

THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1878.

The Pope's health is reported as slightly improving.

The Nebraska editorial association will meet at Lincoln, January 15th.

Brooks' Bank of Lowell, N. Y. has suspended. Liabilities about \$90,000.

The President has issued an order discontinuing the Sioux City Land Office.

George Winks & Co., importing merchants, Montreal, failed last week. Liabilities \$300,000.

Gen. Geo. W. McCook of Ohio, was stricken with paralysis on Christmas day, and died on the 28th.

The French Academy of Moral Sciences has elected Ralph Waldo Emerson one of its foreign associates.

The newspapers of Mexico urge a close alliance of the Hispanic-American republics against northern aggression.

Washington Territory asks to be admitted as a State. What will the name of the State be? "The State of Washington" doesn't sound well.

The Cabinet holds numerous meetings and long talks over the Mexican troubles but as yet have come to no definite conclusion as to the best course to pursue.

The Golden Gate Mining Company recently sold four mines—Father De Suret, Golden Gate, Justice and Belcher—for \$300,000. California capitalists were the purchasers.

About a year ago a woman named Mrs. Oliver brought suit against Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, for breach of promise. Old Simon recently settled the matter by paying Mrs. Oliver \$1,000.

The Beatrice Express has learned that Governor Garber will call an extra session of the legislature for February, for the principal purpose of receiving the report of the commission revising the laws.

The Health Commissioner of Chicago last week made a raid on the meat shops of that city to stop the selling to the poor of spoiled meats. The day after Christmas 7,000 pounds of spoiled poultry was captured.

The striking cigar makers of New York City last week held a meeting at which 4,000 persons were present, and speeches were made and resolutions passed, denouncing manufacturers, and expressing determination to resist until living wages are given.

The war cloud in the East is darkening. It looks as if England was about to declare against Russia. All vessels under repair in the English navy are ordered to be ready for sea by the 18th inst., and other great war preparations are going on. The United States has an immense corn crop which we would like to sell this present year at a good price.

The Chicago Post, speaking of Gen. Ben. Butler's views on the Southern policy and civil service, says:

He sees nothing commendable or promising in the efforts of the President to effect reunion, a blindness which the gentleman cannot help, because he has educated himself as a politician rather than a statesman.

There is more real, practical, sensible, far seeing Statesmanship in Ben. F. Butler than in any man in either house of Congress. The conceit of some little editors is really disgusting. The Post man giving Ben. Butler lessons in Statesmanship!

Really, we are afraid that Paddock would make a better clown than senator.—Lincoln Globe.

We are not particularly a Paddock man, but we do like to see fair play and decent gentlemanly treatment toward our Senators. Nebraska has but three representatives in the National Congress, and whatever benefits she receives or is to receive from that source must come through those three gentlemen. Therefore for the good of the State they should receive all the encouragement and moral support from the people and newspapers of the State in any way consistent and reasonable. We know very well they are not the smartest men in the world, but we do know they are at least ordinarily intelligent and honest, and while they may sometimes do things which all cannot endorse, in the main their efforts for their constituents are prompted by good motives and an honest desire to represent them fairly; and the people of the state, so long as such is the case, should approve and uphold, rather than indulge in or approve of such exceedingly low flings as are found in the Lincoln Globe. We are naturally inclined to look into and investigate the cause of things, and this inclination leads us to ask why the Globe is "afraid that Paddock would make a better clown than Senator?" That paper does not give any reason for its venom and why it stoops into the dirtiest kind of dirt in order to bespatter Senator Paddock. While it is usually shameful, it would be ashamed to print its real reason for so doing. It would be ashamed to say that its editor went to Washington for an appointment to a fat office, and wanted Senator Paddock's support, and that Senator Paddock, knowing the man, refused to help him, and he had to return to his den in Lincoln disappointed, sore and full of malice. It is important sometimes to know the motives which move men to act and speak. When they are moved by high, honorable, and noble impulses, the people applaud and approve, but

when moved by impulses of malice and sordid revenge, so, in a corresponding manner, do the people reject and condemn.

