

Nebraska Advertiser. ESTABLISHED 1856. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1870. VOL. 14.—NO. 13.

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CUBA. Cuba lies so near us, is so completely sympathetic with our institutions by virtue of its mutual commercial, social and industrial relations, that she is almost a part of us. This spirit has often manifested itself, but has generally been crushed by our authorities in refusing to lend it encouragement and success. It is the right of a nation in its conduct toward other people, like an individual in his relations to his fellow men. If a man sees an incendiary about to apply violence to his neighbor's dwelling he does not fulfill all the duties of a citizen by folding his arms, permitting the injury to be inflicted, and quietly saying, I burn no man's building. He must not only prevent the work of the incendiary, but he must also prevent the work of the incendiary's peace. Is it the duty of a nation less imperative? Cuba is struggling for freedom. Her revolutionists have made "freedom for all" their watchword. Spain is attempting to crush this principle in a colony so near us that our vessels sail under the shadow of her flag. Her revolutionists have made "freedom for all" their watchword. Spain is attempting to crush this principle in a colony so near us that our vessels sail under the shadow of her flag. Her revolutionists have made "freedom for all" their watchword. Spain is attempting to crush this principle in a colony so near us that our vessels sail under the shadow of her flag.

THE LONDON ACADEMY. This school commenced its first term January 4th, under the charge of Dr. McGrew and Prof. Pierson, both energetic and accomplished teachers. Scholars and teachers are ready for work and full of hope, and all the friends of education are rejoicing. On the evening of the first day of school, a meeting was held at the Christian Church, which house the Christians have kindly opened for the school. Much commendable enthusiasm and good feeling was manifested, and all went away thinking it was good to be there. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. A. McKinney, next a song by teachers and students, then a very able address was delivered by Dr. McGrew. The address was replete with rich thoughts, and gave many evidences of the close student in cultivated speech. Prof. Pierson followed with some well timed remarks. The Professor is a man for the times and for Nebraska; full of energy and zeal, and good works; a finescholar; a good speaker; and an experienced teacher. Some remarks made by Mr. A. McKinney, as he contrasted the present prospects of education in London, and its early days, were calculated to arouse much feeling and sympathy for him and others who had many trials and struggles to keep a school interest alive. Mr. McKinney is a firm friend of education, ever ready to speak a word of encouragement to scholar and teacher; never discouraged by difficulties; makes the most of present opportunities, and works and hopes for better things in the future. A few appropriate songs were sung, and a vote was taken and carried that a report of the meeting should be made out and sent for publication to school papers, Advertiser and Democrat, of Brownville; the report to be made out by JENNETTE HARDING, London, Neb.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. The question—"are our public schools a success or a failure?" is one of vast importance to every individual whose home is in the "Great West." By "our public schools" I mean the public schools of the North-west—for that they are a success in the eastern and middle States, no sane man will deny; but the same cannot be said with so much certainty of the vast scope of country from Pennsylvania westward. And there are those who are ready with powerful arguments to show that so far as a vast portion of this territory is concerned, they have been a failure; not that any one would be so reckless as to assert that they have not accomplished something, but they claim that they have failed to accomplish the object for which they were designed. But, however, much which they claim that the schools have failed to accomplish, cannot by any fair reasoning, be said to be the result of a failure on the part of the schools, for they never had any just dictation on the matter, nor was it the fault of either teacher or school officer that they had not. What I mean is simply, that in many localities a large portion of the young men have grown up ignorant, immoral and vicious, and are now a pest to society instead of an ornament, as they ought to be; and this is pointed out as positive evidence of the inefficiency of our school system. Now, it never has been the design of the system to go out and drive these young barbarians into the school room and there force knowledge into their heads and morality into their hearts; or, in other words, to take the crude material of the coarsest kind and make of it, gentlemen. No, that

