NEBRASKA PALLADIUM.

BY D. E. REED, & CO. BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS CO., NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1854. VOL. 1.—NO. 15.

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM
AND
PLATTE VALLEY ADVOCATE.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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D. E. REED, & COMPANY,
Editors and Proprietors.
BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

TERMS.—One copy one year, $2 00—one copy six months, $1 00—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

☞ No paper will be discontinued except at the discretion of the proprietors, until all arrearages are paid.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BELLEVIEW.

W. R. ENGLISH,
NEGOTIATOR, Collector, General Land Agent, Counsellor at Law, &c., &c. Belleview, Nebraska.
Having an experience of 17 years in the Territory, will pay prompt attention to all communications, post paid, in regard to the Territory, &c., &c.
☞ Office near the Government building, and in rear of P. A. Sarpy's banking house.
Belleview City, Nebraska, July 15, 1854.

C. E. WATSON,
Land Agent, Surveyor and Engineer, Belleview, Nebraska. n1-1y

ST. MARY.

GEORGE HEPNER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, St. Mary, Mills County, Iowa. aug 31-1y

J. M. LATHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, St Mary, Mills Co., Iowa.

G. W. WALLACE,
Physician and Surgeon, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of St. Mary and vicinity. Office two miles northwest of St. Mary, on the Musquito creek. aug 31-1y*

B. TZSCHUCK,
Topographical Engineer, tenders his professional services to the citizens of St. Mary and vicinity as Surveyor and Engineer in all its varieties. Office in P. A. Sarpy's store, corner of Gregory street. aug 31-1y

WATSON, KINNEY & GREEN,
General Land Agents, St. Mary, Mills County, Iowa. Will attend to the purchase and sale of real estate, the perfecting of titles, paying taxes, &c., &c.
☞ Farming land and village lots, to suit purchasers, on hand, for sale cheap, and on reasonable terms. CHAS. E. WATSON. L. B. KINNEY. JOSEPH GREEN.
o43-tf

WILLIAMS & WILSON'S SAW MILL.
Keg Creek, Mills Co., Iowa. The proprietors of this mill intend to keep lumber of all descriptions constantly on hand; also to supply all special orders for lumber at short notice, for cash. n42-3m

DANIEL FAUST,
Tinner and Brazier—is ready to manufacture or repair tin work of every description, at short notice, and at the cheapest rates. His shop is situated one fourth mile north of P. A. Sarpy's store, Main-st., St. Mary.
June 14, 1854. n42-3m

JAMES O'NEAL,
Drainage Commissioner, Office in St. Mary, Iowa. aug 31-1y

P. A. SARPY,
Wholesale and Commission Merchant, dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Books and Stationery, corner of Main and Gregory streets. aug 31-1y*

C. E. WATSON,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, and Surveyor. Office at the Store of Greene, Kinney, & Co., St. Mary, Mills co., Iowa. Aug. 2, '54.

ASTOR HOUSE.
THE subscriber has just opened this new and commodious building for the reception of the traveling public, and solicits a share of public favor. Prompt and efficient attention will be paid to all who may favor him with their patronage. His table will be supplied with the best the market affords. A good stable is attached to the premises. WM. ENGELL.
St. Mary, Iowa, mar. 15, '54—n29-tf

NOTICE.
HAVING dissolved our connection as partners in the "Gazette," those persons indebted to, or having claims against the late firm of REED & LATHAM, will call on D. E. Reed, who is authorized to settle the matters of the concern. D. E. REED, J. M. LATHAM.
St. Mary, July 25, 1854.

Original Poetry.

[For the Palladium.]

TO ABBY.

BY MRS. A. D. HEMENWAY.

Bright shone the sun when for the West,
Abby, I saw thee start,
Yet still a cloud of deepest gloom,
Was shading over my heart.
Yet when thy parting kiss was giv'n—
Between a tear and smile,
With anguish deep, thy mother's heart
Seem'd breaking e'en the while.

Now thou art gone, how sad and lone
Is the forsaken nest;
I long to see thy face again,
And clasp thee to my breart.
Yes oft for thee my absent one,
My bosom heaves a sigh,
Thou art as fondly cherished now,
As if thou still were nigh.

I miss thee, in the evening hours,
Thou hast so oft beguil'd,
Amid those pensive hours, my heart
Still yearns for thee my child.
I miss thy fond bright smile, that fill'd
Thine eyes in days before;
While seated by thy mother's side
Conning thy lessons o'er.

