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Nebraska Advertiser

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

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VOL. X. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1865. NO. 5.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. C. THURMAN, Physician and Surgeon, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

AMERICAN HOUSE, J. D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR, Front Street, between Main and Water, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

J. A. HEWES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 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. ROADLEY, Corner Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. F. SILLWART, M.D., A. S. HOLLADAY, 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. Hemett, Millinery & Fancy Goods STORE, Main Street one door west of the Post Office BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BACK TO THE OLD STAND! CLOCK, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!! JOSEPH SHUTZ, Would respectfully inform 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 Brownville House.

WORK WARRANTED. J. F. MORRIS, Wholesale and Retail, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, &c., WILKINSON BLOCK, MAIN STREET BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

LOUIS WALDLER, Lead his port jet, ready to perform all work, pertaining to his business.

White Washings and Wall Coloring, in the best and most durable style for each Brownville, April 7, 1y.

E. S. BURNS, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Omaha, City, N. T. OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE, Aug. 8th, 1865 247-v8-ly

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

C. G. DORSEY, 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. vs. n. p. d.

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. Gives the attention of Gentlemen desiring any conceivable and fashionable WEARING APPAREL TO HIS EW STOCK OF GOODS, JUST RECEIVED, BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, VESTINGS, &c., OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES.

Meeting of School Examiners, Notice is hereby given that the Board of School Examiners of Nebraska 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 one o'clock, precisely, or they will not be examined. No person need apply at any other time. By order of the Board, E. W. THOMAS, Clerk.

CHOICE LIQUORS, Wholesale and Retail, Evan Worthing, OF THE Union Saloon, BROWNVILLE, Has Just Received the largest and best stock of Liquors and Cigars ever offered in this territory, and will sell them as low as any House in the Market.

WHITNEY'S BLOCK, Main Street, Brownville, Feb. 4, '64 7y.

GRANT'S, 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 WE OFFER FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH Groceries of Every Kind, Sugar, Coffee, Soda, Tea, Allspice, Candles, Tobacco, Matches, &c., &c., &c. All of which he offers at the lowest prices, determined not to be undersold. GRANT, 15-25-6m, 7-60

Poetry.

Geraldine's Boots, What soles so little worn I Had Cruces—soul forlorn—

For Gerry's de-mair, - And innocent, and fair As roses.

These simptoms who sneeze Their extremities to please Mandarins,

Cinderella's left and right! To Geraldine's were frigate! And, in truth,

From her youth.—[Locker]

Select Story.

A SAMPLE OF SOCIALISM.

It was a few days after Generals Banks and Grant had shut up the rebel shops at Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and opened the Mississippi all the way through, that seven of us shoulder-straps—four in the land and three in the naval service—got permission all at the same times to run up stream, or anywhere else we pleased, so we didn't run with the rebel lines, and recuperate for six weeks.

It was something just a trifle singular that we were all intimately acquainted with each other, all married men, and that the seven wives of the seven of us should have all arrived in New Orleans only the day before we got our furloughs, and were all quartered together at the Veranda, and got up to the hour of our meeting at the Exchange, when we agreed to all go up the river in company, there wasn't of the number a single soul who had seen his wife since her arrival.

Without regard to rank or order, the list in the male line reads as follows: Lieut. Harry C. Jones, U. S. N., Col. George Marshall,—th Ohio Infantry, Capt. Walter Hamilton,—th New York, Lieut. Col. Fred. Orton,—th Pennsylvania Cavalry, George Coleman, pilot Major John P. Florence,—th Connecticut Artillery, Dick Maline, U. S. N.

There we were, of all arms and from all sections of universal Uniondom, hustled together by accident, and all bound up stream by the same steamer, and that steamer, the big new, first-class clipper Western World of Pittsburg, Captain Henry Norton, which we had ascertained was going to shove off from the levee at six o'clock P. M.

