THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA OFFICE NO. 914 AND 916 FARNAM ST. NEW YORK OFFICE, ROOM 65 TRIBUNE BUILDING.

Published every morning, except Sunday. The only Monday morning daily published in the state.

TERMS BY MAIL.

One Year	$10.00	Three Months	$ 2.50
Six Months	5.00	One Month	1.00

The Weekly Bee, Published every Wednesday

TERMS, POSTPAID.

One Year, with premium	$ 2 00
One Year, without premium	1 25
Six Months, without premium	75
One Month, on trial	10

CORRESPONDENCE:

All Communications relating to News and Editorial matters should be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE BEE.

BUSINESS LETTERS.

All Business Letters and Remittances should be addressed to THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OMAHA. Drafts, Checks and Post office orders to be made payable to the order of the company.

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Props.

E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

A. H. Fitch, Manager Daily Circulation, Omaha, Nebraska.

JIM LAIRD's base-ball players are like his political henchmen. They are pretty good strikers.

"IF that ungrateful wretch Tipton wants to go back on me and Boyd, I'll show him up by the card."—*Dr. Miller.*

SINCE the British lion has heard that one hundred Texas cowboys are willing to join Kamaroff, he has slunk away with his tail between his legs.

DR. MILLER deplores and laments the legalized murder of poor Smith, the wife murderer, at Osceola, as a cruel relic of barbarism. The doctor ought to emigrate to India where the Hindoos weep over the death of a louse.

JUDGING from a recently published interview in the BEE with Capt. Frainey, of Council Bluffs, who pummeled an Iowa Congressman, we should say that he is as handy with his mouth as he is with his fists.

THE Omaha *Republican*—in common with other organs of jobbery and plunder—would be pleased to have the failure of John Roach made a national issue. A party that would be foolish enough to make a national issue out of a subsidized ship-builder would sink deep than any of his leaky ships.

THE scramble and scuffle over the remains of Smith, who was hanged at Osceola, will be as fierce and desperate between the rival medical colleges of Lincoln and Omaha as is the struggle between the lawyers, sheriffs, marshals, creditors and successors over the remains of Smith, the merchant pirate of the prairies.

THE union veterans ought to invite Gen. John M. Thayer to participate in the public services in memory of Gen. Grant. Gen. Thayer was not only one of Grant's most trusted commanders, but numbered also among his most ardent admirers. Two years after the war, when Thayer was elected United States senator, he was among the first, if not the first, to urge Gen. Grant's nomination for the presidency.

IT will be a gratifying surprise to the friends of Mr. Louis Weinstein, formerly of Omaha, to learn that this enterprising German-American has become the managing editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye* under its change of proprietorship. The next thing we shall expect to hear is that Mr. Weinstein is a candidate for postmaster-general. The *Hawkeye* editors are noted for their high aspirations.

MANY of the leading papers of the country are endorsing Senator Manderson's attitude with regard to New Mexico, and under the circumstances he can no doubt stand the assaults that are being made upon him by the politicians of New Mexico through their territorial organs. The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* says:

New Mexico has a total population of about 125,000, and of these fully four-fifths are of Spanish or Mexican race, the latter denomination including Indian half-breeds, while of the remainder probably not one fifth are of the average American intelligence. In other words, to introduce this territory into the Union of States would immediately open the market for bribery and corruption of the worst kind; would be to swamp the few educated and upright people under those of the purchasable mob of greasers, and to work incalculable injury to the country. The United States is a pretty substantial institution, but one such experiment as Nevada ought to be sufficient for at least one generation.

THE Mormon outbreak failed to materialize on last Friday. If the Mormons really had any intention of creating a disturbance on that day, the precautions of Gen. Howard and Gov. Murray in having the troops retained at Fort Douglas no doubt had the effect of inducing them to postpone the outbreak until a more favorable opportunity presents itself. There was really good ground for expecting trouble on that day, which was the thirty-eighth anniversary of the settlement of Utah. The Mormons always flock into Salt Lake in great numbers to celebrate this anniversary, and it was believed that being still excited over the Fourth of July incident, they would attempt some similar insult to the flag and thus provoke a collision with the gentiles and the federal authorities. Had the troops been sent away from Fort Douglas to the Indian Territory they very likely would have made some hostile demonstration. The discussion of the Fourth of July incident together with the expected outbreak on the 24th has been quite general among the leading newspapers of the country, and the sentiments expressed have been carefully weighed by the Mormons who, in all probability, became convinced from the tenor of the press that it would not do to create any rebellious disturbance just at this time.

OMAHA AND THE UNION PACIFIC.

