THE ADVERTISER.

Published every Thursday by
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Proprietors.

Office—No. 74 McPherson's Block, up Stairs,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Terms, in Advance:
One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 0
One copy, three months 50

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874. VOL. 18.—NO. 34

THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 w	1 m	3 m	6 m	12 m
One Inch	$1 00	$2 00	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
Three Inches	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	20 00
Six Inches	5 00	6 00	10 00	20 00	35 00
Twelve Inches	8 00	10 00	20 00	35 00	60 00
One Column	15 00	20 00	35 00	60 00	100 00

Legal advertisements at legal rates; One square (10 lines of Nonpareil space, or less,) first insertion $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50c.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

NEW GRANGE SONG.

It is an ancient farmer,
And he is one of three;
He said unto the middle man,
"We have no need of thee.

"This man here makes his cloth,
And sells it unto me;
He buys my wheat, and thus we save
The slice that went to thee."

"Your eyes too dim are growing;
Get spectacles," said he,
"That you may see some higher grade
Of wheat than number three."

The cunning middle man
Laughed out, "Ha-ha! te-he!
Upon your back I'll stand and fill
My pockets from the tree!"

Then turned that ancient farmer
The middleman about,
And, with some words of kind advice
He gently kicked him out.

MORAL.

Middlemen, turn from your sin,
And fear that farmer bold;
See farther on than "No. 1,"
Or, get your seat "half-soled."

Dot Leetle German Bicnic.

BY G. MYKER, THE HAPPY OLD MAN.

I like a glass of lager beer ven I go out at nide
I want it full mid red stuff, and not much of dot vite;
Wnd den I like to took a valk mit Shennie py my side,
To see our friends in Dutchtown, vere we go every nide.

CHORUS:—Oh, dere's vere you see de Sherman bands, und sauerkraut so sh weet,
And ven dey'vegot deir bicnics, you bed dey can't be beat.

Dere's Katy Schwartz und Lena Baer, vot veighs dree hundred pound,
Vat drink more beer as you and I, and big fat Jennie Brown;
Und ven ve take de shwartz brode doun, dots vay up on the shelef,
Und put som of dot shmeer kase on, you vish you vos dere yourself.

CHORUS:—Oh, dere's vere you see, etc.

I now must go, I'll inwite you all ven next time ve do meet,
To come to one of our bicnics—I vas sure it vas a dreat—
Und if you cannot find de place, youst oben your hoses avile,
You can shmell the cheese from de bicnic ground aboud ten dousand mile.

CHORUS:—Oh, dere's vere you see, etc.

PETER CARTWRIGHT,

THE JOCOSE PREACHER.

A GENUINE PORTRAIT FROM LIFE IN ILLINOIS.

Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp-ground near Springfield, on the second Sunday in September, 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties for a hundred miles around. The new Presiding Elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The glittering *prestige* of his fame had lightened far above him, and hence the universal eagerness to see and hear one concerning whom rumor's trumpet-tongue discoursed so loudly.

Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of Heaven; but the expected prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the usual hour for the detonation of the heavy guns of orthodoxy—and still there was no news of the clerical lion. A common circuit rider took his place, and sensible of the popular disappointment, increased it by mouthing a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite afresh their curiosity, and concentrated them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note which was immediately read out, to prevent the people from scattering.—The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:

"*Dear Brethren:*—The devil has foundered my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have performed the journey on foot, but I could not leave poor Paul especially as he never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and therefore it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and don't let the devil get among you *on the sly* before candle-light, when I shall be at my post.

Your brother,
PETER CARTWRIGHT."

In fashionable phrase, the reading of this strange effusion "produced quite a sensation." Some thought the man mad; others deemed the letter a hoax. But still the effect as to one particular was unquestionable; it heightened and intensified the public curiosity; and such, very likely, was the precise result intended by the writer.

At length the day closed. The curtain of twilight fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fires flashed out in heaven, and men below kindled their pale candles. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, with a brilliancy that caused every leaf in the grove to shine and sparkle as if the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theatre. It was a theatre in the open air, on the greensward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery ever prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the elite of imperial cities throng to feast their eyes on beauty, and their ears on the music of silver sounds.

