

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1876.

VOL. 20.—NO. 37.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

T. L. Schick, Attorney at Law—MAY BE CONSULTED in the German language. Office next to County Clerk's Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska.

J. S. Stull, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over Hill Store, Brownville, Neb.

E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law—Office, front room over Stevenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb.

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

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HULLABAY, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Obstetrician, Graduate in 1851. Locates in Brownville 1876. Office, next to County Clerk's Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children.

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon, Office in Day Drug Store, No. 12 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

NOTARIES & COLLECTION AGENTS.

L. A. Bergmann, Notary Public and Conveyancer—Office, No. 12 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. Gibson, Blacksmith and Horse Shoer, First Street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

NEMAHA CITY ADS.

TITUS BROS.

DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE SUCH AS DRY GOODS CLOTHING, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Notions.

NEMAHA CITY, NEB.

Highest Market Price allowed for COUNTRY PRODUCE HIDES, FURS, Etc.

J. & E. HUDDART'S

Peace and Quiet Saloon!

CITY BAKERY.

GROceries, CONFECTIONS, FRESH BREAD, CAKES & PIES.

A. W. NICKEL,

DRUGGIST AND BOOK SELLER

has every thing in his line at the LOWEST PRICES.

North Side Main St.

PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS

Every instrument fully warranted. Factory and office, Washington, N. J. Correspondence solicited.

J. L. ROY,

Dealer in FURNITURE!

Undertaking a Specialty.

Keeps a full line of METALIC AND WOOD BURIAL CASES.

56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

Plott's Star Organs.

Agents supplied at figures that defy competition for the same class of instruments. Try one. Address, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

A. ROBISON,

DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES

CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER.

PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS

Are as perfect perfor organs as are manufactured. Correspondence solicited with organs, pianos, and the trade. Address, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

HOMWOOD MILLS

Having in my employ Mr. HENRY SHIFFER, acknowledged to be the best miller in the State, I am prepared to furnish GOOD FLOUR in any quantity. Every sack warranted.

My Flour is for sale at all the principal stores in Brownville. GEO. HOMWOOD, Sheridan Mills, April 1st, 1875.

FRANZ HELMER,

WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE. WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Blacksmithing and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. 187-19.

NURSERY STOCK.

"DIRT CHEAP!"

Will sell what remains of the Furnas Nurseries AT PRICES NONE WILL CALL IN QUESTION.

The trees are three and four years old, and of choicest varieties, principally fall and winter. The choicest collection of most improved varieties of Crab Apples, not before offered for sale, will be closed out this spring. Evergreens, two to four feet high, raised in our soil and climate, will be retailed cheaper than ever before by wholesale.

Also one and two year Forest Trees—Ash, Elm, Honey Locust, and Coffee Tree. Gray Willow Cuttings by the million, very fine—One tray to eight feet.

FURNAS NURSERIES,

Brownville, Neb.

STALLION SEASON.

HAMBLETONIAN CHIEF!

Will make the season of 1876, commencing March 1st and ending July 1st, at the stable of the Hambletonian Chief, Brownville, Neb.

PEDIGREE—Hambledonian Chief was bred by Hambletonian Prince, he by Administrator, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the sire of Dexter, Jay Gould, John H. Bay, and the grand sire of Goldsmith's Maid, and many others noted for great speed and endurance. Hambletonian Prince's dam was bred by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, he by Rye Buck, grand sire of very fast mare by old Seneca, he by Dan Patch, imported Diomed, Administrator's dam was bred by Mambrino Chief, 2nd dam, Arabian Tartar, 3rd dam by Duroc Messenger, son of Duroc, out of a mare by Messenger, son of Imported Messenger. Hambletonian Chief's dam was bred by Green's Bashaw, he by Vernon's Black Hawk, he by Long Island Black Hawk, son of Andrew Jackson by Young Bashaw, son of Imported Arabian, Grand Bashaw, Young Bashaw's dam was by Hon. Fred Consul, grand dam by "Messenger, Belle, the dam of Green's Bashaw, was bred by Webster's Tom Thumb, 2nd dam the Cent mare, (dam of Rysdyk's Hambletonian) by Imported Florida Temple, by Hambletonian sire of Flora Temple, by Imported Messenger. (See Bruce's American Bloodstock.)

Hambledonian Chief

is a dark bay, 15 1/2 hands high, two white feet, star in forehead with powerful limbs and muscle, and free open trotting gait which only needs time to develop himself, being inherited by him from his illustrious ancestors.

