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Nebraska Advertiser.

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

VOL. X.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1865.

NO. 3.

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J. A. HEWES, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND Solicitor in Chancery. LAND AND COLLECTING AGENTS. BROWNVILLE N. T.

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

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

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

C. V. STEWART, M.D., A. S. BOLLARD, M.D. PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. OFFICE South East corner of Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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

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

BACK TO THE OLD STAND! CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!! JOSEPH SHUTZ

W. H. MORRIS (Successor to R. Brown & Co.) Large and Well Selected Stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, & C.

LOUIS WALDTELL, At 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.

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

E. S. BURNS, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Omaha, City, N. T. OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE. Aug. 8th, 1865. n17-vv-ly

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

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

BEDFORD & CO., DEALERS IN DRY GOODS & GROCERIES. BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, Queensware, Cutlery, etc. MAIN STREET, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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 very best and style. Particular attention given to contracts. n18-vv-ly

Meeting of School Examiners. Notice is hereby given that the Board of School Examiners of Nemaha County, Nebraska, will hold meetings for the Examination of Teachers for said County, at the office of E. W. Thomas, in Brownville, on the 1st Saturday in every month, between the hours of one and 3 P. M. Applicants for certificates are required to be present at such school, precisely, or they will not be examined. No person need apply at any other time. By order of the Board, E. W. THOMAS, Clerk. April 1st, 1865.

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. Calls the attention of gentlemen, desiring a neat, serviceable and fashionable WEARING APPAREL TO HIS NEW STOCK OF GOODS. JUST RECEIVED, FROM THE VERY LATEST STYLES. OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES. OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES, for sale to Custom work at rates that defy comparison. I warrant my work, Hand as well as Machine work. Those wishing any thing in his line will do well to call and examine his stock before investing, as he pledges himself to hold out pecuniary advantages in all respects. January 1st 1865 p'd to Oct. 16th 1865.

CHOICE LIQUORS. Wholesale and Retail Evan Worthing, OF THE Union Saloon BROWNVILLE, WHITNEY'S BLOCK, Main Street, Brownville Feb. 4, '64 yly. GRANT'S CASH STORE. Main Street between First and Second. BROWNVILLE, N. T. We have in store a large and well selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Finest Quality of Winter Stock, WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH Groceries of Every Kind, Sugar, Coffee, Soda, Tea, Allspice, Pepper, Candles, Tobacco, Maiches, &c. &c. &c. All of which he offers at the lowest prices, determined not to be undersold. GRANT. Brownville, Neb., 18-30. 6m. 7, 20

Select Story. SCUDDING UNDER BARE POLES.

As a rule, a regular sailor's yarn minus a petticoat mixed up with it in some fashion, is about as rare a curiosity as a horned horse, or a retical lecturer. And without a woman in the middle, at both ends, and all the way through it, Jack's salt-water yarn would be as insipid as a dish of Dutch 'pepper-pot' with the pepper left out. But one March afternoon when we were bargaining out the butt end of a tearing equinoctial gale in the middle of the Gulf stream off Hatteras, after we had spun all manner of yarns, with dimity enough in them to have freighted the Great Eastern, some one remarked that a yarn worth listening to couldn't be spun without a petticoat in it. That declaration brought out Lieutenant George Wickham in opposition. 'Gentlemen, see my yarns worth listening to generally? 'Capital!—'Excelsior!—'A No. 1!—'The best in the fleet!' by the whole wardrobe.

'Well, look here, gentlemen. I am just in the humor to reel you off a regular hawser-laid yarn, as true as St. Luke's gospel, and as clear of grinoline as this tumbler is of frog—not a trace of a petticoat about it. I tell you I'll ball you off a better yarn than you ever heard from me. I'll bet the cigars for all inside for a month I can do it.' 'Done, lieutenant! I'll take that bet,' sung out the doctor. 'So will I!' put in Purser Tom Powell. 'And I!' echoed Ensign McVail.

