

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 8, 1864.

NO. 1.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines or less) per insertion, 25 cts.
Each additional insertion, 15 cts.
Half square, 15 cts.
Quarter square, 10 cts.
One column one year, 25 00
One column six months, 15 00
One column three months, 10 00
One column one month, 5 00
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One eighth column three months, 2 50
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Announcing candidate for office, 6 00
All transient advertisements must be paid in advance.
Yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.
All kinds of Job, Book and Card printing, done in the best style on short notice and reasonable terms.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
W. H. MILLER,
 At the office, Main St. Between 1st & 2d,
 Brownville, N. T.

TERMS:
 In Advance, \$2.00
 On Delivery, \$1.50, to be paid in Advance.
 For Single Copies and Plain and Fancy Job Work,
 See the Advertiser, and on short notice.

VOL. IX.

BUSINESS CARDS.
EDWARD W. THOMAS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 AND
 SOLLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

CHAR. G. DORSEY,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. F. STEWART, M. D.,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 OFFICE
 South East corner of Main and First Streets,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

E. R. BURNS, M. D.,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 Omaha, City, N. T.
 OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE.
 July 20, 1864.

B. C. HARE'S
 SKY LIGHT GALLERY
 In the city of Brownville, Neb. He is prepared to
 take all kinds of Pictures—large sized Photographs,
 Melanographs, &c.
 He also has a well-selected stock of Albums
 and Photographs.
 He also has a well-selected stock of Albums
 and Photographs.
 He also has a well-selected stock of Albums
 and Photographs.

LADIES OF BROWNVILLE!
 MILLINERY GOODS!
 MISS MARY HENWETT,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

MILITARY & Dress-making
 MISS E. L. HARRIS,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

HAIR-DRESSING
 MISS E. L. HARRIS,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WELL PAPER!
 MISS E. L. HARRIS,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WORK WARRANTED
 MISS E. L. HARRIS,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BACK TO THE OLD STAND!
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
 AND
JEWELRY!
 JOSEPH SHUTZ,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WORK WARRANTED
 MISS E. L. HARRIS,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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 MISS E. L. HARRIS,
 101 West Main Street,
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Poetry.

MARK THEM!

Brand them! On their foreheads brand
 Sink it deep!
 Let the traitor's shameful brand
 Never sleep.

Brand them! On Cain was branded,
 Through the world;
 Let their scroll of shame be handed
 Broad unfurled.

Brand them! In the public highways,
 With your eyes!
 Bid the mark in private by-ways
 Still be seen.

From the heart, where true men gather,
 Drive them out!
 Fill the seats with strangers, rather
 Than this trait.

Tread with foot or step with stranger;
 Pass them by!
 Who smelt their country's danger,
 Bid him die!

Flitting treason-fish, fishman,
 'Midst their land!
 With such traitors, let no true man
 Strike his hand.

Through the coming generations,
 Let their name
 Be—word be, for execrations,
 Scum and shame!

Brand them deep, through direct ruin
 On them fall!
 They who plot their land's undoing,
 Perish all!

No time this trait or palter—
 Mark them well!
 Sink them, patriot, without falter.
 Deep as hell.

COL. JACQUES' VISIT TO RICHMOND.

AN INTERVIEW WITH JEFF DAVIS.

The following extracts from an article in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Our Visit to Richmond," by J. G. Gillmore, give an account of a recent interview between the Rebel leaders and two loyal citizens.—Mr. Gillmore accompanied Col. Jacques, and after giving a detailed account of their journey to the Rebel Capital, the appearance of the city, the meeting of Judge Ould, and Mr. Benjamin the Rebel Secretary of State, he gives the following account of their conversation with Jeff. Davis in the state department.

Mr. Benjamin occupied his seat at the table, and at his right sat a spare thin, featured man, with iron-grey hair and beard, and a clear grey eye, full of life and vigor. He had a broad, massive forehead, and mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes, though one of them bore a scar apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of greyish-brown evidently of foreign manufacture, and as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in his shoulders. His manners were simple, easy, and quite fascinating; and he threw an indescribable charm into his voice, as he extended his hand, and said to us:

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen—You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man that way Vice-President of the United States under Franklin Pierce, and who is now the heart, soul and brains of the Southern Confederacy.

