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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1864.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

Quarterly, Monthly, Weekly, Daily rates

BUSINESS CARDS.

ISMAEL REAVIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA

EDWARD W. THOMAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, POLICITOR IN CHANCERY

JOSEPH L. ROY, ATTORNEY AT LAW

THOMAS DAVIS, ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

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LADIES OF BROWNVILLE, MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. MARY HEWETT, Millinery Goods

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Warranted Garden Seeds, BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO., No. 36 North Second Street

BENJAMIN ROGERS, PROPRIETOR OF THE COLLIER LIVERY STABLE

PHILLIP DEUSER, Main Street bet. First and Second Sts., Brownville, Neb.

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO, SEGARS, Confectioneries

C. F. STEWART, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON OFFICE

Milinery & Dress-making, MISS E. L. HARRIS

BACK TO THE OLD STAND! CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!! JOSEPH SHUTZ

WORK WARRANTED, Brownville, Neb., May 19th, 1864.

Poetry.

"AN AWFUL CUSS"—THE LAST OF JEFF DAVIS.

A CURSED WAR HYMN. Suggested by the following toast:—"Jeff Davis—May he be set afloat in an open boat, without compass or rudder; may that boat and contents be swallowed by a shark, and the shark swallowed by a whale, the whale in the Devil's belly, and the Devil in Hell, the God locked, and Key lost; and farther, may he be chained in the south-west corner of Hell, and a north-east wind blow ashes in his eyes to all eternity!"

Oh, may that curse, Jeff Davis, float, Hallo-hallojah! Oh, stormy sea, in open boat; In Isolation cold, without a coat; Glory, Hallojah!

Select Tale.

THE FATE OF DUKE ALBERTO.

Some two centuries ago there lived in Milan, in Italy, a certain Duke Alberto. His palace was in the city, almost within the shadow of the far-famed cathedral...

some fair vestal offering up her vows for the defunct, and in such case the hour and circumstances are propitious for another journey to my walled chateau at Avenuto.

The plant Tomaselli assented, and they entered the cathedral. The church was draped in black, the priests were livid beneath the yellow light of the sacred candles, and the organ filled every aisle and nave with its melodious notes.

Both agreed in the same story, altho the cathedral was closed; its lights had fled, and its organ was silent. How and when the spectral procession had passed out without their notice seemed past their comprehension.

Darkness was just beginning to cover the city with its sable pall on that quiet, holy Sabbath evening when a carriage hastily emerged from the ducal palace, and took the direction indicated by Alberto.

he grasped in his net as the fowler does his prey. As he passed beneath the shadow of the great cathedral, he fancied he heard again the solemn notes of its mighty organ pealing forth a requiem mass.

In this condition he was found by one of his daughter's servants, who gave the alarm and procured the necessary assistance to remove him to his couch.

Had he known that fact it might have stayed his impious hand, but as it was the deed was done. After thrusting her into his carriage, he threatened her with instant death if she cried out or made the least resistance.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "where am I? Noble sir, release me, and heaven will smile upon you. I ask this boon on bended knees."

if necessary with her dagger, in order to secure her escape. At length steps were heard approaching, the door opened and the attendant entered. She had previously lowered the heavy damask curtains by the windows, so that a quiet gloom or semi-darkness pervaded the apartment.

"My lord duke," said the servant, "I did not expect to see you here. I have brought the evening meal for the lady, according to your instructions."

"This well," said the mock duke—"She is now reposing and must not be disturbed. Remain here until I return."

As he was well-known to all the duke's retainers, he was gladly welcomed by them. To avert suspicion, he carefully asked where Alberto was.

So saying he made a furious onslaught upon the duke, who, perceiving that he had to deal with a madman, began to call for assistance, at the same time defending himself with his sword.

THE CITY OF RICHMOND.

Richmond, by the last census, had a population of 38,000 souls, but the greater influx of civil and military officers and refugees from other parts of the State has probably raised it to a much higher figure.

mills, rolling mills, forges, furnaces, machine shops, &c., the latter of which, and particularly the Tredegar iron works have been of immense service to the rebels in turning out ordnance and material of war.

But since it had the honor of being the rebel Capital its foreign commerce has been extinguished. Vessels or gunboats drawing ten feet can ascend to within a mile of the city at a place called the Rockets.

Richmond has very extensive railroad communications, being the terminus of five roads—running to Fredericksburg and the Potomac; to West Point and the York river, Petersburg and Norfolk; to Danville, Virginia, to Jackson river, by the Central Railroad—and from these connections lead all through the Southern States.

SAYINGS BY JOS H BILLINGS.

That, John Brown has halted a few days for refreshment. That most men had rather say a smart thing than do a good one. That, bawking is a big thing, especially on ice. That, there is 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that is twine.