

## BELLEVUE GAZETTE.

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BELLEVUE, N. T.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1857.

"Crow, Chapman, Crow."

Many of our readers are not aware, probably, of the origin of the phrase, "Crow, Chapman, Crow." In 1839, in the city of Boston, there appeared a noted man by the name of Kirk, who was a decenter from all the regular denominations. He used to preach on Boston Common, and by the use of the most abusive, obscene, and indecent language, raised a violent spirit of mobocracy against him. It so happened, that just prior to the excitement raised in the city, by the preaching of Mr. Kirk, a Mr. Chapman, a very wealthy merchant, was elected Mayor of Boston; and on the evening of the riot, as the populace were about to make violent demonstrations against Kirk, the Mayor climbed a small tree on the Common, where the mob was assembled, and commenced, with his very peculiar, squeaking voice, to read the riot act. His voice so effeminate, and sounding so much like the crowing of a young cockerel, the crowd at once exclaimed, "Crow, Chapman, Crow." The young cockerel of Elyria, Ohio, who has had his plumage plucked, by birds of higher grade, in Nebraska, should be careful how he steals the thunder of his Boston namesake.

### The Nebraskan, for ONCE, telling the Truth.

The Nebraskan of last week, speaking of Chapman in the last election says:

"His opponent, Judge Ferguson, was holding his commission from the United States, as Chief Justice of the Territory at the time of his nomination and ELECTION."

Now, Mr. Nebraskan we are surprised, that you could find it in the blackness of your heart, to come out for once, and proclaim to the world one simple truth, by saying that Judge Ferguson is ELECTED, and thereby setting yourself right in point of fact with the people; you are entitled to a leather medallion. If you should be so fortunate, as to be caught in the future telling another truth, proclaimed with like boldness, you shall be duly noticed in our columns.

### Another Outrage.

**OFFICIAL INTERFERENCE.**—It is the duty of the Clerk of the U. S. District Court, for this Territory, to receive declarations from aliens of their intention to become citizens of the U. S. We understand that when a foreigner comes before this functionary, one of the questions asked of him is, "for whom did you vote at the late election for Delegate to Congress?" If he answers Chapman, then his clerk makes a note of it, and informs Ferguson and friends accordingly.—*Nebraskan.*"

What a long tail our cat has,—where.

**THE FATE OF CHAPMAN!**—**THE VERDICT!!**—**THE VOX POPULI!!!**—We publish this morning the official vote for Delegate to Congress, and the death knell of Chapman. It will be seen that Judge F. Ferguson, late Chief Justice of the Territory, has received the largest vote, and been declared duly elected, and the certificate has been given to him by the Governor.

To the people of this Territory, it would be useless to speak of Judge Ferguson.—To our distant readers we will say, that for three years he has discharged the duties of Chief Justice, with singular ability, and to the entire satisfaction of the people; that he has shown himself to be *faithful and just*; that he is a gentleman of unblemished private character, and a true and sound national Democrat, and has always been such. Such is the man whom the people have chosen to represent them. That he will be the representative of the whole Territory, and not the peculiar representative of any one portion, we have no doubt. We have his word that he will do, and no man who knows him will call that in question.—*Omaha Times.*

We clip the following tribute to our fellow-citizen, from the Desoto Pilot:

In Judge Ferguson we have a firm, reliable Democrat—a man whose unwavering integrity was never known to yield to mammon or selfishness, and one whose reputation among the statesmen of this nation, will enable him to be an efficient minister to the wants of this Territory; and one whose ever laborious perseverance, will secure success in his undertakings. We cheerfully recognize him as our delegate to the next Congress of the United States.

**MISSOURI ELECTION.**—Stewart, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is elected by 334 majority. There were 95,016 votes cast.

The emigration from Germany to America has taken an increased start this summer, 10,000 able bodied men having departed from the duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin alone.

