

The Nebraska Advertiser.

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

VOL. I. CITY OF BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1857. NO. 38.

Nebraska Advertiser
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
W. FURNAS,
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
(Lath's Block.)
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
TERMS:
For one year (in advance) \$2.00
Six months 1.50
Three months 1.00
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square (12 lines or less), one insertion, 50 cts.
Each additional insertion, 25 cts.
The square, one month, 1.50
Three months, 4.50
Six months, 8.00
One year, 15.00
Business Cards of six lines or less one year, 2.00
The Column, one year, 3.00
Half Column, three months, 1.50
Quarter Column, one year, 12.00
Six lines, one year, 10.00
Six lines, three months, 3.00
Six lines, six months, 6.00
Six lines, one year, 12.00
Six lines, three months, 3.00
Six lines, six months, 6.00
Six lines, one year, 12.00
Advertisement for office, 50 cts.
Cash in advance will be required for all advertisements except where actual responsibility is known. No copy for charge to be added to the above rates.
Shipping Business Cards of five lines or less, for one year, \$1.00.
No advertisements will be considered by the year unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon before the parties.
Advertisements not marked as temporary for a special number of insertions will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
All advertisements from strangers or transient persons to be paid in advance.
The privilege of yearly advertisements will be extended to those who have been published before in this paper, and all advertisements not marked as temporary will be charged for extra.
All local advertisements charged double the above rates.
Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING!
Posters, Blanks, Bill Heads, Snow Bills, Labels, Checks, Circulars, Catalogues, Lading, Bills of

SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,
and every other kind of work that may be called for. Having purchased, in connection with the Advertiser's Office, an extensive and excellent variety of **JOB TYPE** of the latest styles, we are prepared to do any kind of work mentioned in the above Catalogue, with neatness and dispatch.
The Proprietor, also, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and, in his endeavor to please, look for the execution of his work, and reasonable charges, to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.
BROWNVILLE.
OSCAR F. LAKE & CO.,
GENERAL LAND AND LOT AGENTS.
OFFICE on Main, bet. 1st and 2nd Sts.
Brownville, N. T.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
And Obstetrician.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Solicits a share of public patronage, in the various branches of his profession, from the citizens of Brownville and vicinity.

W. HOBLITZEL & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Queensware, Hardware, Stoves, Furnishings, COUNTRY PRODUCE.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

MISS MARY W. TURNER,
MILLINER
And Dress Maker.
First Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Dresses and Trimmings always on hand.

C. W. WHEELER,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.
FIRST ST. BET. MAIN AND WATER
Brownville, N. T.

T. L. RICKETTS,
CARPENTER AND JOINER.
BROWNVILLE,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

J. D. N. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LOT AND LAND AGENT.
Corner of First and Atlantic Streets,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Will attend the Courts of Nebraska, Missouri, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

JAMES W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

A. MUD, G. L. HUGHES, A. J. MUD, R. T. MUD, S. A. GREER.

MUD & HUGHES,
PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
No. 25 Levee and 66 Commercial Street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. D. JONES,
THE WESTERN PIONEER LAND HUNTER,
AND
DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
[See Land carefully located, and entered for settlement. Lots and Lands bought and sold.]

E. M. M'COMAS,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OBSTETRICIAN,
NEMAHA CITY, N. T.
Tender his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county.

A. E. HARRISON, S. G. KENYON & F. TOWN.
HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,
No. 68 Main Street, bet. Olive and Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our Best Male Hats.

A. L. COATE,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA CO.,
Nebraska Territory.

NUCKOLLS, RUSSELL & CO.
Rockport, Mo.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Medicines, Dye Stuffs,
Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
QUEENWARE, STONeware, TINWARE,
IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS &c.
Also Furniture of all kinds. Window Sash, &c.
September 12, 1856. w12-17.

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

A. J. BRADFORD, W. S. BROWN, B. J. HOGAN, J. M. HOGAN,
D. A. HOGAN,
NEMAHA CITY, N. T.

BRADFORD, McLENNAN & MCGARY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
Brownville and Nebraska City,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.
BEING permanently located in the Territory, we will give our entire time and attention to the practice of our profession, in all the branches. Master in Chancery. Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchase of Real Estate, Selections of Lands, Leases of Lands, Warrants, and all other business connected with our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

REFERENCES:
Nemaha City, Brownville, St. Joseph, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., Cincinnati, O., Keokuk, Iowa, June 1, 1854, w1-14.

