

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, APRIL 9, 1857. NO. 43.

Nebraska Advertiser
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
W. FURNAS,
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
(Lake's Block),
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:
One year (invariably in advance) \$2.00
Six months 1.50
Three months .75
Per copy 25 cents

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
First insertion, (12 lines or less), one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .50
Second insertion, .30
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Advertisements will be considered for the year, unless specified on the contrary, or previously agreed upon between the parties.
Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
All advertisements from strangers or transient persons, will be paid in advance.
The privilege of yearly advertisers will be confined to their own business, and all advertisements appearing therein, to be paid for extra.
All advertisements charged double the above rates.
Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

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

SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,
of every kind of work that can be done by the press, and in connection with the "Advertiser" Office, an extensive and excellent variety of **JOB TYPE** of the latest styles, were prepared to do any kind of work mentioned in the above Catalogue, with neatness and dispatch.

BUSINESS CARDS.
BROWNVILLE.
A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
And Obstetrician,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

W. HOBLITZEL & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Queensware, Hardware,
Stores, Furniture,
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

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

C. W. WHEELER,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.
First Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

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

J. D. N. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LOT AND LAND AGENT,
Corner of First and Atlantic Streets,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

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

MUDD & HUGHES,
PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
No. 33 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.
Lands carefully located, and entered for customers. Lots and Leases bought and sold.

E. M. M'COMAS,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OBSTETRICIAN,
NEMAHA 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. Glen and Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our finest Mole Hats.

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

A. D. KIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Attorney and Notary Public,
Archer, Richardson County, N. T.
Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

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 his office in Nebraska Territory and Western Iowa.
September 12, 1856. v1415-17

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

A. A. BRADFORD, W. M. McLENNAN, D. L. MCGARY,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
BRADFORD, McLENNAN & MCGARY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
Brownville and Nebraska City,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

DEING permanently located in the Territory, we will give our entire time and attention to the practice of our profession, in all its branches. Matters in Litigation, Collections of Debts, Sales and Purchase of Real Estate, Selections of Lands, Leasing of Land Warrants, and all other business entrusted to our management, will receive prompt and faithful attention.

W. HOBLITZEL & CO.,
Attorneys at Law,
And General Land Agents,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.
No. 101 Main Street,
LAND WARRANTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
LAND ENTERED ON TIME.
SPECIAL attention given to the selection and entry of Lands for Settlers, and all other desirable choice locations.
Land Claims, Towns, Lots and all kinds of Real Estate, bought and sold and investments made for distant Dealers.

JOHN S. HOYT,
County Surveyor and Land Agent,
Office in Richardson County, N. T., will attend promptly to all business in his profession, when called on, such as Paying Taxes, Recording Claims, Subdividing Land, Laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats, etc.
Residence and office
ARCHER, Richardson County, N. T.

J. HART & SON,
SADDLERY & HARNESS MAKERS,
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
Keep constantly on hand all description of Saddles, Saddles, Bridles, etc., etc.
N. B. Every article in our shops manufactured by ourselves and warranted to give satisfaction.

W. P. LOAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LAND AND LOT AGENT,
ARCHER, RICHARDSON COUNTY, N. T.

OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 31 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST),
ST. LOUIS, MO.

G. & C. TODD & CO.,
No. 212 North First or Main Street, St. Louis.
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Mill Materials
INCLUDING Dutch Bolting Cloths, Mill Stones, Saws, Screws, Damrocks, &c. &c.

PORTABLE GRIST MILLS,
Both Upper and Lower Stone Runners.
MACHINE BELTING,
Of Stretched Leather and Rubber.
St. Louis, October 15, 1856. v1415-17

Interesting Sketch.

THE GOLD COIN:
OR, THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR.

It was the morning of a new year that had just set in, bright, golden and beautiful. The sun glistened like jeweled rain in the cloudless sky. The chiming of the silver sounds of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street.

There was a little girl—a child of poverty on that new year's morning, walking the streets with the gay crowd that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, and those badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move the one before the other. Her cheeks shook at every step she took, and her lips looked purple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray! she was a little beggar.

Just like the old year was the new year to her, just like the last year's wants, and the last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this! The change in the year brought no change in her condition. Her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child a poor beggar.

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones, decked its time-stained walls. There was no sound of merry voices within the door, to say to the widow Gray—
"A happy new year to you, Mrs. Gray!"

Heaven seemed to have wailed her and her abode out from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided, to all appearance, no congratulation—Why? Were they outcasts? Had they outraged their claims on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them? No! a shame take the world that it must be so answered for them. Mrs. Gray was very poor!

