

BELLEVUE GAZETTE.

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R. S. M'EWEN, EDITOR.

BELLEVUE, N. T.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1857.

Candor and Regret.

The Cleveland Plaindealer in noticing the result of the Nebraska election for delegate to Congress, shows by the returns as they are, that Judge Ferguson is elected, and adds that he is a good Democrat &c., but expresses *regret* that Chapman is not elected.

We would ask in candor how the Plaindealer can find ground for complaint or regret. Has not the columns of the Plaindealer been loaded down with reason and argument since the passage of the Kansas Nebraska act, trying to sustain the principles enunciated in the bill itself, to wit: that Squatter Sovereignty should be supreme in the choice of men and measures for the Territories? Mr. Chapman was rejected by the squatters of Nebraska at its first election, and very emphatically, too. He received a minority vote at the second election, as every body knows who knows any thing about the matter; but by a set of accidental circumstances, coupled with means of most doubtful propriety, he barely secured the seat in the last Congress. He came back this fall to see if it were possible to obtain an endorsement of the people of Nebraska for his past services, by securing his election to that position the people never gave him; and what then is the result? a trifles over one fourth of the popular vote is all he can obtain, and all he did get at the polls.—Does this look like endorsement—does it appear by this showing that he is the choice of the people of Nebraska? Will any sane man who has a knowledge of all the facts, pretend, that in any event, those who supported Judge Ferguson would have voted for Chapman? or those voting for Col. Rankin or Gen. Thayer? Put the question as you will, and whoever the people wanted, one thing is now finally, and has been twice before settled, the vast majority do not wish him (Chapman) to represent them in Congress. And seriously, we ask, has the Plain Dealer any entangled alliance in point of personal interest with this Chapman, that it so much desires to see the wishes of the vast majority of the people set at nought? We cannot see why the Plain Dealer should not rejoice with the people of Nebraska, as they rejoice at the election of Judge Ferguson, the choice of the people, an honest man, a learned Judge and a sound Democrat.—We would kindly suggest in our humble way, to the Plain Dealer, that the settlers of Nebraska are sufficiently awake to their own interest, with an amount of intelligence sufficient to warrant the conclusion, that the destinies of Nebraska are safe with them alone.

A New Act in the Burdell Tragedy.

Mrs. Cunningham, of Burdell association, has been detected and exposed in a fraudulent attempt to procure an heir to Dr. Burdell's estate. The pretended birth took place on Tuesday, (4th inst.) a baby having been procured from the Bellevue Hospital, to carry out the plot. Mrs. Cunningham played her part to perfection, and every thing was admirably managed; but unfortunately for her, Dr. Uhl, one of her physicians, on discovering the iniquitous game she was playing, notified District Attorney Hall of the facts, week or two since, and all the subsequent arrangements were arranged by these gentlemen with a view to finally foil and expose the bold crime. In this they were entirely successful, and Mrs. Cunningham has been arrested. Dr. Catlin, who connived at and aided in the conspiracy, has also been committed to prison, but has turned State's evidence against Mrs. Cunningham. Dr. Uhl, in his evidence, says, "I took what part I did in the matter solely at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Hall, and to further the ends of justice, and if, as I suspect, the individuals who advised Mrs. Cunningham to employ me, undertake to break down my evidence in the case, or to assail my character, there may be some rich developments yet." Mrs. Cunningham has made herself liable to ten years imprisonment by this crime. This exposure has strongly confirmed the almost universal opinion that she murdered Dr. Burdell, or procured the bloody deed.—There is much excitement in New York about the matter, and Mrs. Cunningham is said to be "downhearted."

By the arrival of the Arabia at New York, we learn the submarine telegraphic cable, was successfully laid at Vlencia Bay, the 5th, and the squadron started for Newfoundland.

Several Mares' Nests.

The editor of the *Nebraskan*, in his last issue announces the astounding fact, that the editor of the *Bellevue Gazette*, had found a mares' nest in an innocent "yellow" envelope emanating from the *Nebraskan* office.

