NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
TUTHER & COLHAPP,
Berry's Old Stand, Main Street,
Brownville, N. T.

TERMS:
One copy one year, in advance, - - - - $2 00
Five copies, to one address, - - - - 8 00
Ten do do - - - - - - - 6 00
Twenty do do - - - - - - 15 00
When not paid in Advance, but paid within the year, the price will be added to the above terms.
If not paid one year, or more, 25 per cent will be added.
Job Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work done in the best style and on short notice.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

VOL. VIII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1864. NO. 31.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (ten lines or less) one insertion,	$1 00
Each additional insertion - - - - -	50
Business Cards, six lines or less, one year	6 00
One column one year - - - - -	60 00
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Yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.
In Transient Advertisements, fractions over one square will be charged for by the line, at the rate of ten cents the first week, and 5 cents each subsequent week.

BUSINESS CARDS

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
BROWNVILLE, ... NEBRASKA
Calls the attention of Gentlemen desiring new, neat serviceable and fashionable
Wearing Apparel,
TO HIS
NEW STOCK OF GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED,
SUCH AS CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS &c., &c.
OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES,
which he will sell or make up, to order, at unprecedented low prices. Having on hand one of
WEED'S SEWING MACHINES,
he is able to do Custom Work at rates that defy competition.
I warrant my work,
Good as well as Machine Work.
Those wishing any thing in his line will do well to call and examine his stock before purchasing, as he believes himself to hold out peculiarly favorable inducements.
February 11, 1864 1y

MOLINE PLOWS,
500
On hand and to arrive at
D. A. CONSTABLE'S
Iron and Steel Warehouse,
20 and 22 Third Street,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Feb 25 n26-tf.

Warranted Garden Seeds

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,
(Late JOHN GARNETT & CO.)
No. 50 North Second Street, above Pine
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Offer for sale at very low figures, a large and well assorted stock of Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, comprising everything necessary to the Farmer together with a large and fresh supply of
Landreth's Celebrated Garden Seeds,
CROP OF 1862.
For which they are the sole agents. Their friends can rely upon getting from them seeds that are not on hand from the lowest market rates—Chinese Sugar Cane seed, Tea Drills, &c., &c.
ALSO COTTON AND TOBACCO SEED.
Dealers in seeds would do well to send them their orders.
Send for Almanac and Illustrated Catalogue—gratis.
Feb 26, 1862 n34-1y BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.

Garden Seed for 1864.
My Catalogue, embracing over 200 varieties of the best and true Garden Seed, (many of which are my own raising) is now ready, and will be forwarded gratis to all applicants.
My catalogue will contain many new and choice vegetables not usually found in seed catalogues.—As the original introducer of the Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Mammoth Cabbage, and other choice vegetables. I invite the patronage of the public.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY,
Marblehead, Massachusetts
March 10, 1864 no 28 2w

HELP FOR THE BLIND.
DR. WM LAWRENCE
Oculist.
Having given my attention almost exclusively during the last few years to the
CURE OF DISEASES OF THE EYE
and having been uniformly successful in every case undertaken I now offer my services to the blind and warranted to cure every instance taken in hand.
BROWNVILLE, MARCH 3 1864.
This is to certify that I have been suffering for the past two years with inflammation of the eyes together with partial blindness, from time to time the formation of granulation of the lids, which were so thick that I could not raise them enough to see my way. I feel bound to say that Dr. Lawrence, who is now sojourning at Brownville, has entirely cured me, and I recommend him to all who are afflicted with sore eyes.
RICHARD E. CASE.
LONDON March 3, 1864.
I had lost one of my eyes and thought that in a few months I would be deprived of the other, but by the skill of Dr. Lawrence of Brownville, I went and consulted him in reference to my eye: he pronounced it free from cataract. I procured a prescription from him, when to my astonishment, in one week my sight was nearly restored, and is now quite perfect.
THOMAS WALTERS.
Glad to bid him an early call.
BROWNVILLE, March 3, 1864.
Having been nearly blind for six years I had given up all hopes of ever being cured I went and consulted Dr. Lawrence and pronounced my blindness incapacity of the cornea. I submitted to his operation and I am happy to say resulted in the restoration of my eyes, and I take pleasure in recommending him to all who are afflicted with sore eyes.
THOMAS RICKETTS,
Brownville, N. T.

