

Bellevue



Gazette.

A Family Newspaper--D voted to Demo cracy, Literature, Agriculture, Mechanics, Education, Amusements and General Intelligence.

VOL. 2.

BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1858.

NO. 39.

Bellevue Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT BELLEVUE CITY, N. T.

Henry M. Burt & Co.

Terms of Subscription.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Square (12 lines or less) 1st insertion	\$1 00
Each subsequent insertion	50
One square, one month	2 50
One-half square, one month	1 50
One-fourth square, one month	1 00
One-eighth square, one month	75
One square, six months	12 00
One-half square, six months	7 50
One-fourth square, six months	5 00
One-eighth square, six months	3 75
One square, one year	20 00
One-half square, one year	13 00
One-fourth square, one year	10 00
One-eighth square, one year	7 50
Business cards (6 lines or less) 1 year	5 00
One column, one year	60 00
One-half column, one year	35 00
One-fourth column, one year	20 00
One-eighth column, one year	10 00
Column, six months	35 00
Half column, six months	20 00
Quarter column, six months	10 00
Eighth column, six months	8 00
Column, three months	20 00
Half column, three months	13 00
Quarter column, three months	10 00
Eighth column, three months	8 00
Announcing candidates for office	5 00

JOB WORK.

For eighth sheet bills, per 100	\$2 00
For quarter " " " "	4 00
For half " " " "	8 00
For whole " " " "	16 00
For colored paper, half sheet, per 100	5 00
For blank, per quire, first quire	3 00
Each subsequent quire	1 00
Cards, per pack	1 50
Each subsequent pack	1 00
For Ball Tickets, fancy paper per hund	6 00
Each subsequent hundred	4 00

BUSINESS CARDS.

Bowen & Strickland,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Real Estate, City Lots and Claims bought and sold. Purchasers will do well to call at our office and examine our list of City Lots, &c., before purchasing elsewhere. Office in Cook's new building, corner of Fifth and Main streets.

L. L. Bowen,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Bellevue, N. T. 1-1f

S. A. Strickland,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Bellevue, N. T. 1-1f

T. B. Lemon,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office, Fontenelle Bank, Bellevue, Nebraska Territory. 1v3l

C. T. Holloway,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Bellevue, N. T. 1-1f

W. H. Cook,
GENERAL LAND AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Bellevue City, Nebraska. 1-1f

W. H. Longsdorf, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office on Main, between Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Sixth streets, Bellevue City. 33f

W. W. Harvey,
COUNTY SURVEYOR OF SARPY CO., will attend to all business of Surveying, laying out and dividing lands, surveying and platting towns and roads. Office on Main street, Bellevue, N. T. 26-1f

B. P. Rankin,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, La Platte, N. T. 1-1f

J. P. Peck, M. D.,
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN, Omaha, Neb.—by aka—Office and residence on Dodge Street. (1y6)

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

D. J. Sullivan, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—Head of Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa. nov 13 1-1f

WM. R. SMITH, J. H. SMITH
Smith & Brother,
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*

THOS. MACON, AUG. MACON,
Macon & Brother,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW & LAND AGENTS, Omaha City, Nebraska. Office on corner of Farham and Fourteenth Streets. 42f

Greene, Wear & Benton,
BANKERS AND LAW AGENTS, Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie county, Iowa. Greene & Wear, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Greene, Wear & Rice, Fort Des Moines, Ia. Collections made; Taxes paid; and Lands purchased and sold, in any part of Iowa. 1-1f

D. H. Solomon,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Glenwood, Mills Co., Iowa, practices in all the Courts of western Iowa, Nebraska, and the Supreme Court of Iowa. Land Agency not in the Programme. no 4-1f

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.—1-1f

J. H. BROWN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR 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, and taxes paid. Letters of inquiry relative to any parts of the Territory answered, if accompanied with a fee.

REFERENCES:

Hon. Lyman Tebbull, 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, Wear & Benton, Council Bluffs, I.
Nuckolls & Co., Glenwood, Iowa. [231c]

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. Gilmore, Receiver, Omaha.
Hon. Eneas Lowe, " "
Hon. S. A. Strickland, Bellevue.
Hon. John Finney, " "
Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City, Omaha, June 29, 1857. 35

H. F. CLARKE, A. M. CLARKE.

CLARKE & BROTHER,
GROCCERS,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Steam Boat and Collecting Agents,
BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA.

