

HER & COLHAPP, Block, Main St. Between 1st & 2d, Brownville, N. T.

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

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BUSINESS CARDS.

ISMAEL HEAVIS, CORNEY AT LAW, 105 S. CITY, NEBRASKA.

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JOSEPH L. ROY, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

THOMAS DAVIS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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OLIVE PLOWS, 500.

CONSTABLE'S, Wholesale and Retail.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., New Remedies for SPERMATORRHOEA.

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

NEW STOCK OF GOODS, JUST RECEIVED.

SEWING MACHINES, I warrant my work.

WELL AS MACHINE WORK, I will do any thing in my line with skill.

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

E. C. HARE, AMBROTYPE, Prepared to take AMBROTYPE and MELLINOTYPES in the best style of the art.

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MRS. MARY HEWETT, Announces to the Ladies of Brownville and vicinity that she has just received from the East a magnificent stock of

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!

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

NATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY!! CLAIMS AGAINST GOVERNMENT COLLECTED.

CHOICE LIQUORS, Wholesale and Retail, Evan Worthing, OF THE Union Saloon, BROWNVILLE.

WHITNEY'S BLOCK, Main Street, Brownville.

PICKLES by the dozen or barrel, of a superior quality, consisting of—

CITRONS, made up in pepper, ginger, nutmeg, cloves, etc., etc. of best quality.

CULTIVATORS, Scythes, Cradles, Rakes, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, etc., etc.

CRACKERS of all kinds, Soda, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Wine and Pick-Nic Crackers, Cream Biscuits and Ginger Snaps.

NEW Orleans, Clarified, Crushed and Powdered Sugar, Golden Syrup, Sugar House and Boraxum Molasses.

THE best Flour from the S. V. O. Mills in quarter half and whole sacks kept.

SAWS, Hand-saws, Matchless Files, Ox Chains and Miners Picks.

THE highest market price paid for Country Produce at McLaughlin & Swans.

Poetry.

From the Saturday Evening Post. SHIPWRECKED.

Look where the ships go down, Some fleetly and slow, Upon the sea of life,

Full freighted with their woe; Others, with tattered sail, From letting with rough wind,

Sink down with mournful wail, Nor leave a trace behind.

Look where the ships go down, All rent as on our way,

Some strike on sudden rock, With warning clear as day,

And some, with sunset tide, Whose course ere now was bright,

Be smother'd in the night, Their last uncertain light.

Look where the ships go down, The harbor full in view,

With warnings on the rocks To guide the traveller through,

Look where the wrecks go down, Or wander tempest tossed,

With light and anchor gone; For ever, ever last!

Oh, soul of mine, keep calm! Sail safely on thy way,

To meet the great "I Am" At Heaven's all-crowning day,

Thy fears will all be o'er, Thy anchor thou shalt cast,

And thou for evermore Safe haven'd with the Mast!

Select Tale. THE OLD MAN'S STORY. A THRILLING SKETCH.

I never shall forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time of some ten years of age.

Our home had every comfort and my parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass.

One Sunday, at Church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men.

The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up to our table after the service. I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whispermongers and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing.

My father merely said it was some scheme to unite Church and State. The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed across the green to the Church. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in seeking to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of his friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching at the door wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in Church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded the house. The men were unlike in appearance, one being short and thick-set, the other was tall and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience.

But my childish interest was all in this old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply scathed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm, touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then

made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper, and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evident against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring, and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the Church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment.

The car grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eye-brows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then commenced. There was a depth in that voice a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house, before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I have ever witnessed.

"My friends—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued: "O God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be helped; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven, the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone; and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain drops. The old man brushed one from his own eye, and continued:

"Men and Christians! You have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart I came here to do good and be just."

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is deep sorrow in my heart, and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hope's have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of earth. Without friends, kindred or home! It was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear tremble on my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark ways which have wrecked my hopes there is a blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again conclusively for the shrines of the household idols that once were, now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrow she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and heart as faithful and true, as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe—a sweet, tender blossom—but my hand destroyed

it, and it liveth with one who loves children.

"Do not be startled friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet, there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought on me and mine."

"He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest, continuing unusually pale, and excited by some strange emotion."

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale and her step weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and risted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread."

"One New Year's night, I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up, and shivering with the cold. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, starting the despairing mother, like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up to my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie!" and she sprang to the cradle, and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on, and hurled her out in the darkness and storm. With a wild "ha! ha!" I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingled with the wail of the blast, and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete.

"I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers; and against half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear, he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers into my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with a knife severed it away at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat, and was leaning forward, countenance bloodless, and the large drops, standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had had a fearful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp bad sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows thro my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—O God, how hor-

rible—it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek—the frost was white in its half-opened eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I knew not what became of my brave boy."

