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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nov 13 1-tf.

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Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA.

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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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DEALERS in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Rifles, Shot Guns, and Pistols.

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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.

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THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ABOVE

LARGE AND POPULAR

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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 60 cts. per pound, at the BELLEVUE STORE.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

Negro Melody.

Dark, dark de night, and wus de moon,
No star but one am peeping;
De hoot-owl sings de same old tune,
As troo de woods I'm creeping.
"Boo hoo, boo hoo!"—who car' for dat,
You good-for-nott'n fedlhred cat?
Dis nigga keep on singing;
He sing and on the banjo play,
To charm the goblum ghosts away,
While skunk he sweets am flinging.
Troo de woods, push along,
"Nebber fear the boog-a-boo,"
Troo de woods, dat's de song,
Gallus son of Ginger Blue!

De whip-um-will spout on de stun,
T'crows music from his fiddle;
De dancing frog all swash-a down
Outside and up the middle—
What dat? what dat dis nigger's eyes
Displore with mighty big surprise,
Upon the gum tree swinging?
'T am massa possum at he ease,
Rocked in de cradle of de breeze,
And listening to de singing.
Troo de woods, push along,
Nebber mind the possum too;
Troo de woods, dat's de song,
Fearless son of Ginger Blue!

De moon's gwine down—pitch dark de night,
Cold, cold de dew am falling;
I fear dis darkey see a sight,
Dat set he wool a crawling;
Who dar! who dar!—a goblum cussed!
'Peak! or dis minstrum's banjo bust!
'Peak! and dyse't unrabb'l!
'Peak, goblum, 'peak! but whe'r' or no,
Dis minstrum drap his ole banjo,
And try a little trabb'l!
Troo de woods—cut along,
Furder back, you boog-a-boo!
Troo de woods, drap de song—
Nimble child ob Ginger Blue!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stealing Water-Melons.

A man in a country town took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors, but thieving boys in the neighborhood annoyed him, damaged his trees, trampled down his flowers, and "hooked" his choicest fruits. He tried various ways to protect his grounds; but his watch dogs were poisoned, and set-traps caught nothing but his fattest fowls and favorite cat.

One afternoon however, just at nightfall, he overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them said:

"What do you say, Joe? Shall we come the grab game over the melons tonight? Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men before 12 o'clock."

The other objected, as there was a high wall to get over.

"Oh, pshaw! was the reply; I know a place where you can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's go.

The owner of the melon patch didn't like the idea of being an eaves dropper; but the conversation so immediately concerned his melons which he had taken so much pains to raise, that he kept quiet and listen'd to the plans of the young scapegraces, so that he might make it some what bothersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side by the great pear tree, and cut directly across to the summer-house, just north of which were the melons.

Joe was a clever fellow, who loved good fruits exceedingly, and was as obstinate as an ass. Get once started to do a thing, and he would stick to it like a mud-turtle to a negro's toe. The other didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

Now hear the owner's story.

"I made a needful preparation for the visit; put in brads pretty thick in the scantling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large water vat which had been filled for some time, from which, in dry weather, I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords, fastened tightly some eight inches from the ground. I picked all the melons I wished to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes, about the size and shape of melons, in their places."

The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark, but they missed it a little in inferring that "Old Swipes," as they called him, would be in bed. The old man liked a little fun as well as they, and when the time came, from his hiding place he listened:

"Whist, Joe! don't you hear something?"

I think that it was very probable that they did, for hardly were the words uttered, than there came a sound of forcible tearing of fustian.

"Get off my coat tail!" whispered Joe, "there goes one of the flaps as sure as guns! Whyy get off, Ned."

And Ned was off, and one leg of his breeches besides; and then he was ah-ing, oh-ing, and telling Joe that he "believed there was nails in that side of the wall, for something had scratched him tremendously and torn his breeches all to pieces."

Joe sympathized with him, for he said "half his coat was hanging up there somewhere."

They now started hand-in-hand, for Ned believed he knew the way." They had arrived a little beyond the trees, when something went swash! swash! into the water-vat.

A sneeze ensued, then the exclamation: "Thunder! that water smells rather old!"

Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe was too much excited to listen for a moment to such a proposition.

"Never heard anything about that cistern before; the old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in. Curious, though, that we should both fall into it."

They pushed on again for the melons. Presently they were caught by the cords, and headlong they went into a heap of briers and thistles, and the like, which had been placed there for their express accommodation.

"Such a gettin' up stairs!" muttered one.

"Nettles and thistles! how they prick!" exclaimed the other.

They now determined to go more cautiously. At length they arrived at the patch.

"How thick they are, Joe? Come here! There's more than a dozen fat ones here!"

And down they sat in the midst of them, and seemed to conclude that they were amply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, Joe," said Ned, "take this musk-melon; isn't it a rouser? Slash into it."

"It cuts tremendous hard, Ned. Ned it's a squash!"

