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

☞ Office corner Main and Second streets, second story.

TERMS:—$2.00 per annum if paid in advance, $2.50 if not paid in advance.

NEBRASKA HERALD.

VOL. 5. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1869. NO. 16.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (space ten lines) one insertion,	$ 1.50
Each subsequent insertion,	1.00
Professional cards not exceeding six lines,	10.00
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JOHN W. SHANNON, W. M.
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NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 3 R. A. M.—Regular convocations second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.
E. T. DUKE, H. P.

EASTERN STAR DEGREE LODGE.—Regular meetings of the Family are held on Wednesday evening, on or before the full moon of each month. All Master Masons, their wives, sisters and daughters are invited to attend. Unmarried ladies must be over eighteen years of age.
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MRS. C. A. DUKE, Patroness.
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H. ST. GEO. YOUNG, Rector.
WM. L. WELLS, Clerk.

WILLITT POTTENGER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Plattsmouth, Neb.

T. M. MARQUETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

S. F. COOPER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Plattsmouth, Neb. Will buy and sell Real Estate, and pay taxes for non-residents. Improved and unimproved lands and lots for sale. [june25'68.

S. MAXWELL, SAM. M. CHAPMAN
MAXWELL & CHAPMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Office over White & Buttery's Drug Store. [aprl.

H. S. JENNINGS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and General Land Agent, Lincoln, Nebraska. Will practice in any of the Courts of the State, and will buy and sell Real Estate on commission, pay Taxes, examine Titles, &c. [nov28tf.

Dr. J. W. THOMAS,
Having permanently located at Weeping Water Falls, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county, Nebraska. [jan7'69tf.

R. R. LIVINGSTON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county. Residence southeast corner of Oak and Sixth streets; office on Main street, opposite Court House, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

J. W. RAWLINS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,—late a Surgeon-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac.—Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Office with Dr. R. R. Livingston, on Main street, opposite the Court House. Private residence corner of Rock and 11th streets, two doors south of P. P. Gass'.

D. H. WHEELER. L. D. BENNETT.
D. H. WHEELER & CO.,
Real Estate and Tax Paying Agents, Notaries Public, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. je24tf

PLATTE VALLEY HOUSE.
Ed. B. Murphy, Proprietor, corner of Main and 4th streets, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.—Having been refitted and newly furnished offers first class accommodations. Board by the day or week. [aug28.

PLATTSMOUTH MILLS.
C. HEISEL, Proprietor. Having recently been repaired and placed in thorough running order. Custom work done on short notice. 100,000 Bushels of Wheat wanted immediately, for which the highest market price will be paid. [aug28tf.

J. N. WISE,
General Life, Accident, Fire, Inland and Transportation Agent. Will take risks at reasonable rates in the most reliable Companies in the United States. Office opposite the Court House, Plattsmouth, Neb. [may27tf.

MRS. J. F. DOUD,
Having just received a new supply of Goods, now offers Hats at a trifle above cost, and Bonnets of assorted silks and laces, also colored crapes in latest styles at from $2.50 to $4.00.
Goods kept at Pevey's and Waggenhorst & Co.'s stores. mar25tf.

NOTICE.
JAMES O'NEILL is my authorized Agent for the collection of all accounts due the undersigned for medical services; his receipt will be valid for the payment of any moneys on said accounts.
August 14,67.] R. R. LIVINGSTON, M. D.

Music Music!
PIANOS,
ORGANS, MELODEONS!
I am Agent for the best Musical Instruments made. Persons wishing to buy Pianos, Cabinet, Metropolitan, or Portable Organs, or Melodeons can purchase through my Agency on as liberal terms as they can from the manufacturers themselves. All Instruments fully warranted.
aprl7tf. J. N. WISE.

Capt. D. LABOO & CO.,
Wholesale and retail dealers in
WINES AND LIQUORS
Also a very choice selection of
TOBACCO AND CIGARS.
Main street, second door east of the Seymour House, Nebraska City, Neb.
Are just receiving a new Stock of Genuine Old Bourbon direct from Bourbon county, Ky., Bitters, etc. my18w.

Health, Comfort and Economy
Three reasons for boarding with
GEORGE W. COLVIN,
OAK STREET, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
Two blocks northwest of brick School House.
He has a BATH HOUSE, free to patrons; his rooms are well ventilated, and his prices are reasonable. [july23tf.

LIVERY, FEED,
—AND—
Sale Stable,
—BY—
WM. J. HYATT, Proprietor,
Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
First rate Stabling and Wagon Yards for the accommodation of the public. A good stock of
Horses and Carriages
To let on very reasonale terms.
Stable on Main street, nearly opposite the Sheridan House. dec31tf.