His manner put me entirely at my ease; the Colonel would be at his if he stood before Caesar; and I replied:

"We thank you Mr. Davis. It is not often you meet men of our clothes and principles in Richmond."

"Not often, not so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and more friendly intercourse between the North and South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. Benjamin told me you asked to see—"

And he paused as if desiring we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied:

"Yes, sir. We have asked this interview in hope that you may suggest some way by which this war can be stopped. Our people want peace; your people do; and your Congress has lately said that you do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive-defensive—that is, so far as we are compelled to invade you to prevent you from invading us. Let us alone and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long,

as you repudiate the Union. That is one thing the northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You deny to us what you exact for yourselves—the right of self-government."

"No, sir," I remarked, "we would deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and Mr. Davis could not two people with the same language, separated only by an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly, with this generation.—You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war but we cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, sir," said the Colonel "does not really exist. We must talk here as friends: our soldiers meet and fraternize with each other, and I feel sure that if the Union was restored a more friendly feeling would arise between us than ever has existed. The war has made us know and respect each other better than before. This is the view of very many Southern men; I have had it from very many of them, your leading citizens."

"They are mistaken," replied Mr. Davis. "They do not understand Southern sentiment. How can we feel anything but bitterness towards men who deny us our rights? If you enter my house and drive me out of it am I not your natural enemy?"

"You put the case too strongly. But we cannot fight forever; the war must end at sometime; we must finally agree upon something; can we not agree now, and stop this frightful carnage? We are both Christian men, Mr. Davis.—Can you, as a Christian man, leave untried any means that may lead to peace?"

"No, I cannot, I desire peace as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of the blood shed in this war is on my hands; I can look up to my God and say this—I tried all means in my power to avert the war. I saw it coming, and for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it, but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves, and so the war came, and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight his battle, unless you acknowledge our right to self-government. We are not fighting for slavery; we are fighting for independence and that our extermination will have."

"And there are at least four and a half millions of us left, so you see you have a work before you," said Mr. Benjamin, with a decided sneer.

"We have no wish to exterminate you," answered the Colonel. "I believe what I have said, that there is no bitterness between the Northern and Southern people. The North I know loves the South. When peace comes, it will pour money and means into your hands to repair the waste caused by the war, and it would now welcome you back and forgive you all the loss and bloodshed you have caused. But we must crush your armies and exterminate your Government. And is not that already nearly done? You are totally without money and nearly at the end of your resources. Grant has shut you up in Richmond, Sherman is before Atlanta. Had you not, then, better accept honorable terms while you can retain your prestige and save the pride of the Southern people?"

Mr. Davis smiled. "I respect your earnestness, Colonel, but you do not seem to understand the situation. We are not exactly shut up in Richmond. If your papers tell the truth it is your Capital that is in danger, not ours. Some weeks ago Grant crossed the Rapidan to whip Lee, and take Richmond. Lee drove him in the first battle, and then Grant executed what your people call a brilliant flank movement, and fought Lee again. Lee drove him the second time, and then Grant made another flank movement; and so they went on, Lee whipping and Grant flanking, until Grant got where he is now."

"And what is the result? Grant has lost seventy-five or eighty thousand men more than Lee had at the outset, and is no nearer taking Richmond than he was at first; and Lee, whose front has never been broken, holds him completely in check, and has men enough to spare to invade Maryland, and threaten Washington; Sherman, to be sure, is before Atlanta; but suppose he is, and suppose

he takes it? You know the farther he goes from his base of supplies, the weaker he gets, and the more disastrous defeat will be to him. And defeat may come. So in a military point of view, I should certainly say our position was better than yours."

"As to money; we are richer than you are. You smile, but admit that our paper is worth nothing; it answers as a circulating medium, and we hold it all ourselves. If every dollar of it were lost, we should, as we have no foreign debt, be none the poorer." But at something; it has the solid basis of a large cotton crop, while yours rests upon nothing, and you owe all the world. As to resources; we do not lack for arms or ammunition, and we have still a wide territory from which to gather supplies. So you see, we are not in extremities. But if we were; if we were without food, without weapons; and our whole country was devastated, and our armies crushed and disbanded, can we, without giving up our manhood, give up our right to govern ourselves? Would you not rather die, and feel yourself a man, than to live and be subject to a foreign power?"

