Nebraska Advertiser

J. S. CHURCH. J. L. COLHAPP. T. C. HACKER

CHURCH, COLHAPP & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

McPherson's Block, 2d Floor, Hall Entrance,

Brownville, Neb.

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☞ Book Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work done the best style, and on short notice.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

Nebraska Advertiser.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, first insertion	$1 00
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Business Cards, (five lines or less)	5 00
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DRUG STORES.

HOLLADAY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
DRUGS, MEDICINE, PAINT, OIL, &c,
P. O Building, Main St.,

WM. H. McCREERY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Drugs, Books, Wall-paper and Stationery,
Corner Main and 1st Sts.,

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Dealer in
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Foot of Main Street near Levee,

1856. Established 1856
WM. T. DEN,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in
GENERAL MER HANDISE.
Corn Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT
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Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs and Produce, by WM. T. DEN.

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AND LIGHT GROCERY STORE,
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Dealers in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
McPherson's Block, Main street,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE
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A. S HOLLADAY M D
(Graduated in 1851; Located in Brownville in 1856)
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Dr. H. has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical instruments.
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P. S.—Special attention given to Obstetrics and the diseases of women and children. x-44-ly

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OFFICE:
South East corner of Main and First Street.
OFFICE HOURS—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ P. M

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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND LAND AGENT.
OFFICE—In New Court House Building, with Probate Judge. v 2-n26

T. W. Tipton O. B. Hewett J. S. Church
TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office in McPherson's Block, Main st. between 2d & 3d

R. W. THOMAS. J. H. BROADY.
THOMAS & BROADY
Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery,
Office over Dorsey's Clothing Store,

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

S. B. HARRINGTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Beatrice, Gage Co., Neb.

B. F. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Tecumseh, Johnson Co., Neb

CHESTER F NYE,
Attorney at Law and War Claim Agent,
Pawnee City, Nebraska.

BOOTS & SHOES.

CHARLES HELLMER.
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Main Street, 2 doors below the southeast corner of 2nd, Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes and the best material and ability for doing
☞ *Custom Work done with neatness and dispatch.*

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Main Between 1st & 2d Street
Takes this method of informing the public that he has on hand a splendid assortment of Gent's and Ladie's Misses' and Childrens's
BOOTS & SHOES.
☞ Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. ☜
Repairing done on short notice. 1y-30 fmu

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Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES & COLLARS
Mending done to order—satisfaction guarrantied.
Shop on Main bet. 1st and 2d sts..

JOHN W. MIDDLETON
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
Whips and Lashes of every description, Plastering Hair. Cash paid for Hides.
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STAR HOTEL,
STEVENSON & CROSS, Proprietors,
On Levee St. between Main & Atlantic.
This House is convenient to the Steam Boat Landing, and the business part of the City. The best accommodations in the City. No pains will be spared in making guests comfortable. Good Stable and Corral convenient to the House

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
MICHAEL FINK, Proprietor.
Southside Main between 1st and 2nd streets,
Meals at all Hours, or for Regular Boarders, at the usual rates. 12-11-1y

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A good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with the House. Front street, between Main and Water,

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AND
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
Office in M'Pherson's Block, 2d floor, Hall Entrance.

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Dealer in
STOVES, TINWARE, PUMPS, &c.
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Manufacturers and Dealers in
TINWARE STOVES HARDWARE. CARPENTER'S TOOLS BLACKSMITH'S FURNISHINGS &c
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J. H. BESON,
Will do BLACKSMITHING of all kinds.
Makes Horse Shoeing, Ironing of Wagons and Sleighs and Machine Work a Specially.
Shop on Main St., west of McPherson's Block,

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BLACKSMITHS
SHOP on 1st between Main and 2d,
All Work done to order—Satisfaction Guarrantied.

