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THE ADVERTISER.

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☞ All transcient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

☞ **Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63.**—Knights of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays. T. A. CREIGH, Sov.

☞ **Adah Chapter No.**—Order of the Eastern Star. Meets in Masonic Hall on the third Sundays in each month. MRS. LOUISA MOORE, W. M. MRS. EMMA BLAKE, Sec'y.

☞ **Furnas Council No. 3. R. & S. M.**—Stated Communications fourth Monday in each month. JNO. BLAKE, T. I. G. M. T. A. CREIGH, Recorder.

☞ **Mt. Carmel Commandery Knight Templar No. 3.**—Meets in Masonic Hall on the second Monday night in each month. R. W. FURNAS, Em. Com. F. A. CREIGH, 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. A. R. DAVISON, Secy.

☞ **Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.**—Regular Communications held on third Thursday evenings of each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. J. C. SHUERTS, Secy.

☞ **Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.** Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. A. J. MCFALL, N. G. R. W. BENNETT, Secy.

CHURCHES.

☞ **Christ's Church** (Episcopal.)—Corner Atlantic and Second streets. Divine service every Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock; Sunday School at 2½ o'clock, p. m. Seats free. Rev. J. E. ROGERS, Rector.

☞ **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. W. B. SLAUGHTER, Pastor.

CITY OFFICALS.

☞ **City Council.**—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, A. . Cogswell. Aldermen—First Ward—James Stevenson and Chas. Neidhardt; Second Ward—F. E. Johnson and Lewis Hill. Marshal, D. Campbell. Clerk, J. B. Docker. Treasurer, J. W. Middleton. Police Judge, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

☞ **County Commissioners**—C. Harmes, H. O. Minick, A. J. Ritter. County Clerk, James M. Hacker. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, D. Plasters. Probate Judge, E. M. McComas. Treasurer, G. W. Bratton. Surveyor, C. M. Hayden.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m. Departs 11:30 a. m.
Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2:30 p.m. Departs 2:30 p. m.
Northern—Via Peru, Daily—Arrives 12 m; Departs 1 p. m.
Southern—Via Nemaha City, Daily—Arrives 5 p. m. Departs 7 a. m.
Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Departs at 7 a. m. Arrives at 5 p. m.
Southwestern—Via Table Rock—Weekly—Arrives Tuesday at 6 p. m. Departs Monday at 7 a. m.
Northwestern—To Helena—Semi-Weekly—Arrives Thursday and Saturday at 6 p. m. Departs Wednesday and Friday at 7 a. m.
Post Office Hours from 7 a. m., to 7½ p. m. Sundays from 10 to 10½ a. m. W. A. POLOCK, P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

SIDNEY FRENCH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office over Post Office, Brownville, Neb. 13y1

STULL & SCHICK,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. May be consulted in the English and German languages. Office, No. 70 Main street, (up stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 45-ly

W. T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

HEWETT & NEWMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Brownville, 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.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, Lett & Creigh's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. 10-6m

C. F. STEWART, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Brownville, Neb. Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 2 and 6 to 7½ p. m. Office in H. C. Lett's drug store.

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

DRUGGISTS.

Lett & Creigh,
DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, etc. McPherson Block, No. 68 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

FEED STABLE.

Union House Feed & Training Stable.
A. BORDEN, Proprietor. Horse breaking and training made a specialty. Horses boarded on reasonable terms.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

C. M. HAYDEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR. Post office address, London, Nemaha County, Neb. 25m8

LAND AGENTS.

A. P. COGSWELL, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in Cogswell Block, corner First and Atlantic 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 northeast corner McPherson's Block, up stairs, 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.

GEORGE G. START,
CASH DEALER IN GRAIN AND AGRICULTURAL Implements, and Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Aspinwall, Neb.

MERCHANDISE.

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, No. 36 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.

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

JUSTICES.

J. W. BRUSH, Justice of the Peace and Tax Paying Agent. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office at his residence in London, London Precinct, Nemaha County, Nebraska. 8-ly

SADDLERY.

J. H. BAUER, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Etc., No. 64 Main street, Brownville, Neb. Mending done to order. 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.

HOTELS.

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

GUN SMITH.

WM. F. CRADDOCK, Gun Smith & Lock Smith. Shop at No. 52, Main street, Brownville, Nebraska. Guns made to order, and repairing done promptly at cheap rates. 35-ly

BLACKSMITHS.

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ALEX. ROBINSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 55 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.

SALOONS.

JOSEPH HUDDART & CO., Peace and Quiet Saloon, No. 51 Main street, Brownville, Neb. The best Wines and Liquors kept on hand.

JHUDDA CRT & CO E

[From the Illinois State Journal.]

A DREAM.

BY MINNIE LEE.

Imagination wings her flight
 Adown the sea of time sublime,
Where the years rise up in golden light,
 On the starry wings of time;
And memory's bells fill the quiet night
 With their merry, musical chimes,
And gaze on the beautiful past to-night,
 And dream in its sunny clime.

Fair childhood's land seems very bright
 To my weary heart, just now,
While I roam and revel in beauty and light,
 And garland my youthful brow
With flowers that wept bright tears of pearl,
 So dewy with hope they were;
While zephyrs sweet the bright waves curl,
 And mystical musicstir.