"No it isn't, I tell you it's a new kind—Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last spring.

"Well, then, all I've got to say, is that the old fellow got sucked in—that's all."

"I'm going to gouge into the water melons; halloo! there goes a half a dollar! I've broke my knife. If I didn't know it was a water-melon, I should say it was a pumpkin. Fact is, I belive it is a pumpkin."

What the boys did besides, while the owner went to the stable and unmuzzled the dog, and led him into the garden, we couldn't say; that they took long steps the onion and flower beds revealed in the morning.

They paid pretty dear for the whistle. They had not tasted a single melon; they had got scratched, and torn their clothes; were as wet as drowned rats, and half scared out of their wits at the ravenous dog and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon patch invited all the boys of the village, including Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons, on the principle of "returning good for evil." This circumstance changed the boys' opinion of "Old Swipes," and his melons were never afterwards disturbed.

A printer not long ago, being "flung" by his sweet heart, went to the office and tried to commit suicide with the "shooting stick," but the thing wouldn't go off. The "devil," wishing to pacify him, told him to peep into the sanctum where the editor was writing dums to delinquent subscribers. He did so, and the effect was magical. He says that the picture of despair which he there beheld fully reconciled him to his fate.

SPIRITUAL APPEAL.—A colossal sailor, full of whisky, went into the Boston "Bethel," one day last winter. The day was very cold outside, but the air of the chapel was hot, and being crammed with poor people, in all stages of dirt, its air was not pleasant. This state of things produced visible effects upon the drunken sailor. He became qualmish, and disposed to vomit, and being jammed up among the crowd, and unable to get away, his face was twisted into strange contortions, the sweat pouring from his face, and he became very pale. The preacher noted the changes, and attributed them to the sermon, and at once turned to the sailor, exclaimed—"Brother mariner, how shall we help you?" "*Burn a rag!*" was the sententious reply.

Those who fancy that money can do everything, are generally prepared to do everything for money.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—Some time since, six young gentlemen bade farewell to the lasses who had won their hearts amid Scotia's blooming heather, and sought the shores of America, in hope of being enabled the better to prepare for wedded life. They located at Chicago, where the remembrance of their "bonnie Annie Lauries" inspired them to unusal and persevering exertions, till fortune at last so favored them that they sent home to Scotland the information that they were now anxious to see their betrothed, and accompanied the message with a goodly remittance to pay their passage. The girls, for mutual protection and society, came over the ocean in the same vessel, and arrived in safety at Quebec. Thence they embarked with several hundred other emigrants on a river steamer, to continue their journey down the St. Lawrence. That steamer was the ill-fated Montreal, and of the six betrothed maidens, five found either fiery or watery graves. The sixth —Miss Jeanette Pettigrew—was taken up for drowned, and only by faithful and persistent attention was her life saved. All of her worldly possessions were gone, but the kind-hearted women at Montreal supplied her abundantly when they heard her affecting story. Eventually she reached her destination, and in a late number of the Chicago Tribune there is chronicled the marriage of Mr. Adam Tate, of Chicago, to Miss Jeanette Pettigrew. He alone reaped the reward of his long exertions; and at the wedding there were present two of the other five young men, whose feelings, when they contrasted the happiness of their friend with their own bereaved condition, must have been sad indeed.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.—In 1787, in Redruth, in England, as a worthy pastor, late in the twilight, was returning from a visit to his flock, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his shins. Providentially he sprang aside, and before the assailant could stop and turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverence; when he came full butt against a man running in an opposite direction.

"Have you seen my steamer?" asked the stranger.

"I've seen the evil spirit himself, run! run!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger, "how far ahead is she?"

The tone of the question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man; and admonished him that he, if any one, should have the courage to face the powers of darkness, so he turned and ran after the stranger, who he thought, by mistake, had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch and was roaring terrifically. The stranger, to the astonishment of the parson seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir; I was giving her a try, the bit of a road being good for a run."

"Oh goodness! well, she is yours then, pray what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watts' idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, sir, if capital can be got for it."

"Indeed! indeed! Pray, dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service; a mechanical engineer for Boulton and Watts, in the mines hereabouts."

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy pastor on discovering that what he had imagined to be something loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest mancraft; a lunatic conceit, it might be; but harmless, except when it ran away; and might frighten children and perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of the locomotive by steam.—*Railroad Advocate.*

Douglas Jerrold, the eminent wit and distinguished author, who died suddenly in London, was a printer by trade. His first literary effort was a review of an opera, which he dropped slyly into the Editorial box of a paper which he was engaged upon as compositor. To his great delight, the "copy" was handed him to "set."

The latest case of absence of mind is recorded of a lady about to "whip up" some eggs for sponge cake, who whiped the baby and sang Watts' cradle hymn to the eggs.

The value of personal property in Cincinnati, according to the Assessors returns, amounts to a little over twenty millions of dollars.