

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEO. W. HILL & CO.,
Advertiser Block, Main St. Between 1st & 2d,
Brownville, N. T.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (ten lines or less) insertion \$1 00
Each additional insertion 10 00
Business cards six lines or less one year 10 00
One column one year 50 00
One half column one year 30 00
One fourth column one year 20 00
One eighth column one year 15 00
One column six months 40 00
One half column six months 25 00
One fourth column six months 18 00
One eighth column six months 12 00
One column three months 30 00
One half column three months 20 00
One fourth column three months 15 00
One eighth column three months 10 00
Announcing candidates 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.

VOL. IX. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1865. NO. 40.

BUSINESS CARDS.
G. M. HENDERSON,
GENERAL DEALER IN
**STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES**
Main Street between First and Second,
Brownville, Neb. N. T.
CHAS. G. DORSEY.

ATTORNEY AT LAW
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
April 14th, 1864. 2276917
**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.**
LAND AND COLLECTING AGENT.
BROWNVILLE N. T.
March 16th, 17.

**H. C. THURMAN,
Physician and Surgeon**
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
1019-22-17-18

AMERICAN HOUSE
D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR,
Front Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
9 23-17

**JAMES MEDFORD,
CABINET-MAKER
AND
Undertaker.**
Corner 2nd and Main Streets,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on
short notice and reasonable terms. 21-6m

**C. W. WHEELER,
CABINET-MAKER
AND
CARPENTER.**
Having opened up permanently on
Main Street,
the door above the Baltimore Clothing Store, is
prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the
best and style. Particular attention given to
contracts. 19-21 6m 9 p

**F. STEWART, M.D., A. S. HOLLADAY, M.D.
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
OFFICE**
South East corner of Main and First Streets,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Office Hours—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6 1/2 to
7 1/2 P. M.
Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1865—No. 34, 17.

**Mrs. M. W. Hemett,
Millinery & Fancy Goods
STORE.**
Main Street one door west of the Post Office
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
A superior stock of Spring and Summer Goods
has been received. Everything in the Millinery
line constantly on hand. Dress-Making, Bonnet
making and Trimming done to order.
March, 1865. 19-21 6m 9 p

**C. H. WALKER,
Photographic Artist**
(Successor to W. M. C. PERKINS)
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE BROWNVILLE HOUSE,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Mr. W. invites attention to his Card or Album
Photographs, also his beautiful Ivory-like Am-
broses, which are universally admitted to be equal
to any produced in this, or any other country.
He will give his undivided attention to the busi-
ness, and hopes to merit a share of public patron-
age. Satisfaction guaranteed. 30-14

**BACK TO THE OLD STAND!
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY!!
JOSEPH SHUTZ**
World's reputation for his old customers that he
has again opened his Jewelry Shop in his old stand on
Main Street, north side, two doors east of the Brown-
ville House. He keeps on hand a splendid assortment
of everything in his line of business, which he will
sell at the lowest rates for Cash.
Repairing
of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on the short-
est notice.
WORK WARRANTED.
Brownville, Neb., May 18th, 1865. 27-18-17

Poetry.
NO!
He was a heart so true and strong,
So wise, in all but human wrong,
So fit for woman's trust,
That when she spoke the fatal "No,"
It smote him with a weight of woe,
That crushed him to the dust.
The why we never know, still less
Could hazard a presumptive guess,
So silent is pain;
We only know she could no take
The hand he offered by mistake,
Or offered but in vain.
And all men noted from that day
He moved as in a blinded way,
Helpless, without a plan;
Ah, what Miraculous change of state
One single syllable can create
Within the heart of man.
And she lived evermore apart,
Nor gave to any man her heart,
Until the day she died.
When, to the friends around her bed,
She breathed his name and smiled and said—
"Bury me by his side."

MUSTERED OUT.
BY GEORGE W. HUNGAY.
Hail to the hero mustered out,
Let the black-throated cannon shout,
And ring to the wind the stars,
Rejoice, O ye jubilant bells,
The heart of the patriot swells,
And tears overflow from their wells,
When we see the soldiers' tears.
We welcomed him home from the field,
Untarnished his sber and shield,
Untainted his laurel crown,
Champion of the brave and free,
O what spirit and dash had he;
God grant that we never may see
A cloud on his grand renown.
O now let us muster him in,
Where the ranks of the true begin,
To fight for themselves again:
While he has been striking the blow
At the Rebels, another foe
Hath laid man a brave man low,
Who passed through the leaden rain.
—Evening Post.

