

R. W. Furnas

# Nebraska Advertiser.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
MUIR, HILL & CO.,  
Advertiser Block, Main St., between 1st & 2d  
Brownville, Neb.

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

RATES.	
Each subsequent insertion	1 00
Business Cards, one year, five lines or less	5 00
Each additional line	1 00
One Column, one year	50 00
One Column, six months	30 00
One Column, three months	20 00
Half Column, one year	30 00
Half Column, six months	20 00
Half Column, three months	15 00
Fourth Column, one year	20 00
Fourth Column, six months	15 00
Fourth Column, three months	10 00
Eighth Column, one year	10 00
Eighth Column, six months	7 00
Eighth Column, three months	5 00
Announcing Candidates for office	10 00
Stray Notices (each head)	2 00

VOL. XII.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1867.

NO. 3

## Physicians.

**H. L. MATHEWS,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
OFFICE  
CITY DRUG STORE,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

**M. P. HARLEY, M. D.,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON  
Office at Residence of S. P. Tuttle,  
South East corner of 6th and Main Sts.,  
Brownville, Neb.

**J. W. BLACKBURN, M. D.,**  
PENSION EXAMINING SURGEON,  
Tender his professional services to the citizens of  
Brownville and vicinity.  
OFFICE AT CITY DRUG STORE.  
Night calls at his residence south side of Atlantic  
between 1st and 2nd streets.

**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.

**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 5 1/2 to 7 P. M.  
Brownville, Nebraska, May 6th, 1865—No. 34, 1y.

## Attorneys.

**T. W. Tipton, O. B. Hewitt, S. S. Church,**  
**ST. C. N. HEWETT & CHURCH**  
Attorneys at Law,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
March 1st, '66. 1y.

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

**WM. McLENNAN**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
NEBRASKA CITY,  
NEBRASKA.

**C. E. NYE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
AND  
WAR CLAIM AGENT,  
PAWNEE CITY, NEBRASKA.

## Hotels.

**4. STEVENSON, D. O. CROSS**  
**Star Hotel,**  
STEVENSON & CROSS Proprietors,  
On Levee St., between Main & Atlantic,  
Brownville Nebraska  
This House is convenient to the Steam Boat  
Landing, and the business part of Town. The best  
accommodations in the City. No pains will be  
spared in making guests comfortable.  
Good Stable and Corral convenient  
to the House.

**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 1y

**J. W. SMITH,**  
**BARBER**  
AND  
**HAIR DRESSER,**  
Main St., 5th door from S. W. cor 2nd St.  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA

**Nails, Pails, Well Buckets, Saws, Ac., at**  
**SWAY & BRO'S.**

## Business Cards.

**DORSEY, HOADLEY & CO.,**  
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,  
and Dealers in Land Warrants, and  
Agricultural College Scrip.  
Office, in Land Office Building,  
Brownville, Neb.  
Buy and sell improved and unimproved Lands.  
Buy, Sell, and locate Land Warrants, and agri-  
cultural college Scrip.  
Make careful selections of government Land  
for location, Homesteads, and pre-emption  
cases, in the Land office.  
Letters of inquiry, promptly and cheerfully an-  
swered.  
Correspondence Solicited.

**FRANZ HELMER,**  
**Wagon Maker,**  
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TEN-SHOP,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
WAGONS, RIGGLES, PLOWS, CULTI-  
VATORS, &c., Repaired on short notice, at low rates,  
and warranted to give satisfaction. 10-30 (ann)

**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  
Ladies' Misses' and Children's  
BOOTS AND SHOES.  
Custom work done with neatness and dispatch.  
Repairing done on short notice. 10-30 (ann)

**CHARLES HELMER,**  
**Boot and Shoe**  
**MAKER,**  
Main St., 2 doors below Brownville House,  
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. 10-30 (ann)

**GATES & BOUSFIELD,**  
**BRICKLAYERS**  
AND  
**PLASTERERS.**  
Brownville, Nebraska,  
Will take contracts for Bricklaying, Plastering,  
building Chimneys, and doing anything in their line  
in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.  
Aug. 30, 1866. 4-17-1y

**PIONEER PAINT SHOP**  
**LOUIS WALDTER,**  
**HOUSE**  
AND  
ORNAMENTAL  
**PAINTER**  
Grainer, Glider, Glazier,  
AND  
**PAPER-HANGER**  
White Washing and Kalsomining done.  
All work done in a workmanlike manner on the  
shortest notice.