"From your stand point, there is force in what you say," said the Colonel.—"But we did not come here to argue with you Mr. Davis. We came, hoping to find some honorable way to peace; and I am grieved to hear you say what you do. When I have seen your young men lying on the battle-field, and your old men, women and children, starving in their homes, I have felt that I would risk my life to save them. For that reason I am here, and I am grieved, grieved that there is no hope."

"I know your motives, Col. Jacques, and honor you for them, but what more can I do than I am doing? I would give my poor life gladly, if it would bring peace and good to the two countries, and it will not. It is with your own people you should labor. It is they who desolate our homes, burn our wheat-fields, break the wheels of our wagons, carry away our women and children, and destroy supplies meant for our sick and wounded. At your door lies all the misery and crime of this war, and it is a fearful, fearful account."

"Not all of it, Mr. Davis. I admit a fearful account, but it is not all at our door. The passions of both sides are aroused. Unarmed men are hanged, and prisoners are shot down in cold blood, by yourselves. Elements of barbarism are entering into this war on both sides that should make us—you and me, as Christian men—shudder to think of. In God's name let us stop it. Let us do something, concede something, to bring about peace. You cannot expect, with only four and a half millions, as Mr. Benjamin says you have to hold out forever, against twenty millions."

Again Mr. Davis smiled.

"Do you suppose there are twenty millions at the North determined to crush us?"

"I do, to crush your Government. A small number of our people, a very small number, are your friends—secessionists; the rest differ about measures and candidates but are united in their determination to sustain the Union. Whoever is elected in November, must be committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war."

Mr. Davis still looked incredulous. I remarked:

"It is so, sir. Whoever tells you otherwise only deceives you. I think I know Northern sentiment, and I assure you it is so. You know we have a system of lycum-leaguering in our large towns. At the close these lectures it is the custom of the people to come upon the platform and talk with the lecturer—This gives him an excellent opportunity of learning public sentiment. Last winter I lectured before a hundred such associations, all over the North—from Dulake to Bangor—and I took pains to ascertain the sentiment of the people.—I found a unanimous determination to crush the rebellion, and save the Union at any sacrifice. The majority are in favor of Mr. Lincoln, and nearly all of these opposed to him are opposed to him because they do not think he fights you with enough vigor."

"The radical Republicans, who go for slave suffrage and thorough confiscation, are those who will defeat him, if he is defeated. But if he is defeated before the people, the House will elect a worse man—I mean worse for you. It is more radical than he is, (you can see that from Ashley's Reconstructed bill,) and the people are more radical than the House. Mr. Lincoln, I know, is about to call out

five hundred thousand more men, and I can't see how you can resist much longer; but if you do you will only deepen the radical feeling of the Northern people. They will now give you fair, honorable, generous terms; but let them suffer much more—let there be a dead man in every house, as there is now in every village—they will give you no terms; they will insist on hanging every rebel south of— Pardon my terms. I mean no offense."

"You give no offense," he replied very pleasantly. "I wouldn't have you pick words. This is a frank, free talk, and I like you the better for saying what you think. Go on."

"I was merely going to say, that let the Northern people once really feel the war—they do not really feel it yet—and they will insist on hanging every one of your leaders."

"Well, admitting all you say, I can't see how it affects our position. There are some things worse than hanging or extermination. We reckon giving up our right to self government one of these things."

"By self-government, you mean disunion—Southern independence?"

"Yes."

"And slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest?"

"No, it is not; it never was an essential element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements into an earlier culmination. It fired the musket that was already capped and loaded—There are essential differences between the North and South, that will, however this war may end, make them two nations."

"You asked me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and I never observed those differences."

"Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years."

The laugh was upon me, and Mr. Benjamin enjoyed it.

"Well, sir, be that as it may, if I understand you, the dispute between your Government and ours, is narrowed down to this: Union or Disunion."

"Yes, or to put it in other words: Independence or subjugation."