'Very well, gentlemen; stand by to listen, and I am willing you should decide the thing yourselves after hearing the yarn. 'I am going to tell you how I caught that clipper grinoline craft of mine, who 'Avast heaving a bit, lieutenant.— There you are, all flat back before you are fairly filled away on your course,' interrupted Doctor Joe. 'How is that, Mr. Cut-leg? 'Why there's a petticoat in the very first turn of the reel.' 'Where?' inquired Lieutenant Wickham, looking astonished.

'Where? Why on your wife, of course.' 'Ha! ha! ha!—' that an inebriated you are, doctor. You're eternally going off before you are landed. Now, look here, if you'll only put a stopper on that tongue of yours, and listen to the yarn; if you find a scrap of grinoline or petticoat about it, put me in for the damages, and call it two months.' 'Have ahead, lieutenant.' 'Belay your jawling teckle, doctor.' 'Now for the yarn,' ruled the ward-room.

'Well, gentlemen, when I was just past the twenty-third milestone on life's turnpike, tolerably good looking, and two or three pockets full of dollars, I'd had a rather tough pull of the African fever, and went up into the interior of York State where I was born, and used to go to school when I was a boy, for the purpose of lying off lazy like two or three months, and cruising ship. 'About a mile from my father's, up the road, liv'd farmer Collins, pretty comfortably off in the world, with a family of mostly grown up children, among them a girl of about eighteen one of the prettiest girls in seven counties; but unfortunately some six months previous to my going home, Almira had gone crazed, or love cracked, or something of that sort, and as her parents didn't want to send the poor girl off and shut her up, and very likely have her abused in a mad-house, they kept her as quiet and comfortable as they could at home.

'The crazy girl went into high tantrums occasionally, and was pretty hard to handle. But we found out accidentally soon after I went home, that in her wildest antics, Almira would always listen to me, and remain as quiet as a lamb while I was with her. So I was often sent for when she went into one of her wild flurries, and always managed to handle her like a pilot boat. The next farm up the road beyond that of Collins', belonged to Colonel Elias Hewitt, who was a sort of rural nabob, and had one child only—Miss Cornelia, nineteen years old, well brought up, educated, and in my opinion the most magnificent female craft that ever looked out on a country landscape. I had exchanged signals two or three times with the little clipper craft, and learned that she was willing enough to drift along down

under my lee; but the old tiger of a colonel held me off about five cable's length, not quite willing to allow his daughter to sail in company with a fore-castle Jack, whose father's whole estate was only a potato patch compared with domain. 'However, that colonel had permitted Cornelia and I to stand two or three night watches together, and one morning as I was homeward bound after an all night's lookout with the girl, Mr. Collins brought me to as I was passing his house, with the information that Almira had been in a tearing tantrum all night, and that they were entirely worn out with her mad antics. I went in and found the girl plunging and flogging about the house like a crazy finback, but in less than ten minutes I had her as docile as a sucking dove, and quietly in bed in a bed-room on the lower floor, communicating with the parlor. Then I brought the big rocking chair, and anchored myself in it, blocking off the door way, so that the crazy girl couldn't run the blockade, and told all hands to turn in and get some rest, I would attend to Almira.

'The girl was as quiet as a dead dolphin for half an hour or so, and fancying her fast asleep I didn't see impropriety of taking a bit of a nap myself. I had stood a whole night's watch with Cornelia, and I needed it. Well, I went on a cruise into dream-land, and must have stood on that tack for nearly two hours I think, when I thought that ten sea eagles had pounced upon me all at once, and I was wide awake in a second. It was nothing like an eagle. Only Almira Collins, the crazy girl—not a single stitch of anything under heaven on her, standing before me, looking as wild as a fish-hawk, with her bare arms stretched out towards me, and her fingers crooked up like the claws of a cat.

In a second I laid hold of the wild, crazy creature, and for more than a quarter of an hour there was such a tussle as I ever had with anything human. Up and down, over and under here and there, the girl scratching, biting, hissing, picking up and spitting like a wild cat, and all the time, exerting all the might and muscle that was in me to conquer the crazy thing without injuring her. At length, when I was pretty nearly on my beam ends, I succeeded in subjugating the girl and getting her back into bed again, naked as she was, I covered her up, and after she had promised me in a weak more rational than I had heard her speak at any time previously, that she would remain quiet, I dropped into the big chair, and in spite of all I could do to keep my eyes open, in about an hour, I was fast asleep again.

