

Rankin.

We do not propose to do anything by which he whose name heads this article will be dignified into anything like respectability. We know Rankin—we come to positive conclusions, by positive facts.—We would be ignorant indeed to ask for the name of Rankin, when perusing the leaders of the late numbers of the *Nebraskan*; it requires no deep seated, or *surfeited* intelligence to discover who is the author of this unparalleled onset—unparalleled in its baseness, vulgarity, and cowardice. We do not propose to present to approach too near the author himself; the poisonous atmosphere of the fatal *Upas* region is not more dangerous to vitality than the infectious breathings of this master spirit of obscenity is to chastity.

This species of masked attack—the pure embodiment of servility and cowardice—cannot attack the vices, but with its insidious wiles would strike at virtue, which, so doubly secure, deigns to drop a tear of charity for the miserable degraded character, who has fallen from his "high estate" of manhood; and the angel of morality hovering around us in its evanescent light breathes a sigh of reproach ere vanishing from a scene of lowly discord.

We would first draw the masked culprit from behind the screen, and when assurance is thus made "doubly sure," the virtue of a community so ruthlessly assailed, demands a vindication, and the venturing within the contaminated region, the hopes of an assailed people, a consciousness of right and an anxiety to preserve the morality of a community will sustain us when in the midst of violence, trickery and cowardice. The poisonous shafts of the treacherous sycophant are met by a whirling buckler of truth; the specious reasonings of the dissembler, too often become the studied falsifications of the knave. The overt acts of the traitorous dissembler screened from the light himself, may find his very acts armed with tenfold more venomous fangs rebound upon the head of the traitor himself.

Nebraska News in Opposition to the People.

Below, will be found one, of a series of Resolutions passed unanimously, at a meeting of the Citizens of Otoe county, last winter, during the excitement on the Capitol question, in our Legislature; and published in the *Nebraska News* of the 31st of Jan. 1857. We understand from a private, but reliable source, that the Editor of the *Nebraska News*, was requested to republish this resolution, a short time since, in order to remind the people that their Representatives, were under instructions this winter, which had never been recalled; but the aforesaid Editor, (being but the tool and slave, of one Morton, who shaped his course in direct opposition, to these wholesome instructions of the people) declined republishing, fearing we suppose it would show his master, in rather an unfavorable light. Every one knows, who is acquainted with the circumstances, that there was far more necessity, for adjourning the Legislature this winter than there was last, and there is not a doubt, that if the circumstances had continued to demand it last winter, it would have been done.

This Resolution shows that this is not a new idea of adjourning the Legislature beyond the influence and control of a bullying mob. It shows that the people are ready and willing to instruct their representatives to vindicate their rights in an honorable and manly way, and not submit to the derision of a few demagogues backed by superior physical force.

Let the Resolution speak for itself:—
7th. Resolved; That the corrupt and violent means, used by the mob-ocracy of Omaha; who seem to control the place, to thwart the will of people; the virtual refusal of his Excellency, when formally called upon by both branches of the Legislature, to protect the freedom of the coordinate branch of the Government; and his insolent threats made in person, to refuse his sanction to a measure then pending, and to prevent the free exercise of the Legislature; to say nothing of the moral corruption, and bribery prevalent in that locality; imperatively require the immediate adjournment of the Legislature, from Omaha to Bellevue or Florence, or any other place, where our Rep-

resentatives can act in freedom from improper outside influence; and that we instruct our Representatives, to insist on such an adjournment and removal.

"Strickland and Bowen have been elected by the Mugginses as prime ministers of the goddess of Reputation. As the oracle of Memnon announced the rising and going down of the sun, so these modern Memnons salute the rising Mugginses and proclaim aloud the death of all anti-Mugginses.