Not only the altar and the rows of benches under the broad shed, but the entire dimensions of the grove also, were crowded to the verge of suffocation. The word had been circulated that the mighty orator had come at last, and the feverish anxiety to behold him augmented more and more.

Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became instantly riveted on the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, 'a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man,' although in the present case it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed even more gigantic than the reality from its crowning foliage of luxuriant coal-black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. And a head that looked as large as a half-bushel; beetling brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire, small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—(they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor;) a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by the kisses of sunbeams; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as if wearing a perpetual merry smile; and you have a life-like portrait of Peter Cartwright, the far-famed jocose preacher.

Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed.—There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentative, the dogmatic, the postulary, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative, "in orthodox, blows and knocks," the logic, and the poetic; but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was *sui yeneris*, and of a new species. It might be termed properly *waggish*.

He began with a loud, beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night air like successive peals of grand thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices, but his was matchless sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes, his remarks being preparatory, were commonplace and uninteresting; but then all of a sudden his face reddened, his eye lightened, his jestures grew animated as the waftures of a fiery torch, and his whole countenance changed to an expression of inimitable humor; and now his wild, waggish, peculiar eloquence, poured like mountain torrent. Glancing arrows of wit, shafts of ridicule, *bon mots*, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes, sparkled, flashed, and flowed like hail, the concourse of auditors were convulsed with laughter. For a while, the more ascetic strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous emotions; the sour-faced clergy frowned and hung their heads; and all the old maidenly saints groaned as with unspeakable anguish at such de-ecration of the evangelical desk. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand the *facetiæ* of Cartwright. His every sentence was like a warm finger tickling the ribs of the latter.—His very looks incited to mirth far more than other men's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the disposition to burst into louder explosions, as every schoolboy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar: the stern features relaxed into smiles; the coldest eyes melted to tears of irresistible merriment. Molier's best comedy or Sheridan's funniest farce was never half so successful. This continued for thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinner, which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker. How, I exclaimed, mentally, will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humor? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be deadly to his fame? Will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interest? At all events, there is no prospect of a revival to-night; for were the orator a magician, he could not change his subject now, and stem this torrent of headlong laughter.

But the shaft of my inference fell wide of the mark; for even then he commenced to change—not all at once, but gradual as the wind of a thunder-cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasantry; his voice grew first earnest, and then solemn, and soon wailed out in tones of the deepest pathos; his eye was shorn of its mild light, and yielded streams of tears as the fountain of the hill yields water. The effect was indescribable; the rebound of feeling, beyond all revelation in words of portraiture by imagination. He descanted on the horrors of hell, till every shuddering face was turned downwards, as if expecting to behold the solid globe riven asunder, and fathomless, fiery gulf yawn beneath. Brave men moaned like sick infants; and fair fashionable women, covered with silken drapery, and bedight with gems, shrieked as if a knife were at work among their heart-strings.

Again he changed the theme, and sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and what beautiful angels attend the liberated spirit to its starry home—with such force, fire, and evident belief, that all eyes were turned towards heaven, as the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the vision of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full length of his arm.

He then made a call for mourners unto the altar, and five hundred, many of them until that night, infidels, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks, and more than a thousand converts were added to the church. From that time the success of Peter Cartwright was unparalleled, and the fact is chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence, that methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

"In what college did he graduate? Surely it must have required a mighty *alma mater* to develop such a son."

You are more than half right, my good questioner. Peter Cartwright, like most preachers of his sect, received his education in the great *universal* university—the same that produced Homer, Plato, Shakspeare, Moses, Mendelsshon, Franklin—that weaver of garlands from the lightning's wing—Washington and Patrick Henry.—High up on the highest mountain top, deep down in the lowest valley, far out away on the rolling billow, there he studied and toiled together, in the most glorious of all schools—the free school of self-culture! "But did he graduate?" Aye, and nature's own hand wrote his diploma with a pencil of living light, and stamped it with a seal of fire—the immortal fire of the genius.

