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WORK WARRANTED, Brownville, Neb., May 19th, 1864.

Poetry.

The Tartar who Caught a Tartar.

BY JOHN G. RAKE.

There's trouble in Hungary now, alas! There's trouble on every hand; For that terrible man, The Tartar Kahn, Is ravaging over the land.

He is riding forth with his ugly men, To rob and ravish and slay; For deeds like those, You may well suppose, Are quite in the Tartar way.

And now he comes, that terrible chief, To a mansion grand and old, And he peers about, Within and without, And what do his eyes behold?

A thousand in fold and field, All asleep all over the plain, And noble floods Of forest woods, And beautiful crops of grain;

But fiercer still is the boar'd wealth That his ravished eyes behold, In silver plate Of jewels weight,— And gleams of pearl and gold.

A nobleman owns this fine estate; And, when the robber he sees, 'Tis not very queer He quakes with fear, And trembles a bit in the knees.

He quakes in fear of his precious life, And, scarce eye pressing a groan, "Good Tartar," says he, "Whatever you see, Be pleased to reckon your own."

The Kahn looked round in a leisurely way, As one who is pleased to choose, When, cooking his ear, He chanced to hear The crash of feminine shoes.

The Tartar smiled a villainous smile, When like a lily in bloom, A lady fair, With golden hair, Came gliding into the room.

The robber started with amorous eyes, Was ever so winning a face? And long he gazed, As one amazed, To see such beauty and grace.

A moment more and the lawless man Had seized his struggling prey, Without remorse, And, taking her, He bore the lady away.

"Now, Heaven be praised," the nobleman said, "For many a mercy to me! Into his will, God pity the 'Tartar,'" said he.

Select Story.

MRS. MERRILL'S YANKEE BLADE.

A True Tale of a Savage Life.

For more than two hundred years the frontier settlements upon this continent were scenes of perpetual alarm and outbreak. The insubordinate nature of the savage would not allow him to relinquish in quiet that which had been the birth-right and undisputed heritage of his father from the date of their earliest tradition, and the result was either open and deadly war, or a series of wily stratagems, which kept the inhabitants upon the alert, day and night.

Especially was this the case when the war between the revolted colonies and mother country began to assume its more decided aspect, and the ministers of the crown, regardless of all humane considerations, exerted their utmost endeavors to win the savages along the frontier to a co-operation in their work of subjugation. They were successful in the undertaking, and the hatchet was taken up by many of the tribes, who were still inwardly burning with real or fancied grievances, which they hoped to be able to redress. In conjunction with their more civilized but really less human allies, the Tories, they broke upon the defenseless frontiers, scattering death and devastation wherever their savage fury could find a victim.

Of course many traits of character were brought to light amid scenes which might otherwise have lain dormant, and many an act of personal prowess and daring excited, which could in no way have been looked for. Even women, at times, forgot the weakness of her sex, and fought desperately in defence of those who were dear to her. An instance of this kind, and a striking one, is afforded in the spirited and singular defence of Mrs. Merrill of Kentucky. She is spoken of as being Amazonian both in strength and courage, a fact which was fully substantiated by the events as they transpired. If such was the case, it is also very evident that the heroine was a woman of fine sensibilities and a tender heart.

It was at the close of a warm summer day, that John Merrill returned from the fields where he had been at work, and after eating a moderate supper, lighted his pipe and took a seat outside the door. Mrs. Merrill remained within the cabin until the work was completed and the table prepared for an early breakfast on the morrow, when she took her knitting and seated herself at a little distance from her husband. To her surprise he remained reserved and moody, not speaking unless spoken to, and puffing away at his pipe with great energy. The woman's heart in Mary's breast told her that all was not right, and she set about learning the cause of her husband's strange reserve.

"You have worked too, hard to-day, John," she began. "No; I haven't done as much as I generally do." "Then you fell sick—what is the matter?" "Nothing; I feel quite well in body, better than I have for a long time before."

"Then what can be the reason for your silence and gloom? I haven't seen you look so blue and downcast in a year." "To tell the truth, Mary, I believe I'm getting notional. I have had strange thoughts all day—thoughts—which I couldn't get out of my head, though I tried hard enough."

"What were those thoughts, John?—You know I'm not such a bad confidant!" "I know you are not; so I'll tell you what I have been thinking, only you must promise that you won't let it worry you in the least. You will, won't you?" "Did you ever know me worried very easily, John?"