I play on the hillside once again,
 I cull the roses of joy,
My thoughts go back in a merry strain,
 And life seems a golden toy—
A butterfly with gilded wings
 For childish feet to chase:
Since then how many phantom things
 I've followed in life's race!

Tremulous strains fall on my ear,
 This quiet Autumn eve,
But floating through the moonbeams clear
 Dark webs of sorrow wave—
And fill my heart with saddest tone,
 With thoughts so sad and wild,
Of forms and scenes forever gone
 That blessed me when a child.

The breeze across my mignonette
 Comes breathing sweet and low,
To wake sad sleeping memories
 Of evenings long ago!
I thought that I had driven back
 Such memories as these;
But now they all return again
 On a whispering Autumn breeze.

Fond words come ringing through my brain,
 That fills my heart with woe;
O, God! what brought them back to-night—
 Evenings of long ago!
I see the green lanes where we strayed,
 And love, so true, was mine;
The same blest breeze that fans my cheeks
 Sweeps softly over thine.

Deep words of love pour from thy lips—
 Not measured, cold and slow
As those I now hear. O, I pine
 For the evenings of long ago!
I thought I had forgotten thee,—
 Had schooled my aching heart
To pass through life as best I may,
 And act my weary part.

Alas! the mocking vision's o'er,
 Too soon, alas! I know
'Twas but my sadness that dreamed
 Of evenings long ago!
And fame has now a voice to love,
 Ambition's pulse beats high;
And girlhood's brightly colored dream
 Is laid away without a sigh.

Things that Struck a Maniac Punster at Rome, N. Y.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.]

The distance from Utica to Rome is about one good square jump for Mark Twain's frog. Rome is not built on seven hills, but is built on the Erie Canal. I saw a Roman warrior to-day. He was a chiropodist, and wanted to take my corns out for a dollar.

Says I, "I've got no corns."

Says he, "Well, I'll take your bunions out at the same price."

Says I, "I wish, Mr. Julius Cæsar, that I had a bunion, so you could take it out for a dollar, for your price is really cheap; but I haven't got any."

Says he, "Why do you call me Julius Cæsar, sir?"

Says I, "Because you are a Roman corncurer."

He left as if he was trying to catch a base ball on the fly.

I shall remember Rome. Years ago the citizens got up a fair to try and raise money to buy the minister a night shirt. I went to it. The clerks at the fair were fair females. I gave a gal a five-dollar bill for a chicken's hind leg, without any gravy on it, and she never gave me any change back. I remarked that that was dear. She offered to bet me the price of a pen-wiper that it wasn't. I took the bet, and says I to a gal she had with her:

"Don't you think that is dear?"

"No sir," says she; "I know it ain't deer; it's chicken."

I paid for the pen-wiper.

I visited another table, and I purchased a little cotton flannel dog for a dollar. There was only three cents' worth of flannel and one cent's worth of stuffing in that whole dog, and its tail couldn't possibly have cost over two cents to import. It was made to stick pins into, and I could stick pins into it all day, and it wouldn't stir. I think I paid too much for the dog, for since that I bought a dog for fifty cents and you can't stick one pin in him without his jumping a rod.

Rome is a watering-place; I saw 'em watering it to-day with carts.

During the month of August be careful of your health, and never take over eight watermelons at one dose.

To cure mosquitoes, fold them up in six thicknesses of sheet-iron, and lay them in the bottom of the well. If you haven't a well put on your pumps, and heel 'em by standing on 'em.

Too many ears of corn will kill people. Nature never intended the stomach should have ears.

Whales are larger than silk-worms this year.

An infant prodigy exists in Rome. She lives on a corner. Her mother sent her to buy a spool of cotton. The merchant prince she visited raised himself from an old cheese-box, on which his noble form was reclining, and said:

"Will you have Coat's cotton?"

"No," said the little girl, "I don't want Coat's cotton. Ma wants it to sew pa's pants with."

Since this occurred two planets have been discovered at Clinton, New York.

There is a man in Rome who can't find his way to church without an Appleton's Railroad Guide. He had a brother in New York who married an undertaker's daughter, so he could He had a brother in New York who married an undertaker's daughter, so he could be buried at first cost.

All fish caught in seines are net profits.

Gum mucilage, poured in equal quantities on your head, will make your hair stick to you.

The residents of Rome all believe that lobsters are cooked in red water. One of 'em tried to make me believe it. He swore that he'd seen 'em when they were ripe, and not cooked, and they were always green.

Thomas Keno, aged twenty-seven years, four months and four days, got into a boxing match the other day. He had his eye blacked. He says "it was a box of blacking did it." Anyhow, he got well polished off.

Bill Heads has an extensive acquaintance among book-keepers.

The gums of hen-velopes have no teeth in 'em.

To grow sweet milk, feed your cows on tube roses. If you want milk for pies, feed your goat on old handbills. As the backs of them are covered with paste, they make good milk for pastry. If you want milk to make butter of a rich yellow color, feed your goat on old straw hats; he'll eat 'em.

To take a bridal trip, ride on horseback. I have seen lots of horses in the fields on their backs, with their feet in the air. I should judge from that that this was a rolling country.

WHAT GREELEYISM MEANS.

