NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
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Brownville, N. T.

TERMS:
One Copy, one year, in advance, - - - $2 50
Subscription, must invariably, be paid in Advance
Job Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work, in the best style, and on short notice.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

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Announcing candidates for office	6 00

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All kinds of Job, Book and Card printing, done in the best style on short notice and reasonable terms.

VOL. IX. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1865. NO. 34.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHAS. G. DORSEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Nov 12th, 1864. n32v8y1y

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Office corner of Main and First Streets.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

J. A. HEWES.
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND Solicitor in Chancery.
AND COLLECTING AGENT.
BROWNVILLE N. T.
March 16th, 1y.

H. C. THURMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
vol9-n2-1y-pd

F. STEWART, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE
North East corner of Main and First Streets
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Office Hours—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ P. M.
Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1864—No 35, 1y.

E. S. BURNS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON!
Omaha, City, N. T.
OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE.
July 28th, 1864. n47-v8-pd1y

JAMES MEDFORD,
CABINET - MAKER AND Undertaker.
Corner 2nd and Main Streets,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms. 21-5m

C. W. WHEELER,
CABINET-MAKER AND CARPENTER.
Having opened up permanently on
Main Street,
one door above the Baltimore Clothing Store, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the neatest and style. Particular attentione given to repairing. v9-n14 6m p'd

EATING HOUSE!
BY FRED. AUGUST,
MAIN, BET. FIRST AND SECOND STS.
BROWNVILLE N. T.
Oysters, Cakes, Pies, Cookies, Ginger Bread, etc etc at all description constantly on hand.
GOOD MEALS served in the best style and on short notice. ix-4-1y
Have a large assortment of
Tobacco, Cigars, Nutts, Candies, Canned Fruit, Oysters, Soup, Crackers, Raisens, Currants, and a supply of
CONFECTIONARIES.

A "STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"
LOUIS WALDTER,
Has his post yet, ready to perform all work, pertaining to his business.
House and sign painting, glazing, and paper hanging, etc, at short notice, and the most approved style. Terms cash. Give him a call.
Shop on Main Street, east of Atkinson's Clothing Store.
He is prepared to do all
White Washing AND WALL COLORING
In the neatest and cheapest style for cash.
Brownville, April 7, 1y.

Mrs. M. W. Hewett,
Millinery & Fancy Goods STORE.
Main Street one door west of the Post Office
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
A superior stock of Spring and Summer Goods just received. Everything in the Millinery line kept constantly on hand. Dress-Making, Bonnet Blocking and Trimming done to order.
March, 1865. v9-n-28-1y

MRS. C. W. WILLIAMSON,
AGENT FOR
Florence Sewing Machines
MAIN STREET, BET. 1st and 2nd
Opposite Mrs. Hewett's Milliner Store,
Having just received a good assortment of these Machines, respectfully invites her friends and the public to call and see them, as they need only to be seen to be appreciated.
The Florence Machine has advantages over all others as it makes FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES, it has also the REVERSIBLE FEED, which enables the operator, by simply turning a thumb screw, to have the work run either right or left; It is almost noiseless, very rapid—making five stitches at each revolution—doing the Correct and Finest work with equal facility. A superior Hemmer goes with each Machine, which will hem or fell any desired width. Each Machine has also one of Barnum's Self-Sewers, which guides the work itself and is of incalculable value.
They will be sold at Chicago, or St. Louis Prices, (with freight added.) 9-2y, From-

Poetry.

Our Boys are Coming Home.

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

Thank God, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing!
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us:
'Our boys are coming home!

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din:
Soon shall the joy-bells' ringing
Bring peace and freedom in.
The Jubilee bonfires burning,
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long!
The love light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O, mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O, sister, proudly dating
The viet'ries he has won!
O, maiden, softly humming
The love-song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow!—
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall I wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home.

O sad heart, hush their grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

MONROISANIA, April 8, 1865. W. G.