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BLACKSMITH
Shop on Water Street South of American House
☞ Custom Work of all kinds solcited. 12-12

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CONFECTIONERY AND TOY STORE
Fresh Bread, Cakes, Oyster, Fruit, &c., on hand.
Southside Main between 1st and 2d streets,

J. P. DEUSER,
Dealer in
Confectionaries, Toys, Notions, &c.,
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.

WM. ALLEN.
Proprietor of the CITY BAKERY. Fancy Wedding Cake furnished on short notice. Dealer in Confectionaries Fruits and best Family Flour.
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Grainer, Gilder, Glazier and Paper-Hanger.
All work done on Short Notice. Favorable Terms and Warranted. Office over Tears & Co's Store, Main st.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. 12-21-1y

BATH ROOMS.
J. L. ROY,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
North side Main St., opposite Furniture Store.
Has a splendid suit of Bath Rooms, Also a choice stock of Gentlemen's Notions.

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Court House Building, Main St.

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Notary Public and Conveyancer,
Agent for "National Life" and "Hartford Live Stock Insurance" Companies.
Office in J. L. Carson's Bank,

GARRISON & ROBERTS,
BILLIARD HALL AND SALOON,
Whitney's Block, Main street, bet. 1st & 2d.
The best Wines and Liquors kept constantly on hand. v12-n26-tf

R. V. HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE & REAL ESTATE AGENT.
OFFICE—Court House Building, first door, west side. v12-n26

R. F. BARRETT.
GENERAL LAND AGENT, AND LAND WARRANT BROKER,
Will attend to paying Takes for Non-residents. Personal attention given to making Locations. Lands, improved and unimproved, for sale on reasonable terms v12-n26-1y

WM. H. HOOVER.
REAL ESTATE AND TAX PAYING AGENT.
Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. OFFICE—District Court Room. v12-n26

A. D. MARSH,
CITY BOOK STORE.
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIOERY, &c.,
Post Office, Main St.,

E. H. BURCHES,
LANDSCAPE GARDNER
Will the coming Spring plant crops in Gardens and cultivate same by contract. Will also have on hand sweet Potato, Cabbage, Tomato & Pepper plants for sale

WORTHING & WILCOX.
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
And dealers in all kinds of Grain for which they pay the Highest Market Price in Cash.

FRANZ HELMER.
WAGON MAKER,
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN SHOP,
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, &c., Repaired on short notice, at low rates and warranted to give satisfaction. x-12-1y nu

JONAS HACKER.
Tax Collector for the City of Brownville,
Will attend to the payment of Taxes for non-resident land owners in Nemaha County. Correspondence Solicited.
Office on Main bet. 1st and 2d,

SMITH P. TUTTLE.
U. S. Assistant Assessor and Claim Agent Will attend to the Prosecution of Claims before the Department for Ad Bounty Back Pay and Pensions Also, to the Collection of Semi-Annual dues on Pensions,
Office over Carsons Bank Main street,

A. STAFFORD.
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
Persons wishing Pictures executed in the latest style of the Art will please call at my Art Gallery.
Main street bet. 1st and 2d street.

GEO. W. DORSEY. LUTHER HOADLEY. CHAS. G DORSEY
DORSEY HOADLEY & CO.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, AND
DEALERS IN LAND WARRANTS AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE SCRIP.
Office in Land Office Building.
Buy and sell improved and unimproved Lands. Buy, sell and locate Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip Make careful selections of Government Lands for Location, Homesteads, and Pre emptions — Attend to contested Homesteads and Pre-emption cases in the Land Office. Letters of inquiry promptly and carefully answered. Correspondence solicited. 25tf

KEISWETTER & EARSMAN,
Butchers,
CITY MEAT MARKET,
Main bet. 1st and 2nd Sts.,

The Song of Grant's Soldiers.