He will be allowed to serve only a limited number of mares, at the low price of \$10 per week, and his services are respectfully requested to make an early application. Mares not proving to be with foal can be returned free of charge. All accidents at the owner's risk. Apply to GEORGE HATCHETT, Supt.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, \$100,000 Authorized " 500,000

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A General Banking Business

BUY AND SELL GOIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS on all the principal cities of the United States and Europe.

MONEY LOANED

On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted and special accommodations to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS.

DIRECTORS—Wm. F. Ten, R. M. Balfour, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, H. M. Atkinson, Wm. Frazer.

JOHN L. CARSON, President.

A. R. DAVIDSON, Cashier.

Plott's Star Organs.

Agents supplied at figures that defy competition for the same class of instruments. Try one. Address, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

A. ROBISON,

DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES

CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER.

PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS

Are as perfect perfor organs as are manufactured. Correspondence solicited with organs, pianos, and the trade. Address, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

HOMWOOD MILLS

Having in my employ Mr. HENRY SHIFFER, acknowledged to be the best miller in the State, I am prepared to furnish GOOD FLOUR in any quantity. Every sack warranted.

My Flour is for sale at all the principal stores in Brownville. GEO. HOMWOOD, Sheridan Mills, April 1st, 1875.

FRANZ HELMER,

WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE. WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Blacksmithing and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. 187-19.

THE SONGS OF OLD.

The songs of old! How deep a spell lies in the old familiar rhymes, Ourselves by those we loved so well.

In other days, in happier times! Visions of hope, long passed away, Come o'er the heart so lone and cold; And memory asks, "Oh! where are they? Who wrestly sang the songs of old?"

Where are they? Some in silence sleep Beneath the mournful yew-tree gloom; Others within the boundless deep Have early found an ocean tomb. Dim are the eyes that gently shone, The once warm heart lies still and cold, And hushed for aye, forever gone, The voices that sang the songs of old.

Where are they? On some foreign strand For many a weary day they roam; Cheerless they tread the stranger's land, From friends afar afar from home. Do they not long to join once more The joyous dance, the social throng, And mingle, as in days of yore, Their voices in the olden song?

Fondly the heart still loves to linger Amid the ruins of the past, Treading with fancy, airy finger, Visions so beautiful to last; Bringing to memory's eye again, The long lost friends, the cherished ones— Waking the past with some sad strain, Some well remembered olden song.

MARION'S MEN.

McDonald's Trick on the Old Tory.

BY PETER HOBBS.

The hero of this story was a remarkably stout, red-haired young Scotsman named McDonald, son of the McDonald of the famous defeat at Morrie Creek Bridge, North Carolina. Soon after the defeat of his father, he came and joined our troops. Led by curiosity, I could not help, one day, asking the reason, to which he made, in substance the following reply: "Immediately on the misfortune of my father and his friends at the Great Bridge, I fell to thinking what could be the cause; and then it struck me that it must have been owing to their own monstrous ingratitude. Here now, said I to myself, is a parcel of people, meaning my poor father and friends, who fled from the murderous swords of the English, after the massacre of Culloden. Well, they came to America, with hardly anything but their poverty and mournful looks. But among this friendly people that was enough. Every eye that saw us had pity; and every hand was reached out to assist. They received us into their houses, as though we had been their unfortunate brothers. They kindled high their hospitable fires for us, and spread their feasts, and bid us eat and drink, and banish our sorrows, for that we were in a land of friends. And so indeed we found it; for, whenever we told of the woeful battle of Culloden, and how the English gave no quarter to our unfortunate countrymen, but butchered all they could overtake, these generous people often gave us their tears, and said, 'O! that we had been there to aid you with our rifles, then should many of these monsters have bit the ground.' They received us into the bosoms of their peaceful forests, and gave us their lands, and their beautiful daughters in marriage, and we became rich. And yet, after all, soon as the English came to America to murder this innocent people, merely for refusing to be their slaves, then my father and friends, forgetting all the Americans had done for them, went and joined the British, to assist them to cut the throats of their best friends.

"Now, said I to myself, if ever there was a time for God to stand up and punish ingratitude, this was the time. And God did stand up; for he enabled the Americans to defeat my father and friends most completely. But, instead of murdering the prisoners, as the English had done at Culloden, they treated us with their usual generosity. And now these are the people I love, and will fight for as long as I live."

And so he did fight for us, and as undauntedly, too, as George Washington ever did.

