

# Bellevue Gazette.



A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Democracy, Literature, Agriculture, Mechanics, Education, Amusements and General Intelligence.

VOL. 2.

BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1857.

NO. 6.

## Bellevue Gazette.

## BELLEVUE HOUSE.

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Hon. John Finney,  
Hon. J. Sterling Merion, Nebraska City.  
Omaha, June 29, 1857. 35

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St. Marys, Feb. 20th, 1857. 21-1f-1

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### POETRY.

Maud Muller.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.  
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth,  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.  
Singing she wrought and her merry glee,  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.  
But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,  
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,  
And a nameless longing fill'd her breast—  
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.  
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.  
He drew his bridle in the shade,  
Of the apple tree to greet the maid.  
And asked a draught from the spring that flowed,  
Through the meadow across the road.  
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup.  
And blushed as she gave it, looking down,  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.  
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught,  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."  
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees  
Of the singing birds and humming bees;  
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether,  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.  
And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown.  
And listened, while a pleased surprise,  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.  
At last, like one who for delay,  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.  
Maud Muller, looked and sighed: "Ah, me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!  
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine."  
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat;  
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.  
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor  
And all should bless me who left our door"  
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.  
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;  
And her modest answer and graceful air,  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.  
Would she were mine, and I to day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay:  
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers of endless tongues,  
But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."  
But he thought of his sisters proud and bold  
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.  
So closing his heart the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.  
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune.  
And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unranked clover fell.  
He wedded a wife of the richest dowry,  
Who lived for fashion, 'as he for power.  
Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go:  
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.  
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well in 'ead.  
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.  
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain:  
"Ah that I were free again!  
Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."  
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.  
But care and sorrow and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.  
And oft when the summer sun shown hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,  
And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the road side through the wall,  
In the shade of the apple tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.  
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;  
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned.  
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,  
A manly form by her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.  
Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."  
Alas for maiden alas for Judge,  
For rich refiner and household drudge!  
God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"  
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### End of the Woodman Case in New York.

This singular case of alleged lunacy has been before the courts of New York city for some time, the details of which have furnished rich food for the scandal mongers, came to a sudden and unexpected conclusion on Thursday last. While a lawyer was arguing in favor of the release of the female Mrs. Caroline Woodman, from the insane asylum, at the suit of her friend, Mr. Furniss, the proceedings were interrupted by the appearance of the brother of Mrs. W., who handed to the Court an application signed by his sister, requesting that the proceedings in her name should terminate, as she had arranged matters amicably with her husband, and was about to return to her father's home in Mississippi, with her brother. The case then ended, but we find in the New York Post, an affidavit sworn to by Mrs. Woodman, which furnishes a history of the wrongs she has suffered at the hands of the man Furniss, who assumed to be her friend. The narrative is quite long, and furnishes one of the most lamentable instances of human depravity and cruelty on record. It seems that she has been for more than year followed, tortured, seduced, beaten, robbed, without mercy, in Paris, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and other places, at hotels, and private houses. She was taken to Paris by her husband an invalid, and left there to undergo skillful medical treatment, while his business obliged him to return home. She there got acquainted with Furniss, who acquired a power over her reputation through her weakness, which he ever afterwards used to extort money. She there loaned him six hundred dollars. Coming to America he borrowed, extorted, and stole from her money, jewels, &c., all the time, and when she did not give him what he asked, he beat and abused her. Sometimes he raised disturbances in her rooms at hotels, to force her to give him money. By some strange infatuation she suffered all this in silence, keeping it from the knowledge of her husband, until at last the latter accidentally found it out. Her incarceration in an insane asylum was done to keep her out of Furniss' clutches, as her husband could no longer live with her.

