THE HERALD.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1873.

J. A. MACMURPHY.....EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

From all parts of the State and country respectfully solicited for the HERALD.

Agricultural notes and short articles detailing farmer's experience particularly requested.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith.

Great

FIREMAN'S BALL!

On Wednesday Nov. 26th. Men all in Uniform. Babcock's on hand.

Senator Hitchcock arrived at Omaha, yesterday morning, over the B. & M. R. R. He arrived in New York the Wednesday previous, on steamer SPAIN. Had a very rough voyage. Our Senator stopped in Washington three days and then left for his Nebraska home. Hon. Chauncey Wiltse, P. M. C. E. Yost, and Gen. Cunningham met him in Iowa, on the train. Senator H. says there is strong war feeling in Washington, and that no person need fear that Gen. Grant, our President, will allow the flag of this country to be insulted with impunity.

Thanksgiving---The President's Message.

The approaching close of another year brings with it occasion for renewed thanksgiving and acknowledgment to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe for the mercies He has bestowed upon us. Abundant harvests have been among the rewards of industry; with local exceptions health has been among many blessings enjoyed; tranquility at home and peace with other nations have prevailed; frugality and industry are gaining their merited position and reward under the providence of God, surely, as we trust, and the nation is recovering from the lingering results of the dreadful strife. For these and all other mercies vouchsafed, it becomes us a people, to return heartfelt and grateful acknowledgements, and with our thanksgiving for the blessings, we may unite prayers for the cessation of local and temporary sufferings. I therefore recommend that on

THURSDAY, THE 27, DAY OF NOVEMBER

the people meet in their respective places of worship to make their acknowledgments to the Almighty God for his bounties and his protection, and offer to him prayers for their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 14th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1873, and of the Independence of the United States the year ninety seventh. U. S. GRANT.

By the President,

HAMILTON FISH, Sec'y of State.

ONCE MORE!

It hurts our feelings to dun you, kind readers, as much as you can possibly be hurt by being dunned; but we must have money to keep this machine going. In these hards times every penny counts, and for the last three weeks it has been hard work to raise money to pay the running expenses of the office. We have had to borrow money for our little expenses, and started our boy out with over $400 of subscriptions to collect from, on which we got $51.25 Now, this won't do.—The Editor of this paper has a holy horror of running in debt, and will not if we have to reduce our force and our paper. It is only a small sum from each of our delinquents, but the aggregate is large to us and would enable us to pay off all our most pressing indebtedness.

We hope no one will either be surprised or angry, at receiving a little postal card as a reminder that we must live. We try to make you a good paper and are fighting your battles daily for the right You will need your paper's influence this winter more than ever before. Give us a generous support then, that we may be strong and fearless.

It tickled us to see Sir Knight John R. Porter try to get his sabre back in the sheath, the other evening, at Omaha. It is a good ways *over and around* in front of the Judge before you get to where a sabre hangs, and as it is many years since our friend Porter has seen that far around and behind him, it took some delicate fingering to get that sabre in that sheath! that's all.

Lack of space and absence a portion of the time, have hitherto prevented us from making any notice of the fact that one of the cleverest, best looking and best acting Railroad men the Boston or Burlington magnates of the B. & M. have ever chosen to send us, left for Chicago a few weeks ago. We allude to Mr. James R. Wood, formerly in the General Passenger Department at this point, and now Western Passenger and Land Agent, B. & M. in Nebraska; office, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Wood gained the respect and good will of all our people while here, and we hope he may succeed to the highest honors railroading has in store for a man if that is the bent of his inclinations for the future.

DEVON CATTLE.

The fact that Mr. H. N. Orr removed his part of the "Four Mile Devon herd" to Cheyenne, is not because he expects to go out of the Devon stock in this county; on the contrary he intends to purchase some of the very best Devons to be found east of the Mississippi river, for the purpose of renewing this herd on Four Mile Creek. The object of removal is to have unrelated crosses between the herd here and the one at Cheyenne.

Mr. Thomas who has them in charge informs us that next season he expects to have a finer Devon herd than last year and that they intend to make the raising of Devon stock in Cass county a permanent thing. We are glad to hear and know these facts, as we don't want those Cheyenne fellows to have all the fine stock.

