

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

VOL. IX. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1865. NO. 44.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines or less) insertion 25 cts.	Each additional insertion 10 cts.
Business cards, 10 lines or less one year 10 00	One column one year 30 00
One half column one year 20 00	One fourth column one year 15 00
One eighth column one year 10 00	One column six months 20 00
One half column six months 15 00	One fourth column six months 10 00
One eighth column six months 7 50	One column three months 15 00
One half column three months 10 00	One fourth column three months 7 50
One eighth column three months 5 00	Announcing candidates for office 5 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.	

BUSINESS CARDS.
H. C. THURMAN,
Physician Surgeon
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

F. STEWART, M.D. AND B. HOLLAND, M.D.
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Office East corner of Main and First Streets
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

E. S. BURNS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON!
Nemaha, City, N. T.
OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE.
July 20th, 1865. n47-v8-pdly

J. B. JOHNSON,
DENTIST,
OFFICE WITH L. HOADLY,
Corner Main and First Streets,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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.

DORSEY & RICH,
Attorneys at Law,
Office S. E. corner Main and First Streets,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

G. M. HENDERSON,
GENERAL DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES
Main Street between First and Second,
Brownville, Neb. 27-7

L. D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR,
Front Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

JAMES MEDFORD,
CABINET-MAKER
AND
Undertaker.
Corner 2nd and Main Streets,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

C. H. WALKER,
Photographic Artist
(Successor to W. M. C. PERKINS)
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE BROWNVILLE HOUSE,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Mrs. M. W. Bennett,
Millinery & Fancy Goods
STORE,
Main Street one door west of the Post Office
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

LOUIS WALDTR,
Lest his post get, ready to perform all work, pertaining to the 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.

White Washing
AND
WALL COLORING
In the neatest and cheapest style for cash.
Brownville, April 7, 1865.

Poetry.

From the American Miscellany.
MY PRAIRIE HOME.

I have wandered, idly wandered,
'Neath Italia's skies so blue,
Where the ocean's rolling waves
Are bespangled o'er with dew;
I have roamed mid-rolling castles
By the banks of flowing Rhine,
And I've gazed the sparkling goblet
'Neath the shade of spreading vine—
I have stood on Table Mountain,
Washed my feet in Jordan's foam;
But, ah, the dearest spot to me
Is my own loved prairie home;

I have climbed the snow-capped mountain,
Gazed afar o'er flowery loam,
And I've breathed angry torrents
That railed onward to the sea.
'Mid the homes of wondering Bedouins
On the Arab steed I've sped—
Feeling over hurried dunes
Following in the crinoid's stead.
But, ah, give me my prairie home,
Where the clover, white and red,
And the gentle, blossoming wild-flowers
Such a rare mosaic spread.

Through many lands I've wandered,
Many scenes before me loom,
But my love, it still grows stronger
For my distant prairie home—
For the waving fields of fragrance,
And the meadows all in bloom;
And the low-voiced Mississippi
Gently sparkling through the gloom—
For the land of rest and freedom
Where no groan of misery falls,
Nor curses deep, nor clanking chains
Are heard from prison walls.

A TRAVELER'S TALE.
[The correct rendering of the following depends upon the pronunciation.]
I am a traveler, and in my travel
Have met with many things I would unravel.
Some may suppose what I relate untrue,
Merely because the things to them are new;
So prone are men to give a firm opinion
On what is simply out of their dominion
But really 'tis a plain, unvarnished tale,
Though some will say, "tis very like a whale!"

I saw a pony all in scales encased
I saw a salmon with a slender waist
I saw a burbot weighing many tons
I saw a whale regaling on some buns
I saw a monkey swimming in a pool
I saw some tadpoles walking with a school
I saw a puppy dog climb up a tree
I saw a squirrel smaller than a flea
I saw a cheese-mite drag a cart with bread
I saw a burr with two horns on his head
I saw a bull fly swifly through the air
I saw a crow with feathers white and fair
I saw a seaman pour forth a plaintive song
I saw a nightingale fall ten feet long
I saw a shark sit warbling on a rail
I saw a finnet with a bushy tail
I saw a fox in color brilliant blue
I saw a butterfly cooked in a stew
I saw a rabbit all in feathers clad
I saw a turkey-cock 'till I'm not add,
I saw a trout that this, and more I saw;
I speak the truth without the slightest flaw;
And he who reads the story with attention
May see 'tis a matter of invention.

Select Story.
ADVENTURES OF A WRITING-DESK.
OR
VICISSITUDES OF A MILLION.

