

The Herald.

PLATTSMUOTH, NOV. 27, 1879.

MacDonnyisms.

(From the Watchman.)

Capt. Kuhl has drawn \$20,000 pension money from Yarmany. Is dot so?

Fred Nye is gwine to fine the ministry, and become a "good na."

Nye and MacDonagh are set down as nameless wits, and Billings and Twain as witless names.

A cheating gambler named Duncan was shot and killed by a stranger in Plattsmouth last week. No arrests.

We never heard of it.

A wholesale grocery was recently started in an old stable in Omaha, and a friend of ours picked up one of the company's cards, on the back of which was written

Fumigate coffee sacks
And tea chests at will,
The smell of the horse-hoofs
Will hang round 'em still.

According to the Jay Gould organs, that hairpin must be omnipotent. He makes "railroads and cities jump up and jump down, jump ahead and jump afoot!" What long tails our cats have to be sure.

Temperance having cost the Omaha News \$500 a year, is bounced. The News charity hospital will soon be commenced. After a year's solicitation there are \$26 in the treasury.

Pandemonium Broke Loose.

LEADVILLE, NOV. 22.—At 1 o'clock Thursday morning forty-five masked citizens forced Sheriff Watson to surrender to them a prisoner, named Charles Stewart, a notorious foot-pad who had threatened to kill the men who had him incarcerated as soon as he should get out. Stewart was 20 years old, and begged piteously for his life, and for time to write to his mother at Conautville, Pa., but was only allowed time to say a brief prayer, and was then launched into eternity. The mob then took Ed. Friedsham and although he struggled ferociously, hung him in a workmanlike manner, that indicated familiarity with the hangman's trade. Friedsham has been jumping lots, driving off occupants by force, and conducting himself in a generally objectionable manner. The following note was pinned to his back:

"Note to all thieves, banko steerers, footpads, and chronic bondsmen for the same, and sympathisers of the above class of criminals: This is to be your end. We mean business. Let this be your last warning—particularly Cooney, Adams, Conner, Collins, Hogan, Ed. Burns, Ed. Champ, Pat Kelly, and a great many others who are well known to the organization. We are seven hundred strong."

Pat. Kelly, who has been accused of taking bribes while City Marshal, and Jim Bush, have been warned to leave or share the same fate. The "thugs" and bad characters have also banded together, and claim that, having 756 names enrolled, they will immediately begin avenging their comrades' death, and will punish every one of the vigilants who executed them. They have already threatened to burn the town, and have sent notices to some peo-

ple suspected to have been connected with the hanging, to leave. The Chronicle and the Herald forces have also been ordered to quit, these papers having advocated extreme measures to check the outlawry and crims which have been decidedly on the increase of late.

What Felton says About the Democracy.

"I need not recapitulate, he says, the mistakes and criminal blunders of that extra session—our threat to withhold the appropriations until certain repeal measures were approved by the President; our indirect announcement to the world that we intended to ignore the Executive branch of the government and to make Congress with its factious turbulence the absolute dictator of this country; our unsuccessful effort to repeal the election laws, not upon the ground of inexpediency, but upon the ground of their unconstitutionality, and vehemently pressing that objection in the face of the following section of the Constitution: "The time, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof, but the Congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators." The discussions upon these various questions made the impression upon the Northern mind that Democracy was nothing but State rights run mad; that we would sweep from the statute book the last war measure if we, as a party, were in power; that secession and rebellion would again follow as necessary sequences of this extreme view of State rights. Then we had the wild effort to create excitement about the use of the army at the polls. Had there been an army at the polls there would have been some sense in this theatrical display, this rehearsal of providing an imaginary foe. I need not continue these recitals, these demonstrations of incapacity, of blind passion. Suffice it to say that our Democratic Congress has alarmed the Northern people. They are afraid to entrust the administration of the government to the hands of violent men. They would rather risk the perils of centralization than again endure the horrors of revolution. They would as soon see the Government "shot to death" as to have it "starved to death." All this has been the work of self-constituted leaders."

The most stalwart Republican could not have made a more severe arraignment of the last session of Congress than the preceding. What gives a greater significance to Mr. Felton's statements is the fact that he is supported by Alexander H. Stephens, and several others of his State colleagues.—Omaha Bee.

That Son-in-Law.

The Wahoo Independent is hard on Brother Brooks. This is the first open charge of "Son-in-Law" we have seen.