GREELEY DOCTRINE EXPOUNDED BY GREELEYITES.

Who Carry the Greeley Banner—What is Inscribed on It—The Rallying Cries of its Followers.

The first paper in the United States to nominate Horace Greeley as a candidate for the Presidency was the Lexington (Mo.) *Caucasian*, and in an acknowledgement thereof, Mr. Greeley wrote the editor of the *Caucasian* a letter of thanks for the interest he had manifested in his behalf. These facts gave pertinency to the appended declaration of principles, which is reprinted without the change of a word or letter from the delectable organ to which Mr. Greeley specially belongs by right of original discovery:

PLATFORM OF THE FIRST GREELEY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY.

"State sovereignty! White supremacy and repudiation! This is liberty! Our motto: Never despair of the Republic. Our platform: The Constitution of 1860, and the rights of the States.

"Our doctrines: This is a white man's Government, made by white men, for white men and their posterity forever. Down with the Fifteenth Bedamendment! Total repudiation of the monstrous Yankee war debt. That accursed unconstitutional burden, accumulated by an unconstitutional mob, styling itself a Congress, in the prosecution of an unconstitutional crusade for the accomplishment of an unconstitutional and horrid purpose. Down with bond-holders and taxation! Subordination of the military to the civil authorities! Down with the satraps! Equal taxation and the rightful representation of all the States, or another rebellion! Revolution must be met by counter-revolution! Force by force! Violence by violence! And usurpation should be overthrown, if need be, by the bayonet! Down with test oaths and registration! *Vive la Republique!* For President, Horace Greeley, of New York; for Vice President, B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri."

GRANT MUST BE ASSASSINATED IF GREELEY IS DEFEATED.

[An extract which appears in the first Greeley paper, headed with the cut of a pistol.]

"If after the oppressed people of this country shall have done all in their power to prevent the re-election of the cold-blooded, bribe-taking villain, Ulysses S. Tumblebug, he shall, by the use of corrupt means, reinstall himself and his army of hungry vampireal, egg-sucking, skillet-licking kin in office, then there still remains a hope, a last but sure and final resort—the deringer resort. The Jewish High Priest, Caiphas, expressed that last resort 1800 years ago, in these beautiful and patriotic words: 'It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.'"

THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH AMENDMENTS FRAUDS UPON THE CONSTITUTION.

Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, in his letter announcing his purpose to support Horace Greeley, speaks of the reconstruction act as a cruel and unjust bill of attainder. Of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments he says: "They were frauds upon the spirit and letter of the instrument, inasmuch as they effected the worse outrage which it was made to prevent."

REPAYMENT OF THE SOUTH FOR HER PROPERTY AND SLAVES.

[From the speech of Ex-Governor Brown, Greeleyite, at Nashville, Tenn.]

"I do not care what Greeley has said in the past against the South and its institutions. It is enough for me to know that now he is in favor of restoring her to her pristine rights. Greeley, if elected, will pay the losses of the South."

[From the speech of Hon. E. J. Gollaway, M. C. from Nashville, at the same meeting.]

"Greeley, at the outset of the war, was in favor of letting the 'wayward sisters depart in peace,' and afterward went single handed and alone to meet our Commissioners in Canada, to treat for peace. Not a Democrat in the North dared to go with him or manifest any desire to go. He was then in favor of paying the South for her slaves, and I believe he is still."

"THE OLD REBEL YELL" REVIVED.

[From the speech of E. J. Ellis, Greeley Stump Orator, at Monroe, La.]

"Twelve millions of people would hail, as a lover hails the dawn of a first smile, the flash of the first brave sword drawn for vengence and liberty. I know what is swelling in every heart, that if we could go forth into the tented field again, and align ourselves in battle array, and in one brave conflict determine our weal or woe, and whether ourselves, our wives and children should be slaves for all time to come, how gladly we would dare the issue. It would be either swift death or glorious victory."

Of that resolution of the Cincinnati and Baltimore platforms, which declares that its subscribers "remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the Republic," the Quitman (Ga.) *Banner*, which supports the Greeley movement, has this to say:

"The atrocities of the Northern soldiery are still too fresh in our memory; the scars on our hearts are not yet erased; the names of Chickamauga and Elmira still suffuse the eyes with tears and the heart with terrible thoughts of vengence."

GREELEY WILL DO THE BIDDING OF DEMOCRACY.

[From the speech of Hon. James Beck, of Kentucky, Greeley Stump Orator.]

"Should Greeley, if elected, attempt to be dishonorable or endeavor to enact any obnoxious principles of Radicalism, a Democratic Congress, that was certain to be chosen with him, would hedge him in and render his efforts harmless; and that when it was necessary to secure such legislation as the Democracy deem wise, they would demand and compel Mr Greeley to yield acquiescence."

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIERS TO BE PENSIONED.