This was young Scotch McDonald. Now, the curious trick he played, is as follows: Soon as he heard that Colonel Tarleton was encamped at Monk's Corner, he went the next morning to a wealthy old Tory of that neighborhood, and passing himself for a Sergeant of Col. Tarleton's corps, presented that officer's compliments, adding that Colonel Tarleton was just come to drive the rebels out of the country; and asking him to be a good friend of the King, begged he would send him one of his best horses for a charger, and that he should be no loser by it.

"Send him one of my finest horses!" cried the old traitor, with eyes sparkling with joy. "Yes, Mr. Sergeant, that I will, by gad! and would send him one of my finest daughters, had he but said the word. A good friend of the King, did he call me, Mr. Sergeant? Yes! God save his sacred Majesty, a good friend I am, indeed, and a true one. And faith, I am glad, too, Mr. Sergeant, the Colonel drive the rebels, he? Yes, egad! I will send him one, and a propone, too, as ever a soldier straddled. Dick! Dick! I say, you Dick!"

"Here, massa; here! here! Dick!" "Oh, you plaguey dog! so I must always split my throat with bawling, before I can get you to answer, he?" "Hi, massa! sure Dick always answers when he hears massa hail!" "You do, you villain, do you? Well,

then, run, jump, fly, you rascal, fly to the stable and bring me out Selim, my young Selim! Do you hear?" you villain, do you hear?"

"Yes, massa, be sure!"

Then, turning to McDonald, he went on:

"Well, Mr. Sergeant, you have made me confounded glad this morning, you may depend. And now suppose you take a glass of peach; of good old peach, Mr. Sergeant? Do you think it would do you any harm?"

"Why, they say it is good of a rainy morning, sir," replied McDonald.

"Oh, yes, famous of a rainy morning, Mr. Sergeant! a mighty antipogmatic. It prevents you the ague, Mr. Sergeant; and clears a man's throat of the cobwebs, sir."

"God bless your honor!" said McDonald, as he turned off a bumper of the high-headed cordial.

But scarcely had he smacked his lips before Dick paraded Selim; a proud, full-blooded, stately steed, that stepped as though he disdain the earth he walked upon.

Here the old fellow, brightening up, broke out again:

"Aye! there, Mr. Sergeant, there is a horse for you! Isn't he, my boy?"

"Faith, a noble animal, sir, replied McDonald.

"Yes, egad! a noble animal, indeed. A charger for a King, Mr. Sergeant. Well, my compliments to Colonel Tarleton; tell him I've sent him a horse, my young Selim, my grand Turk, do you hear; my son of thunder! And say to the Colonel, that I don't grudge him, either, for gad! he is too noble for me, Mr. Sergeant. I have no work that fits for him, sir; no, massa, sir, if there's any work in all this country that's good enough for him, but just that which he is now going on, the driving the d-d rebels out of the land."

And in order to send Selim off in high style, he ordered Dick to bring down his elegant new saddle and holsters, with his silver mounted pistols. Then, giving McDonald a good breakfast, and lending him his great coat, as it was raining, he let him go, with a promise that he would come next morning and see how Colonel Tarleton liked young Selim.

Accordingly, next morning he waited on Colonel Tarleton, and told him, with the smiling countenance of one who expected to be eaten up with fondness.

But, alas, to his infinite mortification, Tarleton heard his name without the least change of feature.

After recovering a little from his embarrassment, he asked Col. Tarleton how he liked his charger?

"Charger, sir!" replied Tarleton.

"Yes, sir; the elegant horse I sent you yesterday?"

"The elegant horse you sent me, sir!"

"Yes, sir; and by you Sergeant, sir, as he called himself."

"An elegant horse! And by my Sergeant! Why, really, sir, I—I—I don't understand you at all!"

The looks and voice of Colonel Tarleton too sadly convinced the old traitor that he had been bit; and that young Selim was gone! Then, trembling and pale, he cried out:

"Why, my dear sir, did you not send a sergeant yesterday, with your compliments, to me, and request that I would send you my very best horse for a charger, which I did?"

"No, sir, never!" replied Tarleton; "I never sent a sergeant on any such errand. Nor till this moment did I even know that there existed on earth such a being as you."

To have been outwitted in this manner by a rebel sergeant—to have lost his peach brandy—his new saddle—his silver mounted pistols—and worse than all, his darling horse, his young, full blooded, bounding Selim! all these keen reflections, like as many forked lightnings, falling at once upon the train and tinder of his passions, blew them up to such a diabolical rage, that the old sinner had liked to have been suffocated on the spot. He turned black in the face; he shook throughout; and as soon as he could recover breath and power of speech, he broke out into a torrent of curses, enough to raise the hair on any christian man's head.

