THE ADVERTISER.

Published every Thursday morning

BY CHURCH & HACKER,

J. S. Church. T. G. Hacker. Proprietors.

Office—No. 74 McPherson's Block, up Stairs, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Terms, in Advance:

One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 00
One copy, three months 50

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1871.

VOL. 15.—NO. 32.

THE ADVERTISER

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	One Week.	Two Weeks.	Three Weeks.	One Month.	Two Months.	Six Months.	Twelve Months.
Half inch	$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$2.50	$3.50	$5.00	$ 5.00
One inch	1.50	2.50	3.00	3.50	5.00	7.00	10.00
Two inches	2.50	3.50	4.00	5.00	7.00	10.00	15.00
Three inches	3.50	4.50	5.00	6.00	12.00	15.00	20.00
Six inches	5.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	18.00	25.00	40.00
Twelve inches	8.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	40.00	60.00
One column	10.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	45.00	60.00	100.00

Local advertisements at legal rates: One square, (eight line of Agate space, or less) first insertion $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50c.

☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

Furnas Council No. 3, R. & S. M.—Stated Communications first Monday in each month, immediately after the Chapter meetings. JNO. BLAKE, T. I. G. M. T. A. CREIGH, Recorder.

Mt. Carmel Commandery Knight Templar No. 3.—Meets in Masonic Hall on the second Saturday night in each month. R. W. FURNAS, Em. Com. JNO. BLAKE, Recorder.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Regular Communications first Monday night in each month. Lecture Meetings every Monday night. JOHN BLAKE, M. E. H. P. RUFUS T. RAINEY, Secy.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.—Regular Communications first and third Saturday nights in each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. SIDNEY FRENCH, Secy.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F. Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. J. STEVENSON, N. G. D. O. Cross, Secy.

CHURCHES.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2½ p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. J. W. MARTIN, Pastor.

Christ's Church—Episcopal.—Corner Atlantic and Second streets. Services every Sunday Morning at 10½, o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 2 o'clock. Evening Service at 7½ o'clock. Holy Communion administered on the first Sunday of each month. Seats free. G. R. DAVIS, Rector.

Baptist Church.—Corner Fourth and Atlantic streets. Services every Sabbath except the third in each month, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening. T. S. LOWE, Pastor.

Christian Church, London.—Divine service every Sabbath at 11 a. m., and in the evening.

St. Mary's—Episcopal—Peru.—Service every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m. Rev. R. C. TALBOTT, Pastor.

M. E. Church, London.—Services every other Sabbath. Rev. J. W. MARTIN, Pastor.

M. E. Church, Peru.—Services every Sabbath. Rev. MARTIN PRITCHARD, Pastor.

M. E. Church, Nemaha City.—Services every other Sabbath. R. BURGE, Pastor.

CITY OFFICALS.

City Council.—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, F. A. Tisdel, Jr. Aldermen, W. D. Lewis, F. E. Johnson, C. Reichhardt, D. Flasters. Marshal, D. Campbell. Clerk, J. B. Decker. Treasurer, J. W. Middleton. Police Judge, W. T. Rogers.

MAILS.

Northern—Daily—via Phelps: Departs at 8 a.m. Arrives at 12 p.m.
Southern—Daily—via Phelps: Departs at 8 a.m. Arrives at 3 p.m.
Northern—Via Fern—
Southern—Via Nemaha—Tri-Weekly: Departs Sundays, Wednesday and Saturday at 7 a.m. Arrives same days at 6 p.m.
Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Departs at 7 a.m. Arrives at 5 p.m.
Northern—Via London to Spring Creek—Weekly: Departs Friday at 7 a.m. Arrives Saturday at 4 p.m.
Southwestern—Via Sherman to Table Rock—Weekly: Departs Monday at 7 a.m. Arrives Tuesday at 4 p.m.
Post Office Hours from 7 a. m. to ½ p. m. Sundays from 9 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLOCK, P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

HEWETT & NEWMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Brownville, Neb. Office No. 70, McPherson Block, up stairs.

FRENCH & ROGERS, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Will give diligent attention to business entrusted to their care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

JOB A. DILLON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, Tecumseh, Johnson County, Neb.

THOMAS & BROADY, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in District Court Room, Brownville, Neb.

WM. H. McLENNAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Nebraska City, Neb.