Our first duty was to cut over to the Veranda and introduce ourselves to our wives, and then introduced our companions to them all round and this having been accomplished, we pitched upon Col. Orton as our best pack-horse and most finished ladies' man of the mob, to wait on the dimity down aboard the steamer, secure staterooms, stow away luggage, and get everything and everybody all snug while the remainder of us trouted about town to finish up forty unfinished little duties, and procure fifty little trifles for general comfort, the most important among which were several dozen bottles in saw dust, and divers overgrown decanters in willow jackets.

We were as busy all day with our duties as Orton must have been with his, but we got through with all, and on board with our own various wares and wives in good time, making square calculations to live another that night on board the Western World. And we did, only it was a confounded queer time the last end of it.

We were a trifle near sighted, I think, by the time we got on board, fifteen minutes before the steamer shoved off from the levee, but we could see well enough when Orton piloted us around to our wives and quarters aloft the wheel house, that there was a promise of comfort and convenience about our accommodations.—State rooms fitted up like bridal chambers, toilet fixtures, sofas, rosewood rockers, and berths wide enough for two—we noticed that particularly—and then there was a new link to us in the designation of our lodgings. Instead of being numbered, as is usual, or lettered, as we had

sometimes seen the thing done, there was a fancy glass plate up over each state room door, with the name of some one of our American immortals on it in gilt letters—as Clay, Webster, Jackson, etc.

As our programme was to have one part of that jolly time of ours out in the social hall that night, we might possibly forget that we had wives waiting for us as many a better and worse man than we were, have done, so we set about investigating the possibilities of entering our lodgings without disturbing our wives, in case they should happen to be turned in when we came home.

All right, admirable, couldn't be improved, dead latches to the locks, so that our wives could fasten themselves in, and everybody but their husbands out. Capital idea, that. "Give us our keys, Colonel, while we think of it. And Orton, who had the brass talismans in his pocket, distributed them very carefully, studying a little over each medal attached to the keys, to be sure he was correct, serving out to us Clinton, Borside, Gov. Curtin, &c. which we pocketed quite as carefully against the time of need.

Now the first guess would naturally be, that separated from five to twenty months from our wives as we had been, our first devotion would have been paid to them. But that was just the reason why we chose to spend a while in the social hall first.

There were at least forty fellow shoulder-straps on board who knew all the matrimonial ropes, and I suppose a hundred more bon compagnons, and if we had rushed in to hugging and kissing, and taken to locking ourselves into our rooms the first thing—blunder! they'd have been running and bleeding us at the bar the whole passage. We are not so green. It was a capital plea to put our wives on, too.

So after tea we went forward, got happy, and kept on growing happier till about ten o'clock, when Col. Orton made an appeal to our generosity. He had been pack-horse all day—was tired—didn't feel as well as he might. Would we let him off? He wanted to turn in. Yes, we would that. He was a dry chip, anyhow—not much ginger in him. Go on, Colonel—go and turn in. So on went Col. Orton, and off we went on our jubilee teak again.

At length, a little before twelve o'clock, we voted to square away and run down to Blanket Bay, and off we went, making short tacks, with a fair wind on the passage, down the long saloon, going afool of every craft we fell in with whether at anchor or under weigh, until at last we got into the latitude of the glass statesmen and generals, when we have to and hunted up latch-keys.

All right. We could read plain enough the great gold letters on the glass—the little brass letters on the key tal-lies.

"Here you are—General Taylor—that's my barbor, g-g-gent-lim," declared Lieutenant Ives in somewhat tangled articulation.

"Gov-nor or Curtin's may man," was Colonel Marshall's declaration.

"I'm going to turn in to Dewit Clinton, with little curly Carrie," boasted Major Florence.

"And I am to sail under Borside," said Dick Marline, holding up his latch key closer to the light, to make sure she was right in the tally.

"Well, I'm blest beautiful if I ain't billeted on, or in, Genel Cameron," growled George Coleman. "However, I don't care a cuss who's over me, so long as Mary lays alongside. All right, shipmates."