Cartwright became an itinerant at eighteen, without any learning from books, save what he derived from the pages of his Bible and a collection of hymns. Year after year he continued to travel the wild circuits of the frontier, earning annually but a hundred dollars of labors painful as those of a slave at the oar. But his vocation afforded him an excellent opportunity for meditation and even reading.—In his journeys from one point to another, he was alone, with nothing around him but woods and waters, birds, trees, mountains, sun, moon, and stars. These he might, and did, ponder well. Aye, he did more: he bought him books of literature and science, and pored over them as he rode along, with an ardor and patient perseverance such as perhaps was never witnessed within the stone walls of a college. Thus he mastered mathematics, logic, physics, law, and several languages, ancient and modern. Oh! believe me—believe all human history—there is no teacher like the student's own hard-working intellect, urged on to action and guided in its efforts by the omnipotence of an unconquerable will.

"But why did not this Western prodigy achieve for himself a more extensive renown? Why did he not climb to the loftiest stations in the church? If this narrative be true, he ought before now to have been a Bishop, at the least."

The statement of a few facts will solve the problem. Let it be remembered, then, that the Methodist Episcopal Church is a hierarchy, in which the dispensation of clerical honors rests exclusively with the Bishops and General Conference of itinerants, where the laity and local preachers are unrepresented, and consequently have no voice. Hence, in that sect, popularity, eloquence and other showy qualities, have never been found sufficient passports to the preeminent distinctions of authority and office, but often to the reverse. The Bishop's gown must be won by steady austere devotion, not by brilliant oratory or profound and varied learning. On this perilous rock Peter Cartwright's lofty vessel was shivered into the atoms of a hopeless wreck. He made no pretensions to superior sanctity, nor was it manifested in his conduct and demeanor, whether in the pulpit or in private life. Indeed he was distinguished for one very unclerical peculiarity—combattiveness in the superlative degree. His battles, though always apparently on the defensive, were as numerous as those of the celebrated Bowie. The only difference lay in this: that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while Cartwright used but his enormous fist, which was as effective, however as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote:

At the camp meeting held at Alton in the Autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fight, in none of which he had ever yet met an equal, or even a second. These coarse drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand—outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of the leader, Fink, inspired, that not one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

At last, one day, when Cartwright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes on the outskirts of the encampment raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. Cartwright's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew his coat, and remarked aloud—

"Wait a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray."

He then proceeded with a smile on his lips, to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully—

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

The desperado raked back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied—

"By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter!"

"Very well," said Cartwright.—"Will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"Of course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothing but the clean thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked Cartwright.

"Ready as a race horse with a light rider," answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

But the bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips, when Cartwright make a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell crushing on the other's chin, and hurled him to the earth like lead.—Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer.

But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming "That warn't done fair, so it warn't." He aimed a furious stroke, which Cartwright parried with his left hand, and grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed and writhed in the dust, but all to no purpose; for those strong, muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vise. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Cartwright slackened his hold, and inquired—

"Will you pray now?"

"I don't know a d—d word how!" gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded Cartwright.

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you're the devil."

The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer, line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At this consummation the rowdies thundered three boisterous cheers. Fink shook Cartwright's hand warmly, declaring, "By golly, you are some beans in a bar fight. I'd rather *set*-to with an old *he* in the dog days. You can pass in this 'ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast your pictur!" Afterwards, Fink's party behaved with exemplary decorum, and Cartwright resumed his Bible and pulpit.

A thousand other incidents, equally martial and ludicrous, are related as to Cartwright's adventures, both in Kentucky and Illinois. Many of them probably fictitious, but those genuine alone, if collected, would be sufficient to stock at least two volumes of romantic reality.

