

Nebraska Advertiser.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
GEO. W. HILL & CO.
Advertisement, 100, Main St. between 1st & 2d.
Brownville, N. T.

PRINCE'S CABINET ORGANS.
The best toned instrument now made
GEO. W. HILL & CO., Agents.
Brownville, Neb.

VOL. XI. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1867. NO. 22.

BUSINESS CARDS.
C. F. STEWART, 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 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 P. M.
Brownville, Nebraska, May 4th, 1865—No 24, 17.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
Graduated in 1851.
Located in Brownville in 1855.
PHYSICIAN SURGEON
AND
OBSTETRICIAN
Dr. H. has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical Instruments.
Office: Holladay & Co's Drug Store
Two Doors East of Post Office.
P. S.—Special attention given to Obituaries and the diseases of women and children. x-44-ly

Boot and Shoe MAKER.
Main St., 2 1/2 below TOWN
BROWNVILLE N. T.
Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes and the best material and ability for doing
CUSTOM WORK
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch
Terms Cash. In ad.
FRANZ HELMER,
Wagon Maker,
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN-SHOP.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WAGONS, HUGGIES, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, ETC.
A. S. HOLLADAY & CO., Agents.
Brownville, Nebraska, May 4th, 1865—No 24, 17.

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

A. ROBINSON,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
Main Street one door west of the Post Office
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
A superior stock of Fall and Winter Goods
Everything in the Millinery line
Teaching and repairing done to order.
October, 23 1865. v8-a-28ly

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
Everything in the Millinery line
Teaching and repairing done to order.
October, 23 1865. v8-a-28ly

GATES & BOUSFIELD,
BRICKLAYERS
AND
PLASTERERS.
Brownville, Nebraska.
Will take contracts for Bricklaying, Plastering, building Chimneys, and do anything in their line. We are most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
Aug. 20, 1866. x-47-ly

15,000 Apple Trees
For Sale by Joseph Lovless on the Vowell Farm.
These trees, having been raised from seed in this climate, and nearly all grafted with choice varieties by Mr. Vowell an experienced nurseryman, make this the best chance ever offered in this country. I am determined to clear out this stock, and give it all to sell soon.
11-2-66
JOSEPH LOVLESS.

LOUIS WALDTR,
House-Sign & Ornamental
PAINTER
Glazier, Gilder, Grainer,
PAPERHANGER etc.
All work done in a workmanlike manner, and on strictly
CASH TERMS.
ONE DOOR WEST OF BROWNVILLE ROAD

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT-TAYLOR,
MAIN STREET, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA
Agent for Singer's SEWING MACHINE.
Aug. 23a 66

CLOCK & WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY!!
JOSEPH SHUTZ
Has just received and will constantly keep on hand a large and well selected stock of genuine articles in his line.
One Door west of Grant's Store, Brownville, Nebraska.
Repairing Watches and Jewelry done on the shortest notice.
WORK WARRANTED.
Brownville, Neb., March 15th, 1866. 10-26-ly

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FIRST STREETS,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
CHARLES G. DORSEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Next Door to Carson's Bank.
MAIN STREET
Brownville Nebraska

Evan Worthing,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Choice
Liquors, Wines, Ale, Beer,
ALSO AGENT FOR,
PITTS BUFFALO TRASHING MACHINE, NEW YORK SELF RAKING REAPER, QUAKER MOWER and BUCK EYE CULTIVATOR.
WHITNEY'S BLOCK,
Main Street, Brownville
May, 17th 1866. 10-28-ly

T. W. TIPTON, O. E. HEWETT, J. S. CHURCH
TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH
Attorneys at Law,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
March 1st, '66. ly.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S
39 Varieties, with Patent case Tenuto of Sub. ass.
School Organs and Melodeons.
Elegant Rosewood, Walnut or Oak Cases.
No Charge for Boxing or Shipping.
\$5,000 Now in Use.

AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing full description of 827, and illustrating the most complete instruments, as to the superior excellence of our instruments—can be sent at this Office.
GEO. W. HILL & CO
Brownville Nebraska.
Dissolution of Partnership.
The partnership, heretofore existing under the name and firm of Hill, Chaffield & Snow, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Jan. 1st 1867
E. V. MUIR,
E. F. CHAFFIELD,
New Firm.
The business will in future be carried on under the firm of Hill, Chaffield & Snow.
Jan. 1st 1867.
E. V. MUIR,
E. F. CHAFFIELD,
J. M. SNOW.

TO THE FARMERS OF NEMAHIA CO., AND VICINITY

I would respectfully say that I have and am now receiving a large stock of
CLOTHING
FOR
Winter and Spring Wear.
I keep constantly on hand a full assortment of
GENT'S CLOTHING
of all kinds.
Everly Cloth Coats, Pants & Vests.
French Cloth Clothing in Latest Styles.
Cassimere Goods all descriptions.
ALSO:
Furnishing Goods,
TO SUIT THE TRADE.
All of which I propose to sell as
Cheaper or Cheaper
Than any of my Competitors. All I ask is for the citizens of Nemaha and adjoining counties

TO GIVE ME A CALL
And find out for themselves!
REMEMBER THE
BRANCH CLOTHING STORE
MAIN STREET,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.
S. SEEMAN.
GRANT'S
CASH STORE.
Main Street between First and Second.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

I would respectfully inform the Citizens of Brownville, and surrounding country that I have just received my Fall Stock of Goods, consisting of
Boots Shoes
Of the latest styles and best quality. Men's heavy calf Boots, double soled Boots, Fine Kid Boots boys and children's Boots and Shoes. All kinds of Ladies' Boots and Shoes of the finest and best quality. India Rubber and Buffalo Over Shoes for Gentlemen and Ladies

Groceries of Every Kind,
Consisting of the best brands of Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Pepper, Allspice, Soda, Candies, Tobacco, Matches, Starch, &c., &c.
Wooden Ware, Stone Ware,
The Best Quality of
AXES
The best Wooded and Over Shirts, Salt Sals by the pound or barrel
WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE
CHEAP FOR CASH
All of which he offers at the lowest prices, determined not to be undersold.

GRANT.
HELMHOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT
BUCHU
Is a certain cure for diseases of the
Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility, and all diseases of the
URINARY ORGANS,
whether existing in
MALE OR FEMALE,
from whatever cause originating and no matter of how long standing.
Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic.
If no treatment is submitted to Consumption or local injury may ensue. Our Fluid and Blood are supposed to flow from these sources, and by the
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS,
and that of Posterity, depend upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,
Established in 1848, prepared by
H. T. HELMHOLD,
DRUGGIST,
56 1/2 Broadway, New York, and
104 South 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is pleasant in taste and cures from all urinary troubles, and immediately in its action.
FOR NON-RETENTION OR INCONTINENCE of Urine, Irritation, inflammation or ulceration of the bladder, or kidneys, diseases of the prostate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or lock-down disease, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys and drupical swellings.
Use **HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.**
ENFEBLED AND DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS, of both sexes, use Helmhold's Extract Buchu. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.
THE GLORY OF MAN IS STRENGTH.—Therefore the nervous and debilitated should immediately use Helmhold's Extract Buchu.

MANHOOD AND YOUTHFUL VIGOR are regained by Helmhold's Extract Buchu.
SHATTERED CONSTITUTIONS RESTORED by Helmhold's Extract Buchu.
LECTURE
TO YOUNG MEN.
Treatment and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally. Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, Mental and Physical Impairment, resulting from Self-Abuse, &c.—By **ROBERT J. CULY ARWIDE, M. D.,** Author of the "Globe Book," &c.

The world-renowned lecturer, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his experience that the awful consequences of self-abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, leeches, blisters, or any other means, pointing out a mode of cure far more certain and effectual, by which every sufferer may restore what his constitution may have been ruined by self-abuse, and finally, **THIS LECTURE WILL PROVE A BOON TO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS.**
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of six cents, or two post office stamps. Also, Dr. Culy Arwide's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the publishers:—**CRAS, KILME & CO.,** 117 Bowery, New York.