Pile on the rails! Come, comrades all,
We'll sing a song to-night;
To-morrow, when the bugles call,
Be ready for the fight.
Be ready, then, with wild hurrah
To battle or to die;
When Grant shall yield, the Northern Star
Will fade from out the sky.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Before us lie the rebel host,
Their watch fires we can see;
We laugh to hear the traitor's boast
Of Southern victory.
Three cheers for Grant, and one more cheer
Until the woods ring back!
Ah! well the rebel chief may fear
The blood-hound on his track.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

In freedom's cause our blades were drawn;
The traitor yet shall feel
Before the day of peace shall dawn
How strong is Northern steel.
Three cheers for Grant, my gallant men!
Give three loud roaring cheers,
Until the foe, within his den
Shall tremble while he hears.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Thus far we've come through fire and flood,
Still further on we'll press,
Although the way be red with blood
As through the wilderness.
Then cheer, brave comrades, let the night
Ring with your loud hurrahs
For Grant, who knows so well to fight,
And for the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Polly's Old Sweetheart"

"No use saying any more?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, there's not money enough left. Of course, if he had told me so before his death, I should have looked after the place, and made myself a farmer in station, as well as in work; but I really thought I should be able to play the part of 'gentleman Giles,' and go hunting four days a week in the season. Now he's gone, there's not enough left to work the farm properly, let alone keeping two or three fine-skins to eat their heads off. Beside, I can't stand being patronized. Met young Sir William yesterday. 'Mr. White,'—used to be Sam.'—'I've heard about the state of affairs; if it will be of any service to you, I'll take the gray mare off your hands at sixty.' 'Thank you, *Sir William Monk*,' said I, I'm much obliged; but I've refused eighty for her once or twice.' Well, well, if you like to send anything from the farm up to the House, they shall take it at market rates. It may help you a bit, you know Mr. White.' 'Thank you, Sir William Monk,' said I, not very grateful, I'm afraid. He meant well, I don't doubt; but, confound it, I can't stand being patronized by a man I was hand-and-glove with; so I must go and see whether the sun shines any brighter the other side of the world."

"You might, you know, Sam, put the screw on for a year or two"

"That's true enough; but I can't load up manure carts here with all the people looking on. No, I shall go—I know a little about cattle."

"Almost too much, Sam."

"Don't laugh at me, Nunky; on my life, she was all right when you had her."

"Yes, and went dead two days afterward. Oh, Sam! you should have spared me."

"So I would have done, only you insisted on having her."

"Well, perhaps, I did; but you certainly had got her into a very fine form when she came, and I wouldn't take twice the money for her now."

"Well, you see I have a prospect; and I'm off next week."

"What will Polly say?"

"Ah! poor little Polly! Here she is."

"Polly, Sam's going to Australia next week. He won't be able to marry you before he goes."

"I shouldn't like to be married before he goes. I shall only be eleven next birthday, and mama says people ought not to be married till they're eighteen or nineteen, or more: so I'll wait till he comes back."

"But suppose I never came back, Polly?"

"Then I won't marry any one at all."

"Never?"

"No; never. You said I was to be your little wife when I gave you flowers and sewed the button on your coat. You took off the little gold medal with a hole in it, from your watch chain, to pay me. So it's all settled, and I shan't marry any one else. You must come and fetch me when I'm old enough."

"Oh, it will be no use; you'll be married to Frank Monk, and be a lady then."

"What! that stupid boy? I hate him! Last time he was here he pushed in the eyes of my baby-doll, and melted her poor nose against the kitchen-bars No; I never will marry a cruel boy like that. He might poke my eyes in with his dirty fingers"

"Well, well Polly; I'll come back, if you'll wait for me, then."

"Of course I will. When are you going?"

"Next week. I'll bring you a keepsake before I go."

"I don't want anything, Sam,—except——"

"Well? 'Except?'"

"I was going to say—if I might have 'Gip,' only to take care of for you, you know."

"'Have him?'—I shall be only too glad to find so kind a little mistress for him, I'll bring him down next time I come. Good-by, Polly. Of course, as you're my 'little wife,' I must kiss you."

"Of course you must, Sam."

"Gip" was duly brought down, and after a long leave-taking, Sam was gone.

When Polly had dried her eyes she said:

"Mama, what's that ring on your finger? not the wedding one—the other?"

That's a keeper."

"No, not that; the one with an emerald in it?"

"That's what papa gave to me when I was engaged to him."

"What for?"

