

G. W. FAIRBROTHER, S. 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, .50.

READING MATTER ONEVEY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1877.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. J. M. POWELL, Judge; W. A. SMITH, District Attorney; WILLIAM H. HOOVER, District Clerk; O. A. CHASE, Deputy Clerk.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

STULL & THOMAS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office, over Theodore Hill & Co's store, Brownville, Neb.

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY RESTAURANT.

C. H. KENNEDY, (Russell's old stand), Brownville, - - - Nebraska.

95 Main Street 95

HUDDART'S GROCERY & PROVISION STORE.

Second door east of Post Office, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

95 Main Street 95

OLD RELIABLE Meat Market.

BODY & BRO. BUTCHERS, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers.

B.F. SOUDER, Manufacturer & Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS, Robes, &c.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT?

Having purchased the "ELEPHANT" LIVERY AND FEED STABLES

J. L. ROY, Undertaker

BURIAL CASES & CASKETS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

E. HUDDART'S Peace and Quiet

Saloon and Lillard Hall THE BEST OF Brandies, Wines, Gins, Alcohols

And Whiskies. No. 49 Main Street, Opposite Sherman House, Brownville, Nebraska.

Arthur V. Walsh, PLASTERER, Brownville, Nebraska.

Parson Allen's Ride.

The following poem was read at the recent celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Benning, by Mr. Wallace Bruce:

Over mountain and valley from Pittfield green,

And the driving rain of that August day,

The "Rock" marched on with martial mien,

And the Parson rode in his "one horse shay."

Three cheers for old Berkshire! the General said,

As the boys of New England drew up face to face,

Bann bids us a breakfast-morrow to spread,

And the Parson is here to say us the grace.

The lads who are with me have come here to fight,

And we know of no grace, was the Parson's reply.

Save the name of Jehovah, our country and right,

Which your own Ethan Allen pronounced at Fort Ticonderoga.

To-morrow, said Stark, there'll be fighting to do,

If you think you can wait till the morning's light,

And, Parson, I'll conquer the British with you,

Or my Molly will be a widow at night.

What the Parson drooped in that Benning-ton camp,

Neither Yankee nor Prophet would dare to guess;

A vision, perhaps, of the David stamp,

With a mixture of Cromwell and good Queen Bess.

But we know the result of that glorious day,

And the victory won ear the night came down,

How Warner charged in the latter day,

With Kassiter, Holbert and old Jon Brown.

And how in a hall of the three hours' fight

The Parson harangued the Tory line,

As he stood on a stump with his musket bright,

And sprinkled his text with the powder fine.

The sword of the Lord is our battle-cry—

A refuge sure in the hour of need—

And Freedom and Faith can never die,

Is article first of the Puritan creed!

Perhaps the "occasion" was rather rash,

He said to his comrades after the rout,

For he had a bush I saw a flash,

But I fired that way and put it out.

And many the sayings, eccentric and queer,

That were handed about the country side,

Quoted in the histories for many a year.

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The following interesting account of the robbery is given by the Omaha Republican of the 20th inst., as received from Mr. Clarence N. Blend, a baggage master, who was on the robbed train:

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A sudden step beside him made him lift his eyes, and he found four navy revolvers in the hands of two masked men confronting him, no matter which way he turned, and under the influence of the weapons, at the command of one of the men whom the other addressed as "Captain," he tore up his instruments, completely breaking the circuit and leaving the station without telegraphic communication.

The next move of the invaders was to compel Mr. Barnhart to hang out his red light to stop the express, the guard all the while covering him with the revolvers. He was then kept under watch.

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At the moment the train had been stopped, two other men, one of them armed with a Winchester rifle, were at the locomotive, and when one of them attempted to climb up the side of the tank, the engineer, George W. Vroman, told him to get off.

Instead of obeying he clambered over the edge, and Mr. Vroman threw a piece of coal at him. This act the man with the rifle rewarded with a bullet which passed through the lard can, about six inches from the body of the engineer, who then jumped through the front window of the cab, and ran around the dome into the arms of another robber. He was also put under guard, and the fire of his engine extinguished with water.

At the same time Conductor Patterson was captured, four men appeared at the door of the baggage car just as the baggage master, Mr. Blend, came forward with his mail, and asked: "Is this the baggage or express car?"

Mr. Blend answered "the baggage car." "All right," said the robber spokesman; "just shut up your door captain, and we won't molest you." The door was closed, and although the baggage man could not see what was going on, he heard everything.

Four or five of the masked men then took Mr. Barnhart to the door of the express car and made him give the usual rap, in response to which the messenger, Charles Miller, asked what was wanted. The robbers compelled Barnhart to reply, "I have some freight for you." As Miller opened the door a few inches, the crowd slid it back all the way, and four of them jumped in and captured him. It was easy work for them to throw him to the floor, take the key of his safe and rifle it. The through safe, which is fastened to the car and locked by a combination known only at Cheyenne and the termini of the line, next occupied their attention.

They worked on Miller with threats to compel him to tell the combination, and Doc Blend informs us that he heard Miller reply: "Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor I don't know it. You may kill me if you want to, but I tell you honestly I don't know it." Finding further efforts to obtain possession of the contents useless, they desisted, and examined the express matter in the car.

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How the Czars Die.

From Rurik (862) to Juric, or George I. (1155), who built Moscow, there were 17 Dukes of Kiev.

To these succeeded the Grand Dukes of Vladimir, ending with Juric or George III. in 1325.

The succeeding sovereigns, nine in number, born the title of Grand Dukes of Moscow.

In 1517, commenced the list of Czars of Muscovy, whose territorial boundaries have spread partly by purchase, but chiefly by conquest, until they reach the giant dimensions of the present Russian Empire.