Mayor Boyd must stand firm on the platform upon which he planted himself in his letter to Charles Francis Adams. In that position he is sustained not only by the property owners of Omaha, but by every citizen who is not absolutely under the control of the Union Pacific. Omaha asks nothing unreasonable of the managers of that road, and we express the overwhelming sentiment of the community when we indignantly resent as an insult to their intelligence the attempt of the *Herald* to act as a mediator between our citizens and the Union Pacific.

The time has long since gone by for brass-collared mercenaries to mould public sentiment in Omaha. Mr. Adams sadly underrates the intelligence and spirit of independence of our citizens if he thinks that a subservient and subsidized organ, voicing the wish and will of the Union Pacific, can exert any influence in behalf of his road.

Dr. Miller, who claims "to speak by the card," pleads the poverty act in behalf of his client, the Union Pacific, and advises our citizens to acquiesce in the dilly-dallying policy which would delay for an indefinite time the accommodations and safe-guards to which a city of sixty thousand people is entitled. If the managers delude themselves into the belief that Omaha will tamely submit to such shameful treatment, they will presently discover that they are very much mistaken.

There is no disposition on our part or on the part of our people, in whose behalf we speak, to cripple the Union Pacific or make any demands that cannot be reasonably complied with. We realize that Omaha has some material interests in common with the Union Pacific, but we also firmly insist that the Union Pacific shall discharge its obligations to Omaha in good faith, and give us accommodations equal to those enjoyed at its hands by other cities which have never contributed a dollar in bonds or lands, while Omaha has given more than a million dollars in subsidies. The conditions upon which these subsidies have been given have never been complied with. The company has taken our $250,000 county bonds, and built a $200,000 depot on the other side of the river. As if to add insult to injury the company has erected a mere shed on the depot grounds, donated by this city at a cost of $200,000, and this wretched depot has been made a thoroughfare for all its freight trains to the annoyance and discomfort of the public. The approaches to this depot shed are dangerous to life, limb and property and have become a nuisance, which the city is in duty bound to abate.

When Mr. Charles Francis Adams was respectfully petitioned by citizens and the city council to negotiate for a viaduct system across the tracks, he went out of his way to make threats and treated us to an insolent and insulting lecture. Mayor Boyd's response was timely but to the point. It not only expressed the prevailing public sentiment but firmly asserted the rights of Omaha under existing contracts with the road, and the authority of the city to enforce proper regulations for the protection and accommodation of its citizens.

President Adams has made no response. But Dr. Miller has the impudent assurance to present himself as arbitrator between the Union Pacific and Omaha. The people of Omaha repudiate his assumption to speak or act for them. They have a mayor and council to represent their interest, with ample power to enforce their rights. Mayor Boyd has demonstrated his ability and willingness to discuss our grievances and no hired interlopers will be countenanced. If Manager Callaway desires an amicable settlement of the local demands, he should deal directly with our city authorities. Right here let us say that the plea of no money to build depots and viaducts in Omaha is preposterous. Suppose that a passenger train with an engine and a dozen coaches were wrecked by collision or other accident, would the company wait a year or two to raise money enough to replace the engine and cars? Would it not consider it absolutely necessary to purchase or construct a new train at once so as to keep up its equipment? The cost of such a train might be from $75,000 to $100,000, but the money would be raised. Why should not the road treat the Omaha depot and crossings as a part of its necessary equipment?

For the last fifteen years the road has saved from $15,000 to $20,000 in city taxes every year. It has secured rights of way worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, which if not granted would have taken so much money out of its treasury. Is it just or decent now to refuse Omaha proper facilities? Are not the tax-exemptions alone which it enjoys in this city more than equal to any outlay it might make for depots and viaducts?

WHEN the Mormons learned that the services of thirty-five members of the Glendive, Montana, G. A. R. post had been tendered to Governor Murray of Utah, they immediately subsided and indefinitely postponed the proposed anniversary circus. It had the same effect upon the Mormons as the tender of one hundred Texas cowboys to Komaroff had upon John Bull.

WAR has been declared openly between Grand Island and Hastings, and we expect to see the fur fly. Grand Island charges that Hastings has stuffed the ballot-box with Grand Island repeaters. In other words the charge is made by the Grand Island *Independent* that Hastings has inflated the census, and instead of being the third town in point of population it is the ninth. The *Independent* insists that the proofs are on hand, and it proposes to show that the names of Grand Islanders have not only been purloined and added to the population of Hastings once, but that each name was inserted in several different returns by the enumerators. If this is true a recount should be ordered without delay. Grand Island probably objects to being made a suburban addition to Hastings.

GRANT AND THE JEWS.