"I don't know; because it's customary to wear one, I suppose."

"Don't you think Sam ought to have given me one mama—so as to show everybody I'm engaged?"

"Bless the child! He's nearly old enough to be your father. Run along and finish your sewing."

"Never mind mama, I've got the little gold medal with a hole in it, and I can show them that, can't I?"

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Halstead's been again to-day. That's the fourth time this week. What on earth does he want here?"

"To tell you the truth, I think he wants Polly."

"Oh, indeed! Our little Polly, too"

"Now, John! 'Little Polly!' She's very well-grown girl, and was twenty two yesterday."

"Twenty-two! How time flies! It seems but a little while since Sam White went away, and yet it must be twelve years."

"We ought to have a letter this mail; it's nearly six months since the last, John. I wish that he would not write at all; that girl will never get settled through that nonsense. She'll wait and wait, and then he'll bring a wife home."

"There's no hurry. Bless my heart, wife! Why you were seven-and-twenty when I married you."

"That was your fault. I was quite ready and willing years before, if you'd only spoken up like a man."

"I tell you what, wife, it's a serious thing—this proposing."

"Well, I hope the result has proved as pleasant as the prospect was serious."

"All right, old lady, all right! There's not much to grumble at."

Why any spectator, had there been one, should have seen Mrs. Hazeel sitting on her husband's knee with her arm round his neck and tears in her eyes, I don't know; but so it was.

"But about Mr. Halstead, John?"

"Well, my dear, if he speaks to me—as, I suppose, being a curate, he will—I shall give him leaf to speak to her. I need not ask what you would do. I know that every woman would like to have one of her daughters married to a parson, though I'm sure I don't know why."

"They're very nice people, John that's why; much better than stupid farmers."

"Oh! *Why* didn't *you* marry a curate, then—you had two chances?"

"Because — because — I preferred a stupid, pipe-smoking farmer, like a fool—like a wise woman, John, dear."

"All right, old lady, I'll give my consent."

In due time consent was asked and given, and Polly refused the curate, tenderly and kindly; offering him sisterly affection, which was not exactly what he wanted. And he laid his plaint before her father.

"She says she's engaged, sir, and showed me a medal."

And thereupon explanations were given, and the curate went home worse than ever; so bad, indeed, that in three months' time, being of good family, he was obliged to be consoled by one of seven girls at the vicarage, and as nobody said anything about his little affair at the farm, Polly attended in a sisterly way as one of the brides-maids, as "it would not do, you know, to have only sisters, though there *are* six of them."

Another year went by, and Mrs. Hazeel had her way; there was no letter from Sam.

Farmers and doctors, and another curate, too, had laid seige to the fortress of Polly's heart and been beaten off, and compelled to retreat in despair.

Polly was as bright and lively, and did up her abundant hair in the same ravishing masses as ever; but she had no love for any one.

Old "Gib," toothless and a little blind, used to trot about the place after her or be carried in her arms; but as for grief or care, Polly seemed to know them not.

At last her winter came.

"Who do you think has come back, Polly?"

"Sam."

"Yes—and his wife."

"No, father—no—don't say it. He would not—could not—after all these years."

"Didn't I tell you so, Polly? I knew he would; they always do bring back wives"

"Are you sure, father?"

"No; but old Gatherwool told me he saw them in the town. Sam, who has grown brown and bearded and stout, and a little foreign-looking woman, very young, with him."

Poor Polly went to bed with a dreadful heartache—after all these years!

Next morning they had hardly done breakfast when a chaise was driven up to the door by Sam himself, and a lady was in it.

Poor Polly ran to the door with her father and mother to welcome him home.

"Put your foot on the step, Nina."

"Yes, uncle," said Nina, with a slightly foreign accent.

Polly no sooner heard the words than she ran away without a word and went up-stairs and had a good cry, and then came down all blushing and happy to see Sam.

"What! This Polly? My little Polly! This fine, tall Hebe, my little Polly? I don't believe it. Oh, Polly, how you have grown! I suppose he won't mind my having a kiss after all these years, whoever he is;' and then he kissed trembling Polly on the cheek—once—and then talked to her father.

