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

TERMS:
Copy, one year, in advance, - - - $2 00
scription, must invariably be paid in Advance
Book Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work
in the best style, and on short notice.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square (ten lines or less) one insertion $1 00
Each additional insertion - - - 50
Business cards, six lines or less, one year 5 00
One column, one year, - - - 100 00
One half column, one year, - - - 60 00
One fourth column, one year, - - - 35 00
One eighth column, one year, - - - 20 00
One column six months - - - 60 00
One half column six months - - - 30 00
One fourth column six months - - - 21 00
One eighth coolumnsix months - - - 12 00
One column three months - - - 30 00
One half column three months - - - 18 00
One forth column three months - - - 12 00
One eighth colmoin three months - - - 8 00
Announcing canuidates for office - - - 5 00
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Stray sales charged as trancient advertising

All trancient advertisements must be paid in advance. Yearly advertisements quarterly in advance
All kinds of Job, Book and Card printing, done in the best style on short notice and reasonable terms.

VOL. XI. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866. NO. 4.

USINESS CARDS.

S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
[Graduated in 1851,]
ocated in Brownville in 1855.]
HYSICIAN SURGEON
AND
OBSTETRICIAN
Dr H. has on hand complete sets of Amputat-
Trephining and Obstetrical instruments.
ffice: Holladay & Co's Drug Store
Two Doors East of Post Office.
P. S.—Special attention given to Obstetrics and
diseases of women and children. x-44-ly

CHARLES HELLMER,
Boot and Shoe
MAKER,
ain St, 2 doors below Brownville House,
BROWNVILLE N. T.
Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes
the best material and ability for doing
CUSTOM WORK
pairing done with neatness and dispatch
Terms Cash. fn nn

FRANZ HELMER,
Wagon Maker,
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN-SHOP,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS CULTI-
VATORS, &c., Repaired on short notice, at low rates,
and warranted to give satisfaction. x-13-1n nn

AMERICAN HOUSE.
Good Feed and Livery Stable
In connection with the House.
D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR.
Front Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
May, 30th 1866. 10 36 ly

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

Mrs. M. W. Hewett,
Millinery & Fancy Goods
STORE.
Main Street one door west of the Post Office
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
A superior stock of Fall and Winter Goods
just received. Everything in the Millinery line
kept constantly on hand. Dress-Making, Bonnet
Pleaching and Trimming done to order.
October, 25 1865. v9-n--28ly

MARSH & CO.,
[SUCCESSORS TO MARSH & ZOOK.]
General News Agents and Stationers,
Post Office Building,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
We have on hand and are constantly receiving
fresh supplies of Books, Periodicals, Stationary,
Photograph Albums, School Books; also Confec-
tionery, Cigars, Tobacco, and a choice selection of
Fancy Groceries generally, to which they invite the
attention of the citizens of Nemaha county, and
pledge strict attention to business, and fair
dealing to merit a share of the public patronage.
A. D. MARSH. n15-1y J. W. BLISS.

BROWNVILLE HOUSE,
COR. MAIN AND 2ND STS.,
Brownville, Nebraska.
H. W. PEDICORD, Proprietor.
This House has been refurnished and newly fitted
up and refurnished under its present enterprising
proprietor, who guarrantees satisfaction to all who
may patronize his House. x-5-1y

A. ROBINSON,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Main Between 1st & 2d Street
Brownville Nebraska
Takes this method of informing the public that
he has on hand a splendid assortment of Gent's and
Ladie's Misses' and Childrens'
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Custom work done with neatness and dispatch.
Repairing done on short notice. 10-30 fmn

GATES & BOUSFIELD,
BRICK LAYERS
AND
PLASTERERS.
Brownville, Nebraska.
Will take contracts for Bricklaying, Plastering,
Building Cisterns, and do anything in their line
in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
Aug. 30, 1866. x-47-1y

JAMES MEDFORD,

CABINET-MAKER
AND
Undertaker.
Corner 2nd and Main Streets,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on
short notice and reasonable terms. 1-6m

LOUIS WALDIER,
House-Sign & Ornamental
PAINTER
Glazier, Gilder, Grainer,
PAPER HANGER etc.
All work done in a workman-
like manner, and on strickly
CASH
TERMS.
ONE DOOR WEST OF BROWNVILLE HOUSE

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT
TAYLOR,
MAIN STREET, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA

Agent for Singer's
SEWING MACHINE.
Aug. 23. 66

RICHARD F. BARRET,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
AND DEALER IN
LAND WARRANTS & LAND SCRIPT,
Personal attention given to making Locations.
Office in J. L. Carson's Banking House.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
x-14 1y fr-nn

CLOCKS & WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY!!
JOSEPH SHUTZ
Has just received and will constantly keep on
hand a large and well selected stock of genuine ar-
ticles in is line.
One Door west of Grant's Store, Brown-
ville, Nebraska.
Repairing
Of Clocks; Watches and Jewelry done on the short-
est Notice.
WORK WARRANTED.
Brownville, Neb., March 15th. 1866. 10-25 1y

C. F. STEWRT. M. D.
OFFICE
South East corner of Main and First Streets
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
OFFICE HOURS—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to
7½ P. M.
Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1865—No 34, 1y.