Now, suppose we turn the tables and see how many mares' nests he has found. In the first place he found a mares' nest, when with a large rooster he proclaimed that Bird B. Chapman was elected to Congress. In his next issue he draws in his horns, and found another nest—stating that Mitchell had imported Mormons from Iowa, early on the morning of the election, and sent them to Monroe county, one hundred miles from Florence, to vote for Ferguson, and brought them back the same night—traveling two hundred miles, in one day, and voted again for Ferguson!! Mitchell must have fast horses! The next mares' nest he found was, that "Ballot boxes had been stuffed!" Thus he has been hopping around and finding mares' nests in every thing which in any manner showed the defeat of Chapman—how many more he will find God only knows.

A correspondent, writing from Omaha to the *Crescent City Oracle*, who underwrote his name "Observer," says, "J. S. Morton, S. A. Strickland and Geo. Armstrong are already candidates for the speakership of the House of Representatives." We cannot see why these Omahians are so much exercised about some individuals mentioned above. We refer to Mr. Strickland. He has received more abuse in the late canvas, from a sheet called the *Nebraskan*, published in Omaha, than any candidate before the people—was declared by it to be a candidate before the people's convention, for Delegate to Congress, when it was well known he *never* was a candidate for that position under any circumstances or in any sense of the word. We are authorized to say, that Mr. Strickland is NOT a candidate for speaker of the House.

Iowa Republican Convention.

We learn that the Republican Convention, in session last week, at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor, &c., nominated Col. Thomas H. Benton, of Council Bluffs, for Governor.

For the *Bellevue Gazette*.

MR. EDITOR:—With your permission we propose to give a few sketches of men and things in the far off east. We do not propose this, presuming that they may be interesting or instructive, but simply to "fill up," now that the excitement of the election has subsided. By way of introduction, we begin with that very celebrated man, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

It was a cold, clear Sabbath morning in April last, when Dr. P. and myself, agreed to avail ourselves of an opportunity of hearing this prince of modern pulpit orators. Directing our steps towards the Plymouth Church, we soon fell into the ranks of the crowd that was moving thitherward, and in due time brought up at the iron gate of said edifice. Urging our way through the dense concourse, the massive doors opened, and we were soon comfortably seated, by the very polite and gentlemanly sexton, in one of those "good seats," reserved in other churches for the *elite*, and them only. At the appointed time, the church doors opened, and a short thick-set, gentlemanly appearing man entered, and in a solemn manner, with measured step, walked up into a very spacious and commodious pulpit. Here he felt perfectly at home. Without noticing any one, his hat was laid by his side, his white slender fingers divested of their lambs-wool covering, and the hymns and lessons of the day selected. This being done, he arose from his seat, directed his eyes and hand heavenward, and in a very solemn and impressive manner evoked the Divine blessing. The hymn was then read distinctly and sensibly. There was no pious whining about it, but the sense, the theology, was clearly apparent from the manner of its reading. It was also sung in a common sense manner—the whole congregation joining heart and soul in it. Mr. Beecher's own hymn book is used, in which the music is set to each hymn. These tunes are not the new-fangled ones of latter days, full of flats and sharps, but the good old fashioned ones of yore, when men sang the praises of God with the spirit and understanding. All the preliminary exercises were performed in the most solemn and appropriate manner. The man of God now rises to deliver his message. That he had something to say, we were all confident; that he could and would say it, we all knew. His out-side coat, which up to this time, had been buttoned snugly around him, was now thrown off, and he was in a condition if occasion

