

# Nebraska Advertiser.

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

VOL. VIII.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1864.

NO. 28.

## NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**J. BERRY & COLHAPP,**  
Berry's Old Stand, Main Street,  
Brownville, N. T.

**TERMS:**  
One year, in advance, \$2 00  
Six months, do do, 1 50  
Three months, do do, 1 00  
Single copies, 5 00

Advertisements must be paid for in advance, but will be taken for a month if not paid within the year. If not paid at the expiration of the year, the advertiser will be charged for the year, at the rate of ten cents per line per week, and a cent each subsequent week.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
One square (ten lines or less) insertion, \$1 00  
Additional insertion, 50 cts.  
Columns, six lines or less, one year, 6 00  
do do, six months, 4 00  
do do, three months, 3 00  
do do, one month, 1 50  
do do, one week, 50 cts.  
do do, one day, 25 cts.  
do do, one hour, 10 cts.  
do do, one minute, 5 cts.  
do do, one second, 2 cts.  
do do, one third, 1 1/3 cts.  
do do, one fourth, 75 cts.  
do do, one fifth, 60 cts.  
do do, one sixth, 50 cts.  
do do, one seventh, 45 cts.  
do do, one eighth, 40 cts.  
do do, one ninth, 35 cts.  
do do, one tenth, 30 cts.  
do do, one eleventh, 25 cts.  
do do, one twelfth, 20 cts.  
do do, one thirteenth, 15 cts.  
do do, one fourteenth, 10 cts.  
do do, one fifteenth, 8 cts.  
do do, one sixteenth, 6 cts.  
do do, one seventeenth, 5 cts.  
do do, one eighteenth, 4 cts.  
do do, one nineteenth, 3 cts.  
do do, one twentieth, 2 cts.

## BUSINESS CARDS

HELLO, STRANGER!

WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE

NEW GOODS?

AT

**J. BERRY & CO'S,**

THE VERY CHEAPEST HOUSE IN

**BROWNVILLE.**

**J. BERRY & CO.,**

Just received, and are now opening at

our Main street, one of the largest stocks of

**DRY GOODS**

AND

**GROCERIES**

offered in this market. Remember the place,

**J. BERRY & CO'S,**

No. 11, Main street,

**BROWNVILLE, N. T.**

March 29 1862. 657-11

**SABBATH SCHOOL BELL NO. 2.**

5000 Copies Sold the First 12

Months of its Publication.

See entire New Work, of nearly 2000 pages—

of the Tunes and Hymns were written ex-

clusively for this volume. It will soon be as popular

as the "Sabbath School Bell No. 1," which has run up to

the enormous number of 375,000 copies in 35 months,

and is now being re-issued in a new and improved

edition. It is a beautiful and useful book, and is

the best of its kind. It is a beautiful and useful

book, and is the best of its kind. It is a beautiful

and useful book, and is the best of its kind. It

is a beautiful and useful book, and is the best

of its kind. It is a beautiful and useful book,

and is the best of its kind. It is a beautiful

and useful book, and is the best of its kind.

It is a beautiful and useful book, and is the

best of its kind. It is a beautiful and useful

book, and is the best of its kind. It is a beau-

tiful and useful book, and is the best of its

kind. It is a beautiful and useful book, and is

the best of its kind. It is a beautiful and use-

ful book, and is the best of its kind. It is a

beautiful and useful book, and is the best of

its kind. It is a beautiful and useful book, and

is the best of its kind. It is a beautiful and

useful book, and is the best of its kind. It is

a beautiful and useful book, and is the best of

its kind. It is a beautiful and useful book, and

is the best of its kind. It is a beautiful and

useful book, and is the best of its kind. It is

a beautiful and useful book, and is the best of

its kind. It is a beautiful and useful book, and

is the best of its kind. It is a beautiful and

useful book, and is the best of its kind. It is

a beautiful and useful book, and is the best of

its kind. It is a beautiful and useful book, and

is the best of its kind. It is a beautiful and

## Poetry.

### THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once

again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;  
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from

the plain,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus.—The Union forever,  
Hurrah boys, hurrah!  
Down with the Traitor,  
Up with the Star;

While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once

again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone

before,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;  
And we'll all the vacant ranks with a million Free-

men more,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

Chorus.—

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal true and

brave,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

And altho' he may be poor he shall never be a slave  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

Chorus.—

So we're springing to the call from the east and

from the west,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;  
And we'll hail the rebel crew from the land we love

the best,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

Chorus.—

**GOD SAVE THE STATE.**

God bless our native land:

Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;

When the wild tempest raves,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save

By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies;

Oe him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee alone we cry,  
God save the State.

## Select Tale.

### THE BOY PATRIOT.

In the year 1776 Philadelphia was in

the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldi-

ery, while the field of Brandywine gave

American people an evidence of British

humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsyl-

vania and Delaware were at the mercy

of their foes. Bands of Hessian dra-

goons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia

for miles around, and committed acts

which would disgrace a Vandal.