"I can't say that I ever did, though I should be very sorry if you should feel as uneasy as I have to-day." "Pshaw! John, you know I've twice the spunk you have!" John Merrill smiled, but it was a sort of sickly smile, for the conversation had brought up all the strange feelings he had entertained during the day. He cleared his throat once or twice, and then began:

"Did you never think, Mary, that we were much exposed to an attack from the Indians, here?" "I suppose they are as likely to come here as anywhere, for they have the sanction of the British to burn and murder anywhere they please, provided it is on rebel territory, and I suppose we are rebels, ar'n't we?"

"The Tories and Britons call us rebels, and I am proud of the name from their lips?" "And so you have been borrowing trouble about the Indians?" the heroine asked.

"No, Mary, not that! The thought has haunted me all day, that we were marked for the next victims, and so strongly has the idea taken hold upon my fancy, that I have been unable to drive it away."

"If they come, John, they will come, but don't let us borrow trouble in advance. You know we have lived here so long in peace and happiness, that it would seem hard indeed to spoil it all by living in constant apprehension."

"That's a fact, Mary, and I will try and put away this idea, though will be hard to find my brain of what has clung to me so closely during the day."

After this John Merrill endeavored to appear more cheerful, but it cost him a great effort, and at an early hour they made preparations to retire. The hound was chained in his kennel, to give the alarm should anything be moving without, and the doors and windows securely fastened. The house was constructed of logs, and the door and shutters of oak planks, hewn from the timber and well ironed in their places. "There, if there are Indians about," John complacently uttered, "they'll find it hard work to get in!" In fancied security they retired, and had slept some hours, when the baying of the hound awoke them. "Something is around the house," exclaimed John, as he became sufficiently awake to comprehend the matter, "I'll look out and see what it is." John was a man of iron nerve and courage, but he had no thought of sav-

ages. He fancied it must be some manner of wild beast, prowling about the premises; and so slipping on a part of his clothing, he withdrew the bolts and opened the door, cautiously. Fortunately he held it slightly ajar, standing partially behind the casement, so that one side was exposed.

A half a dozen Indians' guns flashed upon the darkness, and a shower of balls pattered around. Two, only, struck the unfortunate Merrill, the remainder burying themselves in the oaken timbers. Yet those two took deadly effect, breaking his arm and thigh, upon the side exposed. He at once sank to the floor, utterly helpless. And had it not been for the Amazonian qualities of his wife, his race would have been speedily ended.

The savages, as they fired, made a rush for the door, but the heroic woman was too soon for them. She pushed the door against the casement, and holding it by main force against the assaults of the foremost enemies, succeeded in shipping the bolts into their sockets. A howl of savage rage broke from the disappointed warrior, and with desperate energy they commenced an onslaught upon the tough planks with their hatchets. Disregarding this, Mrs. Merrill turned to her husband.

"Fly, Mary, fly!" he groaned. "They will break in, and you, too, will be killed!" "Where shall I fly? How shall I get away?" she asked. "Alas, there is no way," the unhappy man moaned.

"No," she replied cheerfully, "and if there was I'd never be such a brute as to desert my poor, wounded John. See this and she'll light an axe, I can make a brave defence yet, and learn them a lesson that will last the ugly creatures."

John would have counselled her to attempt escape, but he knew it would be useless, for already the hatchets, rigorously plied, had made their way through the door, and in one minute more they could enter at pleasure. Mary was cool and decided, for she knew that in being so her only hopes now lay. She took an advantageous stand, and awaited the coming of the predators.

Piece by piece the planks were torn away, and presently the head and shoulders of an athletic savage were thrust through. There was a momentary feeling of horror at the brave woman's heart and she closed her eyes as the axe descended, but when she heard the heavy fall, and saw that one of her husband's murderers had met his fate at her hands, all timidity passed away, and she was prepared to meet the next, who came on, forcing his way through, scarcely behind his companion.

His feet had almost touched the floor when the sharp steel came down, crushing through his brain, and he fell beside the first. The Indians were naturally astonished at this affair; they had seen their comrades disappear within, but all was silent. What could it mean? A third poked his ugly pate through the opening, and the fate which had met his fellows, became his own. He remained in the doorway, and was fluently dragged forth by those without. This revealed the truth of the matter.

A dreadful yell arose, a cry of rage and dismay, and for a moment those without paused to determine upon their further excuse.