The attempt of an impudent impostor by the name of Browne who officiates as rabbi in "The Temple Gates of Hope," in New York, to give himself notriety by the disclosure of a great secret concerning Gen. Grant's famous order No. 11, impels us to expose the pretender and give a correct version to this historic incident. Rabbi Browne who professes to have been an intimate friend of Gen. Grant asserts that the general, ten years ago, made known to him the secret which he had kept these twenty years, namely that the order expelling the Jews from the military division of the Mississippi came to him from Washington direct and was promulgated against his (Grant's) will and protest. This is the first time Rabbi Browne has been heard of outside of an obscure synagogue in the city of New York, and we venture to say that his intimacy with Gen. Grant is as fictitious as his revelation.

The history of order No. 11 is by no means a dead secret, and while there may be some uncertainty as to the originator it certainly never did emanate from Washington. Only three men at Washington had authority to issue orders to Gen. Grant. They were Major-General Halleck, then the commander-in-chief, Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, and Abraham Lincoln, president. Inasmuch as the order included civilians outside as well as within the rebellious states, Gen. Halleck never would have dared to issue such an order without directions from Stanton or Lincoln. That neither Stanton nor Lincoln directed Grant to issue the offensive order, is patent on its face. Why should they have directed the expulsion of the Jews from Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, and allow them to remain in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana? If the order emanated from the war department why did Lincoln revoke the order within forty-eight hours after it was issued?

The writer was in the war department as a military telegrapher when the order was issued, and personally received the first copy transmitted to Mr. Lincoln with a remonstrance from leading citizens in Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio. He heard the case fully discussed and remembers meeting Rev. Dr. Wise and the late Dr. Lilienthal, who had come to Washington a few days later to take some action to prevent the repetition of such orders and also to have General Grant censured by congress. The redoubtable Rabbi Browne was not there. The chances are ten to one that he had not yet landed in this country. A resolution censuring General Grant for issuing order No. 11 was introduced in the senate by that notorious copperhead, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, and as might be expected was tabled by more than a two-thirds vote. Had the introducer of the resolution been a republican or a war democrat it is possible that the resolution would have passed under the state of feeling then existing.

Grant was a democratic general and had not yet captured Vicksburg.

The facts concerning order No. 11, are these: In the winter of 1862-63, while Gen. Grant was operating down in Mississippi the confederates were smuggling supplies and medicines through the union lines, and receiving a great deal of aid and comfort through the smugglers, a majority of whom were Jews. Grant became annoyed and exasperated at this class of intruders, and determined to put an end to their traffic. During the first week in January, 1863, an order was issued from Grant's headquarters, expelling all Jews, regardless of sex, age or previous condition from the entire department, which included the states between the Ohio river and Louisiana. This order required all Jews living in Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi to emigrate within a few days, and very naturally aroused not only the Jews directly affected, but the Jews in every part of the union. That Gen. Grant had ever given any serious thought to this order is hardly probable. The rank and file of his own army included thousands of Jews, and order No. 11 embraced the loyal and law abiding Jews as well as the disloyal and mercenary scamps who were carrying on the business of smuggling. The obnoxious order was revoked by President Lincoln, but the Jews very naturally came to look upon Grant as a Jew-hater.

When the republicans were about to nominate Gen. Grant for president in 1868, order No. 11 was resurrected with a vengeance, and it was almost certain that nearly all the votes and influence of the Jews would be thrown against Grant unless some satisfactory explanation was made. At this juncture the editor of the BEE, who at that time was still connected with the telegraph service, addressed a letter to Gen. John M. Thayer, then United States senator from Nebraska, requesting him to urge upon Gen. Grant the propriety of a prompt and definite explanation of order No. 11. Within less than thirty days thereafter the late Gen. Rawlins issued a card through the press in which he assumed the full responsibility for the order. As chief of staff Gen. Rawlins had drawn a much more sweeping order than was contemplated, and Grant had hastily signed it without taking time to reflect upon its effect.

In 1868 when Rawlins fathered the order, Lincoln and Halleck were both dead, and Stanton was at sword's points with Grant. If, as Rabbi Browne pretends, General Grant against his will and protest was compelled to issue that order by Halleck, Stanton or Lincoln, he certainly would not have hesitated to tell the truth and place the responsibility where it belonged. A more charitable and more plausible view of Gen. Grant's action is that he was rash in signing a decree which was much more sweeping than he intended. It was a blunder of the head and not of the heart. When Gen. Grant became president he made amends by extending many favors to Jews, and the fact that prominent Jews, and notably Jesse Seligman, were counted among his intimate friends shows that he had no prejudice. As to the Rev. Mr. Browne we would say, in charity, the less he boasts of his personal relations with Gen. Grant the better. The great secret he has divulged is about on a keeping with the appellation of "the second Moses" which he has graciously bestowed on Gen. Grant. Everybody knows that Grant was neither a law-giver nor an emancipator. He was not a meek and holy Moses, but a Joshua who took delight in smiting the confederate Philistines hip and thigh when he had his fighting harness on. The Rabbi Browne has secured some notoriety, but it is as an impostor rather than as a revelator.