J. W. SHANNON'S
FEED, SALE AND
LIVERY STABLE,
MAIN STREET, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
I am prepared to accommodate the public with
Horses, Carriages, Buggies and A No. 1 Hearse,
on short notice and reasonable terms. A Hack will run to the steamboat landing, and to all parts of the city when desired. mr25.

PLOWS! PLOWS!
—:o:—
C. E. FORGY
Manufacturer of all kinds of
Farming Implements.
Such as the celebrated Rod Breaking Plows, Mould Board Breakers, Stirring Plows, Single and Double Shovels, Cultivators and Harrows. Repairing done on short notice. All work warranted.
Having had much experience in the business, I feel assured that I can give general satisfaction. Please give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. C. E. FORGY.
Plattsmouth, Neb., May 6, 1867.

OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM.

Fourth of July Oration by Col. Donn Piatt at Xenia, Ohio.

Corruption in our Politics--Its Causes and Cure.

Facts to be Thought Over.

We make the following extracts from the Fourth of July oration delivered by Col. Donn Piatt, at Xenia, Ohio. It is a mournful, but mainly true, stateof the condition of things in our politics:

We have a fashion very prevalent among Fourth of July orators and scheming politicians, of regarding people in the aggregate, and addressing them as the patriotic, virtuous, intelligent people. "The dear people," "the honest masses," are the epithets most in use. That is, John Smith, taken singly, may be an ignorant, vicious man, ; but five hundred Smiths, taken in the aggregate, make up an intellectual, honest, patriotic mass. My friends, this is a beastly fiction. The masses are composed of individuals acting, not in the aggregate, but in their individual capacity; and this individual makes our government. As he is stupid, the official representative is stupid. As he is wicked, his official representative is criminal. Like seeks like, and the fountain never rises above its head.

As all Governments are established for the benefit of the governed, that is the best which best conserves the interests of the people governed. There are certain rights enumerated by Jefferson as those especially in the keeping of the government. These are the uses of one's property, personal liberty and security to life and limb. Now, the traveler abroad is astonished to find that in the heaviest despotism of Europe there is a larger liberty, a better security to life, limb and property, than under our boasted republic. And set to thinking by this unexpected and extraordinary fact, he discovers that the element with us, the dear people, have lost sight of the objects of good government in the processes of a democratic government. That is, the right to select our agents and vote for them is dearer to us than the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The European despot says to the subject "I will secure you in all your rights; you shall possess in peace the largest liberty if you leave me the government." But, then, there are no primary meetings, no popular elections, no legislatures, no Congress, and no Constitution, and this is insulting to your free and independent citizen.

You must not understand me, my fellow-citizens, as advocating that form of government, or any other form of government than our own, as it came from the hands of our Fathers. I am only striving to show you how far we have departed from the landmarks and foundations prepared by the authors of the Republic. If you or I cannot go to the polls without danger of being shot or knocked down—if my property is rendered insecure by unjust legislation and unequal taxation—if I dare not express an opinion unless that opinion is in accordance with the governing element, our boasted freedom exists only in name, and our so-called Republic is a curse and a mockery. We can have a Dictator and call him President, or the majority; we can have a despotism and call it a democracy. Names are nothing; it is the substance I look to and strive to possess.

I do not go so far as to ask that our official agents shall be the wisest and best in the land. That is a dream. I beg only that they may be honest. But how is it? A few men, generally the meanest and most ignorant, make up the primary meetings; and the primary meetings make the caucus, and the caucus nominates your tickets, and then the majority comes in to confirm. The votes runs on a platform of principles, and so far as the agents are concerned, it is generally a choice of evils.

Let me give you briefly an instance. During the late fearful civil war our success was held in the brains of two men, Salmon P. Chase managed the finances, while Edwin M. Stanton conducted the war. The one planned great campaigns, created huge armies, and set our military heroes on the field very much as a chess player makes his moves. He stood unmoved amid terrible defeats and shameful disasters, and with discontent on one side and imbecility on the other, he crowded millions of raw recruits to the field, until he cut our way down the Mississippi to the Gulf, marched from Chattanooga to the sea, fought our armies over a highway of human bones to Richmond, until he saw our eagles swung through the sulphury smoke of battle above the shattered ruins of the Codfederacy. The other created a credit out of nothing, and made our faith in a worthless currency extensive with a faith in our destiny. And now Edwin M. Stanton lies dying neglected and alone in his home in Washington. As for Salmon P. Chase, after he left the Treasury some enthusiastic friends in the district where he had lived the better part of his life, took him up as a candidate for Congress, and he was beaten in a caucus by a gentleman who spells conscience with a *k*, and is unknown outside the ward politicians who created him. And this, while the English people, under a Government we are in duty bound to despise and curse with our latest breath, was making up a Commons of John Stuart Mill, John Bright, Gladstone, and the most brilliant men of our age.

