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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GENERAL LAND AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Bellevue City, Nebraska. 1-tf

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NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Fontenelle, N. T. 1-tf

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FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANT, Bellevue, N. T., Wholesale Dealer in Indian Goods, Horses, Mules, and Cattle. 1-tf

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nov 13 1-tf.

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

H. T. CLARKE. A. M. CLARKE.

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BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA.

Dealers in Pine Lumber, Doors, Sash, Flour, Meal, Bacon, &c., &c.

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1-tf

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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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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 manufactories 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; 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.

Youth is Gone.

I walked once more in the meadows,
Where my feet in chilhood strayed;
I sit again in the shadows,
Where my youth's companions played;
The trees in accustomed places,
Like familiar forms appear,
But the once familiar faces
Are not here—they are not here,

The brook glides through the grasses,
Where it ran long years before,
And the song it sings as it passes,
Is the song it murmured of yore;
From the willow that is nearest,
Sings a well remembered bird;
But the voices that are dearest,
Are not heard—they are not heard.

The inspiring morn is glowing,
With the light of early days,
And her robes beauty are flowing,
Along all her flowery ways;
But alas! for all the sweetest,
All the beauty of the dawn!
For, with more than fairy fleetness,
Youth is gone—ah, youth is gone!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Climbing Vesuvius at Night.

He who climbs Vesuvius at night, stumbling over the heaps of cinder, bruising his shins, and scarring his hands against the ragged edges, would demand some higher compensation than to look on the dark side of a crator-cone. He will rarely find it, however, unless he wait till dawn, or the night be bright and starry. We did. Scarcely had we set down to rest at the foot of the small cone, when we observed a great excitement amongst our guides, who, by violent gesticulation and vociferation, indicated that they observed something unusual in the aspect of the mountain, and vehemently urged a rapid descent. The very idea, however, of beholding even a partial eruption, at such a time and place, fixed us to the spot. 'Twas a fit night for such a scene. The air was heavy and sulphurous; the sky dark and murky, not a star shone forth in it, and the moonlight fell with a faint twilight gleam on the waters of the bay. There were soon signs and portents of a movement within. Heavings and loud rumbling were heard, as though a thunder cloud were pent in the bosem of the mountain. The lava stream grew live and turbid. The little wreaths, which hang over round the edges of the crater, grew and gathered into one huge mass, which roared and tossed as it rose and rolled swiftly on, like the breathings of a spirit of evil, spreading darkness and gloom around.—Fiery swords of flame flashed through and through the smoke cloud, streaking but not lighting it; and these again were soon absorbed in one large fire, which rushed, strong and fierce from the crater's mouth, raging in wild bursts and wrathful gusts, coursing after the smoke, and making the heavens lurid with that strange, fearful glare which the soul associates with fire and doom. The roar within deepened, and the fire grew fiercer every moment, the smoke blacker and thicker; and then there was a sound as of a mighty wind, the sweeping of a tornado, and forth from the mountain's depths there surged floods of flame and storms of fiery balls, which shot meteor-like into the air, and then fell and rolled around us with all the force of red-hot shot. Ever and anon there would be a lull, a smouldering; and then again the volcano would send up its eruptions of fire and smoke and ashes. Amid the grand and terrible features of the scene was one which had much of beauty in its effect. Ever as the mountain worked, the lava-stream swelled and glowed, rushing from its outlet, and running in burning rills down the mountain side. It has often been described as snake-like. No word images it so truly. Its glowing colors have the same brilliant beauty which attracts and repels, its motion is so gliding, and yet so swift; and there is a serpant fascination in it, too, which rivets the gaze, though the eyeballs grow hot, and the brain burns from contact with the molten hues.

Blackwood.

Post Office Anecdote.—The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post Office anecdote:

A rap at the delivery.

Postmaster—"Well, my lad, what will you have?"

Boy—"Here's a letter, she wants it to go along as fast as it can, cause there's a feller wants to have her here, and she's courted by another feller what ain't here; and she wants to know whether he is going to have her or not."

Having delivered his message with great emphasis, the boy departed, leaving the postmaster so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

The Indians.—The Iowas, who have recently been on a visit to the Otoes, have returned. The Otoes presented them with some sixty horses and other gifts. The Southern Sacs are now on a visit to the Iowas, to have a grand pow-wow and smoke. In all probability, the Iowas will present them with all the horses they received from the Otoes. When the Sacs return home, they will no doubt be visited by some other tribe who will get the horses from them—perhaps the Otoes, who will get their horses back. Such are the ways of the Indians. The pow-wow and smoke between the Sacs and Iowas, is to continue several days.

There have been an unusual number of Indians in town, for a few days past. We notice that their "heads are right" on the water-mellon question—they know what to do with them. We admire their way of eating the vegetable, as it is both natural and dainty. They just slam one down on the ground, where hogs, horses and cattle have been before them. They then gather up the pieces, scrape the dirt off with their fingers, and stuff the melon into a hole under their noses, and it is "all any more."—*Kansas Chief.*

Emigration Movement in Mexico.

The *N. Y. Times* learns of a movement of the Mexican Government to promote emigration to that country, which may hereafter be attended with important results both to that section and to our own. A grant has been made for the establishment of a line of steamers between New Orleans and Vera Cruz, with compensation for carrying the mails, and with an equivolent for the passage money of emigrants in an allowance of duties upon cargoes of goods that may be imported. The Mexican Government offers to each emigrant a free passage in these steamers, with twenty five acres of land and a lot in what is designed to be a central village of each colony that may be thus established. The emigrant is allowed three years to refund the passage money; if it is not paid at the end of that time, the emigrant engages to pay five per cent annual interest upon it, and the government takes a mortgage upon the land which he has received.

