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Nebraska Advertiser.

LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER. VOL. VIII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1864. NO. 45.

B. C. HARR, AMBROTYPEIST. He still occupies the Sky-Light Gallery on Main Street, opposite the City Drug Store.

BERKLEY & NEELY, Wagon Makers. HAVING RECENTLY FITTED UP THEIR shop with new machinery.

LADIES OF BROWNVILLE! MILLINERY GOODS! MRS. MARY HEWETT, Announces to the ladies of Brownville and vicinity.

Warranted Garden Seeds. BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO., No. 26 North Second Street, above Pine, St. Louis, Mo.

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

WORK WARRANTED. CHAS. G. DORSEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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Poetry. THE EAST AND THE WEST.

[Written by Theodore Winthrop seven years ago and after his death was found among his unpublished papers.]

We of the East spread our sails to the sea, / Yet of the West strike over the land; / Both are to master the ships of the Free, / As the power sheds golden grain from his hand.

These are the days of motion and march; / Now we are ardent, and young, and brave; / Let them that come after us build the ark, / Of our triumph, and plant with the laurel or garb.

Creeping shadows cover low our land; / There shall not dim our grander day; / Sunk in the van of a world's array; / When shall we cease our meagre distrust?

Difficult indeed was it for either the savages to decide (now that they were satisfied that the Indian girl was in the power of the white man) how an exchange was to be made.

"My brothers know," he whispered (especially in the ears of those who deemed themselves slighted by Fire-Fly.) "that the daughter of Leaping Thunder ever scorned the love of the red man, and was proud of even a passing notice from one of a pale skin."

"You're so jealous brute, anyhow," replied Le Sueur, who by chance heard the remark, "and I'd bet a dozen prime beaver skins that she's hung yer higher nor a kite. But spon's she should take a shine to Joe La Frombois, what of it? He's worth a hull craft of fellers like you, 'specially if they come lyn' 'erbout bein' struck by lightning, when 'er's ther plain print of er rifle lock in yer skull."

Pleasant was their return. By easy stages they travelled, camping in the most beautiful places, and feasting upon the varied spoils of the forest and lake. The first evening, the red man was somewhat startled from his usual taciturn manner to see La Frombois erect a little bower, covered securely with bark, and carpeted deep with the odorous boughs of the fir, throwing over them blankets and skins.

they would find him and the girl, and an exchange could be effected without danger to either party, pledging himself not to attempt to escape. This, after much objection on the part of the Indian, was agreed upon, and a secret watch was placed upon A-puk-wa, so that in the event of the trapper's suspicions proving true, he would readily be found.

On a bright morning Leaping Thunder and his late prisoner set sail. The canoe dived gaily on the sun-gilded waters of the lake, and after many days it was drawn ashore at the head of the rapids of Saint Mary. A portion of the tribe of the Ojibways always resided there, and tidings of the lost girl and the trapper were soon learned.

The meeting of the father and daughter was guarded, and exhibited but few of the demonstrations of pleasure common among their civilized brethren. Modestly, when questioned, the Indian girl related all that had passed between her and A-puk-wa—the threat of death, the raising of the weapon, the sudden appearance and aid of the trapper, her sinking insensible, waking therefrom in the canoe, and the voyage down the lake.

And now the exchange was made. On the morrow the canoe of Leaping Thunder would be turned homeward. With a few earnest words he thanked La Frombois for the kind treatment of his daughter, and then added: "Will the hunters of the pale-face return to the wigwams of the Ojibways, and learn how they punish one of their own tribe when he has broken their laws? The red man will welcome them as brothers. There will be peace between them forever. The forest and the stream will be open to them, and should an enemy hunt them to death, even as the snarling wolves hunt the stag of tender antlers, the Ojibways will fight for them as if they were red children of the Great Manitou."

The chief had advanced as he spoke, towards where the two white men were standing, leaving his daughter somewhat in the rear. Both of the trappers were undecided, when La Frombois, chancing to look up, beheld the form of the girl bent eagerly forward, her lips half parted, as if in the act to speak, and her eyes gleaming with a strange, pleading expression. A new idea was born in his brain—a new pulse quickened to life in his heart, and his resolution was taken in an instant.

"Go?" he answered, in a voice more than usually mild, "go? of course we will. I don't owe that Bulrush, as you call him, any grudge; though if I had known as much about him as I do now, I reckon he'd never have lived ter be tried. Jest think of er man er goin' ter kill er woman, and such a poopy one, too," and he glanced toward Fire-Fly again. But if he had intended part of the words for her benefit alone, any effect they might have had was beyond his power of discernment, for she had sunk to the floor, and sat with her head buried in her lap.

"The pale-face does well to defend her whom he has ruined," was the taunting reply of the prisoner. "It is false as hell!" and the trapper dashed towards where the other was bound, knife in hand. "The pale-face is a brave!" continued the Indian. "When the red man is free, he sneaks away and hides himself, like a whipped dog, in the bushes—When he is bound and helpless, he is boastful of his courage like a squaw."

"Does the pale-face sleep thus?" he asked of Le Sueur, who was by his side engaged in securing the canoe. "Is he a sick squaw that the earth or the rock is not soft enough for him to rest upon?" "It is for Fire-Fly," answered the trapper, with a noiseless laugh.

"Sartuly, Thunder; that's ther way ther white men always take care of ther women. I know yer daughter don't need it, and haint been used ter it; but it's a kind er compliment ter her sex, and so don't say er word agin it."