has been tried and failed too often, and a repetition of such a folly would not become the people of this enlightened land and age. But there is one thing that our school system has done, and in which it never has failed. It has made men of every one who has availed himself of the advantages which it offered, and that, too, when everything was adverse. Let those who are so ready to cry out "failure," only reflect for a moment upon the vast disadvantages under which teachers had to labor in the majority of cases; how much all outside circumstances have done to eradicate every trace of morality which he had been so careful to inculcate; how few, the inducements to the young man to cultivate his mind and elevate himself in the scale of humanity. Let them look around and see if every little village has not some vile den, with its vile attendants that will counteract the best endeavors of half a dozen teachers; and then consider the very small amount of healthful and moral amusements which are offered to our young men. And when they have considered all these things, they will no doubt change their minds materially, and their great wonder will be that as much is accomplished as is by our common schools. Before men point to the schools of New England and exclaim so confidently, "here is perfection; this is what our schools ought to be," let them give us laws to protect the morals of our youth outside the school room, and show that they are anxious for a reformation in the morals and minds of the rising generation, and teachers will be found ready to do their part of the work. It is poor encouragement for a teacher to try for six hours of the day to teach a young man science and morals, when he knows that for nine hours of the twenty-four, he is permitted to associate with the basest of human beings, and imbibe their hateful notions, and breath the atmosphere, contaminated by profanity and low slang. Then let us hear no more complaint of the future of our schools and teachers until an effort is made to purify the atmosphere outside and let the pupil come into the school room with a right conception of life and its aim, and then if the teacher fails to point out to him the road to honor and happiness, let the blame rest on him and publish it to the world, that he is a failure. OCCASIONAL. Hilldale, Jan. 4, 1870. A LESSON. It is not every one who can write a book. Many, and for various reasons, have not the thoughts, ideas and aspirations for a book. And many who have these, have not the literary talent to express their thoughts in written words. Yet, every human being is recording his own history, and although an attempt may be made to conceal some of its pages, yet they must all be read—words and deeds live forever. It is wise to learn lessons from the varied histories of humanity. It would be wise for all, particularly for young men, to learn a lesson from a few pages in the history of J. K. Bear—born a short time since a respected, honest citizen of Brownville—now a fugitive from justice, disgraced, dishonored, fallen. And it would be well, too, for rum-sellers, saloon-keepers and proprietors of gambling dens to learn a lesson. It is no use for them to say they are not to blame—"let every one look out for himself." They are utterly ignorant of the power of physiological impression. How utterly impossible it is for some conditions of mind to resist doing an evil act when the temptation is presented. Who will doubt this? Who has heard John B. Gough, the reformed drunkard and eloquent temperance lecturer, tell how absolutely impossible it is for him to resist the wine-cup when offered him, if he get but one drop. The only safety for such ones is to keep temptation from them. How absurd for a man to open a place of destruction, and then say it is not to blame if people are destroyed in it. The case of J. K. Bear is a sad one, view it in any light, from any point or with the most charitable construction. What parent's heart would not be crushed were it his or her son in his place? running his career? writing such dark pages in history? I had two bright, beautiful, little boys, but the angels came and carried them away to live with them in the beautiful summer-land. One of these little boys, a lovely child of four summers, came with us in our long, weary journey from the east to the far west. In a few short months he grew sick and pale—he went away. A little grave was made upon the prairie of Nebraska—in the Brownville cemetery they laid the dear little form of my darling, out of my sight. However, long I may be permitted to remain on the earth, I can never outlive these bereavements. The wound will ever be fresh; yet how much better can I endure all this than I could to have seen my little boys on the earth to make out such a history as that of J. K. Bear. When will men cease to open ways of destruction for his fellow man? When will men have moral power enough to resist temptation and cease to rush on to ruin. If the destroyer thinks his history less black, his career less ruinous than his victim, he will find himself mistaken. JENNETTE HARDING, London, Neb.