I might have slept half an hour, I suppose, and then, waking suddenly, I made a discovery—first, that my charge had absconded during my nap, and directly afterwards that she had escaped through a window back of the bed, and in about thirty seconds I was out of doors and after her. I tracked her bare feet easily enough down through the garden, and across a plowed field in a direction towards Colonel Hewitt's but in the pasture land beyond, I lost the trail. However, I kept on towards the colonel's, confident that the girl had fled thither as she had done several times previously. Within about three hundred yards of the colonel's house, I came upon the refuge. She was bathing in a quiet pool of pure water, hidden away under some giant old elms and surrounded by wild palm trees. But I didn't quite lay hold of her there; her ears and eyes were too quick for me, for as I was creeping up cautiously towards the pool, the crazy water nymph shot out on the opposite side, and giving two or three piping screams, away she went in a straight line toward Colonel Hewitt's lutehen door, and away I went cracking on all sail in chase.

It was noon, and as we came out into the open land, a hundred and fifty yards from the kitchen door, the girl five fathoms ahead, her long, black hair streaming out behind her, and she, under bare poles, scudding like a witch in a hurricane, there came Colonel Hewitt out through a gate by the barn, followed by a squad of ten farm hands, all bound to dinner, and filling into the lane just as the crazy girl and I in full chase shot by. In and across the door yard we went, and as the runaway put the first foot on the kitchen porch I grabbed her, and the instant my arms took in the chase somebody pounced upon me from behind. The first flash of thought was that it was

Colonel Hewitt, and I turned my head to look. No, the colonel was just dashing through the gate into the yard, and there was a duplicate Eve behind, grappling me fast around the waist, while I was holding in my arms—well, I may as well come to it at once—Cornelia Hewitt, whom I had surprised in the pool bathing, and mistaken for the crazy Almira, who had been concealed close by, and the moment I gave chase to Cornelia, took after me, overtaking me at the very moment of my capturing the colonel's daughter. It must have been a beautiful display as seen by the colonel and his clock hoppers: a young salt-water shark in chase of a Venus just from the water, and he in turn pursued by another mudey naiad, and all three driving away toward the kitchen door like an albicore between bonitas.

The colonel was belligerent at first, but as soon as I explained he laughed heartily, and hurrying myself and the two shiftless girls into a less public place than the kitchen porch, the first thing he said to me was: 'Look here, my lad, you have caught the girl fairly, and I guess you'd better keep her.' 'Just as she is, colonel?' I asked, just as innocently as a baby. Cornelia slapped me in the face, teaching me something better than that, and then went out like a shot, taking the crazy girl with her. They came back, however, in about half an hour, blushing pretty red, but looking a good deal more presentable than they had done in the race down the lane. The excitement or reaction of something, cured the crazy girl; and the mistake won me a wife worth all the angels that ever visited this world.

'And the cigars in the bargain,' put in Purser Tom. 'Yes, I'll be hanged, if those cigars are not fairly yours, lieutenant, said the doctor. 'That is the first time that I ever saw or heard of two fascinating young ladies being presented to the public in that fashion.'

THE WIRZ TRIAL.

