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Nebraska Advertiser.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER."

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1864. VOL. VIII. NO. 26.

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J. BERRY & CO., Have just received, and are now opening, at stand on Main street, one of the largest stocks of their

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It is an entire New Work, of nearly 200 pages. Many of the Tunes and Hymns were written expressly for this volume. It will soon be as popular as its predecessor.

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It makes a perfect Hedge fence in four years! One acre of it set this fall, in five years will give enough wood for one family.

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Beware of Willow Peddlers. We learn that many swamps of common Willow have been cleaned up, and the Cuttings sold as Gray Willow.

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Poetry. BATTLE-WORN BANNERS.

I saw the soldiers come to-day From battle-fields afar; No conqueror rode before their way On his triumphal car, But captains, like themselves, on foot, And banners sadly torn, All grandly eloquent, though mute, In pride and glory borne.

These banners, soiled with dust and smoke And rent by shot and shell, That through the corried phalanx broke, What terror they could tell! What tales of sudden pain and death In every cannon's boom; When even the bravest held his breath And waited for his doom.

By hands of steel those flags were waved Above the carnage dire, Almost destroyed, yet always saved, 'Mid battle clouds and fire. Though down at times, still up they rose And kissed the breezes again, Dread tokens to the rebel foes Of true and loyal men.

And here the true and loyal still These famous banners bear; The bugles wind, the fifes blow shrill, And clash the cymbals where, With decorated ranks, they come, And through the crowded street March to the beating of the drum With firm though weary feet.

God bless the soldiers! cry the folk, Whose cheers of welcome swell; God bless the banners, black with smoke, And torn by shot and shell! They should be hung on sacred shrines, Bathed with grateful tears, And live embalmed in poets' lines Through all succeeding years.

No grander trophies could be brought By patriot fire to son, Of glorious battles nobly fought, Brave deeds sublimely done, And so, to-day, I chased with pride And solemn joy to see, Those remnants from the bloody tide Of Victory.

Select Tale. SECECH OUTWITTED.

Squire Bailey had the biggest, and best, and most docile mule in Marlin's Bottom, and Marlin's Bottom is about the biggest and best neighborhood on Greenbrier River. Squire Bailey was inclined to be a Union man, and did not entirely conceal his sentiments, notwithstanding the presence of Floyd's army in the vicinity.

That was so Jack; but I'd give a hundred dollars to have that mule back. Jack looked steadily at the fire for five minutes. "What did you say, Squire?" "I said I'd give a hundred dollars to get that mule back; but I s'pose three hundred wouldn't get him."

"I don't know," said Jack, abstractedly, and he looked in the fire for five minutes more. Suddenly Jack brightened up, and said: "Give me the hundred dollars, Squire, and I'll bring you your mule to-morrow night, or your money shall be returned."

"Good morning, Mr. —" "Bailey," suggested the Squire. "Yes, Bailey; good morning Mr. Bailey."

"I understand, Mr. Bailey, that you have a number of horses and mules that you wish to dispose of to our glorious Confederacy."

"Mistake, sir," said Bailey; "I have none to sell to anybody." "But, Mr. Bailey, some gentleman informed me yesterday that you had quite a number of horses and mules."

"If you'll believe your eyes, instead of some gentleman," Mr. Quartermaster, you can see for yourself that I have nothing but that mule, in the dog pen there, and that I can't possibly keep house without."

"Ah! I see the mule," said Bliffe, looking through the cracks. "You'd be well fifty for that mule, I s'pose. Well, it's a big price, but if you won't take less, I'll have to give it. Corporal, just write a note for fifty dollars, payable in Florida swamp lands, at twenty-five dollars an acre, two years after our glorious Confederacy achieves undisputed independence."

"But this one I can't spare at no price." "We must all make sacrifices, Mr. Bailey, for our glorious Confederacy. If you only knew the sacrifices I have made, Mr. Bailey. The starving and freezing of your wife and children are nothing compared to them; but the glorious Confederacy called, and my patriotism responded to the call. Future generations will remember and bless us, Mr. Bailey, and we will receive the everlasting gratitude of our glorious Confederacy. Think of that, Mr. Bailey, think of that!"

Mr. Bliffe, before his appointment, had been utterly penniless, and ten times as mean as he was poor. These qualifications got him the appointment of quartermaster; out of this office he was, of course, stealing a fortune. He had sacrificed the Peter Pan business for that paradise of speculators—a quartermastership.

"Mr. Bliffe," said the Squire, with much feeling, "for the Lord's sake don't take my last earthly support. Don't you see my children all a cryin and a carryin on, because they know they'll be in their graves afore spring, if you rob me of—"

"Rob!" exclaimed Mr. Bliffe, fiercely. "Don't say 'rob' again, or I'll massacre your whole nest of traitors. It's because you're an enemy to our glorious Confederacy that you are unwilling to sell the mule at a fair price. I oughtn't to pay such as you a cent, but I'm a generous man, and you ought to be thankful to me. Corporal, fill up the note as I directed."

"Hold on a minute," said the Squire. "If that paper is what you are goin' to give me, don't spile it by writin' on it. The blank paper might be of a little use to me, but the writin' on it never could."