At the time of our story, there was an auction store near the Bourse.
The Viscount Robert N. de P— was twenty-five years of age, had an income of 25,000 livres, wit, good looks, an illustrious marriage. He ought to have been the happiest man in the world. He only had one regret. He had nothing to do. He was unhappy at his happiness. The constant tranquillity of life fatigued him. He needed a little bitter in his cup of perpetual sweets. But heaven refused to grant it to him. He resolved to fly to other lands, there to keep the fatigues, the sufferings, the novelties he lacked.
So, five years ago, he entered by chance an auction room, just as they were putting up a capital portable writing-desk.
He was about to travel, and it was just what he needed; so he bought it for three hundred francs.
It probably cost more than ten times that sum. In the interior there were compartments for everything, and a plate bore the names of Lord N—, one of the richest peers of England. He was enchanted with his purchase, and carried it home in triumph. Some days after he set out for Spain; as he went from Madrid to Cadiz, he was stopped by thieves, who completely despoiled him. The only thing he missed was his desk. He prayed them to return it. They refused, but their chief, Don Jose Maris, promised to send it after him to Cadiz, on receipt of a ransom. Robert promised 200 reals, and gave the address of the hotel where he meant to stop at Cadiz. He sent the money and got his desk.
In America, in the wilds of Mexico, his desk was carried off by Mexicans. He thought it lost. Four months after-

words he found it in a shop at Vera Cruz, and paid five hundred francs for it.
In 1832, having returned to France, he thought of going to Paris, visiting Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle on the way.
Arrived at the frontier which separates France from Belgium, he fell into the hands of the customhouse officers. Some days before some skilful fellows had defrauded the customs to a considerable amount, consequently the officers were on their guard.
The search was long, and the Viscount became furious.
"What do you fear?" he asked, angrily.
"Oh sir objects of great value can be concealed in a small space."
"Have I the air of a smuggler?"
"No! but there are ambassadors who smuggle without scruple."
The search continued, and the Viscount was astonished to see the officers open drawers in his desk, the existence of which he was ignorant. At last, full of impatience, he wished to reclaim it.
"Now, that you have seen all" said he, "let us not prolong this unpleasant investigation."
"What do you say, sir?"
"I say you have seen all, and know that I have nothing contraband."
"Your coolness, sir, makes me pity you. Have you nothing to bring forth? If you do so you will be freed by paying the dues; if not, and I find anything there will be a confiscation and a fine."
"But you have seen all."
"Perhaps."
"What do you mean by perhaps?"
"It is well made. Any one but myself might have been deceived."
"But I swear to you that you have seen all."
"Why deceived me? I am going to prove the contrary?"
"If you find anything else, I'll swear I know nothing of it."
"A poor excuse. I warn you that I do not believe you."
"Let us finish this bad joke."
"We will, and so much the worse for you."
And with a nail, the officer pressed against what was apparently a little ornament, which flew back, disclosing a drawer in which was a paper packet.
The officer took it out, looked at it, and put it back.
"That is not contraband," said he, with a bow, "and with so much money I was wrong to accuse you."
But the Viscount was stupefied, "Bank notes!" cried he. "But I did not put them there."
"You are very fortunate, sir, if you can forget a million so readily."
In fact there was there a million of pounds sterling.
The Viscount took the notes, counted them, replaced them, and determined to find the owner. Arrived at London, he sought out Lord N—, whose names was engraved inside. The nobleman affirmed that the money was not his. He had given this desk to a former valet of his, whose address he gave the Viscount.
This valet was now a wealthy shopkeeper in Pall Mall. He told the Viscount that he knew nought of the money, but while in Italy had sold the desk to Count Luigi Settimani, who was immensely rich, and in whose service he then was.
The Viscount set out for Italy, and went to Ravenna, where Count Settimani lived. He recognized the desk, but avowed that he had never placed any money in it. He sent the Viscount, however, to the Signora Laura R—, a former prima donna of the San Carlo, at whose house, in his gay days, he had forgotten his desk.
The Signora Laura recognized the desk, and related that she had given it to the Russian Prince, Alexis E—, in exchange for a pearl collar.
The Viscount set out for Petersburg. He was very happy. He now had something to do—to find the true owner of the hidden money. He placed it at interest, in order that it might not run the risk of being lost.
Prince B—, knew the desk, but declared that he had never concealed a single bank note in it. He told the Viscount that in leaving Italy, he had gone to Paris, and had given the desk to a danseuse of the opera, Louise P., who was not in the habit of concealing money.
Robert returned to Paris.
There he learned that after leading a life of luxury, Louise P. had died in misery, and that her furniture was sold