The trial of the inhuman monster who was keeper of the Andersonville prison, is drawing to a close. If all the testimony in regard to this man's barbarities be true, and there seems no reason to doubt any of it, he will stand in history as the most heartless demon that ever cursed the earth with his presence. One cannot read the story of his crimes and outrages perpetrated against helpless prisoners, without a shudder. The villain must have been sent into the world without a heart, and if he has a soul it will soon be wrapped in the flames of hell's hottest corner. In almost every epoch of time there has appeared some great human monster in crime whose atrocious deeds, committed against his fellow men have rendered him immortal in infamy. In the seventeenth century Jeffreys, of England, often urged on by his master James the H, but in most cases out of pure blackness of heart, butchered, hanged and burned those who were so unfortunate as to come within his jurisdiction, until the people rose in revolution, dethroned the master and sent the inhuman servant to the Tower where, before a trial could be brought about, death put an end to his miserable existence. In the eighteenth century, Robespierre, in France, 'got drunk with blood and vomited crime.' He stands the representative monster of his age and time, and history has painted him as such. But it has been reserved for this age of civilization, in a land boastful of its superior intelligence and larger freedom, to produce a criminal surpassing in ferocity all who have preceded him. We have heretofore made excerpts from the evidence elicited, and below give a small portion of what was brought out one day last week. Geo. W. Gray, an Indiana cavalryman, stated that a party of prisoners, in whose company he arrived at Andersonville, were ordered to place their blankets, haversacks, &c. in one place, when an officer who was mounted on a gray horse rode up and told the Confederate soldiers to help themselves and let the prisoners have the remainder. The Confederate soldiers helped themselves and there was nothing left. He was not certain whether the mounted officer was Wirz or not. In June or July 1864, witness and a young man named Underwood, of the 17th Indiana cavalry, his own regiment, went to the sutler's tent. Wirz was there. Underwood

asked for something to cure his wound with. The sutler said he would give it, when Wirz said 'No, he cannot have it unless he pays me a dollar.' Underwood gave Wirz his only money, which was a ten dollar bill, and when he asked for change, Wirz knocked him out of the store; witness was put in the stocks four days for attempting to escape: he knew a man to die in the stocks in August or September, 1864; the negroes took him out of the stocks after he was dead; they threw the body into a wagon and hauled it off; he knew him also to shoot a young fellow named Wm Stewart, belonging to the 9th Minnesota Infantry; he and witness had gone out of the stockade with a dead body which they had buried. When they met the prisoner he rode up to them and asked them by what authority they were out there. Stewart replied that they were out there by proper authority—Wirz said no more, but drew his revolver and shot him. After he was killed the guard took from his body twenty or thirty-five dollars. Wirz took the money from the guards and rode off, telling them to carry witness to prison. It was witness' determination to escape if he could, and for that reason he had gone out but was not attempting to do so.—At the time when the prisoners were being removed to the cars for exchange Wirz gave orders to Lieutenant Davis to bayonet any man who laid down on the road, and witness had seen men who were crawling on their hands and knees to the cars bayoneted by the guards.—Witness heard one of them ask Wirz when he was going to remove the Yankees, and Wirz replied, 'Damn the Yankees, they will be dead in a few days, anyhow.' He had seen a prisoner who had been caught by dogs, with a part of his cheek torn off, and his arms, hands and legs gnawed up so that he only lived twenty-four hours.

Joseph Adler testified to instances of the suffering of the sick similar to those heretofore narrated by other witnesses.—He mentioned the case of a man who had been assailed by dogs. His throat had been torn to pieces and blood was running from the wounds. Wirz and Doctors White and Stevenson were near at the time. Wirz said it served the d—d scoundrel right. The man died on the spot the same day. Witness also narrated the case of a sick man who asked Wirz for food. Wirz struck him on the head with a riding whip. The man went into fits and died two days after. Of the seventy men who accompanied the witness to the prison, all died but twelve. He heard Wirz order a sentinel to fire at a man who had crossed the dead line, and instructed him to fire whether the man was over the dead line or not. The sentinel shot the man in the breast.

W. H. Jennings, a colored soldier, testified that his wound was not dressed after he was taken to Andersonville.—He was whipped by Wirz for not going to work when he was unable to do so.—Turner, the man who had charge of the dogs, gave him thirty lashes on the back. He was then put in the stocks for a night and a day with nothing to eat or drink. He could not walk. Witness saw a man who had been shockingly bitten by the dogs and who died soon after. T. N. Way, belonging to an Ohio regiment testified that he was punished for fifteen minutes by being tied by his thumbs, his toes barely touching the ground. He attempted to escape and was recaptured. Encountering Wirz, the latter said, 'Well, you're back again.' Witness replied, 'I guess so.' Wirz then said, 'I'm going to take care of you this time; I'll put you in the stocks four days.' Witness then said jokingly, 'I had rather be carried than walk.' Then Wirz replied, 'You g—d—d son of a b—b, if you give me any of your lip I'll shoot you.' He was then put in the stocks for eight days. His head and feet were fastened in the stocks, his back to the ground and his face exposed to the sun. The punishment was inflicted because he had attempted to escape. He knew personally about the hounds, as he had been captured three or four times by them.—A young fellow named Freddy was caught by the foot and afterwards torn all to pieces by the dogs. In September 1864, while forming the line, a sick man could not find his place and ran up to the line, when he was met by Wirz with the exclamation, 'You G—d—d Yankee son of a b—b, if you don't get into line I'll shoot you.' He struck the man with his revolver and knocked him some