COMMERCIAL NURSERY,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.
E. H. BURCHES,
PROPRIETOR.
Have long since been convinced of the want of a first class nursery in the West, where
TREES, SHRUBS, FLOWERS, &c.
adapted to our climate and soil. In view of these facts, I have established in this place, and offer at
Wholesale or Retail,
a good and well selected stock, suited to this climate.
Standard and dwarf; Pears, standard and dwarf. Cherries, standard and dwarf; Plums
Apricots, Nectarines,
Quince, Gooseberries.
Currants, Grapes,
Raspberries,
Strawberries, Blackberries.
Evergreens, Shrubs,
Dahlias,
Ornamental Trees,
Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, etc., etc.
I would beg leave to call the attention of the Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa and Northern Missouri.
Terms will be as low as any reliable eastern house.
Saving of me the expense of transportation that can be saved.
Trees and plants are carefully labeled and packed in a manner, for which a charge of the actual cost is made. No charge will be made for the delivery on board steamboats.
Communications addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.
1862. E. H. BURCHES.

Excellent Farm for Sale.
Greenbacks. It contains 240 acres. 70 acres bottom land, well fenced; 70 acres timber; balance, cultivated, and situated on the north fork of Nemaha about four and a half miles below Table Rock.
Apply to James Cameron
Brownville, March 2, 1864. no 28 3m pd

Poetry.

A SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A District School not far away
'Mid Berkshire Hills one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three score mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book,
Rose loud and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twas a battery of bliss!
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies
"With William Willith, if you please—
I thaw him kiss Teuthanna Peaths!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken on his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot.
What evil genius put you to' it?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susanna shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And durst'n kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot;
I know—boo-hoo?—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo-hoo!
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

Select Tale.

THE RED DEVILS;

Or, the Adventures of a Sharpshooter.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

While the Army of the Potomac was encamped before Yorktown, our admiration was often excited by the good conduct of those hardy sons of the rifle, the Berdan Sharpshooters.

These "green jackets" were ever at the post of duty—ever on the alert.—Creeping among the shadows of the peach orchard, or the hollows of the irregular ground—crouching behind stumps and clusters of shrubbery—one moment on their hands and knees, the next extended upon their backs—in every possible or impossible position, they would contrive to elude the enemy's pickets and established themselves in close proximity to the rebel works.

Woe, then, to the unfortunate "gray back" whose head was raised for a second above the parapets of his earthly fortifications. A dozen pair of eyes are upon the tempting object—a dozen rifles ready to pounce upon their prey.

"Crack! crack! crack!" followed by an ominous whizzing shriek. Poor fellow, over he goes!

On a certain occasion one of the Sharpshooters, a young man who had rendered himself quite popular by the courage and daring he had displayed in various skirmishes with the enemy, crept so close to one of the forts that he could plainly hear the tread of the sentinels as they paced to and fro upon their rounds.

He had ensconced himself behind a log, the shadow of which he believed would afford him sufficient concealment, notwithstanding the fact that a full moon, which had hitherto been concealed by clouds, was shedding its rays upon the surrounding scenery.

While, with his ready rifle in his hand, he was watching the parapets, the sudden crack of muskets on his left saluted his ears, and at the same instant a bullet grazed his temple.

Tom B—— instantly glanced in the direction of the report and beheld the forms of three rebels, who had just emerged from a clump of shrubbery, running toward him. The Sharpshooter brought his piece to his shoulder, and bringing the muzzle to bear upon the nearest of his enemies, pulled the trigger. The discharge was instantly followed by a loud yell, as the rebel leaped high in air and then tumbled headlong to the earth. Ere Tom could re-load, the remaining two were upon him.

"Surrender!" they shouted, directing the points of their bayonets toward his body.

But the sharpshooter had too often found himself in situations of this kind intimidated on the present occasion. So clubbing his piece, with a movement quick as lightning, he struck one of his enemies upon the head, knocking him to the earth like a log. Stepping back, as the other made a thrust at him, he turned the point of the weapon aside with his piece, and then rushed forward, inverted his rifle, and dealt his antagonist a powerful blow between the eyes with the iron-bound stock, which sent him reeling senseless to the ground by the side of his companion. The report of the discharged weapons had, of course, aroused the inmates of the fort and a volley of musketry now rolled along the parapets, sending showers of bullets about the person of the daring sharpshooter. The next moment a large body of armed men issued forth, when Tom deemed it expedient to fall back upon the rendezvous of his companions.