A late dispatch from Washington to the *Globe Democrat* in relation to the vast crops of the year just passed away, says the reports of the correspondents of the Department of Agriculture, received and now in course of preparation for immediate publication show the enormous aggregate yield of 300,000,000 bushels of wheat for 1877, which is 50,000,000 bushels more than ever before produced. The same official authority shows that the corn product was 1,300,000,000 bushels, with corresponding large yields of oats and potatoes. The report shows that there never was greater abundance in the land. Out of the wheat product it is estimated, deducting for home consumption in food and seed, that upwards of 110,000,000 bushels of wheat can be spared for export. The largest export yet made in one year was 91,000,000 bushels, with an average of 63,000,000 bushels. The Department is also in receipt of information from wheat producing sections of Europe, from which it is ascertained that the wheat crop in Southwestern Europe, which produces the largest of the surplus, is good; in Southern Russia, amounting to 25 per cent. above the average. The crop in Northwestern and Northern Europe is poor. It is stated in communications from Southern Russia that if the war should stop shortly, there will be a large shipment, and that shippers are ready to take advantage of the first opportunity. Great Britain offering the lowest market, which will, it is stated require about 100,000,000 bushels from the present season's yield. The American surplus will have its usual demand in English markets, with an increase subject to the contingencies of the existing struggle in Southwestern Europe being prolonged into another season. The Department is also in receipt of very flattering accounts of the encouragement which the great yield of the past season is having on every class of enterprise. The acreage of winter wheat for this year is greater than that of last.

A London special says: "Give no credence to rumors of early peace on any terms short of the extinction of the Ottoman power. The indications continue abundant that Russia intends to gain this point, even at the risk of war with England herself. That is the meaning of the czar's call for another quarter of a million of men. If Lord Derby, in his attempt at mediation, is able to offer such terms as please Russia the czar may possibly yield his purpose to negotiate directly with Turkey, but this is only among the possibilities. The organizing by the czar of an army of the Baltic indicates his intention to be ready to guard the coast in the event of a war with England. This insignificant evidence of the possible contingency he anticipates, and his ulterior purposes and resolution. Meantime private information is that active operations are to be pressed as rapidly as the weather permits. There will be no new campaign, but a prolongation of the present one until Turkey fails irrevocably."

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Dec. 30.—The liabilities of John D. Park, who failed yesterday, are \$125,000. His assets are unknown.

NEBRASKA CITY, Dec. 28, 1877.

In your issue of —, the following inquiry appears: The Nebraska City Press speaks of J. W. Peerman as a "renegade Republican." How's that? Major? We are sorry to hear such a thing said, and still more sorry if true.

And in order to stop the effusion of tears, and put to rest the upbraiding bosom of an old and long cherished friend, I rise to explain and beg leave to assure you that the *Press* lies much.

W. A. Brown—which was P. M.—was recently bounced out of the post office, because his cash account failed to balance by \$380.00. This discovery in Brown's money account was brought about by a petition to the Postmaster General, asking that an agent be detailed for the purpose of overhauling the postal affairs at this place. Not long after this complaint was made, special agent Furray, of the Post Office Department called in, and without telling Brown what was up, asked for his books and money. The books showed so much on hand—but the money drawer was minus the \$380.00. And when Brown attempted to deceive Furray by counting the money on hand twice, the agent bid him good-by, and reported the facts, which resulted in Brown's removal, and Schminke's appointment.

Being the legal adviser of what is here known as the "lost cause," I took Brown in a bark ally of the *Press* office, and there told him the best thing he could do for himself and posterity was to flee the country and go to Missouri. This he would have done, had it not been for a high-toned Democrat who advised him to remain, saying, "O. P. Morton will soon die; Dan Voorhees will take his place, and as Voorhees and me are old chums, we shall defeat Schminke's confirmation and you will be reinstated." This advice my client heeded, and I was dismissed, without pay, from pushing his case any further.