NYE & HUMPHREY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pawnee City, Pawnee County, Neb.

N. K. GRIGGS, Attorney at Law and Land Agent, Beatrice, Gage County, Nebraska.

PHYSICIANS.

C. F. STEWART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, No. 5 Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 to 9 a.m. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ p. m. Office in H. C. Lett's drug store.

WM. M. DAILY, Physician and Surgeon, St. Deroin, Neb. Graduate of Cincinnati Eclectic College. 3ly

W. H. KIMBRELIN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon to the Nebraska Eye and Ear Infirmary, No. 85 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 a.m. to 5 p. m.

H. C. THURMAN, Physician and Surgeon, No. 85 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 8 to 11 a.m. and from 1 to 4 p. m.

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 82 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS.

A. P. COGSWELL, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in Cogswell Block, corner First and Main streets. Will give prompt attention to the Sale of Real Estate and the Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. 7tf

RICHARD V. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office in Hannaford & McFall's Furniture Store, Brownville, Neb.

WILLIAM H. HOOVER, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in District Court Room. Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District.

GRAIN DEALERS.

EVAN WORTHING, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and Dealer in all kinds of Grain and Country Produce. Office and Warehouse, No. 85 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

MERCHANDISE.

JOHN McPHERSON, Dealer in General Merchandise. Sales room in McPherson Block, No. 66 Main street, Brownville, Neb. 15-ly

F. E. JOHNSON & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise, No. 72 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

WILLIAM T. DEN, Dealer in General Merchandise and Forwarding and Commission Merchant, 26 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Corn Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture, etc., always on hand. Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs and Country Produce.

NOTARIES.

E. K. BRIGHT, Notary Public and Conveyancer, No. 72 Main street, second floor, Brownville, Neb. Agent for the Equitable and American Tontine Life Insurance companies.

JUSTICES.

A. W. MORGAN, Probate Judge and Justice of the Peace. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

JULIUS GILBERT, County Surveyor. Postoffice Address, Clifton, Nemaha County, Nebraska.

SADDLERY.

J. BAUER, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Etc., No. 1 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Mending done to order. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BLACKSMITHS.

H. BEASON, General Blacksmith, Main street, Brownville, Neb. He is prepared to do all kinds of work in iron, on short notice, and at prices in keeping with the times.

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON, Blacksmiths and Horse Shoers, First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

BRIDGE BUILDING.

C. W. WHEELER, Bridge Builder and Contractor, Brownville, Neb. Sole agent for R. W. Smith's Patent Truss Bridge. The strongest and best wooden bridge now in use.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ALEX. ROBINSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 88 Main Street, Brownville, Neb. Has constantly on hand a good assortment of Gent's, Lady's, Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes. Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice.

HARDWARE.

SHELLENBERGER BROS., Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Carpenter Tools, Blacksmith Furnishings, Etc., No. 74 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

DEUSER & SHIRTS, Hardware Merchants, No. 79 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Etc.

TAILORING.

CHRIS. HAUBOLDT, Merchant Tailor, No. 62 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Has on hand a splendid stock of Goods, and will make them up in the latest styles, on short notice and reasonable terms.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDARD & CO., Peace and Quiet Saloon, No. 47 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

RICHARD HARPSTER, Alhambra Billiard Saloon, No. 19 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.

RESTAURANTS.

BANK RESTAURANT.—Geo. Daugherty, Proprietor. No. 37 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Meals at all hours. Board by the day or week.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HOTELS.

SHERMAN HOUSE.—C. M. Kauffman, Proprietor. No. 46 Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. Thoroughly remodeled and refurnished. Feed stable in connection with the house. Stages for all points west and omnibusses for all trains.

REYNOLDS HOUSE, J. N. Reynolds, Proprietor. No. 88 & 90 Main street, opposite Postoffice. Newly furnished throughout; thoroughly remodeled from cellar to attic. First Class Sample Room on first floor. Most convenient House to the business part of the city. Livery accommodations convenient. Stages for all points leave this House daily, making close connections with all Railroad trains. 37-y

AMERICAN HOUSE, L. D. Robison, Proprietor. Front street, between Main and College. Good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with this House.

DRUGGISTS.

MCCREERY & NICKELL, Dealers in Drugs, Stationery, &c., No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Full assortment of Drugs, Paints, Oils, Books, Stationary, etc., on hand, and sold at wholesale or retail.