CHARLES G. DORSEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Next Door to Carson's Bank.
MAIN STREET
Brownville Nebraska

TIPTON & HEWETT,
Attorneys at Law,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
March 1st, '66. 1y.

RESTAURANT
AND
OYSTER SALOON.
WILLIAM ROSSELL
takes this method of informing the public that he
has just opened, on Main street, between 1st and 2nd,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
a Restaurant and Oyster Saloon.
Also, Confectionaries, Canned Fruit, Dried
Fruit, Spices of all kinds. Tea, Coffee, Sugar
Tobacco, Potatoes, sweet Potatoes and everything
usually kept in a retain grocery store.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
FRESH OYSTERS.
x-15-1y

Evan Worthing,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Choice
Liquors, Wines, Ale, Bear,
ALSO AGENT FOR,
PITTS BUFFALO THRASHING
MACHINE, NEW YORK SELF RA-
KING REAPER. QUAKER MOW-
ER and BUCK EYE CULTIVA-
TOR.
WHITNEY'S BLOCK,
Main Street, Brownville
May, 17th 1866 1y 34 1y fr,nn

Select Story.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

An old brown, leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible from time and decay; evidently, an old, neglec ed manuscript. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf? and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written toward the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby, who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collor, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do any thing I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good tempered; could write fairly and read anything; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors, sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an ax; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other good Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his lef hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped and the long strip of leathes was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger cut in the bargain."

The rector endevored to sooth my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for its very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And as I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! at that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrileld me through—a voice that I hear now as I write these lines—so clear so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and I forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out,

She who had the angel voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechless gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?',

"Drop it," I said, walking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang.' And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a much changed and altered being. There was a world where horse collars and horse shoes, tenons and mortices, right hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voice.

My father had heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask; and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings, and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the gardener to let me help him carry the watering pots, and when I succeeded, felt as I entered the rector's garden that I was entering a paradise. Oh, happy months! when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener and hear her sing. My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas, alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me and said:

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most special value.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be.

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed, as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutes shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw a soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with cruel, hard, grey eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a trembie and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh gutteral sound was all that I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the noxt parish. I knew him fron his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing els good, but I can whistle anything.."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good, very good. Know anything of music Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found he was one of the best players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and some times during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes. I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beauciful fingering, Sam my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor; I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightlp, that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse, should under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease and exactness.

'Sam my boy,' said the cobler one day, 'you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him.'

'But he does not know a word of this,' I said.

'Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know it;' and he told me all his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

'And you, Sam,' said he, 'shall take my place in your church; and please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too.'

How I practiced, morning, noon and night, for the great day; the cobbler darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it was but yesterday.

The evening came; and there in the dimly-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

'Sam my boy,' said my master, 'it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just came in. Keep your eye on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I have brought a bit of leather to you,' and he put a piece of the black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began, Oh, that migh! Shall I ever forget its pleasure—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed sadler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors? Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I began—harsh, harmonious, out of tone—I know not why or how; but as it progressed; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistable impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoen.

When I recovered, I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor and my parents there, and I heard the doctor say:

'I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would.'

'Thank God!' murmured my mother. 'My dear boy, how we have feared for you"

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. 'Genius,' and 'very clever,' and "delightful talent,' such were the expressions I now heard, instead of 'stupid,' 'awkward' and 'unfit for anything.'

My father bought a fine instrument, and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask after the rector's niece.

'My dear boy,' said my mother, 'the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing, but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there's been so much talk about; and then when the anthem came and we all left off singing, and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecelia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure the like never was, and then, when you fell down, I screamed and your father ran up and carried you down, and brought you home in farmer Slade's four wheeler.'

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit, and while I played she sang. Oh, those happy times, when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I had never loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel towards his daughter—a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me, those days! Gone—alas! they are gone

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but alas not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and once in the year the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be nearer to her still in the longed for future.

In Connection with the foundering at sea of the Evening Star, on her way from New York to New Orleans, there are some interesting facts to be told. The vessel is said to have been utterly unseaworthy; so mnch so that se was not insured—perhaps not insurable. This is a damaging circumstance for the Company owning her, and permitting her to go to sea full of passengers.