[From the Binghamton (N. Y.) Republican]

"More frank than a majority of the Democrats. Mr. Lewis Carmichael never, during the war, pretended to be in sympathy with the North, but on the contrary, he favored the Confederacy. Like Horace Greeley, he would pay slaveholders for the property Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation deprived them of. But he had a special mission—to secure the passage of a bill in Congress providing that pensions be paid to Southern disabled soldiers; in fact, that the pension laws now existing apply to all cases of death or injury caused by the war, whether in the Union or Confederate armies. Mr. Greeley was written to in its relation, and answer asked for. In reply, honest (?) Horace said HE FAVORED THE PENSION PROPOSITION, AND BELIEVED IT RIGHT TOWARD THE SOUTH, ALTHOUGH HE FELT SURE CONGRESS WOULD NOT ENACT SUCH A PROVISION. This is no prediction, for *we* read the letter, and, therefore, know whereof we affirm."

GREELEY'S OWN TESTIMONY AS TO THE KU-KLUX SPIRIT IN THE SOUTH.

[From H. G.'s Memphis Letter to the Tribune]

"The Republicans uniformly testify that there was AN ORGANIZED AND ARMED CONSPIRACY whereby they, and especially the blacks, were deterred from voting—that offering to vote would have cost them their lives—that the Democrats were determined to carry the State for Seymour, and did carry it, by SYSTEMATIC TERRORISM, against which the poor and humble durst not contend.

* * Now, the Ku-Klux organization may be active in this locality and dormant in that—may seem dead to-day—AND BE REVIVED TO-MORROW—BUT THE KU-KLUX SPIRIT STILL LIVES AT THE SOUTH AND IS VERY FORMIDABLE."

CONDITION OF THE SOUTH IN THE EVENT OF GREELEY'S ELECTION.

[From the regular North Carolina Correspondence of the New York Tribune, Greeley's own organ.]

"The Democrats of the South, if Horace Greeley is elected, will be the worst disappointed set of men you ever saw. I don't believe Mr. Greeley has sold out to them as they think he has, and there's sure to be a fight unless these secessionists down here are allowed to manage him. You don't and can't know them as we do; but mind what I tell you, this whole country will be overrun with Ku-Klux within three months after Mr. Greeley's inauguration. Then, if he undertakes to suppress disorder, there'll be such a howl as this country never heard."

RE-ENSLAVEMENT OF THE NEGROES.

[From the Chicago Tribune, local Greeley organ.]

"Recent events which have transpired in North Carolina, in connection with the State campaign and election, are already beginning to suggest the question whether the political power wielded by the negro element in the South is not a serious menace to Republican institutions."

[From the New York Express, Greeley organ, owned by Hon. James Brooks, Member of Congress, and supporter of Greeley.]

"The power which a few white Federal overseers in the South, and the terror which the negro leagues inspire, would seem to controvert the anti-slavery averment that the negro was born to be free—that is, to be a free man, as the white man is free. The Democrats of the North and West now recognize the absolute freedom of the ex-slave—and his equality with them before the law—and they wish now to see him their equal, and not the slave of others—but when they see a whole race all voting one way, and that mainly through terror, they must often feel that the negro himself loves slavery better than freedom. We would wish now to share our freedom and our equality with the negro, but he won't be free and he won't be our equal, and hence the re-arising of this old discussion, whether the negro was really born to be a slave or not."

THE LOST CAUSE REGAINED THROUGH GREELEY—DIRECT PLEDGES TO RESTORE THE REBELS TO POWER.

[From the speech of Gen. Hodge, Greeley stump orator, at Louisville, Ky., Aug. 2.]

"I have devoted a lifetime to the principles of the Democratic party. I have grown gray in the advocacy of those principles, and each year the conviction has grown deeper that its fundamental principles are the true foundation-stones of this Government. I have seen upon the battle-field thousands throw away their lives in defense of these principles. The graves of the gallant Southern dead who sleep upon every hillside in the South, over whose graves the night winds sigh, are reminders to me of the love for these principles which still lingers in my heart. The second passage in Mr. Greeley's letter means that JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE AND OTHER CHIVALROUS SONS OF THE SOUTH SHALL BE RESTORED TO THEIR FORMER POSITIONS OF POWER AND INFLUENCE. Looking back upon the once shattered and fruitless hopes of the South, I now see that the equal rights and sovereignty of the States shall be restored, and my comrades of the lost cause have not died in vain. This will be a victory for that for which they fought. Mr. Greeley promised to do all he could to aid us when we got a majority in Congress. I object to Grant because he is a Republican; because he is a member of that party which waged successfully the contest against my brethren of the South, whose orators kept the fires burning that filled the Federal ranks with soldiers. I have heard it said by some that the Democratic party shall have no part with Mr. Greeley in the conquest; but I feel that they will not be neglected. Not only will Greeley not forget who has helped him to his position, but pledges—direct pledges—have been given us by him, that we shall not be forgotten in case of success."

GREELEY THE STEPPING-STONE TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF REBELS IN POWER.

[From the speech of Col. U. C. P. Breckinridge, at the above-named meeting.]

"Our part of this bargain is to give the Liberal Republicans our votes, in order to enable them to suceed in the undertaking. Their part of the bargain is to restore to power the now disfranchised sons of the South, to drive out of the temple these vandals and thieves, and to restore you, Democrats, to their positions. They are given to you, men of the South, those places which the men of the dominant party now hold. I don't care a picayune for Horace Greeley, or what he has said. He represents the dawn of a new era to us; an era that will restore us to power. Will not that be victory enough for us? It may be in the words of a friend from Woodford, Blackburn, 'that Greeley is purgatory, but Grant is hell.'"