Artemus Ward in Richmond.
RICHMOND, VA., May 18 & 65.
OLONZO WARD.
Afore I comment this letter from the
late rebel capitol I desire to simply say
that I have seen a low an skurrils noat
in the papers from a certain purson who
singes himself Olonzo Ward, & sez he
is my berruther. I did once have a ber-
ruther of that name, but I do not recog-
nize him now. To me he is was than
ded! I took him from college sum 16
years ago and gave him a good situation as
the Bearded Woman in my show.—
How did he repay me for this kindness?
He basely undertook (one day while in a
Backyanian mood on rum & right in
sight of the ajuience in the tent) to stand
upon his head, whereby he betray'd his
sex on account of his boots and his Beard
fallin' off his face, thus rooipin' my pro-
specks in that town, and likewise incur-
ring the displeasure of the Press, which
sed boldy I was triffin' with the feelin's
of an intelligent public. I know no such
man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever
wish his name breathed in my presents.
I do not recognise him. I perfectly dis-
gusts him.
The old man finds himself once more
in a sunny climb. I cum here a few
days after the city catter pillerulated.
My naburs seemed surprisid and as-
tonisht at this darin' bravery onto the
part of a man at my time of life, but our
family was never know'd to quale in
danger's stormy hour.
My father was a sutler in the Revolu-
tionary War. My father once had a in-
tervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.
He asked La Fayette to send him five
dollars, promisin' to pay him in the fall;
but Lafy said he couldn't see it in those
lamps." Lafy was French, and his
knowledge of our languidge was a little
shaky.
Immejutely on my 'rival here I pro-
ceeded to the Spotswood House, and
callin' to my assistence a young man
from our town who writes a good run-
nin' hand, I put my orthograph on the
register, and handin' my umbrella to a
balheaded man behind the counter, who
I s'posed was Mr. Spotswood, I said,
"Spotsy, how does she run?"
He called a cullid person, and said:
"Show the gin'man to the cow-yard,
and give 'im cart number 1."
"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Per-
haps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin'
in with him."
"Do you know how the Gin'ral?" in-
quired Mr. Spotswood;
"Wall, no, not 'zactly; but he'll re-
member me. His brother-in-law's out
bought her rye meal of my uncle Levi
all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye

rye meal was—"
"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't
bother me," and he shuv'd my umbrella
onto the floor. Obsarvin' to him not to
be so keerless with that wepin, I accom-
panied the African to my lodgings.
"My brother," I sed, "air you aware
that you've bin 'mancipated?" Do you
relise how glorius it is to be free? Tell
me, my dear brother, does it not seem
like some dreams, or do you realise the
great fact in all its livin' and holy mag-
nitude?"
He sed he would take some gin.
I was show'd to the cow-yard and laid
out on a one-mule cart. The hotel was
orfur crowded, and I was sorrow I hadn't
gone to the Libby Prison. Tho' I should
hav' slept com'fible enough if the bed-
clothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin'
the night, by a scoundrul who cum and
bitched a mule to the cart and druv it
off. I thus lost my cuverin', and my
throat feels a little husky this mornin'.
Gin'ral Halleck offers me the hospita-
lity of the city, givin' me my choice
of the hospitals.
He has also very kinly placed at my
disposal a small-pox ambulance.
There is rally a great deal of Union
sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry
hand.
I met a man to-day—I am not at lib-
erty to tell his name, but he is a old and
infuocentioal citizen of Richmond, and
sez he, "Why! w'e've bin fightin' again
the old flag! Lor'! bless me, how sing-
lar!" He then berr'd five dollars of me
and bust into a flood of tears.
Sed another (man of standin') and for-
merly a bitter rebel, "let us ouce stop
effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is
good enuff for me Sir," he added, "you
air from the North! Have you a dough-
nut or a piece of custard pie about you?"
I told him no, but I knew a man from
Vermont who had just organized a sort
restaurant, where he could go and make
a very comfortable breakfast on New
England rum and cheese. He borrowed
fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send
him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's abotype as
soon as I got home, he walked off.
Said an ther, "There's bin a tremen-
dous Union feelin' here from the fust.
Have you a degereotype of Wendell Phil-
lips about your person? and will you
lend me four dollars for a few days till
we air once more a happy and united
people?"
Jeff Davis is not pop'lar here. She
is regarded kind to his parents. She
ran away from 'em many years ago, and
has never bin back. This was showin'
'em a good deal of consideration when
refleck what his conduct has been.—
Her capture in female apparel confuses
me in regard to his sex, and you see I
speak of him as if he was frekent as oth-
erwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.
Robert Lee is regarded as a noble fel-
ler.
He was opposed to the war at the fust,
and draw'd his sword very reluctan.—
In fact, he would not have draw'd his
sword at all, only he had a large stock
of military clothes on han, which he didn't
want to waste. He sez the colored man
is right, and he will at once go to New
York and open a Sabbath school for ne-
gro minstrels.
The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston
and others leaves the Confedrit Army
in a ruther shattered state. That army
now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules,
and a Brass drum, and is moving rapidly
to'rds Texas.
Feelin' a little peckish, I went into a
eatin' house to-day, and encountered a
young man with long black hair and slender.
He didn't wear much clothes; and
them as he did wear looked unhealtly.
He frowned on me, and sed, kinder
scornful, "So, sir—you come here to
taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"
"No," said I, "I cum here for hash!"
"Fish-haw!" he sed sneeringly, "I
mean you air in this city for the pur-
puz of gloatin' over a fallen people.—
Others may basely succumb, but as for
me, I will never yield—never, never!"
"Have sutner to eat?" I pleasantly
suggested.
"Tripe and onions!" he sed furely;
then he added, "I eat with you, but I
hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"
To which I pleasantly replied, "How
will you have your tripe?"
"Fred, mudsill with plenty of ham-
fat!"
He et very reverens. Poor feller!—
He had lived on odds and ends for sev-
eral days, eatin' crackers that had been
turned over by revellers in the bread-
tray at the bar.
He got full at last, and his heart soft-

