Bellevue Gazette.

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Bellevue Gazette.

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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. ALLAN.
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-tf

J. H BROWN,
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ATTENDS to business in any of the Courts of this Territory. Particular attention paid to obtaining and locating Land Warrants, collection of debts, and 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.;
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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,
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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.
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MERCHANTS,
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All collections entrusted to their care, attended to promptly.
Especial attention given to buying and selling real estate, and making pre-emptions in Nebraska.
Deeds, Mortages, and other instruments of writing drawn with dispatch; acknowledgments taken, &c., &c.
☞ Office west side of Madison street, just above Broadway.
nov 13 1-tf.

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-i

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. Coulbeugh, Burlington, Iowa. 1-tf

POETRY.

Growing Old.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Now the frost, with fingers cold,
Turns the green leaves into gold,—
Eheu! I am growing old!
Soon will shine the silvery thread,
In my locks so thick and brown—
Promise of the hoary crown
Which the years are letting down
Softly, on my waiting head.

Then, whene'er I watch the play
Of the children by the way,
They will come to me and say
With sweet voices coaxing low—
While with trembling hand, I twirl
Back to rings some wind-tossed curl—
"You were once a little girl—
Tell us of the long ago!"

Once? ay, always—if it be
To be merry, glad and free,
With a heart alternately
Wrung by pain,—by joy beguiled—
If it be to turn away
From the great world, proud and gay,
With some broken toy to play,
I shall always be a child!

If it be to raise mine eye
With a hopeful prophecy
To the rainbow in the sky
When the waves are beating wild—
Or when that withdraws its beams
And the world all dreary seems,
To live on in pleasant dreams—
I shall always be a child.

If it be to love the light,
And to follow, with a might,
Where my heart leads, wrong or right,
Though by all the world reviled—
If it be to laugh to scorn
All the pride of station born,
And at night to wish for morn,
I shall always be a child.

Yet, oh Time, attend my prayer—
Though thy cold hand blight my hair,
Touch me softly—spare, oh spare
Life's best beauty,—love and truth—
Let the withering control
Of thy years, as on they roll,
Spare the freshness of my soul,
Spare the fervor of my youth!

They are wrong who tell us age
Has in tears, its heritage,—
That all through its pilgrimage
Is the Miserere sung;—
He whose heart, though oft it errs,
Tuned by Nature's ministers,
Beats in unison with hers
Keepeth it forever young!

Cheeks have paled beneath my lips—
Dear eyes dimmed in death's eclipse—
Loves gone down like shattered ships
In the ocean of the past—
Yet I know all these and more
Wait me on the Shining Shore
And the Angel will restore
All my heart's lost wealth at last.

Therefore, Time although I stand
Far beyond Youth's fairy land
All alone— the while thy hand
Scatters snow my hair among
Let its touch be soft and light—
Let it ripen and not blight—
So shall I bid life good-night
Ere I lose its morning song!

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Bellevue Gazette.

The Emigrant.

BY MRS. J. E. NYE.

"To the west! to the west! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil."

It was autumn in New England. Autumn with its gathered grain, fruits, and nuts,—ensuring plenty for the ensuing winter—autumn with its clear blue skies, its beautiful sunsets, and brilliant forests, and as Henry Marvin slowly wended his way through the little village of Milan, just as the sun's last rays were lingering about the spirit of the little village church, and tinging the many tinted leaves of the forest trees, that crowned the summit of a hill rising on the east of Milan. He felt that he had never more fully appreciated or admired the beauties of the surrounding country, and yet the ensuing spring he had decided to leave that home forever. An humble but pleasant little cottage home, in the suburbs of Milan, and during the eight years he had called it his, he had each year added to its beauty and attractions. Roses, vines, and flowing shrubs, surrounded it in summer, with beauty and fragrance; and the fruits and vegetables from the garden and orchard supplied them with many comforts and luxuries. Then there were the companions of his boyhood, the Church where he had with them registered his vows to God, the church yard where rested his mother and two of his own household treasures, and the intelligent, refined, and cultivated society of New England. Could he leave all this for a home in the uncertain west? For two years he had planned, reflected and deliberated, but with the consent and full approval of his wife, he had decided to break away from all those loved associations.

