fullness of a grateful heart I beg leave to thank the loyal voters in our young State for the substantial test they have given of their sympathy for freedom by extending to the colored man the right of suffrage.

I in common with my people, felt proud of Iowa before last Tuesday. But how much more do our hearts swell with gratitude as we think of our State. Brave young Iowa! Brave defenders of human liberty all over her prairie State!

Brave loyalty that dared the odium of an expiring prejudice! When the sun broke in upon the world on last Tuesday morning, what hopes, born years before in the curse of slavery, and carried through its blight—encouraged by its death—fluttered half with fear for a realization; but that day with its contending influences, went into night and left a brilliant record, never to be effaced.

The Brotherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, was vindicated; a burden was rolled from the holders of oppression, and a glad te dem went up to the God of all men: "Jefferson— all men are created equal" appeared with a deeper significance, and I was proud of what he had done.

One of the first in this noble work, we feel proud of her. We see the stars and stripes and feel that it is our flag. The same old hunting that in childhood years we gazed at through a mist of slavery now purged of its stain, its brilliant stripes are broader, and its glittering stars increased in number.

Thirty years of my life were spent in slavery. Under the heel of oppression I saved enough to pay a price for my liberty. But the dark days are past. The clouds of superstition and prejudice have rolled away, and the sun of universal benevolence is ad justing unobscured nature.

I thank God, who has not forgotten the destiny of this nation, that I have lived to see the enemies of human liberty laid down, and in common with my people, will hope to "hear our honors tinkle," and exercise that priceless boon—our franchise—in a manner best to promote the elevation of our race, the advancement of our republican institutions, and the prosperity of the noblest government in all the catalogue of nations.

ALBERT NICKOLLS, Davenport, Nov. 5, 1868. In his autobiography, Horace Greeley says: "I conceive it all but an axiom, that he who asks a stranger to lend him money, will never pay it; yet I have known an exception. Once, when I was exceedingly poor and needy, in a season of commercial revolution, at Paris, I opened a letter from Utica, and found therein five dollars which the writer asked me to receive in satisfaction of a loan of that sum which I had made him—a needy stranger—on an occasion which he recalled to my remembrance. Perplexed by so unusual a message and especially by receiving it at such a time when every one else was seeking to borrow—no one conceding to pay—I scanned the letter more closely, and at length achieved a solution of the problem. The writer was a patient in the State lunatic asylum.

A geologist, once traveling in a stage coach in England, happened to sit opposite to a lady; glances were exchanged, and mutual admiration seemed to be the result. Eye language was soon exchanged for verbal conversation; after a few interchanges about fossils and petrifications, they began to talk about living subjects—from generalities to specialties—from the third person plural to the first person singular. Said the gentleman, "I am all amazed," quoth the lady, "So am I," said the former, "I have some times thought of marrying," the latter responded, "So have I." Then a pause ensued. "Suppose," said the gentleman, "we were to marry one another—I would love and cherish," "I," said the fair one, "would honor and obey." In two days they were married. Few will admit such a precipitate courtship; it is altogether too short.

A lady had a magnificent cat. Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, ordered her servant to kill it, as it alarmed her canary. The lady sent mouse traps to all her friends, and when two or three hundred had been caught, she had them put into a box which was forwarded to the cruel neighbor, who eagerly opened what she hoped was some elegant present when out jumped the mice, to her great horror, and filled her house. At the bottom of the box she found a paper directed to her from her neighbor, saying "Madam, as you killed my cat, I take the liberty of sending you my mice."

ADVERTISING. Prof. Eastman of the Poughkeepsie Commercial College, in a recent lecture made some very sensible remarks upon advertising. His views are worthy of attention, as he has made advertising a life study, and by practicing (even recklessly) what he preaches, has achieved a large success in his department. He says that the merchants of Europe are far in advance of American merchants in skillful advertising, as well as in the talent to which they advertise. It is not unfrequently the case that single firms on the other side of the Atlantic expend \$100,000 per annum in advertising their business. He deprecates the method of advertising in a single advertisement an entire stock, and claims that each article should be advertised thoroughly by itself. He cites as a good example of the benefits of thorough advertising, the paying of \$22,000 by A. T. Stewart, of New York, upon one occasion to advertise a certain line of goods, by which means he realized a clear profit of \$100,000.

Advertising to be most successful must be thorough enough to produce an excitement in the minds of the public. Many a man lacks pluck to go on, and fails to reap the full fruits of his outlay, by stopping only "a little too soon." He argues that the general principles of advertising are the same in all kinds of business, and that everything else being equal, the man who succeeds by this means in one business, would also succeed in any other.

Mr. B. never once asked Mr. Bennett of the Herald, if he could have the use of three pages of his paper, and upon being told that by paying a double price he could have all he wanted, promptly replied that he would take the whole advertising space of the paper. He did take it, and filled it with the repetition of an advertisement which alone would not have occupied ten lines. "I paid, as all thorough advertising is certain to do. A man who does not know how to make advertising pay, is no more a thorough business man than one who cannot judge for himself of the value of the goods he deals in.