"Then the two Governments are irreconcilably apart. They have no alternative but to fight it out. But it is not so with the people. They are tired of fighting and want peace; and as they bear all the burden and suffering of the war, it is not right that they should have peace and have it too on such principles as they like?"

"I don't understand you. Be a little more explicit."

"Well suppose the two Governments should agree to something like this: To go to the people with two propositions, say, peace with disunion and Southern independence, as your position and peace with Union, emancipation, no confiscation and universal amnesty, as ours.—Let the citizens of all the United States (as they existed before the war) vote, 'Yes' or 'No,' on these two propositions, at a special election within sixty days. If a majority vote disunion, our Government to be bound by it, and let you go in peace. If a majority vote Union, your Government to be bound by it, and stay in peace. The two Governments can contract in this way, and the people, though constitutionally unable to decide on peace or war, can elect which of the two propositions shall govern their rulers. Let Lee and Grant, meanwhile, agree to an armistice. This would sheathe the sword, and once sheathed it would never again be drawn by this generation."

"The plan is altogether impracticable. If we were only one State it might work; but as it is, if one Southern State objected to emancipation, it would nullify the whole thing; for as you are aware the people of Virginia cannot vote slavery out of South Carolina, nor the people of South Carolina vote it out of Virginia."

"But three-fourths of the States can amend the Constitution. Let it be done in that way; in any way, so that it be done by the people. I am not a statesman, and no politician, and I don't know just how the plan could be carried out; but you get the idea, that the people are to decide the question."

"That the majority shall decide it, you mean. We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again."

"But the majority must rule finally, either with ballots or bullets."

"I am not so sure of that. Neither

current events, or history show that the majority rules, or ever did rule. The contrary, I think is true. Why, sir, the man who would go before the people with such a proposition—with any proposition that intimated that the North was to have any voice in determining the domestic relations of the South—could not live here a day. He would be hanged to the first tree without judge or jury."

"Allow me to doubt that. I think it more likely he would be hanged if he let the Southern people know that the majority could not rule." I replied smiling.

"I have no fear of that," rejoined Mr. Davis, also smiling most good-humorously. "I give you leave to proclaim it from every house-top in the South."

"But, seriously, sir, you let the majority rule in a single State, why not let it rule all over the country?"

"Because the States are independent and sovereign. The country is not. It is only a confederation of States, or rather it was; it is now two confederations."

"Then we are not a people, we are only a political partnership?"

"That's all."

"Your very name, sir, 'United States,' implies that," said Mr. Benjamin. "But are the terms you have named—emancipation, no confiscation and universal amnesty—the terms which Mr. Lincoln authorized you to offer us?"

"No, sir, Mr. Lincoln did not authorize me to offer you any terms. But I think both he, and the Northern people, for the sake of peace, would assent to some such terms."

"They are very generous," said Mr. Davis, for the first time during the interview showing some angry feeling. "But amnesty, sir, applies to criminals. We have committed no crime. Confiscation is of no account unless you can enforce it. And emancipation! You have already emancipated nearly two millions of our slaves, and if you take care of them you may emancipate the rest. I had a few when the war began. I was of some use to them; they never were to me. Against their will, you emancipated them, and you may emancipate every negro in the confederacy, but we will be free! We will govern ourselves. We will do it if we have to see every Southern plantation sacked, and every Southern city in flames."

"I see, Mr. Davis; it is useless to continue this conversation," I replied; and you will pardon us if we have seemed to press our views with too much pertinacity. We love the old flag, and that must be our apology for intruding upon you at all."

"You have not intruded upon me," he replied, resuming his usual manner. "I am glad to have met you both. I once loved that old flag as well as you do; I would have died for it; but now it is to me only the emblem of oppression."

"I hope the day may never come, Mr. Davis, when I say that," said the Colonel.

A half-hour's conversation on other topics, not of public interest, ensued, and then we rose to go. As we did so the Rebel President gave me his hand, and bidding me a kindly good-bye, expressed the hope of seeing me again in Richmond in happier times, when peace should have returned; but with the Colonel his parting was particularly cordial. Taking his hand in both of his, he said to him:

"Colonel, I respect your character and your motives, and I wish you well: I wish you ever good I can wish you consistently with the interests of the Confederacy."

