Bellevue Gazette.

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Bellevue Gazette.

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W. H. Longsdorf, M. D.,
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W. W. Harvey,
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SURGEON & PHYSICIAN, Omaha, Nebraska—Office and residence on Dodge Street. (1y6)

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ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS at LAW and Dealers in Real Estate, Bellevue, Nebraska Territory, will attend faithfully and promptly to buying and selling Real Estate, City Lots, Claims, and Land Warrants. Office on Main Street. 21-6m*

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Greene, Weare & Benton,
BANKERS AND LAW AGENTS, Council Bluffs, Potowattamie conuty, Iowa.
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Greene, Weare & Rice, Fort Des Moines, Ia.
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D. H. Solomon,
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W. LEE'S
FASHIONABLE Hair Cutting, Shaving, Dying, and Bathing Saloon, third door west of the Exchange Bank, Omaha, N. T.
Omaha, Oct. 1, 1857. 47

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. ALLAN.
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—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 & BROTHER,
GROCERS,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
Steam Boat and Collecting Agents,
BELLEVUE, NEBEASKA.
Dealers in Pine Lumber, Doors, Sash, Flour, Meal, Bacon, &c.
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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

Thomas Sarvis,
GENERAL LAND AND REAL ESTATE Agent, Columbus, Platte Co., Nebraska. Having traveled extensively over the Omaha Land District, will enter land at the ensuing Land Sale at reasonable rates. Taxes paid, and money loaned for Eastern capitalists, at Western rates on Real Estate security. n29y

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Snyder & Sherman,
ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS AT LAW, and NOTARIES PUBLIC, Council Bluffs, Iowa, will practice their profession in all the Courts of Iowa and Nebraska.
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. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-tf

POETRY.

A Woman's Question.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Before I trust my Fate to thee
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul
to night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet;
Or is that Faith as clear and free as that
which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before
all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole:
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true
mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my
whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change.
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield
my heart against thine own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus: but thou,
O, surely, thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember
I would risk it all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Noted Characters.

All large cities have prominent features, in scenery, in public edifices, and in peculiar men. The former are known to the public at large, while a knowledge of the latter is mainly confind to residents.

Many men have no character at all. They glide along on the surface of society like a ship on the tide. Others have character, but it is so near like that of the great mass of men that it does not distinguish them from the rest of the world. A tree, standing on a par with its brethren of the forest, does not attract attention; but let it tower above all others, or, without great height, acquire an unusual thickness of trunk; or, let it attain all the proportions of a well-developed tree and be dwarfed in size; or, let it be crooked and gnarled, whatever its size, and it arrests special attention, and becomes in its day and generation an object of notoriety. It is precisely so with individuals of the human race.

Sharon Carter was born at Chester, Delaware Co., Pa., Feb 15, 1772, and consequently is now in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He has a strong frame, a florid complexion, which is very fair and youthful, and a predominance of the vital temperment. He is straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered, deep through the chest, has a full development of the abdomen, the region of those organs which manufacture nourishment for the body, and has, on the whole, just the organization for health, longevity, activity, and power.

He is a picture of perfect health, has rarely or never been sick in his life, and to all appearance may live twenty years longer.

His habits of life, which have contributed so largely to the maintenance of his health and vital force, afford a theme for profitable contemplation, which we will revert to after glancing at his history.

He was instructed in the coopering business, and worked very hard in early life, which served to promote development and physical vigor. In 1799 he was married, and had five children, who are now living. In 1809 he engaged largely in the china business in Philadelphia—in 1815 traveled through Europe—and in 1824 failed in business in consequence of losses on large purchases made during the war.

He has since followed the occupation of Collector, which has required him to be much in the open air, and to walk constantly.

He drinks nothing but *water*, retires to rest at nine o'clock in the evening, and rises at half past four, the year round. He washes himself all over every morning, in cold water, and rubs the surface dry with a crash towel. He sleeps with his windows wide open in the coldest weather, and one morning last winter, he says, his housekeeper carried out of his bed-chamber three pails full of snow which had blown in during the night. He never wore undercloths nor an overcoat. He wears light cloth—goes with his shirt-bosom open, not even leaving buttons on it so that it could be closed. He has not worn a glove or mitten for thirty-years; seldom carries an umbrella, and is out in all weathers. He never rides, even though he should have three miles to go. Not long since, having, about sun-set, paid over a sum of money which he had collected for a gentleman, and having three miles to go to reach home, the man insisted on paying his fare in the stage. He took the amount, paid it to the driver, rode out of sight of his friend, got out of the stage and walked home. "I could not," said he, "be boxed up and jolted about in a stage." His extremities, unlike those of old people generally, are warm, plump, and muscular. His blood circulates freely, and tinges the surface with the hue of youth. His eye sparkles with playful wit, and seems to relish the pleasures of life with as keen a zest as the youth of eighteen. With such habits as his, should we be surprised at his health, endurance, and high spirits?