A. J. POPPLETON, W. S. BYERS,
POPPLETON & BYERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And General Land Agents,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.
Land Warrants Bought and Sold,
LAND ENTERED ON TIME.
OFFICIAL attention given to the selection and entry of Lands for Settlers, and all other desirable choice localities.
Land Claims, Town Lots, and all kinds of Real Estate, bought and sold and investments made for distant Dwellers.

JOHN S. HOYT,
County Surveyor and Land Agent,
O'Connell county, N. T., will attend promptly to all business in his profession, when called out, such as Surveying, Locating, Chaining, and all other duties connected with his office.
Residence and office,
ARCHER, Richardson Co., N. T.

J. HART & SON,
SADDLERY & HARNESS MAKERS.
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
Keop constantly on hand all description of Saddles, Saddles, Bridles, &c.
N. B. Every article made and repaired by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

W. P. LOAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LAND AND LOT AGENT,
ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.
GIVEN BOND, JAMES P. FINE, W. E. GARDNER, AUGUSTUS KNIGHT,
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
No. 23 MAIN STREET,
FEBRUARY, 1857. Cans bet. Main and Levee.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Original Poetry.
(Written for the Nebraska Advertiser.)
LINES.
To Mrs M. J. W.—of Nemaha Co.
BY FRANCIS M. CLAVELL.
There is beauty on thy brow, Mary,
Thine eyes illumined in their rays,
There is sweetness on thy lips,
As they part to breathe a sigh.
There is music in thy voice, Mary,
In its soft and winning tone,
Like the gentle croon of a song—
When the minstrel is gone.
And grateful is thy step, Mary,
As thou art to the dawn,
When from its leafy couch it springs
To greet the early dawn.
So, what! all these must fade, Mary,
Which in pleasure, and pain, and withered,
Within a single hour.
But the heart, the mind, the soul, Mary,
Thine, these, O! fondly cherish,
And the flowers around thy pathway, then,
Though bright, will never perish.
PRAIRIE SHANTIE, Feb. 1857.

Original Sketch.
(Written for the Nebraska Advertiser.)
MEMOIRS.—No. 1.
BY FRANCIS M. CLAVELL.
I have memories, mournful and pleasing ones, of the old, the young, the maiden, and the little child; they crowd on me by turns, and
"Faint in the distance for I seem to hear,
The familiar voice of some one pass'd away,
God never gave to human intellect
A gift so blessed as the powers of memory."
It is a magic surpassing that of the woman of Endor; for it not only calls the dead to life again, but clothes them with familiar looks and smiles, and brings them from the land of the dead without the grave clothes, in all their original beauty and ravishing glory.
There is one of these memories that often haunts me in my lonely hours, as I sit before the fire, conjuring up scenes from the hazy past to keep me company. It is:
Rose Hamton,
Rose Hamton was our village pet, we all loved her with a right willing love; she was one of those that we love to lose. She grew up like a star on a blue break in a cloudy sky, not that her face was cloudy; that it never was, but always sunny; none was fairer, none brighter, none so full of life, and none so full of gentleness.
When I think of Rose, new forms come on the scene; there is her venerable old father, and the old Minister, who could be seen together every evening, at sunset walking on the green, talking of the past and the future, they had lived a long-life time near each other, and were as familiar as brothers. And there is Mary Weldon, Rose's best friend, as fair and quite as gentle; and then there is Charley Weldon, too, the dearest of all the world to Rose Hamton. And he was worthy the love even of Rose Hamton; a noble fellow he was, with a stout arm and a stout heart, ready to die for her at any time. His love was manly and enabled him as well as his object, it was no shining love, that thrives on moonlight nights, and talks of stars or slivers over grates in winter and dreams of Summer coming again. It was no ball-room love that lived in the touch of the gloved finger, or the public embrace of the waltz; no such love of the women and men talk and write of, now days; what a brilliant love that was. I remember a hundred little incidents now that proved its beauty and forbearance, they never exchanged a single unkind word from childhood till the end; they played the most unbounded confidence in each other. He had never deceived her in thought or deed; the hypocritical days had not come yet, though men have been hypocrites since the days of Adam, but hypocrisy is the characteristic of this day, and the whole world is a sort of Mask Ball. God only knows what skeletons and death heads are under the cloaks and masks.
Mr. Hamton loved Charley as his

