Bellevue Gazette.

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Bellevue Gazette.

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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

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Hon. Lyman Trumbull, U. S. S. from Ills.;
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Hon. James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa.
Hon. H. P. Bennett, Del to C. from N. T
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Ira A. W. Buck,
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Hon. Enos Lowe, "
Hon. S. A. Strickland, Bellevue.
Hon. John Finney, "
Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.
Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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GROCERS,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
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nov 13 1-tf.

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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. P. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-tf

POETRY.

Be A Woman.

BY ALPHEUS.

Oft I have heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hour began,
Pleading with a son of duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But, unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite was ready,
Points she out this other duty,
"Strive my dear to be a lady."

What's a lady? It is something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate a parlor.
Like the fancy rugs and chairs!
It is one who wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human!
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then unto your daughter,
Speak of something higher, far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady.
"Woman" is a brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true MAN,
Urge your daughter no less strongly,
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman nought is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue,
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman, on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place hi h in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow;
Lend thy influence to each effort,
That shall raise our nature's human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

Woman's Rights.

BY HELEN MAR.

What! woman the same rights as man?
'Tis folly to suppose it—
She's been a long time under ban,
And every-body knows it!

She's worn of old the iron yoke
Which man, her master, gave her;
She has no right to have it broke,
No right to public favor!

She has no right to claim a part
In money, wit, or learning;
To men belong the sweets of art,
They're so much more discerning.

She has no right to college-halls,
Diplomas, and degrees, sir;
No right to settle feuds and brawls,
And pocket legal fees, sir.

SHE hold an office, what disgrace!
Besides, 'would be so funny
To see a WOMAN fill a place
Where she was making money!

She has no right to heal the sick,
Or practice the physicain—
For such presumption, let a kick
Just show her, her position!

She has no right to speak in church,
Or any other meeting—
For such a bold, indecent lurch,
She'd merit a sound beating!

She has no right to take a text
And make a sermon to it—
We heard a clergyman declare
'Twas sacrilege to do it!

A WOMAN preach? Oh, what a sin?
But then she couldn't do it—
Her intellect's so very thin,
She never could go through it!

Man has a right to be out late
To any licensed grorggy;
His wife's a right for him to wait
Till he comes home all foggy!

But she's no right to game and swear,
No right to be dejected—
She has a right to scanty fare,
A right to be neglected!

She has a right to stay at home
All friendless and forsaken,
To work the hours off one by one,
Or else I'm much mistaken!

To me, it really does appear
That nature made a blunder;
It always seemed most strangely queer
The sins were torn asunder.

To make a woman near man's heart;
Why, had a rose been taken,
She better then had known her part,
And never been mistaken.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Noted Characters.

NUMBER TWO.

Wm. McFarland was born in the township of Brigallen, Scotland, June 18, 1803. His father, John McFarland, was a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and distinguished for his industry and integrity, and sound judgment. He was a zealous High Churchman. On the maternal side was an unusually strong mental organization, though combined with the delicate sensibilities that form woman's chief adornment. There were two brothers older than William, and a sister younger than William, in common with the others, enjoyed the advantages of a common-school education, as then afforded—that is, in winters went to school, and summers worked at the plow.

In his fifteenth year, or thereabout, he was sent to a high school or academy, as it would be termed here, in a neigboring township, where he remained some two years. Of his scholastic achievements here we are unable to speak. Our informant, though, states that from quite a child he was remarkable for his controversial ability, and tha he was often known to demolish the arguments of even the oldest heads. His thoughts and method were always very clear, and cleary enunciated. Mathematics was his favorite study.

After leaving the academy he assisted on his father's farm a year or two. During this time he employed his leasure hours in reading and study, and rarely mingled with those of his own age in their customary sports and festivities. When he was about twenty he assumed the charged of a school in a town a few miles distant. It was here occurred what proved to be the turning point in his life. To make the recital short, it appears he became attached to a beautiful blue-eyed maid, that they were betrothed, and that she married his brother.

Meanwhile numerous were their tender meetings under the trysting tree, and vows of constancy. Many were the sweet tokens of remembrance and letters burning with love that passed between them. At length his next older brother—named Knox—came to visit him, and was introduced to his affianced. This brother induced the object of his brother's affections to elope with him. Crushed in spirit, broken in heart, William, the subject of this sketch, turns to go—not home—but to flee the recollection of his misery. The next few years, whither he wandered and how, our informant could never gather from Mr. McFarland, though, as he says, he essayed it time and again. It were hardly difficult to fancy his poignant grief—as his subsequent career shows that he never outlived this sudden blow to the fervent hopes and dreams of his youth.