### Woolworth's Facts—Again.

**Editor of Gazette:**—It is not our wish to monopolize to much of your paper, but when truthless twaddle is put into book form, and sent forth to the world as history, it certainly cannot be out of place to give it a passing notice in a weekly journal. The author of the book, himself being a vindicator and guardian of the law and right, will most certainly extend to me the warmest gratitude of his heart, for correcting the little *unintentional* errors and mistakes, into which he had somehow fallen. On page 30, of "Omaha City," Mr. W. says,—"Though not on the Platte—though fifteen miles from it, Omaha by its position, commands the valley of that river." Not being a Catholic, and hence not believing in the doctrine of "Papal-bullism, we began, on reading this, to examine the question for ourselves. How Omaha could command the valley of the Platte, was the natural point of inquiry.—From Omaha, south to the mouth of the Platte, is fifteen miles; from Omaha, west, to Fremont, the nearest point that the Platte can be reached, in that direction, is thirty-five miles. Now, from which point, Mr. W., do you propose that Omaha shall command the Platte valley? From its mouth? very good. This is the only point from which you can command it. The eastern terminus of the Platte valley, is here at Bellevue; and you, nor any one else, can command the use of that valley for rail-road purposes, at any other point. Send on then, from Omaha, your travel and produce to this place, and we will forward you to the far of regions of the Pacific.

But perhaps Mr. W. will argue, that Omaha shall command the Platte valley, from the other point, viz: Fremont. Well, if he wishes to take that route, let us follow him a moment, and we shall see that it is more impracticable than the other, for commanding the said valley, for the purposes indicated.

Said valley is not just back of Omaha, as the writer says; it does not commence at the low bottom directly in front of it, but is thirty-five miles distant; hence, when the snorting horse goes prancing up the valley, this great city will be left far distant. If the route to Fremont was smooth and level, then there might be some show in such a statement; but as bluffs and ravines, so high and deep, up and down, all the time fill up the space between these two points, such an assertion is very curious. It might read very well down east, where people are ignorant of the face of the country back of Omaha; but to us, it reads just like *special pleading*—a lawyer's quibble. Omaha, arrogating to herself, the exclusive use of the Platte valley, only shows her weakness, to say nothing about her ignorance. Not but what she would command it and control it, too, if intrique could do it. But Mother Nature is a little too old, for young Miss Omaha; and she has fixed the location of the valley, so that the covetous, fidgety fingers of the imperious young Miss, never can appropriate it to her use. She may beguile and decoy a few *inexperienced* political gents, to adorn her with few governmental trappings for a time, but they never can throw about her the valuable worth of the Platte valley.

But seriously, Florence, Calhoun, De Soto and Cumming City, commands said valley as much, or more, than Omaha, and yet they are not always prating to the world that they, and they only, command the Platte valley. Either of these places are as near to the north bend of the Platte, as Omaha, and some of them nearer; but yet they never speak forth great swelling words. They are well aware that Bellevue is the only natural outlet of the Platte valley; hence they "lay low and keep cool."

### Sketch No. 2—Dr. Chapin.

It was a bitter cold Sabbath evening of January last, when my friend and myself left our snug warm room at the Smithsonian, and repaired to the Universalist Church, to hear that very notorious pulpit orator, the Rev Dr. Chapin. The edifice in which he holds forth is situated nearly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. No one in passing would take this for a church. The Play cards and advertisements that are strewed so profusely about the door, together with the structure of the edifice, give it more the appearance of a Theatre or Museum, than of a place of religious worship. But as God looks at the heart, externals are not of so much importance as many are wont to suppose. A large number of strangers were gathered about the door desirous of hearing this far-famed preacher. At the appointed time, admission was granted, and en masse, they were rushed to that large space about the pulpit, and each in his turn provided with a seat. Not one was allowed to take one of those good seats." This space, thought I, is not exactly the Potters-field to bury

strangers in, but to seat them in. The interior of this spacious edifice is substantially and handsomely fitted up—oak carving adorns it in almost every direction.