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their casements, with all the force left in them; and then big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick and famished. What wonder that she cried, even though those hot tears only dripped on the cold pavements? They might as well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as ice and hardened.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—changed to pass her, as she walked and wept and sobbed. He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—knew not even what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make no reply; her heart was too full.

"Has any one hurt you?" asked the feeling little fellow.
She shook her head.
"Have you lost your way?"
"No," answered the child audibly.
"What is the matter then?" he asked.
"Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, and there is no wood for us."
"Where do you live?"
"I live on my way to me?" asked Elsie, her face brightening.
"Yes," said he, "show me the way." Through street, lane and alley she guided him (they reached the door of the hotel). The cold breath of the wind whistled in at the cracks and crevices before them. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow, and with a kind look said faintly, "Elsie, have you come?"
"Yes, mother, and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we live. Did I do wrong to bring him with me, mother?"
"No, my child," said the mother, "he knows how to pity you from his little heart."
The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called poverty. His eyes looked upon the wretched mother, but they glistened with wonder when turned towards Elsie. Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the desolation were too much for him. He shuddered at the cold, uncovered floor. He gazed mournfully into the empty fire-place. His eyes wandered wonderingly over the naked walls, looking so uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting

Miscellaneous.

A TURKISH BATH.

I alighted at the door of the head bathing establishment of Grand Cairo. Behold me, now, in the vestibule of a genuine Eastern hammam. Two tall Numidian slaves assist me to disrobe, and in the place of my multiplied garments attire me in a piece of loose cloth buttoned just above the hips. Thus denuded, I am mounted on a pair of wooden clogs, or pattens, about ten inches in height. I am then supported on either side while I make my way over the glassy marble floor to a bathing saloon, number one. Here I am stretched upon a plank, covered by a white cloth, and reclined at an angle of forty-five. The room is then filled with vapor, and in about ten minutes I am perspiring profusely through every pore. I grow faint, the vapor is turned off, a few buckets of tepid water are turned over me, a cup of coffee is administered, and a few whiffs of a chibouque, I am revived, and am straightway conducted into bathing saloon number two.

Here, sitting on the side of a marble reservoir of hot water, I am then laid down and scrubbed from head to foot with woolen gloves and a sort of fuller's earth. Then drenched again, I am next submitted to the operation of peeling, a process which removes all accumulations of dirt and scurf upon the surface, which in fact seems to take off an outer skin. The peeling over, I am drenched again. The next stage is that of pumice stoning—applied to the inside of the hands, the sole of the feet, and the heels, until all the horny and hard parts are rubbed down to a delicate softness. Now comes a season of comparative leisure and repose. While I am on my back, the operator is cutting my finger and toe nails, and carefully extracting from every part of my body whatever is extraneous, unsightly or inconvenient. I am next made to sit up, and in my sitting posture am shaved—the hairs are carefully pulled out of my nostrils—my ears are picked—my hair is cut, my whiskers and mustache are trimmed, and my head is, at last declared to be finished. To these processes succeeds that of shampooing, namely moulding the flesh, cracking the joints, and loosening every integument in every socket throughout the frame. Then a lathering all over with a peculiar kind of agreeable emollient soap; and then, another drenching. The time is now come to be introduced into bathing saloon number three. The atmosphere of this is after the temper-

SOBER IN A GROCERY.

A little incident occurred in a family grocery, which, could the reader have seen for himself, would have kept him in laughter for a week. A lean countryman entered the grocery having in his hand a small basket of eggs, which he desired to exchange for sundry housekeeping necessaries.

"Want any eggs to-day, Mister?"
"Yes, will take 'em; how many have yer got?"
"Bout three dozen; how much d'ye give for eggs?"
"Ten cents a dozen."
"What! only ten cents a dozen?"
"Yes; that's all we get ourselves."
"Well, then, all I've got to say is it's a shame."
"What's a shame?"
"Why, look a-her, Mister," and here the countryman patted his eggs affectionately, and viewed them as though they were the veritable product of the giant's golden hen. "Why, look a-her, if you was a hen, wouldn't you think it was mighty hard times if you had to lay eggs for only ten cents a dozen?"

The expression of countenance, the sincerity, the indignation, the evident opinion of the egg-raiser that the country would soon go to ruin at that rate, were inimitable; and the merchant, appreciating justly, "shelled out" eleven cents per dozen for the produce of the countryman's cacklers.

At a church of "color" the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seat during singing service, called out in a loud voice:
"Git down off them seats, both white man and color; I care no more for the one dan de other."
Imagining the minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short meter:
"Git down off dem seats,
Boff white man and color;
I care no more for one man
Than I does for the other."