In 1830 he appears in New York. His tattered garments and long hair make him an object of notice, till finally, from being known to lodge in a lime-kiln, he comes to be designated as the "Lime-kiln Man." His general career from this time to the present is well known. Though he never begged, he never refused charity when tendered him. It was supposed he slept in the Park, lumber-yards, etc., in summer; and in the lime-kiln in the winter. This is not entirely correct. During the past seveteen-years he has been a constant occupant of the lime-kiln of Mr. H B. Knapp, in his present place in Fourteenth Street, between Avenues A and B and former place, corner of Avenue B and Second Street.

It is rarely he has remained away a night, either in winter or summer. He was there punctually at dark, and invariably went away by daylight. These lime-kilns comprise generally three furances, twelve to fifteen feet deep, which are filled with oyster and clam shells, from which the lime was made, and a fire kept beneath them. In the winter this fire is kept up without intermission. The top of these stacks is level with the street underneath, and is divided into various apartments.

Formerly the "Lime-kiln Man" made his lodging-place on the top of the mouth of one of these stacks, till, getting one of his hands badly burned, he solicited more secure accommodations below, which were readily accorded to him, and here he has invariably slept. His mode was to lie on the slacking lime. Sometimes, when very cold, he would envelope himself, with the exception of his head, in the slacking material. We took occasion to visit the place he has made his home the last few years, and found it neat, and by no means so repulsive as we had at first imagined. The white appearance of everything gave it a cleanly, if not an inviting look, and the slacking lime is not as bad a resting-place as one might conceive. "The Lime-kiln Man" took his supper here, comprising such food as he had picked up, or as had been given him during the day. He always had a goodly supply of newspapers. He read his Bible, which was his invariable companion. His quotations of Scripture were very remarkable. Day-times he occupied in seeming listless wanderings through different portions of the city. He visited every day Fulton Market, and, indeed, relied upon his visits here for his main supplies of food. He never used to ask for food, but there were those who furnished him some regularly. And so with money; he never solicited any, though he never refused to accept a proffered donation.

As for his clothes, he was known sometimes to change a garment, but he would never give up an article of wearing apparel as long as it could be of the slightest use. A washerwoman he was unquestionably ignorant of. And so he lived and died. On Thursday niggt, the 26th August, 1855, he slept at his customary place, and was on his return from his ordinary visit to Fulton Market, when seized with the sickness that resulted in his death. He was taken to the Bellevue Hospital, where he breathed his last.

He uttered no word, nor showed looks of recognition, but silently his spirit passed to the spirit-land. Upon him was found an old *porte-monie*, containing two twenty-five cent pieces. In his hat were a large number of bits of blank paper.

The form of the "Lime-kiln Man" was large, his countenance expressive; his mouth denoted firmness, his nose was straight, his complexion sallow, and marked with lines of care; his forehead showed a strong intellectual organization and good reasoning faculties. His hair was dark, and thin on the top.

Now sleeps in Potter's Field the "Lime kiln Man." The events and conclusion of his life may be a mystery. From occasional indications it is evident he possessed winning qualities that might have secured him eminence and honor. As it is, in the seeming inutility of his existance, it may be found that when the clouds and shades of the present hour have passed away under the clear light of infallible certainty, the still and noiseless destiny of the "Lime-kiln Man" has worked out its part in the great problem of humanity as effectually as that of the proudest and most famous.—*Life Illustrated.*

Courting in Iowa.

Here is an account of a mournful adventure by a young man in Iowa, who "straight went a-courting since he'd nothing else to do." It is from the Cedar Valley Times:

A certain young man was in the habit of being out late Sunday nights, and in order to keep his secret from his young associates, ways always at home bright and early on Monday morning. Mounted on his horse in his best fine white summer pants, and other fixins in proportion, he arrived at the residence of his inamorata, where he was kindly received and his horse properly taken care of, being turned into the pasture for the night. The night passed away, and three o'clock was the time for him to depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. He sallid forth to the pasture to catch his horse, but here was a difficulty—the grass high and loaded with dew. To venture in with white pantaloons on would rather take the starch out of them and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in with his white unmentionables, so he quickly made his resolve. He carefully disrobed himself of his valuable "whites," and placed them in safety on the fence, while he gave chase with unscreened pedals, through the wet grass after the horse. Returning to the fence where he had disposed his lily unmentionables — *Oh! horrible dictu!* what a sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned, was not only a "horse pasture," but a "calf pasture," too, and the naughty calves, attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and calf-like, had torn it up. What a pickle this was for a nice young man to be in! It was now near daylight and the farmers were up and about, our hero far from home, with no covering for his "traveling apparatus." It would not do to go to the house of his ladylove, neither could he go back to town in that plight. There was only one resource left him, and that was to secrete himself in the bushes until the next night, and then get home under the cover of darkness.