Soon its every seat were filled with the giddy and the gay—the thoughtful and the thoughtless. Perched as I was upon a stool of three legs in the strangers apartment, I had a fair chance of using my optical vision to good advantage. The physiognomical or rather the physiognomical appearance of a large portion of the audience, I must say, did not impress me very favorably. Some of their eyes were all askew, with very low flat foreheads; a great depression about the region of the forehead, and quite a protruding about the posterior inferior region of the cerebellum. They were not what I should call first class people, by any means. Many of them would answer very well to Baxter's description—"the genteelly vulgar, sadly over-dressed with more ribbons than brains."—I must do the city, however, the justice to say, that they are not the permanent residents of the same. They are rather the transient guests of the Broadway Hotels, who have resorted thither from almost all parts, during the cold winter months.

While waiting for the preacher, the chief performer of the orchestra, made the organ cut up *didos* which would have caused a smile to play upon the face of the most vinegarish, in the congregation. I wonder if those musicians up a little higher, are pleased with such pranks?

The hour of service having arrived, a full grown, thick set, hearty, healthy looking man, is seen advancing, clothed in furs rather than camel's hair. He possesses none of the airs of a clergyman—his physical contour is more indicative of a butcher. His bows, nods and pleasant countenance, indicate sociability and affectionate humanity. As he enters the pulpit, he is recognized by the stranger as Dr. Chapin. He handles his books and papers, with as much ease and don't-care-attiveness, as if he was in his study.

Most of his pulpit performances are highly interesting, but this evening we did not witness one of his happiest efforts. Everything seemed stiff and artificial. His figures seemed far fetched. The anecdote in which he indulged, was so evidently intended to produce laughter, that the opposite emotion in many, was the result. His gestures were very pretty, but evidently studied and unnatural. Some might have called that effort a very creditable one, but having heard him away from home, where he did so much better, we pronounced it a very tame effort. Mr. C. however, is not a novice, by any means, but an able expounder of the principles of practical Christianity. He moves actively, thinks vigorously, writes profusely, and preaches incessantly. There is no artificial or manufactured Christianity about him, no sautie expressions or glances of the eye, no pious puckering about the mouth, on certain times and to answer certain ends. He is himself, and shows at all times what he is. In the pulpit and out, he is pleasant and good natured; benevolence and sympathetic affection beams from every expression of his countenance, so much so that you see in him a friend and a brother. We hail him as a collaborator in the great work of elevating humanity, and pronounce him emphatically a man for the times.

### Trading Post—Bellevue.

Very early in the history of the Great West, as early as 1810, the American Fur Company, consisting of eminent and enterprising men from New York and St. Louis, determined on establishing a trading post at the most eligible point on the western side of the Missouri river. Of the members of this company, John Jacob Astor from New York and Pierre Chouteau from St. Louis, were the most noted. After making extended observations, and noting several points, the company finally determined upon the spot on which Bellevue now stands, as the most eligible and practicable of any that had been discovered for the purposes indicated.

The following, among some others, were the reasons which led them to the selection. The river here was narrower than at any other point, and easy of navigation, with a rock bottom and shore. Plenty of stone for building, and timber for fuel and other purposes, were also found; while the spot itself was as smooth and beautiful as the hand of nature could make it.

Here these experienced traders, noted for selecting points which afterwards swell to gigantic proportions, located their post for trading with the natives, in furs, pelts and other articles of merchandise.

This point was regarded by them at that early day, as the gateway of that great natural highway, the Platte valley, which must ultimately link the Pacific with the Atlantic. Their judgment confounded with that of Lewis & Clark, that this point

must be, from its natural position, the key to all the vast region that lies beyond.

This post, thus established, was entrusted with a noted Indian trader, Francis Doin, who for several years managed its affairs. It then passed into the hands of Joseph Bonadeaux as agent, who superintended it six years, when his place was taken by John Cabanne. This latter gentleman managed the concern until the year 1824, when it was transferred to Col. Peter A. Sarpy, of St. Louis. Since that period, Col. S. has been known in all this region as a gentleman of indomitable energy and perseverance, of uprightness and integrity. For years he was the only white inhabitant of all this western region—sole Monarch, in fact of Nebraska.