THE Sioux City *Journal* boasts that on Friday last it printed 4,224 copies. That is very good for Sioux City. The Omaha BEE on Thursday last printed and sold 10,128 copies, and on Friday 10,447 copies. This is very good for Omaha.

ANOTHER republican office-holder has resigned. Mr. George W. Wilkinson, agent at the Omaha and Winnebago reservation, has volunteered to step out. He was not an offensive partisan.

STATE JOTTINGS.

The Emerson Echo has vanished.

Blair is talking up water works with wind mill pressure.

Knox county farmers are harvesting a bountiful crop of small grain.

Hastings emphatically denies that the census of that town was an over-production.

Another brick school house, 32x42, is to be built at Crete. It will cost about $2,000.

Red Cloud cries out for street lamps, telephones, muzzled dogs, and new sidewalks.

Weeping Water is making preparations for the annual show of grain, stock and spuds.

Burt county threatens to turn itself into a cattle ranch and fatten 50,000 head of stock a year.

Candidates for county offices can be singled out in a crowd by the breadth of their smiles.

The census enumerator is the most popular man in Hastings; in Nebraska City he is outlawed.

Nebraska City's new packing house will be 112x196. Work on the building will begin August 10.

The spire of the Episcopal church in Beatrice was splindered by lightning, last Wednesday.

Lots in Chadron are selling high. The town expects to be the winter terminus of the Northwestern.

Three valuable horses were killed by lightning, Wednesday, in the barn of L. Batten, near Raymond.

Charles Bacon, of Grand Island, is laid up with a broken hip and arm, having been thrown from his horse.

Thieves plucked $75 from the pockets of J. C. Pederson, of Grand Island. He is loaded for the next caller.

The Fremont base ball club is an Alaska brilliant with nickel setting. If you don't believe it feel of their shins.

Lightning fired a haystack on the farm of Shadrock Cole, near Plattsmouth, Thursday, and burned it to the ground.

"Omaha is becoming the Chicago of the west," says the Columbus Journal, "and is developing at a marvelous rate."

Steve Long, one of the Brighton ranch thugs, got four years and a half in the pen for killing old man Province, last spring.

A fire bug attempted to make a bonfire of several stores in Springfield, last week, but the calamity was throttled in its infancy.

An old lady named Johnson, living near Plattsmouth, sought rest in a dose of strychnine last week, but was pumped out in time.

The census gives Holdrege a population of 1,029 and its older neighbor Minden, 1,004. Minden failed to catch on to a grading gang.

Kearney county is going to sue all road supervisors who neglect to notify persons in the road districts who are subject to road tax.

Fremont has resolved that $25,000 in water works would be a good investment. It is proposed to issue twenty year seven per cent bonds.

Since a Fremont merchant advertised ladies hose by the yard, the editor of the Herald has vainly sought the foremanship of the yard stick.

Minden is jealous of the glory gained by Osceola last week, having made several unsuccessful attempts to have a hanging bee herself.

A black trooper, belonging to the Ninth United States cavalry, was found dead alongside the railway track near Ogallala, Tuesday morning.

John Beddy, a homesteader in Holt, is said to be heir to $30,000. John has more warm friends and advisers now than he had acquaintances before.

A brace of housebreakers tapped the store of Mayor Bros., Plattsmouth, Thursday night, and smuggled $500 worth of clothing over the river.

J. D. Stoddard, charged with the murder of James Meehan at Republican City July 16th, was bound over to the district court in the sum of $3,000

The ladies cornet band of Ord are all engaged—to Hall county. Grand Island mashers are bathing their heads in ice water to reduce the swelling.

Thirty ministers and sixty school teachers exhausted all subjects in Tekamah, last week. Solid chunks of silence are now rolling through the town.

Anthony Stanek, a Johnson county farmer, was run down while crossing the A. & N. track Tuesday, and instantly killed. He leaves a wife and six small children.

W. S. Stretch, formerly chief clerk in the surveyor general's office, and more recently editor of the Falls City Argus, died of sunstroke in Atchison, Kas., on the 20th.

Tobias Castor, of Wilber, came off victorious in his divorce suit. He was given custody of the two children, but must pay $600 annually to Mrs. C. The latter will appeal the case.

