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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W. LEE'S
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LARGE AND POPULAR
HOTEL,
OFFERS EVERY
ACCOMMODATION
To the Public, and will render
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To the wants of HIS GUESTS.

J. T. ALLEN.
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-tf

Greene, Weare & Benton,
BANKERS AND LAW AGENTS, Council Bluffs, Potowattamie conuty, Iowa.
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nov 13 1-tf.

J. H BROWN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNCELOR AT LAW
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Plattsmouth, Cass Co. N. T.
ATTENDS to business in any of the Courts of this Territory. Particular attention paid to obtaining and locating Land Warrants, collection of debts, ane taxes paid. Letters of inquiry relative to any parts of the Territory answered, if accompanied with a fee.
REFERENCES:
Hon. Lyman Trumbull, U. S. S. from Ills.;
Hon. James Knox, M. C. " "
Hon. O. H. Browning, Quincy, "
Hon. James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa.
Hon. H. P. Bennett, Del to C. from N. T.
Green, Weare & Benton, Council Bluffs, I.
Nuckolls & Co., Glenwood, Iowa. [23tf.]

Ira A. W. Buck,
LAND and General Agent. Pre-Emption Papers prepared, Land Warrants bought and sold. Office in the Old State House, over the U. S. Land Office.
REFER TO
Hon. A. R. Gillmore, Receiver, Omaha.
Hon. Enos Lowe, "
Hon. S. A. Strickland, Bellevue.
Hon. John Finney, "
Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.
Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

H. T. CLARKE. A. M. CLARKE.
CLARKE & BRO.,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
STEMBOAT AND COLLECTING
AGENTS,
BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA.
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P. A. SARPY,
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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 & 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.
REFERENCES: Livermoore & Cooley, S. C. Davis & Co. and Humphrey, Putt & Tory, St. Louis, Mo.; Tootle & Fairleigh, St. Joseph, Mo. J. S. Cheneworth & Co., Cincinnati Ohio; W. F. Coolbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-tf

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WESTERN LITHOGRAPHIC
ESTABLISHMENT,
Florence, Nebraska, in Main St.
Town Plats, Maps, Sketches, Business Cards, Checks & Bills, Certificates, and every description of plain and fancy engraving, executed promptly in eastern style. 3m32

POETRY.

When my Ship Comes Home from Sea.

If my ship that's out at sea
Ever safely gets to me,
Josie dear,
A grand lady you shall be;
And then, wifie, we will see
Those that scorned you so to-day,
Drove you harshly from their way—
Bow the head, and c'en the knee,
To you and me,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Stir the fire, Josie dear,
Throw the last stick on the blaze;
Light up with that smile of yours
Those long talked-of better days;
Rest awhile that weary hand,
And come sit beside my knee,
While we talk of scenes so grand
When my ship comes home from sea!

You shall dress in silken robes,
Trimmed with laces rich and fine,
And the brightest, rarest gems
Shall upon your bosom shine;
And our house shall be as grand
As the Duke's upon the square,
And the princes of the land
Shall kneel low and call you fair.
I am sure all this will be,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Then, those ladies that to-day
Cast their scorn full in your face,
Drove you harshly from their way,
Will discover every grace
That I've known and loved so long,
And will weave it into song:
The sweet story of your eyes,
Your meek, dove-like, woman's eyes,
And your hair so soft and brown,
In rich masses falling down,
And your fairy hands and feet.
But, wifie dear,
It does seem so queer to me,
That to-day—this very day—
When they met you in the street,
They were all too blind to see
Beauty in your sweetest face,
And did call you coarse and old.
But never mind it, Josie dear,
You can buy your praise with gold;
They will crowd to make you free
When my ship comes home from sea!

Bear their scorn a little longer,
Josie dear,
It will make your heart the stronger;
And believe, now, what I say,
You'll have friends enough some day,
More than you can love or trust;
But your heart will be no kinder,
Wifie, than it is to-night,
Nor your soft eyes more love-bright;
And I don't believe you'll be
Any happier, any better,
And dearer unto me,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Backbone.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

To dress, and sit, and walk genteelly,
To bow with easy grace;
To speak in accents soft and inealy,
To wear a studied face;
These, and like goodly gifts and grace,
Are well enough, I own;
But what we want in this soft age
Is bone—backbone!

A heart to feel, a mind to think,
Despite each base control;
A tongue to speak, a hand to work,
The purpose of the soul;
By these and other goodly tokens,
It may be surely known,
If this or that without the body,
Is bone—backbone!

Give me a man that's all a man,
Who stands up straight and strong;
Who loves the plain and simple right,
Who will not yield to wrong;
Who deals, with firm, untrembling hand,
To every one his own:
Oh! a blessed thing in everybody
Is bone—backbone!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The American Eagle.