**TERMS CASH!**  
SHOP: Main street over Morgan's Plow Fac-  
tory. (11-22-67)

**JACOB MAROHN'**  
**MERCHANT-**  
**TAYLOR,**  
MAIN STREET, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA  
AGENT FOR SINGER'S  
**SEWING**  
Aug. 23d 66  
Sugar Leaf Syrup, Sargum, and N. O. Molasses  
at SWAN & BROTHERS'

**CLOCK & 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 his line.  
One Door west of Grant's Store, Brown-  
ville, Nebraska.  
Repairs  
Of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on the short-  
est notice.  
WORK WARRANTED.  
Brownville, Neb., March 16th, 1866. 10-36-1y

**EVAN WORTHING,**  
**BILLIARD ROOM**  
South side Main bet. 1st and 2d  
Brownville, Nebraska,  
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in  
Wines, Liquors, Flemings  
and Scotch Ales, Lon-  
don Porter, Dou-  
blin Stout, Cigs

**Henry P. Sherburne,**  
**DEALER IN MUSIC**  
**Pianos & Melodeons**  
Musical Instruments, Musical Merchandise  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
No. 36 Market Street, between Main and Second.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1848  
**ST. LOUIS**  
SHATTERED CONSTITUTIONS RESTORED  
By Helmholt's Extract Buxa.

**Brooms, Salt, Axes, Powder, Shot and Lead at**  
**SWAN & BROTHERS'**  
**HELMHOLT'S FLUID-EXTRACT BUXA**  
pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious  
properties, and inimitable in its action.

## NEW Clothing Store.

The undersigned keep on hand a large assortment of  
**SATTINET & CASSIMERE SUITS**  
For Men and Boy's wear. Also, a large stock of  
**HATS AND CAPS**  
**LINEN & WOOLLEN SHIRTS**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
Rubber Coats, Leggings & Blankets,  
Trunks and Valises,  
**UMBRELLAS AND CARPET BAGS,**  
**Gent's Furnishing Goods,**  
Of all kinds which we will sell  
**CHEAP FOR CASH.**  
We purchased our goods since the de-  
cline in the Markets and will sell at low  
figures. **DORSEY & BRO.**  
-April 13th, 1865. 9-30-1y

**NEW MILLS.**  
**The Lafayette Mills**  
situated four miles above  
**GLEN ROCK**  
On The Little Nemaha River,  
Highest Cash Price Paid For All  
kinds of Grain. Bread Stuffs of all kinds con-  
stantly on hand for sale or in exchange for grain.

**SANDERS & HAWXBY,**  
**NOTICE TO FARMERS.**  
The undersigned having rented  
the Brownville  
**FLOURING MILLS,**  
Takes this method of informing the pub-  
lic that he intends doing  
**CUSTOM WORK**  
for the accommodation of farmers and others the  
coming season. The mill is now in operation and  
who have wheat to grind are respectfully invited  
to give me a trial, as I am confident of giving  
general satisfaction.  
The highest cash price given for wheat.  
26ft  
**F. W. MORRIS.**

**BEN. ROGERS, & CO.,**  
Livery, Feed, and Sale Stable,  
Main Street  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
Dealers in all kinds of Stock. Horses Bought, Sold  
and Exchanged. Stock boarded by the day or  
week.  
The Proprietors have recently erected an entire  
new, large and commodious Stable on Main Street  
near the old Brownville House. Their Stock is all  
fresh and Vehicles new. The public can be accom-  
modated at all hours, day or night.  
A Stock corral with an abundant supply of  
pure water attached to the Stable. 4-17-1y

**SEWING**  
MACHINE  
Agent for Singer's  
Sewing Machine

**ST. LOUIS**  
SHATTERED CONSTITUTIONS RESTORED  
By Helmholt's Extract Buxa.

**Brooms, Salt, Axes, Powder, Shot and Lead at**  
**SWAN & BROTHERS'**  
**HELMHOLT'S FLUID-EXTRACT BUXA**  
pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious  
properties, and inimitable in its action.