The Saline county fair at Crete this fall will undoubtedly be a fine one. Stock and produce will be the principal exhibit, and in these lines of industry Saline challenges the world.

Fifteen hundred men are at work on the B. & M. extension to Oberlin, Kansas. It is expected that the line will be ready for business October 1st. The country adjacent is settling up rapidly.

A Cedar Rapids blacksmith, in a fit of mental depression, placed the muzzle of a loaded rifle under his chin and his big toe on the trigger. He was 36 years old and ought to know better.

A noble red man, fed and clothed at the Rosebud agency, entered a school house four miles distant from Valentine on Thursday morning and brutally assaulted the teacher, Miss Maynard. Officers are on the trail of the red devil.

A scandal of huge proportions threatens to explode in Hastings at an early day. There is considerable ague among the higher grades of aristocracy in consequence. Omaha will supply a carload of disinfectant at the lowest cash rates, freight added.

Anton Keyzer, a Butler county farmer, attempted to rescue his son from a wagon attached to a runaway team. He missed his footing and fell under the wagon. The hind wheel crushed his ankle so badly that amputation was necessary.

Regular passenger and freight trains will commence running to Chadron, over the new Northwestern line, August 2d. Chadron is 340 miles from the Missouri. A stage line will run from the end of the road to the Black Hills a little over 100 miles.

Editor Sherman of the Plattsmouth Herald, was thrashed by S. P. Hollaway for a "breach of social etiquette," to put it mildly. The rotund and rotary Journalist should dun his lady subscribers by mail and not tackle them on the streets after dark.

A farmer by the name of Deadley, living near Meadville, had his eyesight badly injured a few days ago by the accidental explosion of a cartridge. On returning home he discovered blind as he was, that his wife had just eloped with a neighbor named Rogers.

Marshall Field, a boy of twelve, living on the Iowa side of the river opposite Plattsmouth, was instantly killed by lightning Thursday evening. The lightning struck him near the temple and its course could be traced down the side of the face and left side of the breast.

The Union Cattle company of Wyoming has completed arrangements to feed 2,000 cattle near Omaha. The Cheyenne Live Stock Journal says steamed food is to be used and the first bunch will be put in at an early date, fattened and turned out late in the fall, when another lot of 2,000 will be put in and fattened for the spring market.

The unkindest cut of all was that which barred the nobby Nat Smalls from a champion base ball game in Fremont recently. The challenge contained the clause, "No bachelor or other unfortunate who has made diligent efforts to marry, but still has not proposed over twelve times shall be barred. "A count of "mittens" showed eleven for Nat, so he sat on his heels and watched the game.

The Nebraska City Press delivers a left-handed slap at the mugwumps of the rebellion in the following prelude to a sketch of Gen. Grant: "Here Lurks No Treason; Here No Envy Swells; Here Lie No Damned Grudges; Nothing But Silence and Eternal Sleep. The Dusty Grains of Life are Spent, and the Great Soldier-Statesman of the Age is Dead."

General Manager Holdrege whispered into Plattsmouth's capacious ear last week, "Business men of Plattsmout can rest assured that the B. & M. will give them every advantage in freight rates that Omaha can get. It is the policy of the company to build up the business of the towns and country in its territory."

Saline county has a woman who is so chock full of business that she has no time or space for sentiment. On Monday of last week her husband died and on Wednesday his remains were placed under ground amid the lamentations of the widow, who reasoned. "Tears will not relieve him, therefore I weep." On Friday the widow shed her weeds, donned her bridal robes, and became the wife of a man named Hansen.

Willie, the deaf-mute son of Richard Shipman, of York, miraculously escaped being crushed to death by a locomotive one day last week. The boy was walking along the track and of course did not hear the warning whistles of the engineer. He was struck by the cow-catcher and thrown from the track. Beyond a few severe bruises he escaped without serious injury.

There is a private poker room flourishing in North Bend. Constable McDonald peeped over transom and viewed the tiger unbidden. A warrant brought the keeper of the zoo into court and the constable and lawyer wound up the case with a free fight. It was a wild time with justice clapping her hands and shouting, "Give it to him Jimmy; chaw his ear." The tiger is laid up for repairs and Mac is still on the beat.

The amendment passed by the last legislature makes it unlawful to kill, trap or ensnare any grouse between the first day of January and the first day of September of each year; the time of protection, as to quail and wild turkey, being extended to October 1. The penalty for the violation of the law is a fine of $5 for each grouse or quail killed or trapped, and $15 for each wild turkey. Don't mistake the date for August 1st.