Select Story.

THE VALLEY OF ROSES.

In the far off Golden Age—which historians allude to and poets describe—in the beautiful valley of a small river which empties into the Caspian Sea, where roses bloomed in a perpetual spring-time, where all sweet flowers filled the air with fragrance, and all melodious birds with song—was gathered one of those happy groups of families, into which mankind were divided in the first ages before the Deluge; before there were cities, kingdoms, wars and the splendors, and vices, and cruelties of a more advanced civilization.

The Vale of Roses glowed like a new paradise. The mountains, whose glittering peaks are like a jeweled crown, surrounded the valley, and shielded it from the cold blast of the Siberian winds. Silver cascades dashed down the precipice, through evergreen trees, flowering shrubs, and long, pendulous vines. The emerald groundward that sloped down to the river was bespangled with a thousand gay and odoriferous flowers; red strawberries gleamed through the grass; the clumps of shrubbery were filled with delicious berries and grape-vines loaded the trees with purple clusters. The choicest fruits grew spontaneously, and the upland terraces were covered with wheat and barley, sown by the lavish hand of nature, for the food of man.

In this delightful scene were scattered groups of rustic cottages—small, simple, rude in structure, but so ennobled with foliage, and surrounded with spreading trees, and so in harmony with the landscape, that each cluster was a new picture of delight. Herds of cattle were lowing in the meadows, horses neighed in their rich pastures, and flocks of sheep and goats gave beauty and animation to the landscape. They were attended by shepherds and shepherdesses dressed in simple but graceful robes, and crowded with flowers. With the lowing and bleating of the herds, the murmuring of the distant cascades; the murmur of the summer breeze, the hum of bees, were mingled the melodies of rude shepherds, pipes, and choruses of happy children at play. The old people—their venerable heads covered with silver locks sat under the spreading trees, talking together of the days of their youth, or relating the traditions of their ancestors and the events of their own early days, to the young people; who gathered around them full of affection and reverence.

In this happy valley of this almost forgotten past—the wisest governed by his consols, and the most beautiful was queen. Where all were lovely as perfect health, freedom from care, and innocence could make them. Tamar was the most beautiful, as her grandfather, Glen, was the most sage. The mother of Tamar, who in her youth had held the place now filled by her daughter, was esteemed for her virtue and wisdom, as much as she had ever been admired for her loveliness. The beautiful Tamar was beloved by all—the old and young. As she wandered along the romantic bank of the river, in the dewy morning, the blue firmament, with its embroideries of silver clouds, seemed but her canopy; the trees and shrubs nodded their homage, the flowers sent up their incense of perfume; the birds warbled their melodies for her delight; the flocks stopped grazing to look at her; the horses neighed at her as she drew near them; sweet eyed gazelles approached her without fear.—In this harmony of Nature she walked—her queen—robbed in lustrous white, and crowned with choicest flowers.

Among all the youths who admired fair Tamar, two of the warmest aspired to the favor of her love. Arnette was one of the grayest and noblest of the youths of the valley. No foot was swifter in the race; no arm stronger in the flood. He could climb the precipice with the mountain goat; his arrow pierced the heart of the spotted leopard, or the fiercest wolf, that came to prey on the flocks of the valley.

His cousin Jaleph was scarcely inferior in many sports. They had grown up together, and loved each other like brothers. Arnette was dark—Jaleph fair—Arnette's black, clustering locks were like the raven's wing; Jaleph's shone like the golden sunshine on the sea. Arnette's dark eyes dashed out their fires under his deep brows; Jaleph's reflected the hues of the cerulean heavens.

Both were brave and strong, and heroic. If Arnette had more strength and dignity, Jaleph had more skill and grace. One was sturdier in his walk; the other more aerial in the dance.

