

Bellevue Gazette.



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

VOL. 1. BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1857. NO. 40.

Bellevue Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
BELLEVUE CITY, N. T.
BY
S. A. STRICKLAND & CO.

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Will attend faithfully and promptly to
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promptly to buying and selling Real Estate,
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of this Territory. Particular attention paid
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inquiry relative to any parts of the Territory
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Hon. O. H. Browning, Quincy, “
Hon. James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa.
Hon. H. P. Bennett, Del. to C. from N. T.
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and sold. Office in the Old State House, over
the U. S. Land Office.

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Hon. Enos Love,
Hon. S. A. Strickland, Bellevue.
Hon. John Finney,
Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.
Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

H. T. CLARKE, A. M. CLARKE.
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MERCHANTS,
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Dealers in Pine Lumber, Doors, Sash,
Flour, Meal, Bacon, &c., &c.
Direct Goods care Clarke & Bro.
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FONTENELLE BANK OF BELLEVUE.
Bellevue, Nebraska.
IS prepared to transact the general business
of Banking, will receive deposits, Discount
short paper, buy Bills of Exchange, on all
parts of the Country, and sell on St. Louis,
Chicago and New York; make collections in
the vicinity and remit for the same at Current
rates of Exchange.
Interest allowed on special Deposits.
JOHN WEARE, President.
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Banking Hours—From 9 to 12, A. M., and
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FORWARDING & COMMISSION
MERCHANT,
Still continues the above business at
ST. MARYS, IOWA, & BELLEVUE,
N. T.
Merchants and Emigrants will find their
goods promptly and carefully attended to.
P. S. I have the only WAREHOUSE for
storage at the above named landings.
St. Marys, Feb. 20th, 1857. 21-tf-1

Tootle & Greene,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS,
Glenwood, Iowa. We beg leave to
call the attention of the Good People of Mills,
Pottawattamie, Montgomery and Cass coun-
ties, Iowa; also, Douglas and Cass coun-
ties, Nebraska, to our large and late supply of every
kind of MERCHANDISE, usually kept in
Western Iowa. Our stock of Groceries is
large and complete, having been bought and
shipped a little lower than our neighbors.—
Our stock of Hardware, Queensware, Wood-
enware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps and
Ready-Made Clothing, have all been purchased
in the Eastern cities, at the lowest cash prices.
Give us a call before you purchase, and if
we do not sell you cheap goods, we will make
our neighbors do so.
Remember the cheapest house in town.
TOOTLE & GREENE,
Glenwood, Iowa, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-tf

Tootle & Jackson,
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MER-
CHANTS, Council Bluffs city, Iowa.
Having a Large and Commodious Warehouse
on the Levee at the Council Bluffs landing,
are now prepared to receive and store, all
kinds of merchandise and produce, will receive
and pay charges on all kinds of freights so
that Steam Boats will not be detained as they
have been heretofore, in getting some one to
receive freight, when the consignees are absent.
REFERENCES: Livermore & Cooley, S. C.
Davis & Co. and Humphrey, Putt & Tury, St.
Louis, Mo.; Tootle & Fairleigh, St. Joseph,
Mo.; J. S. Chenoweth & Co., Cincinnati Ohio;
W. F. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-tf

FRANK L. KEMP, WILLIAM FRODSHAM.
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GUN AND JEWELRY STORE.
KEMP & FRODSHAM,
DEALERS in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Rifles, Shot Guns,
and Pistols.
CLOCKS.
Thirty hour and eight day clocks of the two
best manufactures in the Union; steamboat
and office spring clocks.

GUNS.
Single and double shot Guns, from five
to fifty dollars; Rifles, of our own make; also,
Eastern make; Pistols of all kinds; pistol
flasks, shot bags, wadding and wad cutters;
common and water-proof caps; colts's caps,
and numerous other articles suitable for the
Western trade, which neither time nor space
will allow to enumerate.
All of the above articles sold on the
most reasonable terms. Repairing done to
order at short notice. no 9-tf
OMAHA CITY, N. T.