required, to feel perfectly loose. He read his text and announced as his subject—"The Sources of Infidelity." More than an hour he held that large audience completely spell-bound—now weeping, now laughing, and now as solemn as "Death upon a pale horse." The introduction, and almost all of his first proposition were read; but by that time, a little heat had been generated, his eye began to brighten and flash, inspiration kindled, blazed, and native eloquence, sarcasm, invective, were poured forth as lava from the volcano. There was no rant, no denunciation, no frothing and foaming at the mouth, no stamping of the feet as if they were too pious and ought to be severely chastised, no *fisting* the Bible as if it were a personal enemy. To be sure there was frequently sound, but there was sense also—lightning as well as thunder, and it hit pretty often, too, I can assure you. Dead, formal churches, soulless preachers, unprincipled, selfish professors, sectarian bigots, each in his turn was lashed to his hearts content. Much of the infidelity of the age, he attributed to the selfishness, exclusiveness bigotry, and blind zeal of the christian church—to those who are the loudest in denouncing it. The audience was completely chained,—they took no note of time, they forgot the man and were all absorbed in the subject. He was full of it and fed them with it. Thoughts deep, transparent, appropriate, rolled out in such rapid succession, that we had scarcely time to breathe. I never saw such a tide of truth, roll in such overwhelming surges of sarcastic eloquence. It swept as a mighty tornado over that vast assembly. In his delivery there were none of the stiff, studied rules of pulpit elocution. No mock modesty and feigned sanctimonious airs; all was natural and easy. He defied restraint, as he threw himself, soul and body, into the subject. We left Plymouth church, much pleased and edified, as we enquired of our friend the secret of his power. And what is it? Who can tell?

CHAUCER.

Lo! the Poor Indian.

"Where are those tribes? Where the tall chiefs who strode Like spirits o'er the wooded hills, threading The forest by their magic trail, marshalling Their numerous hosts,—sole monarchs of the soil?

Fled—like the tints of Heaven's illumined bow, With here and there a scattered remnant left, As on the clouds the rainbow's mellowed light Leaves its retiring beam."

Europe can boast of her ancient halls and crumbling towers, replete with associations of ancient glory and magnificence; her lofty domes and splendid palaces, surrounded by all the perfections and decorations of art. But from these we turn with pleasure to our own America, where nature is spread out before us bright and beautiful, and every spot of whose varied surface is to us hallowed ground. America, with her lofty mountains, her broad rivers, her beautiful lakes, her roaring cataracts, and extended prairies, over which are fast springing up cities, towns, and villages, evidences of the industry, energy, and true greatness of her inhabitants.

But in the enjoyment of our own national pride, let us not forget how linked with our history must ever be memories of the wild free life of the American savage; and the eloquence of the uncultivated but dignified Indian Chieftain, with the many legends of their battle-fields, and council fires, robed in melancholy, but romantic light! in sad contrast with our own wealth and prosperity, and before whose rising glory they seem destined to pass away, forever leaving the bones of their fathers resting in our forests, and upon our hills, and relics of their musical language in the names of our towns and rivers.

We have for our inheritance the lands where their fathers are buried, and when from the summit of our green hills we look upon the vast expanse of beautiful and fertile country, but waiting for the hand of labor to develop its resources of almost boundless wealth, shall not those little green hillocks that point us to the graves of a race almost extinct, lead us to secretly cherish all that has been interesting in the character, genius and eloquence of this rude, wild and uncultivated race? Let us not judge of them by the pitiable, wretched and degraded condition which they have become reduced, after being corrupted by the vices and dissipations of civilized life; but recall the bold step, the fearless freedom, and dignified eloquence which characterized them alike amid the primeval forests, and rocky shores of New England, as amid the beauty and grandeur of these vast solitudes where they fearlessly pursued the buffalo and deer, ere the shadow of the white man had darkened their path.

James B. Clay is elected to Congress from the Ashland District, Kentucky, over Roger Hanson, the Know Nothing candidate.

And as the years roll past, and the hum of a busy population resound within these streets—when the rusts of time and mists of fable shall have gathered about Indian history, how reverently shall we point to these relics, which in their majestic simplicity, will prove as enduring memorials of their race, as the gilded mausoleums and marble tablets that point to the resting places of kings and conquerors.

The change of seasons and the lapse of years will but add to them a more sacred interest and invest with hallowed associations the simplest flower that blossoms above their graves. J. E. NYE.