Safely hid, he ramined under the protection of the bushes for some time, and it may be imagined that his feelings toward the calf kind were not of the most friendly character, but ere long, his seclusion was destined to be intruded upon. By and by, the boys, who had been out to feed the calves, returned with the remains of the identical white garment which adorned the lower limbs of their late visitor. They were mangled and torn to shreds! An inqust was immediately held over them. Some awful fate had befallen the young man. The neighbors were summoned to search for the mangled corpse, and the posse with all speed set out with dogs and arms. The pasture was thoroughly scoured, and then the adjacent thickets, when lo! and behold! our hero was driven out from his lair by the keen scent of the dogs, all safe, alive and well, minus the linen. An explanation then ensued at the expense of our hero, but he was successful in the end, and married the lady, and is now living comfortabiy in one of the flourishing little towns of Iowa.

A SOUTHERNER ON STEAM ENGINES AND NIGGERS.—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have received the following funny letter from one of the subscribers to the Atlantic Monthly, in Louisiana:

———, June 24, 1858.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co:

Gentlemen—In an article heded 'What are we going to make,' in the last No. of your Magazine, the writer thinks that the Millenium for niggers is to be brought about by steam, on the ground that a bushil of coal fed to a steam engin will produce more power than a bushil of Injin corn fed to a nigger, and that the great improvement that is to take place in these engins in 60 or 100 years will enable us to navigate our corn fields, and plow as much cotton, with one critter of this sort, in the same length of time, and less expence, than with 10 niggers; consequently, we will free the niggers as a nusence, and take the engin instead. Now jest grant that what he says about plowin by steem should turn out true—and cotton could be grow'd in this way—I gest want to ask him one question—When it comes to *pickin out*, where is his steam engine then. It takes *fingers* to du this sort of work, and no steem engin will ever be made to strike a lick like them. If we ever du plow by steam, which I went deny mought be done, we'll turn our niggers into Pickers—make more cotton and sell it at a less price. He is whot might be called a speculativo genius, like a feller who lives not far from here; he thought he'd make an improvement in *pick'n* and then monkeys would be the very article. One monkey would pick as much as a nigger, and one nigger could oversee ten monkeys. The monkeys was got and the trial maid; the only mistake about it was, instead of one nigger managing 10 monkeys it took 10 niggers to manage one monkey; so he has given up experimentin and sticks to the old way of gatherin his crop. Some one says that every man is crasy on some subject. Your man is crasy on steem, but its not exactly the *right* sort to *elevate the idees*. Tell him to fire up and try agin. You will excuse for saying that I think some of your articles is rather tou hifalutin on abolishen subject. Respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. Tell your breakfast table man to *go ahead*—he's one of em.

NOT BAD.—Not long ago, writes a correspondent of the Knickerbocker, an attorney with considerable swell, but not much brains, came to C——, in Ohio, to locate. One day, when the Post Office was full, waiting the distribution of the mails, a half-witted fellow stepped up to him in the crowd, and said: "Mr. S., I'm told you have come here to practice law." "Yes, I have." "Well, you will find it a first rate location. Hadn't lived here four months before I was sued ten times." "Well, it seems to me I could live here for years without being sued at all." "I presume you could," said our half-witted friend; "people here are pretty darned smart. They don't sue a fellow without he's good for the costs!"

A TELEGRAPHIC BLUNDER.—At Buffalo the other day, as we are told by the Commercial, the Assistant Superintendent of the Niagara Falls branch of the Central Railroad, received a dispatch, dated at the Falls, which read: "Send down by the 6.15. P. M. train, four coaches for Mrs. C." He thought this rather unusual, but the dispatch was explicit. After some hesitation, he concluded that the lady mentioned was probably about to give a grand pic-nic excursion, and treat all her dear five hundred friends to a ride upon the rail to some pleasant spot, and be hospitable with a vengance. Four handsome passenger cars were accordingly dispatched to the Falls. When they arrived there, the wonderment of the depot officials was excited by the arrival of such a train, and the thing remained a mystery until a little more telegraphing established the fact that the lady in question had a swelled face, and sent to Buffalo for *four leaches*, which had been perverted into four coaches, by a mistake of the operator.