own son; knowing that he expected to be so when Rose was eighteen, at least one year yet.
It was one afternoon in August, Charley and Rose were out on the hills on horseback; they were to be back at seven o'clock; one of those sudden storms peculiar to the season, came up, it was a fearful tempest of wind at first and then followed by a flood of rain, the small mountain streams were swollen to torrents and the creek became a broad river, shaking the village with its roar and heavy fall over the ledge of rocks; the tall trees bent before the gale as if they were but reeds. I was gazing out of the window; a wild storm has a peculiar charm for me which I can not resist, when its spirits are let forth from their gloomy coverings. Suddenly there came a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the foundation of the world, the sound went rolling away among the mountains, now low, now loud, echoing from some cliff or moaning through some far off glen, till it died away, and a stillness ensued which was more sublime than the voice that preceded it.
Not a sound was in the air, not a whisper of the wind, not a rustling branch, not a drop of rain, to break the solemn silence. Then the wind—like the wail of the mother over her dead boy, that wail of a broken heart, than which, no voice of human utterance is more sad—stole out upon the hushed air, fitfully at first as if the weeper dared not weep aloud, then more distinct till it swelled into a thrilling wail, that died away faintly, as if the heart was crushed and life had departed with the last notes of that unutterably melodious voice.
The storm clouds passed away, and the sun shone out brightly before he disappeared behind the hills.
I was aroused from a spell—which the solemnity of the hour had thrown around me—by the call for aid to secure the old bridge over the Creek; a dozen of the villagers had hastened to the place, the bridge was swaying too and fro fearfully and every instant seemed as if it would go down. The stream was in wild commotion, the sun had disappeared, and the moon rose up casting her silver rays upon the scene. I hate the moon; she always looks so cold; be it a scene of joy or sorrow, she always wears that same cold mocking smile.
While they were at work securing the bridge, I heard the sound of horses feet, and soon saw Charley and Rose emerge from the wood on the opposite side. They should have returned by another road and we were surprised to see them return by this one; we shouted to them but they did not hear us, they were laughing gaily, as I could see in the moonlight, they came on the bridge and had but half crossed when Charley saw his danger, he seized the rein of Rose's horse, and I heard him exclaim, "on, on, for your life." Side by side the horses made tremendous leaps; three more would have saved them. Wm. Hamton sprang forward but I held him back; the bridge swayed downward, and back it crashed, it thundered down over the roar of the stream; they were gone; I saw the white gleam of a hand on the surface, next I saw Charley struggling with desperate strength against the torrent to reach Rose, he caught her in his arms, he struck out for the bank, his strength failed him, and he sank; in the last moment of agony I saw Rose try to relieve him of her burden, again he rose but for an instant, then naught could be seen but the mocking rays of the moon.
The current threw them on the bank below, but their spirits had flown from the torrent to the land of the blessed. The river laughed wildly at its work; and the moon looked coldly down upon this scene of death. Mr. Hamton stood mute, transfixed with grief, the good old pastor bowed his head and with a choking sob said "It is the Lord," and wept aloud, all wept that were there. I never wept more bitter tears, never, never. I wept for youth and beauty, for warm and generous hearts, for manly worth and angelic

virtue, lying cold and rigid in the arms of death? I wept for the grief-stricken old man, his heavy burden seemed too much for him to bear.
As I heard the clatter fall upon the boards, I murmured "in life they loved each other dearly, and in death they were not parted."
PRAIRIE SHANTIE, Feb. 1857.