NEW GOODS! NEW STORE!!
THE undersigned have opened, at their new
store on Douglas street, opposite the
banks, a new and splendid assortment of
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

Our stock of Dry Goods comprises all kinds of
LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILD-
REN'S DRESS GOODS,
ALL KINDS OF DOMESTICS
and everything that is requisite to make up a
complete assortment of Dry Goods.
CLOTHING.
We have a large lot of Clothing that is well
and fashionably made, and out of the best
material. Our stock consists of all kinds of
Gent's Furnishing Goods.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Our stock of Boots and Shoes is the largest
ever offered to the citizens of Nebraska. They
are purchased directly from the manufac-
turers, and are of the very best quality.
Our goods are all new, and recently pur-
chased in the Eastern cities, and we intend
selling them at astonishingly low prices. All
the citizens of Omaha and vicinity are re-
quested to call and examine our stock, as they
will find it to their interest to do so.
We study to please.
no. 10-tf PATRICK & CO.

BELLEVUE HOUSE.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ABOVE
LARGE AND POPULAR
HOTEL,
OFFERS EVERY
ACCOMMODATION
To the Public, and will render
ASSIDUOUS ATTENTION
To the wants of HIS GUESTS.
J. T. ALLEN.
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-tf

TEA, TEA, TEA—A tip-top article of
Young Hyson, at 65 cts. per pound, at the
BELLEVUE STORE.

POETRY.

From the Kansas City Enterprise.
Shaving—A Parody.
BY H. S. MILLETT.

To shave, or not to shave? That's the ques-
tion!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The brushes, razors, duns of barber-shops,
Or to take arms against a sea of lather,
And with a damask end it? To shave, to mow,
To reap? and by a shave to say we end
Our beards, and all the cruel pulls
That beards are heirs to. 'Tis a consumma-
tion
Devoutly to be wished! To shave, to shave,
And have a barren face? Ah, there's the rub!
For in that BARBER-ous state what colds may
come,
When we have shuffled off the heavy crop,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes our ornaments of so long life.
For who would bear the cat-o-nine-tailed chin,
The bushy cheek, the bristly, smothered mouth,
The nice young lady's "pish?" the frequent
wrench,
The barbers' insolence,—a slaughtering set!—
The ribald jest by boys at our expense,
When he himself might his proud whiskers fall
With a bare razor. Who'd these beauties
sport,
To groan and sweat beneath a mammoth load,
But that the dread of hairless faces thin,
That sterile plight from which there's no
relief—
Until they grow again, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather wear the lils we know not
Than to fly to shavers that we know not of.
Thus fashion doth make LIONS of us all;
And each young face of scarcely eighteen years
Is softly shaded with IMPERIAL FUZZ,
And prizes grand in symmetry and hue
Are clad in luscious drapery sublime
And lose the name of beardless.

A TRUE TALE.

**Down Hill on the Run—in a few
Short Chapters.**
THE BRIEF HISTORY OF MY FASHIONABLE
NEIGHBOR SMITH.

CHAPTER I.
"How beautifully our neighbor Smith
lives!" said my wife to me one morning
only three years ago, as I was leaving for
my bark mill work, my regular round of
toil, my blind horse occupation, the daily
drudgery of selling goods at retail. I
had just left the breakfast table and
lingered on the door step a second or so,
with my good natured but slightly envious
better half, who could not help regretting
that we were not able to ride an hour or
two after breakfast, two or three times a
week, as my neighbor Smith did with his
wife. "How beautifully they do live!"
repeated Mrs. Jenkins—(my name is
Jenkins, dear reader, formerly known at
No. 40 Buckram Lane, tape and needle
dealer.)
Mrs. Jenkins had no doubt intimated
this pleasant fact to me, weekly, for a
year, and on the present occasion it was
suggested by the arrival at the moment of
a splendid pair of horses attached to an
elegant phaeton, which was to convey my
neighbor Smith and wife to some of the
beautiful and salubrious localities in the
vicinity of Trumpetville, a fast busi-
ness city less than a thousand miles from
Gotham, and famous for luxury and fash-
ion, and my neighbor Smith, lucky dog,
who was doing a smashing business and
getting rich, was one of its nobles. Ah!
I indeed felt as though my constant dig-
ging ought to afford us now and then such
recreations, but it was no use. Smith (I
often wondered the rich dog did not spell
his name with a y,) was born under a for-
tunate star. The fellow had everything to
make earth a paradise; rolling up money;
but it was probably because he chose to
keep the cash in his business, shrewd
fellow as he was, and the house elegantly
furnished, pictures of high cost and rare
value, (the rascal had capital taste in those
things) nick-nacks of vertu, a good library,
and last but not least, a refined, beautiful
woman for a wife. Ah! Smith was in-
deed a man to be envied. Mrs. Smith
frequently honored me with her patronage,
and many a snug little bill of goods have
I put up for her, and, to do the lady full
justice, she paid me an honest profit, and
cash down, but I wish I could say that
Mr. and Mrs. Smith honored the plain,
unpretending Jenkins, of No. 40 Buck-
ram Lane, with a social recognition or
even looked across the street from their
residence to mine in Chestnut Place.
Alas! to the mortification often of Mrs.
Jenkins, they always cut us there, clear
to the bone; they never knew us.

