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

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Five Copies to one address, - - - - 8.00
Ten Copies - - - - - - - - 15.00
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If not paid in the year, or more, 25 per cent will be added.
Job Work, 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, MAY, 2, 1864. NO. 35.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
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One fourth column one year - - -	25 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

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office corner of Main and First Streets.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. F. STEWART,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN
AND
SURGEON,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Office over H. C. Lett's Drug Store, Holladay's Block, Main street. v6-n43-1y

CHAS. G. DORSEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
April 16, 1864. n32v8y1y

JOSEPH L. ROY,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER
Main St., opposite P. O. Building bet. 1st and 2d.
Returns thanks to his patrons for former liberal patronage, and is still on hand ready to shave, shampoo, and dress hair in the best style.
Brownville, April 21, '64. n33-8-1y.

THOMAS DAVIS,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN
AND
SURGEON,
TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA
Reference, Dr. D. Gwin, Brownville.
April 21, '64. n40-1y

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"
LOUIS WALDTER,
Is not behind yet, ready to perform all work, pertaining to his business.
House and sign painting, glazing, and paper hanging, etc., at short notice, and the most approved style. Terms cash. Give him a call.
Shop on Main Street, east of Atkinson's Clothing Store.
Brownville, April 7, 1y.

DAN'L W. PEASE,
Has re-opened his first class
BLACKSMITH SHOP,
On the east corner Main and Second Street,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA,
Where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on the cheap for cash. Horses Shod, Plows Sharpened, Wagons Ironed off, in fact anything in the Blacksmithing line done in the best style on short notice.
March 31st, '64. n30-v8 2m

FAIRBANK'
STANDARD
SCALES
OF ALL KINDS.
Also, Warehouse Trucks, Letter Presses, &c.
FAIRBANKS, GREENLEAF & CO.
172 LAKE ST., CHICAGO,
Be careful and buy only the genuine.
March 1863. n49-3m

BERKLEY & NEELY.
Wagon Makers.
HAVING RECENTLY FITTED UP THEIR shop with new machinery—such as a turning-lathe, circular saw, etc., are prepared to turn out a No. 1 article of Wagons, Wagon Hubs, Wagon Boxes, Plows and Improved Cultivators, and everything in their line that may be called for from a complete wagon down to the smallest repairs needed at lower rates than they can be had at any point East or West of this place.
Brownville, April 21st, 64. n33-8-1y

REITMEYER & ROBISON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
MAIN ST. BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND STS.,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
We have recently purchased the Shoe Shop formerly owned by Wm T. Pen, we now offer our work at greatly reduced prices. We manufacture all that we offer for sale. All work warranted.
Brownville, Sept. 27, 1862. n11-v

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 21, n26-tf.

New Remedies for
SPERMATORRHŒA.
HOWARD ASSOCIATION
PHILADELPHIA.
A benevolent Institution established by special Endowment for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Chronic Diseases and Secretly for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.
MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon.
Valuable Reports on Spermatorrhœa, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps accepted.
Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
December 12, 1861. n23-1y

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
BROWNVILLE,.....NEBRASKA
Calls the attention of Gentlemen desiring new, neat and fashionable
Wearing Apparel,
TO HIS
NEW STOCK OF GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED,
WHICH CONSISTS IN PART OF CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c. AND THE VERY LATEST STYLES,
which he will sell or make up, to order, at unprecedented prices. Having on hand one of
WHEELER'S SEWING MACHINES,
he is prepared to do Custom work at rates that defy competition.
I warrant my work,
Stand as well as Machine Work.
Those wishing any thing in his line will do well to call and examine his stock before investing, as he flatters himself to hold out peculiarly favorable inducements.
February 14, 1864, 1y.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
DR. A. GODFREY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND
OBSTETRICIAN,
Educated in France, having twenty-five years' experience in the Medical science, and one of the correspondents of the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences," has located permanently in Brownville, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this city and vicinity.
He will not confine his services to common practice, but extend them to chronic diseases—diseases of long standing.—Malignant Tumors and Sores Abscesses and Ulcers, Cancers and Sore Eyes, even partial Blindness, Epilepsy, commonly called Falling Sickness, Palsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsy, Consumption in the first and second stage, Insanity in some forms, and diseases of every kind. Particular attention paid to Ague.
He will, if requested, give reference to those pronounced incurable in the United States, and afterwards cured by him.
He may be found at all hours either at W H McCreery's Drug Store, or at his dwelling house, when not engaged on professional business. n50ly-