In his dealing with the natives, his strict adherence to the great principle of right, gave them unbounded confidence in him, as well as a commanding influence over them. He was the only man who could hold in check, the infuriated passions of the uncultivated savage; the only one for a long time, that could speak and interpret the Indian dialect. For over thirty years, he remained at his post, pursuing the even tenor of his way, until about a year since, the natives having been removed, the trading post was abandoned.

### CHAUCER.

#### Woman's Influence.

"Oh! lovely woman, fairest of mankind, Adorned by nature most, by art refined; Endowed with powers and talents rare, With powers denied the sterner sex. Here on earth below thy mission be, To cheer, to soothe and sweeten life, To hush all discord and contentious strife, To refine and polish all mankind, With conversation pure and chaste; And render earth a universal scene, Of tenderness, of meekness and love."

Well may woman be termed the seraph of this nether sphere—the fascinating enchantress, around whom a halo of tenderness forever glows, and whose voice leads captive the most isolated and obdurate heart. To her is given the irresistible power of cheering the desponding and the sorrowful, and sympathizing with the poor and the afflicted; and in whatever position fortune may call her, whether in the splendid mansions of the rich, or in the despised hovels of the poor; still she always diffuses around her a spirit of kindness and love. In her presence, no soul is oppressed with corroding sorrows—disappointments only tend to bind her closer to the idol of her heart.

Nor is her influence confined alone to the social circle, that exerted by her upon community, is far greater than many are wont to suppose. Objects of benevolence are accomplished far easier by her winning smiles, than by the most earnest appeals of the sterner sex. As she moves through community the goddess of perfection, the disturbed elements are quieted; the winds of passion subside; confusion is changed into order and harmony; the angry billows are hushed into a peaceful calm, while the overhanging skies present a clear and cloudless sunshine.

The sweet music of her voice touches a cord that vibrates through every department of the soul, melting the icebergs of stoical indifference, raising the soul to noble action, kindling therein desires for communion with the most angelic of earth's noble forms, elevating to regions higher and holier—to an atmosphere purer and serener, with a persuasiveness unequalled by a Ciceronian eloquence or a Demosthenian oratory. Women! noblest of the noble; fairest of the fair; earth would be dreary without thee, heaven gloomy in thy absence.

"Hail! woman, hail! last found in Eden's bowers,  
'Mid humming streams and fragrance breathing flowers.  
Thou art thro' light and gloom, thro' good and ill,  
Creations glory, man's chief blessing still.  
Thou calmest our thoughts as halcyon's calm  
the sea,  
Soothed in distress when survive millions flee."

### CHAUCER.

**IRON, COAL AND GLASS IN ILLINOIS.**—We learn from the La Salle Press of the 27th, that a large and powerful new engine has been recently put in operation by the Northern Illinois Coal Company, near that place. The rope used in raising coal from the shaft is wire, made of Norway Iron, 1 1/8 inch in diameter, composed of 133 strands first twisted into seven strands, and then made into one. It is manufactured by J. A. Roebeling, Trenton, N. J. The breaking weight of the rope is 20 tons. The capacity of the cars for raising coal is 1 1/2 tons each; entire weight of the cage and cars, when loaded, is about 4 tons. They will be able to raise easily, 30 tons of coal an hour, or 720 tons in 24 hours, as three sets of hands will be employed, and operations kept up night and day. The machinery is so arranged that a 12 inch pump can be worked at the same time of raising the coal, and the mine will thus be kept dry without any extra trouble, and mining operations will not be interfered with by water. The shaft of this Company is now sunk to the depth of 315 feet, and from

15 to 20 feet more will carry them down to the lower vein of coal. The excellent quality of their coal, and the convenient location of their shaft, will enable this Company to compete successfully in supplying the home market as well as the foreign demand; and when they get under full headway, with a full head of steam on, we look for the beginning of a new era in the business of coal mines in Le Salle.