Ah then, I feared it would be thus,
That in some future day,
Thou'd leave thy early home and friends,
And from thy mother stray.
Now, thou art in a stranger's home,
And stranger's voices there,
To greet thee in the morning hour,
And mid the evening air.

And thou, may'st list but list invain,
To hear thy mother's voice,
That oft in young life's early years,
Has made thy heart rejoice.
Yet still, within thy mother's heart,
Affection lives as true,
I love as well, as in those years,
Say, Abby dear, do you?

A teacher's task, thy early choice,
Devolves upon thee now,
God grant, its cares and toils may bring,
No shades upon thy brow.
O, may life's path, ne'er prove to thee,
A dark and tedious way,
May gladness ever shed for thee,
Its bright and joyous ray.

Yet still, methinks I see thine eyes,
Oft languishing with care,
Then with a mother's fervent love,
I breathe a whispered pray'r,
That God may shield thy youthful heart,
And all thy f'ot-steps guide,
His holy word, thy anchor be,
Through life's eventful tide.

LUDLOW, Oct. 10th, 1854.

[From the Washington Globe.]

STEWART HOLLAND.

"He had been deputed by the Captain to fire the signal gun, (when all others had fled,) and amid the melancholy wail he pursued his duty. When all hope had fled, and the vessel nearly level with the sea, Holland was seen busy with his gun. His last shot boomed out as the Artic sank, and he went down with her—persevering in the strict performance of his duty."—[The Newspaper account.

Upon the Artic's deck was seen
A noble form, and fair;
Firm, resolute amid the gloom
And scenes of dark despair!

His ear was pierced by shrick and wail,
And melancholy strain,
Of struggling victims all around,
Who sought for help in vain!

Doubtless in that depressing hour
Of dismay and pain,
He thought of home and lov'd ones far,
He'd never see again.

How'er, he did not flee the wreck,
To trust the treacherous wave,
Which bore some to a succoring hand,
But others to the grave.

His post was at the signal gun,
"When all the rest had fled,"
Nor from his duty turned aside,
To dying or the dead!

Ah! no response, to cheer, was heard,
And hope had well nigh flown;
But rumbled still o'er mountain foam
The signal's doleful tone!

The noble youth, with brow exposed,
Throughout, undaunted stood,
Though gathering waters lashed his form
To whelm it in the flood.

And calmly with the Artic sunk,
While yet the cannon's breath
Went moaning o'er the sea's expanse,
The signal of his death!

L. A. GOBRIGHT.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14, 1854.

THE TWO SEXES.—There is much truth in the following, which we clip from the Syracuse Standard:

When a raking youth goes astray, friends gather round him in order to restore him to the paths of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him, to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned.

But when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed; but the ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no peace, for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of comfort, no voice of forgiveness.

These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

Correspondence of the Palladium.

Matters and Things In New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.

The gloom which fell upon our city like a visible shadow when the loss of the Arctic was announced, has not yet disappeared. It is true, that the arrival at S. John's, N. F., of the propeller Vesta, with thirty-one of the steamer's crew, and the intelligence that the second mate's boat and another, containing together forty-five persons, reached Cape Race in safety, have lessened the supposed aggregate of victims; but as nearly all the rescued are employees of the ship, who, like base dastards, deserted their duty in the hour of peril, the report of their safety creates very little interest in the public mind.

The entire number of lives known to be saved thus far, is one hundred and eight, and the three boots not heard from are estimated to have contained from seventy-five to one hundred souls. One of these missing crafts was manned by Mr. Gouilie, the first mate, the boatswain and four hands, who were sent by Capt. Luce to look after the propeller, and could not afterwards be taken on board the Arctic. The other two were first-class life boats, which might be made to hold forty or fifty persons each. Mr. Burns, the agent of Adams & Co., states positively, that one of them was nearly filled with ladies, only four men being on board of her when she pushed off from the wreck. He thinks this boat had oars. How the other life boat was occupied, none of the survivors who have been heard from seems to know.

It is a matter of doubt, whether the family of Mr. Collins were tilted into the sea by the breaking of a boat's tackle, or not. They may have been among the ladies in the life boat, yet it is quite as probable that the first account was true. There is not, I fear, any good ground for believing they were saved.