They enjoy it, and it seems hard to disturb the innocent amusements of the animals, but the public eye must be regarded. There is a future and in it we shall see what we shall see. Transactions sought with the Western Exchange Bank by the Chairman of the Committee on Banks and Currency must be examined.—*Nebraska News.*

The above in some degree accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut, but how God only knows. Nothing said or done in this menagerie to wound the feelings of the most delicate and fastidious. Around Bets', and over! *Music!*

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, February, 6.
The House was in session all night, mainly engaged in taking the yeas and nays, on motion to adjourn, eating, smoking, sleeping, &c. At half past one a serious affray occurred, which was thus narrated by a member and a witness.

Mr. Grow objected to Mr. Quitman making any remarks.
Mr. Keitt said, If you are going to object go to your own side of the House.

Mr. Grow responded. This is a free Hall, and every one has a right to be where he pleases.

Mr. Keitt then came up to Mr. Grow and said: I want to know what you mean by such an answer as that?

Mr. Grow replied. I mean just what I say, that this is a free Hall, and every man has a right to be where he pleases.

Mr. Keitt taking Mr. Grow by the throat said: I will let you know that you are a damned Black Republican puppy.

Mr. Grow knocked up his hand, saying: I shall occupy such place in this Hall as I please, and no nigger-driver shall crack his whip over me.

Mr. Keitt then again grabbed Mr. Grow by the throat, Mr. Grow knocked his hand off, and Mr. Keitt coming at him again, Mr. Grow knocked him down.

The reporter adds:
The respective friends of both parties rushed to the rescue. Various members on each side engaged in the fight which took place in the arena fronting the clerk's desk.

Mr. Washburne, of Ill., was conspicuous among the Republicans, dealing heavy blows.

The Speaker loudly and imperatively demanded order, and called on the Sergeant-at-arms to interfere. That functionary, carrying his mace of office, together with his assistant, hurried to the scene and crowded into the thickest of the fight, in which at least a dozen members were congregated. Some minutes elapsed before this truly fearful contest was quieted. Further difficulties are apprehended.

There was a dead calm in comparison to the scene just enacted when Mr. Quitman moved that they now adjourn and take up the question on the reference of the message of the President on Kansas affairs, on Monday at one o'clock P. M.

Emphatic and general responses from the Republican side of the House, No, No!

Confusion began to break out afresh, when the Speaker said he would direct the Sergeant-at-arms to put under arrest those who would disregard the order of the House.

Campbell, of Ohio, said he foresaw disagreeable feelings would result here from the exciting question connected with Kansas affairs. He was called to order by Mr. Barkedale. Campbell said he wished the gentleman from Miss. to know that he was his peer.

From 4 till 6 1-2 o'clock the time was wasted on the rival motions. At that hour Mr. Quitman submitted a resolution that the House adjourn till Monday next, when the subject under consideration, the Kansas Message, shall be resumed, and the vote on the standing proposition shall be taken without any further delay being occasioned by debate or dilatory motions. Unanimous consent was given for the introduction of the resolutions which was agreed to and the Speaker announced the House adjourned till Monday, when the subject will come up as the special order.

February 8.
Mr. Keitt rose to a personal explanation saying the House would remember that its proceedings, during the session of Friday, were broken in upon in an unpleasant manner, it was due to fair dealing that he should assume to himself all the responsibility for the violation of its order, dignity and decorum. He was the aggressor, and whatever responsibility properly attached to that act, belonged to him alone. It was also due to justice that he should make whatever reparation to the dignity and decorum of the House thus violated. He did this in the expression of his profound regret at the occurrence. Personal controversies are always unpleasant, very seldom excusable, and rarely justifiable in a legislative body. He felt in full force the responsibility he had assumed in saying that he was the aggressor, and that the entire responsibility properly belonged to him. In this connection he had but one other remark to make, and that was whether any blow was directed at him or not was more than

he could say, at least he was unconscious of having received it. With this explanation he parted from the subject.

Mr. Grow said he had been taught in childhood that all fights among men are disgraceful to human nature and to the Christian community, and this is especially the case when they occur among lawmakers in the midst of their deliberation. Ripper years and the force of education had satisfied him that this lesson was good and true. Yet the art of self-defence had been recognized as one of the inalienable rights of man to be exercised on all occasions and under all circumstances, whenever necessary for the protection of life or property. At the last sitting of the House he found himself unexpectedly engaged in the first personal conflict of the session. He tendered to the House most cheerfully whatever apology was due for the violation of its order and decorum, and no one regretted more than himself the occasion for this violation of its order.