For some reason or other, which the green-jackets could not then understand, the rebels did not attempt a charge upon this occasion, contenting themselves with an exchange of shots, which resulted in the loss of a few men on both sides.—After the expiration of a few hours the enemy withdrew to the fortification, from which they kept up a desultory fire with some of their heavy pieces.

It was about twelve o'clock when Tom B——, having been relieved by his friends, left the place for the purpose of seeking some spot where he could obtain the repose which his previous exertions rendered necessary. He did not care to return to the camp that night, as the way was long and tedious; besides being guarded by sentinels whose troublesome challenges he did not wish to encounter.

A short walk carried him to the bank of the York river, where a small skiff, lying upon the beach, seemed to invite him to make it his lodging for the night.

Peering into the boat, and perceiving that it was dry, the sharpshooter proceeded to make his bed—a very simple arrangement—consisting of a blanket and an overcoat. There were two paddles in the bow, which, with the help of his cartridge-box and cap Tom soon converted. Then, with his valuable rifle by his side, well sheltered from the dew by the folds of his blanket, he extended himself upon his luxurious couch and was soon buried in a deep slumber, which must have lasted many hours, for when he awoke he could perceive that the sky above him was tinged with the beams of the rising sun. The next moment he became sensible of a rocking motion which pervaded the boat, while a low, rippling murmer saluted his ears. He raised himself upon his elbow, and an exclamation of surprise escaped him.—The skiff was adrift in the river, and but a few hundred yards from the heights of Yorktown. He could see the dark guns bristling over the parapets of the fortifications, and also the rebel sentinels as they walked to and fro, with their bayonets glistening in the sunlight, while still higher up, fastened to a tall staff, he beheld the folds of the traitor flag fluttering in the wind.

He thought he could distinguish a low murmur of voice, mingling with the creaking of wheels and the tramping of many feet, as though the rebels were engaged in secret preparations, though for what purpose he was puzzled to determine.

These noises however suddenly ceased, and while Tom was trying to account for the circumstance, he saw a dark body shoot upwards above tops of the trees in the distance, and continue to ascend majestically through the realms of space. It was the Federal balloon.

"Ho! ho! Johnny Reb," he muttered, "that balloon has had the wonderful effect of silencing you. I'd give something 'big' to know what you are about, only I can't stop to visit you at present. Your infernal tides have played me a fine trick, stealing a march upon me while I was asleep, and carrying me under the very noses of your guns. It's a decidedly ticklish position I'm in, so I must get of it as quickly as I can. Good-by, Johnny Grayback?"

While thus muttering to himself, he had been engaged in loading his rifle, and the task being now completed, he seized a paddle and commenced to ply it with vigorous strokes, keeping the head of the boat pointed in the direction of the side of the shore occupied by the Federals, which was about three miles from his present position.

Scarcely had his paddle touched the water, however, when the report of a dozen rifles coming from the shore upon his right, announced that he had been discovered by the pickets of the enemy, who were stationed along the bank.

"Missed your man, that time," cooly muttered the sharpshooter, as the bullets whistled over his head, and he continued to ply the paddles with steady strokes. "The rascals are loading again," he added, glancing quietly toward the spot where the rebels showed themselves upon the edge of the bank.

The next moment there was another crash of musketry, and a second storm of bullets flew around his head. While the men were employed in loading a third time, however, Tom, raised his rifle to his shoulder and and taking deliberate aim at the tallest of the group, fired the piece with his usual success. The rebel threw up his hands and fell into the water.

"That'll do for the present," soliloquized the rifleman, as he again turned to his paddle. Volley after volley was now fired upon him until he was out of range. Then, upon looking back, he could see the enemy leaning upon their pieces and shaking their fists at him with menacing jestures. The next moment, however, he beheld a large boat, manned by a dozen of the rebels, shoot out from a cove and move toward him. The occupants were provided with oars, and the powerful exertions they made evinced their determination to overtake the fugitive. The greenjacket rose upright, and hastily scanning the distance between himself and the shore, on the one hand, and that of his pursuers on the other, perceived that the latter would succeed in reaching him long before he could arrive at the point of his destination.