A Song Sung in Richmond.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Richmond a few days ago, says:

"Imagine sitting in a theatre, in Richmond, vacated by Jeff Davis only five days ago, and listening to the following ditty," composed by Harry Hall, and sung by Billy Lewis, of Buckley & Dudd's Opera House, here, with vociferous applause:

"To Richmond t own the Yankees came,
To whip the Southern rebel;
There old Bob Lee did make a stand,
And got whipped like the devil;
Their handbil ls they distributed,
Their heads were full of fun;
Of course th ey say the ball commenced
With round shot, grape and bum (bomb).
CHOR US—Let 'em bum, let 'em bum—
The way is always clear;
And while 'hey are a b umming
We'll take 'm in the rear.

"You talk about your horses fast,
Or take a two-mile heater,
But if you turn a rebel loose,
He's much the fastest creature;
Now, we would to the rebels say,
To one and all fair warning,
If once the Yankees catche
The Lord have mercy on 'em.

"Now, here's a health to General Grant!
Who wil his words fulfill;
And always to the rebels give
His lead and iron pills;
And when Phil Sheridan catches them,
Oh Lord how bad they fare;
He flanks them on the right and left,
And begs them in the rear.

"Twas neck and neck on either side,
And neither thought the best;
The Yankees and the rebels then
Were fighting breast to breast;
'Twas then Bob Lee rode up his lines,
And rising in his saddle,
He waved his sword and gave command
To right face and skedaddle.

Select Story.

The Frogtown Dog Fight.

A Comic sketch.

There is an excellent moral to the following story which is told with great skill. It shows how a whole village is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between two puppies.

The most remarkable dog fight on record come off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one indiscriminate melee—interminable lawsuits or suits at law—distraction of the town, its down-fall and ruin.

A fanciful genius, named Joe Tucker a man about town, a lounger, without visible means of support—a do-nothing loafing, cigar-smoker, good natured fellow, owned a dog; a sleek, intelligible, and rather pretty least, always at Joe's heels, and known as townees. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a pie-bald, ugly-looking dog, standing alongside a wood wagon, bounded on to Joe Tucker's dog—knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife, who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with dinner, that she stumbled backward; and her old sun bonnet flopped off, and scarred the horses attached to the wagon. He started, bit Latherem's barber pole, upset a load of wood, all of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killed it for a short time stone dead, and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo, that she dropped a stew pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap instead of the dish of the customer who sat waiting for the savory concoction by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo screamed, the child screamed, and the customer yelled!

"Oh, oh! oh-oh-oh, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo.

"Eh, e-he-e-e-e," screamed the poor child!

"Oh, murder-r-r!" "Murder, murder!" roared the poor customer.

The horse, the part of the wagon, and some wood were in their mad career.—The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog; and not waiting to see, Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back, that poor Joe fell forty rods up the street and striking a long ladder upon which Jim Ederby was perched, paint pot in hand, some thirty feet from *terra firma*, brought ladder, Jim, and paint-pot sprawling to the earth, crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint over the broadcloths, satinets, and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a 'formal and even tempered Quaker, ran out to the door just as the two dogs had gone fairly at it hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice, Abraham called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up:

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's a-fighting!"

"Let 'em fight it out," yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. "Let them fight it out; "I'll bet a log of wood my dog can eat any dog in town, and I can eat the owner."

We have said Abraham Miller was a quiet man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country, stirred the gall of Abarham, and he rushed into the store; from the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, strong, low and powerful.

"Friend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee! Hyke, seize upon him!"

"Turk, here, boy."

And the dogs went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody for the insult and damage done to his wife, clapped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten-pound-ten upon the face, back and sides of his bully antagonist. with his natural sledge-hammers, Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bully stranger to the tob of his compass' and they made the sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by Abraham Miller's, took a fresh start, and between the two, the strange dog was being cruelly put to his trumps. Deacon Pugh one of the most pious and substantial men in frogtown, came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling, and Deacon Pugh armed with a heavy walking-stick, and shocked at the specacle before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming, as he did so:

"Fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful!—"

"Don't thee, don't strike my dog, Deacon Pugh!" cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the Deacon, who was about to cut ought and let among the dogs with his cane.

"Your boge!" shouted the deacon, with evident fervor.

"Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh," said the Quaker.

"What did you say so for, then?" shouted the Deacon.

"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh."

"You did!" responded the Deacon, with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly," said the Quaker.

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller!"

"Thee utters a mendacious assertion," reiterated Abraham.

"You—you—you tell a lie!" bawled the deacon.