Eight years of wedded life! How much of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, can be compressed in the short space of eight years! He had always been an industrious mechanic, and at the time of his marriage had been able to purchase and furnish comfortably their cottage home, hoping by their united exertions, they might be able to purchase one of the fine farms in the vicinity of Milan, where they might find a pleasant home in their declining years; a wish I have often found to be a cherished one with many of best mechanics of our country.

The years passed, finding each faithful in the discharge of their duties. They had enjoyed health, contentment and peace of mind, and found in their affection for each other, purer joys than all earth's treasurers could bestow; but they were still as far from the goal of their ambition, as in the morning of life; as the the small sum that they had been each year able to reserve from their necessary expenses, had not been equal to the yearly advance of landed property in the east; and when wearied with the monotony of his daily labor, he had often felt he would so love to think he might, at some future time, be out in his own green fields, among his own flocks and heards, tilling his own soil, breathing the fresh, pure air of heaven; and as he lost all hope of being able to purchase lands at Milan. visions of the west, floated before his mind. He read and strove to acquaint himself with the advantages to be derived, from a removal to the different points, and at last to the astonishment of his friends, he decided that Nebraska would be for him the chosen spot.

With tearful eyes his wife first heard his expressions of preference for that distant Territory, for not easily can woman sever the ties that bind her to the loved scenes of early years, but she listened to his reasons and convinced they were such as should govern them, she soon learned to speak of it with calmness, except when standing by the graves of her infant sons, who were interred in the church yard of Milan. At the ages of 2 and 4 years respectively, they had died. Every look of love, and every lisping word of confidence and endearment, was and would ever be, as fresh in her mind, as if but yesterday, they had left her, and it been such a sweet privilege to often stand by their little graves, and live over the past.

Neighbors and friends strove to dishearten and discourage. They spoke of the distant, dreary Territory of Nebraska, as a wild country, among wild Indians, and the rigors of a Nebraska winter alone, too terrible to think of encountering. He listened with a quiet smile, to these so common prejudices, but assured those, truly wishing information, that it was not with him the wild adventure they regarded it. He had strove to acquire a true knowledge of the country he had chosen for his home, and its pleasant location, its clear, pure air, its rich, fertile soil, the low price of the land, and the mild winters, were the advantages it possessed, and that induced his removal there.

"But our schools and our churches; you certainly would not have your children grown up so far removed from these important aids to civilization; as neither gold, houses, or lands, could compensate for the ignorance or immorality of your children."

"And yet how short a time since our own New England was a like wilderness, and the same energy that planted churches and fostered schools here, can and will encourage and transplant them to the cities and villages, that are springing up in the fertile valleys of the far west. And think not I shall be alone, with a few wild Indians and hunters, who have long since abandoned the habits of civilized life, for those rich lands, so pleasantly situated on the west bank of Missouri, affording such fine facilities for internal commerce, are attracting the attention of many of the most enterprising men of the east. I may be a little in advance of the great tide of emigration which shall eventually take there the most energetic young men from your communities, and I am willing to share the hardships of the first pioneers, that I may aid, too, in advancing the cause of christianity, morality, and education, so important in the first settlement of any country.

The last winter spent in Milan, was necessarily a very busy one. There was so much business to arrange, so many last visits that must be made, and it was so important to learn all they could of their new home.

Edward and Ellen, their two children, were as deeply interested as children usually are, in the movements of their parents, grieving at the thought of parting with their play-mates, and many little household pets; yet pleased with the bustle, attendant upon their departure, and the prospect of so long a journey. On the 20th of April, 1846, they left Milan for ther far distant home.