Dealers in Pine Lumber, Doors, Sash, Flour, Meal, Bacon, &c. Direct Goods, "Care CLARKE & Bro., Bellevue, Nebraska." v2n1

BOYES & CO'S

WESTERN LITHOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

Florence, Nebraska, in Main St. Business Cards, Checks & Bills, Certificates, and every description of plain and fancy engraving, executed promptly in eastern style. 3m32

Thomas Sarpy,

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. 22y2

Geo. Snyder, JOHN H. SHERMAN.

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.

Special attention given to buying and selling real estate, and making pre-emptions in Nebraska.

Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing drawn with dispatch; acknowledgments taken, &c., &c. Office west side of Madison street, just above Broadway. nov 13 1-1f.

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. 21-1f-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 freights 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: Livermore & Cooley, S. C. Davis & Co. and Humphrey, Putt & Torry, St. Louis, Mo.; Tootle & Fairleigh, St. Joseph, Mo.; J. S. Chenoweth & Co., Cincinnati Ohio; W. F. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-1f

POETRY.

Thought.

BY MRS. D. M. F. WALKER.

We see it, feel it, know its power,
Its impress stamps the man—
Oppression cannot make it cover,
'Tis always in the van.

It glitters in the wishful tear
Which dims the infants eye;
We hear it in the school-boy's cheer,
The loud laugh ringing high.

We see it on the maiden's brow
In lines so sad and sweet!
That parting hand—we feel it now—
That kiss—again we'll meet.

It lingers in the mother's gaze—
She looks upon her son;
Ah! what will be his future ways,
The race which he will run!

It shines out in the student's look,
With golden schemes inwrought;
Ambition's hope, his fame, his book,
All center in one thought.

It flashes in the statesman's eye,
It trembles on his lip;
Its thunder shakes oppression's sky,
Its lightnings through it flit.

We read its name for ages back—
Rome knows its power full well;
Old Egypt bears its stately track,
And France a tale could tell.

Our history's page is written o'er
With thought and noble deed;
It drove the Pilgrims to our shore,
And thought, our nation freed.

And thought will break the tyrant's rod,
Will set the nations free,
Will give humanity one God,
The world one unity.

'Tis mighty for the loftiest deeds,
Omnipotent in power—
A universe at will it leads;
You CAN NOT MAKE IT COVER!

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Bellevue Gazette.

The Hope of Immortality.

BY LINA LINWOOD.

"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 all these I know and
Wait me on the shining shore,
And the Angel will restore
All my hearts lost wealth at last."

How sweetly upon the weary suffering heart rests the hope of immortality, bringing light and peace in the saddest and darkest hours of our changing destiny. It is well for us that life does not ever present for us the one unvarying scene of brightness and beauty with which we invest it in our childhood, else life would become too dear and valued, the thoughts of death too terrible, and even the glorious hopes of immortality, repulsive and unpleasant. But with its mingled web of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, with its cares, trials and disappointments, how gladly we welcome its light.

Reader have you ever stood amid the wreck of all things most loved and valued? Have you with the suffocating agony of a heart from which the last tear drop had been pressed, seen the grave close over all that could render life dear or attractive, and then come back to a home hallowed by a thousand tender associations of the past, from which the very sunshine looked sad, and the green hills, the fair flowers, and the merry happy songs of birds, came as mockery to your aching heart rather than evidences of a kind Father's care and love? If so you may then know by experience how the sweet hope of an immortal life beyond the grave, where the broken links of affection's chain may be reunited to be severed no more forever, may give energy and calmness when every earthly dependence has failed; and comforted by the sublime thought, that if alone on earth God is in Heaven with the power and the will to bless, with a heart to love every being God has created, with stores of thought to interest and amuse, and Angel voices to nightly whisper approval, a lone-

ly life need not necessarily be a very unhappy one.

If agreeable to you, Mr. Editor, I may occasionally spend a few hours in a home that sometimes seems lonely, and sad, in writing some pleasant reminiscences of the eventful past, and if I may find employment to win me from sad thoughts, and the reader may sometimes glean amusement and instruction, my object will have been attained.

