

ing of the legislature alarmed both those already established, and the public generally. It is not likely that any other charters of this kind will ever be granted." He also shows why railroads must come, and gives a full exposition of the pre-emption laws; then an account of the physical geography of the territory—a wide field—and of the animals that inhabit it, not counting Indians not tamed. Here is noticed a curious reference. Speaking of the Yellowstone, of which he says "but little minute information is possessed at the present time," he mentions the existence of a tradition that "one of its branches and one of those of the Columbia head in a common spring." Two Ocean Pass, and the spring that flows both ways, were not discovered, or at least their existence not verified, until 1873.

As to Nebraska weather, he states that "two winters ago the legislature held its session, on the first of January, out of doors. The weather was mild and pleasant, and no snow was seen that winter.

The Counties.

Next follows a "Description of the Surveyed Counties," taking up one at a time; this must have been a laborious thing to prepare, considering the scarcity of exact information concerning any part of the Great American Desert at that time. Early in this statement the author says "it may be well to state here, inasmuch as some anxiety has been excited at the East about the 'peculiar institution' in Nebraska, that almost none of the settlers from Missouri have brought slaves with them. At Nebraska City there are eleven slaves—the only ones in the Territory."

It is believed that grapes may be grown in Nemaha County. "The experiment will be thoroughly tried the coming season, of growing the grape, and manufacturing wine from it, by Mr. Furnace of Brownville." Quantities of coal of a superior quality had also been taken out in that vicinity.

Nebraska City.

As to Otoe County, "the largest town in this county is Nebraska City, which is a thriving, active town of about 1,200 people. The buildings are generally wood, though a handsome brick block of some half dozen stores is just completed, while several others are about being built. The town lies pretty high from the river, but one angle touching the Missouri, and that on an elevation almost worthy of being called a hill. The site itself is broken by a creek (Rock Creek) which passes through it, forming a deep valley. Bordering the town is Kearney City, which is separated from Nebraska City by Rock Creek. It is owned by parties largely interested in Nebraska City, and can be considered no rival of that place. Indeed, it is little more than a town site. At this

place is the old Fort Kearney. The fort itself is a mere block-house, built of square logs, two stories in height. About it are the buildings which the officers and men occupied as their quarters. They were not on a large scale, and are not now appropriated to military uses. * * * At this place is also the Nebraska City Preparatory and Collegiate Institute. This institution is not yet in operation, but * * * Efforts are being made to secure the western terminus of the Burlington Railroad. One of the main stage routes through Iowa terminates here. * * * The Nebraska News, one of the best newspapers in the Territory, is published here."

The author was rather partial in his description of Omaha, though he seems to have tried not to be; he evidently had a sagacious idea that Omaha was to be The Town after all. "Omaha City," he says, "is well built up with substantial brick blocks. It numbers 1,800 people." But it is too late to quarrel over this. Nebraska City is not jealous of Omaha any more.

THE CONSERVATIVE will endeavor to be more prompt in reviewing the next guide-book that Judge Woolworth may write. A. T. R.

JAMES H. KENNICOTT.

It is right that life-records made by strong and good men should be preserved, and a duty of the public press that they should be transmitted to coming times. Therefore a plain statement as to the character of Mr. Kennicott, who—having been born in April, 1796, has just departed this life after an earthly existence of more than eighty-six years—is due to his neighbors and friends in Otoe county where he passed the last twenty-one years of his life.

Mr. Kennicott was a man of strong mind. Born in the humbler walks of life, inherited from his father—a soldier of the Revolution—only a pure patriotism and the courage to assert and maintain everywhere his convictions of right and of duty. He was eminently an honest man, honest with his fellow-men in all the relations of life, and supremely honest with himself in the discharge of moral obligations. His ideas of citizenship were broad and correct, and his vote and voice were always where his judgment discovered the right and the just. He fully comprehended the dignity and responsibility which devolves upon old men as to the example and influence of their every-day life. In all the years of his citizenship no man was degraded by contact with James H. Kennicott, and very many were made better and enobled. He was, in every respect, a clean and comely character, and always governed himself by a firm adherence to pure principles.

Fourth of July, 1876.

He was known to nearly all the early

pioneers of Otoe county and universally respected and esteemed. Probably the last occasion upon which Mr. Kennicott appeared at a general public gathering, was on the Centennial Fourth of July, 1876. Few who were then present at the meeting in the City Park will ever forget him; and how—immediately after Mr. Morton had finished his oration—the grand old patriot stepped to the front of the platform, and with a clear and steady voice sang "The Sword of Bunkerhill." His eye flashed and his cheek glowed like that of a young warrior entering into battle for the first time. He sang with the spirit of seventy-six, and with the understanding of liberty regulated by law; and every person in the sound of his voice was revived in love of country. He was then eighty-two years of age, tall and erect as to form, and benignant and dignified in feature. No one who saw and heard him then but felt that Mr. Kennicott loved the union and the government for which his father fought with the utmost intensity.

But he has gone and thus one by one the pioneers of the state depart leaving the impress of their labors upon these beautiful lands, and the influence of their characters upon their neighbors and descendants.

Among Flowers.

As his remains were borne out from his home, among the blooming orchard trees and under the shadows of the maples, which he had planted, one could but contrast the desolate untilled prairie which he came to, as a pioneer; with the carefully cultured and tastefully adorned grounds which he was leaving forever. He had made it better by his presence; his industry and his love of the beautiful. And while the trees under which the sad procession of friends was passing in the discharge of their last duties to him—were promising in bud and bloom the full fruition of the autumn; it was a consolation to hope that he too had bloomed for that immortal life, which neither storm nor frost can cut down nor impair.—From the Nebraska Press of April 24, 1888.

MASTERS OF MEN.

The Saturday Evening Post announces for early publication a twelve part serial story of love and adventure by Morgan Robertson. Masters of Men is a powerful tale of the new Navy.

The central figures in the story are a rich orphan, who has entered the navy as an apprentice, and a young ensign, fresh from the Naval Academy. The author leads his two heroes through a maze of adventures by land and sea.

This romance may fairly be called the best work of the best writer of sea stories in the country.