In another moment a hurried scrambling upon the roof succeeded, and very soon the unprovoked-spertered heroine knew that they intended to descend the chimney. What should she do? The force of her enemies was divided, and herself alone to combat them. She had one advantage. All was utter darkness within the cabin, while the pale starlight without rendered the movements of the savages discernible. Another head was poked through the open door, and she applied the same quietus as before, though almost distracted by the scrambling Indians, whom she could plainly hear descending the chimney. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men of a thousand had been doomed, if placed in similar circumstances; but a lucky idea struck the brave woman. If she could but stifle them in some manner, she thought; and simultaneously with the thought came an idea. There was the feather-bed, the only one the cabin afforded; and she knew that feathers would produce the effect she wished.

To think was to act, and one blow of the axe laid open the ticking. There was a bed of coals in the fireplace, and upon these she emptied the feathers. The flame and smoke which at once arose must have been too powerful for

the nostrils of the warriors, for in a moment they rolled down the broad fireplace, out upon the floor, and lay there, at the mercy of the woman whose life they had come to seek.

For the first time her heart seemed to relent, and she paused with the death-dealing axe raised, shuddering at the thought of such deliberate execution; but she heard the crackling of the door, as more of the planks were being forced away, and she paused no longer. The heavy axe descended, once, twice, and the work was done.

There was now but one of the merciless foes left, and he had only been prevented from making his entree by the most fortunate circumstance. The last Indian whom Mrs. Merrill had struck, remained fixed in the breach; and the utmost exertions of his sole remaining companion were insufficient to remove the dead body which blocked up the entrance so effectually, that he was necessitated to cut away more of the planks in order to get through.

In this he had succeeded, and was upon the point of entering, when the heroine once more turned that way. She was exhausted and bewildered—overcome by the terrible scenes through which she had passed, and ignorant of the numbers who might remain hidden outside. But she was not discouraged; and concentrating her strength, aimed a blow at the intruding head.

It missed the mark, though the stroke laid open the cheek with a frightful gash which sent the warrior howling, home to his people. The fearful story which he published there of the prowess of the 'long knife squaw,' fully exonerated him from the charge of cowardice.

All through that night the lonely woman maintained her vigils, but no more foes presented themselves; and in the morning she hastened away to summon aid. The wounded man was cared for, such surgical assistance as the country afforded, being provided; and the wounds, which had at first seemed mortal, lost much of their virulence under the skillful treatment they received.—Here it was that the heroine displayed to equal advantage the softer and more womanly heroism of her nature. Day and night she hung beside the couch of her suffering husband, ministering to his every want and necessity until he became a decided triumph over the evils which had befallen him. She had the satisfaction of seeing him healthy and strong again; and in old age they often sat together and related the story as we have given it, of Mrs. Merrill's Defence.

Colonel F—a very irritable and impatient man, had occasion once, while passing on horseback through a small town in the west, to patronize a Dutch blacksmith.

"Are you the smith?" he asked of a stout, black-bearded, smoking, dirty old man, who came out of the shop to look at the horse's defective shoes.

"Yes, I be der smid," replied the Meinbeer, standing his long pipe, with his left hand, while he lifted one of the horse's feet with his right. "You wish to have de new shoes?"

"No, sir," said the colonel, in his quick way. "Set the shoes of his fore feet, that's all."

"Set de shoes on his fore feet—yah, I onderstand. I will have him in von hour."

"Got in Himmel! two shoes on der four feet!" Von hat on dree heads as smooth!"

"You eternal f-fool!" exclaimed the colonel, who stuttered when excited. "I said set the fore shoes on those two feet, you b-blundering Dutchman."

"Set four shoes on two feet! Ha, ha," laughed the smith, scornfully and angrily. "Hundred thousand blitzen, you tam Yankee!"

"You w-w-wooden-headed Dutchman!" "You Yankee goose! monkey! von tam jack-ass, fool!"

The Colonel replied, stuttering worse than ever; the smith struck his flat and jabbered Dutch, his knowledge of English being exhausted; and they had it back and forth until a mutual acquaintance came up and explained the matter. The Colonel paid the charge, laughing at the mistake, while Meinbeer smoked fiercely, cursing copiously the language that made four feet two feet, or two feet four feet, any way but the right way—doonder and blitzen!

The Sonora Democrat of April the 1st remarks: [Frank Ball, agent of Hall & Hayward's Concert Troupe, traveling in a vehicle bearing a strong resemblance to a peddler's car. Old lady rushes out from a house by the roadside. The following colloquy ensues.]

Old Lady—Say, what you got to sell? Agent—I am traveling agent, madam, for the greatest menagerie of ancient or modern times, which is shortly to be exhibited in this section affording to the inhabitants thereof an opportunity of viewing the most stupendous collection of animals ever before exhibited.