He had forgotten all—this stout, bearded man—who was as brown as a gipsey and looked as old as her father! Was it for this she had waited? This rough-looking, loud-talking, smoke-smelling man—this was what she had waited thirteen years for!

And this, his welcome!

And then Polly was obliged to think of her little guest.

Who was Nina?

Well, Nina was Nina.

Well, then, she was, with her father and mother, a child then of three years old, on board the ship going out, and took a fancy to Sam and Sam to her; and when the ship was wrecked off Cape Patton he had managed to swim to shore with her. The father and mother were both drowned, and the child thus saved became his, and he took care of it; and this was Nina his little niece or daughter, and nurse and everything.

Old Mr. Hazeel insisted on their staying until they could move to the old place, bought by Sam, and so they used to idle away the time, those three drones, all day long.

Nina, as became her Italian nature, could do nothing but gather flowers and sing and dress herself; and Sam said he had worked so hard on land, he wanted a land-holiday as well as a sea one; and then Nina wanted taking care of and Polly went with them. After a little, Sam got cross, and ate nothing, and took long walks, and long rides, and drank vinegar, and talked in a low tone of voice, and stammered, and blushed, and then left off kissing Polly at night, and then left off kissing Polly at all, and then, one day, Polly found herself crying in his arms, with her tears being kissed away, before she well knew how she had come there; and after that Sam talked loud, and smoked, and left off drinking vinegar, and behaved again like a rational being, so much so that one day he was allowed to take Polly to church, and have an interview with the minister, after which they wrote their names in a book, and the bells rang, as if no names had ever been written in the book before.

It happened some weeks after this, as Polly and Sam were sitting on the beach, that Polly said:

"Sam, dear, I want to ask you one thing."

"Well, Polly?"

"When did you first think—you know—after you came home?"

"Well, do you remember one day Nina and I were sitting down on the garden seat, and you came to fetch us into tea, with old Gip trotting after you, and Nina was making me up a bunch of flowers?"

"Yes, Sam, I remember"

"Well dear, I asked you for a flower."

"Yes, I remember."

"And you plucked a rose with a leaf, and——"

"Put it in your coat. Was it then?"

"Yes, Polly, it was—when you came so close to me that I could almost hear your heart beating. I made up my mind then, Polly, that I was not too old, and that I might be happy again."

"And are you happy, Sam, dear?"

I don't think Polly heard Sam's answer very clearly; but she seemed quite to understand that he was.

An Editor in Disgrace.

The veteran of the lobby, Thurlow Weed, might get himself into as bad a scrape as he chose, and few would regret it. But we confess some regret that the veteran editor, Weed, has got himself in so discreditable a fix. In his testimony he swears that he met in a room with certain persons to talk about impeachment; that one of them had already proposed to buy the votes of three Senators, and had thereupon been introduced by him to Collector Smythe—a man who would be likely to have money to spend for that purpose One of these persons was a well known lobbyist, and connected with the whiskey ring; one was an editor of the same paper with Mr. Weed, and also experienced in lobby matters; and the third was a United States revenue officer. This precious quartette talked about getting money to influence votes, and Mr. Weed uttered not a word of objection. They raised the money; communicated from time to time on the subject by telegraph to Mr. Weed, who states that he did for them what they asked, and knew that "it was about impeachment," and finaly they succeeded, and sent a jubilant dispatch. But Thurlow Weed, admitting so much, cannot perceive that his own integrity is in any way involved. Perhaps long experience has led him to look upon the buyer of perjured votes as a perfectly saintless person, and to ascribe all the blame to the worthless wretch who accepts the bribe! There are not many men in the country, let us hope, who would be willing to be known as having been concerned in such a transaction.

A Litchfield Democrat lately ordered his Republican paper discontinued, but it kept coming. One of his friends suggested that they were trying to make a Republican of him. "Well," said he, "they'll find out they're casting pearls before swine."