YOUNG AMERICAN WONDERS.—I wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hiding his master's raton when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room, because I tried just once to be as smart as he had been?

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word, when Betty upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears when I said the same thing when my kite string broke?

Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then put me to bed with my copper every time I tell a lie?

Oh, dear! there are lots of things I want to know. How I wish I was a man.

A GREAT SINNER.—An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. "Bat, Pete," said his master, "You are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins." "I would de reason, massa," said Pete. "when you go out duck shooting and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete." And the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debil has got you sure; but as he am not so sure ob me, he chases dis chile all de time."

A German in New Albany, Indiana, has what he calls a "dumpling clock" in his window. On its top is a fat and jolly looking Teuton, who holds a fork in his hand. By an ingenious contrivance the fork, at the end of each minute dips into a dish of dumplings and carries one of them to the mouth of the Teuton, who swallows it with a chinking gurgle and a queer motion of his glass eyes.

Two young gentlemen of Cincinnati, aged respectively 14 and 16 loved the same young woman, aged 12. They met at her residence on Sunday and blood was spilled. On Monday, each appeared at the Police Court, and, in consideration of the fact that the young woman had in the mean time transferred her affections to a third adorer, the Judge let them off with the payment of costs.

TAKE THE OTHER ONE. Here is the way they do in France a Mile de A. became indispersed, so her family called in the family doctor, and left them together.

The doctor was curious and suspicious as to the cause of the young lady's sickness. He drew a lancet from his pocket to bleed her, but at the moment he pressed the vein he exclaimed: "At, mon Dieu!" "Mademoiselle, I had nearly killed you."

"Killed me?" "Listen! (here he drew a lancet from his pocket.) here are two lancets; the first is for wives, the second for maids. You see how necessary it is to be careful in the use of surgical instruments. You are a maiden, of course?"

"Certainly monsieur." "Well, if I bleed you with a wife's lancet I should kill you; and vice versa. Now, mademoiselle, hold out your arm; this is the right lancet!" "Doctor?" "Mademoiselle!" "Take the other one!"

The Sioux City Register says five steamer—the Benton, Nile, Hiram Wood, Urida and Ida Stockdale—remain above, having been overtaken by cold weather and frozen in, where they will have to remain until the ice breaks up in the spring. The passengers and crews of these boats were compelled to take to land, and avail themselves of such conveyances as they could find to convey them to this city. A sufficient number of men have been left above to take charge of the boats, and see to their welfare when the "rains descend and the floods come."

A strange disease has been sweeping off cattle in Iowa for the past month. Several of the farmers in Jasper and neighboring counties have lost from ten to fifteen head of cattle each. It is stated that the disease is caused by the animals eating the smutty or blasted ears of corn which they pick up when turned into stalk fields, and post mortem examination show the intestines clogged with the smut.

The editor of the Cynthia (Ky) News, in making an appeal to his subscribers, who are in arrears, to pay up, says: "We hope they will settle without delay. Not that we need money—oh, no! Our ink is given to us, we seal our paper, and we win our printers' wages at 'seven up.' So it costs us nothing to carry on our business. Nevertheless, as a matter of accommodation, and to ease our consciences, we will take what they owe us if they will send it immediately."

The following inscription on the headboard of a grave in the Sparta diggings, California, is old but good: In memory of John Smith, who met with violent death near this spot 18 hundred and 40 too. He was shot by his own pistol. It was not one of the new kind but a old fashioned brass barrel, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"William," said one Quaker to another, "three knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city was to come to me and say 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.'"

Coal has recently been discovered in vast quantities in Russia so that it is estimated that the beds will continue to yield an ample supply for the whole world two hundred years after the English mines have been exhausted. Within the past four years the discoveries are estimated at eighteen billions of tons.

The Minneapolis Tribune says that the widow of the Indian Chief, Hole-in-the-Day, with a child eight months old, is looking for a situation in that city as a domestic. She is a wife taken by him a year or two ago, during one of his visits to Washington, and was a servant in one of the Washington hotels.

A negro justice of the peace has decided a case brought before him, by ordering the plaintiff and defendant each to pay a fine of one dollar, and the constable, who has been active in getting up the case, was condemned to pay the costs.

A boarding house keeper in Springfield, Mass., is said to be in the habit, when her boarders neglect to pay regularly, of placing an extra fork to their plates, as a silent intimation to "fork over."

Not long ago a woman was accidentally locked up in the vault of a village church in Sweden, and remained there undiscovered for eleven days. Great care was afterward taken of her and she has recovered.

An editor has placed over his marriage a cut representing a large trap sprung with this motto, "The trap door—another minnie caught."