Oh! no, it is too much for us to ask for brilliant men. Let us be content with honest ones, if such can be had. Last fall a distinguished journalist sent me to Washington, with instructions to look impartially at the transactions there and write the truth, regardless of consequences. I did my best to comply with his request. I strove to lift myself above partisan considerations and feelings, and give to print a fair statement of all that could be seen. I say it now as I wrote then with a sickened heart, that we have the most corrupt Government in the world. It is run by rings. There is no moneyed interest in the land that is without its ring in Washington. They fill the hotels, throng the avenues, and crowd the lobbies. The old Greek with his fabled lantern would die exhausted in his search for one honest man. I would exhaust my hour and your patience were I to attempt even to enumerate these interests. We have the railroad rings, land-jobbing rings, the Indian Bureau rings, whiskey rings, the protection rings, that branch off into every conceivable direction. And they wore intriguing, caucusing, boring, and through wine and women, baiting without cessation.

I do not wish to be understood as charging that a majority of our Representatives in Congress are dishonest men. On the contrary I was surprised to find that, living in this atmosphere and under these influences, there were so many pure and upright men. But I will say without fear of successful contradiction, that adding the incapables of the rogues, and they made the majority. What better can you expect under our system of selection? The question is no longer "Is he capable, is he honest, is he a friend to his country?" It is on the contrary, "Is he duly nominated by my party, and is he sound on my peculiar principals?"

Not the least disheartening part of all this is to be found in the utter indifference with which the public at large regard all this. It is no longer a shame to steal. It has ceased to be a dishonor to defraud. I saw Senators who came to Washington with scarcely money enough to pay boarding house bills, rolling over the street in splendid equipages, and entertaining society in palatial residences. They are now millionaires, and not only tolerated, but followed, flattered, sought and sued by men and woman who would be honest were it the fashion to affect that virtue; and if you turn from men who have made their fortunes out of their places, it is to stare at men who bought their way in. These Senatorial chairs are put up at auction, and knocked down to the highest bidders. The longest purse brains the opponent, and the Hon. Ingot or the Hon. Greenback stalks in with just brains enough to make up, through a sale of votes, the money he had expended in securing his seat.

The saddest page of the history, as a nation, if it is ever correctly written, and one over which our children's children will blush to read, is to be found in our treatment of the Indians. I am not sentimental in this, nor disposed to indulge in any fancied sorrows. I know well enough that the Indian is a savage, demoralized by our civilization, but it is difficult to conceive of any thing more weak, shameless and fraudulent than our Indian policy. Beginning at a time when the Indians were a power, covering two thirds of our country, we treated with them as our equals and respected our own treaties through fear. We now, when they are a mere handful, and looking only to their numbers and savage condition, violate continuously our engagements, and then wonder at the consequences. Regarding their claims to immense territories as preposterous, we yet call them together, and through solemn treaty stipulations, acknowledge their rights. We have a peace department, that talks and makes treaties; we have a thieving department that systematically violates the treaties; and a war department, that seeks to punish the savages for what we have done, and gets punished itself. And for a result we have no end of the horrible murders by Indians, more horrible massacres by soldiers, a disturbed border, a shocked country, and unnumbered rogues made rich through stolen millions of hard-earned taxes,

It would puzzle a civilized white to say how, were he placed as the Indian is, he should meet and deal with our demand. How much more does it bother Mr. Lo, who is a savage, and as unacquainted with the facts as a member of Congress. It may be that, considered philosophically, his claim to vast possessions is absurd; but, in point of fact, he makes his claim good by a possession maintained with a pertinacity that defies all process, civil or military. Upon that claim encroaches continuously the outer edge of westward-moving civilization, that is as stubborn, unreasoning and savage as Mr. Lo himself. It needs his hunting grounds and will have them. To this debatable territory come no end of convicts escaping punishment, and criminals escaping conviction, who find congenial employment in murdering and robbing whites in the name of Indians, and Indians in the name of whites.—Over all reigns our Indian Bureau Ring, that cheats the Government in contracts, and robs the Indians in subsidies, and extending from Cabinet officers and Senators to border ruffians, robs the penitentiaries to make agents, and grows rich on money stained with blood.—This is our Indian policy, and a sweet scented affair it is.