Both loved Tamar. In a thousand ways, each told his love. Arnette presented her with a gorgeous pinnace of the bird of paradise. Jaleph wore for her a garland of matchless beauty, made of shells and flowers. Arnette trained for her a horse fleet as an antelope; Jaleph learned to play the melodies which filled her innocent slumber with enchanting dreams.

So beloved, Tamar was very happy.—No one could tell which swain she favored.—Had each one been her brother, she could not have been more kind. The aged people, who loved all their children, looked on and shook their heads, for they saw that this must end and they feared that it might end in sorrow.

The time came when Tamar also saw and felt, that the noble cousin loved her with more than a brotherly love. Arnette, the more impetuous, first declared his

passion.
"Tamar," he said "beautiful Tamar, I love thee."
"Dear Arnette?" breathed from the open heart of the innocent maiden.
"Will thou be mine?"
Her lovely face, which had been radiant with happiness, was clouded now with doubt and perplexity. Arnette saw and asked again, in deep and subdued tones:
"O beautiful one! wilt thou be mine?"
The young girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Jaleph that moment came upon them, holding in his hand an offering of flowers. He stopped a moment in surprise at the dark brow of Arnette, and the tearful distress of his beloved Tamar. He grew pale, as his heart had told him the decisive hour had come.

With the frankness that belonged to the age of heroic innocence, before centuries of selfishness, rapacity, poverty and crime had marred the bodies and deformed the souls of man, he held out one hand to his rival, and the other to the beautiful one they both adored.

"I, too, love you, beautiful Tamar," said the youth with the blue eyes and golden hair. "God of our fathers, witness my deep love. Here we stand—Choose between us!"
A pang shot through the heart of each, but they stood, each nobly resigned to the fate that awaited him.

Tamar looked on each. So long had she loved both, with the pure love of saintly maidenhood, that the deeper love now proffered only perplexed and distressed her. How could she take herself from either? How hurt one, when both were so dear?
"Arnette! Jaleph! why ask me to choose? Are we not happy? So let us remain."

The young men looked in each other's saddened eyes, and each one felt that it could be so no longer. The happy time had passed.

As the group stood, hand-in-hand, in the glow of the sunset, the mother of Tamar came, in her sweet matronly dignity, to greet them.
"What is this, my children?" she asked, in alarm as she saw their sorrowful faces and her daughter's falling tears.
"Dear mother!" cried Tamar, "how can I choose between those I love?"
The mother smiled; but the smile was not from sadness.

"My daughter," she replied, "above all others."
"Mother, mother!" said the poor girl, as she buried her face in her bosom; "both have been so kind to me, so loving to me all my life, how can I hurt one or the other?"
Again she sad smile.

"Come with me, my daughter; you, my children, go. In seven days Tamar shall answer you."
They kissed the mother's hand held out to them. They looked tenderly at the weeping girl, and walked away, hand in hand. There was no rancor or jealousy in their noble hearts. It is true, that each one felt that the happiness of his life was at stake. To fight for the possession of the object of their love, however, was a mood of settling their rival pretensions left to the darkness and gloom of the ages, when the earth should be stained with crime and blood.

Arnette and Jaleph were together, as ever, in their light labors and their manly pastimes. Two days had passed, and they were swimming in the river.—Whether exhausted by exercise, or weakened by emotion, Jaleph could not swim with his usual strength. Soon his golden locks were seen to sink beneath the waves. His sinewy arms grew powerless. A cry from the shore alarmed Arnette. He looked for his cousin, and the next moment plunged beneath the surface. In a few moments, he bore him to the shore, where he soon recovered.

Again, they were hunting the leopard in the mountains. Jaleph, fell, and the wild beast sprang upon him.—The lance of Arnette pierced the fierce animal's heart, and saved his rival from death.

where is Jaleph?"
"I know not."
"You know not? He should be here. What has become of him? Where is he?"
"Alas! I know not," said the heroic youth, grieved to the heart with the suspicion which these quick questions conveyed.

"Mother!" cried the pale and trembling girl, he not unjust to Arnette.—Tyne has he saved the life of Jaleph, since last we met?"
The confidant of Jaleph came, and whispered Tamar that her lover had gone. The roses that had left her cheek now fled from her lips; she sank fainting on the flowery sod.