Miscellaneous.
THE IMMENSITY OF CREATION.
The following is an extract from the Address of Hon. Edward Everett, at the dedication of the Dudley Observatory:
But it is when we turn our observations and our thoughts from our own system, to the systems which lie beyond it in the heavenly spaces, that we approach a more adequate conception of the vastness of Creation. All analogy teaches us that the sun which gives light to us is but one of those countless stellar fires which deck the firmament, and that every glittering star in that shining host is the centre of a system as vast and as full of subordinate luminaries as our own. Of these suns—centres of planetary systems—thousands are visible to the naked eye, millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschell, in the account of his operations at the Cape of Good Hope—page 381—calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible even to a twenty-foot reflector, in both hemispheres. He adds, that "the actual number is much greater there can be little doubt." His illustrious father estimated on one occasion that 125,000 stars passed through the field of his forty-foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give 12,000,000 for the entire circuit of the heavens, in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulae were masses of luminous matter not yet condensed into suns.
These stupendous calculations, however, form but the first column of the inventory of the universe. Paint white specks are visible even to the naked eye of a practical observer in different parts of the heavens. Under high magnifying powers, several thousands of such spots are visible—no longer, however, faint white specks, but many of them resolved by powerful telescopes into vast aggregations of stars, each of which may, with propriety, be compared with the Milky Way. Many of these nebulae, however, resisted the power of Sir Wm. Herschell's great reflector, and were, accordingly, still regarded by him as masses of unformed matter not yet condensed into suns. This, till a few years since, was perhaps the prevailing opinion; and the nebular theory filled a large space in astronomical science. But with the increase of instrumental power, especially under the mighty grasp of Lord Ross's gigantic reflector, and the great refractors at Pulkova and Cambridge, the most irresolvable of these nebulae have given way; and the better opinion is now, that every one of them is a galaxy, like our own Milky Way, composed of millions of suns. In other words, we are brought to the bewildering conclusion that thousands of these misty specks, the greater part of them too faint to be seen with the naked eye, are not each a universe like our system, but each a "swarm" of universes of unappreciable magnitude. (Humboldt, Cosmos iii, 4.) The mind sinks overpowered by the contemplation.—We repeat the words, but they no longer convey distinct ideas to the understanding.
But these conclusions, however vast their comprehension, carry us not another forward in the realms of sidereal astronomy. A proper motion in space of our sun, and of the fixed stars, as we call them, has long been believed to exist. Their vast distances only prevent its being more apparent. The great improvement of instruments of measurement within the last generation has not only established the existence of this motion, but has pointed to the region in the starry vault around which our whole solar and stellar system, with its myriad of attendant planetary worlds, appears to be performing a mighty revolution. If then, we assume that, outside of the system to which we belong, and in which our sun is but a star like Aldebaran or Sirius, the different nebulae of which we have spoken—thousands of which spot the heavens—constitute a distinct family of universes, we must, following the guide of analogy, attribute to each of them also, beyond all the revolutions of their individual planetary systems, a great revolution, comprehending the

whole; while the same course of analogical reasoning would lead us still further onward, and in the last analysis, require us to assume a transcendental connection between all these mighty systems—a universe of universes, circling round in the infinity of space, and preserving its equilibrium by the same laws of mutual attraction, which bind the lower worlds together.
It may be thought that conceptions like these are calculated rather to depress than to elevate us in the scale of being; that, banished as he is by these contemplations to a corner of creation, and there reduced to an atom, man sinks to nothingness in this infinity of worlds. But a second thought corrects the impression. These vast contemplations are well calculated to inspire awe, but not abasement. Mind and matter are incommensurable. An immortal soul, even while clothed, in "this muddy vesture of decay," is in the eye of God and reason, a purer essence than the brightest sun that lights the depths of heaven. The organized human eye, instinct with life and soul, which, gazing through the telescope, travels up to the cloudy speck in the handle of Orion's sword, and bids it blaze forth into a galaxy as vast as ours, stands higher in the order of being than all that of luminaries. The intellect of Newton, which discovered the law that holds the revolving worlds together, a nobler work of God than a universe of universes of unthinking matter.
If still treading the loftiest paths of analogy, we adopt the supposition—to me, I own, the grateful supposition—that the countless planetary worlds which attend these countless suns, are the abodes of rational beings like man, instead of bringing back from this exalted conception a feeling of insignificance, as if the individuals of our race were but poor atoms in the infinity of being, I regard it, on the contrary, as a glory of our human nature, that it belongs to a family which no man can number; of rational natures like itself. In the order of being they may stand beneath us, or they may stand above us; but they may well be content with his place who is made "a little lower than the angels."

SINGULAR INCIDENT.
Some time ago an English man-of-war touched at a foreign port, and the Admiral was invited on shore to dine with an old friend, at whose table sat an American lady with her two grown up daughters. The entertainment was passing off very pleasantly when Admiral—said "Speaking of incidences, I have lately come across an American paper containing the account of a very singular murder case; perhaps these ladies know something about it, as it occurred in Boston. The name was Prof.—humph, I forget the name now."
The Admiral was about to proceed, when the American ladies got up in the greatest consternation and hurried from the room, leaving the distinguished guest rather chagrined, and at a loss to account for their conduct. Though painful to the hospitable host, he felt it his duty to explain very briefly the cause, and the simple recital brought tears from the old Admiral, as the unwitting cause of carrying sorrow to any one. The subject was too delicate for an explanation, and, grieved beyond measure, he bade a hasty adieu to his old friend, and in an hour more, his frigate was dashing from the port with all sails spread. It is only necessary for us to say that Foyal was the port and the American ladies the wife and daughters of Prof. Webster. It is indeed true that the sins of the parent shall be visited upon the children.—*Charleston Advertiser.*