I have referred more particularly to this Indian business, for it is one lying so entirely outside of political influences that it can be approached and considered without suspicion. I cannot treat so freely of other branches of outrage and wrong that go to make up our Government. At the risk of offending some over sensitive people, I will call your attention to a fact that is becoming every day more evident to the philosophical observer. For many years our country was to the laborer the happiest home known to humanity. The absence of debt, the consequent light taxation, the wide domain of unoccupied land with its deep, rich soil, made life easy and opened resources to every industry. Since the war all this has changed. We are buried under a mountain load of debt.—Our taxation is fearfully heavy. Our channels of trade clogged and stagnant with a depressed currency and unjust legislation, and capital and labor are rapidly assuming toward each other the deadly antagonism that marks their existence in Europe. The rich grow richer, and the poor get poorer. Between the greed of the larger capitalists and the corruption of our Government, the man of small means and the laborer and mechanic are being ground as between the upper and nether millstones. A distinguished statesman told me in Washington, last winter, that, after a careful study of facts, he was satisfied that, for every four dollars taxed directly and indirectly, one was stolen outright, *two* were paid as bounties to moneyed interests, and one found its way into the treasury of the Government.

I have dwelt somewhat on some of these, and it requires no great depth of intellect or vast research to discover them, when one once divests his mind of partisan influences. I believe we have too much suffrage. I do not refer to its extension so much as to its use. I am willing to have the negroes vote, and believe we would be better if women were included. But we have too much of it going on. There is scarcely a month of the year we are not called upon to elect somebody to some thing. The result is that we neglect our duty by transfering the glorious priveleges to people who are willing to make it their business. It seems to me that it would be better to limit some of this. It is a terrible business to talk about giving up this great right. But would it not be as well to have some respectable body appoint a constable, for example, as to throw open the polls to the vote of a few corner grocery politicians to make the selection.

It must strike every one that it would be to the interest of the community to have the judiciary as far removed from undue influences as possible—especially to get it out of the political arena. In our large cities the scoundrels elect the judges, and the judges in turn protect the scoundrels. Would it not be as well and just as Republican, for the Governor, aided by the Senate, to appoint the Supreme Judges, and the Supreme Judges to appoint the Common Pleas, and these last to select our magistrates? If good salaries were added to long terms we might hope for something efficient and honest. We might compromise on the constable. He could still be elected and so retain a republican feature of the system.

Again, in our cities that have come to be utter sinks of pollution, offensive to the nostrils of all humanity, we have the evil effects of universal suffrage; and it is strange that after a war of the most expensive and bloody character, we accord to a corporation what we denied to the State. When the judiciary and its police, together with the boards of sanitary officials, are restored, as they should be, to the State, where they belong, there is nothing left to the corporation but questions of property, in which stockholders alone are interested. Then the stockholders only should vote, and a man might as well claim control in a railroad company because he traveled on the cars, or ask to sit at the board of a bank because he slept on the steps, as for a non-property-holder in a town to demand a control of its affairs.

As it is, one class pays in the taxes that another class expends, and the result is extravagance and rascality. The rogues are all in office that honest men may be plundered. The City Council reeks and stinks with the refuse of the slums. To be one of that sort—a once honored City Father—is to be branded as a thief, a fellow for all to shun. The police, devoted generally to the creation of Mayors and the selection of Councilmen, is more dangerous to the peace of the community than the rogues it was embodied to suppress. Indeed it has come to be believed that the rogues and the watch are one and the same.

I will not longer tax your patience and good nature by this innovation upon the time-honored Fourth of July. I have been brief, but am aware that I have gone far enough to tempt a circulation of the rotten eggs that the American eagle sometimes lays. It speaks well for your sense of propriety and patient forbearance that you have listened so well. But if you will take my utterances home, and putting them in a pigeon-hole, wait until your wrath has cooled, you will, I believe, think with me, that these evils, dreary and disheartening as they are, call for some other remedy than now lies at hand in the political arena.—There is no relief to be found in these parties. They remind me of rats in a barrel fighting for a place above water. They murder each other to no purpose. On this day, sacred as a Sabbath to the nation, with a common alter to our country, let us make a burnt offering of our political prejudices, and if we cannot count on the intelligence of the masses, nor on their virtue, let us appeal to their selfish instinct that seems to teach them that this is the purest fabric of the Government, and one well worth their purification and support.

Plod and Pluck.

Henry Ward Beecher spoke the other day, at the commencement exercises of a business college in New York. We quote a passage on pluck and plod:

"I do not believe a business man who says that he has asked for employment and cannot get it. I know many out of employment, but they are drones; they are not business men of the world. A business man may lack a good many things, but he will get on if he has pluck. (applause). There is no business man who has not got pluck, and it is the business of Mr. Packard to teach you all pluck in life as the first incentive to business; and I hope that he teaches you another word, which is the greatest business word in the world—I name it in its homeliness, and it is an old Saxon word—it is called *plod*. (Great applause). 'Oh,' says somebody, 'he is only a plodder.' Only a plodder! Ah! there never was a man—the most brilliant genius in the world, who did not owe this process of being a plodder. (Applause). It is very well for genius to concecrate and light the path of life, but it must be pluck and plod that carries a man over the paths of life. I would have these words inscribed over the walls: the pluck of life, the plod of life. (Great applause).