A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being vehemently cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired a lodging or hay-loft to stay in and some fire to warm him. The man told him that he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lay with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted it. In the morning the man rose to go to market, and meeting some of his neighbors he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth.
"Why," says he, "I can't but think how ashamed the parson will be, when he awakes, to find himself alone in bed with my wife."

"Ah," said an Englishman, the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."
A man praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage, that though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat.
"I have seen the time when it made you lean."
"When? I should be glad to know," said the eulogist.
"Why, no longer since than last night—against the wall."

An honest Dutchman, in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in the Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him:
"Who was dat would not sleep mit Botipher's wife?"
"Shoseph."
"Dat's a good poy. Yell, vat vas de reason he would not sleep mit her?"
"Don't know, shoseph he vas't sleepy."
We heard a good joke perpetrated yesterday, by a friend of ours. Said he to an acquaintance:
"Things are really coming to a pretty pass in our town, all the ladies stopping at the Girard left the dinner-table yesterday."
"Possible?" said the person to whom the remark was addressed, greatly surprised. "What caused them to do so?"
"Why," responded our friend, convincing himself that the count was clear, "they had finished eating." A pass was made at him, but he dodged it.

Men are called sons of guns, because they all go off—some time or other.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"He's dead!" How frequently is that brief but admonitory sentence uttered without exciting any but the most transient emotion—without awakening a deeper or more permanent reflection than the next passing thought will entirely obliterate from the mind! Two friends shall casually meet after a temporary separation, and inquire after a third and mutual friend. "He's dead!" is the melancholy and impressive rejoinder. If men of business, perhaps he was one who entered largely into their speculations—all their projects for the advancement of their fortunes—all their worldly-minded schemes of aggrandizement—yet "he's dead." The intelligence is received with an exclamation of surprise—a significant shake of the head—a sensation nearly allied to pity and regret; but it is not heard "as if an angel spoke," and as time passes they hurry off without further comment to their respective counting-houses, where the unexpected information of the rise in sugar—the depression of the money market—or some equally vital and important affair, demands their immediate attention—totally absorbs their minds, and they entirely forget that they have just heard an echo of their own inevitable doom.

THE SHIFTING HUES OF LIFE.
Life has for an observer such a quick succession of interest and amusing adventure, that it is almost inconceivable he should ever feel dull or weary of it. No one day resembles another. Every hour, every minute opens new stores to our experience and new excitements to our curiosity. We are always on the eve and the morrow of some surprising event. Like the moth, we are forever flying towards a star—but with this difference, that we attain it; and if sometimes we find the halo was fancied a glory is but some deceiving mist, at least we have learned a lesson. If we look upon life merely as an humble student, we shall not feel any great bitterness at such disappointments. It is only when we hug our ignorance to our hearts that we are, and deserve to be, miserable—when we embrace the cloud, that we lose the goddess. But if we open the eyes of the mind, and determine to be neither wantonly stupid nor inattentive, an enchanted world begins to rise from chaos. The aspect even of the room in which we sit grows lively with a thousand unsuspected curiosities. We discern that the most ordinary person is invested with some noticeable characteristic. If we deign to look but for five pleasant minutes at any common-place thing, we become aware of its peculiar beauty; and there is not a bird that wings through the air, nor a flower that blossoms in the garden; not an insect that crawls in the depth of the earth, not a fish that swims in water, but has its own singular and delightful story.

S'pose a feller, who has got nothing, marries a gal who has nothing— is her things his'n or his things her'n? or his his'n, or her'n her'n? This question to be decided by the English Court of Chancery on Doomsday afternoon.

BY AUTHORITY.
LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.
[Public 11.]
AN ACT for the construction of a wagon road from Fort Kearney, via the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains and Great Salt Lake Valley, to the eastern portion of the State of California, and for other purposes.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money not otherwise appropriated, for the construction of a wagon road from Fort Kearney, in the Territory of Nebraska, via the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, to the eastern boundary of the State of California, near Henry Lake; to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, pursuant to contracts to be made by him, said road to connect with and form an extension of the road already authorized from Fort Riddle to the aforesaid South Pass.
Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money not otherwise appropriated, for the construction of a wagon road from El Paso on the Rio Grande, to Fort Yuma, in the month of the Gila River, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, pursuant to contracts to be made by him.
Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That a sum of fifty thousand dollars, be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the construction of a wagon road from Fort Defiance, in the Territory of New Mexico, to the Colorado River, near the mouth of the Mohave River.

Approved February 17, 1857.

THE LOVE OF STRIFE.—I never loved those salamanders that are never well, but when they are in the fire of contention, I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I will rather suffer a hundred than inflict one. I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal doubtful; with my inferior scornful and base; with any full of unquietness.—Bishop Hall.

Men are called sons of guns, because they all go off—some time or other.