J. W. APPLEGATE,

ARCHITECT & BUILDER!

Brownville, Nebraska.

WILL DO ALL KINDS OF BUILDING, PREPARE Plans, Draw Designs, and Furnish Specifications. Satisfaction guaranteed. Job Work of every description at short notice. Shop on First Street, between Main and Atlantic. 26-tf

JACOB R. BERKLEY. MICHAEL SWITZER.

BERKLEY & SWITZER,

Wagon & Carriage Makers

—AND—

BLACKSMITHS.

COLLEGE STREET,

BROWNVILLE, - NEB.

CUSTOM WORK

DONE ON SHORT NOTICE, AND IN A STYLE and manner which will guarantee satisfaction. Mr. Berkely does the Wood Work, and Mr. Switzer the Blacksmithing and the Iron Work, and professes to be a superior] and at

HORSE SHOEING.

☞ Give us a call. 26-2m

GEO. S. PHILLIPS,

Livery, Feed, & Exchange Stables

Brownville, Nebraska.

J. BLAKE,

DENTIST

All Operations Performed in the best manner.

OFFICE: Over City Drug Store, front room.

GEO. DAUGHERTY,

PROPRIETOR,

BANK RESTAURANT

No. 37 Main St.

BROWNVILLE, NEB.

John L. Carson, Banker,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Exchange bought and sold on all the principal cities. Also dealer in

Gold and Silver Coin, Gold Dust, and Government Bonds.

Deposits received, payable at sight. Interest paid on time deposits by special agreement. Taxes collected for non-residents. All kinds U. S. Bonds wanted.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE.

46 Main-st., Brownville.

C. M. KAUFFMAN, Proprietor

FEED STABLE

IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE.

This House has been remodeled and refurnished throughout, and affords the best accommodations in the city to the local and traveling public. It is centrally located. Stages for the West, and Omnibuses for all trains, go from the Sherman House. Fair first class, charges moderate. 15-tf

Dr. C. F. THIBAUT,

German Physician & Obstetrician

OFFICE IN THURMAN'S DRUG STORE,

Brownville, Nebraska.

POSSESSING an Electro-Magnetic Battery, he will be fully able to attend to all Nervous and other diseases.

Will be in Brownville from the 1st to the 8th, and from the 15th to the 18th of every month. 3tf

W. B. WRIGHT,

Wholesale and Retail

Dealer in

OLD KENTUCKY

WHISKYS AND LIQUORS

Pure Wines, Bitters, &c.,

63 MAIN STREET,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

JOHN BAUSFI LD,

Bricklayer and Plasterer,

Brownville, Nebraska.

Is prepared to take Contracts in his line, in city or country. All work done in the best of style. Also, will build Cisterns, and warrant them perfect. 25y

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry

JOSEPH SHUTZ,

No. 59 Main Street, Brownville.

Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

FRANZ HELMER,

WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.

WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. [34-1y.

JOHN Q. A. SMITH. E. H. WILCOX

STORAGE, FORWARDING,

AND

COMMISSION HOUSE

OF

SMITH & WILCOX.

Dealers in all kinds of Grain, for which they pay the highest market price in Cash.

☞ Office at Store of F. E. Johnson & Co. 18-6m

Waldter & Lemmon,

House, Sign and Carriage

PAINTERS

No. 50 Main St.

BROWNVILLE

Mixed Paints

FOR SALE.

GILDING

GRAINING, SMALTING,

FROSTING, KALSOMINING, ETC.

STOVES!

ALL SIZES AND PATTERNS,

AT W. D. SHELLENBERGERS.

THE ADVERTISER.

BROWNVILLE, NEB.,

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1871.

RICHARDSON COUNTY.

Teachers Institute at Salem.

Mr. Editor:—The Teachers of Richardson County met at Salem, on th 9th inst.

Mr. F. M. Williams, the County Supt. took charge of the exercises, and interesting discussions were had on various subjects.

A committee was appointed to draft Constitution and By-laws. On Wednesday morning the committee brought in its report.

Only teachers were allowed to become members of the Institute, others could become honorary members, but the voting must be done by the teachers.

It was determined that the Institute hold two regular sessions of five days each, every year; the time of meeting was to be in April and October.

On the afternoon of Wednesday the regular business was entered upon.