The Population of Nebraska.

Comparing the population of Nebraska in 1860, with the acres of taxable lands of that year, and adding to the assessed lands now one third for occupied untaxable lands, as homesteads squatted railroad-lands, &c, the same ratio would place the present number of inhabitants at 132,000.

Deducting the railroad assessment from the grand roll for 1869, and applying the ratio of population to valuation in 1860, to the present list, we get 135,000 as the number of inhabitants.

Applying the ratio of the vote in 1860 to the then population (28,000), to the vote estimated for this year from the votes of 1868 and 1867, there should be 135,000 inhabitants.

From these data we predict that the national census next year will show the population of Nebraska to be between 148,000 and 156,000.—*Statesman.*

Dr. Munsey, of Chelsea College, was apt to quarrel with his wife. Returning from Fulham he was overtaken by a terrible storm. A return hearse came up, going to Chelsea. Any port in a storm. The Doctor crept in with pall and plumes for companions. The hearse stopped at his door; the lady looked out. "Who have you got there, coachman?" "The Doctor, madame." "Well, thank heaven for granting me resignation! So the poor man has gone to his long home at last." "Thank you my love," said the Doctor, getting out of hearse, "for your kind regard for my safety."

A Vermont chap wrote the following letter to an Indiana lawyer:

Sir, can i get a devors, & how soon on grounds that i cannot support my wife have one child, a boy am willing to take care of the boy, ans immediately & state what it will cost, if it cost $20 I cant pay that much.

The death of Robert Bonner's Auburn horse induces a New Yorker to send the Tribune a remedy which he has never seen fail to cure colic in horses. It is simply to drench them with a preparation of chlorine and permanganic acid, which can be secured, repeatedly, and has so much confidence in it that he would be willing to insure the recovery of any horse if it was administered in time.

A foreign Consul in New York recently received a letter from a lady residing in the country from which he is accredited, asking for information regarding a vagabond husband who was wandering in the United States, and when last heard from was in Salt Lake City. Madame trusted that M. le Consul would find it convenient to make an early visit to Utah and hunt up the missing man. Her ideas of geographical distances in the United States are probably not more vague than those of many other persons in the old world.

Clever Women.

There is an unaccountable antipathy to clever women. Almost all men profess to be afraid of blue stockings—that is, of women who have cultivated their minds; and hold up as a maxim, that there is no safety in matrimony, or even in the ordinary intercouse of society, except with females of plain understandings. The general idea seems to be that a dull ordinary woman, or even a fool, is more easily managed than a woman of spirit and sense, and that the acquirements of the husband ought never to be obviously inferior to those of the wife. If these propositions were true, there would be some show for avoiding clever women. But I am afraid they rest on no good grounds. Hardly any kind of fool can be so easily managed as a person of even first rate intellect; while the most of the species are much more untractable. A dull fool is sure to be obstinate; obstinate in error as well as in propriety; so that the husband is every day provoked to find that she wilfully withholds him from acting rightly in the most trifling, and perhaps also the most important things. Then the volatile fool is full of whim and caprice, and utterly defies every attempt that may be made by her husband to guide her aright. In one case his life embittered for days, perhaps, by the sulkiness of his partner; in the other, he is chagrined by the fatal consequences of her levity. Are these results so much to be desired, that a man should marry beneath the rank of his own understanding, in order to secure them? I rather apprehend that cowardice in this case, as in most others, is only the readiest way to danger. As for the rest of the argument, I would be far from saying that to marry a woman much superior to one's self in intellect, is a direct way to happiness. I must insist, however, that there is more safety for a man of well regulated feelings, in the partnership of a superior than of an inferior woman. In the former case, I verily believe, his own understanding is likely to be more highly estimated than in the other. In the first place, he is allowed the credit of having had the sense at least to choose a good wife. In the second, he has council and example always at hand, for the improvement of his own appearance before society. The very superiority, however, of his wife, insures that she will be above showing off to the disadvantage of her husband; she will rather seek to conceal his faults, and supply his deficiencies, for her own credit. Now, what sense a fool has, she must always show it, even though sure to excite ridicule from its being so little. —*Ex.*

Kansas City Bridge.