All Omaha was crazy over the great Allen-Hogan mill, last week. At the Grand Central people flocked in to see Jack Looney, Hogan and Allen, as they passed in and out with their friends.—On Monday evening a tall, rather well built man, about the size of brother Arnold, up here, with coal black whiskers and moustache, came in and stepped up to the clerk's desk to register. Some one started the cry that it was John Morrissey, and the billiard room was emptied in a moment, they followed the poor chap up and down and stared at him and commented on him till he must have fancied he had struck bedlam. At last some one looked at the register and found he was only *John* Smith, parson; from——going to conference.

THE MASONIC BALL AT OMAHA.

One of the grandest and pleasantest times we have enjoyed lately was the ball and reception at Omaha on the evening of the 13th, under the auspices of the Grand Chapter and Grand Commandery of the State of Nebraska. The Sir Knights wore really picturesque uniforms. Col. Champion S. Chase Marshaled the glorious Cavaliers through the vast corridors of the Grand Central and into the spacious dining room—cleared for the occasion—when they opened ranks faced inwards, and all the greatest, biggest, highest most profoundest Excellencies of the Masonic Order in this State and and those of the same rank attending from other States, marched between the ensabred hosts, each Knight with his magnificent chapeau *en dormant* on his left shoulder-strap while he presented his cold steel with his right gauntleted hand and tried to stand at ease. During this performance the doors of the dining room and the windows looking therin were crowded with eager and curious faces witnessing this unique ceremony. The dancing shortly after commenced and Omaha's fairest daughters, resplendent in silks, satins and diamonds, outshone, fairly outshone the Knights of the Golden Cross, brilliant as their uniforms were, and grandly as they were caprisoned.

Among the notables present from our own town were Sir Kights R. R. Livingston, D. H. Wheeler, and J. W. Marshal, and among the invited guests Mrs. Wise and Livingston and Hon. T. M. Marquett.

Sir Knight D. H. Wheeler, as usual, insisted on making every one happy that he knew, and showering ribbons and favors on his friends from all parts.

At the banquet the evening before we noticed our townsmen Messrs. F. E. White, H. Newman, Geo. Smith, and Jacob Vallery. The whole affair was very enjoyable indeed and the writer hereby tenders his thanks to the gentlemen of Mt. Cavalry Commandery No. 1, Omaha, for their many favors and kindness to a poor forlorn and strange editor.

All Masons in attendance outside of Omaka were the guests of Mt. Calvary Commandery No. 1, and mighty foine hosts they make, too; may we never fare worse.

ELECTIONS.

Almost every newspaper which we pick up has something to say about the fall elections, and it is very easy to tell what the Editors' particular 'poison' is by reading his comments.

At the risk of following suit, but hoping we may be able to trump somebody's hand we now lay our cards down. Ohio has been for a number of years, a very uncertain state, with a strong Democratic element therein which is sure to turn up in force at the least chance of success. The Republicans have been strong enough for several elections to carry most of their officers, consequently they must quarrel among themselves, and start new issues, in short make two or three parties or cliques in the state, over which the united forces of all those opposed to the Republican party managed to gain a very slight victory. They elected one prominent officer (Governor) by a bare majority. If this is any great comfort to either Democrat or Liberals, they are welcome to hug it to their hearts. In the other State elections the plain facts seems to show a light vote generally, indifference of Republicans or a split in their ranks from local causes. Republicans have stayed at home because they thought their party strong; it must win any way, and the opposition have worked the hardest all over, and united more conflicting elements by promising everything to all men. We can see that right here in our own county. Every one knows the opposition did the most work—they moved Heaven and earth—their men were out day and night. They attempted to gather in the Grange element, pandered to the anti-monopoly movement and tickled the town people by talking of moving up here, &c. Yet they elected but one man and he had to be a good one, and was elected on his personal merits and scarcely on partizan grounds at all. There has been no positive Democratic *gain* in any of the States that held elections, so far as we can see, this fall. There has been Republican dissatisfaction, Republican individual ambition, and Republican folly enough to swamp any party not so thoroughly grounded in the hearts of the people as this one is, and here is our lesson: unless we do stop our own bickerings, our own ambitions, and our jealousies of each other, we will most certainly wake up some morning and find ourselves in a helpless minority. We hope each and every Republican will remember this before another election comes around. We have too many candidates, too many aspirants, too many fellows who only want to use the party for their own benefit, and when they can not do that they are off on some side issue.—We have won so far over all this opposition, but cannot go on forever.