B. C. HARE,
AMBROTYPIST,
Is prepared to take AMBROTYPES and MELINeOTYPES in the best style of the art; and at
Lower Prices than Ever Before Offered in Brownville.
He still occupies the Sky-Light Gallery on Main Street, opposite the City Drug Store, where he may be found during business hours.
Pictures Warranted to Give Satisfaction
The public are invited to call and examine specimens.
Hours of operation, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Brownville, Feb. 4, 1864. n23-tf

LADIES OF BROWNVILLE!
MILLINERY GOODS!
MRS. MARY HEWETT,
Announces to the ladies of Brownville and vicinity, that she has just received from the East a magnificent stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS,
Consisting of
Ladies' and Misses' Bonnets and Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, &c.,
To which she invites the attention of the ladies, feeling assured they cannot be better suited in style, quality or price. n41-1y

PHILLIP DEUSER,
Main Street bet. First and Second Sts.,
Brownville, Neb.
Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of
TOBACCO
CHEWING AND SMOKING,
SEGARS,
Confectioneries
Candies, Plain and Fancy,
Oranges, Raisens, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Nuts, Apples &c., &c.
All kinds of Toys,
Canned Fruit, and Oysters.
PHILIP is accommodating, obliging, patriotic and wide awake to the interest of the public, and has the best assortment of Varieties in his line ever offered in this market, and is determined not to be undersold for CASH.
March 31st, '64. n30v8 1y

BENJAMIN ROGERS.
Proprietor of the
ECLIPSE LIVERY STABLE
Has the
FASTEST HORSES
And bestest
CARRIAGES
West of the Missouri River, and will hire them to responsible parties at reasonable rates
TERMS CASH.
A LARGE CORRELL YARD
for Stock.
Horses Boarded
By the Day, Week or Month on reasonable terms
First Street between Main and Atlantic,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA
March 31st, 1864. n30-v8-1y

Warranted Garden Seeds
BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,
(Late JOHN GARNETT & Co.)
No. 56 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 Farm 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 dealing from them seeds that are not only pure but true to name in every instance. Also fine seeds at lowest market rates—Chinese Sugar Cane see Top Onions, &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.

MONS. DE LA MARSHE
IN TOWN AGAIN,
And preparing to sell Stationery of all kinds ten per cent lower than any one in town dare to. Will sell writing paper from 40 cents a quire down to three quires for fifty cents, and other tricks in his line in proportion such as
COLORED BATTLE SCENES,
PICTORIALS OF ALL KINDS,
DAILY PAPERS, AND THE
LATEST EDITION OF SCHOOL BOOLS,
Recommended to be used in the Territory; and parents should be guarded against buying any other, as the old series will soon be out of use entirely.
Mr Marshe is Agent for several Eastern Publishing Houses, and can procure for any one, any Book, Newspaper, or Periodical that can be called for.
Also keeps Photographs, and Photograph Albums, Stereoscopes, and Stereoscopic Views, Microscopes, Prize Packages, Novels, Family Bibles, Miscellaneous Books.
Come in and see for yourselves, where he is prepared to wait on ladies and gentlemen in the latest and most approved style.
H. H. MARSH,
First Story P. O. Building, N. 000,
opposite a Nebraska Bank,
Brownville, Nebraska.
N. B.—Eastern papers may notice, and send bill to Sheriff. 50-tf

D. C. SANDERS,
Agent for
PHŒNIX INURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Probate Judge, Ex-officio Justice of Peace
LAND AND TAX-PAYING AGENT
Will make out and take acknowledgments of Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, &c., &c.
Prompt attention paid to all business entrusted to his care. Office over City Drug Store,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

ISHAM REAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA.
Will practice in all the Courts of Nebraska.
n3-n3-1y

Poetry.