Theodore Parker on the Money Crisis.

In a sermon preached by this eccentric reverend in Boston, some time since, the following passage occurred:

"In the town of Somewhere lives Mr. Manygills. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hard-working housekeeper. Once they were poor, now ruinously rich. They have seven daughters whom they train up in utter idleness. They are all do-nothings. They spend much money, but not in works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments, in painting, dancing, music and the like, so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means. They never read nor sing, they are know-nothings, and only walk in vain show, as useless as a ghost, and as ignorant as the block on which their bonnets are made.

On the other side of the way, Hon. Mr. Manybills has seven sons, who are the exact match of the merchant's daughters—rich, idle, some of them dissolute—debauchery coming before their beard—all useless, earning nothing, spending much and wasting more. Their only labor is to kill time, and in summer they emigrate from pond to pond, and from lake to lake having a fishing line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. These are the first families in Somewhere. Their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and five perhaps, of Mr. Manygill's daughters, and what families they will found, to live on the toil of their grandfather's bones, until a commercial crisis, or the wear and tear of time has dissipated their fortune, and they are forced, reluctantly, to toil!

Now, these seven 'ladies' (as the newspapers call the poor things, so insignificant and helpless,) are not only idle, earn nothing, but consume much. What a load of finery is on their shoulders and heads and necks. Mr. Manygills hires many men and women to wait on his daughters' idleness, and these servants are withdrawn from the productive work of the shop or the farm, and set to the unproductive work of nursing these seven great grown up babies.

The Pearl Fisheries.

It may not be generally known that pearl fishing is carried on to some extent in our immediate neighborhood; we were not aware of the fact until recently, but we have, owing to the pressure of the times, seized upon for debt, and appropriated a beautiful specimen of the products of the Bay, which will satisfy the most skeptical. We value this prize, however, not so much for its intrinsic worth, as for the history connected with it. Its history is as follows:

Some time since a report was rife among the lumbermen on the Bay shore, that pearls were frequently found in the fresh water clams along the shore. Our young friend, Mr. W.—s, down the Bay, hearing the report, became satisfied of its correctness, and immediately commenced an inspection of the piscatory inhabitants of the sand, in hopes of finding some of the coveted treasures, perchance a "pearl of great price." Day after day, and week after week he looked—long and anxiously—but in vain, the only pearl he found was suspended to his eyelids, until at length despair became stamped upon his brow. At this juncture, his neighbor, Mr. H.—y, stepped in and exhibited to Mr. W. a pearl which he had found—a genuine pearl, (so thought Mr. W.) of surpassing beauty. Some wicked people believe that Mr. H. manufactured it from the joint of the shell of a clam, but of course we don't believe that. Be it as it may, Mr. W. was so pleased with it that Mr. H. who "knew where he could find plenty more like it," presented it to him. Mr. W. thereupon took nature's conveyance, some 18 miles, to this city, and placed his treasure in the hands of Mr. L. J. D., requesting him to ascertain its value. Mr. D.'s ideas became awakened, and he lost no time in sending it to Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., jewelers, of New York City, for that purpose. In a few days, Messrs. B. B. & Co. answered that as there was a dearth of that description of pearl in the market, they thought would sell as high as sixty cents per bushel.

We understand that the parties have abandoned the pearl fishing and pearl-speculating business, finding it unprofitable.

In conclusion we would say, that we have received the above mentioned pearl from Mr. D., in payment for the pasturing of a beautiful specimen of a colt belonging to that gentleman. It may be inspected by the curious at our office—the pearl, not the horse.—*Green Bay (Wis.) Advertiser.*

We call special attention to the address of Hon. John F. Kinney, published on the first page, delivered on the occasion of receiving his Excellency, Gov. Richardson, in Nebraska City, on Monday, February the 5th.