## THE BURGLAR'S BRIDE.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.  
I am now old. The gray indications  
of age surmount my wrinkled and de-  
crepit form. At times I am peevish and  
fretful bewailing my lot, and wishing  
that my days were ended; then a sweet  
remembrance of the past sweeps over me,  
and inspires me with reverence.—  
Though I am an old maid, there are  
things connected with my life which af-  
ford me pleasure to contemplate.  
At the age of eighteen I was left an  
orphan. My mother died when I was  
quite young; my poor father lingered a  
few short years, then, like a fragile flow-  
er, withered and died. Falling heir to  
my father's immense fortune, I was flut-  
tered, courted and admired by the peo-  
ple of the world—not for my self alone,  
but for my wealth. Well I knew if I  
were destitute of that which has power  
to attract thousands, my friends would be  
few. I soon became restless, weary, and  
tired of those empty flatteries.  
At length the tortured brain hit upon  
a wild scheme which I determined to  
carry out, despite the expostulations of  
my maid.

Anastase, my waiting maid, had rela-  
tives residing in a proportionately large  
village some six miles from W—, and  
I there determined to execute my project.  
It was a radiant beautiful morning in  
the month of May. The sweet birds,  
and the delicious and sweet perfume of the  
flowers, seemed to add balm to my aching  
heart, and revive my drooping spirit. I  
was not a philanthropist; but on that  
beautiful morning I felt that there were  
others beside myself, and that the Creator  
had not designed this terrestrial uni-  
verse for me alone to enjoy. All I now  
desired was a true and trusting friend,  
one whom I could love, and whose faith-  
fulness the adversities of life could not  
shake.

My maid and I stood upon the portico,  
literally surrounded by trunks, boxes and  
bundles impatiently awaiting the arrival  
of the rustic, lumbering stage coach. I  
was completely metamorphosed, having  
substituted the plain, comely traveling  
dress for my usually rich apparel; no  
jewelry adorned my person; it was my  
object to appear as one in the ordinary  
circumstances. At an abrupt turn in the  
road a cloud of dust revealed to my an-  
xious eyes the wished for conveyance.—  
With the aid of the porter and coachman  
our trunks, etc., were deposited on the  
top, and, with a brief farewell to those  
at the house, we were rolling toward our  
new home.

This caprice of mine was indeed re-  
markably novel. I, the wealthy D'Ha-  
ven, daughter and heir of Captain D'Ha-  
ven, U. S. N., riding in a country stage  
coach; destination—an old farm house,  
where, in order to find some one to love  
me, independent of gold as a dowry, I  
had assumed a fictitious name, and be-  
came a plain country lass. What would  
some of my aristocratic friends say?  
First the old time-worn church, then a  
cluster of freshly painted cottages re-  
vealed our wished for destination. It was  
the dawn of a new era to me.

"Miss Howard, I believe," said a  
portly old gentleman, advancing to where  
my maid and I stood.  
It was Anastase's uncle. He had  
come to meet us with the wagon.  
"I am she," I answered slightly bow-  
ing, and, as I gazed upon his round ge-  
nial face, a feeling of friendship was  
awakened in my bosom, which I had never  
before experienced.

I cannot describe my state of mind as  
I rode through the country village. I  
was almost tempted to forget my origi-  
nal intention. How humiliating it would  
be, were it made public, I thought. My  
name would be a byword to gossips. My  
reverie was brought to a close by the  
termination of our journey.