THE SILENT TEAR.

Though dark clouds gather round our way,
We must not stop to sorrow;
The sun that hides his face to-day,
May brightly shine to-morrow.
And should he not, life's storm and cloud
Will banish soon forever,
And peace and rest be found at last
Beyond Time's rapid river.

The gilded toys that now we prize,
Like autumn's leaves will scatter,
And from our sight will fade at last
Like sunshine from the water;
But steadfast faith and noble deeds
Will shine around us ever,
Like guiding stars to lead us home
Across that silent river.

Select Tale.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

The following sketch from Edmund Kirke's popular book entitled "Among the Pines," and is descriptive of a scene occuring in South Carolina. Mr. Kirke has attained an enviable reputation as an author, and has recently been engaged in lecturing in the Middle and Western States upon "The Social and Political Characteristics of the Southern Whites."

The family met at the breakfast table at the usual hour; but I noticed that Jim was not in his accustomed place behind the Colonel's chair. That gentleman exhibited his usual good spirits, but Madam P—— looked sad and anxious, and I had not forgotten the scene of the previous evening.

While we were seated at the meal, the negro Junius hastily entered the room, and in an excited manner exclaimed.

"Oh, massa, massa, you must cum ter de cabin. Jim hab draw'd his knife, and he swar he'll kill de fuss 'un dat touch him!"

"He dones, does he!" said his master, springing from his seat and abruptly leaving the apartment.

Remembering the fierce burst of passion I had seen in the negro, and fearing there was danger afoot, I rose to follow saying, as I did so:

"Madam, cannot you prevent this?"

"I cannot, sir; I have already done all I can. Go and try to pacife the Colonel—Jim will die before he'll be whipped."

Jim was standing at the further end of the old cabin, with his back to the wall, and the large spring knife in his hand. Some half dozen negroes were in the centre of the room: apparently cowed by his fierce and desperate looks, and his master was within a few feet of him.

"I tell you, Cunnel," said the negro as I entered, "you touch my at your peril."

"You d—d nigger, do you dare to speak so to me?" said his master, taking a step toward him.

The knife rose in the air, and the black, in a cool, sneering tone, replied:

"Say your prayers 'fore you come nigher, for, so help me God, you're a dead man!"

I laid my hand on the Colonel's arm to draw him back, saying, as I did so: "There's danger in him, I know it. Let him go and he shall ask your pardon."

"I shant ax his pardon," cried the black, "leff him an' me be, sir, we'll fix dis ourselfs."

"Don't interfere, Mr. K——," said my host, pallid with rage. "Let me govern my own plantation."

"As you say, sir," I replied, stepping back a few paces, "but I warn you—there is danger in him!"

Taking no notice of my remark, the Colonel, turning to the trembling negroes said: "One of you go to the house and bring my pistols."

"You kin shoot me ef you likes," said Jim, with a fierce, grim smile, "but I'll take you to h—l wid me, shore. You knows we wont stand a blow."

The Colonel at the allusion to their relationship—they were brothers, one the owner of three hundred slaves, the other a bonded menial, so poor that the very bread he ate and clothes he wore were another's,—started as if shot, and turning furiously on the negro, yelled out, "I'll shoot you for that, you d—d higger, by——"

"It 'pears to me, Cunnel, you've hed 'bout nuff shootin' round har lately; better stop that sort o' bisness, it might give ye a sore throat," said the long, lean, loose-jointed stump speaker of the previous Sunday, as he entered the cabin and strode up to my host.