The La Salle Glass Company have completed one of their buildings, and will now commence making their wailing pots. We may soon, therefore, look for window glass and glass-ware from La Salle.

**WHEAT IN MADISON COUNTY.**—We are indebted to friends from the interior of this county for the following items respecting the wheat yield.

In the northeast portion of the county the wheat has yielded quite well—one farmer, near Stanton, having threshed 1,050 bushels from 40 acres.

The wheat crop, throughout the county, will be a yield of over 25 bushels per acre. The poorer fields, some of which were plowed up last spring, a yield of from 8 to 20 bushels per acre has been realized. In the central and eastern portions of the county, but very little wheat has been threshed, as yet.

The oat crop is very fine. In the vicinity of Edwardsville, one farmer threshed out over 50 bushels to the acre. Corn is immense—is forward enough in Madison county to escape the frosts, it is generally believed.—*Chicago Times.*

### CHAUCER.

**STEAM PLOWING.**—There is no prize of \$500 offered as is stated by several newspapers, for a practical steam plow.—Bronson Murray, of Illinois, has offered to subscribe \$500 towards such a prize.—A correspondent of a city paper proposes, in addition to some approved driving engine, a series of spiral cutters to cut up the earth, instead of drawing common plows. He proposes to attach a seed sowing and planting apparatus. There would be no doubt of the practicability of something of this sort, and we have only to wait a very few years to see the western prairies tilled by steam. We must come into it. Where is Obed Hussey?—*American Engineer.*

The Atlantic Telegraph cable seems to have snapped in consequence of the enormous weight of the portion which had been paid out but had not reached the bottom. Miles of the cable, which was running out at a much faster rate than that of the ship, and into water two miles in depth, acted as a dead weight and drag of almost irresistible force. A firmer application of the brakes was intended, by diminishing the rate at which the cable was running out, and thus lessening its weight, to prevent the catastrophe, which in fact it hastened.

**THE MORMON ALPHABET.**—The new "Deseret Alphabet" is completed, and a foundry of Pica type has been cast at St. Louis. Specimens of the type are published in the St. Louis Democrat, but of course unintelligible to Gentiles. The type founders have supplied the Mormons with moulds and other apparatus for recasting their old metal, so that the Deseret News will probably hereafter be a profound mystery, at least in part to all but the initiated. The new characters are forty-one in number, and bear a striking resemblance to those of the Ethiopic alphabet.

A daughter of D. D. Stone, in the town of Essex, Ill., felt some object moving at her feet, in her bed, a few nights since, and rising quickly, struck a light. The intruder was a huge rattlesnake. The way the young lady dropped the clothes and "scattered" was a caution.

Private letters received at Montreal, by the steamer Arabia, mention that the Queen had selected Montreal as the permanent seat of government.

### BELLEVUE MARKET.

Corrected weekly by CLARKE & BROTHER, Forwarding and Com. Merchants.

Flour—Family, \$5.00 per 100 lbs.  
" Extra Superfine, \$5.25 per 100 lbs.  
" Fine, \$4.50.

Meal—\$4.00 per 100 lbs.  
Apples—Dried, \$4.00 @ \$5.00 per 100 lbs.  
Peaches " 4.00 @ 4.50 "

Butter—New 30 to 40 cwt. per 100 lbs.  
do Old packed, 25 to 30 cwt. per 100 lbs.  
Beans—\$5.00 per 100 lbs.  
Corn—\$1.50 per 100 lbs.  
Oats—75 cwt. per 100 lbs.  
Dried Beef—20c per lb.  
Salt—G. A., per sack, \$3. 25.  
Bacon—Shoulders 14 @ 15c lb.  
Sides—10c.  
Sugar cured—10c per lb.  
Eggs—25 to 35c per doz.  
Hides—Dry, 10c  
do Green, 4c.

Hay—\$4.00 @ \$6.00 per 100 lbs.  
Bran