

The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I.

BROWNVILLE, NEMAH COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1857.

NUMBER 32.

Nebraska Advertiser

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
W. FURNAS,
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
(Late's Block),
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:
For one year (variably in advance) \$2.00
Six months, 1.50
Three months, 1.00
For one square (12 lines or less) one insertion, 50c
Each additional insertion, 25c
The year, 10.00
Three months, 3.00
Six months, 5.00
Business Cards of six lines or less one year, 5.00
One Column, one year, 10.00
One-half Column, one year, 5.00
One-fourth Column, one year, 2.50
One Column, six months, 6.00
One-half Column, six months, 3.00
One-fourth Column, six months, 1.50
One Column, three months, 3.00
One-half Column, three months, 1.50
One-fourth Column, three months, .75
One Column, one month, 1.00
One-half Column, one month, .50
One-fourth Column, one month, .25

Advertisements will be considered by the year, unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon between the parties.
Advertisements not marked on the copy for a special number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Advertisements from strangers or transient persons, to be paid in advance.
The privilege of yearly advertisements will be confined to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.
All legal advertisements charged double the above rates.
Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

A. D. JONES,

THE WESTERN PIONEER LAND HUNTER,
AND
DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
Lands carefully located, and entered for customers. Lots and Lands bought and sold.

E. M. M'COMAS,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OBSTETRICIAN,
NEMAH CITY, N. T.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county.

HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS.
No 49 Main street, bet. Olive and Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Male Hats.

C. V. SNOW,

SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
And Accouchour,
ROCKFORD, MO.

NUCKOLLS, RUSSELL & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Rockport, Mo.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, QUEENSWARE, STONWARE, TINWARE, IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS &c. Also Furniture of all kinds, Window Sash, &c

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Land Agent and Notary Public,
Archer, Richardson county, N. T.
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JACOB SAFFORD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT,
And Notary Public,
Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him, in Nebraska Territory, and West.

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RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT
AGENTS,
And General Commission Merchants.
No. 46, Public Landing,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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Attorney at Law,
Nebraska City, N. T.

BRADFORD, McLENNAN & MCGARY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
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SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Brownville and Nemaha City,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

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Amusing Sketch.

PLAYING OLD SLEDGE FOR THE PRESIDENT.
BY E. OF TENNESSEE.

"Well, Sut, what was your dream?—Tell us; if ever you did dream anything smart your friends ought to know it for the benefit of your character, for cuss me if you ever even thought anything smart a wale."

Thus bantered, Sat leaned against the rough board counter of the doggery, with a tumbler of whisky in one hand, while the other sounded for the bottom of a hole in his breeches by courtesy called a pocket—took a small sip, and began to tell his dream. Hear him, reader, speak for himself:

"Gentle-men! I dreamt an impossibility last night. I wuz in Washington City, and I know I never will be there unless they take me thar to hang ur crucify me for drinkin' more n'r my sheer or 'the people's drink,' old Rot Gut. But in my dream I was thar, and no mistake—sartin sure—at a thunderin' big tavern, whar they rung little bells to keep from hellin' arter niggers an makin' a noise; and whar they called yu ta yur mush by ratlin on a big still bottom just for the sake of the noise; an whar they took thirty dimes a day for doin' nuthin' fur yu; an whar they gin you sase snuf to make you fite (at home) for nuthin' at all—Darn the seat of government! Darn the legs and boty of government! An darn every body, I say!"

"Tell your dream before you get drunk, you long-legged cuss you, or let somebody tell it for you."

Thus reproved, Sut sheered into the channel again:

"Well arter supper while I nosed round until I got into a room whar I seed a lite, and thar set three fellers a playin' ol' sledge."

"Oh wad!"

"Sartin, you drotted wuzel skin, n'r long-legged son of a bawdoo!"

"This wuz addressed to a young specimen of the order of business, named anti-Populists mudludger, who shone resplendent from K— in lights, small cane and watch-ribbon, and had a laudable desire to learn something of the hidden mysteries of 'old sledge.' He layed on an asthetic trombone and 'aches' when in the 'schuty.'"