Such was the jocose preacher, and his biography teaches us the mighty influence of circumstances in moulding the characters and fixing the destinies of individual men. Had that splendid genius been cast on the tide of war, or thrown into the fiery vortex of a revolutionary era, his name might have been the signal of doom to quaking nations; his renown might have blazed, like a comet, through all time. But he was born in the wildest mountains of Kantucky; he was taught the spiritual tenets of Wesley, and educated to regard the calling of a Methodist circuit rider as the loftiest on earth. And so now this poor sketch—this spark of fading fire—as dim, flickering and evanescent as a shadow—is the last ray of his glory left below the stars; an epitaph by a stranger's hand, written on sand, which the next rain shall obliterate wholly—a leaf trembling on a blasted limb, that the first wind shall blow away into the Lethean sea forever!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street,
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico,
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its base of massive oak,
Like a monk, who under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice, to all who pass—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day, its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion there used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires by the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
The warning time-piece never ceased—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youth and maiden dreaming strayed,
O, precious hours! O, golden prime!
And influence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer
Was heard the old clock on the stair—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled:
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask with throbs of pain,
"Ah, when shall they all meet again,
As in the days long since gone by?"
The ancient time-piece makes reply—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear;
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEMAHA COUNTY SOLDIER.

Number 4.

Boland the Bushwhacker.

"You will report immediately at Company Headquarters, mounted, armed and equipped."

"Will I take any rations, Sargent?"

"No."

In a few minutes I was at the Captain's tent, where I found two more of "the boys" in their saddles waiting for orders. After issuing to us a few rounds of cartridges, the Orderly Sargeant marched us to regimental headquarters where he reported the detail from Co. K., and we fell into line with about thirty-three more men; a detail of three men from each company of our regiment being ordered out on some especial duty; what that duty was to be none of us knew. In a few minutes an officer came out of the Colonel's tent accompanied by a private whom we all knew as Zack Taylor of Co. A., who, sometime before, had been detailed for duty in the Provost Marshal's office at Springfield, Mo. However, we had not much time for conjecture as to the business on hand, for we started immediately for the ferry on white river.

The ferry boat would only carry fifteen men and their horses, and I was in the first squad that crossed.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when we (the first squad) landed on the south bank of the river, and getting dark rapidly, in fact there was just light enough for us to see that some three or four wagons had joined our party on the other side of the river; thinking it would take sometime to effect a crossing I took a seat on the bank, to make myself as comfortable as possible, when Zack Taylor and a sergeant who had crossed with us, rode up and said, "Come boys, jump into your saddles and lets be off," and away we went 'on the lope,' across the prairie bottom, up the bluffs, and through the pine woods over as rough a country as a man would wish to ride over in daylight, and never halted until we had gone about fifteen miles, making the whole distance in a very little over one hour. We halted in front of a large log house, or rather three log houses connected together, when Zack fired off his pistol, which was answered by two lights displayed in one of the windows. After posting sentries the rest of us went into the house, and found the occupants to consist of the landlord and wife, one or two children and a lady with her colored servant.

The lady had been to 'camps' as she expressed it, in search of her son and found him dead. The young fellow had been seen prowling round our camp with a rifle in his hand, and when ordered to surrender had endeavored to conceal himself in a cave, and received a few ounces of lead for his folly; but I soon got tired of listening to the maledictions the old lady was showering upon us, and turned to Zack to learn the reason of this night scout. "Come with me and I will show you," said Zack, taking a candle off the table and leading the way into the next room.

This room contained a bedstead, a few chairs and a rag carpet piled up at one side of the room. On moving this carpet we saw the body of a man, his head literally pounded to a jelly, and his face so covered with blood that it was impossible to form any opinion as to his looks. I should think he must have stood nearly six feet high, and was a stout, well proportioned man, dressed in our cavalry uniform, even to the "regulation spurs."

"There," said Zack, "is the famous bushwhacker, Boland, who made his brags that he had killed thirty-one Union soldiers and thirty-two Union citizens, and for whose body, dead or alive, there is offered about $8000 reward.

As we had plenty of time, (having to wait for the balance of the scouting party, and the transportation to arrive,) we adjourned to the next room, and sitting by the fire Zack gave us a detailed narrative of the events ending in the death of the bushwhacker.