Sharon Carter, as we have said, is very extensively known in Philadelphia; yet, among the thousands who know his *person* familiary, there are comparatively few who knew him as *Sharon Carter*. He has a '76 style of dress that attracts universal attention, and his pedal extremities are ever encased in buff-topped boots that double over like the cuff of a coat, according to the Revolutionary pattern, people know him by *them*, and he has thus acquired the soubriquet of "Boots." Of course *we* do not approve the application of this name to our venerable subject, nor do we commend such a singularity of manners or of dress as shall provoke wits and urchins to apply a nickname. But we are *writing* history, not *creating* it. He has, of course, the *right* to wear small clothes, and such boots as he thinks proper to do, and he can not seriously complain of the irreverent wit which provokes a name for *himself* suggested by those same boots. He is certainly *distinguished* by them, and nobody else in this great city has so good a right to the appellation. In *these*,

"He stands alone;
There is but ONE in all this world, but one
Such pair of boots."

Little things often make or mar a man's fortune. These boots have been serviceable to friend Carter above and beyond the ordinary use of boots, viz, in a business aspect. He is a *collector*, and has followed this pursuit more than twenty years. It has passed into a proverb, that if *he* can not collect a bill, it is beyond the reach of hope; and he is mainly employed in desperate cases, the boots, combined with the quiet, pertinacious patience of their wearer, become omnipotent. Wherever they rove or rest, there the eyes of all are concentrated; and as every body knows their owner's business, and the kind of subjects he generally has to deal with, the debtor "forks over" without delay, when sheriffs and executions would be powerless. In a city like Philadelphia there are sufficient number of slow paymasters to keep at least *one* man employed as collector for this class alone, and he who can extract moisture from a dry sponge can command a generous percentage. As no man who sees these boots on his track, and knows the character of their owner, never delays payment an hour longer than it is necessary for him to earn, borrow, or beg the amount, friend Carter drives a prosperous business. These facts justify our assertion, that the boots in question are pre-eminently serviceable to their wearer. His manner of doing business is peculiar, and may be profitably copied by others. He uniformly exacts his per-centage of the *creditor*, in advance, if the case is very desperate; for says he, "Now, John, thee has tried *thy* best to collect this debt, and I may not get it, but I shall work just as hard if I fail as if I succeed, and I can not afford to work for nothing. If I work long and faithfully, I shall, thee knows, earn my pay, and therefore I must have it in advance." Armed with the bill, and more than "doubly armed" with dignified manners, amiable imperturbability, and last, though not least, those same buff-topped boots, he calls on the delinquent and says, "Friend, does thee owe this man that sum?" He of course gets an affirmative answer. "Well, can thee pay it now?" If the man knows little or nothing about the collector, he answers indifferently that he must call again. "Very well, when shall I call?" If he is told a week hence, he replies, "This day week I will call for the money." If he don't obtain it at sight when the set day arrives, the peaceful battle for victory then begins in earnest.

"*Boots.*" "Well, friend, I have called according to thy promise, to get the money for the bill."

Delinquent Debtor. "I haven't the money to spare to-day; you must call again."

B. "Thee *promised* it to day, thee knows, but all are liable to mistakes; but as thee hasn't it by thee now, thee *may* receive enough to-day to enable thee to pay it. I will call again in the afternoon."

D. D. (In a pet.) "No, you needn't come again to-day—I tell you I can't pay it."

B. "No one knows what *may* happen; thee may receive the money in the course of the day. I'll look in toward evening. *Farewell.*"

True to his word, he is on hand toward evening, and if he finds the man busy with customers, and he tells him that he is engaged, and would prefer that he should call again, he replies with the most perfect blandness, "Oh, never mind, I am in no hurry—I can wait until thee is disengaged."

He seats himself as if determined to sit it out; the debtor becomes confused and irritated, and when left alone with his good-humored tormentor, he brakes out in a rage, and says he will not be bored in this manner for a small sum; thinks it mean, and tells our friend he can not and will not pay him to-day.

B. "Very well, then I will see thee to-morrow." With this consolatory declaration, friend Carter leaves him with a gracious smile. Before six o'clock the next morning, at a cost, perhaps, of two miles' walk, an aged and venerable figure, with drab hat and coat, a snow-white neck-tie, light vest, brown small clothes, and the same buff-topped boots, may be seen sitting on the door-steps of the delinquent debtor's *house*. When the maid opens the door to clear the steps, he gives her a gracious smile, (for, be it remembered, our hero is as gallant as he is amiable, healthy, and good looking,) and inquiring kindly after the health of "friend James," the master of the house, with whom he tells her he has some business, finds no difficulty in obtaining from her an invitation to sit in the parlor until said *James* shall make his appearance. Imagine his surprise to find the same unruffled face and that same pair of boots, which have followed him like a shadow to his own *parlor*. Lest his wife and friends should see his pertinacious vistor, whom he has tried in vain to insult into anger, he purchases his peace by paying the bill, even though, by so doing, he is obliged to appropriate the market money of the day.