Thanksgiving is coming

Henry D. Cooke had a baby cabled to him from Europe one day last week, and was made as happy as possible for a man to be in a panic with increasing family. Mrs. Cooke and family will return to Washington in January.

A very fine specimen of Ottumwa coal has been left on our desk by Mr. H. K. Burkett, of the National Coal Co., Iowa. It looks like No. 1 coal, and burns well. Mr. Burkett has just established a new coal yard here, near the cattle yards, and his office is on the corner of Main and Sixth streets, with Dr. John Black.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

ALLEN STRIKES FOUL ON THE THIRD ROUND.

The Ring Broken Up with Drawn Revolvers.

All Hands Scoot back to Omaha half Froze.

Matt Riley Decides the Battle Drawn.

Special report for the Nebraska Herald.

PLATTSMOUTH, Nov. 19th, 1873.

EDITOR NEBRASKA HERALD:—The writer of this arrived at Omaha a few minutes before nine, on the morning train. Here was congregated as motley a crew as ever was gathered together in Nebraska. You could see the bank clerk hobnobbing with the monte-men, the pugilist with the psalm singer, and the common va rant arm in arm with the good old class-leader in one of our first churches in Omaha, all bent on one object, and that to see the Allen and Hogan prize fight. It was the truth, which Shakspeare wrote that vice and virtue often touch each others garments in the street.

The train moved out from the depot with about seven hundred as well dressed and orderly men as generally attend such places—arrived at Council Bluffs— the order was given to change cars to the K. C. St. Joe, R. R. The first thing that greeted our sight was two companies of U. S. Iowa Home Guards—soldiers—stationed on the platform, waiting to receive the crowd. At length the train backed, and the ropes and stakes for the ring were put on board, when the soldiers tried to come on, but were met with the ominous words, ticket, or five dollars. The officer who had charge of the soldiers then made application for a special train to the Superintendent of the road, but he was refused, on the ground that there was one wild train on the road now, and that was all he could take care of at once. At length the word was given, "All Aboard!" when the train moved out from the depot, the boys shouting and poking fun at the soldiers who were left behind.

Among the notable sporting men on the train was Jack Looney, the king of pugilits, from St. Louis, and who keeps a benzine shop on the corner of Sixth and Greene streets, and the chief fugleman of Tom Allen; also Dan Allen, Harry Wilds, Billy Diamond, Jack Madden, Arthur Chambers, the champion of light weights, and last the two backers of Ben. Hogan, Sherman Thurston and Billy Carroll, of Carroll's varieties, St. Louis.

About seven miles south of the Bluffs we overtook the Allen and Hogan party who were in carriages waiting for us. They had previously left Omaha about 5 o'clock in the morning, to avoid arrest. They were taken on board and the train started once more, everybody happy with the expectation that they were to behold a first-class fight. About two miles north of Pacific Junction the train stopped, and the ropes and stakes were taken off and the ring made on a nice, even sward, about fifty feet from the track. An hour or so was consumed putting up the ring, then Jack Looney was called for to see Billy Carroll, the backer of Hogan, to decide on a referee. Full an hour was consumed in this way.—It was at length agreed that Matt Riley was the man. As soon as he was chosen he stepped in the ring and made a speech. He hoped the best man would win, and at all hazards he would give a fair decision. In a few moments the burly form of Tom Allen was seen approaching from a farm house near by. He flung his castor into the ring amid loud applause. His colors were those of the flag of St. George. About half an hour was consumed in his stripping and getting ready for business. It was windy, dirty and bitter cold at the time; and when he was pronounced ready, there were loud huzzas given at his fine physical condition. About this time there were calls for Hogan, who was yet dressing in the cars. In a few moments he made his appearance and shied his castor in the ring. This was the signal for loud cheering. His colors were red white and blue.