Following is the speech of Mr. L. R. Shryock, President of the St. Louis Board of Trade, delivered at the celebration of the completion of the Rail Road Bridge across the Missouri river at Kansas City, Saturday, July 3d:

MR. PRESIDENT—You will allow me through you to express sincere gratitude to the gentlemen present for the very courteous invitation to address them on this occasion. I will not say that it is unexpected, for I knew the inevitable consequence of coming here to-night was that I should be forced to speak. I appointed a delegate from the St. Louis Board of Trade, Hon. A. W. Mitchell, to be "the speakist" for that organization to-night, but he does not answer to the call, and I am therefore not responsible for being on this floor. You have heard so much of bridges to-day, another word on that subject this extremely hot night might seem out of place, yet I desire to present a few thoughts on one or two points not touched by the gentlemen who have preceded me. The construction of bridges to answer the demands of railroad trafic, and yet not impede or hinder the commerce of our great inland seas, is a work that but few minds have been able to grasp. It has taxed the energies and brain of the finest and most skilful architects of this or any former period of the world. It cannot be denied, however, bridge building has not kept pace with the great improvements in railroad and steam vessel architecture. This, like almost every great work, has been the theme for many long drawn out theories; and new projects, lacking only time to demonstrate their entire feasibilty, have been met with any number of objections and charges of impracticability and often impossibility of accomplishment. But, sir, the day is fast passing by when any great work can be stopped by such cries of the incredulous. Such is the inventive genius and indomitable will of the present American age. Nothing seems impossible of accomplishment, and I am about ready to adopt the idea advanced by an Englishman once on a tour of general investigation of our internal improvements who said, "These Yankees can do anything they please." Your magnificent structure is a verification of the Englishman's declaration. It is not so long or elaborately constructed as the celebrated bridge built by order of Queen Nitocris over the Euphrates at Babylon, which, according to Herodotus, was one of the great wonders of that much wonderful city. Millions of people crossed it annually, but not in the magnificent coaches drawn by the iron-horse as we saw to-day. The bridge of Darius on the Bosphorus, Xerxes upon the Hellespont; Pyrrhus upon the Adriatic, Cæsar upon the Rhine and Trojan upon the Danube—all celebrated in history—were mainly constructed for temporary purposes of war. But here is a grand work dedicated to commerce—a work, we trust, that shall prove no impediment to the free and safe navigation of the great river it so majestically spans. So should all bridges be built, and I trust the day is not far distant when the rivalry will cease between the railroads and great rivers of our country. There is business for both, and if they really could be made to see the truth of the whole matter in the light of reason and justice, there is no ground for jealousy, for undoubtedly their interests are mutual.—It has been thought by some of my friends that I was the enemy of nearly all railroad bridges, and assumed the position of champion for the river. Sir, I am not worthy such distinction, but I do claim to be on the side of justice and right. I have opposed the daming up of nature's highways, our national heritage, by the abutment of bridges made in utter disregard of the free and safe navigation of our great rivers. I care not if bridges are thrown across the navigable streams every mile of the way from source to mouth, providing they are built in strict conformity to law and are not so constructed as to impede and endanger navigation. This the people of this country claim as a common right and as such will always demand. If it were impossible to construct bridges of spans of sufficient length to render less hazardous the navigation of our great rivers, then some allowance might be made for the numerous accidents occurring almost daily to water crafts navigating the Western waters. But, sir, it is possible to construct bridges in such way as not to endanger the lives and property of our Western boatmen.—Such bridges are now built and used daily in this country and in Europe.—As early as 1757 Jno. Ulrich Grubenmann, an uneducated carpenter of Switzerland, built at Schafhausen a very remarkable wooden bridge that stood 40 years. It had two spans of 193 and 172 feet, giving sufficient water way for all purposes of navigation at that day, and much more than is now granted by such structures on our own great Mississippi river from Quincy to St. Paul. This bridge, or parts of it, would now be a monument to the genius of that natural architect had it not been burned by the French army in 1799. In modern times the wooden bridges of Germany and France have justly claimed high mark as works of art and scientific combination, but during the last ten or twenty years the United States justly claims precedence for simplicity and mechanical perfection. The cheapening of iron enables bridge builders to make greater spans with no more hazard than narrow spans of former years entirely of wood. Instances are, however, numerous in this and foreign countries, where these great structures built of wood chiefly do not from narrowness of span interfere with free navigation. The bridge across the Tweed, at Berwic, has a span of 449 feet. The bridge at Montrose, built in 1823, was 1,130 feet long, with spans of 225 feet. The bridge over the Menai Straits spans 459 feet at a distance of 103 feet above the high water mark. Over this magnificent structure passes the Chester and Holyhead Railway, bearing as long and heavy trains as any of our country. So might we mention the bridge at Montreal, at Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville, Niagara and many others, all demonstrating the great fact, if railroad companies wish to span our great rivers so as not to interfere with their free navigation, it can be done without the slightest trouble if they will only put up the necessary money to do the work. On this point is being manufactured a healthy public sentiment, which I welcome gladly. The North Missouri Railroad and the Bridge Company at St. Louis have set a good example to like corporasions on this point. Their bridges are to be swung so high that a draw is not necessary for steamers to go up, but the largest vessels with the highest chimneys can pass under with perfect safety at all stages of the river. Mr. President, I congratulate you and all upon the completion of your bridge. It is the first to span the turbulent Missouri. May I not hope it will stand the test of years, and be the means of bringing to your young and growing city all the trade and travel its friends fondly anticipate. (Great cheering).