Sometimes he does not so easily obtain his claim, but, having exhausted all appliances at the shop, is obliged to haunt the house morning, noon, and evening. He is told by the maid that the man is in the house, and soon after by the mistress that he has just gone out, when he tells her he will wait his return. Thus he will sit and *wait* for three mortal hours, until his caged bird "shells out" the money, or, if he is really short, he goes out and borrows the amount and cancels the debt. In all this our peaceable hero never uses any angry or ungentlemanly words, nor can any amount of abuse or delay ruffle his temper, exhaust his patience, or divert him from his course.

Sharon Carter has as perfect a physical organization as can be found, and a well-balanced mental development. He is very warm in his social attachments, courageous and energetic, yet equable in temper; and is dignified, persevering, and ambitious. He is honest and kind, but not very devout; has an excellent memory, good practical sense, and is a first rate judge of character. He gives promise, even at eighty-seven, of remaining with us yet many years, but when he shall leave us,

"Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look
upon his like again."

Life Illustrated.

The Gloucester News tells the story of a boy in one of the schools in that town who is an inveterate rhymster, and who laughed one morning during prayers at the sight of a rat. Being asked why he laughed, he replied:

"I saw a rat upon the stairs,
Coming up to hear your prayers."

Being told that he must immediately make another rhyme or be flogged, he quickly answered:

"Here I stand before Miss Blodget
She's going to strike, and I shall dodge it,"

and took his seat, the whole school being in a roar of laughter.

The Complete Man.

William H. Burleigh, Esq., of Albany, (says the Ellenville Journal,) has delivered his lecture on *The Complete Man* before Lyceum and Literary Associations in other places, and we were prepared, by the many complimentary notices it has received from the press, to expect a rare literary entertainment; it is hardly doing justice to the lecture to say we were not disappointed.

"Where," asked the lecturer, "may the perfect man be found?" We have glorious fragments of the perfect man, scattered along down through the ages, in some of the noblest specimens of our race. Strength was represented in Samson and Hercules; Faith in Abraham; Wisdom in Solomon, and so other single qualifications have been largely exemplified in the character of distinguished individuals. But time has yet to furnish us an example of complete integral manhood.

We find the animals in our menageries complete and perfect in their kind, unless they have been too long under our *superior* training; the horse superbly exhibits his qualifications of strength, speed, and docility, justifying the grand description communicated to the man of Uz: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" etc.; the elephants and lions exhibited are in general complete specimens of their kind. Why is not the same completeness found in individual specimens of the human race?

The "complete man" is essentially an ideal creature, an embodiment of the triune principles of Wisdom, Power, and Love, so unequally and inadequately realized in our disintegrated humanity. In him are these principles developed in their largest and purest sense; his wisdom puts him in communion with the noblest, best existent things, and by that communion is he exalted; it lights his way to the goal of noblest purposes, which proceed themselves from his large, loving nature. His love is more and higher than the mere love of "ladie faire;" it embraces all the race in its scope, endearing to itself the inanimate things of Nature by its warm, etherial sympathies. It takes in the love of God, of God the Father, and the benefactor: "no arbitrary, capricious tyrant, thronged in the ultimate heavens, and grinding mankind on the wheel of inexorable fate." To him God is an object of love, whether revealed in the sublimer aspect of things; in the night, within its million high-hung lamps, like golden censers swung by some giant angel before the supernal throne; in the hushed noonday; in the gorgeous sunlight; and the multitudinous things of the living world, or in human nature struggling up through its imperfect fragmentary developments to a nearer approximation to the

"First Good, first Perfect, and first Fair."

His power flows from a combination of the other principles, manifesting itself in true chivalry; not that conventional chivalry that consecrates the murderous hand of the duelist, that exalts brute over moral courage; that steals upon its unarmed victim in the Senate Hall and lays him low with the bludgeon of Cain; but a chivalry all kindness, and tenderness, and honor, and yet terrible to avenge and swift to redress the wrongs of outraged humanity—a chivalry that faces the ills of life unblenchingly, and faces the last dread enemy with calm composure.

But man must be a magnificent animal before he becomes the perfect man. Therefore physical training must not be neglected. It is not impossible that a mind of great power and capacity may be enshrined in a feeble body. But the mind needs a sound, healthful physical organism to put forth its full measure of fervor and energy. The great characters of ancient and modern times had hardy, robust bodies. He would have his heroes vigorous, athletic, as well as accomplished scholars.

A good story is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas, which might be applicable to this city:—The company were engaged in dancing, but the loveliest of the females present, occupied a chair near the window without a partner. Stepping up to the lady, with a palpitating heart, he exclaimed:

"Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?"

Her lustrous eyes shown with unwonted brilliancy, her pearly teeth glistened, her heavy snowy bosom rose and fell with joyful rapture, as she replied:

"Yes-sir-ee! for I've sot, and sot, and sot, till I've bout tuk root!"

The New Orleans Crescent utters the following prediction: Wm. H. Seward will be the next President of the United States, if he lives and the Union lasts."