The fearful lesson taught by this catastrophe, will not be lost upon the owners of our ocean steamers. The important fact connected with this disaster, cannot fail to make an indelible impression upon all "who go down to the sea in ships."—The Arctic was racing through a blind fog, at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, when the Vesta struck her; she had no fog bell ringing; and with four hundred souls on board, she had not boats for two hundred. Possibly, the six boats might have sustained two hundred and fifty persons afloat in still water, but they could not have been rowed and steered properly with more than one hundred fifty on board. Of this, I am positive, as I know the size of the craft. There should be a fog bell continually ringing in a fog, and the speed checked, to prevent accidents of this kind. There are rumors about town this morning, that Mr. Collins has become insane. This, I find, on inquiry, to be untrue. He is, however, laboring under great prostration of body and mind.

Confusion worse confounded, reigns in the political camp here. For the mayoralty, there are "six Richmonds in the field," viz: Augustus Schell, (hard-shell Democrat,) Fernando Wood, (both shell Democrat,) Jno. J. Herrick, (Whig,) James W. Barker, (Know-Nothing,) John N. Genin, (Independent,) Wilson G. Hunt, (Reform.) For most of the charter offices, there are from three to five candidates, and who will come right side up out of the chaos, Elipus himself could not guess. The oldest and shrewdest campaigners are at fault; as well they may be, after the late astounding news in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

The verdict in the case of Dr. Graham seems to give universal satisfaction. His counsel have given notice of a bill of exceptions, but if wise, they will not move for a new trial. Another jury might be less lenient. The maximum of punishment under the verdict, is seven years imprisonment, and the general opinion seems to be, that he should be sentenced for the full term. Jager, found guilty of manslaughter in the third degree, has been condemned to the State prison for three years. His offense, was the stabbing to death of a man named Moran, during a drunken quarrel. Yesterday, another fatal knife case was concluded in the court of oyer and terminer. The prisoner, Chas. Graham, was found guilty in the same degree as Jager, and received the same sentence. It would seem, however, the spirit which is rife among the rowdies of this city, has not been checked by the late examples. A deliberate homicide was committed in Broome street, last night by an unknown man, who leaped upon the platform of a Harlaem car and knocked the brakemen off. The unfortunate man, whose name was Rickert, died fifteen minutes afterwards, in consequence of the injuries he received by the fall. A rowdy who had been engaged in a dispute with Rickert, on Wednesday last, is suspected to be the guilty party, but he has not yet been arrested.

Some of the small banks of this city are shaking in the wind. The Knickerbocker, Suffolk, Eighth avenue, and Bank of the Union, have suspended operations, and their circulation is going in for redemption. It is scarcely possible, that bill-holders should sustain any loss by the failure of these concerns, whatever may be the fate of the depositors. The fact is, we have too many banks of the small fry class. They do anything but a legitimate business, and the sooner they are wound up and their notes redeemed from the proceeds of their stock in the hands of the Comptroller, the better. The Knickerbocker Savings Bank also has failed.

The weather here is warm enough for August, and the furs, merinoes, and other winter goods behind the plate-glass windows of the fashionable stores in Broadway, look singularly unseasonable.

A fine body of firemen, from Lynn, Mass., calling themselves the Silver Greys and wearing a beautiful uniform of that color, are now receiving the hospitality of the fire department of this city.

The cholera, which has nearly ceased its ravages on terra firma, is making a frightful havoc at sea. On board the Harvest Queen, from Liverpool, and the Piscatore from Havre, both arrived yesterday, the total number of deaths on the voyage was one hundred and twenty-five. Seventy-five dead bodies were thrown overboard from the former, and fifty from the latter.

The Second avenue railroad company was yesterday mulcted in $3,000 damages, for a breach of contract in suspending the laying of concrete rail, after having agree therefor. Whenever a jury get a chance of this kind at a railroad corporation, they are pretty sure to give the plaintiff a rousing verdict.

Besides the criminal trials in the court of oyer and terminer this week, there have been two in the court of sessions—one for manslaughter in the fourth degree, and the other for rape. Both the offenders were found guilty and sentenced to two year's imprisonment. So we go!

All the theaters here, seem to be doing a good business, notwithstanding the 'hard times.' At the Broadway English Opera is decidedly successful. Miss Louisa Pyne, the prima donna, is a delightful singer; but the "great English tenor," as he is called, is by no means equal to Wood, Wilson, and others, who have preceded him in the same line.