ened a little to'rds me. "After all,"
he sed, "you hav sum peple at the Nort,
who air not whooly loathsum 'beasts!"
"Well, yes," I sed, "we had now and
then a man among us who isn't a cold-
blooded scoundril." "Young man," I
mildly but gravely sed "this crooil war
is over, and you're let!" "Is ither ne-
cessary for anybody to lick in a good
square, lively fite, and in this 'ere case
it happens to be the United States of
America. You fit splendid, but it was
too many for you. Then make the best
of it, & let us give in and put the Repub-
lic on a firmer basis ner ever."
"I don't gloat over your misfortins,
my young fren." Fur from it, I'm a
old man now, & my hart is softer nor it
once was. You see my spectacles is
misten'd with suthin' like tears. I'm
thinkin' of the sear of good rich Blod
that has been spilt on both sides in this
dreadful war! I'm thinkin' of our wid-
ers and orfund North, and of your in-
the South. I kin cry both for both.
B'leave me, my young fren, I kin place
my old hands tenderly on the fair youg
hed of the Virginny maid, whose lover
was laid low in the battle dust by a fed-
ral bullet, and say as fervently and as
piously as a vone'r'ble sinner like me
kin say anythin', God be good to you, my
poor dear, my poor dear!"
I riz up to go, & takin' my young
Southern fren' kindly by the hand, I
sed, "Young man, adoo! You Southern
fellers is probably my brothers' tho' you
have occasionally had a cussed queer way
of showin' it! It's over now. Let us
all jine in and mak a kuntry on this con-
tinent that shall giv' all Europe the
cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they
look at us! Adoo! adoo!"
And as I am through, I'll likewise say
adoo to you, jentle reader, merely re-
markin' that the Star Spangled Banner
is wavin' round loose agin, and that
there don't seem to be anythin' the mat-
ter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond
a slite cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.
THE DISKONTENTED PEAZANT.
BY PETROLEUM V. NABBY.
Wunst upon a time, long afore the
flud, when man wuz in his highly origi-
nal and prime evil stait, (which menes
that he wuz wickeder than he hev ever
been sence) uv sin, and wikidinis, Abou
Ben Hadem flourisht in Abissiny, wich
is a stait summers, down east.
Abou Ben Hadem wuz a profit. He
had bin in the profit biznis for sum 2
hundred yeers, and wuz currently re-
ported and generally believed that he
cood beet enny profit in them eastern
counties, with wun hand tied behind him.
Wunst on a time, just after he had
partaken uv his froogle breakfast uv
porter-bowes steak, stuff with Camden
and Amboy oysters, and wuz a musin
into the mutability uv Rhine wine and
a meershaun, wun uv the pezentury uv
that country approacht.
"Art thou Abou Ben Hadem?" inter-
rogatid the stranger.
"I am he," replied Abou, "what
wouldst thou with me?"
"Behold I sed me, wun who is dissatis-
fied with his lot," replied the intelligent
yomanry.
"All men are so, my son," retortid
Abou. "I kin see sich in anny grocery.
Life is made up uv dissatisfactions. Wun
wants riches, another fans, sum chase
wun feetin shadder, sum another, but
alars! all er doomed 2 djappointment.
Let us invest in Harlem stix and double
our munny—we repine that we dident
buy Oil sheares and treble it. But what
wouldst thou?"
"Mighty Ben Hadem, my name is
Norval—on the Grampian hills my father
fed his flox, of froogal swane, and
when the old gentleman pegged out he
willed em all 2 me. I sher them sheep
and wash the wool and card it and spin
it, and weav it and make it into gar-
ments. Why Abou, cood not Nacher
hev made my sheep to grow rolls inxid
uv wool, and save me the trouble."
"My jentle friend," replied Abou, "go
thy way. Hent4th thy sheep shel grow
rolls instid uv wool."
"A week er sich a matter is sposed 2
hev elaps't."
The sturdy yomanry returned.
"Wat no w," sed Abou, "was not thy
desire gratified?"
"Yes w'uchly," replid the high minded
constitooent, "the sheep grew rolls and
good rolls too. But greit Abou, why
coodent Nacher, while sh was about it,
hev mad the sheep grow yarn instid uv
rolls."