"You're a cursed traitor to our glorious Confederacy," said Bliffe, and he started to take the mule out of the pen. It was hitched with a halter, and had a broad circling around it. He unfastened it, and without deigning another word to the "enemy of his glorious Confederacy" he was off with it to seek another farmer's stables.

Squire Bailey looked sad as he turned to go into the house, and in the bitterness of his feelings, so far forgot himself as to "d—n the 'glorious Confederacy.'" Snugly concealed in Squire Bailey's closet was Jack Phillips, the up-to-everything Ohio scout. As the Squire entered the room he called out: "Come out Jack; they've gone, and the infernal scoundrels have stole my mule."

"I told you they would," said Jack making his appearance, "and if I hadn't informed you last night, they'd got all the rest of 'em that you sent off."

"That's so Jack; but I'd give a hundred dollars to have that mule back." Jack looked steadily at the fire for five minutes. "What did you say, Squire?" "I said I'd give a hundred dollars to get that mule back; but I s'pose three hundred wouldn't get him."

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sacrificing patriot intended to return him at, to his glorious Confederacy. "Lord a mercy!" exclaimed Jack. "But what's the matter with him?" asked Bliffe, looking at the animal half frightened.

"That ere mule," replied Jack, "has kicked down in his time, every panel of fence on old Bailey's place? You found him in a pen of big logs, didn't you?" "Yes; why?" inquired Bliffe.

"And them ere logs are fastened by big iron bolts. Its the only thing that would ever hold him. He has killed all the rest of old Bailey's stock, and the old rascal has kept him on purpose to swindle some fellow with."

"I heard," said Bliffe, "that he used to have more stock." "That's what become of it," said Jack. "Didn't the children cry, and didn't old Bailey whine and carry on about losing his three-hundred dollar mule?"

"Yes, they did, at a great rate." "I knowed it," said Jack. "The old woman spanked them children, and sent them out at the nick of time to help the old rascal in his swindle. And to cheat our glorious Confederacy in that manner! He ought to be hung!" and Jack winked his eye.

"But if he's so vicious," said Bliffe hopefully, "how did they get the halter and circling on him?" "Chloroform, sir; chloroform. I've actually seen that mule kick his collar off."

"And did they give him chloroform to get the collar on him?" asked Bliffe. "No!" replied Jack. "They put some oats in the bottom of a barrel, and laid the collar across the top; the mule run his head through the collar to get at the oats."

"The devil!" ejaculated the quartermaster. "Yes," continued Jack, "and I seed him kick that collar off. Ever since that, he kicks every barrel to staves that he gets eyes on."

"But he has seemed quiet enough since I have been leading him," interposed Bliffe. "Hev you any liquor about you?" asked Jack.

"Yes, a little in my coat pocket; why do you ask?" "That's what he follers you for, and its a wonder he hain't eat you up body and breeches afore this, to get the liquor. I knowed that mule to kick the lock off of old Bailey's cellar door, and go down that and git as drunk as a beast. Facty, sir, that mule can kick your hat off, and you on his back."

"That can't be so," said the Quartermaster, incredulously. "Try him," said Jack. "I've just got a cool hundred dollars to give you if you'll ride him a rod."

By this time the Quartermaster's attendants had got out of sight, and his avaricious soul prompted him to make an effort to get Jack's gold, thinking he couldn't be more than thrown off, anyhow.

The night before this meeting, Jack had quietly stolen into the mules stable, and carefully placed a leather dog-collar, driven full of pointed sparrowbills, under the mules circling, putting a piece of light leather between the points of the nails and the mules back, so that a moderate pressure would force them through into the animal's hide.

Ignorant of this, the greedy Quartermaster moved the mule to the bank, and sprang on him just where the dog-collar was placed. Just as he lit on the mule, a boulder lit on his head, and he lit sprawling in the mud. The mule, frantic with the pain of the nails still sticking in his back, sprang off the side of the road, knocked down a dozen panels of fence, and ran furiously across the field, rearing, kicking, laying down and rolling over, jumping up, about at a terrible rate.

"I told you so," said Jack coolly, as the Quartermaster scrambled up, rubbing his bruised head, and brushing at the mud on his besmeared clothes. "He's worse than seven devils, aint he?" said the discomfited Quartermaster. "In course he is," replied Jack. "What'll you give me for the chance of his saw?" asked the Quartermaster, as he saw another string of fence go down before the maddened mule. "Don't know," said Jack; "the halter might be worth a dollar or so, if I could get close enough to shoot him before he tears it all to shorthings."

up, the road at the top of his speed; "hello! Mr. Quartermaster, the enemy is coming right down on our camp, and the General wants you immediately. Our army is running like all posset, and the General wants you to help save the plunder. Hurry back as hard as you can run, or the enemy will be betwixed you and our fellers."

Bliffe waited to hear no more, but broke for his camp like a quarter-horse. When he arrived, and found that the story was all false, terrible was the vengeance he vowed; but before he had time to execute his threats, Floyd's army was in a remote part of the State.