Business continues to be dull, and retrenchment of expenses seems to be the order of the day among our merchants.—Still there are no heavy failures, and although we shall probably have a "tight" time this fall and next winter, there is a fair prospect of a renewal of trade in the spring. The clearing house which was established last spring by the different banks, has been the cause of the suspension of the banks reported above. If a bank fails to settle up its accounts daily, it is suspended from the privileges of the house, which causes a general run upon it, which few banks can go through safely.

* * *

A GOOD REBUKE.—A very good lady in Boston had in her employment, a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door that Mrs. ———, was not at home.

One day, John made his reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs. ———, she said: 'John what did you say to the lady?' 'I told her you were not at home.' 'Well, John, I hope you did not laugh?' 'Oh no, ma'ma,' said John, I never laugh when I tell a lie.'

A FEMALE IN BREECHES.—Yesterday afternoon, a female, who, for months past, has been attending the theatres, dining at first class hotels, and circulating generally through the city, under the garb of a gentleman of wealth and fashion, assuming different names as occasion required, was arrested as a vagrant, on the complaint of Officer Downing, of the lower police court—she having no home or visible means of support, but constantly wandering about the city in the company of men. She gave the name of Annie Linden, under which she was taken before Justice Welsh, and sent to the penitentiary for 60 days. She was born in New Orleans, and is not yet 18 years of age.—[*New York Express.*

Selected Matter.

THE SUMMER IS PAST.

In commenting upon the eventful summer from which we have just emerged, the New York Mirror says:

Another summer has past and hard and hot it has been. Fires, failures, disease and death, have brought mourning and losses to hundreds of thousands; and the calamity of short crops, makes the poor man look anxiously to the coming Winter. In our city, men who ranked as millionaries, when the summer opened, have seen their riches suddenly take wings and fly away; and some, by dishonest efforts to retain or increase their reputed wealth, have wrecked their honor and sunk to rise no more.

Many of our citizens who began the season in the fullness of health and beauty, have perished with the early flowers, and thousands who went abroad, decked in gay colors of joy and hope, are now robed in the attire of grief and mourning. Autumn has come to many a heart even in the spring time of life; and the earth has become to thousands of its pilgrims literally, 'the valley and shadow of death.' They who have passed through this trying season unscathed by sickness and misfortune, whom the Death Angel has not even brushed with his wing, should make their lives a hymn of thanksgiving to the Infinite God who has dealt with them so gently and so graciously. Instead of looking on the dark side of the future, they should look up in grateful confidence to the Reaper, whose sickle has felt them to flourish a little longer in the field of Time, while thousands as full of health and promise as they, have been cut down and withered in an hour.

BABIES.

Just imagine, dear readers, you that are mothers—and every woman ought to be one—just imagine nearly two hundred babies; not dolls of gutta percha, lapsus lazuli, porcelain or wax, but babies—real live, palpitating, *meat* babies, in one tent, together, all between the ages of seven and twelve months, kicking—squirming, nursing, tooting, crowing, laughing, and crying at one and the same time? Do you deem such a collection possible? Does n't it beat hollow the wonders of the Tower of London, the feats of Gabriel Ravel, whig nominations, and the new mastodom discovered by Professor Morse, at Poughkeepsie? On the 5th of October, the babies were displayed for the prizes at Springfield, Ohio. Mrs. Ronney, of Vienna, Ohio, took the first prize—a tea sett, valued at $300. Mrs. McDeDonell, of Cincinnati, the second prize—a tea sett worth $200—and the third premium was taken by Mrs. Arthur of Philadelphia—$200. The handsomest child under one year of age, took a Parian marble group—it was given to the daughter of Mrs. Howe, of Cincinnati. One singular fact connected with this exhibition, was that all the noise in the collection, proceeded from the *female* children, which we think is a slander. Most of the young ones made the most astounding efforts to swallow themselves, commencing at their fists. Fortunately none of them succeeded. The successful competitors were escorted from the grounds by the Diaper Band, the instruments consisting of gum rings and willow rattle boxes. Numerous letters were read—one from Fanny Fern—and the greatest good feeling prevailed.—*Buffalo Republic.*

MONEY IN DEAD LETTERS.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writes from Washington, under date of October 3, says, that—

The operations of the Finance Bureau, of the General Post-Office Department for the current year disclose the fact of a rapid increase in the business and importance of the dead letter office. In the first quarter of 1852, the number of dead letters found by the openers, which contained money, wrs 1,701—the amount $10,238; second quarter, 1,736 letters, and $11,176; third quarter, 7,781 letters, and $10,869; fourth quarter, 1,842 letters, and $11,713. In the third quarter, ending 31st March, 1854—two years afterward—the number of valuable dead letters reached 2,323, containing $14,401. The second quarter 2,427 letters, and $14,325 in money. We have from the third quarter—ending Sept. 30th last—2,354 letters, in which were found $14,088 in cash. When it is recollected that there do not embrace the dead letters from foreign countries—which are all returned unopened—the progress of this branch of governmental service is more apparent.