"Go to thy native mountains—thy
sheep shall grow fine yarn uv menny
colors."
(Another week goes by.)
"Again here," said Abou. Artist
thow not satisfied? What woolest thou
now?"
"Mity profit," all things is ez easy
ez tu rain Jack from the bottom, 2 thee.
My sheep grow yarn. Is it askin too
much to hev them grow cloth. Then
wool my labor be lightened—I shoed
hev but to cut it and sew it in 2 gar-
ments."
"Be it so, but bother me no more. I
am Cheerman uv the Execootive Com-
munity uv my ward, and the cleckshun is
but 3 weeks off. Go and be satisfied.—
Cloth it is."
(A week passes by, like a dream.)
"Mighty Abou,"
"How now—thy impurtunity displeas-
es me. I hev 3 times grantid thy de-
sires. Wat wastest thou now?"
"Mighty Abou, trooly at thy biddin
my mercoens, which I impordit from Ver-
mont, hev yeeldid rolls and yarn and
cloth. Why, oh profit, coodent they just
ez well grow Clothing Reddy made, with
a Amerrikin watch in the fop, and a
pocket book filled with green-bax and
a plug uv Cavendish tobacker in the
trousis pokkit. Grant me but this and—"
"Away ongrateful, and let me see thy
face no more. I grantid thy absert
wishes to show that Nacher did jest all
for us that we needad—that the balance
we must work out ourselves, and that
had she dun more we wood still hev Lin
dissatisfied. At fust it wuz rolls, then
yarn, then cloth, and now you want close
reddy-made. Go back—yer sheep grows
common wool agin. Sposin I had given
you all you askt—wat, oh miserable wood
you hev hed 2 do? You wood become
lazy, filthy and rotten. You wood loaf
around groceries, mix in 2-pallytyx, and
become a noonsance to yourself and
friends. Laber is Heaven's law. Nacher
gives us the raw material, and 2 keep
us busy she requires us to work it in 2
shape. Nacher gives us korn—it is dooty
2 mak it in 2 whiskey and sich other pro-
duz ez go 2 sustane life. Without labor
life is a cuss—with it we are happy. A
bizzy man hasent time 2 refiect upon wat
a mizzable case he is—which reflexion
in men uv high minds wood lead to
sooicide. Go thy ways. Be virchus and
yool be happy."
Morel—Employment uv wun kind er
another is a necessity. For my part I
keep myself bizzy in getten a livin orf
uv other peple's labor, and in these
degenerate days it's jest all I kin do.
Morel Number 2.—[The more we git
the more we want.—[Which is new.]