Nor was Colonel Tarleton much behind him, when he came to learn what a noble horse had slipped thro' his hands. And a noble horse he was, indeed! Full sixteen hands high; the eye of a hawk, the spirit of the king-eagle; a chest like a lion, swifter than a rebock, and strong as a buffalo.

I asked McDonald how he could recollect it to himself to take the old traitor's horse in that way?

"Why, sir," replied he, "as to that matter, people will think differently; but for my part, I hold that all is fair in war; and, besides, sir, if I had not taken him, Colonel Tarleton, no doubt, would have got him. And then, with such a swift, strong charger as this, he might do us as much harm as I hope to do them."

And he did them harm with a vengeance; for he had no more sense of fear than a hungry tiger. And, as to his strength, it was such that with one of Potter's blades, he would make no more to drive through cap and skull of a British dragoon, than a boy would with a case knife, to chip off the head of a carrot. And then he always kept Selim up so lustily to the top of his head. He was so fond of him, that I verily believe he would at any time have sold the shirt off his

back to get oorn for him. And truly, Selim was not much his debtor; for at the first flash and glimpse of a red-coat, he would paw and champ his front bit with rage, and the moment he heard the word "go," off he was among them like a thunderbolt.

And to see how McDonald would charge, you never swear the fear of death was never before his eyes. Whether it was ten or one against him, it made no odds to this gallant Scotchman. He never stopped to count noses, but would dash in upon the them, and fall to hewing and cutting them down like a very fury incarnate.

Poor McDonald! The arm of his strength is now in the dust; and his large red cheeks have long ago been food for worms; but never shall I forget when first I saw him fight.

'Twas in the days when the British held Georgetown; and Merion had said to me, "Go and reconnoiter." I took only McDonald with me. Before day we reached our place of concealment—a thick clump of pines near the road, and in full view of the enemy's lines. Soon as the bonny grey-eyed morning began to peep, we heard the town all alive, as it were, with drums and fifes, and about sunrise, beheld five dragoons turn out, and with prancing steeds dash up the road towards us. I turned my eye upon McDonald, and saw his face all kindled up with joy of battle. It was like that terrible joy which flashes from the eyes of an ambushed lion, when he beholds the coming forth of the buffaloes towards his gloomy cave. "Zounds, McDonald," said I, "there is an odds against us, five to two."

"By my soul, now, Captain," he replied, "and let 'em come on. Three are welcome to the sword of McDonald."

Soon as they were come fairly opposite to us, we gave them a blast from our bugles, and with drawn sabres, broke in upon them like a tornado.

Their panic was complete; two we stopped, overthrown, and wallowing in the road. The remaining three wheeled about, and taking to their heels, went off as old Nick had been bringing up the rear. Then you might have heard the roar and seen the dust, which dragoons can raise, when, with whip and spur, and wildly rolling eyes, they bent forward from the pursuit of death. My charger, being but a heavy brute, was soon distanced. But they could not distance the swift-footed Selim. Rapidly the deadly blast of the desert, he pursued their dusty course, still gathering upon them at every jump. And before they could reach the town, though so near, he brought his furious ride along side of two of them, whom he cut down. One hundred yards further, and the third also would have been slain, for McDonald, with his crimson claymore, was within a few feet of him, when the guns of the fort compelled him to retire. However, though quickly pursued by the enemy, he had the address to bear off an elegant horse of one of the dragoons whom he had killed.

A Remarkable Wager and its Result.

Some years ago J. W. Serviss, of Amsterdam, and David Manny, of the Manny House, in order to play a joke on Stephen Arnold of the Arnold House, both of that place, went to him and said that they had bet drinks on a certain question in dispute, and that they desired him to act as referee, the drinks to be paid for when the bet was decided. Mr. Arnold accepted the terms, and drinks to the amount of \$2.50 were disposed of. Mr. Serviss then said that he had bet Manny the drinks for the entire party at the Catholic cathedral, fell, it would fall to the west; while Manny had bet that it would fall to the east. Of course the laugh was upon Arnold. He looked puzzled for a moment, then quietly producing a book, he carefully noted down the terms of the bet. During the gale of last week the spire of that cathedral fell. It fell to the east. Tidings of the fact reached Arnold, who drew on his Ulster as if he had been greased, drove up to his house as rapidly as possible, produced the book in which he had recorded the bet, and almost before Mr. Serviss had heard of the fall of the spire, he was presented with a bill for \$2.50 worth of drinks, with seven years' interest added.—Troy Times.