Joseph Haupt, of Earl, confesses that it is dangerous to be within range of a companion's gun when a jackrabbit invites a dose of lead. Last Monday Joseph buckled on his armor and started out with Fred Schmitzel on a gunning tour. A jack rabbit bobbed up between Fred and Joe, and the former blazed away. A yell from adjacent shrubbery proved that something was hit, and an examination showed that Joe's body was well planted with No. 3 shot. None of the wounds are fatal and Schmitzel is relieved of all blame.

The Nebraska City News tells of the meanderings of the railroad commission: The railroad commission who visited this city Thursday, are out on a tour of inspection to ascertain "the public accommodations furnished by the B. & M. in the way of depots, sidewalks and shipping facilities." They have a special train of two cars in which they eat and sleep. As one of the railroad boys, who accompanied the train here, remarked: "They had everything they could think of or want—except a corkscrew, and that got lost."

Engineer George W. Vroman, of North Platte, was presented with a handsome badge by the members of the Elkhorn lodge of locomotive firemen for substantial services as a member of the grievance committee. The badge bears the usual brotherhood monogram of "B. of L. F." in various colors of gold and "Div. 88" in enamel. It is about an inch in size and nearly square. Below it and attached to it by two links at each end of the badge is the medal, bearing a wreath and the monogram of Mr. Vroman's initials. On the reverse it bears the legend: "Presented to George W. Vroman as a Token of Esteem by Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, B. of L. F., of North Platte, Nebraska, July 18, 1885."

An Endorsement of Senator Manderson.

Denver Tribune.

Some of the people of the east are inclined to attack Senator Manderson of Nebraska for his report against the admission of New Mexico into the union as a state. If more were known in the east about the utter unfitness of New Mexico to become a state, the refusal to admit it would be received without a word of disapproval. There are but two territories that are now ready for admission into the union. They are Washington and Dakota. Dakota should be divided, and only the southern part of it should be admitted. The northern half should be erected into a new territory.

Sowed the Wind to Reap the Whirlwind.

Fremont Tribune.

When the Republican endorsed and worked for Jim Boyd as mayor of Omaha, it sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind. Boyd, true to nature and true to bourbonism, makes partisan appointments to public office and turns up his nose at the protests of the mugwumps who rushed to his support without even being solicited to do so. The Republican therefore feels grieved that its counsels are not recognized by the mayor and democratic national committeeman whose cause, he says, was only damaged by its support. The wages of sin is death.

Crooked Scullers.

PITTSBURG, July 25.—The Commercial Gazette this morning states there was shameful crookedness in the management of the Teemer regatta. It states that those who participated did not get half the money they were promised and that Teemer allowed himself to be beaten, that those who had charge of the affairs could get even on pools.

EARLY LIFE IN NEBRASKA.

The Trials and Tribulations of Army Officers on the March.

Destruction of a Five Gallon Jug, a Quart Bottle and a Mess of Doughnuts—Characteristics of the Pioneers.

Written for the BEE.

NO. VII.

Probably Peter A. Sarpy was the first white settler in what is now Nebraska, as he came to Belleview about the year 1837 and established a trading post and continued to live there until after the organization of the territory in 1854, when he removed across the river to St. Marys, where he kept a store until his death. He was a character in his way, and the writer may some time give a sketch of him. Following Sarpy as the first settlers, were Commodore Decatur, another strange character, and the mission people. About 3,000 Mormons passed the winter of 1847-8, at what is now known as Florence, but called by the Mormons, "winter quarters," while Brigham Young, his twelve, and a supply train had gone to spy out a home in the mountains. But their stay at Florence was only temporary.

A military post was first established at the mouth of Table creek, now Nebraska City in 1845, and was commanded by Capt. Ben Moore, till the commencement of the Mexican war. In the spring of 1847, the president made a requisition upon the state of Missouri for a battalion of five companies of mounted volunteers, to take the place of the mounted rifles of which Fremont was first colonel, which was sent out for the purpose of opening up a line of communications with Oregon, but which had been diverted to Mexico, to join Scott. This battalion wintered at this post, which had been named

FORT KEARNEY.

In the spring of 1848 the battalion moved up the Platte and located and established Fort Childs, on the south side of the river not far from where the B. & M. crosses it. Old Fort Kearney at Nebraska City was then abandoned and the name of the new post was changed from Fort Childs to Fort Kearney in honor of Gen. Stephen W. Kearney.