"They wuz a playin seven up with bran nev kerdz, speller span new, an no marks, every feller for his self seemin'ly. Now, gentle-men I believe I kin smel kerdz, ef they are in motion, as fir from here to the spring, ur bow the devil did it happen ta hit onto that room whar gambolling wuz a gwine on! But thar I did go by in-shuk, I reokin, an thar three fellers wuz robdy on yearth but Buck-cannon, Fillmore, and Fremont; and they wuz a playin a single game or seven-up for the President's cheer or three free and awful United Epluribus States, tharly-one in number, an kiverin the whole yearth."

Thar wuz another chap inter that room, with one hand under his coat an a tother stroken or his chin, a walkin about sorter 'kerless like, but fast a lookin in'er Fillmore's hand and then inter Fremont's and then a winkin and a frownin, fist at one or then an then tother. Then he'd tipoe an try to peep inter Buck's hand. But the old feller hit it under the shadder of the table and sorter looked at it sideways his self, an was a watchin the peepin feller, too, all the while rite close—His name was Sea-ward ur Heil-ward ur smthin' of that sort, no matter which. Now, gentle-men, I kin play ol' sledge myself rite peart, and when I seed that it wuz game or two pluck one; and that Buck-cannon was bound to be skimed, ef his hide didn't grow fast onto his bones, I got as mad as a bee in swarin time, and I jist thought (mind I sed nuthin) that I'd like to nock snuff off or that chap's skull to make a bullet ladle, ef I dared tu. He is a darn'd snake in the grass, sure."

Well, arter they had played out thar hands, Mister Buck-cannon sez, a bowin mty purite, "I believe, gentlemen, I made high, juck, and that has set me six, ef I aint mistaken." Then both on em, Fillmore and Fremont, spread all o' Buck's tricks out onto the table till they saw his ace or trumps and the juck or trumps which he had coteh from Fillmore with the king, and then they streeed that he wuz six. Sea-ward sez, "Yea, he reconed that was the state of the game." Fillmore then, as modest as a fifteen year old gal, sez, "I made low, you koteh my juce with yer old ace, Mister Buck-cannon, an that sits me three." All agreed on that count, an Fremont leanin his cheer back whispured behind his hand to me, "an d—low it was, too, don't you think so? and his black mut-tel-uz twisted up like onto two corkscrews; but all agreed that Fillmore was three,

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A MAIDEN'S FIRST LOVE.

Human nature has no essence more pure—the world knows nothing more chaste—heaven has endowed the mortal heart with no feeling more holy, than the nascent affection of a young virgin's soul. The warmest language of the sunny South is too cold to shadow forth even a faint outline of that enthusiastic sentiment. And God has made the richest language poor in that same respect, because the depths of hearts that thrill with love's emotions are too sacred for contemplation. The musical voice of love stirs the source of the sweetest thought within the human breast, and steals into the most profound recesses of the soul, touching chords which never vibrated before, and calling into genial companionship delicious hopes till then unknown.

Yes, the light of a young maiden's love breaks dimly but beautifully upon her as the silver lustre of a star glimmers through a thickly woven bower; and the first blush that mantles her cheek, as she feels the primal influence, is faint and pure as that which a rose leaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does that grow stronger, and that flush deeper—until the powerful effulgence of the one irradiates every corner of her heart, and the crimson glow of the other suffuses every feature of her countenance.

EQUALITY OF HAPPINESS AND MISERY.

It is an old aphorism, that human happiness is equally divided. The truth of this universal law of compensations was forcibly illustrated to us, a day or two since, by the complaints of a gentleman who seemed to be blessed with "every joy the world can give." Young, rich, handsome, and married to a lovely amiable and accomplished woman—surrounded by affectionate relatives and devoted friends—we have often looked upon him as a man in the full enjoyment of all the human blessings. But philosophy teaches us to distrust appearances. An insidious and painful disease maker our envied friend a miserably man, and physical suffering eclipses all his sunshine.