The same correspondent states, that seven-eights of the lost money is safely returned to its legal owners.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

THE YOUNG WIFE OF A RICH OLD MAN.—The New York *Sun*, of Saturday morning last, serves up the following dish of scandal:

"A gentleman about sixty years of age, doing a large importing business in South street, and residing in one of the fashionable avenues in this city, for some months suspected his wife, a very handsome young woman, scarcely out of her 'teens,' with being on more than friendly terms with the son of a wealthy neighbor. On Thursday morning, he announced his intention to leave town on business, and not return until the following morning. He however, did return sooner than was expected (about 11 o'clock at night,) and unlocked the back hall door, with his night-key, not stopping even to ring the bell, and crept stealthily to the door of his room on the second floor and looked through the key-hole, when he saw a light, and imagined that he also saw objects moving in the room. He listened for some moments and finally heard suppressed whispering. One of the voices he thought was a man's. His patience now became entirely exhausted, and he attempted to open the door, but found it securely locked on the inside. He listened again, but all was silent.—Determined on knowing the worst, he took from his pocket a revolver, and demanded admission to the room. His demand not being complied with as soon as he thought it should be, he burst open the door, and on doing so, discovered something white leaning on one of the windows of the bed-room. He ran to the window, looked out saw, and discharged one barrel of the revolver at what he took to be his neighbor's son, as he was scaling the fence of his yard, without any other article than his linen on. On looking about the room, the injured husband espied snugly piled up on a chair at the foot of the bed, a pair of pants, in one of the pockets of which, was a port monnaie, containing $103 25; a vest, coat and cravat, and a pair of socks, and on the bureau a hat and fine gold watch, which, he says, the owner can have by calling for and proving property. The wife, during these discoveries, said nothing, but wept most bitterly. Efforts are being made by the friends of the parties to settle the affair, without bringing their names before the public."

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

The Toronto (Canada) Watchman, contains an appeal from the Indians of Rice Lake to the whites, begging them to stop the plague of intemperance, which has been communicated by them to the children of the forest. Some passages in the appeal are exceeding eloquent and touching. It says:

"The five villages, Alnwick, Riceclake, Mudlake, Scogog, and Credit, and all that is left of the Mississagan Indians. Save us! Our white brethren, Save us!

"Long ago you came to us and asked us for a place to build your wigwam; we gave you a country; say, was it not worth giving? We now ask you for deliverance from an enemy we cannot ourselves overcome; like everything else of the white man it is too strong for us. We love our home, and we do fight this invador of its purity and being; but our ranks are getting thinner and weaker; our deadly foe is marching onward, wasting, destroying, crushing—a victor to the West!

"My white brethren, could the souls of the dead Chippewas and Mohawks, killed by Fire-water, come from the land of Shades, and camp by the door of the whisky trader, from the city of Rock to the head waters of the big lake, town and city would be crowded by the Pale Outcast; Red no more; scorched by the blue flames! Warrior no more, the Totems of fathers lost; hopeless! The track of a canoe cannot be seen upon the waters, nor the trail of an eagle in the clouds. So dies the poor drunken Indian! His canoe shoots down the stream, struck by the poison the white man brought, his spirit flies into a dark cloud!—he is gone who cares? In a few winters so will our race pass away! Scattered, weak, dumb, hopeless, who cares?

"Give us back our woods and the deer! Give us back our bark wigwams, and our Fathers virtue!

"Save us, our white brothers, save us! A dying race implore you! Put out the blue flame that is consuming us! You can!"

CURE FOR THE GOUT.—The following cure for the gout is taken from an old work: "First, the person must pick a handkerhief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years who has never had a wish to change her condition. Second, he must wash it an honest miller's pond. Third, he must drp it on a person's hedge who was never covetous. Fourth, he must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient. Fifth, he must marke it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. Sixth, apply it to the part affected and a cure will speedily follow."

☞ Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all the virtues.