The address is distinguished for its able review of the official career of the Governor, and the evidence of the wisdom and prudence of his labors, as seen in the manifest prosperity of the Territory, under the wholesome provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska act—one of the favorite acts of the Governor. The ability and adaptation of the address to the occasion, "and person," is such as might be expected from its distinguished author. The Governor must have felt highly gratified to see the rich fruits of his political industry produced and exhibited to public view by the master mind of the able speaker.

BELLE BRITTON ON DRESS AND UNDRESS.—Belle Britton, writing from Washington to the *New Orleans Picayune*, says some things which it would be impudent for us to utter, but they are truths—naked truths—nevertheless:

A word touching the great and all-engrossing topic of dress may not be uninteresting to your fair readers. As I have before written, the New York ladies, as a general rule, are the best dressed ladies in Washington. In this respect we are hard to beat. Not that we wear richer fabrics or costlier jewels. *Tout au contraire*, some of your Southern belles beat us in their nightly display of laces and diamonds, and in "low necks and short sleeves." But the more tawdry of our New York ladies, whatever fondness they have for precious stones and spider-web trimmings, think it very vulgar always to wear them. And as to "low necks," we leave them to "low people." In the presence of certain distinguished ladies here, I have felt grateful for the use of a pink fan to conceal my blushes.

"Hide, O hide those hills of snow"
Now, do not think me squeamish or prudish. I am not a bit of it. But there is a time and place for all things, and a miscellaneous gathering of promiscuous people is not the proper time and place for a stunning exhibition of a beautiful bosom.

BOAT-BUILDING IN ST. LOUIS.—A report of the proceedings of the sixth annual meeting of the board of supervising inspectors, held at Louisville a short time ago, for which we are indebted to Messrs. McCord and Singleton, local inspectors for this district, contains some useful information. In the list of steamboats inspected from October 1st, 1856, to September 30th, 1857, we find eleven stated to have been built at this place, viz: E. A. Orden, Wm. S. Nelson, Jeanie Deans, Wm. Campbell, Keokuk, Asa Wilgus, Martha Jewett, Quincy, Sam. Gata, St. Marys, and City of Louisiana.

Other steamers are being contracted at St. Louis, which will vie with any on the western rivers in speed, elegance, and strength. Our facilities for repairing on docks and ways are not surpassed perhaps in the United States, and the mechanics who superintend and do the work are as expert in their business as any to be found in the Union.—*St. Louis Dem.*

AN EMPEROR ON SKATES.—A letter from Paris, dated 11th ult., says:—On the 5th inst., the Emperor drove himself in an open carriage to the Bois de Boulogne, donned a fine pair of skates and mingled with the multitude flying on the extensive lake and canal. He manifested a proficiency in the exercise nearly equal to that of the most expert of the company; one of them, wishing to prevent a collision between himself and Imperial Majesty, lost his balance, and would have suffered a heavy fall had not the sturdy Napoleon grasped his arm and held him up; whereupon a grand acclamation came from the banks on each side. He loses not a jot of popularity by this familiar and fearless mingling in the throng and sport of his subjects. On the day before he hunted lustily in the forests of Fontainebleau, and yesterday he was abroad along the outer boulevards in his *Americaine* with two horses. He seems to have resolved to afford enough ocular proof to refute the rumors which the Royalists frequently spread of the decline of his health.

HORACE GREELEY'S CHAMPAGNE.—Nick Max tells the following story of Horace Greeley, the distinguished journalist: Horace Greeley's acquaintance with the names of wines is hardly more exact than his knowledge of their natures, and consequently he once made a very ludicrous mistake by writing, "drinking their Heidsieck and Champagne." Of course all the *Tribune* corps noticed the error next morning, and Dana, Otterson, Congdon, and perhaps even Ripley, Snow, Hildreth, and Wilbour gathered around him when he came in, and joked him on his vinous tautology. Horace listened until he comprehended with tolerable exactness the nature of his error, when the lines about his mouth began to curve a little, and there was a little shining in his serious eyes as he said, "Did I? Did I say that? Well, I guess I'm the only *Tribune* editor that would make a mistake of that kind."