"Thee has provoked my evil passion, Deacon Pugh," shouted the stalwart Quaker, "and I will chastise thee."

And into the Deacon's wool went the Quaker. The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into the thing, and we leave them thus to "nip and tuck," to look to the stranger and Bob Carter, who fought and fit, and fit and fought, until Squire Catchem and the constable came up, and in the attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the offenders, the Squire, was thrust through the window of a neighboring watchmaker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in a mistake by the furious blacksmith in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar with frightful velocity. The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue, while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic, believing it to be a "free fight, tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately, so that in less than half an hour the happy village of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and most terrific battle.

Heads and windows were smashed, and women screamed, dogs barked, dust flew, labor ceased, and so furious, mad and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil were all in frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row, the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man scalded, a wagon broke, the horse ran himself to death, his owner badly beaten by Bob Carter. whose wife and the wives of many others were dangerously scared, the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined; a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen Joe Tucker, town, constable, lawyer Hooker, Squire Catchem, and some fifty others most shamefully whipped. Lawsuits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of Frogtown annihilated—all by a remarkable dog fight.—*American Miscellany.*

Wilson's Raid.

The Herald's Savannah correspondence, dated the 29th, ult., says Gen. Wilson's famous raiding expedition arrived here yesterday from Macon.

The following is a condensed history of the trip:

Left Chickasaw Ala., on the 22d of March. It is not proper to state the number of his force. Edevangh near Plantersville, Ala., was taken after a short engagement with cavalry, capturing 3,000 prisoners and three guns.—Forrest's forces were driven to the west of Chawaba and separated. A column was sent to Tuscaloosa which they captured and destroyed much Government property. Selma, 241 miles from the base was captured on the 2d of April, with 2,500 prisoners and 32 guns in position and 75 in the arsenal. We destroyed three rolling mills and fixtures, a very large naval foundry, an arsenal, second in importance in the Confederacy powder works and magazines. We remained at Selma eight days. The Ala., river was bridged 84 feet the operation occupying five days. The next place attacked was Montgomery, 50 miles distant, destroying all the bridges on the Alabama and Tennessee rivers. The railroad to Columbia was destroyed.—about 25,000 bales of Cotton. Montgomery surrendered without an assalt.—Five guns fell into our hands. We destroyed two roling mills, a foundry, two magazines, one locomotive, 53 cars and five steamboats. The rebels burned 85-000 bales of cotton before evacuating Columbus, Ga., was taken by assault capturing prisoners, guns and also immense quantities of Commissary stores, a large arsenal and pistol factory, ad accoutèrment factory, a naval foundry, a rolling mail and foundry, an arsenal, thirteen locomotives, over one hundred cars, depots, machine shops, &c., were captured and destroyed.

A gunboat, mounting six 7-inch rifled guns, now called the Jackson, but the name of which has been recently changed was captured here.

A detour to West point was made by Lagrange's brigade, attacked the works, and carried them by storm capturing the garreson, three hurdred and fifty men, and four guns, and killling the rebel General Taylor in command. Fifteen locomotives were destroyed, 200 cars, two bridges and two large factories, large quantities of quartermaster and commissary stores at Griffin and the railroad bridge on the selma and Montgomery Railroad. We captured along the roat five guns.

Macon was captured with no opposition.

We captured Generals Howell Cobb, Gu. Smith, formerly Street Inspector of New York city; Robinson, Mercer and McCall. The captures are 132 guns in arsenals and in store, with immense amounts of ordinance, quartermaster and commissary stores, cotton and machinery and railroad stock.

The Herald's Jacksonville (Florida) correspondent says about 15,000 of the Union soldiers, formerly imprisoned at Andersonsville, were on the morning of the 28th ult., transported by the rebels down the Florida Central Railroad, within ten miles of Jacksonsville—here they were unconditionally released and left to make their way into the Federal lines, which several hundred of them did before night. All presented a pitiful sight, and many were barely able to walk.