In the battalion, Gen. James Craig, of St. Joe, Mo., was captain of one of the companies. Those who lived in Omaha during the war will readily recall him, then a brigadier general of volunteers, in command of the district of Nebraska, with headquarters in the old Herndon house, now the U. P. offices, as the writer has been informed, he being in the south at the time. Gen. Craig is an honored and worthy citizen of Missouri. Subsequent to the war, he served his district faithfully in congress. He is one of the most genial, pleasant and honorable citizens to be found in the Missouri valley. The writer thus takes care to make himself all right with the general in advance, for he is about to disregard an injunction of the Missourian which was not to publish his letter written in answer to one from the writer, asking for some information in regard to the establishment of a post at Nebraska City, and subsequently of Fort Childs, (changed to Fort Kearney). As the writer does not expect to visit St. Joe in the near future and has no reason to apprehend that Gen. Craig will put in an appearance in Nebraska for some time to come, he will take the chances of publishing an extract from the general's letter, describing

A HARROWING INCIDENT

that occurred to him while engaged in service on the frontier. He says:

While at Fort Kearney (Nebraska City) I was ordered with my command to relieve another company escorting a train of wagons containing 300 boxes of silver destined to Council Bluffs to be paid to the Pottawottamies as part of the price of Western Iowa, ceded to the government by treaty the year previous. My orders were to guard the money till paid to the Indians, and protect them from gamblers, thieves and whisky traders, who, at that day, always congregated at Indian payments. Before leaving Fort Kearney, our sutler, Bob Wilson, always watchful for the comforts of the officers, placed a five-gallon keg of old bourbon in my wagon, marked "Capt. Craig." As I approached Traders' Point, where the Indians were assembled, I found the country filled with Mormon camps and settlers' cabins, not a few of them prepared to trade with the Indians, and especially in "firewater." I stored my keg with a Mrs. Ferguson, three miles out, hiding it securely, as I supposed. The next morning I found it necessary to issue an order causing all the cabins and camps to be searched, and all liquor found in the country to be destroyed. I started my sergeants in different directions with the order, and to my utter horror and mortification, the first squad that returned in the evening reported the spoiling of five gallons of whisky at Ferguson's, marked "Capt. Craig." Now, General, if you have ever been 150 miles beyond the white settlements, in good health, dry as a contribution box, and have had one of your own officers understand and obey an order like mine, literally, you may have some idea of my and my officers' deplorable condition. I did not kill the sergeant. He is alive today. I complimented him in orders but it was my opinion at the time that he was too good for this wicked world, and ought to have died young.

The writer suffered a more aggravating loss on one occasion, but not by the same means. He had been appointed in 1855 commander of the militia and volunteers, when called out, and consequently when the Indians caused trouble the governor was sure to call upon him. One day in the spring of 1855, Governor Izard came to my house and said a courier had just arrived from the Elkhorn, reporting serious depredations, stealing cattle, etc., by the Pawnees, and that the settlers were hurrying in to Omaha, and desired me to proceed to the Pawnee village at once, and hold a council with the chiefs and insist on these depredations being stopped. Mr. Alice, the interpreter, living at St. Mary's, was sent for, Ex-governor Richardson kindly offered to accompany me. The party consisted of him, Alice, J. E. Allen, and myself, travelling with a pair of horses and farm-wagon. My wife prepared a bountiful supply of rations, including nearly a half bushel of nice, fresh doughnuts, and other things to match, for we could not tell how many days we would be out, and some one placed in the wagon, a large

BOTTLE FULL OF CHOICE BRANDY.

The village of the Pawnees was then on the south side of the Platte on a high bluff, a few miles southeast of Fremont. We drove to the Platte opposite the village, and signaled that we desired to cross to their side several of their young men came over and we requested them to pilot us back, for fording the Platte was not a very safe undertaking. Governor Richardson mounting one of our horses, and I the other, without saddles, the Indians furnishing a pony for Mr. Alice, and Mr. Allen remaining with the wagon and supplies, we started across the river in single file, piloted by the Indians. When towards midway over, my horse began to sink in the treacherous quicksand, and to flounder about in his efforts to withdraw his legs from it. I immediately slid off into the Platte and giving him a sharp blow with my stick, he quickly extricated himself, and getting on to a firmer bottom, I remounted, and we reached the village in safety. The whole tribe were out upon the banks watching our progress across the perfidious stream. Then the chief and warriors, and as many more as the big council tent would hold, and it was very large, composed of poles and skins, gathered there. The writer addressed the chiefs, laying the complaints before them, and declaring to them that their plundering and robbing the settlers must cease; if it did not, they would be subjected to severe punishment. The chiefs charged the wrongs upon their young men, and as having been committed without their knowledge. They promised faithfully enough to put an end to them. The calumet of peace was then passed around, of which we took a few whiffs, and the council ended. I was in constant dread that we should be invited to partake of a kind of black stew in an immense black kettle, over a fire in the center of the lodge. A refusal would, of course, have been regarded by them as a contempt of their hospitality; but, fortunately, that hospitality was not tendered to us. We recrossed the river in the same manner, thinking of the supply of tempting food awaiting us at our camp, when, on arriving there, we found to our amazement and horror, some twenty young braves