Primary reading was the first discussed; the word method was dwelt on at some length. Some had fears it could not be successfully carried on in a district school, might do well enough in a graded school; others contended that it could, and should be introduced into all schools.

The subject of Grammar was then discussed; Prof. Braden leading off, his suggestions were very good for advanced classes.

On the question of the age of pupils studying grammar there were differences of opinions, some contending that it might be commenced very early in life with profit, if taught properly, others that it should be nearly the last study in the Common School course. All agreed that it depended more on the home associations; if parents were correct in the use of language children would naturally be, whether they studied a text book or not.

In the evening there was a lecture especially designed for the young people, urging them to strive for a thorough education.

A very good spirit prevailed throughout the entire Institute, and the people of Salem showed a disposition to make it a pleasant treat for the friends and teachers in from a distance.

The next Institute will be held in October, commencing on the Tuesday following the second Monday of that month. *

Greeley's Departure for Texas

The New York *Sun* gets off the following on Horace Greeley's departure for Texas:

At 8 o'clock yesterday morning a carriage was driven to the Tribune Office. A coachman and a russet leather trunk lettered "H. G." sat upon the box. As soon as the carriage stopped it was seen by old Mr. Jenny of the *Tribune* editorial staff.

Old Mr. Jenny was of course crazy until he had learned who the carriage was for. A small boy told him it was for Mr. Greeley, whereupon old Mr. Jenny dashed up the stairs leading to Mr. Greeley's room, and breathlessly informed him of the fact that the carriage was waiting. Mr. Greeley stopped writing, drew his spectacles from his nose, put a wide-brimmed hat on his head, back side foremost, slipped his arms into a brown spring over-coat, leaving the collar turned under, seized a small leather bag, and sloped for the counting-room.

"Tell Sam," said he to old Mr. Jenny, "not to take any lottery advertisements while I'm gone, and to watch the quack ads. I'm going to Texas."

The last words reached old Mr. Jenny's ears as Mr. Greeley struck the sidewalk. On approaching the carriage, Mr. Greeley stopped as if he had forgotten something. Old Mr. Jenny saw him. He rushed to his side.

"And tell Whitelaw," said Mr. Greeley, while his eyes beamed on old Mr. Jenny, "that he had better watch Hazzard's letters from Boston, for he is a Catholic, and he might say something that our country readers wouldn't like. For I'm going to Texas. And tell Whitelaw," continued Mr. Greeley, as old Mr. Jenny was about to rush into the office, "that I want him to watch the papers and print the official election returns from Alaska, because our people will expect to see them. Tell him to put them in nonpareil half measure, like the election returns from Connecticut. For I'm going to Texas. And, Ephraim, tell Whitelaw," continued Mr. Greeley, as old Mr. Jenny made another attempt to dash into the office, "not to print any more —— stuff about abducted girls or panel houses. Our people have got enough of that sort of thing. For I'm going to Texas."

Here old Mr. Jenny succeeded in getting into the office, and Mr. Greeley got into his carriage. Old Cleve, his brother-in-law, took a seat at his side. Two friends of the Poor Boy of the Mohawk occupied the seat opposite.

The carriage was rapidly driven to the New Jersey Railroad depot, at the foot of Cortlandt street. The four passengers, the russet leather trunk, the wide-brimmed hat and Mr. Greeley were safely deposited in the ticket office. Old Cleve paid the hack-driver. Mr. Greeley stared vacantly for a moment at the ticket agent. Suddenly collecting himself, he felt in four pockets, consecutively, and then seemed to again lose himself in thought. After another mental rally, he fished up a through ticket on the Pan-Handle line for Cincinnati, and approached Dick Shields, the baggage clerk.

"I want that check trunked to—to—to Cincinnati," said Mr. Greeley, hesitatingly, "for I'm going to Texas."

The friends of the Poor Boy of the Mohawk here bade the philosopher good-bye, and Old Cleve and Mr. Greeley went on board the ferry boat Jersey City.

The broad-brimed hat and the russet leather trunk sailed in the same vessel. At the Jersey City depot there was a brief delay; but promptly at half-past eight o'clock Mr. Greeley, who was going to Texas, got into Conductor Gus Gardner's train and was whirled away. He will arrive in New Orleans on Sunday, and will dine with the representatives of the press. On Tuesday he will go to Galveston, and thence to several smaller towns, arriving in Houston about the 23d, where he will deliver an address before the State Agricultural Society.

