Bellevue Gazette.

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

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Bellevue Gazette.

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BY

S. A. STRICKLAND & CO.

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Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.
Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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☞ Direct Goods care Clarke & Bro.
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FONTENELLE BANK OF BELLÆVUE.

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.

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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 counties, Iowa; also, Douglas and Cass counties, 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, Woodenware, 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 MERCHANTS, 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 freigths 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.

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Thirty hour and eight day clocks of the two best manufactories in the Union; steamboat and office spring clocks.

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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; colt'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 CHILDREN'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 Gents' 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 manufacturers, and are of the very best quality.

Our goods are all new, and recently purchased in the Eastern cities, and we intend selling them at astonishing low prices. All the citizens of Omaha and vicinity are requested 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 Dublin Nation.

The Rejected Tenant.

My father plowed this old lea land—
His sires did for ages before—
His means he shared with bounteous hand,
And always plenty had in store;
His barns teemed with fruitful corn,
His kine lowed o'er the pasture field,
His cheerful song rose with the morn,
His labor brought ten-fold yield.

There's every spot he loved so well,
The hawthorn hedge, the upland's loam,
The mossy bank, the little dell,
That lies behind our cottage home;
My mother, too, I see her still,
My footsteps watch with gentle care,
Reprove against her utmost will,
Or in my boyish pleasures share.

There's yonder meadow by the stream,
Where oft I've rolled in childish glee,
And in the sun's bright early beam
I've climbed for nests the big oak tree;
And when maturer years drew nigh,
I went a wooing down the vale,
And whispered love with fondest sigh,
While mirth went round or startling tale.

Then famine stalked with fearful strides,
And gnawed at stalwart manly hearts,
And tore each loved one from our sides—
'Tis madness that the thought imparts.
I struggled with this demon wild,
For things grew sadder day by day,
I strove to nourish wife and child,
But one by one they pined away.

'Twere better thus a thousand fold,
To die beneath the old roof tree,
Than perish in yon ditch from cold,
Where ruthless man had driven me.
A stranger will from henceforth sow
And reap this rich and fertile soil,
And in my own loved home below
A stranger rests from daily toil.

This sod from off my poor wife's grave
Is all on earth that I hold dear,
While far across the Atlantic wave
I'll shed my lonely, bitter tear.
'Tis thus thy hearts, dear fatherland,
Are reft of joy, of love, and light,
Made desolate by the spoiler's hand—
The lust of gold his only right.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Lawyer's Adventure.

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practising law in Illinois, in a preuy large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C———, by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B———, an ex-Senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, whose headquarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drank. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a week fool myself. I took the case and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew the horse was stolen, and like a fool acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse still—he had trimmed the horse's tail and main to alter its appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. The prosecution opened very bitterly; inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travelers and who had robbed every farmer in the region of their finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I feared it would.

The time came for me to rise for defence Witnesses I had none. But I determined to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence. So I painted this picture: A young man entered into life, wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every gentle and noble attribute. Temptation was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to enquire into their business; they were well-dressed; made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguared hour, when he was insane with liquor they urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alchohol had reigned in his brain; and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. Earnestly did I plead for them. The woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgeted and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The Judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court.—My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had any idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign, before they broke under attachment. Finding I was neck ahead and bound to win, they "caved in" and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shaneetown, about thirty five or forty miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opened, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C———, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high strung order. They swept past, as if to show how easily they could do it.—They shortened in, and allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me, asked me "wet" or, in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going? I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a good stopping place, and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go, ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sulky, but in a belt round my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon standing before the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips, and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, hailed me as an old traveling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully but firmly declined to do so.

"By —, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing a Colt which kicks six times in rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar, which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were:

"Beware! they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you. Leave soon; I will detain them!"

I did not feel confortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What—are you not going on to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I; "I shall stay here to-night."

"We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut-throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse—here's the lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head! More whisky, old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon; it was old-fashioned, and "linch-pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife, and pry one from the fore and hind wheels, was the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment, with a shout, they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid!" It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got their money, and I didn't travel that road any more.

Things Wise and Otherwise.

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, in ten short months changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."

The sieve through which the man "strained every nerve" is for sale at half the first cost.

A magazine report of the fashion, says: "There is not much change in gentlemen's pantaloons this month."

There is a lady in Boston habitually so sleepy that her curiosity cannot be awakened.

Some graceless scamp says: "It is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be redressed!" That fellow ought to suffer the torment of being invited out to tea.

A medical man says that those ladies who make it a business to trouble dry goods clerks, and never buy anything, ought to be called counter irritants.

The editor of the Lynn (Mass.) *News* thinks children's games are becoming popular with older persons, now-a-days, as he has seen recently "a large number of full grown men *chasing hoops* in our streets."

A lady of rank, complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

"See here, my friend, you are drunk." "To be sure I am, and have been for three years. You see, my brother and I are on a temperance mission. He lectures, and I set a frightful example!"

A German writer—one Kirsten—states that, though America is popularly supposed to be such a marrying country, yet in no land in the world are there really so many old maids.

A Stupid Schoolmaster.—A pedagogue relates a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle.—He told him to spell *hostility*.

"H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat.

"Not *horse*-tility," said the teacher, "but *hos*-tility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an, didn't ye tell it me the other day, not to say *hoss*? Be jabbers it's *wan* thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt."

Explosion in Davenport, Iowa.

We learn from Mr. T. J. Orr, who left Davenport on the 30th ult., that on the morning of that day, at 6 1-4 o'clock, the stationary engine attached to the Machine shop of the Miss. & Missouri Rail Road Co., exploded; killing the fireman, tearing the engine house to pieces, and greatly damaging the machine shop. Some of the bricks of the engine house were sent through the passenger depot and an empty car standing in it.

It was fortunate that the explosion occurred at the time it did, there being but few persons about the shop at that hour; one half hour later the train from the West came in with a large number of passengers.—*Courier.*