"So that leaves me General Scott," said Captain Hamilton, taking a near-sighted look at his latch key.

"I say, shipmates le-le-le do er thing quieter, ye see," suggested Lieutenant Ives.

"Yes, that sit, go-gen-ta-lims," supported Colonel Marshall. "Yee-ee the girls' all er sleep by this time; lesser go softly, so's notter wake em up, ess'r! wunter know what time 'tis."

"Yes let's go softly," everybody responded; and so we went like burglars to our respective key-holes, and let ourselves in so still you couldn't have heard a click or a creak of a single door.

I was inside in the dark, and hanting away at my starboard boot, when little dimity woke up about half way, put out her hand sleepily like, and laying it on my port leg by guess, said in a sort of dreamy way:

"Ah, that you, husband! What kept you away so long."

"S-s-s-sh, my dear," I whispered.—

"Don't talk so loud. There's the Major in the next room, and there's only an inch pine wall between us. I'll tell you all about it when I get into bed."

"That'll do; now hurry, dear, I want you."

"Yes, honey, I'm a coming."

Having unbent every rag of canvas, stripped to girdline, I bent down over the side of the berth, tasted once of little Josey's lips, wife laid back the cover in vitiatingly, and Dick went over the hax k and into bed at the first invitation.

Josey and I had just laid our figure heads together and our arms so lovingly around each other, when our attention was suddenly called to something going on in the next state-room aft, something that directly began to sound very like a squall.

A female voice opened the duet: "Why, Dick, my dear where's your whiskers?"

"Who the devil is your dear, Dick?" Major Florence inquired.

"Dick—my Dick—O, mercy on me!" "That's my husband!" chirped my bedfellow, starting up. "Who are you in my bed?"

"That's my Josey in bed with Major Florence. Who in blazes are you, and what the deuce are you doing in General Borside's?" and I tried to feel out who my partner was.

"Hands off, sir! O dear—e-e-ech. This ain't General Borside; it's Dewit Clinton."

"Dewit d-n" and away I went sprawling out on the floor.

"Help—murder! E-e-e-ech! Cap-tain!"

"Husband! squealed Mrs. Major Florence, tumbling end over end out of the bunk, and sitting down square on my stomach.

"There's my husband in there—Dick—i-i-e-o-e! Dick Marline! My dear! Get out of the, you beast!" rung out Josey from the next room.

Wall-p, bang, smash, bumped somebody out in General Borside. "Let me out! O, let me out!" screamed Mrs. Major Florence. "Open the door! Get out of the way! Don't you touch me?"

"Piped Josey Marline; and just then there was a hurrah from the other side of the ship, and the state-room next aft from General Borside, and out we came star-board and port, tangled into an everlasting snarl, out into the broad glare of the cabin, every shoulder-strap with some other man's wife, all hands of us with "nothing to wear," or very little of it.

Everybody had been in bed with somebody that didn't belong to them. Women squealing, squabbling to find their husbands, and trying to faint when they had; men raving, pitching, and cursing into shoestrings. Fore and aft along the cabin, passengers came out of bed, by the the, to see what the riot was. Somebody yelled "Fire!" "Boiler going to burst!" screamed somebody else. "Rebel battery opened on us!" volunteered a volunteer shoulder-strap. "Boat's struck a snag!" roared a foul anchor. "The devil's broke loose," said a Kentuckian.—"Everybody's gone clean crazy, I do believe," remarked a quiet old Indiana lady, and she was nearer right than any one else.

After a while they began to get the lay of the land, and then everybody hurrah'd! hah! hah! and the men roared out bull'y! and the unpressed dimity cut for dress and decency.

Then we discovered that four of our party hadn't turned up yet. There were Colonel Orton and his wife. They were all right, of course. Stowed away in old Millard Fillmore." But there were Mrs. Ives and Colonel Marshall. No, they were not there. Then where were they? They laid out in bed alongside of each other, in Borside, and both as fast asleep as if they'd swallowed all morphine in the surgeon's locker. When we shook them up at last, and told them what they'd been at, the Lieutenant's wife said, in a sleepy sort of fashion, "She didn't see much difference to speak of between the Colonel and her husband. But his greatest triumph was to come."