Little Ike Partington has written another School Composition. It is descriptive of the Bird of Jove, and reads in manner and form as follows:

This is the greatest bird that ever spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away up on the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits upon the tops of the cliff, and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and then he starts out in the blue expansive heavens, and soars all around on his opinions over land and water, to see what he can pounce down upon. But though he is called a very cruel bird he always preys before eating, just like any other good, moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw, which is an unfavorable habit, but it is supposed that he eats it so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and steals chickens wherever he can see them. He has been known to carry off a young baby to his nest, which seems to show that eagles love little children. He is a bird of great talons, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but appears to best advantage on the ten dollar gold pieces, and fifty cent pieces, and pretty well on the dimes, as he sits gathering up his thunderbolts under him, as if he was in a great hurry to be off. He has lately broke out on the new cent, and seems as if in his hurry he dropped all his thunder. The American Eagle is the patriot's hope, and the inspiration of Fourth of Julys. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy, and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's imagination. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains, and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of t'other. His angry scream is heard ever so far, and he don't care a feather for anybody.—Take him every way, he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mounting wave, with the star spangled banner in one hand, and whistling Yankee Doodle.

Harpers' Monthly tells the following good one upon the Rev. W. P. Strickland, a Methodist preacher, well known to the people hereabouts;

The Rev. Dr. Strickland is one of the editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal of this city, a Methodist paper of great circulation and power. We have a capital story to tell on the Doctor, and long will it be before he will hear the last of it. We often hear of men getting into the wrong pew; rarely of getting into the wrong pulpit. Of this latter blunder our story is to tell.

A few Sabbaths ago the Doctor was over in Newark, New Jersey, where he was to supply the pulpit of the Clinton Street Methodist Church. He left his lodgings in the morning, just about time for the services, and, with one of the members for his guide, he walked to Clinton Street; but just before reaching the house his companion was met by a friend, who stopped him for a moment's conversation. The preacher moved on, and, reaching the church, walked in, and up the aisle, when he perceived that a stranger, whom he presumed to be one of the local preachers, was already in the pulpit. Nothing daunted, he marched up into the pulpit and took his seat, while the other man went on with the introductory services. Dr. Strickland now concluded that as he did not reach Newark until late the previous evening, the congregation had secured another supply, and he therefore determined to sit quietly and hear the discourse, which would soon be forthcoming.

The man in possession, however, was even more surprised than brother Strickland. Was the new-comer a crazy man who had wandered up there? Certainly there was something fiery in his eye.—Perhaps he might become violent if told to leave. But something must be done, that was certain; and while the people were singing, the incumbent turned to the Doctor, and said, in very gentle terms:

"I believe I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"My name is Strickland," said the Doctor, with an emphasis on the name that he was sure would make him known.

The incumbent shook his head, and seemed lost in thought; when all at once it flashed on the new-comers mind that he might have come into the wrong house.

"This is the Methodist Church, is it not?" asked the anxious Doctor.

"Not a bit of it," said the other; "you are in the pulpit of the Congregational Church. The Methodist church is a little farther down the street."

"Well, I must beg your pardon for this intrusion; I had no design of abandoning my own denomination so suddenly, and I will bid you good morning."

At that juncture the sexton came up to inform Dr. Strickland that a friend was waiting for him at the door! He made his way out as gracefully as he could, and in five minutes was thundering in the walls of another house.

A SCHOOLBOY'S ASPIRATION.—Oh how I wish I were a fountain!—for then I could be always playing.

Opening of the Land Office, again.

We have another rumor that the Public Lands in this district are to be restored to market very soon, and this time, apparently, with a better foundation than before. It appears that the report to that effect, which came here two or three months ago, was based upon an actual decision of the department; the orders having been already made out for carrying it into effect, when, upon further consultation, it was re-considered and the order suspended: That since then, the matter has again been under consideration, and that measure positively determined upon—all steps being actively taken for perfecting the allotment of railroad lands, and other preliminaries to opening the Land Offices for private entry in January or by the first of February next.

This will be good news to a large number waiting to procure lands in this district, and to all interested in the progress of the country. We give the report as we have received it, that all interested may be prepared for a probable event, as the source whence it comes is entitled to credit. It is a measure which has been so long contemplated and looked for, that it is not reasonable now to expect a much longer delay at any rate. If the Government intends ever to restore its lands to market—as it undoubtedly does—we cannot see any good reason for with-holding them longer.—*Council Bluffs Bugle.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—The Albany Statesman in giving some touching instances of the devotion of wives to husbands who had been sent to the State Prison, says:

"In connection with these instances of woman's devotion, we may mention the singular fact, communicated to us by a State Prison Inspector of long experience, that during his term of office only one husband of a prisoner ever called at the prison to see his wife. There are, of course many married women confined for crime; but their husbands invariably desert them in their troubles. On the other hand, a large majority of the married male prisoners are visited constantly and condoled with by their sorrowing wives. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered harshness and brutality from the hands of their criminal husbands! Such is a woman's devotion—such is a man's heartlessness. There is a 'lesson of life' in the experience of a State Prison."