Dan Marble was once strolling along
the wharves in Boston, when he met a
tall, gaunt-figure, a "digger" from Cal-
ifornia, and got into conversation with
him.
"Healthy climate, I suppose?"
"Healt hy?" it aint anything else. why
stranger, the re you can choose any cli-
mate you like, hot or cold, and that with-
out traveling more than fifteen minutes.
Just think of that the next cold morning
when you get out of bed. There's a
mountain there, with a valley on each
side of it, the one hot, and the other cold.
Well, get on the top of the mountain
with a double barreled gun, and you can,
without movin, kill either summer or
winter game, just as you will!"
"What have you ever tried it?"
"Tried it! often; and should have
done pretty well, but for one thing."
"I wanted a dog that would stand both
climates. The last dog I had froze off
his tail while pintin' on the summer side.
He didn't get entirely out of the winter
side, you see—trew as you lives." Marble
shoped.
We haven't heard of a richer thing
than was lately perpetrated upon a book-
store clerk. Everybody has heard jokes
perpetrated upon the odd names which is
the fashion to bestow upon books now-
a-days, but we venture to say, nothing
richer than this incident. A well-known
wag stepped into a book-store in town,
and inquired, "Have you 'The Woman
in White'?" "Yes," replied the clerk.
"All Alone?" asked the searcher after
literature. "Yes," responded the clerk.
"In the Dark?" still queried the ques-
tioner. "Yes, sir," again promptly an-
swered the attendant. "Well, all I have
got to say is," retorted the wag, "you
have a mighty nice thing of it! Good
evening!"
The firm of Gladstone & Co. went "up"
in England for about 2 million of dollars.

The National Debt.
The entire debt of the United States
is officially reported, under date of May
31st, at a little over twenty-six hundred
and thirty-five millions of dollars, which
is near five hundred millions more than
was estimated in the last report of the
Treasury Department. The exact figures
are as follows:
\$1,108,113,842 interest payable in gold.
1,053,476,371 interest payable currency.
472,829,270 treas'y not's not ba'g'in's
786,270 past due, and int's ceased

\$2,635,205,753
The annual interest in coin and cur-
rency together is over one hundred and
twenty-four millions, which is an incon-
siderable fraction less than six per cent,
on the interest-paying portion. We are
now able for the first time to assign a
proximate limit to the debt, and to esti-
mate very closely its yearly burden on
the country. When all the expenses of
the war are settled the mass will doubt-
less be near three thousand millions of
dollars. The policy of the Government
will be to convert the Treasury notes in-
to bonds with as little delay as possible.
At six per cent, which is the present
average rate, our annual interest will be
one hundred and eight millions of dol-
lars.
The estimated receipts for the year
ending June 30, 1865, are three hundred
and ninety-six millions as follows:
From Customs - \$70,000,000
From internal duties - 80,000,000
From lands - 1,000,000
From miscellaneous - 25,000,000
\$396,000,000
The treasury estimates of expenses
for the same year, exclusive of war and
navy purposes, is:
For the civil service - \$33,082,097
For persons and Indians 14,196,050
\$47,278,147
If we add to this amount the interest
on the debt, and allow seventy-five mil-
lions for army and navy expenses, we
shall have a total requirement of three
hundred and two millions. We may,
therefore, either reduce our taxes one-
third or have an excess of near one hun-
dred millions to apply in liquidation of
the debt. Sound policy dictates that we shall
reduce the scale of taxation and keep it
low until need to the productive powers
of the country are fully restored to activ-
ity, rather than to push immediately upon
liquidation. We shall then have the
whole country from which to reap income,
instead of the half as now, and the re-
duced scale, spread over double the surface,
will not need to be enlarged.

This is certainly a very satisfactory
exhibition. We announce it as a fact
capable of demonstration, that our taxa-
tion might this day be reduced one-third,
or, if the five hundred millions of treas-
ury notes be not funded, to fully one-half
of the present rates, and the gradual ex-
tinction of the debt go on successfully.
If our allowance for the army and navy
appears small, we have on the other hand
made none for increased revenue from
imports, on which we may probably de-
pend for twenty-five millions more than
is officially set down. The treasury
estimate of but one million of receipts
from the sale of public lands was made
under the depression of war. Now this
is relieved and peace is established, with
an active tide of emigration, we may ex-
pect them to assume something like the
old proportions of eight millions a year,
At a lively village in Illinois, not far
from Woodstock, they have a benevol-
ent association, one of whose objects is to
watch with and take care of its members.
Last fall an unmarried young lady was
admitted to membership. In a couple of
months she was blessed with a bright-
eyed babe, and was very sick. Some of
the lady members expressed to the chief
officer of the association their indignation,
and asked him if he really thought it
their duty to visit the unfortunate one.
"Well," said he, after much deliberation,
"I suppose not. You are not obliged to
watch where there is a contagious dis-
ease!"
The Mexican emigration movement has
been in Hudson county, N.Y., for some
time past, and parties prominent in the
movement state that over 700 names have
already been enrolled.