Election in Nebraska.

Latest accounts from the election returns in Nebraska, makes it highly probable that B. B. Chapman has been defeated for Delegate to Congress, we have all the time felt quite certain that he would receive the popular vote.

The contest lies between Judge Ferguson and Mr. Chapman, both intelligent and talented men, and without a doubt abundantly capable of ably representing the interests of the young and flourishing Territory of Nebraska in the Halls of Congress.—*Crescent City Oracle*.

The Late Senator Rush.

All in Washington were horror-stricken this morning by the announcement, per telegraph, of the suicide of Senator Thomas J. Rush, of Texas, by shooting himself through the head with a rifle, which occurred at his home on the 29th of July, ultimo. As yet no particulars of the circumstances under which this awful event took place, are known to the public of the Atlantic States. Those who knew him intimately—and none knew him thus except to love and revere him—will alone fail to be surprised at the event.

Previous to his advent in the U. S. Senate in 1846, he was distinguished almost alone as a pioneer soldier, in which capacity his courage, his good sense and unvarying urbanity won him universal popularity in Texas, where the remarkable powers of his expansive mind were then as unknown to the public as elsewhere, except to the few who witnessed the proceedings of the (Texas) Convention of 1845 to form a State constitution. In the Senate of the United States his acquisition of great as a statesman was as slow and singular, as sure. Daniel Webster, shortly before his death, repeatedly pronounced him to be the greatest intellect among the members of that body, and such was the opinion held by the leading minds in this city from that day to this.

He had as great antipathy to oratorical display as to partisan politics, which induced him at all times to eschew oratorical demonstrations upon mere political subjects, though always firm, and faithful as the most faithful to the principles and measures of the Democratic party. Among the leading politicians of the party, more especially in public life, it was generally conceded that in case of a protracted contest in the next Democratic National Convention over the Presidential nomination, the choice would have been most likely to fall upon him, as being obnoxious to no interest in the party, and most confid in by all.

We knew him well throughout the last nineteen years, and never knew any other public man to be more entirely unselfish, so conscientious in all his acts, public or private, or to possess more traits of character.

As a father, a husband, and a neighbor, he was loved as few men are.

In early life he frequently gave way to ungovernable temporary fits of dissipation, wherein he lost his usual command over himself. Later, however, he gradually gained control of his passion for such outbursts, until they had become very rare with him. While in them his friends often feared that he would injure himself with weapons, and were careful as far as possible to keep them out of his reach.

His wife died some eighteen months ago, and thus the strongest cord binding him to life was snapped. He grieved over her death like a child for its mother. It preyed upon him at all times, affecting him daily more and more, though few, indeed were aware that the loss of the sharer of his early toils—the best and truest friend he ever had, the soother of all his troubled moments, the object of his purest and most devoted affections for twenty-five years or more—had broken his heart; for he loathed parade in such matters as in everything else. That in fit of undue excitement he should have committed suicide does not surprise us.

He leaves no able American statesman behind him, and the world will never behold a more conscientious and upright public man.—*Washington Star*.

THE USE OF A CURL IN A PIG'S TAIL.—It has hitherto been maintained that the curl in a pig's tail is more for ornament than use. The position is no longer tenable. A large sow was seen walking down Broadway some time ago, with a piece of red tape attached to said curl, from which was suspended a card on which was written "Patrick Doan's Pig Betsey!"—*Janesville (Wis.) Standard*.

HOW TO RESUSITATE PERSONS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—Mr. E. Merriman says, that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched freely with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration, then add salt, and continue the drenching for another hour.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRICK FOR SALE.

I have on hand, and am constantly making, at my Yard, a large quantity of superior brick, which I am selling as cheap as can be bought elsewhere in the Territory. I am also taking contracts to put up brick buildings of any size, at short notice. Those in want of brick, either large or small quantities, will do well to give me a call.

LEONEL BELDEN. 42

Bellevue, Aug. 17, 1857.

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