A Word to the Boys.

Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well; who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort to please his master, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by every one, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others, and you will grow up and become useful men.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

How the Poor Live—Beecher—Jay Gould—Religious—The Martha Washington Reception—Foreign Pictures—For the Girls, Etc.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1876.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.

A friend lately had a delinquent washerwoman, and not finding excuses as satisfactory as shirts, set out with me to hunt her up, not more out of curiosity to find the clothes, than to see for ourselves how the poor live.

Her address was a narrow street of a dozen blocks, in the heart of downtown, and there was not a decent building in it. The pavements were strewn with garbage, and the houses stained with slops thrown from the windows. The woman was in a crazy old wooden tenement in the rear of the one fronting on the street, and in consequence had just a little air and sunlight as it would do to live. We found her in a room ten by twelve, with a bed, wash-tub, cook-stove and boiler in the corners, leaving just room to wren one's way between them. Her grown son and a little girl sat on the bed; there was no chair, and a string of wet clothes hung about their heads. For this room and a closet for the boy to sleep in, she paid eight dollars a month rent, her whole means of living being her son's wages as boy in a grocery store, at four dollars a week, the washing from one family, and a trifle of help from her daughter, who got two dollars and fifty cents a week as waitress in an uptown house. Instead of making way with the clothes, as we supposed, we found her husband had been sick with fever, and the doctor had forbidden her to send any clothes out of the house.—The air could not get through the house, the drains were out of order, and the stenches in the entries was so sickening that we were not surprised to hear that there was diphtheria and small-pox in the block. The man had been sent to the hospital to die, and the house cleaned and disinfected by the board of health, but it could hardly be kept clean by mortal hands, and never healthy. Comfort! These people never expect that. All they can hope for is the barest possible life—so bare and naked that a full meal is something to be dated from, and the possession of a dollar a matter to be remembered. And the end of that life? The hospital first, the Potter's life afterward. That's all there is about it.

JAY GOULD AND THE TRIBUNE.

That Jay Gould did get a controlling influence in the New York Tribune, everybody believes, and that he is sick of his bargain everybody also believes. Jay Gould is a tremendous man, but he is not altogether infallible. He wanted a big paper in his control that he might manipulate the stock market, and he took advantage of the trouble that followed the death of Greeley to gobble the Tribune, or enough of it to stock to have an influence in it, the idea being that he could have this stock written up, or that one written down, and thereby put money in his purse. But the thing didn't work. Mr. Reid did not yield to the behests of the stock-king, and the Tribune did not become a mere instrument in his hands. And now Gould wants to get out. The speculation did not pay as well as Wall Street—in fact it did not pay at all, for him. He did not want newspaper stock unless he could use it to help other stocks, and when the Tribune would not do that, his interest was at an end. Therefore Reid gets rid of this stench, and the Tribune, freed from the odium that attaches to the very name of Gould, will get back its place in the hearts of the people. The Tribune was a great power, and now that it is to be freed from the reputation of Gouldism, it will be again.

RELIGIOUS.

The Moody and Sankey meetings are no more a success in New York than they were in Brooklyn. The numbers in attendance are as great as ever, but the effect produced is nothing. And the really religious people of the city—those who were instrumental in bringing them here, are repenting of their bargain. Moody is a coarse man, though earnest and honest—and his manner and method rather than attract. He has trick of familiarity when he speaks of the Deity that shocks the sense of any devout person, and he has a bullying, swaggering way with him that is anything but pleasant. He is a very short, crusty and dictatorial in his dealings with the clergy, lacking entirely that meekness that is so important an item in the Christian make-up. Sankey's singing is delightful for a time, but like everything that lacks the principle of true art, it gets fearfully tiresome in a little while. It is a lamentable fact that ninety-nine hundredths of the people inattentive are religious people—the sinners stay carefully away and never go.

The revivals in other parts of the city are more successful. Dwyer and Collier are preaching in the slums of Vandam Street with marked success, for they have gone where the sinners are, and forced them to listen to the gospel. Several of the large churches seeing that Moody and Sankey must fail to produce any effect, are arranging for revivals in the regular way in their own churches, where they can

work more directly upon the people, and where families can be successfully used. The winter is gone, but the religious element does not despair of making some headway yet. At all events they mean to try it.

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION.</