Peter I., second czar, was poisoned; Boris poisoned himself; Ivan VI. of the house of Romanoff, was deposed; Peter II. was deposed and murdered; Paul I. was strangled in his bed-chamber; Alexander I. is reported to have died by slow poison; Nicholas, too, is reported to have been poisoned, as his death was unexpected, and his body lay three days in private state before any public announcement of his death was made.

Another and more common idea is that Nicholas died from mortification on account of his disasters and defeat in the Crimea. The present czar, Alexander II., is the 16th of the house of Romanoff.

He has entered on a more arduous task than his father—the conquest of Constantinople—at a time when the rest of the great nations are even more averse to disturbing the balance of power in Europe than when Sebastopol was attacked. The crown does not sit easily upon his head. Recent accounts say that Alexander's cheeks are sunken, his eyes are lusterless, his step has lost much elasticity, and his carriage is less dignified than formerly.

He is described as prematurely aged, which is not marvelous, since he works from 8 in the morning until 10 o'clock at night, laboring even harder than his ministers. If Alexander should fall and the Crescent should look down upon the myriads of Russians sent to their death by his ambition to possess Constantinople, he will likely go the way of Nicholas, either by treason or brokenuhandedness.

It is believed in Russia that on the base of a statue, erected by the czar's wife, there appeared miraculously written prophecy that the Russians would one day sit in the seat of the Greek Emperor.

Every czar has sanctioned the fable, and hence each one who attacks Turkey fears the consequences of a failure.

The Editor.

It looks very nice to the young man who has little experience with the world, who has always been among its flower beds and never among its thorns, to be an editor.

Many a young man would almost give the old family homestead for the privilege of presiding over the editorial columns of a newspaper.

But he little knows the tolls and vexations of such a position. It is doubtful if there is any place in the world in which the charm and romance of life are so quickly and utterly destroyed.

The business is a constant scrutiny of the world—a dealing with men and women as they are. It is the duty of the journalist to penetrate the beauty, and to dissect its rottenness.

Any other man would look only at the charming exterior, and would find nothing to offend his senses or shock his sensitiveness. He would thus be the gainer, for it is always better that the rose should hide the thorn, unless it be a duty to expose the thorn to view.

The editor's life is largely spent among skeletons. He has enough of them voluntarily brought to him to disgust him with the world. Men come to him to invoke his assistance to secure for them dishonorable ends. Often they are men who stand high in the community, and are not unfrequently in the church. He soon learns to listen to their proposals as a matter of course, but they leave him with a feeling of regret that he should have entered a profession in which he is compelled to see so much that lessens his estimate of mankind.

Western Rural.

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Paine and Voltaire.

Boston Investigator.

MR. EDITOR:—I have sent a letter to the editor of the New York Observer, of which the enclosed is a copy. Please publish the same in your paper.

Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

To the Editor of the New York Observer:

I have been informed that you accepted, in your paper, an offer made by me to any clergyman in San Francisco. That offer was, that I would pay one thousand dollars in gold to any minister in that city who would prove that Thomas Paine died in terror because of religious opinions he had expressed, or that Voltaire did not pass away serenely as the coming of the dawn.

For many years religious journals and ministers have been circulating certain pretended accounts of the frightful agonies endured by Paine and Voltaire when dying; that these great men at the moment of death were terrified because they had given their honest opinions upon the subject of religion to their fellow-men.

The imagination of the religious world has been taxed to the utmost in inventing absurd and infamous accounts of the last moments of these intellectual giants. Every Sunday school paper, thousands of idle tracts and countless stippities, called sermons, have been filled with these calumnies.

Paine and Voltaire were both believers in God—both hoped for immortality—both believed in special Providence. But both denied the inspiration of the Scriptures—both denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. While theologians most cheerfully admit that most murderers die without fear, they deny the possibility of any man who has expressed his disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible, dying except in an agony of terror. The stories are used in revivals and Sunday schools, and have long been considered of great value.

I am anxious that these slanders should cease. I am desirous of seeing justice done, even at this late day, to the dead.

For the purpose of ascertaining the evidence upon which these death-bed accounts really rest, I make to you the following proposition:—

First.—AS TO THOMAS PAINE: I will deposit with the First National Bank of Peoria, Illinois, one thousand dollars in gold, upon the following conditions:—This money shall be subject to the order when you shall, in the manner hereinafter provided, substantiate that Thomas Paine admitted the Bible to be an inspired book—or that he recanted his infidel opinions—or that he died regretting that he had disbelieved the Bible—or that he died calling on Jesus Christ in an religious sense whatever.

In any other case a tribunal may be created to try this question, you may select one man, I will select another, and the two thus chosen shall select a third, and any two of the three shall decide the matter.

As there will be certain costs and expenditures on both sides, such costs and expenditures shall be paid by the defeated party.

In addition to the one thousand dollars in gold, I will deposit a bond with good and sufficient security in the sum of two thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of all costs in case I am defeated. I shall require of you a like bond.

From the date of accepting this offer you may have ninety days to collect and present your testimony, giving me notice of time and place of taking depositions. I shall have a like time to take evidence, and you shall then have thirty days to take further testimony in reply to what I may offer. The case shall then be argued before the persons chosen; and their decision shall be final as to us.

If the arbitrator chosen by me shall die, I shall have the right to choose another. You shall have the same right. If the third one, chosen by our two, shall die, the two shall choose another; and all vacancies, from whatever cause, shall be chosen upon the same principle.

The arbitrators shall sit when and where a majority shall determine, and shall have full power to pass upon all questions arising as to competency of evidence, and upon all subjects.

Second.—AS TO VOLTAIRE: I make the same proposition. If you will substantiate