Vallandigham is proud of his record.

Earnest Thoughts.

From discourses, by James Hamilton, D. D. of London:

Those of you who are familiar with the shore, may have seen attached to the inundated reef a creature—whether a plant or animal you could scarcely tell—rooted to the rocks as a plant might be, and twirling its long tentacula as an animal would do. This plant-animal's life is somewhat monotonous, for is has nothing to do but grow and twirl its feelers, float in the tide, or fold itself up on its foot stalk when that tide has receded, for months and years together. Now, would it not be very dismal to be transformed into a zoophyte? But what better is the life you are spontaneously leading? What greater variety marks your existence than checkers the life of the sea-anemone? Does not one day float over you after another, just as the tide floats over it, and find you much the same, and vegetating still? Are you more useful? What real service to others did you render yesterday? What tangible amount of occupation did you overtake in the one hundred and sixty-eight hours of which last week consisted? And what higher end in living have you than the polypus?

Amidst the importunate solicitations of daily business, many of us must accuse ourselves of unfaithfulness to the dead; and when tranquil moments call up their familiar images, we marvel how we can deal so treacherously with the great and good departed. Vanished from our view, expunged from our correspondence dropped from our very prayers no longer expected as visitors in our homes, it is marvellous how faint and intermitting their memory has grown; and we upbraid our ungrateful fancy that it preserves so little space for old benefactors and the once-cherished friends of our bosom. But the same fate awaits ourselves, we too are going hence, and when we are gone,

"A few will weep a little while,
Then bless our memory with a smile."

One or two may cling to it with tender fondness, while existence lasts; but even with friends affectionate and true, tenderness will soon soften into resignation, and resignation will subside into contentment will dull away into sheer forgetfulness.

An Eloquent Appeal to Soldiers.

The following extract from the call of the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Executive Committee for the Convention which assembled at Chicago on Tuesday last, is as pertinent now as before the Convention:

"Treason defeated in the field must not rule at the ballot box.

"Opposed to you are arrayed the late Confederate army of the South, and their more treacherous allies, the Copperheads of the North. They conjointly seek to distract and divide the friends of the Union.

"But yesterday they were using the bullet to overthrow the Government; to-day they are using the ballot to control it.

"They fought to keep the rebellious States out of the Union; they are now voting to accomplish the same results.

"They would make loyalty a crime and treason respectable.

"They would dishonor the loyal living and make infamous the memory of the patriot dead.

"They have organized midnight "Klans," and made assassination a trade.

"They have revived the spirit of the rebellion, and renewed its atrocities and crimes.

"Those enemies of the North who are ready to clasp the hands of unrepented rebels in the South have persistently opposed you through the war.

"They discouraged enlistments, leaving you unsupported in the most trying exigencies. They libelled the national credit, that they might diminish the sinews of war and subject you to privations and hardships; as mobs they fought against you in our streets, diverting the troops needed in the field to watch and restrain their plottings. They have closed the door of public office against the wounded soldiers, and opened it to the scurvy politicians.

"Comrades, you are the victims of these malign and treacherous influences; yours is the power to correct them.

"Let the same spirit that guided you in war counsel you in peace.

"We urge upon you unity and action.

"The loyal strength of the nation must move and act with unbroken columns, and newer victories will reward the same cause for which you have made so many sacrifices."

A Democratic minister, who has Democratic measles badly, has arranged a new version of the Lord's Prayer, which he thinks a great improvement:

"Our white Father, who art in a white heaven: hallowed be Thy white name, Thy white kingdom come; Thy white will be done; give us this day our white bread, and forgive our white brethren who differ from us, and carry out Thy curse on the colored population. Lead us into white temptation to oppress the blacks, and deliver us from Republican and negro evils; for Thine is the white kingdom; Thine is the white power; Thine is the white glory, for ever and ever. Amen"

Mr. Buchanan's Last Hours.