In this critical position, Tom decided to rely upon his rifle. He loaded the weapon, took deliberate aim at the advancing boat, and fired. A loud yell of pain and the suspension of a couple of the oars announced the effect of his shot. Nevertheless, the remainder of the crew continued their exertions and the boat kept on its course, rapidly shortening the distance between it and the skiff of the sharpshooter. But the latter quickly reloaded his rifle, and again pointed the death-dealing tube upon his pursuers.—The sharp report of his piece rang upon the morning air, and was followed by a second cry of agony from the advancing boat, while another pair of oars hung useless over her side. The compact position of the enemy afforded Tom an opportunity of "picking off" more than one of his enemies at every shot; and, as the crew had not brought their muskets with them, they were unable to avenge the loss of their companions. But the yells and execrations, which now broke from their lips warned the daring rifleman of the fate in store for him should he fall into the hands of the enraged "graybacks."

Fully realizing the danger of his position, though not in the least unnerved by it, he continued to load and fire with rapidity and at the same time with the steady coolness which always characterized his movements. Every shot told with fearful effect, and by this time the craft was within a hundred yards of that occupied by the Sharpshooter, there were but five men remaining, and those had thrown themselves into the bottom of the boat, hoping thus to escape the unerring contents of the long rifle which was again bearing upon them. But as the sharp ominous crack of the piece rattled upon the air, one of them threw up his hands and rolled over on his back. Four men were now all who remained in the boat capable of performing duty, and it was evident that they were panic stricken by the fearful effect of the rifleman's fire, for although they grasped the handles of their oars they did not pull a stroke. In the meantime Tom proceeded to reload, and the next moment had raised his piece for another shot, when one of the men waved a white handkerchief about his head and shouted:

"Stop your firing, for God's sake, and leave some of us to carry our dead and wounded to the shore."

"Certainly!" replied Tom, as he replaced his rifle in the bottom of the skiff, "Good-by!"

The rebels now turned their boat's head towards the shore they had left, and pulled rapidly away, while the sharpshooter resumed his paddle, directing the little craft toward the Federal side of the river, where he arrived without further opposition, and related his adventure to his comrades.

A few days afterward the news of the evacuation of Yorktown spread like wildfire through the army, and Tom B— was no longer at a loss to understand the meaning of the noises he heard while floating under the guns of the rebel fortifications. The preparations for departure had been commenced even then, but were ingeniously concealed from the observations of the Federal æronauts.

It is said that some of the vermin in the camps at the South thrive so wonderfully and have grown so large that the letters "I. F. W." are plainly to be seen on their backs, like the creases in the shell of an old-fashioned mud-turtle.—The soldiers say it means "In for the war."

Railroad Superintendent Twitchell, in a speech at Brookline, Mass., last week, said: "I see before me some twenty men who were there a vacancy on any of my gravel trains, would rush to get it; but the chance of death there is far greater than on the battle-field, while it is all gravel and no glory."

GENERAL GRANT.

Gen. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, on the 27th day of April, 1822, and is consequently only in his forty-second year. His father, Jesse R. Grant, a tanner by trade, is a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in Westmoreland county in 1794, and is now living at Covington, Kentucky. The Grant family is of Scotch extraction.—In the early part of the sixteenth century two brothers emigrated from Scotland to the colonies. One settled in Connecticut and the other in New Jersey. From the one who located in the former colony have sprung the Grants of the North, and from the one in the latter the Grants of the South.

The mother of Gen. Grant was Hannah Simpson, a woman remarkable for good sense, attention to her domestic duties, and serious Christian character, blended with easy manners. She is a type of the mothers who produced the heroes of the Revolution. In 1818 she removed, with her father, John Simpson, from Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, where she was born, to Clermont county, Ohio, and was wedded in June, 1821, to her present husband. Ulysses is the first child born of that marriage, and the "S," in his name stands for Simpson, the name of his mother's family. It is significant, however, that the intials "U. S." stand for the United States and "Unconditional Surrender," by which sobriquet he is so well and popularly known in the army.

Jesse R. Grant emigrated with his father's family to the Northwestern Territory in 1799, and settled in what is now Columbia county, Ohio. In 1804 the family removed to Deerfield, in what is now Portage county. Jesse subsequently went to Ravenna, and for a few years carried on a tannery there. In 1820 he located in southwestern Ohio, where, as we have seen, his illustrious son was born.

In father and son that mixture of cordiality with reserve, of resolution with caution, and earnestness with soberness so prominent in Scotch character, are so striking that one might reckon on a more immediate foreign extraction. Like his traitorous opponent, Joe Johnston, though American for several generations, General Grant is Scotch in many of his qualities. In his boyhood he always exhibited a business turn, and was never without some particular purpose in hand requiring responsibility, perserverance, and zeal—serious enough for one mature in years. An incident in point will illustrate this.