CHAPTER II.
I think it was about a year after the
particular morning I have referred to,

that I gave Mrs. Jenkins a surprise. I
had come home from the bark-mill busi-
ness as usual, and glancing over to my
rich neighbor Smith's I said, "my dear,
supposing Smith should ask me to endorse
his note for a couple of thousand dollars,
ought I to do it?" Mrs. Jenkins was in-
stantly in a flutter; to think that the proud
Smith, the aristocratic Smith, the wealthy
Smith, should ask a favor, was very kind
and cordial, was evidence of a social re-
cognition at last; Mrs. Smith would cer-
tainly call on us now. "Do it by all
means, my dear," said my flattered wife—
flattered through the extreme politeness of
Smith & Co., the great clothiers; to me,
the plain, unpretending Jenkins, whom
they honored by asking his name on their
note for two thousand dollars. "Do it, in-
deed I would, my dear."

"But I have refused, said I. My wife
was petrified with astonishment, she was
speechless.
"Why, Adolphus Jenkins!"—(Mrs.
J., when she was very much astonished,
generally slipped in my euphonious
Christian name)—"Why Adolphus Jen-
kins, I am perfectly astonished that you
should lose so good an opportunity to
oblige the wealthy Mr. Smith; I am, in-
deed."

Mrs. Jenkins could have cried.
"My dear," said I, "it can't be help-
ed now. Smith called upon me a week
ago to endorse his note at ninety days for
two thousand dollars; he was very polite,
and it was no doubt condescending on his
part to honor me with the privilege, but I
had my reasons for a refusal, and con-
cluded not to inform you of the interview
till a proper opportunity occurred. I have
long since known it would occur, and it
has at last. Smith & Co., failed to-day
for two hundred thousand dollars, and on
the day before Smith asked me to endorse
his note the firm had confessed judgment
to an amount double that of all the prop-
erty they have in the world. Our neigh-
bor, our rich and envied neighbor Smith,
has lost thirty thousand dollars in stock
gambling, and the whole concern are rot-
ten in moral as well as pecuniary resour-
ces. If I had endorsed that note I should
have had to pay, and never would have
realized the first red cent from the high-
toned firm of Smith & Co.

Mrs. Jenkins looked at me with a most
perplexed yet rather satisfactory expres-
sion of countenance, drew a long breath,
after listening to my recital, and left the
room to attend to her domestic duties at
the moment, without one word of comment.
However, high as I had always stood in
the opinion of my sensible wife, I went
up a notch higher that day.

CHAPTER III.
Just about three years after the par-
ticular morning in which this brief history
opens, (and I beg to say to the reader
that this little picture is a true one—a
thousand such can be studied any day in
the present time of fluctuations and revul-
sions in trade and commerce,) I was sit-
ting in my office, quietly attending to my
duties in a new field of operations, (I
have migrated to the busy world of huge
Gotham,) when a visitor was announced
whom I at first did not recognize. I
had quit the bark-mill business and the
fast city of Trumpetville, in disgust; tape
and needles did not pay, and Jenkins, of
No. 40 Buckram Lane, was of the things
of the past. The visitor was dirty look-
ing, threadbare and ragged; yet rather
gentlemanly in bearing, and a face which,
after a moment, I recognized as an old
and familiar one, told no symptoms of dis-
sipation, but the recognition staggered me.
It was Smith! He had always been the
perfection of neatness as well as fashion,
and dressed in excellent taste, and the
most scrupulous regard to the purity of
his linen; a clean shirt and collar every
day was one of his peculiarities. But
this individual, as Smith, I could hardly
accept; from his hat to his boots was dirt
and rents; his frock coat (a black one
once) was buttoned up to his chin, though
the weather was sweltering hot and albeit
he had on a bright clean dicky, the color
of his shirt, which I glanced at under his
rusty satin scarf, was that of brown paper.
It was the most abject picture of poverty
in a respectable man I had ever seen, and
as the appearance of my neighbor Smith,
of Chestnut Place, Trumpetville, and his
elegant style of life, came up before me
in contrast to the evident position in the
world of this individual, I was shocked;
the thought of his wife, too, stole upon
me; was she alive? And if so, where?
For two years I had heard nothing of
Smith. After his failure he had sold his
elegant furniture, pictures, books, articles
of vertu, &c., and realized a handsome
sum for them, though not over half what
they cost, and had left Trumpetville with
his beautiful and ladylike wife, and taking
but little interest in them, I had neglected
to learn where they had gone to, and in
my change of locality had about forgotten