"This, then, is to be my temporary  
home," said I, looking at the old, an-  
tique looking horse bounding up from  
among large and shady willows.  
I was introduced to the inmates, and  
then Mrs. Williams (a kind, genial ma-  
tron of two score and ten—one whom I  
shall always remember with a feeling  
akin to awe) accompanied me to my  
room. After expressing many wishes  
and apologies, she said:  
"My dear Anna—for such I must call  
you—you must make yourself perfectly  
at home. Our mode of living is not  
grand, but we will do all in our power to  
make you comfortable."

"Thank you," I replied; "I shall en-  
deavor to do so. I am perfectly en-  
tranced with your rural home. It is so dif-  
ferent from what I prepared it. Every-  
thing is so home-like—so inviting."  
I had been in my new home two months  
—months of bliss to me—and what  
changes were wrought in those two  
months! I met him—Eugene St. Clair.  
Tall, dark and handsome. I fail to de-  
scribe him. He seemed cool and distant to  
all but me. I met him, and loved him—  
loved him as mortal seldom loves. One  
night, as we stood upon the lawn facing  
the lake, the crescent moon shone full  
upon us, and nothing disturbed the still-  
ness but the gentle rippling of the water.  
His hat he held in one hand, the other  
clasped mine. He was gazing dreamily  
into my eyes. I could not speak. I was  
silently happy.

"Anna," said he in his low, harmoni-  
ous voice, which sounded like music to  
my ear—"Anna, will you be my wife? I  
will link your destiny with that of a  
gambler?"

"A gambler!" I gasped, disengaging  
myself from him, and gazing with terror  
into his pallid face.  
"A gambler I have been but I have re-  
nounced that hellish life. I mean to re-  
form, to make myself worthy of the name  
I bear; and all for you, because I love  
you. It was not my choice, heaven  
knows 'twas not! I was driven to it. I  
was a spendthrift; became dissipated  
and reckless. My father thrice threat-  
ened to discard me. I did not heed his  
threats. I became involved in debt; ap-  
pealed to my father, promising to reform,  
but he ordered me out of the house.  
There was only left one resource, and  
that I adopted, I became a gambler."  
He buried his head in his hands and  
wept. I could not articulate a word. I  
seemed petrified. Objects began to grow  
dim around me. I staggered and would  
have fallen had he not caught me in his  
arms. I left the spot the affianced bride  
of Eugene St. Clair.

I was happy and sorrowful, alternate-  
ly; happy in the belief that Eugene loved  
me, yet apprehensive of my future.  
We were to be married in three weeks,  
I did not know his reason for a hasty,  
quiet marriage. I did not enquire.  
Whatever Eugene desired, I willingly  
assented to. I had the most implicit  
faith in his love.

"Anna, I am compelled to leave you  
for a short time. I have business—busi-  
ness of vital importance—which I must  
immediately transact; but I shall not be  
long absent."

I felt piqued at his not telling me the  
nature of his business; but with a single  
smile I bade him God speed. He lifted  
my hand to his lips, and passionately im-  
printed kisses upon it.

As his form passed from view, there  
came a thought into my frivolous mind  
—a thought which was destined to blast  
my bright hopes and visions. I asked  
myself, why not start for home, and  
write to Eugene, urging him to join me.  
It would be such a surprise—such a  
pleasant surprise—to see him enter my  
mission—state in bewilderment, and  
gaze upon his wealthy affianced with  
wonder. I thought 'twould be deligh-  
tful. Accordingly I ordered my trunks  
to be packed, so as to be able to start on  
the morrow.

"Mrs. Williams, this evening will  
terminate my stay under your hospitable  
roof; an occurrence which I regret ex-  
ceedingly. I shall always remember the  
happy days I have spent here, and with  
tears recall those bright faces at the  
old stone farm house."