"What is all this?" cried Arnette.
He was told that Jaleph had fled, and why. And he knew all too well, that he who fled from his fate despairingly, was the chosen love of the beautiful Tamar, now laying, pale as the pure white lilies around her, in her mother's arms.

Arnette knelt down by her side, pressed his lips upon her lovely forehead, and said to his mother; "I will bring him to her, or never see her more."
In a week from that day, the brave Arnette led his cousin to the cottage of Tamar; and placing their hands together, said:
"Take him Tamar; he is thine. He fled that I might be happy; I have found him, that thou mayest be happy with him thou lovest. Let me be the brother of both."

The arms of both were twined around him. Who shall say that he was less happy in his generous self-sacrifice than they in their mutual love?
The Golden Age lives in dim traditions and poetic dreams. It lives also in every heart that is generous and noble. He who can love without selfishness, is a hero of the Golden Age.

INJINS ABOUT.
About the year 1832 and '33 there lived a family of some note on the Gaudalope river in Western Texas. Among them were several ladies of the upper-tendency of those days—sensible looking creatures, happy as larks and always full of fun and mischief. It happened that among fifteen or twenty young men residing in that section, there was one by the name of Miller, a well-favored, grizzled haired, chuffy, and moon-eyed chap, who became wofully smitten with the most charming of the aforesaid young ladies who, of all the buckskins in the wilds of Texas, was most unlikely to be successful in matters where the gentle sex were to be consulted, won and wed.

His visits became less like those of angels—first once a month, then doubling to twice a month, and once a week—"and soon," said the old man, "this amber spitting, deer killing fellow was almost every day forcing his company on poor Betty!"

Many jokes at his expense followed, of course, and she resolved, after suffering under them for some time to get clear of her admirer or quit the ranch herself. An opportunity offered on the following Sabbath. It being watermelon season, and Betty's father having a fine supply, all the youngsters for miles around came ssembled there on the holiday to feast upon melons. M. was prominent in the circle until afternoon. Betty had a private interview with the young man and arranged that M. should be decoyed from the house and frightened by the cry of "Indians," from some of his comrades, which would wound his pride and drive him away. A swim in the river, some three hundred yards distance, was proposed by one M. and seconded by several. Of course poor M. was in.

They went to the ford near the melon-patch and began undressing. In the meantime eight or ten others, with guns, had gone down under cover of the bank and secreted themselves along the path from the bathing place to the house.—The company with Miller were in fine glee, and in going down spoke of the recent barbarities of the Indians, their increased boldness &c., thus exciting the ambitious bumps of Miller to the highest pitch.

"Now boys," said one, "Who'll jump into the river first?"
"I'll bet I'm first in," said Miller, "by Josh, I'm first with the gals, in course, I'm first here!"
Off went coats, pants, shoes, socks &c., just as Miller had doffed everything, but his short red flannel shirt—bang! bang! bang! who-o-wa-ya! bang! went two, three and four more guns—loud and more shrill rose the terrible war whoop in the dense brush under the bank.

"Goodness gracious! I'm a dead man," groaned James Simpson.
"My leg is broken! Oh, save me!" shrieked George Williams.
"Run for life, men! run for mercy's sake, run!" cried Jack Parson, "one of my eyes are out, and both legs broken."
All was said in an instant—do you see that red blaze along the path? Look a moment what velocity! That jagged hair all straight out behind—that is Miller streaking for the house, shirt and all—see him turn the corner of the field, by the corner of the thicket—bang! bang! bang! went half a dozen pieces, and louder than ever rose the hideous war cry.
"Oh, my!" grunted Miller redoubling his speed, the red blaze getting larger, and bunches of his dusky hair dropping out as he spread himself—see him leap the yard fence, high in the air, red shirt and all.
The porch was full of ladies—off went two or three more guns—M. glanced at

the ladies and then at his short flannel shirt.
"Run for your life, Miller!" screamed Betty, "the house is full of Indians; father is dead and brother Sam is wounded. Run! speed!"
In the twinkling of an eye Miller was out of the yard, and supposing the premises surrounded, off he shot—the red blaze more brilliant than ever—and striking directly for the thicket, thorny bottom, he reached and swam the river, and although it was nearly sunset Miller got into a settlement fifty miles distant to breakfast next morning, still retaining the sash and collar of his red shirt, and reported all the family visitors, &c., among the slain. As for himself, he said he had fought as long as fighting would do any good.