When time was called, which was thirty-five minutes past one o'clock, they both stepped up briskly to each other and shook hands. There was that metalic smile about Allen's lips that indicated hate, and a desire to punish his antagonist as hard as he could. Allen looked the burly ruffian all over, but yet in good condition, while Ben. Hogan is a splendid specimen of physical manhood, with the exception of his (loins) which are rather small in proportion to his chest; yet his gentlemanly, and unassuming manners, won him hosts of friends, as the sequel will show. But for a description of the fight:

As they stood up for the first round both men eyed each other closely.

Allen first led out with his right duke, but was neatly stopped by Hogan, who then threw out his left mawley at Tom's peeper, but it was no go. They danced around the ring for 3½ minutes, when Ben threw out left as a feint; with that Tom parried it when Hogan gave him a swinging blow with his right duke under the ear, which knocked him off his pins and sent him to grass. Loud cheering in Hogan's corner—general confidence established.

Allen was picked up by his second and carried to his corner. When time was called, Allen looked rather groggy. But the man who was staking him, Jack Looney, whispered something in his ear, and he came up meaning mischief for the second round. This was a hard round of the give and take style, ding-dong right through. Hogan got Allen's head in chancery, but finally Allen broke away from him. At this stage of the fight, Allen led out with his left, but was stopped by Ben., when to the surprise of all, Allen let go with right and struck him fair in the stomach, six inches below the belt, and with his left mauley loaned him one in the eye that sent him to grass. There was wild excitement, and cries of foul, at this, and the referee cautioned Allen to be more careful.

When third round was called Hogan looked swollen around the face, and his right eye was in deep mourning, but yet he got first blood and first knock down in his favor. This third and last round was the hardest fought of any. It was give and take all through for over seven minutes, when Allen struck Hogan below the belt once more, and in a moment the ropes were cut, twenty revolvers were drawn in a second—men rushed pell-mell into the ring shouting, swearing and shaking their fists in each others faces, talking in a tongue not spoken at Pentacost.

Hogan was carried to his corner and his face sponged off with the blood upon it. It (his face) looked on one side like a stuffed sausage; while Allen did not have hardly a scratch. While this was going there was a general hurrah in the ring; revolvers were drawn on the referee, half a dozen at a time; but he never flinched. A small man, a conductor on the Rock Island railroad, went up to Allen and pulled out ten one hundred dollar-bills to bet that he could lick him in a minute. A small "rooster" left his fist on his nose, and told him he was nothing but a big St. Louis pimp. Even young Diamond, of the Belle-Union Theatre, who played for his sparring exhibition, spit in his face, and called him a d—n duffer.—Tears came into Allen's eyes, and he said he did not have a bloody, blarsted friend in the crowd, excepting Jack Looney. One of the by-standers rushed at Allen with clenched fist and told him if he opened his mouth again he would never leave the ring alive, for, said he: "when you first came to Omaha every person was your friend, but, by your blowing around you got every person down on you; and worse than ever, you struck a person thirty pounds lighter, two foul blows, because, you cowardly dog you were afraid you could not lick him any other way."

At this, the referee ordered Allen out of the ring to the cars. In a few moments Hogan left also. Both pugilists sat down near each other. Hogan then jumped up and told Allen there and then that he would fight him for the stakes, or for fun, a rough and tumble fight; but Allen positively declined the honor.

My opinion about the whole matter is that if Hogan was well trained, and was in good health, which he was not, (the court plasters that were on his stomach and chest testified to that)—he could lick Allen in seven rounds; or, in other words, he is a harder hitter, and could knock Allen out of time.—Allen is getting *blase* very fast.

Yours, JENKINS.

The referee finally decided it a drawn fight.—[ED.

THE VIRGINIUS.