We were sitting on the porch enjoy-  
ing the refreshing breeze from the lake.  
I noticed the crestfallen look on their  
faces as I spoke of departing. I, too,  
experienced a poignant pang of regret at  
leaving such kind and sympathizing  
friends. The kind old lady turned her  
beaming eyes full upon me, and in a  
voice husky with emotion, said:  
"Anna, I take as much interest in  
your welfare as I would in my child's.  
What I tell you is for your own good,  
you must take no offense. We are about  
to part—your path leads one way—mine  
another; perhaps we shall never meet  
again in this world. If we should not,  
remember what I tell you. You are  
about to connect yourself to a man of the  
world, a man who, I have no doubt, loves  
you; but whose reputation is so very  
bad; he was at one time reckless, dissi-  
pated, and is even now reported to have  
been—a gambler."

"I learned that from his own lips," I  
returned rather haughtily.  
"Yes, my child; but do you not know  
the danger into which you are precipitat-  
ing yourself. I would like to warn you  
before 'tis too late; but—"

"Hence and earth could not move me  
in my resolve. I have as much faith in  
that man as I had in my father; and  
were he to prove false, I would not con-  
demn, but pity him."  
She made no answer.

But this evening, as I bid her "good-  
night," she fondly drew me to her, and  
fervently pronounced a blessing.  
The morning dawned radiant and  
beautiful. Mrs. Williams greeted me  
with a merry "good-morning," inquired  
after my health, and invited me to partake  
of a frugal meal she had prepared for  
me. Then came the final leave tak-  
ing, and in a short time I was on my  
homeward journey.

I found everything as I had left it at  
home. The servants were somewhat  
surprised at my unlooked for arrival. I  
left Anastase to make all explanations,  
and sought my room. I immediately  
changed my dusty garments, for more  
suitable apparel, and proceeded to write  
to my future husband. In it I stated that  
I wished to see him concerning material  
matters—gave him the necessary direc-  
tions—wrote his address on the envelope,  
and placed the note in my writing desk,  
intending to send it on the morrow. It  
had again become cloudy, and toward  
evening the rain descended in torrents.  
The hoarse rattling of the thunder, and  
the dull pattering of the rain, did not  
sound discordant to my ear. I liked it.  
It agreed with my "turbulent state of  
mind."

I had just finished a book in which I  
was deeply interested. The clock tolled  
the hour of eleven. I started, rubbed my  
eyes, and threw my book upon the table.  
Time flies on rapid wings, I thought,  
and made preparations to retire. I lay  
listening to the rain beating against my  
window, thinking of the time when he  
would place his arms about me, and call  
me his little wife. And I, too, was per-  
forming a good action. I was recuing

from the jaws of an untimely grave—  
from the yawning gulf of perpetual per-  
dition one of God's creatures—one for  
whom I would willingly have sacrificed  
my life. The clock struck twelve. I  
turped myself on my pillow, and tried to  
compose my mind to sleep. I had sunk  
into sweet, dreamy slumber, when I was  
awakened by a slight noise in the direc-  
tion of the window. A noise too loud to  
be caused by the rain, and too low, I  
thought, to be caused by a human being.  
I raised myself in bed, and peered  
through the darkness. The light which  
I generally left burning, flickered dimly,  
casting vague shadows here and there.

Intent on learning the cause of the  
noise which disturbed me, I quietly arose  
and approached the window. At that in-  
stant a vivid flash of lightning illumina-  
ted the room, and revealed to me the  
window, partly raised. For a moment  
I stood irresolute, caused by the reflec-  
tion that, perhaps, burglars had attempt-  
ed to gain an entrance to the house.—  
The raised window convinced me that  
danger was imminent, for I had securely  
closed it before retiring. Before his  
death, my father had presented me with  
a small pistol, and this weapon I always  
kept under my pillow. In an instant  
more I was by the bedside, and had the  
pistol in my hand. I gazed again toward  
the window; but oh, horror! before it  
stood a man, masked, and holding in his  
hand a poniard.

I tried to cry out but my voice failed  
me. The next instant I was rudely  
seized by the throat, and a horse voice  
hisser in my ear.  
"One word and you die!"  
I was frantic with fear. I clenched my  
pistol, leveled and fired. A flash of  
lightening revealed the features of  
Eugene St. Clair. The clock tolled one.