His eyes began to glance at the ass-sassin Hopkins, as his lean taper finger assumed the same direction. He leamed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet, dishes for Jilemma, and held the slanders up to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girded him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre. He drew picture of murder in such appalling colors that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful; he painted the slanderer

for another. On the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was about to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door.—The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murther and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

The slander suit was for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as excitement; public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates.

When the slander case was called.—Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no council?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir, they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary bursting into tears.

"In such a case will some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd behind the bar. At the tone of that voice many started—it was uncouthly, sweet and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter, a tall gaunt, spectral figure al-bowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothing was so shabby that the court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a feendish sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunals in America!" and handed the Judge a broad parchment. The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defense to lead off. Ashley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down in cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was the stranger's turn; he rises—before the bar, nor behind it—and so near the foreman that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before the sunbeam; every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer.—Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors.—The whole soul was in the eye; the full heart streamed out of his face. Then without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, turned short round on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurl'd into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the court house.

The excitement of the crown was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger; he inspired them with the power of his inspired passions; he seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance at the ass-sassin Hopkins, as his lean taper finger assumed the same direction. He leamed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet, dishes for Jilemma, and held the slanders up to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girded him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre. He drew picture of murder in such appalling colors that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful; he painted the slanderer

so black that the sun seemed dark at noon-day, when shining on such an accursed monster, and the fixing portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the perious height. His voice waived out for the murdered man and lived—the beautiful Mary, most beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; he advised the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God."

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars, and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death.—As the court adjourned, the stranger said—"John Taylor will preach here this evening, at early candle-light." He did preach—and the house was crowd ed. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Cal-houn—but never heard anything in the form of sublim words even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain; and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

The Boston Pilot, which ought to be good authority, furnishes the following information in regard to the disputed point, the derivation of the word "Fenian."

"The term Fenian is derived from the Gaelic word Fian, in the antiquated Gaelic it is written fiand. It was a name given to an order or class of professional soldiers among the Pagan Irish, long before the Christian era. In ordinary times, the Fian consisted of three legions were 3,000 men, but in war there were usually seven legions."

"Come here my little fellow," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled. "Do you know me?" "Yith, thir." "Who am I? Let me hear?" "You th the man who kithed mamma when papa was in New York."

From an abstract, compiled at the State Secretary's office, the census returns of the State of Iowa show the total white population to be 749,000; colored, 904; militia, 146,272; foreigners, 97,624; not naturalized, 10,404; blind, 250; deaf and dumb, 291; insane, 613; increase in two years, 47,912. That certainly is respectable for a State which sent 65,000 men to the war. Iowa was never more prosperous than she is now. Her towns and cities are being filled, and farms constantly are being opened—and still the emigration flows in and there is room for more.

Our oldest people, says the Toledo Record, who have carefully noted the "signs of the times," say that we will have an unusual quantity of snow this winter. They say that much rain during the summer is always followed by heavy falls of snow in the winter, and claim that the character of the summer is always index to the character of the winter in this respect. Our last wet summer was in 1856—ten years ago—and it will be recollected that the winter of '56-'57 afforded more sleighing than any winter since.

What do you intend to do with Jefferson Davis?" asked an Englishman of an intelligent returned soldier the other day. "It would be blasted cruel to be hanging him, you know. Now, what do you intend to do with him?" "Borrow St. Helena from her Majesty your Queen, and chain him there as you chained Napoleon, you know," was the reply. John Bull could not see the point.

A gentleman, who had the curiosity to spend a dime in answering an advertisement which promised valuable advice for that amount, received by mail the following answer: "Friend, for your ten cents postage, please find enclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore, my advice is; when you use a knife, always whittle from you."