A Lancaster, Pa., special to the Philadelphia *inquirer* gives some interesting facts respecting ex-President Buchanan's last hours. We quote:

On Sunday evening last, the night before his death, Mr. Buchanan was visited by his physician, Dr. Carpenter. During the interview, Mr. B. requested the doctor to get him a drink from a favorite spring on his estate, noted for its pure water. The water was obtained and drank by the deceased, who appeared to relish it highly, after which he turned to Dr. Carpenter and said:

"Dr, I do not know if the spirits of the dead ever revisit the earth, but if mine should ever do so, I doubt not that I would be found wandering around that old spring."

He then requested the doctor to go down and get some supper, and on his return Dr. Carpenter found the deceased breathing fast and hard, and the words quoted are the last ones he was heard to utter, except some sentences which were unintelligible.

A few days since Mr. Buchanan had an interview with his attorney, H. C. Swarr, Esq. Mr. Buchanan stated to him that he knew that his end was approaching, and he directed his remains to be placed in the lots he had purchased for that purpose in the "Woodward Hill Cemetery," without any pomp or parade, and that the religious services of the occasion should be performed by his friend and neighbor, Rev. John W Nevin.

Knowing him to be a member of the Masonic Order, and that it is usual for that Order to attend the funeral of its members, Mr. Swarr asked him whether, if the Masonic and other socities, with the city authorities, desired to participate in the ceremonies, it would be agreeable to him to have them do so. He said:

"Certainly, if it is their pleasure, and they are not moved to it by solicitation. I have a high regard for the Masonic Order, although for years not a working member, and the Mayor and Councils of Lancaster have in my life-time manifested kindly regards for me."

He desired his lots in the cemetery to be place in good order, but wanted no large or expensive monument to be erected over his remains. He requested that there should be a simple but substantial oblong tomb erected, the cap stone to be the finest and most durable marble, on which he specially requested should be cut, in Roman letters, the following in scription, and nothing more:

HERE RESTS THE REMAINS OF
JAMES BUCHANAN,
Fifteenth President of the United States,
Born in Farnklin county, Pennsylvania, April 23, 1791.
Died at his residence at Wheatland, Lancaster county Pennsylvania,
On——

adding, "with the day of my death, now so near."

During the conversation, he said:

"The principles of the Christian religion were instilled into my mind in my youth, and from all I have observed and experienced in the long life Providence has vouchsafed to me, I have only become more strengthened in the conviction of the divine character of the Savior, and the power of atonement, through His redeeming grace and mercy."

I have no fear of the future. Posteatity will do me justice. I have always felt, and still feel, that I discharged every public duty imposed upon me, conscientiously; I have no regret for any public act of my life, and history will viudicate my memory from every unjust aspersion"

The Rev. Dr Nevin, President of Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, preached the funeral sermon. He disclaimed any intention of pronouncing on the political policy of the deceased, claimed that it was too soon to judge it fairly, adding: "Whatever may be thought by others, now or hereafter, of Mr. Buchanan's Presidential administration on the eve of the rebellion, he himself never changed his mind in regard to the righteousness or wisdom of the course which he saw proper to pursue. That his own policy was thwarted and overwhelmed by another policy, altogether different, never led him to believe that in the circumstances of the country as they *then* were, his own policy was not right. "Had I to pass through the same state of things again,' he would say calmly but firmly, 'I do not see, before God, how I could act otherwise than I did act.'"

In conclusion Dr. Nevin expressed his confidence that the ex-President died in the Lord, and that his friends do not sorrow as those who have no hope.

The following in an exact copy of a surgeon's certificate, furnished in aid of a soldier's claim for bounty, and now on file in the War Department: "May the 10 I her By cirtify on honor that I—— ——a praction phission Did waighton and treat —— —— Co.—R. Infiry who died at-with chronic disentary.—— ——A pract phison." Another "praction" certified that a certain soldier died of "information on the brain;" another that a death was caused by "diseaas contracted for in the service;" and another, that the disease of which a soldier died was "new money."

An exchange reports a very natural comment on the æronut's action in throwing a bottle of claret overboard to lighten the balloon. Said Pat, "And why the divil didn't they drink it?"