An Interview with Mrs. Lincoln.

In an interview had yesterday with Mrs. Lincoln, she said to a lady reporter:

"It is my desire to live very quietly and not be talked about. My plans are, as yet, very indefinite, and I hardly know what I shall do. If I am able I intend to go to Chicago tomorrow or early next week, where I shall reside for the present with my son Robert.

Reporter—"Then you do not intend to return to Europe?"

Mrs. Lincoln—"I cannot tell; I may and I may not. I have enjoyed my journey abroad exceedingly, and like the European style of living very much, but home seems very pleasant and I was very glad when I landed in America again. We were treated very kindly by the German people, and like them very much, although their habits and way of living seemed strange to us at first. We were very cordially treated among them, and made many pleasant friends."

Reporter—"Did you find that the memory of your husband was respected abroad?"

Mrs. Lincoln—"Everywhere his shocking death seems to have overcome all prejudice the people in Europe may have had against him for political reasons. This was, of course, exceedingly gratifying to us. The people spoke of him as if they honored him greatly, and I know that the manner of his death made all persons his friends."

Thad. was present during the interview. He is a young man of middle height, robust form and in excellent health.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, 13th inst.*

Weeping Water Letter.

WEEPING WATER, May 8, 1871.

Ed. Herald:—Rarely has it fallen to our lot to chronicle so sad an accident as that which caused the death of one of our neighbor's little boys on yesterday morning. While Mr. Addison Beach was engaged in cleaning out his stable his second son, Frank, ran in front of the door just in time to receive a thrust from the fork as the father threw a fork full of manure. He did not see his son until the fork had struck him. It entered just above the heart, causing almost instant death. He only murmured "Oh papa! Oh mama!" and expired. His father caught him before he fell and carried him—who but a moment before had left his mother's side, full of life and joy—to the house a corpse. Mr. Beach seems almost crazy. Although he has lost three children before, he says he could bear all better than this. To have death come by his own hand is too much for poor humanity to bear.

To the father, who has no hope in Christ, the son is *lost*, forever *lost*; but the mother only sees in this another of her darling's transferred to a brighter world—another treasure laid up in heaven to wait her coming.—*Plattsmouth Herald.*

France, Past and Present.

The apparent daily disintegration of a nation is the saddest of spectacles; and as yet there is no sign of any man nor of any power to control the anarchy. To many thoughtful Germans, of course, the events of today seem only a sure revenge; and seldom has the whirligig of time twirled so swiftly. Our fellow-citizen, Dr. Lieber, for instance, who, as a little child, was dismissed from school in Berlin in the year 1806, after the great defeat of Jena, "because the French were coming," has read, with the rest of us, in these latter days, the amazing story of the surrender of the nephew of the conqueror of Jena to the Prussian king upon French soil, of the coronation of the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany in Louis the Fourteeth's palace of Versailles, and of the victorious entry of the Germans into Paris. Is this, then, the *grande nation*, whose troops at Fontenoy gallantly begged the enemy to fire first? Is this the people of whom Thackeray said that well-educated Frenchmen do not believe that the English have ever beaten them, and that a gentleman in Paris was once ready to call him to the field of honor because he said that the English had whipped the French in Spain? And if you have a friend who was educated in France among the French, not among the English-French and French-English in Paris, ask him what the native histories say about the French fighting. Thackeray said, again, that he had read a French history which calls the battle of Salamanca a French victory.

So glorious was France in its own fancy! Who does not recall it? Who has not seen upon his travels that smiling air of superiority in the gay city? Who has not been asked of his own country by his French master as if it were a land of ice and barbarians? There was a certain Frenchman, whom the Easy Chair remembers, who could not believe that the Chair would ever return to its own, its savage land. "But you are in France! But you have seen Paris! And you will go back over the sea to America! Just Heavens, how inscrutable is man!" The travels and explorations of the worthy Parisian had extended to Rouen; and Rouen was well enough, because it was in France; but the traveler was evidently uncomfortable until he was again in Paris. "In Paris, indeed," he said, with exquisitely French simplicity—"in Paris a man of the world is at home!" And is any thing more touching than a Parisian in London? How perfect are the familiar international gibe and counter-gibe! The French play represents London. It is a scene of gloom and frigidity and despair. The "man of the world" accosts his neighbors, but their language is foreign and their aspect is forbidding; and at length the lankiest-visaged caricature of a Briton holds up his lean finger and shakes a solemn warning: "C'est Soonday!"—'Tis Sunday! and the French spectator is left to imaging that suicide immediately follows. But *Punch* gave the counter-gibe during the Great Exhibition, when it represented a party of Frenchmen, with shaved round heads and long mustaches and hands buried in peg-top trowsers, standing confounded before a washstand, one speculatively saying to the other, "What is that machine?"