HAD BEEN OVER THERE,

overpowered the one left in charge of the wagon, and had taken every article of the food we had brought, boiled ham, rolls, doughnuts, coffee, and the bottle of brandy. While we were holding council with the chiefs and they were promising everything in the way of good behavior, the young rascals were robbing us of everything we had to eat. It was just at night, and we were cold, wet and hungry. Our condition was slightly deplorable. It can be readily believed that we started on our return the next morning with heavy hearts, and with no enlarged views of Indian good faith and hospitality.

The mention of Gov. Izard can hardly fail, with those who knew him here personally as governor, to call up some amusing reminiscences of him. One comes to mind now. On one occasion, when closing an address to the legislature he said:

"When the final summons shall come for me to go hence, my earnest prayer is that my humble body shall be laid away in its last resting place on some one of the beautiful promontories that adorn and embellish the beautiful banks of the lovely Missouri.'

He long ago went to his rest, but not where he expressed the wish to be laid, but down in his own beloved Arkansas, on the swampy banks of the murky St. Francis. The last intelligence the writer ever had of him alive was from some soldiers of the First Nebraska, who during the war passed his place and

TOOK SOME MULES FROM IT

to replace some in the train broken down. They recognized him as he stood in the doorway looking wistfully down the road at the mules as they disappeared from his sight, probably feeling very much as the Methodist preacher, Brother Crawford, felt down in Mississippi, on an occasion. He had served his stated time with the church and was to start for his next field of labor on Sunday afternoon after preaching his farewell sermon. His mode of traveling was on horseback, with his saddlebags. After concluding the services he took a position in front of the desk so that all could pass before him and take him by the hand; and as they did so they exclaimed with tearful eyes and sobbing hearts, "Farewell, Brother Craffud;" each repeating, "Farewell, Brother Craffud." When the last one had uttered the parting words Elder Crawford hastened from the house and mounting his mare, started down the road. A few rods from the gateway there was a pond in the middle of the road, at which the animal shied, and as quickly laid her rider upon the other side, and then, kicking up her heels and throwing up her tail, she galloped riderless away. Gathering himself up he stood for a few moments looking anxiously at the rapidly receding mare, and was then heard to soliloquize to himself, "And she also seems to say, 'Farewell, Brother Craffud.'"

GOV. RICHARDSON,

mentioned above, was one of the first settlers in Omaha and Nebraska. He had been lieutenant governor of Michigan, and when Nebraska was opened for occupancy, though much older than most of the pioneers, he came to Omaha and united his fortunes with the new country. He and his worthy companion helped to make that pleasant society in Omaha in those early days, now long gone, but never to be forgotten. They were good and true in all the relations of life, and were held in the highest esteem by all. They lived to a ripe old age and their lives were beautifully rounded out, for in death they were not long divided, as both, if the writer is not mistaken, were laid away on the same day, into that rest which will remain unbroken till the ushering in of the new day.

They were the parents of Lyman Richardson, Esq., of the Herald, Mrs. Knight, wife of Mr. Knight, of the Herald, and Mrs. George I. Gilbert.

The writer has been flitting around Nebraska and Missouri, keeping Lewis and Clark waiting for him two or three weeks, but he will rejoin them next Saturday evening and Monday morning following, and journey with them to the northwest.

JOHN M. THAYER.

GRAND ISLAND, July 25th.

To Sing With Patti.

Savannah (Ga.) News, July 18.

In 1879 Louis R. Neumayer, a boy about 18 years of age, came to Savannah to take a position in the shipping house of his uncle, Capt. Joseph A. Roberts. He did not exhibit any special liking for the business, but developed a marked talent for music. Prof. Mallette, formerly this city, said that he was possessed of a voice of marvelous power. He will be remembered by many as the boy basso in the amateur concerts and operas produced at that time under Prof. Mallette. His uncle, failing to make a business man of him, sent him off, but the boy clung to his music, and about two years ago secured an engagement with the Thomas Orchestra and Concert company. Some time ago Patti heard him sing in San Francisco, and requested Col. Mapleson to secure him, which was done, and the first of September next the young man goes to London, under a five year's engagement, to sing in Italian opera. This is a marked and wonderful instance of the development of a special talent under difficulties, as the young man's relatives and friends discouraged and disapproved of his course in every possible way.