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Prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on

short notice and reasonable terms. 21-6m

C. W. WHEELER,

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Opposite the Baltimore Clothing Store, is

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Mrs. M. W. Hewett,

Millinery & Fancy Goods

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Main Street one door west of the Post Office

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A superior stock of Spring and Summer Goods

has been received. Everything in the Millinery line

kept constantly on hand. Dress-making, Bonnet

Making and Trimming done to order.

March, 1865. 19-28-ly

MRS. C. W. WILLIAMSON,

AGENT FOR

Florence Sewing Machines

MAIN STREET, BET. 1st and 2nd

Opposite Mrs. Hewett's Milliner Store.

Poetry.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O friends! with whom my feet have trod

The quiet aisles of prayer,

Glad witness to your zeal for God

And love of men I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;

Your logic, linked and strong,

I weigh as one who doubts dissent,

And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak

To hold your iron creeds;

Against the words you bid me speak

My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?

Who talks of scheme and plan?

The Lord, I feel, He needs not

The poor advice of men.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground

Ye tread with boldness and;

I dare not fix with meta and bound

The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such

His pitying love I deem;

Ye seek a king; I feel would touch

The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the course which overbroad

A world of pain and loss;

I hear our Lord's beatitudes

And pray upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach within

Myself, alas, I know;

To dark you cannot paint the sin,

To small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,

I walk mine eyes with shame,

And urge, in trembling self-distrust,

A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,

I feel the guilt within;

I hear, with groan and travail-cries,

The world confess its sin:

Yet, in maddening mass of things,

And tossed by storm and flood,

To one fixed statement spirits cling;

I know that God is good!

Not mine to look when cherubim,

And seraphs may not see,

But nothing can be good in him

Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below

I dare not thence above;

I know not of His love—I know

His goodness and His love!

I dimly guess from blessings known

Of greater out of sight,

And, with the chastened Psalmist, own

His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,

For vanished smiles I long,

But God hath led my dear ones on,

And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath

Of marvel or surprise,

Assured alone that life and death

His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak

To bear a untried pain,

The heaviest need He will not break,

But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,

Nor works my faith to prove;

I can but give the gifts He gave,

And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea

I wait the muffled oar;

No harm from Him can come to me,

On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His hands lift form

Their rounded palms in air;

Only know I cannot drift

Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,

It hopes like those that stray,

Pray for me that my feet may gain

The sure and safe way.

And Thou, O Lord! I by whom are seen

Thy creatures as they live,

Forgive me if too close I lean,

My human heart on Thee. [Independent.]

Select Story.

THE BOY HERO.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

I am very sad to-day. As I sit alone

in my room with an open letter upon

my lap, the tears fall fast over my

cheeks; for this letter tells me of death

of a brave, noble boy, for whom my heart

was very full of loving kindness. I

shall tell you all about this dear little

fellow, so you may know how good and

manly little boys can be.

His name was Andrew Carter. All

the soldiers called him Andy, and I dare

say they called him Andy at home,

too, for it seemed very natural to him.

He lived in a little cabin not far from

Corinth, Mississippi, and his parents

were quite poor. But I think they must

have been very good people, because

Andy was so good and sensible. His

father never liked the rebels, and they

knew it; so when the North and South

began to fight, they treated Mr. Carter

very badly, and forced him into the rebel

army. Pretty soon Mr. Carter ran

away and got back to his home again;

but they soon found him and put him on

trial for desertion. Of course he was

guilty, and they shot him only a little

way from his home, leaving Andy at his

mother all alone.

Now, can you imagine how poor little

Andy felt when they killed his dear

father? It was a terrible thing, and as

he thought about it, his heart grew bit-

ter against the rebels.

He had no way of doing anything,

though, and remarked quietly at home

helping his poor mother, until the rebels

evacuated Corinth and our army took

possession of the place. Then Andy

went to a recruiting officer and told him

that he wanted to enlist. To be sure he

was very young, only fourteen years old,

but he had always been a strong, healthy

boy, and was used to hard work, and

that made him hardy. After asking

him a great many questions, the recruit-

ing officer concluded to take him, so

Andy became a soldier, though just at

first they made a drummer of him.—

Andy loved music very much, and could

beat the drum splendidly.

Of course Mrs. Carter felt very badly

about his going into the army; but she

was very poor, and knew that Andy's

pay would be a great help to her. Be-

sides that, a great many men and offi-

cers soon became pleased with his good

behavior, and were exceedingly kind to

his mother. They felt very sorry for

her when they heard how her husband

had been forced into the Confederate

service, and shot for deserting.

Several months passed by, and Andy

still made friends because he was so

nice and faithful. The other soldiers

could never get him to tell falsehoods or

say naughty words, and of course, though

they did laugh at him, they respected

him all the more, and would have done

a great deal for him if he had asked

them.

I dare say somebody has told you

about that terrible battle at Corinth, in

Sep. 1862, or you have read about it

in the newspapers. In that battle Andy

Carter did a brave thing for a boy, and

it pleased all the officers very much.—

They fought hard for two days, and on

the second day, the rebels penetrated the

town, coming up close to a hotel that

stood at one end of the place, where a

great many railroads met.

Just a little way from this hotel, which

was called the Tishomingo, was a pretty

deep cut in the ground, through which

one railroad ran; and over this cut was

a bridge built somewhat in the shape of

an arch. There was a railing on each

side of the bridge, and a long pole erect-

ed from the centre, from the top of

which fluttered the dear old stars and

stripes of our National Flag.

Right across the bridge a short dis-

tance stood another hotel called the Cor-

inth House, and while they were fight-

ing so hard on the second day, the rebels

drove our men back from the Corinth

House, and still on toward the bridge,

over which the rebels pressed gradually,

while our poor men fighting, one against

four of the enemy, fell like sheep at the

slaughter.

Andy Carter, with his drum, was

near the bridge, and saw our men falling

on all sides. He also saw a rebel spring

upon the railing and strike down our

flag. In the next minute the drum was

lying upon the ground and Andy had

snatched up a musket which he knew

was loaded, for the man who owned it

was killed before the musket was dis-

charged. As quick as thought, he took

aim and fired at the man who took down

the flag, and he fell to the ground. The

minute after he had scrambled up and

replaced the colors and a storm of cheers

from the soldiers, who taking heart at

such bravery rallied and drove the reb-

els back in a perfect cloud of smoke.—

Pretty soon more men were sent to help

them, and as they pursued the advantage

they had gained, Andy limped away by

his own painful wound in his leg, which

he had received while replacing the

flag on the bridge.

After the battle was over, I heard a

great deal said about Andy's brave con-