It appeared that the house that we were then in was one of Boland's haunts, and in all probability our worthy landlord was connected with Boland's gang; however that may be, about two months before in some way or other Boland had insulted the landlord's wife, (a red headed specimen of womankind,) and she determined to have revenge, and in accordance with this determination, she went to Springfield, Mo., then the base of supplies for the army of the frontier, making the excuse to her husband and Boland that she was going there for groceries.

On her arrival in Springfield she went to the Provost Marshall's office, and volunteered to deliver Boland, dead or alive, to the authorities. The Provost Marshall wanted to send a small force with her, but she would not accept it, alleging that Boland would take the alarm and escape, and take his opportunity and visit a terrible vengeance upon her for her treachery; all that she wanted was one good reliable man. I have before stated that Zack Taylor was on duty at the Provost Marshall's office; and as soon as he heard of this business he volunteered for it, and was accepted.

The next day they started for the White River, but had to return again to Springfield, having heard that Marmaduke had gone round the army of the frontier and was making a raid on that place.

After the fight there, in which Marmaduke was so handsomely whipped by Gen. Brown with his State Militia and the 'Quinine Brigade,' they again started. Zack dressed as a 'butternut,' and reporting himself to the rebs and bushwhackers they met as belonging to Marmaduk's command from which he had been accidentally separated.

As soon as they arrived at the Log Tavern in the wilderness, the woman went in search of Boland to some of his haunts, (caves, &c., in the pineries,) with which she appeared perfectly familiar, and the second day after their arrival she found him, and told him that her husband wanted to trade him a horse for a buggy they had confiscated on some of their expeditions. Boland took the bait, and agreed to come the next day to dinner. True to his appointment, the bushwhacker made his appearance at the tavern the next day, carrying his rifle and some five or six revolvers in his belt. On seeing Zack his suspicions were aroused and jerking out a revolver, he demanded in no gentle voice "Who the devil are you." Zack told him his story of being separated from Marmaduke's command, with the addition that on account of the Fed's being at Forsyth, he had been compelled to swim the White River above, had been nearly drowned and had taken the chills, which compelled him to lay over there a few days to recruit. Boland was evidently not exactly satisfied, and put Zack thro' a pretty rigid cross examination; but Zack had been well posted by the woman, and finally allayed the fellows suspicion; when he put up his pistol, stood his rifle in one corner of the room, and sat down by the fire until dinner was ready. During dinner he asked Zack how many Feds he had killed. Zack told him he could not tell, adding that he had always done his duty. On this Boland commenced 'chaffing' Zack about being tender hearted, and braging of the number of murders he had committed.—Whilst he was talking in this manner Zack thought he could stand it no longer, and determined to shoot the villain on the spot, so stooping down to pick up his fork, which he had purposely dropped, he drew his revolver from his breast pocket and laid it in his lap; but the quick eye of the woman, who was waiting on the table, and at that moment happened to be behind Boland's seat, detected the movement, and she telegraphed him not to fire; and, Zack, although most stung to madness by the account of murders and villanies he was forced to listen to, obeyed her.

After dinner as they were standing round the fire, (an old fashioned fire place capable of holding a quarter of cord of wood,) the landlord and Boland talking trade, the woman came into the room holding in her hand a bar of iron about twenty inches long and one and a half inches in diameter. Handing the bar to Boland she said: "What do you suppose this iron is for, Mr. Boland?" at the sametime giving Zack a look which he well understood. Boland took the bar and after looking at it for a few seconds said carelessly "It is only some of the mill teans," and was about to throw it down when Zack reached out his hand for it, saying "let me see it;" the bushwhacker handed it to him and the woman left the room.