[From the N. Y. Herald's Interview with Gov. Whyte, of Maryland, Aug. 1.]

Reporter—How do you take, Governor, that passage of Senator Sumner's letter where he says that the Democrats have been converted to Republicanism?

Governor—So far from the Democrats abandoning their principles, or, indeed, abandoning their party name, I consider that as a party in its solidarity—to use Kossuth's expression—it has taken Greeley and the Cincinnati platform for temporary purposes. Having changed the present Administration, and embarking upon a new one with principles in so great a degree similar to the Liberal Republicans, the Democratic party, with its 3,000,000 of voters, will be the power in the land hereafter.

"THE LAST REBEL YELL."

[From the Farmer of Chappaqua Songster.]

"Whoo-Hoop for Horace!"
I'm a rale old Reb, with but one leg left,
And I'm afraid I cannot raise as loud a yell
As when I followed Jackson through the Blue Ridge cleft,
 Or stormed the ruins of Fort Hell.

CHORUS.

But the old yell comes,
Though silent are the drums:
 Whoo-Hoop!
(Gray-column in the van!)
 For the first of the Yanks
 Who, after we broke ranks,
Behaved like an uncle and a man.

DON'T HOWL, ANDERSONVILLE.

[From Lyman Trumbull's speech at Dixon, Illinois.]

"We should forgive the South, AND NOT GO HOWLING ROUND ABOUT THE HORRORS OF ANDERSONVILLE."

The Colfax Keg.

A correspondent of the Fort Wayne *Sentinel* is responsible for the following story: It seems that one of the Southern carpet-baggers came across some delicious Robinson county whisky—some that had been made during the war, buried during the war, and accumulated dust on the outside and a delicious eruston the inside. A few choice kegs constituted the whole lot, and it is not surprising that an enterprising carpet-bagger should buy it all. When he reached Washington he sent a keg to the White House, with his compliments, and another to Mr. Colfax, his card attached. The latter sent back a note of declination, in rather pointed terms, but not the whisky. The enterprising carpet-bagger replied in a meek spirit, saying that he had understood it to be excellent for rheumatism, but, if Mr. Colfax could make no use of it, he might send it over to the White House, where it seemed to meet with proper appreciation.

A few days after, the enterprising carpet-bagger happened to be at the White House, and thought he would make some inquiry. He approached Dent confidentially and said:

"By the way, how did you folks enjoy that Robinson county whisky I sent over?"

"Beautiful!" said the classical door-keeper, as he smacked his lips in recollection of it.

"Well, Colfax sent you over another keg, didn't he?"

"Haven't seen it."

"Why, I sent him a keg, and he seemed to get mad about it. So I wrote him that he might send it over to the General, who knew a good thing when he tasted it. At the same time, I mentioned that it was good for rheumatism."

"Ah, that accounts for it;" said Dent, sadly, at the thought of losing it, "I hear that they have all had the rheumatism dreadfully over at the Vice President's for the last week or so."

Will the vandals never cease to shatter the traditions that have crystallized in history? Is there no limit to the relentless work of destruction? The fate of Pocahontas will serve *exempli gratia*. The story of that young female was quite as much a part of American annals as the battle of Bunker Hill, and it is doubtful whether she could have been spared as well as George Washington. But a few years ago, one of these historical iconoclasts smashed her into smithereens, and instead of a pure and noble Indian maiden of exemplary character and a romantic career,—the heroine *par excellence* of our early history,—they left us a camp follower,—dirty, degraded, bestial. Then they assaulted William Tell, whose exploit with the bow and arrow was about the only thing in the history of Switzerland that most people in this country were certain of. Him they demolished,—bow, arrow, apple, Albert and all,—by the simple demonstration that no such man ever existed. And now comes a writer in the *Galaxy*, and pulverizes all our notions about Lucretia Borgia. This woman no one has ever entertained any doubt about. It has been universally understood that poisoning people was her regular diversion, and that she furnished business for several toxicologists and innumerable undertakers. So it has been sung in opera, declaimed in drama, and believed by everybody. Not only that, but the name has come to represent a large and rapidly growing class, and no journalist, with any *esprit du corps* in his bosom, would think of calling a female poisoner anything but "another Borgia." But this writer shows that Lucretia Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander the Sixth and Duchess of Ferrara, not only never poisoned anybody, but never assassinated anybody by whatsoever means. He represents, and corroborates his statements by what seems to be impregnable evidence, that though her husbands certainly acquired a habit of dying, she was an excellent wife, a fond mother, and altogether an admirable woman.—*Chicago Times.*

Very Funny.

Did you ever see a woman throw a stone at a hen? It is one of the most ludicrous scenes in every day life. We recently observed the process. The predatory fowl had invaded the precincts of the flower bed, and was industriously pecking and scratching, for the nutritious seed or the early worm,—blissfully unconscious of impending danger. The lady now appears upon the scene with a broom. This she drops and picks up a rocky fragment of the Silurian age, and then makes her first mistake—they all do it—of seizing the projectile with the wrong hand. Then with malice aforethought, she makes the further blunder of swinging her arm perpendicularly instead of horizontally—thereupon the stone flies into the air, describing an irregular elliptical curve, and strikes the surface of the earth as far from the hen as the thrower stood at the time, in a course due west from the same, the hen then bearing by the compass north-northeast by half west. At the second attempt the stone narrowly missed the head of the thrower herself, who seeing that any further attempt of the kind would be suicide, did what she might have done at first, started after the hen with an old and familiar weapon. The moral of which is: Stick to the broomstick.