Seeing the very delicate fix my client was placed in, and not wishing to leave him with his breeches down, and finding no way by which they could be buttoned up, I concluded to bury him alive—preaching his funeral; taking my text from that passage of scripture which says, "In the midst of life we are in death." The text was very appropriate and the sermon a regular eye-opener. Joe Potter, of the *News*, and the best editor, Tom Morton says, he ever had, was present and reported my sermon for his paper, and because it first appeared in the *News*, a Democratic paper, the *Press* claims that I am a "renegade

Republican" writing for a Democratic sheet. Such charges are false and malicious and are sprung at this time for the purpose of injuring my standing in the party and defeating my nomination for road supervisor at the next Republican convention.

I am sorry that so prominent a journal as THE ADVERTISER should think for a moment that I am in any way shaky. No, no! MR. ADVERTISER, I am true to the faith, and I doubt very much if you could find a more orthodox Republican in all the west than I am. So firmly convinced am I in the faith that I will never give up the privilege of borrowing coffee and meat from her Democratic neighbors. It is my orthodox that worries the *Press* folks, hence the charge of "renegade."

Up here, when the *Press* says a man is disloyal to the party, it is considered he is all right on the goose; and when it says John Doe is a rascal, we look upon the said Doe as a honest man and vice versa. If that paper speaks well of a Democrat—even in a business point of view, his party friends look upon him as a weak brother, and shun him. If it says he is a thief, he is certain of election to some lucrative office. Thus you see we are better educated as to what that paper says, and its effects upon the people, than you Brownvillians are.

The *Press* is now seeking the political destruction of one of Otoe's most honored citizens—I mean the Hon. J. Sterling Morton—by debauching him from one end to the other with its putrid slime. That gentleman cannot mark a pig, set a hen or docter a hog for the cholera, without that villainous sheet mentioning the fact with flaming head lines like the guide boards at a railroad crossing. Not long since Dr. Miller of the *Herald*, and "Governor Morton," had a little spat with each other as to which of them had said the meanest things about Dan Voorhees; and characteristic of the *Press*, it put in its yawp and took the fight off the "governor's" hands. This assumption on the part of the *Press* has brought the governor down a peg or two among democrats who don't know him, but those who do know him, have undying faith in his time honored allegiance to the democratic party.

Thus again you see, where the *Press* is known, people like me and Morton care but little what it says, for it can do us no harm. But when a stray copy gets as far away from home as Brownville, and the inhabitants thereof read it, they are liable to be deceived. Hence I rise to explain, much lengthier than I should have otherwise done. To further show you of the pure cussedness of that sheet, I have only to refer you to that fact that some two months since, the Agricultural Congress of the United States assembled in Chicago, and among the representatives present was Mr. Morton of Nebraska. During the deliberations of that august body of men, the president had occasion to go out and wet his whistle, and while absent, Mr. Morton occupied the chair temporarily.

No sooner was this done than a special reporter of the *Press* telegraphed that paper to the effect that "Governor Morton of Nebraska was elected temporary chairman of the agricultural Congress."

A copy of that paper found its way to Chicago, and the *Times* of that city called him Governor, also.

Had the *Times* known what a lying sheet the *Press* was, and how it was trying to belittle Mr. Morton at home by publishing his name in its columns, it would have refrained from printing such stuff as it did.

You see that paper is destined to work mischief and devilment wherever and whenever it can. So far as I am concerned, I care but little what it says about me, but when it undertakes to fight the battles of "Governor Morton," it assumes what it can not do; for Morton is looked upon as a much abler writer than Brown of the *Press*, and is fully competent to slay Doctor Miller or any other man over his own signature, when he feels like doing so. It worries "Governor like fun to see the *Press* idiots come to his rescue.

No, I am not a renegade Republican. J. W. PEERMAN.

Heavy Licks, True, and to the Point. Says Hamburg Butler to his South Carolina speech:

I hope they will not repeat it. If they do repeat it, take my word for it I will give them as good as they send. I will add that I can never consent to degrade myself to the level of brutality, cowardice and blackguardism which characterized their conduct toward me.