Zack played with the iron in his hands a few minutes, then turning round commenced knocking small chips of stone off the fire place, then watching his opportunity, he grasped the iron with both hands and struck Boland on the head with all the strength he possessed, and, as he supposed, killing him with he first blow as his skull bone appeared to be smashed in. The woman, who had [illegible] heard Boland fall on the floor, now came in remarking to Zack, "well, you have done for the old fellow at last; now we must get him out of the way as quick as we can, for there is no knowing how soon some of his gang will come in." With the assistance of the landlord they accordingly draged Boland into the next room, and threw the old rag carpet over the corpse to conceal it. They then went into the front room to clear away all signs of the bloody affair, and to consult on what was to be done next, as it was evident the landlord and his family would have to move somewhere under our protection. Whilst they were thus employed they heard a noise in the next room where the supposed corpse lay, and on examination were somewhat staggered to find Boland on his hands and knees, endeavoring to regain his feet; and Zack was compelled to take his deadly weapon once more, and this time finish his work effectually.

Zack then got his horse and reported as expeditiously as possible to the nearest Federal post, (our command, then at Forsyth, Mo.,) which accounted for our night raid into the wilderness; and by daylight the next morning we had the whole party, including the landlord's family, with the body of the bushwhacker, safe within our lines.

The *Missouri Democrat* in giving a history of the life and death of Boland some months since, said that Zack Taylor received promotion for this service, and after the war married his Colonel's daughter. As far as the marrying is concerned, "this deponent sayeth not;" but I did sometime afterward see Zack acting as a Lieutenant in an Arkansas cavalry regiment.

As to the reward of $8,000, offered by the State of Missouri and private individuals for the body of Boland, dead or alive, I can give no account. The body was sent to Springfield and identified as the body of the notorious bushwhacker. I do not think the landlord was entitled to any of the reward, as I think he and Boland would have answered Byron's description of the pirate and his lieutenant

"Arcades ambo, i. e., blackguards both."

LOVE UNBOUGHT.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and stealth
To seek the elected one.

Oh, weary hearts! Oh, slumbering eyes!
Oh drooping soul, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart unknown
Responds unto his own.

Responds—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers in its song,
"Where hast though stayed so long?"

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The "Beautiful" Snow—Shoes—Kettle Drums—Commerce—Rats.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1874.

THE SNOW

Snow in a country is one of the most pleasant incidents of life. From the farmer who has logs and wood to get out, to a school-boy who has long waited for an opportunity to get out his sled, it is a good thing. But snow in New York is an unmitigated curse—a curse without a redeeming feature or a mitigating circumstance. I write feelingly, for New York is suffering from snow at this time. Last week a very heavy snow fell as it did all over the county. Here it was, and is, frightful. The moment the snow was an inch deep the trouble commenced. The street car companies were compelled to double teams, which, as they have just enough horses for their cars, reduced the number of cars just a half, at the very time when the cars should be doubled. Hundreds of thousands of poor people live, of necessity, three or four miles from their places of labor. The withdrawal of half the cars compelled fully the half of them to walk to their wretched homes. Imagine a poor, weak, half-clad woman and girl walking through six inches of snow in a blinding storm four miles, after twelve hours of exhaustive labor! This is what the poor of New York were compelled to do this week.

As a matter of course the terrific storm filled the station houses with the shivering poor, who, but for these refuges, would have perished in the streets. Many touching incidents are related. Last evening a laborer, with his wife and six children, entered the Mulbury Street station and asked Captain Clinchy for shelter. The kind officer put them in a warm cell, when the woman asked him to be allowed to go out and get food for the the children. Seeing how weak she was Capt. Clinchy told her to give him the money and he would send. The woman handed Capt. Clinchy four cents. "What sort of a supper do you intend to get with this?" "Bread, sir!" "Well, you won't get enough for yourself for four cents." "That's so, but I and my husband can do without." Handing her the four cents Capt. Clinchy went to a [illegible] and returned with three loaves, some ham and fish, and a subscription was raised among the men, all of whom gave their mite to assist the poor family. That night, at the Accademy of Music, there was an Opera—seats, $4—crowded with people clad in silks, satins, velvets and furs, and the air redolent with perfumes. In the gorgeous mansions up town society was holding high carnival, each vieing with the other in recklessness of expenditure. What extremes! A family living on $100,000 a year—another trying to make a supper on four cents! And all descended from Adam!

FASHION CHANGES.