ADDRESS TO THE WIVES OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer thus addresses himself to the wives of members of Congress:

"The truth is, and my experience—I mean my observation, confirms it, that no wife should allow her husband to come here without accompanying him, and while here sticking with him like wax. It is a place of seducing temptations which the sinner don't pretend to resist, and the righteous can hardly flee from by regular fasting and prayer. Wives, stick to your husbands, is my advice.

CONDITION OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE. The whole of the cable that remained on the Niagara, after the accident, has been landed. The London Post of November 2d, says:

"The portion of the cable has been safely stowed away in large vats, having been passed through oil, in order to preserve it from the effects of the rust. The whole of the cable has not yet been tested but in several parts it has been found to be imperfect, and a considerable portion of it will require to be replaced by a new wire.

The Agamemnon will commence at once the delivery of her portion of the cable at Keyham. Mr. Bright, the engineer of the company, has proceeded to Valentia with a small vessel to recover the 400 miles of cable which was lost in the late attempt to lay it. The shore end of the cable, consisting of the heavier portion, can be under-run without great difficulty, and it is expected that the whole of the smaller line will also be recovered. How far the recovered portion may yet be made available will of course depend entirely upon the condition in which they may be when recovered.

A very large quantity of new cable will be required, even if the whole of that present made were perfectly sound, as no attempt to submerge the line will be made without a very much larger quantity of "slack" being provided than was at first contemplated."

Before marriage, the man is very much struck with the woman, and afterwards, the woman is very much struck by the man. Punch says it is a striking piece of business all through.

Important Discovery.

We are gratified to learn that coal of an excellent quality has been discovered in the bluffs near the borders of our city. The bed is said to be exceedingly large, while the quality of the coal renders it incalculably valuable. Messrs. Shinn & Co., are now using the article in their blacksmith-shop, on Washington Avenue and express themselves highly pleased with it. The curious and doubtful can call at the shop and see how it works—It gives out a clear, brilliant flame, and is lighted readily and with ease. Those who pretend to know, state, that it will lose nothing by comparison with the best anthracite coal. If this is so, (and we have no reason to doubt it) it is a most important discovery.—*Pacific City Enterprise.*

"Pick up de Stobe."

A friendly correspondent writing from Washington, Pa., says:

Like most other small towns, we have here a "cullered church," where a great many amusing things are said, exhilerating to the spirits of a few who occasionally visit our "Hayti" meeting houses.—"Hayti" is the name given to that part of the town where "pussons of color" reside. One winter evening, when the "cullered" preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent if not a most eloquent appeal to his hearers, one of the stove legs fell out, and, as a natural consequence, the red hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire. The audience, of course, commenced crowding out of the door like a flock of sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one of his prominent members, he cried out—

"Pick up de stobe, brudder Bolah!—pick up de stobe! De Lor won't let it burn you! Only hab faith!"

Poor brother Bolah had unfortunately too much faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was; but no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing around on one foot, blowing his skinless fingers, he exclaimed with all the energy which he could throw into his voice—

"De h—ll! he won't De h—ll! he won't!"

A youngster who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels on, laid himself open through misdemeanor, to maternal chastisement.

After pleading to get clear, to no effect, he exclaimed:

"Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots."

"Why?" asked his mother.

"Because, I won't be whipped in them new boots, no how. That's so!"

A Frenchman once saw a gentleman walk up to an open snuff box in the hands of another, and take a pinch of snuff, having prefaced the act with the words, "May I take the liberty?"

On the next day, Monsieur went into a tobacco shop, and asked for a half pound of liberty!

On a tombstone in the west is the common inscription. "Prepare to follow me," under which a wag has written—

"To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

A Missouri editor announces that the publication of his paper will be suspended for six weeks, in order that he may visit St Louis with a load of bear skins, hoop-poles, shingles, oak bark, pickled cat fish, &c., which he has taken on subscription.

SATANIC!—A country exchange says: As our *Devil* was going home with his sweetheart a few evenings, since, she said to him:

"Paul, I fear I shall never get to Heaven!"

"Why?" asked typo.

"Because," said she with a "melting look," "Because I love the *Devil* so well!"

QUERY.—Why is a loafer in a printing office like a shade tree? Because we are glad when he "leaves."

A young lady inquired of a sailor, why a ship was always called she.

"Because," replied Jack, "the rigging cost a thunderin' sight more than the hull."

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? Because she got a little *prophet* from the *rushes* on the banks.

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon; the fuller she gets, the smaller her horns become.