Among her passengers were more than a hundred unfortunate women of the flash persuasion, who were on their way to spend the winter in the employment of procuresses from New Orleans. They included representatives from nearly all the first class houses of that kind in New York. They all went down. Many of them were respectably connected. A city banker, on learning that his wayward daughter was among the lost, clapped his hands in sorrowful gratitude, and exclaimed: "Thank God, my daughter, the pride of my heart is beyond this world's shame."

Also, included in this flock of frail fair ones, were two highly accomplished young ladies, one the daughter of a minister of the gospel in Western Pennsylvania, and the other the daughter of a clergyman of this city. The families of several New York merchants were also represented among these beautiful female ruins. Indeed, I am told that there was hardly one of these fallen women who could not point to highly respectable connections in this and other cities

Charity must now be thrown over them; but how sad the thought that a single burial case should have taken down into "that deep which nothing disembogues," so much of sin and wickedness, as the Evening Star contained. Few single interments have included a hundred harlots, an operatic troupe, and a circus troupe. It is only fair to state that this line of steamers has enjoyed the dubious reputation of being the only one which would engage its births for the transportation of such rough characters as composed this unfortunate cargo of iniquity. —*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

To the Public.

Editor Republican:—I am aware of the fact that men holding official positionsitions are liable to abuse and misrepresentation from unprincipled politicians; and when such abuse or misrepresentation has been directed against me, as a public officer, I have almost uniformly made it a rule to take no notice of it—leaving the people to judge from my *acts*—whether the assertions are true or not But when my private character (which I prize more highly than all the offices in the gift of the people) is assailed, I feel it to be my duty to defend myself—particularly when the assault emenates from parties whose position in society might give them some influence to *damage* others, even if they were unable to help any one by their fulsome flatteries.

The readers of the Omaha *Herald* will have noticed that for several months post—indeed from the commencement of the publication of that paper—its editor has studiously and persistently indulged in the most unprovoked and wanton attacks not so much upon my official, as my private character as a man and citizen.—Still I have forborde to notice these oft repeated assaults—knowing, as I did, that the author's acquaintance was co-extensive with the limited circulation of his paper, and that wherever he is known his columnies would prove utterly harmless. There is a point, however, beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. That has been reached and transcended by the *Herald* since the opening of the political canvass now near its close.

Since last Saturday evening, when, at the request of several of my fellow citizens I participated in the proceedings of a public meeting, called for the purpose of hearing several distinguished gentlemen from abroad, the *Herald* has abounded in the coarsest personal abuse of me, and the most wanton and unfounded falsehoods respecting my official conduct. Those who heard me on that occasion will bear me witness that I made no disrespectful personal allusions, but confined myself to a legitimate discussion of the various questions at issue between the political parties of the day. I did refer, in terms of stern condemnation, to the acts of those who had rebelled against the Government and those of their symmathizing friends in the Northern States, who had given them aid and comfort. I stated distinctly, as I readily admit, that if the Copperheads of the North would cease their opposition to the truly loyal men of the country and afford no encouragement to the rebellious spirit of the South, we would, in my judgement, have perfect peace and a restored Union in less than sixty days. The editor of the *Herald* seems to have taken what I said about copperheads and rebel sympathizers to himself. I certainly did not name him, and I assure the public that I did not *think* of him during my short address; but as he exhibits such furious passion at what I said, I take it for granted that the "shoe fit him" and he put it on! Be it so. Let him wear it. But as he makes this brief address the occasion of renewed attacks against my honor and my private character, and as his envenomed falsehoods may reach the eye of some one who is a stranger to him, and therefore damage my reputation, I have thought mroper to ask the use of your widely circulated paper for the purpose of refuting them. Among other ungentlemanly misrepresentations of what I said at that meeting, is the charge that I characterized "the truest and best patriots of the land with being traitors and rebels." I did no such thing; on the contrary, I gave the highest praise to the loyal and true patriots who had stood by their country whether at home or in the army. And all his assertions about my treatment to the soldiers of Nebraska, is full of the grossest misrepresentations as the facts and records will prove. No man ever heard me abuse a soldier of our army or a true patriot who otherwise aided in putting down the accursed rebellion.

I know too well that by the heroic valor of the soldiers the country was saved from utter overthrow by rebels and rebel sympathisers (of which latter, the editor of the *Herald*, seems to consider himself a member) to allow myself knowingly to do them a wrong. No soldiers in the land deserve more credit for their efforts to save our Governments, than the soldiers of Nebraska, who periled life, everything, for their country, while the editor of the *Herald* was skulking behind the forage trains of Steel's army, engaged in the patriotic work of picking up stray bales of cotton, and other offal which might be found in its wake. The Doctor has much to say about "stay at homes," but never a word about 'stay behinds"—not he.

He also charges that I refused to address the First Nebraska Regiment when it was mustered out of service. I have reasons to believe that this is a wilful