On the evening of a delightful autumn

day, a group of boys, ranging in age

from twelve to seventeen years, were

gathered together on the steps of a ten-

antless storehouse in the little village of

Newark, Delaware. The town seemed

lonely, and, with the exception of the

youngful band referred to, not a human

being met the eye. All the men capable

of bearing arms, had left their homes to

join the army of Washington on the

Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen, mount-

ed on a barrel, was giving an account of

the disastrous battle of Brandywine.—

James Wilson, the orator, was a bold boy

enthusiastic in his love for the Ameri-

can cause, and possessed of no little in-

telligence. His bright blue eyes and

flaxen hair gave him an effeminate ap-

pearance, but beneath the plain, home-

spun jacket, throbbled a heart that never

never shrank before any obstacle. His

father was commander of the Delaware

troops, and his mother was dead. He

concluded his narrative and was deeply

lamenting that he could not join the army.

"I am not old enough," said he, "but had

I a musket, I would not stand idle here,

with my hands useless by my side."

"Are there no guns of any descrip-

tion in the village?" asked a listening

youth.

"None. I have spent nearly a week

trying to find one, but my efforts have

been of no avail. I strongly suspect the

Tory Livingston, has several in his house

but as he permits no one to trespass upon

his premises, I am unable to say posi-

tively."

"Why not take a party and search his

dwellings?" exclaimed Frank Howard;

"he has no one there to assist him ex-

cept his cowardly son George and I can

thrash him as easy as that," and the boy

snapped his fingers to imply the readi-

ness with which he could trounce old

Livingston's son.

"If there are any three boys in this

company who will help me, I will search

old Livingston's house this night. All who

are willing to go, just come forward three

pages."

Every boy in the crowd stepped for-

ward three paces without a moment's hesi-

tation. James' eyes flashed.

"Now, by the dead of Bunker Hill, I

will search old Livingston's residence

though death stands in my path."

With a firm tread, and with the ut-

most silence, the young heroes took up

their march for old Livingston's. Liv-

ingston had long been suspected of har-

boring British spies, and some of his

former laborers had reported that he kept

up a regular correspondence with the

British commander. At all events, he

was generally regarded by the Whigs as

a dangerous man. His house was situ-

ated a short distance from White Clay

Creek, on the side of a steep hill sur-

rounded on all sides by the trees. It was

just such a place as one might suppose

suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Wilson and his lit-

tle band left the deserted store house in

the village of Newark, dusk had given

place to the dark shades of night. Still

it was not dark; the new moon was shin-

ing brightly through the clouds, and ev-

ery object was perfectly distinguishable.

The boys walked firmly forward, main-

taining solemn silence. At length they

gained the bend of the creek, and slowly

followed the winding path, soon came

to a little low bridge which crossed a

shallow rivulet leading into White Clay

and James ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself re-

connoiter the premises first, to see wheth-

er any danger may be apprehended.—

All the rest stand here till we return.—

Make no noise, and keep a constant

watch."

James and Frank silently departed,

and were soon lost in the thick woods

through which the path ran. Scarce had

they gone from their companions, ere the

quick ear of Wilson detected a noise.—

"Hist!" said he to Frank, as he pulled

up behind a gigantic beech tree. Pres-

ently George Livingston came in sight.

James Wilson darted from his cover, and

tightly grasped the boy by the neck. The

cowardly youth tremble like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his cap-

tor, "and I'll toss you into the creek."

The Tory's son, struck dumb with

fright, found himself in the midst of the

boy heroes, with the vice-like grasp of

James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James answer me promptly

and truly, or I'll make your position

uncomfortable. Who are in your father's

house at this hour at this moment?"

"I—I cannot tell," stammered the

half dead boy.

"You shall, or—"

"Spare me, and I'll tell everything.—

When I left the house there was no one

there but our family and Major Bar-

stone."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know—I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is Captain of the Yorkshire dra-

goons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with

joy, and he soon gained from the Tory's

son a revelation which stamped his father

a traitor of the most appalling charac-

ter. He discovered that old Livingston

not only kept up a correspondence with

the British commander, but that he had

so plotted in his traitorous design that

the little village of Newark was to be

burned to ashes, and its women and chil-

dren left exposed to the pillage of the

British commander.

The old Tory was to receive as his com-

pendence the land whereon the village

stood, and an annual pension from the

British government.

But stranger than all, the plot was to

be consummated on the very night the

Tory's son had been captured, while he

was going on an errand to a neighbor

about two miles distant. The little

band of heroes learned, too, that the

British troops had secured their horses

in Livingston's stable, and intended to

descend the creek in a large boat. There

were twenty of them besides their Cap-

tain.

Major Bradstone, the leader of the

band, was, in temper and heart, a very

democratic, and scrupled not in his cruelty

to destroy the slumbering infant or the

sick wife. Not a few in that youthful

band trembled for a widowed mother

and a defenceless sister. Some were de-

parting immediately, but James Wilson,

still retaining the grasp on the Tory's

son, ordered them to be quiet. The pris-

oner was bound hand and foot, and a

thick handkerchief bound over his mouth

to prevent him from calling for assistance

and a stout cord fastened to his breast,

and wound about a tree. All hope of

escape forsook George Livingston. Wil-

son motioned to his little band to follow

him, and in a few moments they stood on

the summit of a high precipice which

overhung White Clay Creek.

"Now boys," said Wilson, "the narra-

tive which we have just heard is true,