Sarah, the only daughter and heiress of Winnemucca, the Chief of the Piutes, recently married a young lieutenant at Salt Lake. A Jenkins in that region says she was attired in a blanket decollette with oyster-shell necklace, and partook heartily of the parental wedding feast of fricasseed prairie dog and picked crickets.

DETECTIVE MICROSCOPY.

The uses of science for the detection of disproof of crime have been greatly celebrated in theoretical disquisitions, but do not always establish themselves when the law seeks to avail itself of them in practical cases. Recent trials of alleged poisoners have developed very little apparent trustworthiness in chemical analysis and microscopical tests for the determination of questions respecting the character and quantity of poisonous drugs supposed to be present in the human remains subjected to examination, and the various ingenious attempts made from time to time in French courts to utilize the camera for detective purposes have scarcely proved more satisfactory. It may be, however, that mere quackery of science, rather than its professional exactness, is what lawyers have willfully cited to confuse rather than interest unprofessional jurymen; and that, in days of less audacious pettifogging, crime may yet be made to tremble before witnesses who by the wonders of scientific vision may be able to trace the criminal unerringly in every step of his dark commission. The subject is suggested by an article in a late number of the English *Journal of Microscopy*, describing the experience of one Dr. B. in what may be technically called the detective use of the microscope. Having used the latter instrument for many years in his study of comparative anatomy, the medical practitioner in question has been particularly impressed by the varieties of hair appertaining to the human and brute creations, and believes himself able to tell not only from what race of man—white or black—or from what particular animal, or part thereof, a given hirsute tuft has been taken, but also whether it has been removed by violence or not. Consequent upon his fame in this relation, there came to him, not long ago, enclosed in an envelope, a number of short hairs, with the request that he would examine them and give his judgment of their character. Submitting them to a microscope, he found that they were from the human eyebrows, and had been greatly *bruised;* and recorded his decision to that effect upon a paper with them in the envelope. Soon thereafter a stranger called for the letter; and, though tendering a fee for the professional service rendered, abstained from revealing why the examination had been asked. It ensued however, that Dr. B. was to hear more of the matter, for he was presently subpœned to attend at the L—assizes as a witness for prosecution in a murder case. A man had been killed by a heavy blow upon the eyebrow with some blunt instrument; upon a hammer found in the possession of the suspected murderer had been discovered the hairs which had been sent to the microscopist, and the latter's identification of these hairs was just the link in the chain of evidence requisite to fasten the crime upon the accused. It required no little positive assurance from the presiding judge that the "scientific" testimony was incontrovertable to induce the jury to act upon it and render a verdict of conviction, and even then one of the jurors was skeptical as to the exactness of the science involved. Asking the doctor if he could surely distinguish the hair of the creature, or part, from another, and being answered in the affirmative, he expressed an intention to test the matter for himself at some future time. Accordingly, one day in the same week the skeptic appeared at the microscopist's office with a lock of soft, dark hair, and with few words, leaving it for identification, departed for the neighboring house of a friend. When next he called he wished to know "what kind of a person" had been the original possessor of the hair? To which Dr. B. responded with due gravity that, according to the revelation of his microscope, it had been taken from the back of a Norway rat sometime after death. And this was exactly the truth. The ex-juror had a son in Norway from whom he had received a Norway ratskin, wherefrom he had plucked the tuft with which he hoped to baffle the pretences of science. Of course the result left him in no doubt as to the incriminating testimony of the hairs which had been found upon the hammer, and he went on his way thoroughly convinced that the microscope is an instrument of vital importance to society.

A young minister who had been invited to preach in a church where the congregation were very much opposed to written sermons, found himself in a very unusual and unpleasant condition when he rose to announce his discourse. He had never preached without notes, and all his ideas fled as soon as he had announced his text. He paused; told how his text was divided; paused again; repeated his text, and then made several unsuccessful efforts to say something about something. He tried the creation, but that would not do. Then he attempted something about the patriarchs of old, but failed again. Everything seemed very dark to him until he thought of Joseph. He had read so much of him that he was sure he remembered his history. "Now, brethren," said he, "Jacob had twelve children. Yes, (raising his voice,) he had twelve sons. That good old father (raising his voice still higher) had twelve sons, and, brethren, they were all boys." With this he sat down very suddenly, and then rose and gave out the doxology.

What trifling events will sometimes turn the whole course of one's domestic life. There is a divorce suit now pending in Washington, and this is the way it happened: Wm. Walker married Theresa Fabia, and of course he loved her with a love that nothing could oversway. One week after the wedding he desired to have his name put upon her silver-ware, but the prudent woman mistrusting his designs upon her spoons, refused that trifling request. From that moment his invincible affection was dead and he began at once to make her life intolerable by cruel treatment, and she left him. Ah! what a heavenly thing is love, and what a noble creation is man.