And thus it is in all the ranks and conditions of life. In the simple language of good old Dr. Watts:

"Each pleasure has its poison,
And every sweet a smart."

A poor man has health, a good appetite, and sleeps soundly at night—The rich man has his cares, his head aches and his heart aches; and if the sum of human enjoyment could be exactly measured by some sort of moral thermometer, we should find that real happiness is pretty equally distributed and that there is little cause for any man to repine at his own lot, or envy that of his neighbor.—New York Mirror.

Farmers' Department.

INVENTIONS—THEIR AUTHORITY—HONOR TO WHOM HONOR BELONGS.

Many readers, on glancing at this heading, may think with themselves as follows:—"It is of small consequence to one who has the honor or profit of inventions. I pay largely enough for the privilege of using them, and I am cheated often enough by humbugs, whoever has brought them out. Whether the real inventor enjoys the benefit of his genius, or some rascal more adroit than he, has filched from him the laurels, and the gold which belong to him, my liabilities and my advantages are the same. If my Reaper works well, I need not trouble myself with the question, whether McCormick's is an original invention, or only an imitation of the machine invented a long time ago, by Rev. Patrick Bell, in Scotland, and honored with a premium of £50, nearly thirty years ago. If my Reaper works ill, it will not help the matter, to know that several men are quarrelling about the ownership of the original idea, which has taxed me a round sum for nothing. I will try to judge of the implements themselves as well as I can and leave inventors, and the pirates, and the imitators, who are plundering them, to settle their difficulties as best they may." Such, we say, may be the thoughts of some of our intelligent readers.

Now, we are quite ready to admit, that these considerations have much force. It cannot be expected that every farmer, who uses a patented implement, should be minutely informed as to its history. This would be plainly impracticable. Yet we cannot but think that the soliloquy we have just presented, involves some error. The truth is, every farmer is concerned more or less in the proper bestowment of praise, and the proper distribution of pecuniary reward, for every valuable invention or improvement which facilitates the processes of agriculture. He is concerned in these matters, as one of the great public, who are to see that "equal and exact justice" is done to all men, and whose verdicts are, in the long run, to correct the mistakes, and right the wrongs which have attended the introduction of almost every improvement that has been made since inventive genius began to toil for the comfort of man.

But the love of general justice is not the only motive which should prompt a wakeful interest in the proper bestowment of honors in these cases.—The farmer's own pecuniary advantage is much involved in the matter. It is the farmer's interest, that every inventor should be rewarded for his contributions to the ease and rapidity of farming work. But every piece of successful knavery, by which the honest inventor is deprived of the fruit of his genius and his patient toil, operates powerfully to discourage his efforts, and of course to retard or arrest the noble order of endeavor, by which the boundary of human knowledge is extended, and the empire of human skill made more absolute and perfect. Every humbug which the farmer encourages, is a premium offered to dishonesty.—How many a noble thought has died unuttered! how many a beautiful piece of mechanism has been left unfinished, because their author has seen that public indifference, or public gullibility, would involve him in a hopeless struggle with pretenders and copyists, who, in such a battle, would be almost sure to win! Thus, to-day, many a valuable invention is probably lost to the world for half a century to come, because the intelligent men, who are directly concerned, have been careless as to the proper distribution of praise and profit.

But another reason why the farmer should study somewhat the history of inventions, is, that he may thus save himself from imposition in the articles he is asked to buy. Many an implement has been tried in Great Britain, or on the Continent. At first, it seemed to be a great thing; it would save millions of money. After years of time, and the loss of immense sums, it was proved to be worthless, and was thrown aside. But the people in this country knew not of its existence.—They had not studied the history of its advent and its failure. Their ignorance furnished a fine opportunity for the operations of unprincipled men! These men paraded the exploded humbug as a new invention of vast moment, and of wonderful economy. The bait took; the hook was swallowed. The ignorance of the masses made them the easy victims of knowing charlatanism. How natural all this—how inevitable! While the people continue ignorant, or indifferent to the history of inventions, such impostors must, more or less, be submitted to. More, perhaps, hereafter.