At the age of twelve he aspired to the management of his father's draught team, and was entrusted with it for the purpose of hauling some heavy hewed logs, which were to be loaded with the aid of levers and the usual appliances by several stout men. He came with his team and found the logs, but not the men. A boy of more imaginative genius, and of equal but differently directed contrivance might have laid down to listen or dream, or build houses of chips. Not so with this boy, who, unlike others, acted upon the idea that where there was a will there was a way, and hesitated not at the undertaking. Observing a fallen tree, having a gradual upward slope, he unhitched his horses, attached them to a log, drew it horizontally to the tree, and then drew one end of it up the inclined trunk, higher than the wagon truck, and so as to protect a few feet over, and thus continued to operate until he had brought several to this position. Next he backed the wagon under the projecting ends, and finally, one by one, hitched to and drew the logs lengthwise across the fallen trunk on to his wagon, hitched up again, and returned with his load to his astonished father.

This anecdote is well remembered by old citizens of Georgeton, Brown county, Ohio, where Grant spent his early boyhood. This incident, being similar to many others, will not admit of any interpretation other than evidencing an original and uncommon power of adapting measures to conditions.

Rev. G. D.——, of Fayette county, Arkansas, one of the genuine forest born orators, preaching not long since, on the glory of the saints delivered the following burst of native, which is too good to be lost: Who, my brethran, can describe the glory of a saint? Why, nothing on earth can liken it. If you drill a hole through the sun and put it on your head for a crown, and split the moon in sunder and put the pieces on your sholders for epaulettes—if you tear down the starry curtain of the skies and wrap it around your body for a robe, and ride to heaven on the light-ning wings of the tempest—this will be as nothing to the glory of the saints!

For the last forty years Eastern Tennessee has been cursed with an aristocracy, whose headquarters has been sticking out whenever a family owned from three to ten kinky-headed negroes. This was an aristocracy founded alone upon the nigger, and so far has it carried its insolence for years, that when one of these upper tens would speaks to the wife or daughter of an honest machanic or a decent laboring man, they have regarded their act of speaking as one of great condecension!

It was not sufficient for the world to know that thes high-flyers were the descendants, in a direct line, from some old foreigners who had been sold out upon shares to pay their passage to this country! It was not sufficient to know that their illustrious predecessors had taken their start in life by peddling pins and nedles, by spading up gardens for other people, or by entering other people's lands, and, by hook or by crook, securing their titles.

Through the mercy of God, the firmness of Mr. Lincoln, and the madness of the Southern Confedracy, we are all about to find a common level, when we can at least boast that the Lord is the maker of us all. He has not heretofore been the maker of us all, but the times are changing! It will require lamps and gas light in day-time to find the aristocracy of this town. The dirtiest branch of the concern is following in the rear of Longstreet's army; some of them are attempting rapes upon decent women; some are losing what little they had accumulated by playing cards; and others of them are killing themselves drinking mean whisky. The days of their greatness and glory are over, and they are standing now where their merits, conduct and associations by right have placed them!—Knoxville Whig.

A gentleman came to Hartford to attend a Convention in a public hall. He reached the building in which the Hall is situated but found it difficult to discover the meeting, being puzzled by winding stares. He opend various doors on his way up, without getting the right one. Now it so happens that a suit of rooms in the building is occupied by a man and his wife. The wife was in her bedroom, which leads from the hallway taking a bath and was therefore not in a proper dress to receive a visitor in her natural Eve custome, when the rural gentleman opened the door to her room, which she had neglected to lock. He had got within the doorway before the lady discovered him, and he was so astonished that he moved neither one way nor the other. She applied the time pretty lively in gathering up some articles of apparal about her person. All of a sudden the wondering mortal at the door burst out: Madam, I'm trying to find the convention——Hall, but I Judge from appearances this isn't the place. She thought so too.

It is stated that a substitute for cotton has been discovered by a firm in Liverpool, which with length of fibre, delicacy elastricity, great strength, are equal alleast to East India Cotton. It can be produced to any amount at 6d per pound. It has been patented in France, and its applicability and utility are so evident that the minister of the Interior has intimated his intention of forwarding its use by all means in his power.