And this is the nation which a year ago believed itself to be the strongest in the world! "Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, and we had the trick to see't." Yes, and a year ago we all thought it to be the greatest of military nations. Are our estimates of other nations as foolisely wrong? The story is as fruitful for the moralist as for the military critic; and the dullest student may begin to wonder whether the strength of the strong battalions which compel victory is in numbers or in spirit. Where lies the difference between Thermopylæ and Sedan?—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine for June.*

The Address of the Democratic Members of Congress.

This document we have read with feelings of deep disappointment. We had looked for a distinct declaration that the party accepts the recent constitutional amendments, and considers that the work of reconstruction, although badly done, should be allowed to stand; and the absence of such a declaration in the document will do the party more harm than all the arguments contained in it will do good. The thought that we are to go into the next Presidential election on the issues of the last, and fight again over Blair and the Brodhead letter, is enough to make a Job tear his hair. The leaders of the Democratic Party have piped this doleful tune of centralization, corruption, and extravagance for at least eight years, and few converts have been found to dance to it. The folly of the Democratic leaders is boundless. They allow their adversary to choose his own battle-ground; they are Napoleons who wish to fight Waterloo over again every fourth year. Upon the issue of reconstruction the Republicans are united and powerful; upon almost any other they are as quarrelsome as Parisian Communists. Not only will the Democratic Party be beaten on the reconstruction issue; but, as has been shown by the *World*, no real advantages would follow a victory, were it possible, for the Democrats now control most of the Southern States and are gradually gaining the rest. The well-worn figures about the cost of running the government, as compared with good old Democratic times, are trotted out again. In alluding to Gen. Grant, the address says he "has been formally announced as a candidate for re-election. The declarations of his selfish supporters have been echoed by a subsidized press," etc.. One would never suppose the authors of this address to be skilled in politics; for they make assertions like the above which can not fail to be objectionable to the very men they invite into their ranks—the discontented Republicans. The editors of the Republican papers who have just overcome Grant upon San Domingo, and who daily criticise their party in the boldest way upon the Ku-Klux and tariff questions, will be pleased by the allusion to "a subsidized press." The platitudes about partisanship being the only test applied in the distribution of patronage and such high-sounding words as "honesty, fitness, and moral worth," mean nothing. Let the party distinctly promise the country that, if intrusted with the conduct of affairs, it will be governed in its appointments by the fitness and moral worth of applicants, and will not make partisanship a test in distributing patronage, and then its declarations will be entitled to respect, and not before. We regard this address as a melancholy piece of reading. It sounds like the production of men of such "moral worth" as Randall and Vickers.—*Democratic Exchange.*

WHAT CHANGES TIME MAKES.

A Visit to the Former Home of Jeff. Davis—Reception by the Owner, a Former Bondsman.

A private letter from a gentleman in Vicksburg to a friend in Chicago, gives the following interesting account of a visit made by the former, in company with Jeff. Davis, to the plantation formerly owned by the late Joseph E. Davis, brother of Jeff. in Mississippi:

We left at night on the R. E. Lee, one of our finest steamers, and landed at the Hurricane plantation about daylight the next morning. This plantation and another known as Blairfield wer occupied before the war by Joseph E. Davis, and his brother, President Davis. They were sold by Joseph E. Davis, who owned them both, to his favorite freedman, Ben Montgomery, for $3,000,000, payable at the end of ten years (1st of January, 1876,) interest at six per cen., payable annually. Ben, who is very black, but thorougly educated before the war, met us and gave us a breakfast, waiting on the table himself, but not offering to take a seat. After breakfast we had a carriage and rode over the magnificent estate, the extent of which you can form some idea of when I tell you that Ben. Montgomery made last year 2500-bales of cotton and a large quantity of corn. We dined at Blairfield, the former residence of President Davis, and now occupied at the residence of the aforesaid Ben, and you will not be surprised to learn that the former slaves of Mr. Davis greeted him with all the warmth of affection that they were capable of expressing. Mr. Davis met them cordially and encouraged them by many kind words. After dinner at which our wealthy host again waited on us in excellent style, we passed on to a very large and valuable plantation which had been purchased by Ben Montgomery and added to the Davis estate, and which will add to his crop this year probably 1000 bales more, making 3500 in all, if it is a good crop year.