by her creditors. It was at that sale he had bought the desk.
What to do now? He could only think that the maker of the desk had placed the money there, or it was there deposited by the Spanish robbers who stole it.
The maker at London wrote that he knew nothing of it and the Viscount learned that the Spanish robbers had all been hung long since.
Ah! it was deposited in the desk by the Mexicans. He went to Mexico, whence he returned two months ago.
He there discovered that one of those into whose hands it had fallen was a trapper, who carried on a considerable trade in skins with the Americans. This was sufficient. He must have been the man who concealed the bank note.
The Viscount continued his search, and at last found one day at Vera Cruz a very pretty young girl of seventeen, the daughter of the Mexican by a French woman, who had come to Vera Cruz as a milliner.
In answer to his questions, she told him that she knew nothing of her father, but he had been killed by a Texas ranger. She was excessively pretty, and, like a sensible fellow, he married her; and having at last something to do, returned to Paris with her to enjoy the fortune of which a singular chance had put him into possession.
The other day, as I was walking out, I met a friend of mine, one Lucius O'Roan, a regular Hibernian. As we were walking along, he told me about a little oil-well he thought he had found on his premises.
"Well, ye must know, one day while I was in me back-yard foremost the pigsty, when an idea struck me that pork was very oily—the same taken I'd often told Mrs. O'Roan the same thing.
"Do ye think so, Lucius dear?" she'd say.
"Oy coorse I do," says I, "and I can't tell the reason of it!" But we said no more about it, and the day when I was standing by the pigsty, looking at the pigs rolling in the wather, I thought that the creatures looked slick and oily—
"Howly mother," says I, "but them pigs have impudence. Here they are rolling in oil, and I as poor as a blind piper."
Wid that I gave a yell, and rushing into the O'Roan mansion, just as Mrs. O'Roan was coming out with a pot of boiling water. I knocked the pot out of her hand, scalding a little pig that was lying in the doorway.
"Atta, witta, witta!" cried Mrs. O'Roan, "the blessed pig is kilt!"
"Devil take the pig!" says I. "Hurroo! come to me arms, Mrs. O'Roan; isn't it me that'll be as rich as the kings of old Ireland?"
"What's the matter wid ye, me Lucius? Is it drunk or mad ye is?"
"It's drunk wid joy I am, Judy dear. Hurroo! bless the pigs! Bless the pigsty! Bless Saint Patrouel! Bless—"
"Blessed Virgin, what's come over him?" hollered Mrs. O'Roan, crossing herself.
"I've struck it! I've struck it!" says I. "He's been fighting!" says Judy.
"It's out in the yard!" says I.
"What's out in the yard?" says she.
"An oil-well!" says I.
"And wid that I brought her out, and showed her the well."
"Bad scran to ye, Lucius O'Roan," says she, "is that ye scared the life out of me, and scalded the little pig for ye? Feix, an' if that's an oil-well it's aisy to make one; for it's only the oily pork-water I threw in the puddle."
One day last week, a well-dressed, handsome man, with an unmistakable air of salt water about him, was standing at the bar of the St. James, looking lovingly at one of Joe's excelsior drinks, just manipulated and shoved over to him. Second gentleman came in, stopped suddenly, and looked at No. 1 as if he knew him. Then he hailed; "Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you been round the horn?" "Ay, ay, shipmate, more'n a million of 'em. Hold on a second, and you'll see me round this one."
A Highlander, under the influence of whiskey, once went on a very hot day to be married. The services having commenced, the bridegroom was asked—
"Are you willing to take this woman to be your wedded wife?"
"Yes," he replied, wiping large drops of perspiration from his steaming face—
"yes, if I can get a drink."

WILSON'S RAID—CONTINUED.