And again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. O God, no I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and as strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat, and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet, how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my own brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—"My own injured son!"

"My father!" They fell upon each other's neck and wept, until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in the church, and sad faces around me.

"Let me thank God for his great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul!" exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead; but the lesson he taught his grand-child on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my maddened heart.

A gentleman who had the misfortune to be allied to a long-tongued and domineering wife, attended a social party at the house of a friend, accompanied by his better half. The wife, to show her authority, would check her husband every two or three minutes after this fashion: "Now William, my dear, don't talk so loud."

"Come, don't lean back in the chair." "Now, William, don't get noisy over there."

Say, William, let the girls alone and sit by me!"

At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the husband who was really pained by all in the room arose and said: "I beg pardon of the company, but as my wife insists on being boss all the time, it is right she should have these!"

And he deliberately took off his pants hagged them to her, and sat down in his boots and wolen drawers!

The company was astonished—the woman burst into tears—the happy couple soon went home but neither of them wore pants.

A laborer's wife recently resorted to a most extraordinary method of curing a pain in her stomach. She had been complaining to a neighbor of her ailment, and was advised to procure a few leaves of the hemlock plant, boil them in some water, and then drink the beverage. It so happened that the sufferer mistook the word hemlock for almanac, and when she got home tore out the leaves of her favorite "Cherry Pectoral Almanac," boiled them as directed, and drank the decoction, and as great was the faith she had in her friend's prescription, that, strange to say, she was cured.

We know a lady who is certainly to be pitied, if it be "fretted to death" by stupid sermons being trying to excite one's commiseration. A few days ago our friend was much alarmed at the announcement of an attempt had been made to enter her dwelling by burglars. She told Bridget that she "must get a watch for the rogues."

Bridget, not being long from the old country, and not understanding the meaning of the order, replied that it should be done.

The next day our lady friend, missing her fine gold lever from its accustomed place, inquired of Bridget concerning its whereabouts.

"Shure," she replied, "an didn't your ladyship tell me last evening to get a watch from the thafe, an sure I did ma'an, an didn't he come and take it away wid him, shure, widout makin' as much as a joyment mouse."

At a political meeting in one of the western towns, a speaker named Long responded to a loud call, and took the stand.

But a big strapping fellow persisted in crying out, in a stentorian voice: "Long! Long!"

This caused a little confusion but after some difficulty in making himself heard the president succeeded in stating that Mr. Long, the gentleman honored by the call, was now addressing them.

"Oh, he be damned!" replied the fellow; "he's the little skeericks that told me to call for Long!"

This remark brought down the house.

A religious lady chanced to go into the country on a visit to her brother, who was a deacon. On the first Sunday of her visit a little son of her brother's came running into the house with a couple of eggs, which he had just found in the hen's nest.

"See aunt!" he exclaimed, "what our hens have laid to day!"

"What exclaimed the lady, lifting up her eyes in horror, "is it possible that your father, a pious man and a deacon, allows his hens to lay on Sunday?"

Two gentlemen recently married, one a beautiful, the other an extremely frightful woman. They were discussing the merits of their wives. Said the one who had espoused the beauty: "Your wife is so very ugly!"

"Ah, yes," replied the other, "if not externally beautiful, she is beautiful within."

"Then," answered the first, "why don't you turn her inside out?"

An Irishman, who had grown a crop of cotton near Memphis, was asked if cotton was the most profitable crop he could raise. To which, with the Irish instinct for business, he replied, "No indeed, but sweet parsnips; and them I always raised till the bloody soldiers came about; but I have to grow something now that they can't eat."

Some one, the other day, asked General Butler why he employed a certain person, said to be disloyal, and of general bad character, to penetrate the rebel lines.

"If you wanted information from hell," replied General Butler, "would you send a saint or a sister of charity to fetch it?"

"Aunt," inquired a medical prodigy, fresh from a lecture on surgery, "what do you think is the most difficult operation in surgery?"

"Don't know, Charley—what?"

"Talking a jaw off a woman," answered the hopeful young student.

A little boy of five years old asked his mother if God really heard his prayer. "Yes, my son," she replied, "God always hears our prayers."

"Well," said the mischievous urchin, "I think he must be disgusted with mine, for he hasheared the same old prayer ever since I could talk."

A bank-note detector, describing a new counterfeit, says the vignette is "a female seated on each side of a shield." Her position must be very uncomfortable and embarrassing, and likely to cause a breach of honor.

"You, did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well, what do you think I will do with you?"

"Why, let me off."

The best of friends fall out. Outcasts are no exception.

Adam caused our evil ways, but Mr. Adam caused them.