"What brought you here, you d—d insolent hound?" cried the Colonel, turning fiercely on the new-comer.

"Wal, I cum ter du ye a naberly turn—I've kotched two er yer niggers down to my still, and I want ye ter take 'em away," returned the corn cracker, with the utmost coolness.

"Two of my niggers!" exclaimed the Colonel, perceptibly moderating his tone—"which ones?"

"A yaller gal and a chile."

"I thank you, Barnes; excuse my hard words, I was excited."

"All right, Cunnel; say no more 'bout that. Will ye send for 'em? I'd hev fotched 'em 'long, but my waggin's off jest now."

"Yes, I'll send at once. Have you got them safe?"

"Yes. I reckon so! kotched 'em last night, after dark, and they've kept right still ever sinde, I 'sure ye—but the gal holds on ter the young un ter kill—we couldn't get it 'way no how."

"How did you catch them?"

"They got 'gainst my turpentine raft—the current driv 'em down, I s'pose."

"What! are they dead?"

"Dead?—deader'n drowned rats!" replied the native.

"My God! drowned herself and child!" exclaimed the Colonel with deep emotion

"It is terrible, my friend; let us go to them at once," I said laying my hand on his arm, and drawign him unresistingly away.

A pair of mules were speedily harnessed to a large turpentine wagon, and the horses we had ridden the day before were soon at the door. When the Colonel, who had been closeted a few minutes with Madam P——, came out of the house, we mounted and rode off with the "corn cracker."

The native's farm was located on the stream that watered my friend's plantation, and was about ten miles distant.—Taking a by-road which led to it through the woods, we rode rappidly on in advance of the wagon.

"Sort o' likely gal, that, warn't she?" remarked the turpentine maker, after a while.

"Yes, she was," replied the Colonel, in a half al stracted manner; very likely."

"Kill harself 'cause her man war shot by that handsome overseer ov yourn?"

"Not altogether for that, I reckon," replied my host; "I fear the main reason was her being put at field work, and abused by the drivor."

"That comes of not looking arter things yerself, Cunnel. I tend to my niggers personally, and they keer a darned sight more for this world than for kingdom-cum. Ye cudn't hire 'em ter kill 'emselves fur no price."

"Well," said the Colonel, in a low tone, "I did look after her; I put her at full field work myself!"

"By——!" cried the native, reining his horse to a full stop, and speaking in an excited manner, "I don't b'lieve it,—'taint 't all like ye—yer a d—d seceshener; het comes uv yer bringin up—but ye'va a soul bigger'n a meeting'-house, and ye cudn't have put that slim, weakly gal inter the woods, no how."

The Colonel and I instinctively halted our horses, as the corn-cracker stopped his, and were then standing abreast of him in the road.

"It's true, Barnes," said my host, in a voice that showed deep dejection, "I did do it!"

"May God Almighty forgive ye, Cunnel," said the native, starting his horse forward; "I wouldn't hev done it for all the niggers ye've got."

The Colonel made no reply, and we rode on the rest of the way in silence, until we reached the corn-cracker's house.

"Here, Bill," said Barnes to one of the negro men, as we pulled up at the turpentince distillery, "put these critters up, and give 'em some oats, and when they've cooled off a bit water 'em."

"Yas, yas, massa," replied the negro, springing nimbly forward, and taking the horses by the bridles, "an' rub 'em down massa?"

"Yas, rub 'em down right smart," replied the corn-cracker; then turning to me as was dismounted, he said: "Stranger, that's the sort o' niggers fur ye; all uv mine are jest like him—smart and lively as kittens."

"He does seem to go about his work cheerfully," I replied.

"Cheerfully! d—d if he don't—all on 'em do! They like me better'n thar own young uns, an' it's 'cause I use 'em like human bein's;' and he looked slyly toward the Colonel, who just then was walking away in the direction of the run as if in search of his drowned "chattels."

"Not thar, Cunnel," cried the native; "they're inter the shed," and he started to lead the way to the "spirit house.'