There are a certain class of editors whose bump of pugnacity is apparently much larger than their brains, who must persecute, slander or pull down somebody. Of this class, Datus Brooks of the Omaha Republican stands at the head, and a small army of the brethren of the quill throughout the state, stealing his thunder and influenced and prejudiced by himself, have begun an attack upon the chancellor of the state university. The chancellor and clergy of Lincoln deny squarely having

anything to do with the circulars sent out to influence the voters of the state against Gannett the Republican candidate for regent of the University. These pugnacious editors are loth to believe any such thing. "Who," say they, "could have been interested in this but Chancellor Fairfield?" "Chancellor Fairfield instigated the plot." Yes, Chancellor Fairfield is a sneak and a liar. His word, his honor, are to be counted as nothing, when the proof that he must have been more interested than any one else in this plot, stands out against him. It appears very plain to the Independent that these circulars were put out with the names attached of the most prominent ministers in Lincoln, forged as they declare, by democrat demagogues who used this means to gain votes for their candidate. The Lincoln democratic ring had something to gain by this nefarious stratagem. Rev. Wolfe, that orthodox demagogue of the democracy, from all the proofs in the matter, appears to have invented these circulars and forged the names of the Lincoln clergy.

The Omaha Republican has from the first conducted this war upon the chancellor from personal motives. It uses the same unfairness that it did last winter when the "investigation" was in progress. Then, as now, it published every scrap that it could rake up against the chancellor, every thing that Tom, Dick and Harry, enemies of Chancellor Fairfield and the University, might say against him, but not one word of the indubitable proofs by which he cleared himself in the minds of all honest thinking people, did the Republican ever publish in its columns. Mr. Brooks is interested in having the chancellor step down and out of his high position, because he has a son-in-law—our Prof. Emerson, who, as the proofs elicited from last winter's investigation go to show, cordially hates the chancellor, because, perhaps the latter gentleman looked with some disfavor upon his tipping habits,—and this same son-in-law he would like to see chancellor or high up in public favor. Instead therefore, of being impartial and fair in this matter, Mr. Brooks publishes nothing except on one side of the question, and while he is very industrious in searching out small flings that this, that, and the other partizan paper may give expression to and publishing the same, he seems never to see anything that goes to vindicate the chancellor in the minds of all unbiased, honest, thinking people.

While the Independent is not the special apologist or defender of Chancellor Fairfield, it is in favor of the "God and morality" side of the University management. The moral and elevating principles of the christian religion are demanded by a large majority of the people of the state without sectarian bias, in the conduct of the university, and Mr. Brooks would do well to heed this fact.—Wahoo Independent.

Nearly all of the pawnbrokers of France are women

A grindstone has been running for 150 years in an Onslow, N. C. family.

When ladies consult on wardrobe questions they are all clothes communists.

The man who sits down on a bent pin may not remark that he has felt that pin afore, but he certainly performs a comic hopper.

He Liked his Mother-Tongue.

A bluff, hearty, well dressed paragon in spectacles had just banged his lise upon the counter and registered his name.

"Want some rooms. Wife and bibles meet me here to-morrow. Stay a week. How are you fixed?"

"That will be *au fait*," remarks the clerk. Give you a nice suite just vacated by Count Salamagundi, and—

"Eh?"

"I remarked that it would be *au fait*, and that we could give you a *suite*."

"*Oh joy—sweet!* Young man, what sort of things are those? This is Boston, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, that is—I—"

"Well, won't you be kind enough to talk English? It is good enough for me here."

"Well," said the clerk, flushing red in the face, "anything to please you, sir."

The bluff, hearty party turns away and strides in the direction of the reading-room, but the word "boor" which reaches him causes him to look back and remark:

"My friend, I am no boor. I speak and write nine languages enough to teach them in ——— University. I like my mother-tongue best of all, and believe that it answers all practical purposes in this country. In your intercourse with me be kind enough to use it, and you will do me a particular favor."

Disappearance of the Bowery Boy

The New York Times laments the disappearance of that amusing and particularly wicked product, "Bowery Boy," and repeats an oft-tale which seems to lose nothing by age and repetition. Twenty-five years ago, Thackeray, being desirous to see the haunts of that peculiar creature, look for one. Very soon his companion pointed out to him a genuine specimen standing against a lamp-post, the corner of a street, red-shirted, bloused, soap-locked, shiny-hat with cigar in mouth elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. After contemplating him for a few moments Thackeray wanted to hear him speak, and concluding to ask the way to a part of the city, said, politely, "friend, I should like to go to" such place. "Well," replied the Bowery boy, in his peculiar and quite inexplicable tone, and without moving his lips except his lips, as he looked lazily at the tall, gray-haired novelist, "well, sonny, you can go if you stay too long." Thackeray was satisfied. The Times adds that the Bowery boy's successor has more vices and none of his virtues.

The British board of trade statistics make more and more apparent, year by year, the facts that steamships are rapidly superseding sailing vessels both for home and foreign trade. In foreign trade alone steam tonnage shows an increase of 10 per cent, in the last returns as compared with those of the preceding year, while a corresponding decrease is noticeable in sailing ships employed in the same trade.

"I didn't at all expect company today," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look, "but I hope you will make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them starting off, "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."