My story is told. I feel relieved of a  
heavy burden.  
Mr. and Mrs. Williams are dead, and  
I occupy the old stone farm house.—  
There, near the grave of Eugene, I pass  
my days. He tried to rob the rich Anna  
D'Haven, to marry the poor Anna How-  
ard. It was a mistake—my folly.

## THE EBB OF THE TIDE.

John Morgan is in the saddle again.  
His raid through Ohio, Pennsylvania  
and Iowa, has not resulted in the capture  
of those States, though it has caused loyal  
men no little discomfort and alarm.  
But we trust that it will only rouse the  
spirit of the North, and that when the  
great battle comes those who fight for  
the flag will strike harder blows as they  
remember the rebel raid and the insolent  
rejoicing which followed it.

The election returns, though they do  
not please, do not disappoint nor surprise  
us. In spite of all that good leaders can  
do to teach the necessity of steady and  
unflinching effort, the Republican voters  
still feel that they need not spend all  
their time in killing the Democratic party.  
Accordingly, when the main issue  
is not directly involved, they stay at  
home, or divide upon minor or personal  
questions, and suffer the enemy to gain  
fruitless victories. Unwise as this is,  
it is still not unnatural, for overwhelming  
victories engender overweening confi-  
dence. The sting of occasional defeat  
and the pressure of apparent peril are  
needed to rouse the party to irresistible  
effort. Meanwhile, the opposition victo-  
ries, except in their moral effect upon  
both parties, are really fruitless.

What have we lost? The Supreme  
Judge of Pennsylvania is not an officer  
of any political consequence, and the de-  
feat of Williams, if indeed he is defeat-  
ed, does not diminish in the least de-  
gree the actual power of the dominant  
party. The loss of local officers in Phil-  
adelphia is of still less practical conse-  
quence. Its only result will be benefi-  
cial if it turns out of control of the party  
the local management by which this de-  
feat has been brought about. The loss  
of the State ticket in Ohio would have  
been serious, but we have not lost it.—  
Hayes will be Governor, and Thurman  
will still aid Vallandigham to adorn pri-  
vate life. The power of the State, in  
any emergency, will be in the right  
hands, and the thousands of Republicans  
who stayed at home, thus reducing the  
majority, having recruited their demoral-  
ized system by this little relaxation,  
will come up to the polls at the next  
election as fresh as ever. In Iowa, if  
we have lost in some cities secured of  
local divisions, we have still secured all  
the fruits of victory. Two senators are  
to be elected, one in Ohio and one in  
Pennsylvania; and the prospect now is  
that the Republicans have secured both.  
If so, it is a gain of one (in place of  
Buckalew), and that precisely where a  
gain is of practical and permanent im-  
portance. Two members of Congress  
were elected, to fill vacancies. In Penn-  
sylvania, a Democrat replaces a Demo-  
crat by a greatly reduced majority. In  
Ohio, we have one. The sonorous voice  
of Cary will be heard in Congress, and  
his vote will swell the little minority of  
noses on all party measures to fifty in-  
stead of forty-nine—that is all. If, in-  
stead of one member, the Democrats had  
gained twenty, they might have been  
able to sustain a veto. As it is, they can  
do nothing.

The defeat of the negro suffrage  
amendment in Ohio is to be regretted,  
not because the practical advantages of  
an increased Republican vote would have  
been considerable, but because of the  
encouragement which it gives to the op-  
position. We have already said that the

form of the amendment submitted raised  
somewhat more opposition to it than  
would have been excited by a simple  
proposition of negro suffrage. But, in  
the defeat of the amendment we have  
new proof of the necessity of earnest,  
faithful, and well-directed efforts to re-  
move that prejudice upon which all  
Democratic opposition to the reconstruc-  
tion measures will be concentrated.

In practical advantages we lose nothing.  
The fruits of victory remain with us.  
We regret only the moral effect of  
reduced Republican majorities. The re-  
sult will encourage Andrew Johnson. It  
may embolden him to armed and violent  
resistance to the popular will, and we  
cannot now be sure that he will not force  
the people who neglected to use their  
ballots in October, to take down their  
muskets in December. At the least, it  
renders imperatively necessary those  
measures of preparation which have hith-  
erto been deferred as needless.