OR, PATRICIAN VS. PLEBIAN BLOOD.

A CALF STORY.

Our amateur farmer and stock fancier Joseph Wright, having strong faith in Bovine lineage, took pains to send a fine cow of simple pedigree to the famed gray imported bull of S. P. Chapman, at Clockville, Madison Co. He was afterwards assured by Mr. C. that if the calf should be small and not otherwise realize his first expectations, it would improve and "come out right in the end." The cow was placed with Garret Loverige, a shrewd Yankee farmer, three miles south of this village. Among the many good things Mr. L. had learned from his Pennsylvania German neighbors and engrained on his farming, were also some of their egotistical prejudices against book farming, improved breeds of stock, swine, &c. Hence Mr. Loverige verily believed that all was in the keeping of God, and nothing in the breed; but as a true Yankee is never quite satisfied until he is certain he is right, he adopted the experiment of changing Wright's blood heifer calf at its birth, with one of the same gender dropped only four days before by one of his Dutch cows—well knowing that Mr. Wright would give his calf the very best of keeping, while the blood calf would only have the ordinary keeping of his other farm stock. This experiment would at least test the fact whether a plebian calf, if extra well fed, would not grow into a better cow, than a blood calf with ordinary keeping.

When Mr. Wright came to take home his cow and calf he told Loverige that he was rather disappointed in its big Dutch tail and other marks of scrub origin; but as Mr. Chapman had told him that it would "come right" at maturity, he now took the best care of the cow, until she calved her calf, and then the young blood, as he supposed it to be, was fed and pampered in order to bring out its good qualities at maturity. But all his care and feeding was vain. After she had her first calf he was so chagrined at her poor milking qualities, that he sold her out her calf to the butcher. Now Loverige made known all the facts of the case to his own neighbors, and brought to Mr. W. his own Clockville sired calf in the shape of a beautiful cow, which I need not say elicited from Wright more astonishment and delight than he would have exhibited had a rich friend died suddenly, leaving him heir to a large estate. The very sight of such a fine-limbed, graceful, gentle animal, to say nothing of her round, plump bag, shook the faith of all the Fayette Weibeteute in their old Pennsylvania breeds, and Loverige was cured of his prejudices against book farming and fancy breeds forever.

S. W.
Waterloo, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1856.

How to Start Locust Trees.

Editor: By your last paper I see that Mr. Niles, of Iowa, wishes some information about raising locust trees, and you want some of your readers to answer him. I can inform him, as I have been "thar" Take the seed about the time of planting corn, and put them in boiling hot water; let them cool off, and then plant them in rows about 8 feet apart (in good mellow ground), and about 6 inches in the row. There is no more trouble in raising them than corn, if you will keep the prairie chickens off. The seed can be had in Chicago. The borer is playing sad havoc among the locust trees here and will take them all, I guess.

I like your paper very much, and may you prosper in your enterprise.—
B. S. WILLIAMS,
Morris, Grundy Co., Ill., Oct. 1856.

THE ENGLISH FLUKE POTATO.

Eds. Rural: I agree with you in placing the "Fluke Potato" among the "varieties that promise well"—having tested it by two years trial. I had only one to begin with—and now have only reserved some half a peck for seed—for we all wanted to try them. We did so, both boiled and baked, and the verdict was unanimous in their favor. There were some outlandish-shaped specimens among mine, but the most were fair and handsome, and the yield fully equal to other kinds, considering the drought, &c. The tops were very small—only from six to ten inches high—and I think they would bear quite close planting.—
B.
Niagara County.