A letter from Havana gives an account of the capture of the steamer Virginius, from which it appears that on the 30th of October the Spanish Consul at Kingston, Jamaica, advised the Governor at Santiago de Cuba that the Virginius was in the vicinity of Morrant Bay. The Spanish war steamer Tornado had that morning arrived at Santiago de Cuba, and, four hours after the Governor had received information of the Virginius, went in search of her. On the following day the Tornado, under full sail and but little steam, as some slight repairs were being made to her machinery, came in sight of the Virginius, which probably supposed the Tornado to be a sailing vessel, as her course was not changed. On the Tornado every effort was made to hasten the repairs which they were engaged in, and at 2 o'clock the chief engineer pronounced them completed. All possible steam was immediately got up and the vessel headed for the Virginius, soon reaching a speed of fourteen knots, and slowly gaining upon her. The Virginius had in the meantime, kept on her course, but, divining the hostile intentions of the Tornado, changed it toward Jamaica, and being out of coal commenced to burn petroleum, grease, fat, and other combustibles from the provisions on board, such as hams, etc. Night closed in, and the vessels were in the same relative positions, the Tornado, however gaining. As soon as they got within gunshot the Tornado fired a gun, followed by three other shots and a shell. This brought to the Virginius, and two armed boats from the Tornado came alongside, took possession of the vessel, and made prisoners of all on board.

At the time of the capture the Virginius was flying the American flag, but this was pulled down by a Spanish officer, and a Spanish ensign was hoisted in its place, although the papers of the vessel, duly dispatched for Colon, were handed to him. After the capture, the next two hours were employed in transferring some of the prisoners to the Tornado and putting a prize crew on the Virginius.

ARRIVAL AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

At midnight the two vessels started for Santiago de Cuba, and arrived there on the following afternoon at 5 o'clock, having been joined by the Spanish steamer Cantabro. Upon their arrival in port the intelligence spread like lightning, and attracted an immense crowd of people. The Government Palace and other public buildings were illuminated, and all the authorities, civil and military, went to felicitate Governor Burriet upon the news, who, in the evening, gave a brilliant reception.

THE COURT MARTIAL.

On the following day (the 2d) a court-martial was held on board the Tornado, which commenced at 4. All the prisoners were tried as pirates, and the findings of the court and the sentences were sent to the Captain General and the Admiral in sealed packets. After the court had concluded its task, all the prisoners, with the exception of Benbetta, Jeans Del Sala, General Ryan and Pedro Cespedes, were transferred to the jail of the city, escorted by a force of 100 volunteers and a number of marines. General Burriet, it is said, coolly asked that all the prisoners should be turned over to him, with the exception of the captain and crew, who should be sent to Havana at the disposal of the Commandant General de Marinats and declared within twenty-four hours afterward that all should be

TRIED AND EXECUTED,

in order to avoid any complication with the exterior—that is, foreign intervention. He also detained a telegram which the United States Consul had decided to forward to the United States Consul at Kingston, reporting the capture, and inquiring as to the nationality of the Virginius.

THE VIRGINIUS' PAPERS.

The Virginius had her papers in order, and was dispatched for Colon, all of her passengers appearing on the papers as laborers for a railway that is building there.

On the 7th inst. the captain and thirty-six of the crew of the steamer Virginius were executed at Santiago de Cuba, and on the next day, the 5th, twelve more of the Cuban volunteers on the vessel were shot, among whom was Franchi Alfaro.

Among the crew, and disguised as firemen, were Ignacio Alfaro, Bosa Arce, Varona, Castillanos, Pirada, Mola, Bottel, and other persons of importance.

Captain Joseph Fry, commander of the Virginius, was a native of Florida, 46 years of age, entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1844, remained in the navy until 1861, when he resigned and entered the Confederate service. He leaves here a wife and seven children. The oldest boy is a cripple; the youngest is aged 4 years.

THE MARKETS.

HOME MARKETS.

Reported by CUTLER & WHITE.

Wheat	75@80
Corn	20
Oats	20@22
Rye	40
Barley	60@80

Reported by CLARK & PLUMMER.

Eggs	30
Butter	30
Lard	10
Chickens Spring per doz	200
Potatoes	100

Reported by WM. STADLEMAN.

Ladies Furs	3,50@300
Boots & Shoes	2,25@750
Hats & Caps	50@7,00

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.

Money	5@7 per cent
Gold	8 1 7½
Government	....Weak & lower

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.

Flour	50@2,50
Wheat	1,03¼
Corn	39½
Oats	30¼
Rye	69@65
Barley	1,33
Hogs	3,70@4,15
Cattle	4,25@4,87