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—The steamboat "Col. Crossman" exploded and burnt up at New Madrid, on the lower Mississippi on the night of the 5th inst. From fifteen to twenty lives were lost. The Crossman was a new boat, costing \$45,000, and was insured for \$25,000. The cargo was fully insured.

Local & Territorial.

The Grand Birth Night Ball, came off last Monday Evening, at Bulkeley's Hall. It was the largest and most pleasant party that has taken place in Bellevue, for a long time. The Hall was appropriately and very tastefully ornamented. On the floor, in the center of the Hall, was a large drawing, representing an Eagle, with extended wings, and holding in its talons the Flag of our country. From its beak hung a scroll, upon which was inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Over the Eagle, in large letters, was the name, "Washington." Below, "Born Feb. 22, 1732." The whole showed a good deal of artistic taste and skill. The supper tables were set in the second story, over the Hall, and contained an abundance of wholesome food, giving entire satisfaction to all that partook. The Managers are deserving of great praise for the liberal manner in which the whole affair was gotten up, and for their untiring efforts to make all happy. Dancing was prolonged to the wee small hours of morn. We noticed a large number of ladies and gentlemen in attendance, from Florence.

A meeting of the citizens of Bellevue, will be held at the School House, this evening, for the purpose of instructing the Committee appointed last summer, relative to building a Court House. A full attendance is desired.

Read our new advertisements:—"Flour for Sale," "Assignees' Sale," "Seeds for 1858," and "Gustave Seeger, County Surveyor of Mills County, Iowa."

T. B. Lemon, Esq., has been appointed Agent of the Chicago City Insurance Company. This Company was established in 1855, upon a firm and reliable basis, and ranks as one of the best Insurance Companies in this country. Those desirous of insuring their buildings against fire will do well to call on Mr. Lemon.

TAKE NOTICE.—The *Bellevue Gazette* is edited by HENRY M. BURT, Esq., who is one of the most uncompromising Black Republicans in the western world. Democrats will therefore not be deceived by this wolf in sheep's clothing, nor surprised at his copying abuses of Gov. W. A. Richardson, from that notorious nigger-worshipping organ, the *Chicago Journal*.—*Nebraska City News.*

Thus saith the "Little Joker," of the *News*. He is certainly getting facetious, or that "extract of corn," that he so freely embled at the Capitol, has commenced to work, and he is now troubled with snakes. If believing that "the world is our country, and our countrymen are all mankind," it is quite probable that we are a Black Republican. In fact, we believe in the immortality of niggers. But, my dear sir, what are you going to do about it? While we are only the local and news editor of *Gazette*, if you and the "rest of mankind," will turn to our issue of the 15th of October, last, you will see that we are not sailing under false colors. As we intend to publish a Black Republican paper, at some future day, in Nebraska, we are indeed grateful for the introduction that you have given us, to your patrons. But as your word is notoriously in bad repute, it is quite likely your opinion of you may bear a similarity to that of a certain gentleman of color, who, during a prevalence of a fatal epidemic on board of a passenger vessel, was ordered to throw overboard the remains of those that had died the previous night, and had commenced to drag to the deck, one whose character for truth and veracity, he had often had an occasion to question, and was about to consign him to the watery deep, when the passenger's vehement remonstrance attracted the attention of the captain, who exclaimed, "see here Sambo, what are you going to do with that fellow? he is not dead." "I know he says he isn't, but he lies so like the devil I can't believe him!" In short, you have so often been recreant to honor and principle,—selling yourself as often as there was an opportunity—that all true men exclaim in the language of your prototype, "now you see him, and now you dont; who will bet where the 'Little Joker' is?"

OMAHA.—The citizens of Omaha are in a small matter of local excitement, which, if we judge right, creates a greater stir among the politicians, than did the Small Pox. Poppleton of the old Council Bluffs and Omaha clique, is a candidate for Mayor. Byers, member of the first Legislature, and former partner of Poppleton's, is his opponent, both democrats. We predict the longest pole will knock the persimmon. Age is nothing Blood will tell. Monday night we shall know.