While we had headquarters at Selma our brigade took a scout of four days, and captured some prisoners, passed through Burasville and Plattersville, both small towns, and through Summerfield, quite a nice little town with a Female Seminary, said to be quite an institution; there were plenty of young ladies there. We (the band rather) gave them "Hail Columbia" which did not seem to suit the most of them; but I saw one or two keeping time to the music with their hands.
The evening of the 7th of April, we commenced crossing the Alabama River, but the bridge drawing some of its anchors, we did not all get across till late on the 9th. On the 10th we got under way for Montgomery and made about 10 miles.
April 11th, we had a big job getting across a regular Alabama Swamp; we built Corduroy about half of the day, and then had to wade the greater part of the way. We travelled late to make up for delays, passing through Benton and Lounesboro.
There was a cotton factory at the latter place, which was burned with considerable cotton; made 20 miles to-day and heard of the capture of Richmond this evening. The 12th had a couple of swamps to cross, a little better than the other but bad enough. At 2 P. M. heard that McCook, was in Montgomery with his 2d brigade. Croxon's brigade not having come up yet; we heard also that Mobile was taken.
Just at dusk we came into Montgomery, gave them a tune or two, then took a trot two or three miles and went into camp. The city surrendered without any fighting so we did not use them as roughly as we did at Selma; marched 24 miles this day. The next we lay in camp while the command all come up. The 14th we took an early start and marched about 30 miles, had a little skirmish at Cross-Keys; a few men hurt on both sides. The next day we passed through the City of Tuskegee, one of the prettiest places I ever saw.— We had another little brush with the rebels this evening, 3 of them killed and 18 taken. The 16th we passed through Society Hill and Crawford. At the latter place we released a political prisoner, a good looking and accomplished lady. She is, by far the strangest Union lady I have seen in the South, and something of an Abolitionist. She seemed quite glad to see us, as well she might, after 2 years of captivity. Her home is in Richmond. Gen. Upton procured her a carriage, and she went along with us to Macon and then went North. By evening we were in position before Girard and Columbus, waiting for the first brigade to come up. The rebels seemed quite uneasy all the afternoon, throwing shells at us every few minutes, which mostly went over doing but little damage. The rebels had 3 brigades across the Chattahoochee. The 7th Ohio came near riding right across the lower one and scared the rebels so that they set it on fire. Their works, which were mostly on the Alabama, were quite formidable and would have been difficult to take had they been defended by the right kind of men.
General Upton said he would take that place before he slept, or leave that part of the country as far as possible before morning, and I confess I thought for the chance of leaving was tolerably fair, as I could see their lines all along our front with good breast-works, plenty of artillery and a good deal heavier guns than we had. It took till after dark for the first brigade to get into position, and then they charged on foot, they on the left and we on the right. Our brigade did not charge till after the first and being on very high ground, I could see the sheet of flame, bursting from our Spencers, opposed by the muskets and artillery of the evening. It was a splendid sight, though the thoughts connected with it were of a very different character. The shell with its blessing fuse, showering its track from the mouth of the gun to the place where it exploded, making a great sheet of flame was the most interesting to me of any thing of the kind I had ever seen; but that was soon over and our turns had come. For fear of a repulse, a part of our regiment and the first Ohio were held in reserve, so, although I was under fire most of the time I was not in the charge. Our boys went in with a will and they did not have time to send many of their shells at us till they were driven from

their guns, and pell mell across the river—that is those who could get to the bridges. Our boys followed them so closely that although they had the framework of the bridges full of cotton, and a lighted match would have set the whole thing in a blaze, they had not time to set it on fire, and a battery right at the mouth of the bridge, was taken before they could use it. We took quite a number of prisoners here. The 17th the stores were opened and soldiers, citizens and darkies were helping themselves to whatever they wanted. In the evening commenced burning government property, which was kept up all night and the next morning in fine style. Most of the business part of the town was burned and that was "right smart"; 25 locomotives and 200 cars went with the rest. The 2d division followed Gen. Cobb to-day toward Macon. We marched 75 miles during the next 3 days, the 2d division going into Macon late in the evening of the 20th. Cobb sent out a flag of truce to stop Wilson, but he did not think best to stop till inside their works. The 21st our division went to Macon about 5 p. m. after making 25 miles; heard the glorious news of the surrender of Lee's army. The town was full of rebels, but we did not trouble them nor they us. We then crossed the Ocumulgee and camped one mile from the City.
April 20th, I ate a good bait of mul-burries and could have had them ten days sooner.
E. P. T.

The following decisions have been rendered at the Pension Bureau:
A soldier discharged on account of a disease under which he was laboring when he entered the service, is not entitled to a pension.
Actual rank in the line regulates the amount of pension, and not brevet rank. This rule applies to aid-de-camps, Adjutants, and others.
If an injury results from the fault of the soldier, he is not entitled to pension.
A widow's pension ceases if she marries. The minor children, under sixteen years of age, if any, are entitled from the day of the marriage.
No one, while in the receipt of pay or emoluments as an officer or soldier of the army, can be placed on the pension list. The pension will not commence until the party is discharged.
A minor disabled in the service does not lose his right to a pension, although he may subsequently have been discharged because of his being a minor.
A seaman was taken prisoner, and attempted to escape, for which he was severely punished by the enemy, and thereby disabled. It is held that the disability was contracted while in "the line of his duty," and for which he is entitled to a pension.
The pension of a minor child ceases arriving at the age of sixteen years.