There would be little interest in following our travelers, during their two weeks' journey, as quiet and unassuming in their manners, and plain and simple in their dress and habits, there was little about them to awaken general curiosity, or interest, and yet a close observer would not regard them as an uninteresting family group, as Mr. Marvin's countenance exhibited that shrewdness and intelligence characteristic of our best citizens, while Mrs. Marvin's well developed form, and cheerful countenance, bespoke the energy of purpose, and refinement of character, so important in American housekeepers, and if the children were not beautiful, they rendered themselves pleasing and interesting, by their sprightliness, obedience, and intelligence. The time taken for the passage of a steamer, from St. Louis to N. their destined stopping place, varys from 6 to 10 days; and often they sat together on some rude bench, on the deck of the steamer, as it slowly plowed its way through the muddy waters of the Missouri, noting the variety of the coast, the curving and irregular shore, the prairie field and wood through which they passed. Everything surrounding them, possessed for them an interest,—the farm houses of the adjoining hill, the rude dwellings of the Indians, or the rough log houses of the woodman, half concealed among the bushes and trees, and the little settlements passed from time to time, while the lively and busy scene, presented by the groups of men, collected at the landings, at the various points on the river, furnished for them an interesting phase of western life.

(To be continued)

Six feet in his boots exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax. What will the impertence of this world come to I wonder? Why they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat.

It appears from the historical records of Col. Benton's family that Mrs. Fremont's name is not Jessie. Her name before her marriag was Ann Benton. Our Jessie however was a sort of pet name by which she was called.

A fellow out West gets off the following definition of a widow: One who knows what's what and is desirous of further information on the same subject.

Good way to get Corn.—A poor man, living in the town of Chester, Mass. went to Deacon Hunt: "I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money. It is about all I can gather." The Deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit, but in vain. At last he said, "Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn, I shall curse you." "Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so?" "Because," said the man, "the Bible says so." "Nonsense," exclaimed Deacon Hunt; "is no such thing in the Bible." "Yes there is," replied the poor man. "Well," said the deacon, "if you can find any such text, I'll give you a bushel of corn." They went into the house, when the man went to the old family Bible, turned to Prov. xi, 26, and read: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word." He took him to the corn-house, measured out a full bushel of corn, helped the man put it into his bag, assisted him in slinging it upon his shoulder, and just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said, with a twinkle of his eye, "I say, neighbor, after you have carried this corn home, go up to Deacon Clarks, and curse him out of another bushel."

Waggery.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the addres was concludeed, two brethren were sent round with baskets for contributions. Parson L—— who was one of the basket beares taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front and upon the next seat negligently reclined our friend Billl H——, a gentleman of infinite humor and full of dry joker, Parson L—— extended the basket and Bill slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give us something." said the Parson.

"Can't do it." replied Bill.

"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?"

"Yes; but I am not able to give any thing."

"Pooh! Poooh! I know better, you must give a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe to much money—I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."

That's true, parson, but then *he aint pushing me like the balance of my creditors.*"

The parson's face got into rather a curious confusion as he passed on.

The Farmers Creed.—One of our exchanges gives the following first-rate advice under the heading of "The Farmers Creed:"

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to eat as well as its owner, and therefore to be nurtured. We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farm and farmer rich at once. We believe in going to the bottom of all things, and therefore, in deep plowing, and enough of it—all the better, if with a subsoil plow. We believe that the best fertility of any soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without this, lime and gypsum, bone and green manure, marl or plaster, will be of little use. We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spining piano, a clean cupboard, dairy and conscience. We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poorer every year; in starved cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmes' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers who are ashamed of their vocation.

Senator Johnson of Tennessee says in his last speech that he has not got many slaves; that he has got a few; and that he made them by his own industry.

Louisville Journal.

Much remains unsung as the tom cat remarked to the stone when it abrubtly cut short his serenade.

On a very pretty girl saying to Leigh Hunt I am very *sad you see* he replied: Oh no; you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very *fair I see!*

At Weston, Mo. the "root of all evil" has completely gin eout." The Argus says that never since the Jews made the Golden Calf has money been so hard to get hold of. The money shavers go clean to the hollow.