We had in the Metoka, when we sailed from New Orleans for Messina, upon a moderate computation, I should say, a cord and a quarter of rats; and the increase during the voyage was so rapid that by the time we got back to Gibraltar, 'tween decks, lower hold, forecastle, cabin, and store-room, literally swarmed with the obnoxious sodents—obnoxious to everybody fore and aft, except Captain Mason. He was on the best possible terms with the vermin. A dozen of the bigest blueskins in the ship had secured homesteads in the "old man's matters, and a great motherly old rat was actually rearing her family under his pillow. Captain Mason said he rather liked a mattress stuffed with rats—made it lively he thought. But one night every particle of Captain Mason's love for the rodents was changed to inveterate hate, and he swore to exterminate the whole race. Somehow in his dreams, or only half awake, the old man had managed to smash into utter worthlessness his gold watch; and he swore that a big rat got it down from the hook to see what time it was, and when he yelled at him, the bloody lubber dropped it on the floor, smashing it all to pieces.

The old man stuttered a string as long as the mizzen topsail halyards when he got his salt water up, and the next morning it took him nearly a whole watch to get out clearly the following bid:

"Mr. R-r-r-eef-t-t-t-acle! I'll g-g-ive ye a'r-r-ial a-p-p-iece for ev-ev-every d-d-d d-am'd r-r-at you'll ke-ke-ke-catch!"

"Agreed, Captain! I'll 'go in,' and own the ship before she leaves Gibraltar!" So that every day I went ashore, got a big wire trap, an ounce of oil of rhodium and a lot of sardines for bait.—At night I set my trap in the store-room and after breakfast don't believe there was less than five dozen of 'em, though I never counted noses.

I was bending a spare line to the trap, thinking to hang it over the side, down my game, and then count heads for tials.

But Captain Mason interferred with that intention most disastrously. Coming out of the cabin, his collar and shirt-bosom all open, and armed with a rattan that the steward beat the dust out of his clothes with—

"Ho-ho-hold on, Mr. R-r-reef-t-t-tackle! I'll n-n-ick 'em! You l-l-le-let 'em out, and I'll r-r-ra-t-t-tan 'em!" and he stood by to "nick" the first one that should escape.

Out popped a thundering big rat, slap into the old man's bare bosom, scooted in under hes shirt, and in a second dog round on his back.

"Hah! Bl-aa-oo-ah! Ke-ke-kill the d-d-am'd thing!

Down went the trap, and out bolted the whole rat brigade, scampering and dodging under every thing that would cover a rat. Grabbing the carpenter's mallet, I took after the old man, and hit him a blow in the back that sent him sprawling into the scuppers.

In ten seconds the old Metoka's deck was a universal hurrah. All hands, and the cook, armed with belaying-pins, handspikes, heavers, sheath-knives, and hatchets, went into the rat hunt, yelling whooping, dancing, and leaping, as if the whole ship's company had been attacked with a sudden fit of delirium *triangles.*

The result of the rat foray was, one the cook's big coppers burst up like a bomb-shell; a scalded leg for the "old man," that laid him up for a month; the heads of three water-casks stove in; the loss of the second mate's little finger from a clip of a hatchet; a dozen black eyes and bloody noses; and—*two rats!*

Some few years ago, at a benefit given to a Fire Company in Philadelphia, a new aspirant for histrenic honors appeared on the boards of the Walnut Street Theatre. The play was "Hamlet." Just before the curtain rose, the gentleman engaged to play the "Ghost," struck for "wages," and the manager was forced to supply his place as best he could. In due time the play went on; and the Ghost in blue armor appeared, saying in his usual lugubrious tone—

"Hamlet, I am thy father's Ghost!"

When, even as the Prince of Denmark was contemplating the image of his father's ghost, a voice was heard from another wing—

"Don't you believe him, Hamlet; I am father's ghost—this fellow under bid me." And with the word, another "Ghost" in blue armor, of course, stepped on the stage. The embarrassment of Hamlet was extreme. Two ghosts of one father, both dressed in blue armor, speaking at once, each claiming to be the Simon Pure, as thus—

"Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost," began No. 1.

"No, Hamlet, I'm your father's ghost," cried No. 2.

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth," continued No. 1.

"No, Hamlet," continued Ghost No. 2, insinuatingly, "it's me that's doomed to walk the earth—not him. You see he plays for five dollars a week; and I would not do it under six. I'm your father's ghost, Hamlet."

At this juncture, while Hamlet stood looking from one to the other, in most unprincely confusion, No. 1 again rallied—

"I could a tale unfold," he said.