Fashion is fickle and its slaves obedient. If Fashion decrees bonnets ten feet high, ten feet high would be worn, and should fashion decree bonnets as flat as a pie dish, these would be worn. For several years the fashion in shoes has been absolutely cruel. The shoe was made as narrow as the foot—the sole much narrower than the upper, and the heel—Heavens! two inches was common and three not uncommon, and it was set almost in the centre of the foot. Walking could only be accomplished with pain; with such shoes and corns, and bunions were multiplied fearfully. But fashion has blundered into a good thing for once. The new shoe, which every fashionable woman in New York must wear, is square-toed; the soles project beyond the uppers and the heel is not only broad but is of a proper length, and set where a heel ought to be set. This is a shoe that a woman can walk in and enjoy it. How eagerly the little dears must have looked for the coming home of the first pair of the new style! With what a feeling of relief they must have flung into the street the high-heeled, narrow-soled tortures that they had endured so long! How like little lambs they must have leaped and frisked in their new freedom! This act of emancipation will bring well nigh as muth happiness to the world as that of Lincoln. The chiropodists (as the corn-doctors style themselves) will mourn, but there will be rejoicing in the feminine world.

THE KETTLE DRUM

Is the last folly of this most foolish city. Do you want to know what a kettle drum is? Well, a lady invites her friends to her house, from four to six P. M. Tea is made by the hostess in the parlor and each lady takes a cup thereof to the gentleman whom she prefers. If he says "Sugar, please," she remains with him—if not she leaves him. She can only offer tea to one gentleman. Now it will almost happen that some one gentleman will have no tea offered him. The hostess provides a kettle drum in the corner of the parlor, and this luckless wight must go to that drum and beat it, not loudly, throughout the entertainment, or until a later unfortunate relieves him. The rub-a-dub of the drum makes just enough noise to enable the couples properly mated to indulge in all the soft talk they desire without being overheard, and the luckless drummer makes an excellent butt for all the small wits present. The tea is taken through straws, as male drinkers in saloons take cobblers and juleps. By the way, Russian tea is the variety offered at these entertainments. Russian tea is the ordinary tea, with a slice of lemmon added to each cup. How long this absurd thing will last no one knows, but it is all the rage now. Frivolous New York has to have something new which is not profound enough to require thought, all the time. The spectacle of a full-grown man beating a kettle drum for two hours is one of exceptional sublimity.

THE COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

The merchants of New York are in sore trouble. The fact is, the exporting of grain from this city is growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Montreal is taking it one side, and Baltimore and Philadelphia on the other. For instance the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Pennsylvania Central have both reached out to Toledo, the second grain market of the county—the latter having built a branch to that city—and a large proportion of the enormous quantity of grain gathered at Toledo has been diverted to these points. Then Toledo has got into a habit of sending another molety of her grain to Montreal, for the Montrealers deal liberally and fairly with the forwarders. A vessel loaded with grain from Toledo, say, goes direct to Montreal, where it is unloaded into English vessels, with no charge except for handling, and that charge being reasonable.

Now New York has no facilities, and no system. Grain has to be handled in trucks and loaded by all sorts of primitive appliances, and besides, there are charges piled upon charges from the time it strikes Buffalo till it gets upon ship-board. In Buffalo it has to be taken from vessels into elevators, and charges are loaded on it for elevating, insurance, and reloading into canal-boats. Then comes the tolls on the canal, and then in New York the charges for unloading insurance, carting, handling and reloading. It is easy to see why grain avoids this route as much as possible.

The Cheap Transportation Association of New York are trying to better this condition of things. Their Committee on Terminal Facilities recommend the construction of warehouses of large capacity along the water front to which freight may be taken by a double-track railway, and from which it may be shipped without cartage. Several plans for effecting are discussed. It is claimed by the committee that time, expense, and loss by weather and theft will thus be saved. The establishment of grain elevators on the river fronts of New York and Jersey City is also urged, and of large warehouses for storing and buying and selling cotton. This is well enough, as far as it goes, but it is not enough to hold the trade for New York. The Erie Canal ought to be enlarged so as to admit boats of twice the present capacity, and it should be kept free to all, without tolls. Then grain should be loaded from the lake to the boats, without paying tribute to Buffalo. This, with the improvements mentioned above, will restore the trade to New York and nothing else will.