It is an old saying that "when rogues fall out honest men get much useful information," and the saying is just now being verified by the Copperheads. It will be remembered that when the rebellion broke out the N. Y. Herald went with old Buchanan and the Copperheads generally against the South, and in favor of the North yielding to traitor demands. Some of the Copperhead editors have recently turned "State's evidence" against Bennett, and say that for these services he demanded \$50,000 from Davis. It will be remembered that Ben. Wood, the prince of New York Copperheads, got \$25,000 at one lick from Davis' agent in Canada. It would be interesting to know how much each Copperhead editor of the country, big and little, received of the secret service fund of the so-called Confederacy for supporting treason. If the rascals continue informing on each other it will all come out.

A person being seated at a table between two tailors, said, "How pretty I am fixed between two tailors;" upon which one of them replied, "That being only beginners in business, they could afford to keep more than one goose between them."

A gallant officer in one of the Iowa regiments, who never quailed before rebel bullets, fell an easy victim to a pair of bright eyes, whose owner wore a beautiful apron, bearing the emblem of our country's flag, and who was waiting on the Iowa boys at a festival lately given on their return home. The Colonel wished to make the lady's acquaintance, remarked:

"That was a very pretty apron you wear, Miss."
"Yes," said the fair maiden, "this is my flag."
"I have fought many a hard battle under that flag," rejoined the Colonel.
"Not under this flag, sir," indignantly exclaimed the beauty, as she swept away, leaving the gallant son of Mars perfectly dumfounded.

The New York Herald gives the following anecdote of Secretary Stanton, which accounts in part for the success of Lieutenant General Grant in succeeding better with the Army of the Potomac than his predecessors.
When General Grant was about to leave Washington, to enter upon the sublime campaign which began with the battle of the Wilderness, and ended with the downfall of the rebellion, he called upon Secretary Stanton to say good-bye. The Secretary was anxiously awaiting him. During the two and a half years that President Lincoln had managed the eastern armies, it was the first point, in their plans to keep Washington well garrisoned with troops. Large bodies of men were stationed in the fortifications, around the city, and other large bodies were kept within supporting distance.— Now that Grant had come into power, Stanton wanted to see that the defense of Washington was not overlooked. Accordingly after a few preliminaries, the Secretary remarked:

"Well General, I suppose you have left us enough men to strongly garrison the forts?"
"No," said Grant coolly, "I can't do that."
"Why not?" cried Stanton, jumping nervously about. "Why not? Why not?"
"Because I have already sent the men to the front," replied Grant, calmly.
"That won't do," cried Stanton more nervously than before. "It's contrary to my plans. I can't allow it. I'll order them back!"
"I shall need the men there," answered Grant, "and you can't order them back."
"Why not," inquired Stanton again.— "Why not? Why not?"
"I believe I rank the Secretary in this matter," was the reply.
"Very well," said Stanton a little warmly. "We'll see the President about that. I'll have to take you to the President."
"That's right," politely observed Grant. "The President ranks us both."
Arrived at the White House, the Gen. and the Secretary asked to see the President on important business, and in a few minutes the good natured face of Mr. Lincoln appeared.
"Well, gentlemen," said the President, with a gentle smile, "what do you want with me?"
"General," said Stanton stiffly, "state your case."
"I have no case to state," replied Gen. Grant. "I'm satisfied as it is; thus outflanking the secretary, and displaying the same strategy in diplomacy as in war."
"Well, well," said the President, laughing 'tate your case, Secretary."
Secretary Stanton obeyed, General Grant said nothing. Secretary listened very attentively. When Stanton had concluded, the President crossed his legs, rested his elbow on his knees, twinkled his eyes quaintly, and said:
"Now, Secretary, you know we have been trying to manage this army for two years and a half, and you know that we haven't done much with it. We sent over the mountains and brought Mister Grant—as Mrs. Grant calls him—to manage it for us, and now I guess we had better let Mr. Grant have his own way."
The good judgment of Mr. Lincoln, who when he found a real military man in whom he had confidence, gave him supreme command of the armies of the United States, refusing to interfere with him in the smallest particular, has been vindicated. Halleck and Stanton being choked off, and the President confining himself to his civil duties, the soldiers performed the work of destroying the military power of the rebellion.

A Manager, poor in pocket, was advised to get up shakspeare's "Tempest" to retrieve his former losses. He replied that he would get up the "Tempest as soon as he got the wind to do with."