Cable the Third.

Another wire is being uncoiled from the bowels of the Great Eastern, and deposited on the bottom of the Atlantic. Two in working order now connect us with England—or rather connect with England that part of this continent which England temporarily occupies. The third will run from Brest direct, to the New Jersey coast, and will give us an independent line for much needed competition in time of peace, and for use in time of war between us and England, should one ever arise. It will be controlled by a company composed of capitalists on both sides of the ocean, and will therefore be the only strictly neutral line crossing the Atlantic, for the others having their *termini* on English soil could at any time be shut off from use by English authority. About the first of July, if all goes well, the Great Eastern should land the shore end on this side, but any disaster, should one occur, would at once be known on both sides of the ocean, by the cessation of dispatches from the ship. The civilized world will not follow the vessel again, with strained and intense anxiety, as it did when the first or second cable was laid, for the problem has been solved, and we all know that it is only a matter of time, that a failure will only cause delay, and that sooner or later a dozen cables will unite the two worlds. But there will be much interest in the voyage. The English cable monopoly has been galling.—The new cable will doubtless enter upon a competition so vigorous as to secure constant employment, and at the same time force down the prices of the other company. A wonderful change is yet to be effected in business or private relations by the free use of the telegraph, and every competition tending to bring prices to the point at which the telegraph may be freely and universally used will hasten that change. Then, in case of war between us and any European power, the cable would make a great difference. Every item of news which keen correspondents could pick up on the other side of the water could be promptly transmitted, while it would be in our power, by seizing the American termini of the English wires to prevent any important intelligence being given to our antagonists. Suppose, for example, that we should be at peace with France but at war with Britian; within a week we could shut off England from any news from this side save such as government censors should please to pass, while no similar restriction would be enforced against us by France. The tendency would manifestly be to make England unwilling to go to war with us except with France as an ally.

The Great Eastern is the fruitful mother of trans-atlantic cables. Not until that monster ship was enlisted did we fairly conquer the ocean, for the cable laid by the Niagra quickly gave out, and slumbered at the bottom of the ocean until the Great Eastern fished it up and gave it life. We shall watch with interest this third voyage of the grand old steamer, and trust that her third child may be successfully delivered and destined to long and useful life.—*Missouri Democrat.*

Cash Value of Nebraska Lands.

It appears from the assessment rolls that land throughout the State will average (at twice the assessors' valuation) nine dollars and sixty-eight cents per acre—upwards of one hundred per cent. increase in seven years. Does not that fact corroborate the assertion we have so often made, that there is more wealth to be made here in real estate alone, than in any other western State?—*Statesman.*

A French woman who had lost one of her eleven sons, chaffered with the undertaker about the price of the burial, saying: "Now look here, sir, you mustn't be hard with me; I shall be a good customer; I've got ten children more."

A lady who was about giving a party to a convention of clergymen sent for a caterer to assist in the preparations.—He asked if she intended to give a dancing party. She replied that was to be mainly composed of clergymen. "I would advise you to provide bountifully. Them pious people eat dreadfully."

News of the Week.

Memphis ships five hundred barrels of fruit North every day.

The Nashville police arrested 342 lawbreakeres in June.

The Galveston *Herald*, after an existence of two weeks, is dead.

Southern editors generally are announcing the first cotton blooms.

The army worm is becoming very troublesome in some parts of Missouri.

Vicksburg denies the soft impeachment that she has the cholera.

The cotton worm is at work in some counties in North Carolina.

The valley of Virginia will yield five million bushels of wheat this season.

Ex-Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, talks of removing to Washington.

Reverdy Johnson has resumed the practice of his profession in Baltimore.

Washington county, Mo., has a John C. Breckenridge as Sheriff thereof.

A potato of the exact shape and proportions of a small Teal duck astonishes a Columbus (Ga.) editor.

James Roshore, a young man of twenty, was drowned while bathing the other evening near Meridian, Miss.

The Florida Legislature sat only three weeks in its late extra session. The members have a yearly salary, and not *per diem* pay.