RATS.

A society has been organized in the city—for what? Why to promote the consumption of rats as food! One enthusiast avers that as compared with rats, squirrels, rabbits and chickens are diminutive tubers. The Parisians ate them during the seige, and rat was pronounced good eating. People could live cheaply in New York if they could only come to liking rodents.

PIETRO.

A writer in a paper at Newburyport, Mass., mourns the religious degeneracy of the times and relates the following: "There is a bitter sarcasm in the story told of a minister on our seaboard, which, thought very likely to be hypothetical, has a terrible under-current of truth. It is said that in the after noon service he found but a handful of hearers, the rest having gone on a steamer excursion for pleasure. He entered the pulpit and said thus, as the story goes: 'My hearers, I have brought a sermon, but it is useless to preach it. I find my duties as a minister are very much simplified; the times are have changed; there is but one virtue to be recommended, and that is money; but one sin to be rebuked, and that is poverty; so you see my occupation is gone, the ministry is played out, and I must go to farming. Receive the benediction.'"

When a bit of ostrich feather is found by a wife in her husbands's beard no one can blame her for being down on him.

A Western paper is dead. In its last gasp it faintly whispered, "Two hundred subscribers, and only thirty-one of them paid up.

A Detroit female of just twenty-five was married to her fifth husband lately. All the gentlemen are alive, and the first four are doing well.

A sophomore says he cannot understand how any one possessing what is generally known as a conscience can counterfeit a five-cent piece, and put on the back of it "In God we trust."

A Boston man was cursing an editor the other day when he fell dead. Several similar instances have been lately reported. Men should be careful speaking of anything sacred.

Andrew Jackson was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell words more ways than one."

The impulsive clerk who accidentally deposits a shovelful of snow down the back fo the rural pedestrain, was in the drug store, Saturday evening, negotiating for a bottle of liniment.

Quite a number of young men in this city are attending night school, where Latin is taught. At least we judge so, as we saw a crowd the other evening who had got as far as "Hic."

"Building castles in Spain, Mr. S.?" said the landlady to Spincer, who was thoughtfully regarding his breakfast cup. "No ma'am," said Spincer, "only looking over my grounds in Java."

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no editor chanced to be night;
And I tho'tas I tumbled that editor nest,
How easily editors lie,

Though Shakspeare positively doth affirm it,
Am I to dispute it may I be skeet,
Yet I cannot believe that which we call flour
By any other name would smell as wheat.

Judge Jeffreys, pointing with his cane at a prisoner before him, observed, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied, "At which end, my lord.

An embryo poet, who is certainly a close observer of human nature, remarks: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

The Indians have got a new dodge. When they are thirsty, which is said to be quite frequently, they go into a saloon in Depere, Wis., and ask "Schnapps haben?" This always brings the drink, as the saloon keeper is bound to believe they are Germans.

A veteran observer says that Old friends are like old boots. We never realize how perfectly they were fitted to us till they are cast aside, and others, finer and more stylish perhaps, but cramping and pinching in every corner, are substituted.

A "runner" for a Milwaukee house, was, a few days ago, in La Crosse, anxious to get across the river on the ice, but was told it was dangerous, so he got on his hands and knees and crawled across, hauling a skiff on the ice to get into in case the ice broke. After he had crawled about half way across, and was tired and discouraged, he heard a noise behind him, and thinking the ice was breaking he got on his knees, just as load of wood came up behind him. The ice was a foot thick, and some other runners had played it on him. He is searching for the fellow who told him the ice was thin.

A correspondent of the Jackson (Miss.) News, tells how Gen. Jackson got his title of Old Hickory. He says he got the story from Capt. William Allen, a near neighbor of the Gen, and who messed with him during the Creek war. During the campaign the soldiers were moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and were without tents. A cold March rain came on mingled with sleet which lasted for several days. Gen. Jackson got a sever cold, but did not complain as he tried to sle