The moral effect of the elections, in  
the ordinary sense—in the effect upon  
other elections, and especially upon the  
Presidential contest—will be rather fa-  
vorable than otherwise. True, it will  
embolden the Democrats. Possibly it  
may stimulate them to adopt some defi-  
nite policy—a thing they have not dared  
to do since they declared the war a failure.  
But it will teach the Republican party  
the necessity of earnest and united effort  
in order to win in 1868. It will kill all  
side issues, as a sharp frost kills the yellow  
fever. It will compact the party; rid it  
of corrupt or unwise leaders; root out  
distracting theories; and prepare us  
to fight together in solid phalanx in the  
Presidential contest. Without this disci-  
pline, wholesome though not pleasing,  
we should very likely have been beaten.  
It clears the decks for action.

The war recedes. But it receded fur-  
ther in 1862, only to gather strength and  
volume for the flood of 1864. The Demo-  
crats—then elected every member of  
Congress but two from Ohio, swept In-  
diana, elected Seymour in New York,  
and began to apporportion the offices as if  
the Presidential contest had been already  
won. All their rejoicings to-day are  
tame compared with the frenzy of tri-  
umph exultation with which they  
hailed that victory. Emancipation, they  
boasted, was rejected by the people. But  
at the next election the Emancipator was  
chosen by unprecedented majorities. To-  
day, though they have not yet elected  
State officers nor obtained control of the  
Legislature, in a single Northern State,  
California excepted, they already claim  
the Presidential election, and boast that  
the people will repudiate a reconstruction  
policy based upon the votes of loyal  
blacks. We shall see. As the tide rolls  
out, the tiny creatures of the shore,  
whose vision is bounded by the nearest  
ridge of sand, and whose memory hardly  
reaches back to yesterday, think that the  
sea has forever receded. But there will  
come another tide in due season, govern-  
ed by laws of which they know nothing,  
burying them and their trail in the sand  
wholly out of sight. Let the Republi-  
cans do their duty, and the flood tide of  
1868 will roll higher than that of 1864.  
—St. Louis Democrat, 10th.

## The Diabolical Spirit of Democ- racy.

At a meeting of Copperheads held at  
Hillsboro, Ohio, Mr. Vallandigham was  
advised to speak, but just before that  
opportunity commenced, the Chairman, a Mr.  
Jilson, announced that "he had just re-  
ceived a letter, and would like to read it."  
Mr. Vallandigham said certainly, and  
Mr. Jilson read as follows:

"I HELL, Recon No. 71,450!"  
"To the Black Republicans of Ohio!"  
"I am here suffering torments for my  
crimes and usurpations won on earth.  
In these flames I am reminded of my  
great wickedness, and send these words  
to you that you may take warning.—  
George Washington passed by me on the  
other side of the great gulf, but only  
looked at me with unutterable scorn.  
Take warning by my fate."  
(Signed) "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The impious devil read this with a  
chuckle, and Vallandigham made it the  
base of an appeal to his audience to  
avoid hell by voting with the Democratic  
party. The narration of this diabolical  
piece of treasonable impudence called  
forth a storm of hisses from the audience,  
and seemed to deepen the hatred which  
all respectable people must entertain  
for a party which can tolerate such base-  
ly profanity.

[From the North (Va.) Day Book.]  
**Remarkable Physiological Facts—  
Negroes Turning White.**

There are a dozen negroes in this city  
who are slowly turning white, to say  
nothing of one old fellow who took the  
start several years ago, and is now com-  
pletely white. It is curious to watch the  
progress of these physiological phenom-  
ena, which, so far as we are informed,  
are puzzles to the most acute physiologi-  
sts. It takes many years for the change  
to pass entirely over the person, and  
while it is so passing the subject presents  
the most singular, and in many cases,  
revolving spectacles imaginable. There