The State *Journal* gives as a reason why the policies of insurance on the State buildings were recently cancelled, that the companies became satisfied that parties in Omaha were determined to burn the buildings in order to secure the removal of the seat of government from Lincoln. We think the companies were entirely wrong in their conclusions. While we are forced to admit that the course pursued by the Omaha *Herald* is calculated to incite men to such damnable deeds, yet we do not believe this feeling extends far beyond the confines of the *Herald* sanctum. The people of Omaha do not share in the feelings of the *Herald*, neither do they, in our opinion, endorse the desperate efforts of that sheet to insure Lincoln.—*Plattsmouth Herald.*

—The mining prospects in Utah and Wyoming are reported to be very flattering. The streams in Montana are all full, and gold mining active and successful.

HOW THE INJUN CAUGHT THE NEW FASHIONED BUFFALO.

There ain't much fun in an Injun;
If there is it's deeptish down,
And don't crop out at uncommon times,
As it does in a mule or clown,
Or a Dutchman, or a Yankee,
Or any o' them 'ere chaps
That always are gay at the gravest of times,
And never give heed to mishaps.

No, sir! them red-skinned pirates
Mean blood, and a good deal more;
And when you are least expecting the same
They're jist outside o' yer door,
With a torch and a knife and an arrow,
And a whoop of demoniac mirth—
And away they ride by the glaring light
Of your fiercely blazing hearth!

I hain't much luv for an Injun;
And when there's a joke worth while
Played off on the sneaking varmint,
I can't keep back a smile—
No more than I can a bullet,
When I see them prowlin' about
With a treacherous look, like a hungry wolf
That's watchin' along the route.

'Twas down in the "Chestnut Gulch"—
I'd been huntin' for 'buv a week,
And of all the luck I ever had,
That was about the poorest streak.
I was feelin' blue and tired
As I lay thar on the ground,
But mighty quick, you bet! I was roused
By a most uncommon sound.

Its cause I soon diskivered;
Fur the great Pacific line
Ran close along, and thar was the cars—
I tell you, the sight was fine!
On lookin' down at the track,
An Injun, with stout lasso
Fastened around his waist, I saw,
Was watchin' the ingine too.

I jist laid low for music,
Fur I knew there'd be a tune,
With the ingine's shriek, and the Injun's whoop,
Like a thunder-storm in June.
On, on like the wind it came!
Firm stood that cussed "Red;"
And when it got within easy range,
His lasso caught its head!

"Sold! sold!" cried I, while the Injun
And the cars went out of sight;
But never shall I, till my dying day
Forget his look of fright.
I hain't much love for an Injun,
But I almost pitied him
Fur bein' jerked to the Sperit Land
By a buffalo so grim.

AN ADVENTURE.

A Coxcomb in Search of a Wealthy Wife.

A good story is told at the expense of a salesman in a prominent Fourth Street dry good house, which we will attempt to repeat, for the benefit of those who have not been fortunate enough to hear it. It is only necessary to premise that the young man is extremely handsome, (in his own estimation,) and cultivates an extensive moustache, which he has more than once declared should yet be the cause of his marrying a fortune.

About three weeks ago, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, residing a short distance back of Covington, in a little town on the Kentucky Central Railroad, came to the city to spend a few days with a former school mate, whow she had not seen for some time. The girls had been quite intimate at school, and loved each other as well as there natures would permit. In honor of the arrival of her "country coz," as the city maid called the other, a number of her friends were invited to the house one evening during her stay, and among them Mr. Dapper, the handsome young man who measures tape in the Fourth Street store.