The offer is open to emigrants of all classes; but those who are expected to avail themselves of it most largely are the better classes of *free blacks* and mulattoes in the southern states. By going to Mexico, they can still have the advantages of the same climate as that to which they have been accustomed, while they will escape from the severe and uncomfortable *surveillance* to which the existence of slavery at home subjects them.

The south has for a long time been very desirous of finding some way of disposing of the free blacks in that section, who are said to be very little use at home, while they are supposed to offer a constant incitement to discontentment among the slaves. It is not impossible that a colonization of the kind proposed, if earnestly and permanently favored by the Mexican government, may be of essential service to the south in connection with this question.

No use for Trowsers.—On the morning of the meteoric shower in 1833, old Peyton Roberts, who intended to make an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to the door, he saw with amazement, the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once that the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come. He stood a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door into the yard, right into the midst of the falling stars, and there in his efforts to dogde them he commenced a series of ground tumbling, that would have done honor to a rope dancer. His wife awakened in the meantime, and seeing old Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, called out to him to know what in the name of sense he was a doin' thar a dancin' without his clothes. But Peyton heard not—the judgment and back account he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his behavior, sprang out of bed, and running to the door, shrieked at the top of her lungs—

'Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean jumpin' about out thar? Come in and put your trowsers on.'

'Trowsers, Peggy, what the devil the use of trowsers when the world's on fire.

Pat was hungry, and got out of the cars for refreshment. The cars very thoughtlessly went on without him. Pat's ire was up. "Ye spalpeen!" he started on a run, and shaking his fist as he flew after the train, "stop there, ye old stame waggin; ye murtherin' stame ingine—you've got a passenger on board that's left behind!"

The tobacco-chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch-oven—always on a spit [illegible]

Some Dog.—A gentleman left Holyoke on Friday afternoon for this city, in a buggy, taking a favorite dog with him. As they progressed toward Williamsett, the gentleman amused himself by plaguing the dog, till he had got the animal in a complete worry. Presently the gentleman's hat blew off, and he went back after it, leaving his horse and buggy standing in the road; then the dog took advantage of his master's absence to jump into the buggy and start the animal, who trotted gaily toward the river, followed by the gentleman, yelling "whoa" to no purpose. His faithful dog now took a position upon the seat, where he could keep an eye on the master and another on the steed, to see fair play in the race. They approached the Connecticut river, into which the waggish brute drove, and, keeping his seat, floated out behind the horse, who swam, after getting beyond his depth.—They were seen, at this juncture, by persons on the south shore, who put off in a boat and got them safely to land—the dog in high glee at his successful experiment in driving—and then went back after their owner, who will no doubt leave that dog behind the next time he goes to ride. The best of this story is its truth.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

A Man of Business.—In one of the western counties of New York, is a man by the name of Zadock Pratt, one of the bone and sinew, an intelligent mechanic and farmer, who has contributed greatly to the general prosperity, as well as to his individual wealth. In a speech at an Agricultural Fair, in Greene county, New York, he said that since he had been engaged in farming, he had employed over fifteen thousand years of other men's labor; had employed over thirty thousand men, and paid them for their labor over two millions five hundred thousand dollars. He had cleared over ten thousand acres of land, and used over two hundred thousand cords of hemlock bark, and paid over half a millian of dollars for it. He had used and worn out five hundred horses and one thousand yoke of oxen, used two hundred thousand bushels of oats, one hundred and twenty thousand tons of hay, thirty thousand barrels of beef and pork, nearly one hundred thousand barrels of flour, and potatoes without number or measure. He had tanned over one million two hundred and fifty thousand sides of leather; his usual disbursement is over five thousand dollars per day, and he has used in his business, over ten millions. He has never had a side of leather stolen, and was never sued on account of his business transactions. We should say that Zadock was a valuable member of society. Moreover, this shows the advantage of diversifying labor, and bringing the man who consumes by the side of him who produces.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

A Fireman on the New York Central Rail road asked the superintendent for a pass, which he declined to give, saying—"The company employ you and pay you so mch for your services, and there our trade ends. If you were at work for a farmer for a dollar a day, and wanted to go to Saratoga, would you expect him to hitch up his team and take you there for nothing." The fireman answered—"No, sir; but if he had his team hitched up, and was going directly to Saratoga, I should think he was a d——d hog if he didn't let me ride."

The Boston Post has a story of a facetious rail-road conductor:—"A lady who had a boy with her considerably above the non-paying age, attempted the rather difficult exploit, (in the anti-crinoline period,) of hiding her precious son under skirts.—"Uncle John," who saw more bulk than he could account for by any ordinary theory of personal enlargement, carefully reconnoitered the pile, and guessing the secret of the lady's exraordinary expansion, proceeded without saying a word, to collect fair for one passenger and a half, and gave the lady her change, which, without looking it over, she put it in her pocket. By-and-by, observing that the boy was still kept in "durance vile,' uncle John humanely whispered in her ear—'You may as well let him out—*you're paid for both!*"

Wisdom of Town Ladies.—"Pa, why don't you buy a hen, so we can have all the eggs we want?"

"My dear, one hen would not lay all the eggs we want."

"Why, yes it would, Pa; we only use a dozen eggs a day, and a good hen would certainly lay that many."

The Printer's devil says this young lady is a sister to the one who thought milk was pumped out of cows, and the tail was the pump-handle.

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his bed-mate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring under a mistake."