The snow is fast disappearing. The Thermometer indicated 48 degrees above zero, yesterday, at 2, P. M.

NEBRASKA POTATOES.—The following we copy from the *Wyoming Telescope*:—"Mr. D. Groosbeck has grown the past season 150 bushels from 1 bushel of seed and upon less than one fourth of an acre of ground.

S. M. Johnson raised potatoes at the rate of 800 bushel to the acre.

J. S. Carr raised 300 bushels (a great many having been frozen) the proceeds of three and a half bushels planting.

Mr. Ashley and H. C. Wolph raised from three-fourths of an acre 494 bushels of potatoes.

Jas. H. Tucker, near this city, raised 500 bushels to the acre."

CUMING CITY STAR.—We have received the first number of the *Cuming City Star*, a new paper published by A. W. Merrick & M. N. Maguire, which has taken the place of the *Nebraska Pioneer*, at Cuming City, N. T. It looms up bright in point of original matter, and takes a proud, bold stand with the people on the Capitol question, and judging from the first number, it is edited with much ability; it gives Omahas justice, and deals heavy and telling strokes on the heads of such traitors to principle as Morton of Otoe; and, on the whole, is, to use a Western phrase, "putting up that kind of talk" that will ensure it success with the honest squatters of Nebraska. Success to your noble undertaking, gentlemen. Here is our *est* in friendship, justice, and right.

The Bridge erected over New York Creek, 6 miles north of Cuming City, has given way,—caused by the caving in of the banks of that stream.

A Catamount was recently killed near Nemaha City.

LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—We witnessed last Thursday evening, one of the meetings of this Association at the residence of Mrs. Kinney, the amiable and accomplished wife of our worthy Post Master, L. B. Kinney. On visiting the various large and spacious rooms of this new dwelling, so rich and gorgeously furnished—meeting in every room a throng of grace and beauty, together with the rustling of silks—stylish fashionable dress and the glittering of jewelry, we were suddenly impressed with the great change since three years ago. Then the squatter with his ax and corner stakes and a pencil was walking over this very spot, sharpening and driving his stake and writing his name on the same that the next squatter might read that this was his claim. Alas! how fast are land marks of pioneering giving away before the unparalleled strides of civilization, Christianity and fashion.

We have received the *Atlantic Monthly* for February. From a hasty perusal we judge it to be one of the best Monthlies published in this country. The publishers announce that "its success is established beyond a contingency." Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, Mass., Publishers. Terms, \$3 per annum. Postage pre-paid by the publishers, on receipt of subscription.

A STARVING WOMAN.—A lady passing down Broadway near Fourteenth St., a few days since, when opposite a butcher's stand, was startled by the excited appearance of an intelligent-looking woman rushing towards her, with clasped hands and a look of despair, exclaiming "I am hungry, I am hungry!" Stepping into the store the lady procured for her some potatoes and a piece of meat. The hungry woman quickly gathered the potatoes in her pocket, then seized the bloody meat, put it to her lips and ate it to the bone! then saying, "I must take this home to Eddie," rushed wildly from the store, leaving the salesman and lady astounded. Incredible as this seems, we have every reason to believe it.—*N. Y. Times.*

AN EXTREME.—The Governor in the course of his speech on the 6th inst., at Nebraska City, remarked that he had been frequently struck by the many evidences of energy and enterprise in the Western country, and he deemed it the result of an observation he had made East, and that was, that among families there the brightest boy always strikes out for the West. Of course at this point there was immense cheering on the part of Young America who is largely represented here. As soon as the cheering had subsided the Governor added that he had generally noticed that the young man before starting had looked around and picked out the prettiest and smartest girl in the neighborhood and brought her with him which accounts, ladies and gentlemen, said he, for the beauty and intelligence that we have in this western country. The remark was appreciated; we thought it an *extremite*.—*Nebraska News.*