'Not now, Barnes,' I said, putting my hand on his arm; "leave him alone for a little while. He feels badly, and we'd better not disturb him just yet.'

The native motioned me to a seat upon a rosin barrel, which I took.

* * * * * *

'Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Wal, nigh on ter six yar. I cum har with nuthin but a thousn' ter my back—slapped thet inter fifteen hundred acres—paid it down—and then hired tew North Carolina niggers—hired 'em with the cance of buyin' ef they liked eout har. Wal, the nigs, all know'd me, and they sprung ter it like blazes, so overy year I managed ter buy two of 'em, and now I've got ten growed up, and thar young uns, the still and all the traps paid fur, an' ef this secesh business hadn't a come long, I'd hev hed a right smart chance o' doin' well.'

'I'm satisfied secession will ruin the turpentino business, you'll be shut up here unable to sell your produce, and it will go to waste.'

'Thet's my pinion; but I reckon I kin manage now witheout turpintine. I've talked it over with my nigs, and we kalkulate, ef these ar' doin's go eny furder, ter tap no more trees, but clar land an' go ter raisin' craps."

"What! do you talk politics with your negroes?'

'Nary a politic—but I'm d—d ef th' critters don't larn 'em sumhow; the' knows 'bout as much uv what's goin' on as I du—but plantin arn't politics; Its bizness, and they've more intrest in it nor I hev, 'cause they've sixteen mouths ter feed agin my four."

'I'm glad, my friend, that you treat them like men; but I have suyposed they were not well enough informed to have intelligent opinions on such subjects.

'Informed! wal, I reckon the' is; all uv mine kin read, an' sum on 'em kin write, too. D'ye see thet little nig thar?' pointing to a juvinile coal black darky of about six years old, who was standing before the 'still' fire; 'thet ar little devil kin read an' speak like a parson. He's got hold, sumhow, uv my little gal's book o' pieces, an' larned a dozen on 'em. I make him cum inter th' house, once in a while uv an evenin' an' speechify, an' 'twould do year soul good to har him, in his shart tail, wite an old sheet wound round him, for a toger' (I've told him th' play-actors du it so down to Charles-'on) an' spoutin out: "My name am Norval; en de Grunting hills my father feed him hogs!" The little coon never seed a sheep, an' my wife's told him a flocks's a hero, an' he thinks 'hog' sounds better'n "flock," so, contra'y ter the' book, he puts in 'hogs,' and 'hogs,' you knows, hev ter grunt, so he gets 'em on th' 'Gruntin hills;' and here the kind hearted native burst into a fit of uproarious laughter, in which, in spite of myself, I had to join.

When the merriment had somewhat subsided, the turpintine maker called out to the little darkey:

'Come here, Jim.'

The young chattel ran to him with alacrity, and wedging in between his legs placed his little black hands, in a free an easy way, on his master's knees, and, looking up trustfully in his face said:

'Wal, massa!'

'What's yer name?'

'Dandy Jim, Massa.'

'Thet arn't all—what's th' rest?'

'Dandy Jim of ole Ca'lina'

'Who made you?'

'De good God, massa.'

'No, He didn't, God don't make little nigs. He makes none but white folks,' said the master, laughing.

'Yas He'n do; Missus says He'm; dat He make dis nig jess like He done little Totty.'

'Wal, He did, Jim, I'm d—d ef He didn't, fur nobody else cud make ye!' replied the man, patting the little wooly head with undisguised affection.

'Now, Jim, sap th' creed fur 'de gemman.'

The young darkey then repeated the Apostle's Creed and the Ten Commandments.

'Is thett all ye knows?'

'No massa, I knows a heap 'sides dat.'

'Wal say suthin more—sum on 'em pieces that jingle."

The little fellow then repeated with entire correctness, and with appropriate gestures, and emphasis, though in the genuine darky dialect—which seems to be inborn with the pure Southern black—Mrs. Heman's poem:

"The boy stood on the burning deck."