Some Massachusetts clergymen take a very peculiar way of collecting pew rent. Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Haverhill, was before the police court the other day for kicking a woman in church, because she insisted upon occupying a pew, the rent of which she had neglected to pay. The Court held that this was not a proper way to collect pew rent, and the reverend gentleman had to pay $20 for the assault upon his parishioner. As to whether it was the proper behavior for a pastor in church, and becoming treatment of one of the flock by the shepherd, of course the Court had nothing to say. Neither have we.

PUTTING GRINDSTONES IN ORDER.

It is impossible for anyone to grind a tool properly on a stone that wabbles like a drunken cart wheel. In order to grind the basil of a chisel or plane-iron true, the periphery of the grindstone must revolve as true as a millstone. The first step towards putting a stone in proper order is to measure from the centre or the eye to the periphery, on four sides, for the purpose of determining whether the stone has been worn off more on one side than on the other. When a stone is driven by a treadle, a large part of the grinding is done on one side of the stone when the treadle is going down. In such a case the stone should be re-hung with the journal nearer one side of the eye than the centre of it. After it has been hung as true as practicable, screw down the caps of the bearing boxes so that the journal will have no play; then, with the end of an old file, turn a small groove near each edge of the periphery, after which dress off each side with a sharp cold chisel an inch or more from the grinding surface. Now fix a solid rest close to each side of the stone, turn a small groove in each side of the stone, and dress off the prominent parts with a sharp cold-chisel. Always cut horizontally towards the middle of the stone from each side, and thus avoid splitting away large chips from the side of the periphery. Always use a light hammer or mallet and a small half inch chisel, rather than a heavy hammer and chisel. With a heavy hammer and large chisel, there will be great danger of chipping off a large piece of the stone beyond the mark. With a light hammer and small chisel, one can fit up the periphery of a wabbling grindstone, in a brief space of time, so that it will revolve satisfactorily true.—*Industrial Monthly.*

There is a man in Darby, Pa., who purchased a bull dog, which he proposed to turn loose in his store at night in order to scare away buglars. The first evening after he obtained possession of the animal he locked it in the store and went away a happy man. The next morning, early, he went around to the store and unlocked the door. The dog was vigilant—the man was surprised to perceive how exceedingly vigilant the dog was—for no sooner was the door open than the dog seized his owner by the leg, suddenly, and seemed to be animated by an earnest and vigorous resolution not to let go until it had removed at least one mouthful. And the man pushed the dog back and shut the door on its ribs until the animal relaxed its jaws; and then the man kicked the dog into the store and shut the door as if he was in a hurry to do something. Then he suspended business for a week, and spent the vacation firing at that dog through the windows and down the chimney, and up through the cellar ceiling, with a shot-gun, trying to exterminate him. And that mercantile establishment did not open for trade until the man had paid twice the first cost of the dog to the dog's former owner to come and take it home; and then, when he got in, he found that during the bombardment holes had been shot through mackerel barrels, molasses cans and coal oil kegs, so that there was misery and ruin everywhere. Dogs have no more charms for this man; and if you allude in his presence to the noble work that is being done by the woman's branch of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, that merchant is always observed to rise up and swear.—*Springfield Republican.*

Men laughed, when wearing Pig-tails was the rule,
At one who wore no Pig-tail as a fool.
She that hair-powder, patches, paint eschew'd
Was funny to the female multitude.
When womankind their waists made long or short,
Whose waist was Nature's waist, she moved their sport.
In days of Crinoline's extent immense,
Attained in skirts of just circumference,
Amid the modish throng if one appeared,
The others at her for a "dowdy" sheered.
Now Chignons are in vogue, they deem her odd
Who fails to pile the fashionable wad
Aloft, like towers of Cybele, and groan
Beneath a load of hair that's not her own.
The crowd, their ears with pendants who adorn,
A lady without ear-rings hold in scorn;
Who fish-bones through their nostrils thrust so those
The fair who wears no fish-bone in their nose.

Wonder if our lady readers will be able to see through the following.—We are at a loss to know what the fellow found, but it could'nt surely have been a poultice:

A Lafayette, Ind., man advertises a bundle which he found on the street, and which consisted of several newspapers, three pair of old hose, two quilted petticoats, nearly worn out, two old slouch hats, a pair of top boots, a bunch of hay, a piece of stair carpet, and a cord about three feet long. The cord passed through the centre of the bundle, which when found had a convex and a concave surface, somewhat resembling one-half of a round bushel basket, and as the two ends of the cord were tied together he thinks the bundle has been used as a poultice or something.

Now this is too bad! A woman who has arrived at the discreet age of forty-three, has sued a boy of nineteen, in Detroit, for breach of promise of marriage. Women who desire to speculate with their untried affections and get gain by a broken heart, might be excused if they exercised their business talents on a man of mature years and varied experience, but to take advantage of a boy in this way is too much of a confidence operation. We trust that the intelligent jury will harden themselves to all appeals on behalf of the lacerated feelings and blighted existence of this mature maiden.