THE BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.
Many of the business men of this vicinity do not advertise. This is not as it should be, for a judicious system of advertising any business pays—sometimes more and sometimes less, to be sure—but it always pays. Many people, imagining that it would not make any difference, neglect this way of making their business known, and, perhaps, succeed very well, but it is well known that in all enterprises, those who advertise properly succeed better than those who do not. An advertisement appearing weekly in a newspaper having even a circulation of 800 or 1000, informs 5000 or 6000 people of the articles offered for sale—if the advertiser is a merchant—and is an inducement for people to patronize the concern. Whereas, without this, the proprietor sells only to a few regular customers, and those who happen to "drop in."—*Exchange.*

Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give, they cease to love.

Wit and Humor.
From the Boston Post.
A DOLLAR OR TWO.
With cattle's legs, as we tread our way there,
This intricate world as other folks do,
We still on our journey are able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two.
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two,
No friend is so true as a dollar or two.
Three country and town, as we pass up and down,
No pauper so good as a dollar or two.
Would you read yourself out of the bachelor crew,
You must always be ready to take a new view,
Although it should cost you a dollar or two,
Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
And affection is guided by a dollar or two,
The best deal you can get in addressing post cards,
Is the eloquent clink of a dollar or two.
Would you wish your existence with faith to sustain,
And dwell in the ranks of the sanctified few,
To enjoy a good name and a well cultivated pen,
You must always come down with a dollar or two.
The gospel is preached for a dollar or two,
And salvation is granted for a dollar or two.
You may sin some at times, but the worst of all crimes
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.

Some of the outside editors who have no souls for sweet sounds, occasionally give vent to the puzzled dissatisfaction which they feel at the opera, in queer language:
In what does the execution of an Operatic piece consist—such, for instance, as "Casta Diva," from Norma, sung by Parodi? A gradually modulating howl—a squeak, a squall, a thrill, and a guttural goggle-goggle—like a deafening bawl like the hoarse whistle of a locomotive engine when under full headway—a squeaky, queaky, queaky—wop, wop, wop—a half angle-stoop—a Machiavelian smile—and a vanoose!
CEASED BY A LOGSMITH.
A Tennessean recently left his log cabin for the purpose of taking a peep at the Railroad, and thus graphically describes his adventures:
"Well, just manufacture me up into a double refined spinning jenny, and set me agoing in fifty acres of corn, if ever I came across such a wavin', ripin', smorlin', double revolvin' piece of machinery, from creation down to my most marvellous deliverance just now, as the one which gave me chase down yon railroad. I hearn some time ago that there were such things—just open rich, so I made things—double right round lum, and broke off here, I came across the country, and struck yon railroad, and it was playin' it down about four knots an hour. Now I had hearn tell of locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kickin', but about two miles from here, I hearn something behind me coughin', sneezin', thundarin', and I looked around, and sure enough, here she come right down after me pawing the earth up and splittin' the road wide open, with more smoke and fire flyin' than ort to come out of a hundred burnin' mountains, with about forty wagons follerin' after her, and to save her tarnal black, smoky, noisy neck, she couldn't get clear of them. I don't know whether they scared her up or no, but here she comes, frammin' at the mouth—with her teeth chack full of burnin' red hot coals, she pitched right straight at me, as if she was gon' to me like a thousand bricks. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I wheeled around and broke down the road, and began to make the gravel fly in every direction. No sooner had I done that than she split right after me, and every jump I made she scardened like a thousand wild cats! She began to gain on me comin' up a little hill, but we come around a pint to a straight level in the road. Now, think I, I'll give you ginger, as I'm great on a dead level, so I pulled it to it and soon got myself under full headway; then she began to yelp and howl, and oomph-and-tamp; and come on full chinal, and made the hull airth shake. But I kept on before her, hotchin' at the rate of twenty-five feet every hop, till I got to a turn in the road, and as I was under such headway that I couldn't turn, I tumbled head over heels down a bank by a house, and landed with my head and shoulders嵌嵌嵌 in a mill stone, and my feet stuck out behind, and up in the air! Just at the time the engine found I had got away from it, it commenced spittin' hot water into me, and just literally spattered all over the part of me which was left sticking out of the barrel. I thought in my soul that Mount Vesuvius had busted some place in the neighborhood. But do you suppose I stayed there? I said, No, Sir-e-e! I just walked through that barrel and come out the other end, so quick that it really lookt as if it had been of itself."