The Kinderhook Rough Notes states that the potato rot has again made its appearance in that section of Columbia county, and that immense losses will be sustained by farmers. It says the disease made its appearance during the recent hot weather, and so rapid has been its progress, that whole fields have already been destroyed and will not pay for digging.

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OR, PATRICIAN VS. PLEBIAN BLOOD.

A CALF STORY.

Our amateur farmer and stock fancier Joseph Wright, having strong faith in Bovine lineage, took pains to send a fine cow of simple pedigree to the famed gray imported bull of S. P. Chapman, at Clockville, Madison Co. He was afterwards assured by Mr. C. that if the calf should be small and not otherwise realize his first expectations, it would improve and "come out right in the end." The cow was placed with Garret Loverige, a shrewd Yankee farmer, three miles south of this village. Among the many good things Mr. L. had learned from his Pennsylvania German neighbors and engrained on his farming, were also some of their egotistical prejudices against book farming, improved breeds of stock, swine, &c. Hence Mr. Loverige verily believed that all was in the keeping of God, and nothing in the breed; but as a true Yankee is never quite satisfied until he is certain he is right, he adopted the experiment of changing Wright's blood heifer calf at its birth, with one of the same gender dropped only four days before by one of his Dutch cows—well knowing that Mr. Wright would give his calf the very best of keeping, while the blood calf would only have the ordinary keeping of his other farm stock. This experiment would at least test the fact whether a plebian calf, if extra well fed, would not grow into a better cow, than a blood calf with ordinary keeping.

When Mr. Wright came to take home his cow and calf he told Loverige that he was rather disappointed in its big Dutch tail and other marks of scrub origin; but as Mr. Chapman had told him that it would "come right" at maturity, he now took the best care of the cow, until she calved her calf, and then the young blood, as he supposed it to be, was fed and pampered in order to bring out its good qualities at maturity. But all his care and feeding was vain. After she had her first calf he was so chagrined at her poor milking qualities, that he sold her out her calf to the butcher. Now Loverige made known all the facts of the case to his own neighbors, and brought to Mr. W. his own Clockville sired calf in the shape of a beautiful cow, which I need not say elicited from Wright more astonishment and delight than he would have exhibited had a rich friend died suddenly, leaving him heir to a large estate. The very sight of such a fine-limbed, graceful, gentle animal, to say nothing of her round, plump bag, shook the faith of all the Fayette Weibeteute in their old Pennsylvania breeds, and Loverige was cured of his prejudices against book farming and fancy breeds forever.

S. W.
Waterloo, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1856.

How to Start Locust Trees.

Editor: By your last paper I see that Mr. Niles, of Iowa, wishes some information about raising locust trees, and you want some of your readers to answer him. I can inform him, as I have been "thar" Take the seed about the time of planting corn, and put them in boiling hot water; let them cool off, and then plant them in rows about 8 feet apart (in good mellow ground), and about 6 inches in the row. There is no more trouble in raising them than corn, if you will keep the prairie chickens off. The seed can be had in Chicago. The borer is playing sad havoc among the locust trees here and will take them all, I guess.

I like your paper very much, and may you prosper in your enterprise.—
B. S. WILLIAMS,
Morris, Grundy Co., Ill., Oct. 1856.

THE ENGLISH FLUKE POTATO.

Eds. Rural: I agree with you in placing the "Fluke Potato" among the "varieties that promise well"—having tested it by two years trial. I had only one to begin with—and now have only reserved some half a peck for seed—for we all wanted to try them. We did so, both boiled and baked, and the verdict was unanimous in their favor. There were some outlandish-shaped specimens among mine, but the most were fair and handsome, and the yield fully equal to other kinds, considering the drought, &c. The tops were very small—only from six to ten inches high—and I think they would bear quite close planting.—
B.
Niagara County.

The Kinderhook Rough Notes states that the potato rot has again made its appearance in that section of Columbia county, and that immense losses will be sustained by farmers. It says the disease made its appearance during the recent hot weather, and so rapid has been its progress, that whole fields have already been destroyed and will not pay for digging.