'Mrs. Heman's draped in black!' I exclaimed laughing heartily: 'How would the good lady feel, could she look down from where she is, and hear a little darky doing up her poetry in that style?'

'D—d ef I doant b'lieve 'twud make her love th' little nig like I do;' replied the corn-cracker, taking him up on his knees as tenderly as he would have taken up his own child.

'Tell me, my little man," I said: 'who taught you all these things?'

'I learned 'em myself, sar,' was the prompt reply.

'You larned them yourself! but who taught you to read?'

'I larned em myself, sar!'

'You couldn't have learned that yourself; didn't your massa teach you?'

'No, sar.'

'Oh! your missis did.'

'No, sar!'

'No, sar!' I repeated: then suspecting the real state of the case, I looked him sternly in the eye, and said: 'My little man, its wrong to tell lies—you must always speak the truth; now, tell me truly, did not your missus teach you these things?'

'No, sar, I larned em myseff.'

'Ye can t cum it. Stranger; ye moight roast him over a slow fire, an not git nary a thing eout on him but thet,' said the corn cracker, leaning forward, and breaking into a boisterous fit of laughter. 'Its agin th law, an I m d—d ef I touched him. Reckon he did larn himself!'

'I must know your wife, my friend.—She is a good woman."

'Good! ye kin bet him on thet; she is uv the stuff the Lord makes angels eout on.'

I had no doubt of it, and was about to say so, when the Colonel's turpentine wagon drove up, and I remembered I had left him too long alone.

The coachman was driving, and Jim sat on the wagon beside him.'

'Massa K——,' said the latter, getting down and coming to me; 'Whar am In the spirit-shed.'

He was turning to go there, when I called him back, saying: 'Jim, you must not see your master now; you had better keep out of sight for the present.'

'No, massa; de ma am say de Cunnel take dis bery hard, and dat I orter tell him I is sorry for what I has done.'

'Well, wait awhile. Let me go in first.'

Accompanied by the corn-cracker, I entered the turpentine shed. A row of spirit barrels were ranged along each of its sides, and two tiers occupied the centre of the building. On these a number of loose planks were placed, and on the planks lay the bodies of the metif woman and her child. The Colonel was seated on a barrel near them, with his head resting on his hands, and his eyes fixed on the ground. He did not seem to notice our entrance, and, passing him without speaking; I stepped to the side of the dead.

The woman's dress, the common linsey woolsey gown worn by her class, was still wet, and her short, kinky, brown hair fell in matted folds around her face. One arm hung loosely by her side; the other was clapsed around her child, which lay as if asleep on her bosom. One of its small hands clung to its mothers breast, and around its little lips played a smile. But how shall I describe the pale, sweet beauty of the face of the drowned girl, as she lay there, her eyes closed, and her lips parted, as in prayer? Never but once have I seen on human features the strange radiance that shone upon it, or the mingled expression of hope, and peace and resignation that rested there—and that was in the long gone time, when, standing by her bedside. I watched the passing away of one who is now an angel in heaven!

'Come, my dear friend, let us go,' I said, turning and gently taking the Colonel by the arm, 'the negroes are here and take charge of the dead.'

'No, no!' he replied, rising, and looking around, as if aroused from a troubled dream; 'that is for me to do!' Then he added, after a moments pause. 'Will you help me to get them into the wagon?'

'Yes, I will, certainly.'

He made one step toward the body of the dead girl,—then sinking down again on the barrel, covered his face with his hands, and cried out: 'My God! this is terrible? Did you ever see such a face as that? It will haunt me forever!'

'Come, my friend, rouse yourself—this is weakness; you are tired with the long ride and excitement of the past few days, Come, go home—I will look after them.'

'No, no! I must do it. I will be a man again;' and he rose and walked steadily to the dead bodies. 'Is there any one here to help?' he asked.