He had been advised of the cause of the social re-union, and took especial pains to render himself more than usually charming. When redolent with perfume, he was presented to the Kentucky belle, he gave her a vulgar stare, and at once made up his mind that if she were only rich he would condescend to marry her. Having satisfied himself upon this point, by learning that her father was one of the wealthiest men in the County, and that the peachcolored cheeked maiden to whom he had just been introduced was his only child, he at once determined to besiege her heart. Of course, that was all that was necessary to win her. How could she—poor, simple-hearted country girl that she was resist so fascinating a fellow? Compared with the rustic bumpkins who had heretofore been addressing her, he must doubtless be an Apollo. She could not be insensible to this fact, and would therefore surrender at once.

During the remainder of the evening, Mr. Dapper was very attentive to the young lady, waltzing with her at evey opportunity, and always to be found at her side. Before they parted, he informed her that some business of the house in which he was engaged would require his presence in her post villiage the following week, and asked if he might be so bold as to extend his visit to her home. The girl—who, to tell the truth, was not altogether displeased at his attentions for she had never before met a young man who seemed to her so agreeable—at first hesitated a little, but at length gave her consent. He pressed her hand in token of his gratitude, and wishing her a safe return, bade her good night.

"Now," soloquized Mr. Dapper, as he slowly walked away, "I must frame some excuse for visiting Kentucky. Sellwell & Co. have no business that I know of. Still I must go, for I told Clara that I was compelled to visit her town next week! 'Gad, that was a clever trick! She will never know any better, and I will have an excellent opportunity to see how she is circumstanced in life. It has always been a rule with me, in looking around for a wife, never to make money an objection. I understand Clara has, or will have, plenty of it, and I certainly shall have no objection to her on that account." Here Mr. Dapper chuckled at the thought of his projected visit to the "dark and bloody ground," and muttering "devilish good," hurried to his cheerless chamber, which his fancy soon peopled with troops of slaves, all waiting to obey his commands.

Toward the close of the following week, he obtained leave of absence for a day or two, and taking the 2:30 train on the Kentucky Central Road, was soon landed in the villiage near which Clara lived. It did not require much time to attend to the important business of his employers, which he said would require his presence in the town; so, hiring a spirited horse, and inquiring the way to Mr. G.'s, he started to spend the evening at his house. After riding some distance, it suddenly occurred to him that he might possibly be on the wrong road. Observing a seedy looking old man a short distance in advance, he spurred up his horse, and overtaking him, asked:

"Am I on the right road to Mr. G's, old man?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"How far is it?"

"Oh, not very far."

"Well, how far."

"I reckon it's about half a mile."

"What sort of a house does he live in?"

"A brick house."

"Does it stand on or off the road!"

"On."

"To the right or left?"

"The right."

"You are laconic, old man."

"And you inquisitive."

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," said Mr. Dapper; "and if you have no objection, I will ask you a few more questions."

"None," replied the old man; "and if you have no objection, and will not ride too fast, I'll keep you company. I am going to Mr. G.'s, too."

"You know him, then?" said Mr. Dapper, beginning to feel interested in his companion.

"Very well," was the reply.

"They say he has the 'pewter,'" continued Mr. Dapper.

"The what?" asked the old man.

"The 'pewter.'"

"I don't know what you mean."

"The 'rhino,' the 'spondoolicks.'"

"'Pewter'—'rhino'—'spon—,'" gasped the old man. "Really, I don't understand you."

"How confoundedly stupid the old ass is!" said Mr. Dapper, *solo voce.* "The tin'— money? They say the old man is rich?"

"Oh, as for that, he has enough to keep him from starving."

"He has a daughter, too, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Rather handsome, I'm told?"

"Oh, she's good enough looking'—nothin' extra."

"Is she at home to-day?"

"I reckon she is; don't gad about much."

Mr. Dapper, fiding that he had about exhausted the old man, if not the subject, turned the conversation to those forlorn hopes in such cases—the weather and the crops. Between the two, he managed to occupy the time till they reached Mr. G.'s gate, which the old man opened and held till his companion rode in. While he was hitching his horse, and wondering which of the windows was Clara's, he was aroused by the sound of the old man's voice calling:

"Here, Jim, Bill, Bob, some of you niggers come and put up the gentleman's horse!"

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Dapper. "Why, that must be Clara's father!—H—ll! and I've been talking to him about the confounded "tin!" Why, I can't look the old fellow in the face at supper!"

After indulging in these not very consoling reflections, Mr. Dapper thought it best to follow the advice of "Lady Macheth" to her guests, not to stand up