#### Death of an Unknown Man.

Six:—A man who gave his name as David H. Ware, died at my house in a congestive chill, on Sunday, Nov. 1st, 1857. I asked him where he lived, and he said in New York—the place or Post Office I did not get. He was making his way homeward when he came to my house.—He was a tall goo-l-looking man, light complexion, hair of a sandy appearance, had a belt and scabbard with a butcher's knife in it—the name of David H. Ware was cut on the handle of it; his coats and pants were of a blue color; had a short coat and shirt tied up in a handkerchief. He came to my house on foot—seemed to be short of money, and was making his way on the most economical plan to the railroad at Poca. He did not talk much, but said he had been quite unwell since he left Jacksonville, some several days previous. From a memorandum book covered with leather found in his pocket, he had evidently been examining lands and claims further west, probably in Kansas, in March last. "Claim made 13th March," 1857, &c. In the front of the Memorandum is written "J. T. Foster, Bellevue, Sarpy Co., March 4, 1857."—While here, he was well cared for, and decently buried. Any person desiring further information will address "Joseph P. Durbin, P. M., Owaneco Post Office, Christian County, Illinois.—New York Tribune.

James G. Birney, who died at Eaglewood, Perth Amboy, on Wednesday morning, at the age of 65 years, has been suffering during the past twelve years from attacks of paralysis, which has recently been complicated with heart disease, and aggravated by the infirmities of old age.

Mr. Birney was born at Danville, Ky., in 1793. He graduated at Nassau Hall, New Jersey, and studied law with Mr. Dallas in Philadelphia. At the age of 25 he became a planter in Alabama and the owner of thirty five slaves, but soon afterward entered upon the practice of his profession again at Huntsville, Ky.—Early in life Mr. Birney became interested in the Anti-Slavery movement, and not only freed his own slaves, but induced his father to make such a disposition of his estate as to leave him his twenty one slaves, when he set them free at once.—In 1834 he attempted to start an Anti-Slavery newspaper in Kentucky, but finding it impossible to procure printers there, commenced its publication in Ohio, where it excited the most violent hostility. In 1844, when living in Michigan, he became the "Liberty Party" candidate for the Presidency, and has been thought by the friends of Mr. Clay to have contributed to his defeat. Since that time the public have rarely heard of him; but he has continued to be the center of a circle of ardent friends. That his youngest son might enjoy the advantages of Mr. Theodore Weld's school, and that he might be nearer the friends of the reforms which he had much at heart, he removed to New Jersey. Mr. Birney has been twice married. His second wife, who was a sister-in-law of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, survives him. As a reformer James G. Birney had none of the rancor and bitterness which sometimes disfigures the advocacy of a noble cause. His character was singularly pure, and his reputation is without a blemish.

#### Albany, Nov. 25.

About midnight a very severe and sudden change took place in the weather here; the wind changed to the north west, and blew a perfect gale for the balance of the night, the thermometer falling rapidly. This morning the mercury marked 11 degrees above zero. The change appears likely to defeat the hopes entertained of keeping the canal open two weeks longer between here and Rochester, and of the resumption of navigation to Buffalo.

Unless the weather changes or moderates, canal navigation may be considered virtually suspended, although some portions of the canal are still free from ice. Only twice before, in the year 1838 and 1845, has navigation closed as early as the 25th of November. In those years it closed on that day. In 1827 the canal closed on November 27th, but reopened and remained navigable till December 28th. A very large amount of produce is now on its way.

#### Albany, Nov. 25.

Advices have been received from Syracuse, Fort Plain, Utica and Lyons, stating that the canal was frozen tight at those points. Ice breakers are busily engaged in attempting to break a passage through, but the weather continues too cold to allow a hope of success.

#### Lyons, Nov. 25.

Navigation is entirely suspended here, and this morning boys are skating on the ice. The weather is very cold, and gives little prospect of further navigation this season. A large number of boats are detained on the Cayuga Marsh, and along the canal between here and Buffalo.

#### NEBRASKA A SLAVE STATE.—

The Memphis Appeal of the 13th inst., on noticing the arrival of Gov. Izard in that city, says:  
"He gives it as his opinion that Nebraska will not soon be in a condition to desire or apply for admission into the Union. If it were regarded as a profitable investment, he thinks the institution of Slavery could be established there."