Jim was standing in the doorway, and I motioned to him to come forward.—The great tears were streaming down his face, as he stedped timidly towards his master and said: I will do dis massa, don't yu troble yuseff no more.

'It's good of you, Jim. You will forgive me for being so cruel to you, won't you?' said the Colonel, taking the black by the hand.

'Forgib ye, massa! I war all to blame—but ye'll forgib me!' cried the black, with strong emotion.

'Yes, yes; but say no more about it.—Come let us gat Julie home.'

But the poor girl was already home—home where her sufferings and sorrows were over, and all her tears were wiped away forever!

We four bore away the mother and the child. A number of blankets were in the bottom of the wagon, and we laid the bodies carefully upon them. When all seemed ready, the Colonel, who was still standing by the side of the dead, turned to my new friend and said;—'Barnes, will you loan me a pillow? I will send it back to-night.'

'Sartin, Cunnel;' and the farmer soon got one from the house. Lifting tenderly the head of the drowned girl, the Colonel placed it beneath her, and smoothing back her tangled hair, he gently covered her face with his handkerchief, as if she could still feel his kindness or longer cared for the pity or the love of mortals. Yet, who knows but that her parted soul, from the high realm to which it had soared, may not have looked down, eave seen that act, and have forgiven him!

WHERE THE FUNDS FOR WAR HAVE COME FROM

In the course of the last three years our armies have worn out and destroyed a thousand millions of dollars worth of property. Where did it come from?

At the commencement of the war large numbers of persons were the owners of personolly property, some owning horses, cows, sheep wheat corn: others barrels of beef and hogsheads of sugar; others, bales of dry goods; and others tuns of iron and coal. The whole of this personal property in the country amounted in the agrigate to some thousand millions of dollarst anc about one eighth part of it has been handed, over by its owners to the officers of Government, and consumed in military operations. This prortion of the wealth of the country has been destroyed.

Two powerful causes hove operated to enable the comuniiy to contribute without inconvenience, this large portion of its active capital to the government.

One of these is the change from a credit to a casn system of trade. When our commission marchants sold goods on eight months' time, and, our jobbers gave credit of eight and ten months, and a whole season's stock was brought by the country trade at one time, and the tendency of the system was to cause large stock generally to be held on hand. A considerable portion of these goods belonged to banks. The notes of the traders which the banks of an interest of an intrest in the merchandise for which the notes were given. When the credit system was abandoned the stocks of merchandise could be very largely diminished, and thus the Government found a great reservoir of unemployed capital from which to draw. The traders, having ceased to offer netes for discounting. The banks seeing no other safe way of employing the ir capital, envested it in Government notes and bonds. The merchandise whicq formerly consitted the casitar of the banks has been passed over to the Government and consumed, and the bank capital now exists in the form of Government notes and bonds. A great deal of individual capital also, which was released by the abandonment of the credit sustem, has been invested in the same way.

But the funds contributed to the Government have not come wholly from the stock of capital on hand at wealth of the nation was rapidly increaseing. There were a great many persons in the community who did not expend the whole of their incomes, and the aggregate of these savings amounted to hundreds of millions were made partly in the form of merchandise and partly railroads, houses factories and other fixed improvements. Since the war comenced these savings have been to a considerable extent, passed over to the Government in exchange for notes and bonds.

A plesant sketch of the Washburne family appears in the Boston Journal, written by William Drew, of Augusta, Maine. There are seven sons in the family, all of whom occupy prominent positions. Israel, Jr., (late Congressmen,) the first born, is fifty years old, and Collector of the Port of Portland. Elhu B. began life as a printer's boy, and is now a member of Congress from Illinois, Cadwallader has made a fortune in Wisconsin, and is now a Major-General in our army in Louisina: Charles A. is American Minister in Paraguay; Algernon Sidney, never coveting political life, has been and still is in banking in Main; Samuel B. went to sea early and is now a Captain in our navy; William D. is Surveyor General of Government land in Minnesota.

Nothing more in this column.