feet. The man was too weak to get up again. John H. Sterns testified that shots were frequently fired into the stockade by the sentry. He saw in August five men who had received gunshot wounds and were sent to the hospital.' He described the shocking condition of the prisoners who were placed in hospitals. Some were almost naked, and he remembered one man whose the most offensive filth had got between the man's clothes and skin, penetrating his nose and mouth, causing him the most intense pain as was evident from his actions.—The man was delicious and died. Many others became delicious from disease.—Amputations were frequently performed, resulting almost invariably in death. He did not remember any case of recovery where amputation had been performed. The effect of vaccination was syphilis.

Alexander Kermell, a prisoner at Andersonville, testified that he had seen men with ball and chain and seen them bucked and gagged and in stocks. A man who belonged to a Pennsylvania regiment was put in the stocks about the 15th of February last about four o'clock in the forenoon, and was brought back to the stockade next morning at nine o'clock. The man did not eat anything after he came in, and told him he had thoroughly chilled. He soon died in consequence of exposure to the weather. Another man to his knowledge died from injuries received in the chain gang.

Wm. W. Scott testified to the cruelty of Wirz in the latter part of August. A sick man asked Wirz to send him to the hospital, when the latter cursed him and hit him a violent blow on the head. The man went to his tent and died in a day or two after. The witness mentioned another case. One of the guard, threw a brickbat, which struck Wirz on the shoulder. Wirz, without stopping to make inquiry, drew his revolver and shot a Union man.

Abner A. Kelley, of the 4th Ohio, testified that when he and his fellow-prisoners were taken to Andersonville, they were robbed of blankets, canteens and watches; which were removed to Wirz's headquarters. They were never returned. A crazy man having been shot the sentry was asked why he did so, when he replied that he was acting under orders of Capt. Wirz. The latter on being asked by a prisoner whether he expected the men to live on such rough and unwholesome food, replied, 'It's good enough you d—d Yankees.'—Witness in August, 1864, saw a sick man at the gate with a sore on his face as large as the crown of his hat, full of maggots and fly blown. The man had been at the gate twenty-four hours. The surgeon asked Wirz to have him carried to the hospital. Wirz said 'No, let him lie there and die.' The man was afterwards carried away a corpse.

Incomplete returns from Colorado indicate the adoption of the State Constitution by a vote of nearly four to one.—The clause authorizing negro suffrage has been defeated by a vote of nearly five to one. The time of election in the Southern States is as follows: Virginia—Congressional and legislative election, Thursday, October 12th. North Carolina—Delegate election Sept. 21st; Convention meets Oct. 2d. South Carolina—Convention in session. Georgia—Delegate election Oct. 4th. Convention meets Oct. 5th. Florida—Delegate election Oct. 10th; Convention meets Oct. 5th. Alabama—Convention in session. Mississippi—Election for all State officers and members of Congress, Oct. 21. Louisiana—Congressional and legislative election Nov. 7th. Texas—Election not yet ordered. Arkansas—Congressional and legislative election Oct. 7th.

The Rocky Mountain News of Wednesday, 20th inst., has received official information from Fort Laramie the General Connor attacked a large village of Arapahoes, on the 28th ult., routing them with great slaughter, destroying their village and all their winter's provisions, and capturing between five and six hundred head of horses.

Washington dispatches says that Jeff. Davis is held to be the head of the rebel organization for burning store houses, steamers, etc. at the North. Benjamin was cashier. The list includes Gillespie well known at the North.