#### Augusta, Ga., Monday Nov. 23.

On Saturday last the two branches of the Legislature of Alabama met in convention, and on the first ballot elected the Hon. C. C. Clay, jr., to the Senate of the United States for six years from the 4th of March, 1859, when his present term of office expires.

#### CHEAP SUGARS, &c.—

The New Orleans Picayune, of the 28th ult., says:—It will be seen by referring to our Commercial Report that sugar has taken something of a tumble in our market, and that fair to fully fair descriptions were selling yesterday at 5 1-2 to 6 cents per pound. Molasses, which we quoted a few days since at 60 to 70 cents, may now be had at 18 to 20 cents per gallon.

#### Nothing Fit to Wear.

Some years since, a Mr. B—was elected to represent the town of Shelburne, N. H., in the Legislature. He was a plain old farmer, full of sound sense and ready for any real work that was needed. When he made his appearance at the State House, it must be confessed that his *tout ensemble* was anything but fashionable. His hat was a perfect relic of antiquity—his coarse frock and trousers of genuine dapples-gray, homespun—his shirt-bosom, the product of his wife's own loom, and his boots of the thickest, and most substantial cow-hide.

As Mr. B— entered the lobby, there were several young "members" standing about the fire, and supposing the new comer to be only a visitor, they merely cast a glance at his weather-browned face, and turned up their noses at his verdant locks, and then continued their conversation. B— took a seat near the stove.

"No room here for visitors," said one of the slipnaps.

"Oh, I'm a member," said B—

"You a member?" uttered the first slipnap.

"Sartin," responded B—, in a mild tone.

"Where from,"

"Shelburne,"

"Well," said the fashionable dressed member, with a disdainful look at the rough, coat-of-dress of the farmer; "hain't the folks of Shelburne got any body else to send here?"

"Oh, as for that matter, I suppose there are a good many men there that know more'n I do, but they hain't any of 'em got any clothes that's fit to wear."

The faddlingers were floored, and before the session closed, they found that the "member from Shelburne" could see through a question as far as they could see around it.

#### Clear as Mud.

[Stranger to a fat Dutchman, with two feet and a half of pipe in his mouth.]  
"Whose house is this?"  
"Yaw." (based and bawled out and out)  
"What is your name?"  
"Mine Cot, hell, vat ish the row?"  
"Have you a wife?"  
"Nix for stay."  
"Where were you born?"  
"Mit the cattle train."  
"Got any children?"  
"Yaw—five mit krout in the bars."  
"How do you make a living?"  
"Steel like to tuilfe—every body says so."  
"When did you leave Germany?"  
"Yaw—twice beside to tog."  
"Have you relatives here?"  
"Ye tam snakes ish blenty."  
"Can you tell me where Peter Snyder lives?"  
"Beter Schneider—yaw, turn do meetin house round, cross to river up stream by to mill pond, and take der right hand saw mill by to left, climb a hill and come down again mit der prior lot behind your back and to man's vot oracles to te mill mit one pinned eye, will you so peter as I by tam site."

The word D-E-B-T, is composed of the initials, Dun Every Body Twice.—C-R-E-D-I-T is formed of the initials letters of Call Regularly Every Day, Till Trust.

A lawyer asked a dutchman in court what ear-marks a pig had that was in dispute. "Vell, he has no ear-marks except a very small tail."

In Cork, a short time ago, the orator of the court endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court."

A wag in one of the Southern Legislatures, perceiving a mosquito alight on a neighbor's hand, immediately arose, and addressing the chair, requested that said mosquito have leave to withdraw his bill.

A MODERN WOMAN.—An article manufactured by milliners and dress makers. Who wants but little in her head, But much below to make her spread.

MATE ROBERT SEXTON.—A lawyer, named Shays, has been convicted of stealing change and postage stamps from the post office at Centreville, St. Joseph county, Michigan, and sentenced to the State prison for five years.

SOMETHING OF A STATE.—The area of the State of Texas alone, is large enough, if it were settled as thickly as Massachusetts, to hold nearly fifty millions of persons, or about double the population of the whole United States.

A Mr. Hate has been married in Chicago, to Miss Catharine Wrath.