them altogether. I looked at Smith, no
doubt with a surprised air, and unconscio-
usly my eyes wandered over his costume.
He must have observed it, for with an
embarrassed look and rather nervous tone
he desired to speak a word to me in pri-
vate. The purport of his visit was the
loan of five dollars, and a hasty history
of the loss of situations, one and another,
for the past two years in this great city,
from failures, he said, of the two or three
concerns he had been clerk for, and at
last he had run through with every dollar,
could get no place, was without a cent,
could not pay his room rent nor in fact
buy a meal; he was reduced, in fact, to
the last extremity. What a rapid tum-
bling down the grade of respectability was
this! and the smart, dashing Smith, too—
the Smith who used to cut us, at Chestnut
Place—the proud Smith, to present him-
self to the unpretending Jenkins, and beg
the loan of a five dollar bill to keep him
from almost starvation! What a story
would I have for Mrs. Jenkins at tea
time!

I ventured to ask him where his wife
was.
"She is here, with me," said he.
"What! in New York?"

"Yes, in this great city, in a small
room, containing all we have in the world,
the little remnant of our furniture, and
here she lives without a soul to speak to
her, except myself and the landlord's
agent who calls weekly for the rent he
cannot get; she is broken hearted,"
(Smith's voice was shaky at this point
of his story, and his eyes were filled with
tears,) "in consequence of my misfor-
tunes, and cries all day long. I would
have sent her home to her father's, but I
have been hoping and hoping to get some
thing to do; she is without a garment fit
to go into the street with, and to confess
the truth, so am I;" (he glanced at his
seedy and dirty costume,) "and, Mr.
Jenkins, many a day in the past thirty
we have not tasted a particle of food!"

"You have no children?" I ventured
to say.
"None, thank God, none," said he; I
am spared that suffering in my present
condition."

What a picture, and his ladylike wife,
too, literally starving to death in this great,
cold, selfish city! I resolved to put my hu-
miliated neighbor on his legs again, if
possible, and our interview was about being
closed by my handing him the five
dollar bill, to keep soul and body together
till something should turn up, when, as I
stepped near him, I caught the smell of
his breath. A terrible suspicion flashed
upon me—he drank! There could be no
mistake in it—that peculiar smell was
only observable in the class called soakers;
it was the horrid stench of a completely
burned up stomach, the stench carried
about only by the methodical daily tippler.
I made up my mind in one moment what
to do. I charged Smith with drinking;
his countenance was one of those that never
show dissipation, and he faintly denied
the imputation. I, however, pushed the
charge home upon him, and he owned to
me that trouble had driven him to it. I
never do things by halves, and determined
to save Smith if possible. He was made
to listen to reproof and advice, imparted
with that kindness and regard to his feel-
ings which a brother would have shown;
he felt it, was completely subdued, prom-
ised with the solemnity of an oath never
to touch another drop. I spoke of his
wife, his poor suffering wife; of his du-
ty to himself; of his only last resource
by which to hold on to a respectable foot-
ing in the world, his character; I begged
him, as he valued his welfare, to never
touch the poison cup again, and I would
strive to get him, rags and dirt as he was,
into a respectable clerkship. I accom-
plished it; a friend to whom I appealed,
as an act of kindness to me, to put Smith
into a position, did so, and I once more
saw him and cautioned him as to the fatal
course which threatened to blight him.
He renewed his promise to me with a fervor
and solemnity which I believed would save
him, and I felt the proud consciousness of
doing a good act; restoring the happiness
of an almost heart-broken woman, and in-
ducing a weak and tempted fellow-being
to turn from the error of his ways, and
become a true man once more. I had told
the story to my kind hearted wife, and
she had wept tears of womanly sympa-
thy over the fallen fortunes of the beau-
tiful woman whose fate was linked with
poor Smith, but thanked Heaven that, at
last, the husband had gathered himself in
his strength, and resolved to be a man
among men again, and that sunshine
would once more visit the desolate heart
of his companion.

I think it was just one week after Smith
had broken the clerkship I had obtained for
him, that he called upon me at my office.
The instant he opened the door I smelled
[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]