Life Thoughts. Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have got and what we haven't got. Troubles are like babies; they grow big when you watch them. Conscience is a judge placed in the interior of our being. Learn to control your temper on children, or by and by it will control you. I would rather my daughter should have a man without money than money without a man.—Themistocles. Give your son a trade, and you will do more for him than by giving him a fortune.—Franklin. One reason that the world is not reformed is that every body would have others make a beginning, and thinks not of himself. Always endeavor to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with; and to put the company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of. No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is so with habits. The greatest thoughts, it has been said, spring from the heart; but the maxims far more true with respect to the noblest actions. One half of mankind are not born with saddles on their backs, to be ridden by the other half. Jefferson. Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness and oppose with firmness. Talkative persons seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation. Value no man for his opinion, but respect him according as his life corresponds with the rules of piety and justice. A man's actions not his conceptions, render him valuable. CHROMOS—HOW MADE. Mr. James Parton, the most readable of all American magazine writers, has published in the Atlantic Monthly a paper on "Photography and Art," in which he describes the complex process by which modern science succeeds in producing those exquisite fac-similes of oil paintings, known and admired wherever they are seen. American chromos. Lithography was invented by accident. An impatient washerwoman and the absence of a piece of paper caused a blot, named M. Senefelder, to write his "list" on a smooth slab of limestone with a composition of soap and grease with which he had been making experiments in printing. Now oil or grease will not mix with water; that is to say, it will mix with it, while oil and water, on the other hand, are antagonists. The whole secret of lithography lies in these two facts of chemistry. To produce a common lithograph the drawing is made on a smooth slab of limestone with a greasy pencil; the surface of the slab is then polished with fine water which the drawing sheds while the blank spaces retain it. The color, which is mixed with oil, is then applied, and the opposite effect is produced. The greasy parts of the drawing repel the color, while the greasy parts—that is the drawing—retains it. An impression is then taken and a perfect copy made from a perfectly smooth surface. It is singular that the quarry from which Senefelder took the slab is the only one yet discovered that produces a limestone fit for the purposes of lithography. For the limestone must be of a certain quality to receive a fine polish, and only the Bavarian quarry furnishes that quality of stone. "Chromos" photography, says Mr. Parton, by which our houses and school-rooms are now filled with beautiful pictures, is a combination of Senefelder's invention with an ancient method of coloring by means of two or more blocks. Antiquity, however, only gave the hint, which has been developed with wonderful rapidity by accomplished artists and artisans in Germany, France, England and the United States—the German, Engelmann being the chief originator of methods. The first attempts at printing chromo-lithographs bear date 1837, and these thirty-four years the art has made such progress that copies of fine oil paintings are now daily reproduced, which contain all the beauties of the original, which a public observer can tell from the original. Mr. Parton adds:— "As Prang's manufacture of chromos in Germany, there is a gallery in which the proprietors sometimes hang, side by side, an oil painting and a chromo-lithograph taken from it, both framed alike. I think that not even the artist, who painted the picture, could always tell them apart, and I am sure that few others could. It would be a safe thing to wager that the critics who have endeavored to find fault with the chromo-lithographic productions would not be always able, without handling them, to decide which was brush and which was printing press." One describing how "The Barefoot Boy" (Prang's celebrated and beautiful chromo of Eastman Johnson's painting, illustrative of Whittier's poem) was produced, says that it is by being printed, here a little, now with one color, then with another tint, until it has gone through the press no less than twenty-six times. Mr. Parton says that the color is produced through the press still again, upon a stone which is grained in such a way as to impart to the picture the roughness of canvas, after which it is mounted in a picture frame and varnished. "The resemblance to the original is then such that it is doubtful if Mr. Eastman Johnson could pick out his own boy if he were surrounded by a number of pictures. Mr. Parton adds that it is not every picture that admits of such successful treatment as this, nor does every chromo-lithographic artist possess the skill which Prang possesses in this case. A saleable picture could be made of this boy in ten impressions; but, as we have seen, he receives twenty-six. "It is not every one who can write a book. Many, and for various reasons, have not the thoughts, ideas and aspirations for a book. And many who have these, have not the literary talent to express their thoughts in written words. Yet, every human being is recording his own history, and although an attempt may be made to conceal some of its pages, yet they must all be read—words and deeds live forever. It is wise to learn lessons from the varied histories of humanity. 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