The average pay due each soldier is
two hundred and fifty dollars, and the
Government is ready to pay and discharge
every man of the two armies here.

An exchange publishes the following
alphabetical record of the rebellion:
A—Stands for Andersonville—the ghast-
ly monument of the most revolting out-
rage of the century.
B—Stand for Booth—let his memory be
swallowed up in oblivion.
C—Stands for Canada—the asylum of
skeddaddlers, and the nest in which
foul traitors have hatched their eggs
of trea on.
D—Stands for Davis—the most eminent
low comedian, in the female character,
of the age.
E—Stands for England—an enemy in
our adversity; a scyophant in our pros-
perity—Music by the band, air,
Yankee Doodle.
F—Stands for Freedom—the bulwark
of the nation.
G—Stands for Grant—the undertaker
who officiated at the burial of the re-
bellion.
H—Stands for Hardee—his tactics couldn't
save him.
I—Stands for Infamy—the spirit of trea-
son.
J—Stands for Justice—give it to the
traitors.
K—Stands for Kearsarge—for further
particulars see Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-
ing Syrup.
L—Stands for Lincoln—he mourn his
loss.
M—Stands for Mason—(more music by
the band; air, "There! come to the
beach a poor exile, &c., &c.)
N—Stands for Nowhere—the present
location of the C. S. A.
O—Stands for "O, dear, what can the
matter be?" For answer to this ques-
tion, apply to Kirby Smith.
P—Stands for Peace—nobly won by the
gallant soldiers of the Union.
Q—Stands for Quantrell—one of the
gorillas in the rebel menagerie.
R—Stands for Rebellion—which is no
longer able to stand for itself.
S—Stands for Sherman—he has a friend
and vindicator in Grant.
T—Stands for Treason—with a halter
round its neck.
U—Stands for Union—"Now and fore-
ver, one and inseparable."
V—Stands for Victory—further explana-
tion is unnecessary.
W—Stands for Washington—the Nation
is true to his memory.
X—Stands for Xtradition—English pa-
pers please copy.
Y—Stands for Young American—who
stands by the Union.
Z—Stands for Zodaic—the stars are all
there.
(Music by the band—
"The Star-Spangled Banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
brave.")

We all remember the story of the inn-
keeper who became proud as he prospered,
and taking down his sign of the Ass,
put up a portrait of George IV. in its
place. His neighbor immediately raised
the east-off effigy, and "in this sign he
conquered." The first landlord, alarmed
at the increasing popularity of his rival,
and understanding the cause, wrote un-
der the grim visage of his Majesty, "This
is the real Ass."
But a more ludicrous of the kind is
just now told at the expense of the good
Bishop Llandaff. He took up his abod-
near the head of Lake Windermere,
where the principal inn had been known
as the Cock; but the landlord, by way
of compliment to his distinguished neigh-
bor, substituted the Bishop as the new
sign. An inn-keeper close by, who had
frequently envied mine host of the Cock,
for his good fortune in securing a con-
siderable preponderance of visitors, took
advantage of the change, and attracted
many travelers to his house by putting
up the sign of the Cock. The landlord,
with the new sign was much discomfited
at seeing many of his old customers de-
posited at his rival's establishment. So,
by way of remedy, he put up in large,
red letters, under the portrait of the Bis-
hop, "This is the old Cock."

Secretary McCulloch is restoring the
machinery for the collection of customs in
the Southern States. The President
has already made appointment of col-
lectors at Savannah, Charleston, Mobile and
Pensacola
A youngster on coming home from his
first term at a boarding school, and on
being asked what he had been fed on, re-
plied, "Multiplication tables, hashed, and
stowed subtraction."
Jeff Davis might have die'd game; but
he preferred to live 'em—everybody's
game.—[Practice.]