

W. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER, FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year, \$1.50; One copy, six months, \$1.00; One copy, three months, \$0.50.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1876.

VOL. 21.—NO. 17.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

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HAYES AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

"Tell Gov. Todd that I'll be on hands again shortly!"

After going the rounds of the hospitals in and adjacent to the field of Antietam, Captain Looker was associated with Surgeon General Weber and other Ohio Surgeons as a detail to escort an ambulance train filled with wounded soldiers, down to Frederick, Md., where all the churches, hotels, and public buildings of all kinds had been prepared for their reception.

On the way down, and reaching a little village called Middletown just after dark, the citizens of the town insisted that the train should stop long enough for them to supply the wounded men with cups of coffee, tea, etc. This request was complied with, and the train lay there three or four hours.

During the delay Surgeon General Weber and Captain Looker walked through the village, making inquiries for Ohio soldiers, and, much to their surprise, learned that Lieutenant Colonel R. B. Hayes had been brought there from South Mountain, where he was wounded (and only a few miles from Middletown,) and was then believed to be somewhere in the village.

Procuring a lantern, they began to explore the town in search of Colonel Hayes. After visiting about a dozen houses in which were wounded officers and soldiers, and holding the light of the lantern in the faces of the poor fellows, they came across a little old dilapidated two-story brick building, and going up a rickety pair of stairs, and through a narrow hall flanked on both sides by diminutive rooms, were rewarded by the discovery of Colonel Hayes, lying in bed, and attended by his faithful and loving wife and his brother-in-law, and surgeon of his regiment, Dr. Joe Webb. Mrs. Hayes had only just found her husband, after having looked through the hospitals from Washington City to Middletown.

The Colonel and his lady expressed delight at the visit from Ohio men, and permitted Surgeon General Weber to examine the wound. After a pleasant chat, and a detailing of news from home, the Ohio gentlemen took their departure. It seems that a few hours before the visit, the Colonel, fearing mortification, had requested Surgeon Webb to amputate his arm, but Dr. Webb had decided not to do so, and to make an attempt to save the arm. After examining the wound, Surgeon General Weber corroborated Dr. Webb's decision, and left both the Colonel and his good wife in the best of spirits.

Little did Surgeon General Weber and his companion think that the little dingy room in the village of Middletown contained the future President of the United States. The parting words of the Colonel to his Ohio visitors, as he lay there suffering with his wounds, were: "Tell Gov. Todd that I'll be on hands again shortly!" His future career proved that he was always "on hand" when hard fighting and sound judgment were needed during the remainder of the war of the rebellion.

This little sketch is contributed as detailing in some measure the characteristics of the chosen leader of the Republican party in the coming canvass for the Presidency of the United States.—Cin. Commercial.

AN OLD SINNER.

How Tilden Refused to Furnish Money to Bring Home the Dead Body of His Own Nephew.

From the Latopie (Pa.) Press and Standard. We publish in another column a statement of Captain Edward Miller, of Elkland, which presents Samuel J. Tilden in a new light to our Sullivan county voters. If this story had been circulated without foundation, or if Captain Miller was an unknown man, we would not give any credence to it; but coming as it does from the lips of a well known gentleman from the west of our county, a good soldier during the war, a man of recognized integrity, and one who would not stoop to furnish false intelligence, we cannot help but believe it.

It is damning evidence, Samuel J. Tilden stands out as one of the meanest men whom the late war has unearthed from their dens. With \$8,000,000, with no family of his own, with a known income of \$108,000, with a princely home with princely surroundings, this man who pretends to have loved the soldiers, refused to give \$40 to procure the body of his nephew for that nephew's wife.

A STATEMENT. Oliver S. Tilden was the nephew of Samuel J. Tilden. He enlisted into service on the 19th of June, 1861, as Captain of Company E, Thirty-eighth Regiment New York Volunteers.