It is hardly necessary to add that the messenger who sent the Quartermaster off so precipitately, was an associate of Jack's and that Jack had turned the Quartermaster's horse with his head up the road, and by a sharp cut with a whip sent him out of sight before Bliffe recovered from his confusion.

Squire Bailey got his mule again, little the worse for Jack's tricks, and he is as quiet and useful an animal as there is in all the country. The double eagles Jack returned with the mule, taking the Quartermaster's horse as compensation for his services.

Jack Phillips says he would like to have an opportunity of inquiring of the self-sacrificing patriot of the glorious Confederacy whether it hurt much when the mule kicked his hat off.—Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

Western eloquence continues to improve. A Wisconsin reporter sends the following sketch. A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion.

Gentlemen of the Jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness, might envy but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim; and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amidst the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the Jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give.

The jury acquitted her without leaving there seats. In a village not twenty miles from this city, a woman took her infant child to church to be christened, and had chosen for it the name of Lucy. Unfortunately, as it happened, the mother lisped, and when asked by the minister what name she had selected, she replied, "Lucy, thir." Understanding her to say "Lucifer," the man of clerical robes was very naturally, considerably shocked, but as he had reached a point in the proceedings where the dignity of his office must be sustained, he controlled his feelings, and not recognizing the horrible name given him, but supposing the child to be a boy, announced in loud tones the name of the little one to be "George Washington." The feeling of the mother may be imagined.—Hartford Courant.

The principal of a public school, who wanted permission from his patrons to corporally punish his pupils, had free permission given him in the following response from a fond and tender parent: "Dear Sir; your flogging cirklar is duly received. I hope as to my son John you will flog him just as often as you like. Hees a bad boy is John. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him myself, it seems to me he will learn nothing—his spelling is speshall outtragsly deficient. Wallup him well sir, and you will receive my hearty thanks.—Yours, Moses Walker. P. S.—Wat acolars for Johnny being such a bad scholar is that he's my son by my wife's first husband."

When the infamous Vallandigham was arrested, a Copperhead asked Hon Joseph Holt, the Kentucky Unionist, "Would you throw Vallandigham, an Ex-Congressman, into jail with common vagabonds?" "Certainly," replied Mr. H., "if the vagabonds don't object."

Jem Bange we are sorry to state has deceased. He departed this life last Monday. He went forth without a struggle, and such is Life. To Day we are as pepper grass—mighty smart—in morrow we are cut down like a cucumber off the ground. Jem kep a nice store, which his wife now waits on. His virehew was nutritious to behold. Many of things we bought at his grocery, and we are happy to stait to the admirin would that he never cheated specially in the wate of market, which was nice, and smelt sweet, and his wairman wife is the samewa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, though he had a big sand bar in front of his house nor watter his Lickers, tho the Ohio river past his dore. Peace to his remains.

he died in his bed, a grate but he real, a prayer hollered out, than turned over and hid, and durned if he didn't die dead. He leaves 1 wife 9 children. 1 cow 4 horses a growery store, and other quadjed to mourn his loss—but in the language of the poet his loss is their eternal gain.

A gentleman was presented with a beautiful kitten. A couple of young ladies one of them named Laura, happened in the store, of course, Kitty (as kittens and babies always do) came in for an immense quantity of endearment and caresses. "Oh, my, what a sweet darling kitty? Will, what is its name?"

"It has not been christened yet, was the response. Oh! the darling little thing! Do call it Julia, won't you?" "I should be very happy to do so," said our gallant friend "but it isn't that kind of cat."

Kitty was deposited on the floor in a twinkling, and a couple of young ladies were seen looking around for a good place to faint. "Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder! Why they might as well tell me that he had six heads in his hat!"

A letter from out West from a pious individual, says: Dear Brother—I have got one of the best farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good and prices were never better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both of our children (the Lord be praised!) are converted. Father got to be rather an incubance and last week I sent him to the poor house.

I love to look upon a young man.— There is a hidden potency concealed within the breast which charms and pains me." A daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript as he had left it in his study, sat down and added: "Them's my sentiments exactly, papa, all but the 'pains'."

Dean Swift was once called to preach a charity sermon. He read his text which was in these words: He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; that which He hath, will He repay him again. "My hearers," said the Dean, "you mark the offer. If you like the security, down with your dust!"

At a recent temperance meeting in Scotland, a convert got up to speak. "My friends," said he, "three months ago I signed the pledge: [Cheers] In another month, my friends, I had a good oat on my back, a thing I never had before. [Cheers much louder.] A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin, because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one." [No cheers.]

A Frankfort (Ky.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says the subject of education is receiving marked attention from the Legislature of that State. As proving that teachers as well as pupils need to be looked after the writer mentions the facts that the schoolmaster has recently posted on the door of a school house near Frankfort: "Notice.—No swarin, cursin, or rupan in a bewluse or hollerin in this scul."

Two Kentuckians, father and son, were on a railroad train in India: a last Sunday the father was a rebel prisoner, the son was a Federal guard on the platform of the car. The old man seeing his son presumed to take more liberty than the law allowed, put his head outside the door. His son hastily advanced piece at the shoulder, with a sharp "Get back there, you d—d old rebel!"