Old Lady—You don't say! Have you any elephants? Agent—We have, madam, six elephants, but these constitute a comparatively unimportant part of the show.—We have living specimens of bipeds and quadrupeds who tramped over the earth not only in the antediluvian, but also in the pliocene and posts miocene period, embracing the megatherium with six legs and two tails; ichthyosaurus, with legs and three tails; the gyasaurus, with no eyes, two noses and four tails; the plesiosaurus, resembling Satan in shape, which spits fire and breathes sulphurous fumes; the whangdoodle, with one eye and five tails, and many other species too numerous for enumeration. We also have a pious lawyer.

Old Lady—Well I declare. Agent—But madam, the greatest curiosity by far of our exhibition is a learned and classically educated monkey, who was brought up by a Mahomedan priest in the mysterious regions of the Great Desert of Sahara. This monkey speak with fluency all the modern languages, besides Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He can repeat the Ten Commandments, the Emancipation Proclamation, President Lincoln's last message, and also performs the most intricate examples in the higher mathematics with rapidity, ease and accuracy.—While being exhibited in Washington he actually repeated a long speech of the President, making more sense out of it than the President could himself.—This monkey corresponds—

Beautiful young lady suddenly protrudes her head from the window, and calls: "Mother, mother! ask him why they let the monkey travel so far in advance of the other monkeys!"

A fleet of from thirty to sixty sail will depart for a three-years-cruise in the Mediterranean about the 4th of July, under Admiral Goldsborough. The New Ironsides and two double-turreted monitors will make part of the fleet. The flag-ship will be the Colorado. She will drop anchor for several months in the harbor of Marseilles, and then the rest of the fleet will scatter for various parts of the sea. About ten vessels will cruise about the British Isles and the North Sea. The object of the expedition is said to be three-fold: To test the sea-going qualities of our marine; to acquaint our pilots with European harbors; and to show Europe our improvements in gunnery and naval architecture.

A man may say a thing twice if he says it better the second time than the first.

Always lend a crutch to halting humanity; but trip up, if you will, the suits of pretension. Despondency is the over-weight that may make you kick a bucket with at once.

Patience and cheerfulness adorn the ruins of fortune, as ivy does those of castles and temples. Fault, finding does not require, and does not generally indicate a high order of talent.

Emerson says, "Life is a train of moods like a string of beads." As the good man saith, so say we; but as the good woman saith, so it must be. Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her. Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of manners.

Women are wise on a sudden, fools on a premeditation. There is one good wife in the country and every man thinks he hath her. Col's arms are useful when you want to fight, but if you want to run away, col's legs are better.

If some men had their limbs broken they would be 'cripples for life; their bones would be too lazy to knit.

How Near we Are to Death.—A writer in the Independent thus discourses on our nearness to death: When we walk near powerful machinery we know that one single mis-step and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the land in the rail-car, and there is nothing but half an inch of iron flange to hold us upon the track. So when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition which divides us from eternity is something thinner than an oak plank or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold these bending powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition were pierced or ruptured, it would be just the same with us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structures of our bodies. Struggle as he will to widen the space, no man can at any time go farther from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

A very sensible man, some time ago, introduced to his son, about six years of age, a little brother that had just arrived in this world, which all agree in abusing, but none like to part with, even for a better. The boy looked at his infant brother with some perplexity, and then raising his eyes to his father, inquired: "Where did you get it?"

"Bought it, my son," said the father, with a laudable gravity. Again the boy looked at the baby, and after a short time, sagaciously asked: "Why didn't you pick out a white one, father?"

The father was regularly cornered. "Mother, where's the man going to sleep?" asked a girl of sixteen, of her mother, who had just promised a traveler a night's rest in their out-of-the-way but. "I'll have to put him in with you boys," said the mother, "and Sue and Bet, I suppose," was the reply; "and he decided, one of you must turn in with me and dad, and Dick and the twins."

The New York Times states that private commercial letter lately received from Europe say that "in the best informed political circles the belief is general that Maximilian has expressed to his father-in-law, King Leopold, and also to his brother of Austria, the strongest possible desire to abdicate the rickety throne of Mexico. The intimation of this wish at the Tuileries, through these intermediary parties, is at the bottom of much of the excitement in regard to Mexican affairs generally.

An expedition will start from Leavenworth for the Plains about the middle of August, to collect and hear for a while, and thus tame, and subsequently drive to the States for a market, not less than 5 thousand, nor more than ten thousand buffalo. One hundred and twenty men are wanted—discharged cavalry men preferred.