Samuel J. Tilden opposed his going into the war, and used every effort to prevent him. Falling in doing this he incurred his life for \$1,000 to be paid to his family, which consisted of a wife and two children. My name is Edward Miller. I enlisted at the same time that Captain Tilden did, and mustered in as a private. Was promoted First Lieutenant of Company B, Thirty-eighth New York Volunteers. At the battle of Williamsburg I lost my left arm. After recovering from my wound I was put upon recruiting service in New York City. Oliver S. Tilden was killed at Chantilly, Sept. 1, 1862. At the request of

his wife his body was disinterred, embalmed, and sent by express to me. The cost of this was \$120. The officers of his regiment raised \$80, and sent the body to me, writing at the same time that his uncle, Samuel J. Tilden, would pay the remainder. After the body came I went to Tilden and told him the circumstances. He was very indignant; said that he had done all that he intended to do for Oliver; that he went into the war against his wishes, and that he would never be liable for any expenses. I told him that Mrs. Tilden had asked for the body, and that it was in response to that request that the officers had forwarded it. Mr. Tilden said that he did not care; that he was not responsible for that. I then asked him if he wished me to pay the \$40. He replied that I might do as I choose about it. I paid the money out of my own pocket—not wishing to call upon the widow of Captain Tilden for it, who only had the \$1,000 for her support. The money has never been paid to me. EDWARD MILLER.

ABSALOM AS A REFORMER.

The reform claims of the Democrats have subjected them to a good many sharp raps during this campaign. One of the best of these was administered by Gen. Harrison in his speech at Indianapolis recently, when he said: "I think Absalom was the original prototype of this modern Democratic Reformer. The first analogy I find is this: that Absalom was first a rebel and then a reformer. [Laughter.] Well, this is pretty close to it—as preachers generally get to it, I think. He took treason into his heart against his old father, God's anointed King, and then he went into the highways—just like Hendricks and Voorhees—and he said to the people: 'Your course is just and right, but the King hath deputed no man to hear thee. O-o-o-h-h, that I were Judge in Israel! that any man that had any interest or matter might come unto me, and I would do him justice.' [Great laughter.] Now, isn't that the language of Tilden when he was told of his nomination? Isn't that a close paraphrase of his words when he strutted up and down like a turkey-cock, 'That's because I'm a reformer.' [Laughter.] The end of that story is the best part of it, as it ought to be of every story. After it tells how David gathered the loyal hearts of Israel again to his standard, and recrossed the Jordan and defeated the army of Absalom, it winds up, if I recollect right, in this way: 'And Absalom's mule went out from under him.' [Laughter.] There is a prophecy in that verse which is going to be fulfilled this fall. The result will be that the Tilden and Hendricks reform mule went out from under them [laughter] with Rutherford B. Hayes on his back. [Great cheering.]

CAPTAIN TILDEN AND CHANTILLY.

CHICAGO, October 10, 1876. To the Editor of the Inter-Ocean. Referring to a statement republished in The Inter Ocean of this date from the Latopie (Pa.) Press and Standard regarding Captain Tilden's death, and the refusal of his uncle to contribute anything toward his funeral expenses, I beg to say that I can corroborate that statement from my personal acquaintance with the Captain and the general hearsay in the regiment and brigade to which he was attached. On the afternoon of the 1st of September, 1862, I commanded a company of the One Hundred and First New York Volunteers, attached to Birney's Brigade, Kearny's Division, Heintzman's Corps, army of the Potomac. Brigaded with us was the Thirty-eighth New York Volunteers, and no better or braver officer marched into action on that fatal evening than Captain Oliver S. Tilden, of that regiment. During that brief but hot engagement, fought in the midst of a violent thunderstorm and heavy downpour, the division had to mourn the loss of its dashing commander, and of many a brave and noble soul. I knew Captain Tilden well, had marched beside him during the sweltering nights of the seven days' retreats, and spoke to him while forming line previous to our advance into that flat corn-field. When the shades of night closed around that memorable fight, and the order came to march for Fairfax, there was gloom indeed in the ranks of the fighting division. Kearney was missing—his death was not fully ascertained till next morning—and a gallant friend and comrade had bit the dust. Among the officers and men of the Thirty-eighth there fell a deep and abiding sorrow. Tilden was a genial, wholehearted fellow, beloved by his men and a favorite with the entire brigade. However his slippery uncle may have felt toward "the Union cause," the nephew was as true as steel, as brave as a lion, and as soldier of whom any army might feel proud. The statement made regarding his uncle's treatment of the dead patriot's remains was generally known to and unfavorably commented on by the officers of the regiment and brigade. E. N. L.

TILDEN'S INCOME FRAUD.

An Authoritative Statement by Mr. Blaine.