We find the following healthy item in the river column of the Memphis Avalanche: In the course of an interview, yesterday, between General Cheatham and one of his soldiers, Major C., the Gen. asked the Maj. how many children he had. "I have nine," modestly answered our friend, "and would have had but eight had it not been for you." "How is that?" enquired the Gen. somewhat surprised. "I was indebted to your kindness for a furlough." The Gen. saw it.

We observe that the old fashioned cottage bonnets are coming in vogue again, and have already been worn by many fashionable ladies. The only thing required to make them becoming is a pretty face inside. Even then however, some men would probably set their faces against them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEAD LOCKS—False curls.

SHOOTING SEASON—Spring.

The first ark-tic explorers—Noah's bed-bugs.

TICKET OF LEAVE—Pawnbrokers' certificates.

If man is a "mister-y," woman is a "miss-ery."

Early rising was once an indication of thrift, but now it indicates that a man is thirsty.

Of what does a philosopher in threadbare garments remind one? The poor-suit of knowledge.

A Chinese newspaper has entered upon its two thousandth volume. It has lost all of its original subscribers.

One of Judy's young men being asked whether a hat could be called a u-tile article, replied, "Yes, I chapeau so."

Base ball ought to be styled the mutual admiration game. The clubs so unremittingly play into each other's hands."

Muscatine, Ind., is puzzled over a bird, shot near that place, the other day. It looks like a cross between a duck and a giraffe.

An irritable man who was disappointed in his boots, threatened to eat up the shoemaker, but compromised by devouring a cobbler.

A colored brother in Hillsboro, N. C., was turned out of his church for telling on two other brethren who had been stealing a hog.

The time to possess your soul in patience is when your hat blows off in the street and your eyes are too full of dirt to see which way it goes.

Extraordinary mildness of the season—The married man who stopped out late the other night found a flea in his ear when he got home.

A lake has just been discovered among the Cascade Mountains in Oregon, which is surrounded by a perpendicular wall 2,000 feet high.

"Ye are the children of the devil," was the text of a divine in the morning, and in the afternoon he said, "Children, obey your parents."

A negro girl managed to escape from the Bedford, Tenn. jail, by soaping herself and creeping through the bars, leaving her clothes behind.

The latest Pullman idea for long routes—a library car with reading room, and writing desks, bowling alleys, billiard tables and croquet grounds.

Crowds of negroes were baptized at St. Louis recently. One old lady, after she got out, exclaimed: "Bress de Lord, dats five times I'se been baptized."

The appointment by the Mormons of missionaries to evangelize Europe and the United States, looks very much as if the tail was trying to wag the dog.

A Missouri murderer, sentenced to be hanged, offers to shoot Geo. Francis Train if the Government will pardon him. His proposition is worthy of consideration.

A pious exchange says: Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time, a long falling in love. But this linked sweetness long drawn out is neither the generally accepted theory nor practice.

Victor Hugo says of the Paris gamin: There are two things of which he is the Tantalus, which he is always wishing for, but never attains—the overthrow of the government, and to get his trowsers mended."

Rudolph Begas, the German sculptor, is at work upon a large statue of Washington, for a wealthy merchant of Hamburg. A Yankee Dundreary, who has been taking a look at it, says the thing "beggas descwiption."

A misanthrophic paragraphist says: "The touching spectacle of a boy leading home his drunken parent, was was witnessed at Burlington, Iowa, last week. The progress was slow, however, as the boy was considerably the drunker of the two."

A newly married gentleman and lady riding in a chaise, were overturned. A person coming to their assistance observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking, indeed, to see a married couple fall out so soon," replied the gentleman.

A toll-gate keeper in Virginia, was lately brought before a magistrate for cruelty to his daughter, occasioned by her allowing her lover to drive thro' the gate free, when she had charge of it. Like one of Shakespeare's heroines, "She never tolled her love."

An inveterate old beggar, who frequented a certain entry, was tolled into one of the offices by the inmates out of curiosity to know what was in his particular plea for charity on that day, since he always had a new one, replied: "Well, gentlemen, I guess I've kind o' lost my energy powers." A very common complaint in spring weather.

A Dubuquer quarreled with his wife the other morning, and drawing his razor threatened to sever his jugular vein. His daughter fell upon her knees and implored him to desist, but he would'nt. "Let the old fool cut his throat if he wants to," shouted the wife, whereupn he put up his razor, and concluded to live until the twentieth century.

The experiments of the English Anti-Tobacco Society are rather discouraging in their results. In order to ascertain precisely the horible effects of smoking on the nervous system they got Professor Newman to try a pipe and note the qualms, but strange to say the Professor didn't have any qualms. He rather liked the sensation, and has kept on smoking ever since.

An eminent lawyer, a short time since, while vehemently and eloquently advocating his client's cause before a jury, and recounting her many wrongs, declared that her sufferings were too grievous to be borne, and that in consequence, in the silent midnight watches, the busy scenes of the day being hushed, she wept until the lacteal fluid flowed in streams that submerged her nightly pillow.

The most estimable convict of whom we have heard for some time, is one Andrew Johnson, an inmate of the Nevada State's Prison. He subscribes for the principal newspaper in the State, and having no money he carv'd a very handsome match-box of stone, and sent it to the editor to pay for the paper until he gets out of prison, when he promises to pay up in gold coin with interest. Such convicts are scarce. The principal drawback about this one is his name.