Sabbath evening the first train passed successfully over the Missouri river on the bridge at Kansas City, the train consisted of a locomotive and fourteen freight cars.

A few of the personal friends of John Mitchell, in St. Louis, swelled the proceeds of his late lecture by personal subscription to over $500, which amount was handed to him Tuesday.

The grasshoppers are rapidly vanishing from Platte county, Missouri, being destroyed by the little red bug found under their wings. They have damaged the wheat crop but little in Platte.

The Chief of Police, Wm. M. Davis, was dangerously wounded by a pistol shot while in the discharge of his duty, in arresting a soldier from the garrison in Little Rock, Ark., a few days ago.

Kansas city was recently visited by a destructive fire, during the progress of which the *Bulletin* office was totally destroyed. Total loss caused by fire was about $25,000.

Great damage has been done in Northwest Missouri by recent heavy rains. Bridges, fencing and crops have been destroyed, and many streams are higher than they were ever known before.

Rev. James Lynch, colored, editor of the *Colored Citizen's Monthly*, was arrested by a colored policeman at Jackson Miss., on Friday night, and lodged in the calaboose. Drunk and disorderly.

A bug about an inch in length, black with red stripes, and something like a grasshopper in its general make-up, although wingless, is putting a in claim for the cotton in the vicinity of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

A young Mr. Hanners attempted to save a little boy from drowning a few days since, near Columbus, Ga., but the little fellow convulsively seized him by the throat and before he could loose himself both were drowned. The bodies were shortly afterwards recovered, the boy with his arms locked about the man.

Recollection of Faces.

It is known that Mr. Clay was remarkable for his recollection of faces.—A curious incidednt of this wonderful power is told of his visit to Jackson, Mississippi, in the year 18—. On his way the cars stopped at Clinton for a few moments, when an eccentric but strong-minded old man made his way up to him, exclaiming, as he did so.—

"Don't introduce me, for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me."

"Where did I know you?" said Mr. Clay.

"In Kentucky," answered the keen-sighted but one-eyed old man.

Mr. Clay struck his long, bony finger upon his forehead, as if in deep thought.

"Have you lost that eye since I saw you, or had you lost it before?" inquired Mr. Clay.

"Since," said the man.

"Then turn the sound side of your face to me, that I may get your profile."

"Mr. Clay paused for a moment, his thoughts running back many years.

"I have it!" said he. "Did you not give me a verdict as juror, at Frankfort, Kentucky, in the great case of the United States *vs.* Innis, twenty-one years ago?"

"I did! I did!" said the overjoyed old man.

"And is not your name Hardwicke?" said Clay.

"It is, it is," replied Dr. Hardwicke?" bursting into tears. "Did I not tell you," he said to his friends, "that he knew me, though I have not seen him from that time to this? Great men never forget faces."

The Chicago *Post* adds this to the testimony in favor of the Union Pacific road:

"No human being without actual observation can come to a firm opinion upon the subject of the Union Pacific railroad, as to whether it is well or ill constructed. And that for the reason that contradictory reports from men of veracity have been published on the subject. It is a fact, however, which tells us more emphatically perhaps, than the reports of a dozen commissioners, that no human being has been killed no one maimed on this road up to date. The travel on this road has been large, its freight trains have been and are yet numerous. We repeat that this fact is of great importance in enabling one to make up an opinion on the vexed question as to whether the Union Pacific is the worst or best constructed new railroad ever made."

An industrious German of Milwaukee had, by dint of hard labor and economy saved $500. For safe keeping he put it in an old stocking and stowed it away behind a rafter in his house. Some days after, the poor German was in despair to find the mice had made a nest of it.—He gathered the fragments and they made a peck measure heaping full of scraps of paper, stocking, wood, nut shells, etc., and what to do with it he did not know. A friend advised him to send the whole mass to the treasury Department at Washington, and he did so. This was several weeks ago, and not a word did the old man hear of the money until last Saturday, when he received a draft for $250 from the Treasury Department, and a letter stating that so much only had been saved out of the $500. Two girls in the Department were at work seventeen days sorting, picking and patting, and had finally succeeded in getting $250 so that it could be recognized.

"Saluting the flag"—Our citizens who tread on orange peel on the sidewalk.

Who has Made the Money.

The *News* (we think) asks, "who of the State officers has made the most money out of Lincoln?"

We do not keep the private books of our State officers, but believe we are safe in saying that Governor Butler has. He is probably $25,000 better off than when Lincoln was located. Mr. Kennard has made several thousand dollars. Mr. Gillespie has had some; so has Mr. Sweet. We (not a State officer, however), have made eighty-one cents clear.

"Vell! vot of it?" as Jeremy Iwitcher would say, and

Whose