In his speech at Xenia, Ohio, October 3d, Senator Blaine, for the first time during this campaign, referred to the charges against Tilden relating to his unpaid income tax. Mr. Blaine stated that in his speeches thus far he had refrained from any references to the gigantic scandal in regard to Mr. Tilden's unpaid income tax. He had never been in the habit of making attacks on personal character in his political speeches, though few men in public life had more provocation to do so. But, said he, "I hold in my hand a semi-official letter from an officer in the treasury department, wholly unsolicited by me, but specially authorizing me to state publicly that, from the best information possessed by the department, Mr. Tilden owes the United States to-day from \$150,000 to \$250,000 on account of unpaid income tax; and this semi-official letter authorizes me further to state that, by a recent decision of the United States Circuit Court at Providence, R. I., it is believed the whole of this vast sum, amounting to probably a quarter of a million of dollars, can be recovered for the benefit of the United States treasury. I have, of course, no personal knowledge of the subject; but I make this statement on the best authority in the United States." Mr. Blaine concluded upon this subject as follows:

And now, in view of these facts you can begin to appreciate the extraordinary case of presenting Mr. Tilden to the people in disguise of a reformer. If there be any tax that a man is absolutely criminal in withholding it is the income tax, and that was a tax that was paid only by those who had the ability to pay. Taxes of various kinds on your houses, your farms, and your personal property often bear with severity on the tax payer, but the income tax was based on the fact of the money actually received, and in Mr. Tilden's case, the amount received ran up to many millions of net income during the years which the gov-

ernment is now investigating. Unless Mr. Tilden's friends can make some other answer on his behalf than the technical evasive pleas already filed, I respectfully commend them to a prayerful reading of the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles—a chapter which contains a most useful lesson in connection with the sin of withholding a part of the price.

STONE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

A Charming Story. It was agreed on all hands that Ned Stone was a very practical fellow. He had been very poor at one time in his life, and had to work very hard. His industry in the end, however, met its due reward. At middle age he was comfortably circumstanced. When he thought of taking himself a wife, it was thought generally that the step he meditated was a prudent and proper one. And when he further stated that he made an offer of his hand to one Georgiana Warren, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and that his offer had been accepted by the lady, we, of course hastened to tender our heartfelt congratulations on the occasion. Ned Stone spoke of the matter in his own simple, sober way: "Well, you know, I'm getting on," he said, "and if I ever marry it is about time I should think of setting about it. You've been very kind. I think I shall be very happy—in fact, I've no doubt about it as happy as a fellow has a right to expect to be. One has not a right to expect too much, of course. But I'm quite fond, in my way, of this Georgiana Warren, and I think that she, in her way, is fond of me; she is not too plain; not too good looking, nor yet too plain; she is sensible and accomplished enough; and I don't see why she should not make a good sort of a wife, and similarly I don't see why I should not make a good sort of a husband. Perhaps I'm not very fond of old Warren, the father, and perhaps he isn't of me. But I don't know as that matters very much. I dare say we shall understand each other better by-and-by; meantime I must try and make the best of the old man's humor, and not run counter of him more than I can avoid. And it seems to me that the old fellow would be no fonder of anybody else who might want to marry his daughter than he is of me. You see, it's our affair—Georgiana's and mine—and not his; though it is hard to make him see it in that light. But I dare say it will come right in the end. That's what I tell Georgiana, when she takes up with rather gloomy views about her father's temper. She has good sense, and I think, looks at the matter very much as I do—only, of course, she can't help feeling that he is her father, whereas, thank goodness, he isn't mine."

THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE COURSE.

[AIR.—Camptown Races. The Presidential course is four years long. Hurrah! Hurrah! Investigation's eye is on the song, Hurrah! Come this way! We'll vote for the Buckeye Boy, Who's always lucky here, And the sturdy steed from the Empire State. The team is bound to win! [Repeat.] We've flanked Canfield and Proctor Knott, Hurrah! Hurrah! Investigation's eye is on! Hurrah! Walk this way! We'll vote for the Buckeye Boy, &c. A million men the song shall raise, Hurrah! Hurrah! And every man shall vote for Hayes, Hurrah! Come this way! We'll vote for the Buckeye Boy, &c. St. Louis may sing Rag-baby rhymes, Hurrah! Hurrah! We vote for Hayes and better times, Hurrah! Step this way! We'll vote for the Buckeye Boy, &c. By Election day we'll make it warm, Hurrah! Hurrah! For Hayes and Wheeler and Reform! Hurrah! Step this way! We'll vote for the Buckeye Boy, &c.

THE TRIO.—We three Reformers be, Tilden, Tweed, And Morrissey.

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