It is unnecessary to inform you whether or not Betty was ever troubled with Miller after that snap.
The Efficacy of Prayer.
A Dutchman was in our office yesterday, who related to us one of the most remarkable instances of the power of prayer on record. In 1832 he enlisted in the army. Just prior to his departure, he and his brother-in-law and offered up a fervent prayer that when he returned, he might find his wife and four children alive and well. He was discharged in Texas—made his way to California, and finally returned overland, arriving here day before yesterday. His prayers were more than answered. For not only did he find the four children well and hearty, but he also found himself congratulated by his wife on having two more. The strangest part of the affair he considers to lie in the fact that he had never even written to his wife. Hereafter he says when a man is departing for a long journey, let him never omit to pray.—Lawrence Commercial.

State Legislature.
HOUSE.
Wednesday, Feb. 20th, '67.
The House met at 2 o'clock, p. m., agreeably to the proclamation of the Governor, by the motion of W. F. Chapin, of Cass county, who nominated H. W. Merrill as clerk pro tem., which motion was carried.

Wiles moved that a committee of five on credentials be appointed. Motion carried, and Messrs. Fuller, Daily, Crow, Barker and Anderson were appointed said committee.

Mr. Harvey asked for leave of absence during the session. He stated that he did not believe the Governor of the Territory of Nebraska had any power to assemble the Legislature of the State of Nebraska. Leave was refused.

Messrs. Fuller, Parmelee and Rockwell were appointed a committee to wait upon Judge Dundy and request him to administer the oath to the members. Judge Dundy appeared and swore the members in.

The House then proceeded to the election of a Speaker. W. F. Chapin and G. W. Crawford were nominated. Messrs. Hoile and Trumble were appointed tellers. The ballot resulted in 20 votes for Chapin and 9 for Crawford.

Mr. Chapin was declared elected, and Messrs. Crawford, Daily and Butler were appointed a committee to conduct the Speaker elect to the chair, who on taking it, returned his thanks for the honor conferred.

A message was received from the Senate that that body was permanently organized and ready to proceed to business.

An election of minor officers was then had, after which all the officers of the House were sworn in by Judge Dundy. A committee of three was appointed to inform the Senate that the House is permanently organized and ready to proceed to business.

A committee of two was appointed to visit the Governor of the Territory, with a like committee of the Senate, and inform him that the two houses of the Legislature of the State of Nebraska, are ready to receive any communication he may have to make.

The Senate and House then met in joint session to hear the Message of Gov. Samfords.
The message gave a short history of the State government in Nebraska down to the present time, and transmitting an official copy of the act of Congress for the admission of Nebraska, and pointing out the act necessary to our admission. After which the joint session was dissolved, the members of the Senate returning to their chamber.

The House then went into committee of the whole, Fuller in the Chair, on the Governor's Message.
The committee arose.
A message was received from the Senate that it had passed an act declaring the assent of the State of Nebraska to an act of the Congress of the United States entitled, "An act for the admission of the State of Nebraska into the Union, passed Feb. 9th, 1857."
The bill was taken up and read the first time.
The rules were suspended, and the bill read the second and third times and put upon its passage.
Mr. Crawford moved to indefinitely postpone the consideration of the bill, and called the ayes and nays.
Ayes—Crawford, Dunham, Graves, Harvey, Rolfs and Trumble—6.
Nays—Butler, Clark, Cole, Collins, Crow, Daily, Frost, Fuller, Griffin, Har-