The quiet, straightforward bearing and magnificent moral courage of our fighting man had evidently impressed Mr. D. vis very favorably.

As we were leaving the room he added:

"Say to Mr. Lincoln, from me, that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other."

When we went out Mr. Benjamin called Judge Ould, who had been waiting during the whole interview, two hours, at the other end of the hall, and we passed down the stairway together. As I put my arm within that of Judge, he said to me,

"Well, what is the result?"

"Nothing but war; war to the knife."

"Ephraim is joined his idols; let him alone," added the Colonel, solemnly.

New York, Sept. 3. Herald's editorially condenses the Chicago Platform and advises McClellan to kick it to pieces.

A St. Louis Lady Arrested in Detroit as a Rebel Spy.—Mrs. Ward, sister of the late John M. Wimer, who was killed in the rebel army about two years ago, has been getting a figure in Canada, where it appears she was married to an officer in the Royal Canadian Rifles. Mrs. Ward was arrested in this city something over a year ago, but under the mild administration of the General in command was permitted to depart, and she had not heard what became of her until we saw the following in the *Detroit Tribune* of the 22d inst.:

"I have no fear of that," rejoined Mr. Davis, also smiling most good-humorously. "I give you leave to proclaim it from every house-top in the South."

"About two weeks since a woman between forty and fifty years of age was arrested in this city on suspicion of being a rebel emissary, as to the guilt of whom there is good reason to believe.—The evidence is daily growing more stronger. She states that the name of her first husband was Ward, but that her now claims to be the wife of one James Killingsley, an officer in the Royal Canadian Rifles. Be that as it may, the Government authorities were informed of her transactions, and a trap was set to catch her which succeeded admirably. She was taken to the House of Correction, where she now remains awaiting examination, which will be had in a few days."

"She formerly resided in St. Louis, Mo., and claims to be a sister of John Wimer, a former mayor of that city and sheriff of that county, in February, 1863 at the head of a band of rebel guerrillas, although she does not appear to know of his death. If she is a woman she represents herself to be, her real husband is now in the Tennessee or Kentucky State Prison."

"Mrs. Killingsley, alias Mrs. Ward, is evidently well acquainted all through the country, and is known to have called on prominent Democrats in this city, with whom she always appeared to be on very intimate terms. She left St. Louis in October, 1863, and went to Windsor, C. W., where she remained about eight weeks, visiting this city frequently, several times being disguised; but was closely watched, however."

"She left Windsor for New York city where she put up at Libby's Hotel.—Thence she removed to Barnum's Hotel, at Baltimore, on her way south, with valuable papers. At this place she was arrested, but succeeded in destroying the letters she had upon her person by throwing them into the fire. As no direct evidence could be shown against her, she was released, and retraced her steps to New York, and subsequently returned to St. Louis. The next heard of her she was stopping at a hotel in Sandwich kept by Mr. Stuart. The plan to entrap her was concocted and carried into execution."

"She was arrested about two weeks Friday evening, and on the following Monday her friends sent a young man who resides in Canada to see her, to whom she related her past history, but as the young man afterwards had no notable we are not able to give her story in full. It is substantially as follows: She has been a resident of the South, and her sympathies (very naturally of course) run with the oppressed people of the Confederacy. She has a son who is a lieutenant-colonel under the rebel Gen. Longstreet, another also in the rebel service in Missouri, and a nephew in the Union army—where, she states. She stated that she had a company with several prominent generals in both the Union armies; her father-in-law was President Lincoln and Jeff. Davis, and she had nursed patients in the Georgetown hospitals, and had passed through them whenever she wished. Whenever she had money she said she had no difficulty in getting through. She remarked that being a Southern lady, she could not be expected to take Lincoln's oath of allegiance, and she did not intend to do so anyway. She said further, that Mayor Baker, of this city, had called upon her the day after this was placed in the House of Correction, with whom she had a long conversation. He (the Mayor) told her that he would send her appropriate counsel, that she should be released, and if she desired to go South, he would see that she was furnished with the proper papers to do so.—St. Louis Democrat Sept. 1st.

The French baker, Reboul, is to have a statue at Nimes, toward which M. Laurant has subscribed one hundred francs.