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and the flame spirit had wrapped him in its blanket of fire! A loud whoop of defiance—a startling, soul-affrighting groan, and then the ashes scattered to the winds alone told of what once had been a stalwart warrior.

"His name will be forgotten by the tribe," said the old medicine, as he turned away with the symbolic bird upon his shoulder, and the serpent hissing almost in his face; and that was the end of the gre' butchery and Indian punishment.

A few days of repose, and the ever-restless spirits of the trappers could no longer be content with the monotonous life of an Indian encampment. Le Sueur was the first to be discontented, and to make preparations for moving, and although his friend made no objection, yet still he appeared disposed to linger. But at length all was ready—the two canoes were waiting in the stream; the traps, paddles and blankets had all been placed therein, and even Le Sueur was seated.

Most of the tribe stood watching on the shore, wondering why they did not depart, and then La Frombois also stepped into the slender bark. As if in desperation he whirled the paddle above his head, and striking it deep into the flashing waters of the Kamanistik, the boat shot from the shore with an arrow-like swiftness. The parting had been one of silence; but now there was apparently over, a low, sweet, plaintive voice broke it, sturdling all, "Pity me!"

All turned to see who was thus calling upon a lover to pity her, and on the very brink kneaded Fire-Fly, with bowed head and clasped hands. Quickly as the swallow turns upon its strong wing, so whirled the canoe of La Frombois; and, before any could understand his meaning, he had lifted the sorrowing girl in, pushed out again into the stream, and was darting downwards towards the icy waters of the lake.

"Wa-hoo-win!" burst from many a lip at the loss of the beauty of the tribe; but the stern chief, her father, said not a word. "His loved daughter had left him for a pale-face—had gone to fill the wigwam of a stranger; and, although he had premonition that such would be the case, yet, with ash-covered head and blackened face, he grieved long and silently, hid from all eyes.

When the spring-time came again—when he saw his loved one and her pale-face husband return—his heart put on the liveliest gladness, and he breathed a prayer that when their life canoes should be called upon to cross the fathomless waters of the River of Death, the To-wa-ka-yaw of the Great Spirit should be open to them.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER. RATES OF ADVERTISING. Regular position or temporary position, 25¢ per additional insertion. Columnar, six lines or less, one year, \$10.00. One half column one year, \$5.00. One fourth column one year, \$2.50. One eighth column one year, \$1.25. One column one month, \$1.00. One half column one month, \$0.50. One fourth column one month, \$0.25. One eighth column one month, \$0.125. One column three months, \$2.50. One half column three months, \$1.25. One fourth column three months, \$0.625. One eighth column three months, \$0.3125. Advertising Circulars for Clubs, \$1.00. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. In Transient Advertisements, fractions over one square will be charged for by the line, at the rate of full rates the first week, and 5 cents each subsequent week.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune narrates the following incident in the Virginia campaign: Naturally the time hangs a little heavily when, as sometimes happens, nothing that may be short at it seen for an hour or two. During one of these intervals this morning, one man conceived a brilliant scheme, which, unfolded to his comrades, was instantly adopted. Every man loads his piece and points it over the parapet or through one of the many port-holes made by placing ammunition boxes in the wall. Then the author of the plan begins to shout orders as though commanding at least a brigaded:

"Colonel, connect your line with the 47th!" "Close ranks!" "Right dress!" "Fix bayonets!" "Double quick!" "Ch-charge!" Instantly two hundred men rise into plain sight behind the rebel works expecting to see an advancing line. Not so but five hundred men from safe covering fired upon them on the instant. The volley, which must have inflicted considerable loss, is followed up with cheers and jeers, laughter and much chaffing, as: "What do you think of Yankee tricks?" "That's the way John Brown's soul marches on." "No use of battin' hocks when you'er a thing for fire-gods."

The trick has been repeated several times during the day, with ingenious variations, always to crowded houses, and always eliciting much applause from the performers.

A wag has made the following summary of what he calls inalienable rights of Americans, and which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence: To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience; To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position or opinion of parents; To have a wife and children dependent on contingencies of business, and in case of sudden death to leave them wholly unprovided for; To teach our children no good trade, hoping that they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people; To enjoy the general sympathy, when made bankrupt by reckless speculation; To cheat the Government if possible; To hold offices without being competent to discharge the duties; To build houses with nine and thirteen inch walls, go to the funeral of tenants, firemen, and others killed by the fall, weeping over the "mysterious dispensation of Providence"; To build up cities and towns without any parks, public square, broad streets, and ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation from God.

In an interior town they had, several years ago, a Philharmonic Society. They gave several concerts for the purpose of raising money to defray the cost of instruments, etc., and A— was requested by the committee to sell some of the tickets to the first concert. The performance was to be "in costume." As the principal parts were those of Adam and Eve before the fall, the committee were indignant and inconspicuously removed our over-zealous friend from office.

A Bachelor up Penn. street in Pittsburgh, picked up a thimble. He stood meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips saying, "Oh that it was the face of the owner! Just as he had finished, a big wench looked out of an upper window and said: "Bos, jes please to fro dat fumble yu mine in de glass—I just now drop it." The thimble was trown in.

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?" "Well, yes, father, if a half dime, is as large in everybody's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times!" "Do you consider Lagar beer intoxicating?" "Vell," replied W—, "asch for dat I gant say. I driukish feefty or sixty glasses a day, and it no hurtish me; but I don't know how it would be if a man vas to make von bog of himself."