It is interesting to hear a man who organized a mob to commit one of the most barbarous acts of modern times talk about a "cowardly attack" upon himself when he was "disarmed." As for a peer, Hamburg Butler has none, and should wait until some fiend like Thomassen, with an infernal machine is elected to the Senate, before he talks about being a peer. In the meantime he should remember that the north "won" its scars worth a cent, and that his throat won't go so far as they did in the days when "Bully Brooks" swaggered about the capital bearing a cane red with better blood than flows in the veins of his successor. The north is taking note of the kind of conciliation which Hamburg Butler represents.—Boston Traveller.

A Card From Mr. Hitchcock. To the Editor of the Republican.

OMAHA, Dec. 20th, 1877. I find, on my arrival home, that the miscreant who—six years ago agitated his fangs upon me, and ever since that time (at first for the hope of getting something, and afterwards for revenge because he failed) has kept his hold with bloodthirsty persistence—in an agony of fear that I may go to Paris as consul general. That his felonious soul, so tossed and buffeted by the waves of fate, may have a moment's rest, I beg to say that I am not now, have not been, and shall not be an applicant for this position. Further than this I can not with propriety say. I can, however, add that during my late trip east, I have neither seen or spoken to President Hayes or Secretary Evarts—nor have I either verbally or in writing in person or by proxy

approached any member of the cabinet or officer of the government for or by any other position. In regard to the charge that my career in the Senate was a "disgrace to Nebraska," I have to say that I had and still have the respect and friendship of every senator—democratic or republican—with whom I served. I leave it to others to decide whether they—serving with me day by day for six years—or this professional maligner—would be more competent to know, and more honest to decide, whether I disgraced them and my state.

Decent men may wonder that I notice, even briefly, so vile an attack. My apology is that for nearly a year that I have been in private life (saying nothing of attacks when I was a Senator). The malignant cur may by continuous pelting, sometimes ruffle the temper of the most amiable. P. W. HITCHCOCK.

"Butler knew about it, and approved it."—Hamburg Butler.

Mr. Roberts says: "He left Columbus convinced that if Hayes became a resident he would deal justly by Louisiana and South Carolina. He stated this to such Southern men as had any right to ask questions about the matter. He particularly said so to Gen. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, who was in Washington during the troubled times of electoral count, and General Butler received assurances that Mr. Roberts was correctly informed from persons qualified to speak."

That makes us easy. We were afraid Butler wasn't familiar with the business.—Inter Ocean.

The chemists of Berlin have been occupied lately in analyzing the wares of the wine merchants, and no little excitement has been caused by the discovery that the entire stock of one of the largest houses dealing in wines for medicinal purposes consisted entirely of artificially prepared mixtures of spirit and sugar solutions, flavored with various herbs.—Nature.

An investigation of the same kind here would astonish the lovers of "Old Port" and "Madera's" of the fine imported stock generally over which we are accustomed to smack our lips. We doubt whether there is a genuine cask of pure imported wine in the city.—Inter Ocean.

The gold birds have formed another nice little scheme to delude the people. They have formed a big pool to corner gold as soon as the Matthews resolution passes. Then, as they can very easily do, by locking ten millions or so of gold, they will force its price up, and about midnight "see what the demonization of silver would do! The Bird will be beaten." It is an old trick and will deceive no one.—Leavenworth Times.

An Omaha husband sues for a divorce because, while the color of his own and wife's hair is jet black, her baby's hair is bright red. We object to this kind of thing, on the ground of abstract justice and general policy. It tends to circumscribe the social opportunities of another haired young men in a manner that is simply barbarous.—Grand Island Times.

A Boston lady, over 60 years of age, has collected a million canceled postage stamps, having been offered for doing so, by a Boston man. He is necessary to obtain her admission to St. Luke's Hospital. The stamps fill a Saratoga trunk, and will be sent to Europe to be used in the manufacture of paper mache goods.

The Courier Journal calls Bessemer Cookling a base demagogue and low-down political trickster, the champion and companion of thieves, and other hard names.—Dallas (Texas) Herald.

Tom Corwin in one remarked that "the fact he has noticed the most sensible ways turn State's evidence."—Inter Ocean.

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