They've got down in Courtland county an old farmer, noted for his greediness and his keen lookout for a spot wherein to turn a penny honestly, or (he isn't very particular) the reverse. A while ago he succeeded by accident in raising a very large hog. It was soon noised abroad; and the people in that vicinity began to call on the old man to see the "monstorsity." A gentleman from our "taown" was stopping awhile in the village, and hearing of the "porcine," and so much said about it, desired to see the sight, and having obtained directions as to the "locale," started for the spot. Arrived there he met the old gentleman and inquired about the "animile."—"Wall, yes," the old fellow said; "he'd got such a critter; 'mighty big 'un; but he guessed he'd have to charge him about a shillin' for lookin' at him." The stranger look at the old man for a minute or so; pulled out the desired coin; handed it to him, and started to go off. "Hold on" says the other; "don't you want to see the hog?" "No," said the stranger: "I have seen as big a hog as I want to see!" and off he went.

Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be just my luck to live forever, if I should." Mrs. Snooks merely said: "Ahem! well, I wouldn't my dear."

Governor Vance recently delivered a long speech in Wilkes county, North Carolina, against calling a State Convention, for the purpose, as the Governor says of "seceding from the Southern Confederacy and repudiate the whole thing." After indirectly admitting that the convention party is very strong, he opposes the project, first because it is useless; second because it would be dangerous; and third because it would be impossible. The Governor is not complimentary to secession, which he says has proved anything but the peaceable matter that it was promised it should be. He compares the sufferers to a man sick with the fever, who, on becoming convalescent, tells the physician that the only way to recovery is through another spell of fever. He asks the petitioners: "Do you expect to find a remedy by a repetition of the dose that brought you to bed?" He then goes on to say that secession from the Confederacy would involve the State in a new and bloodier war than that in which it is now engaged, declaring in plain contravention to the secession dogma that the right of retaining a revolting State is inherent in all sovereignties. He does not apply the argument in so many words to the revolt of the South against the National Constitution, but in effect does so by replying to the objection that Jeff. Davis could not coerce North Carolina, because the Confederate Constitution recognizes secession. He says: "So it is, my friends; but you see by the time you have thrown off the Constitution, you have gotten from under its obligations, and sworn you would have nothing to do with it. Do you expect the Confederacy to be bound by a document you refuse to recognize as affecting yourselves?" He then appeals to the fears of his audience, by telling them that between the troops of Lee and old Abe, they would "catch the devil on both sides." He also observed that if every man in Wilkes county who "had used abusive language toward Jeff. Davis and the Confederate Government were to be put in jail, he would have to address his audience through the prison bars." The spirit of the crowd may be inferred by the following paragraph in the speech as reported in the Richmond papers:—"Now, what is it you desire above all other present earthly good? [Voices—'Peace;' 'peace,' 'we all want peace.'] I know you do."

The following from the Poughkeepsian is from the pen of Josh Billings, who to use one of his own expressions, is 'limber' at giving advice; but we must say his injunction to the girls not to be afraid to marry, is quite superfluous. We never yet saw one that was afraid—not much:

DEAR GIRLS:—Keep cool. A blessed future await yu, enny how. Take lessons in the pianna at onst; pianna is getting scase. Bi awl means larn to pla the nu song that has jist come out, "When John Brown is over we are father Abraham cumming with this kruel war is over several strong." This stanza tuk the first premium at the state fair. Don't be afraid to git married, yure ma wante afraide. Larn how to knit pudding bags to put yure hair in. Be varticuous and pretty. Eat slait pencils; tha wil maik you spri at figgers. Eat kolon water; that will maik a good smel. Let yure pettykoats drag on the sidewalks, and if enney man steps on them and tares oph the rim, slap his chops at onst. If yu have got a small feet, keep 'em hid—smal feet has got out of fashion. Studdy travels; Tom Moores and Byrums and Gullivers, and Wandering Jews and Vallandughims iz awl fust rate. If yu have spare time [illegible] Remember one thing, there aint nothing in this life worth living for, but a rich husband; if yu don't believe me, ask your ma. If you hev got red hair yu had better exchange it for black; black hair tha tell me is going tu be worn muchly next yere. Don't have enny thing to do with the boys, unless tha meen bissiness. If yu don't know how tew skate, yu mit as well jine sum travelling nunnery at onst, for yure plaid out.

If, as the Abolationists says, slavery is dead, why are they continually shooting the corpse.—Louisville Journal.

It is not the corpse they are shooting at, but resurectionist like you who persist in dragging out the rotted carcass to the annoyance and disgust of the public.—Get away from the grave and cleanse yourself, and the shots will be discontinued will be discontinted.—Cincinnati Gazette.

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to "lave his ould mother an orphan."