"All fudge, Hamlet; it's me that could a tale unfold," cried Ghost No. 2. "This fellow ain't got any tale to unfold. I'm your father's Ghost, my boy.

At this crisis the curtain fell, leaving Hamlet to settle the matter with the Ghosts, behind the scenes, while the audience were shedding tears, not of sorrow.

Artemus Ward Insures His Life.

I kum to the conclusion lately, that life waz so onsartain, that the only way for me tu stand a fair chance with other folks, wuz to git my life insured, and so I ka'ld on the Agent ov the 'Garden Life Insurance Company,' and answered the following questions, which wuz put to me over the top ov a pair ov gold specks, by a slick little fat old feller, with a little round grey beard as enny man ever owned:

1st. Are you male or femail? If so, state how long you have been so.

2d. Are you subject to fits, if so, do you have more than one at a time?

3d. What is your precise fiteing weight?

4th. Did you ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much?

5th. What is your opinion ov the constitutionality ov the 10 commandments?

6th. Did you ever have enny nite mares?

7th. Are you married and single, or are you a bachelor?

8th. Do yu believe in a future state? If yu du, state it.

9th. What is your private sentiments about a rush of rats tu the head; can it be did successfully?

10th Have you ever committed suicide, and if so; how did it seem to effect yu?

After answering the above questions like a man, in the confirmatif, the slick little fat old fellow with gold specks on ced I wuz insured for life, and probably would remain so for a term ov years—I thanked him and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

An English paper contains an advertisement: "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case with carved legs.

A clergyman lately traveling in the oil region, saw a child in the road stumbling and falling. He kindly picked her up, saying, "poor, dear! are you hurt?" when she cried out, "I ain't poor! Dad struck a ile well yesterday!"

The human heart gives 60,000 strokes every 21 heure.

Gazly's Pacific Monthly tells a pretty good story of a scrub-head boy having been brought before the court as a witness, when the following colloquy ensued:

'Where do you live?' said the Judge.

'Live with my mother.'

'Where does your mother live?'

'She lives with father.'

'Where does he live?'

'He lives with the old folks.'

'Where do they live?' says the Judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.

'They live at home.'

'Where in thunder is their home?' roars the Judge.

'That's where I'm from,' said the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek, and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

'Here, Mr. Constable, says the court,' take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath.'

'You would think differnt,' says the boy, going toward the doorway, 'if I was once to give you a cussin'!'

If a man talks insolently to you under the plea of candor, you may knock him down under a plea of an infirmity of temper.

Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has not time to vent when a wake."

Many men's praying and swearing are pretty much the same; when they pray they think of no good, and when they swear, they think of no harm.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike who has Just returned from France, "speaks like a Parishioner."

Sambo says: "Dese folks make a good many of dees patches from de seat of war out of whole clof."

Some harts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

A bonny bride is soon dressed, a short horse is quickly curried.

At the gate which suspicion enters, love steps out.

A maid that laughs is half taken.

A mill, a clock, and a woman, always want mending.

As the good man saith, so say we; but as the good woman saith, so it must be.

A woman and a greyhound must be small in the waist.

A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed.

Young women married to old men, must be like old women.

Women are all good—good for something or nothing.

Women are known by their walk, their dress, and their talk.

A virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house.

Obedient wives command their husbands.

Woman and cherries are painting for their own harm.

A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband.

The best or worst fortune a man can have is his wife.

Men would not be alone even in Paradise.

A lewd batchelor makes a jealous husband.

A groaning wife and a grunting horse never fail their master.

Fair woman, without virtue, are like stale beer.

A handsome courtezan is the hell of the soul and the scourge of the purse.

Very great beauties are apt to be very foolish or very proud.

A barren sow is never good to pigs.

A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

Enemies to beauty are foes to nature.

A dog's nose and a maid's knees are always cold.

The maid that talketh yieldeth.

Women conceal what they know not.

Lasses that have many wooers oft fair the worst.

Men must ask their wives leaf to thrive.

It is good occasion for courtship when the widow returns from the funeral.

Bare walls make gedding housewives.

Beauty will buy no beef.

The following note was lately received by a gentleman from his ranch-keeper:

"Please send me, by the boy, a pair of trace chains and two door hinges.—Jane had twins last night—also, two padlocks."