"And now although I stand
Far beyond youth's fairy land,
All alone,
Let Time's touch be soft and light,
Let it ripen and not blight;
So shall I bid life good night,
Ere I lose its morning song."
BELLEVUE, Aug. 1st, 1858.

The Western Man.

The population of the West is made up of that class of people who may be called emphatically *live men*. That portion of their native to the soil, have from their early boyhood been accustomed to a great extent to depend upon their own resources which has rendered them self-reliant, energetic and enterprising. They have been taught to deny themselves the luxuries, which are considered indispensable in older settled countries, and have become strong in constitution and vigorous in mind; are quick to devise business schemes, and active in carrying them into effect.

Those who come West from other States to acquire a permanent residence and to fully identify themselves with Western interests, are that kind of persons who desire a better field wherein to display their business capacities and to increase their store; they are industrious and persevering, and almost always accomplish their object.

The true Western man is found in both these classes. He enters with the right spirit into all her enterprises, and upholds her institutions with all the influence he possesses; he is ever engaged in active pursuits beneficial alike to himself and the community in which he lives; he thinks there is no land like that which furnishes him with a living, and doesn't expect to buy things as cheap as if he lived in New York. He assists his neighbor in business all he can, knowing that "if you tuck me, I'll tuckle you," is the best policy. He doesn't complain of the absence of luxuries and conveniences which do not belong to new countries, but is willing to wait till the course of time places them in his reach. He likes money and works hard to procure it, is not niggardly with it, but spends it with liberality. He is cheerful and contented; the prosperity of others causes no envious feelings in his bosom, for he expects by his own exertions to secure a competency in due season. He is whole-souled, warm-hearted and independent.

The Western man is not clanish, neither is he bent upon his own aggrandizement to an extent that would warrant the accusation of selfishness, although thro' his business habits many little things which are unimportant in themselves, but which seem so necessary to some people, escape his attention. With this kind of men for the arbiters of her destiny, what may not the future of the West be? Is there anything so grand that she may not hope to attain it? Are there any difficulties in the way of her speedy arrival at that commanding position of greatness which her people claim is in store for her, that may not be surmounted? The answer is plain.

But we have those among us who are not of the kind spoken of above; they are the cause of the saying, that "in the West every man is for himself." It is the case with them, and they are anxious that it should be considered so with all. They avow that it is their intention to make money, and when that is accomplished leave the country. They are not with us, nor of us, and the sooner the West is freed from them, for they are numerous, the quicker will she accomplish the high purposes of those who have her welfare at heart.—Monthly Reporter.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR, says the N. Y. Daily News, has determined to build three large steamships, so constructed that they can be used for commercial or naval purposes. The object that Mr. Astor has in view, is to give work to the several thousand suffering mechanics and laborers out of employment.—When the vessels are completed, he will offer them for sale to the United States Government, and if they should decline to purchase, to the European powers. Any surplus that may remain after the cost of construction and a reasonable interest. Mr. Astor intends to divide among the workmen. The cost will be about \$3,000,000.

Great Clock.

Henry C. Wright, in a letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg:

The priests and military have retired and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than one hundred feet, and about thirty feet wide and fifteen feet deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the workings of this wonderful clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes of twelve.—The clock has struck, and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man with a wand and sword is conducting around the building. The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet above the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, with a bell in his left hand and a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides, with a slow step, round behind Time, and out comes an old man with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, which echoes through the building and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on, ready to perform his part as the time comes around again. As soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared another set of machinery is set in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: there is a high cross, with an image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes in. So twelve apostles—figures as large as life—walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death.

No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years when it stood out of repair.

A Quaker Joke.

A correspondent sends us the following good thing for the hot weather: K—, the Quaker President of a Pennsylvania Railroad, during the confusion and panic last fall, called upon the W—Bank, with which the road had kept a large, regular account and asked for an extension of a part of its paper falling due in a few days. The Bank President declined rather abruptly, saying, in a tone common with that fraternity: "Mr. K., your paper must be paid at maturity. We cannot renew it."

"Very well," the Quaker replied, and left the Bank. But he did not let the matter drop here. On leaving the Bank, he walked quietly over to the depot and telegraphed all the agents and conductors on the Road, to reject the Bills on the W—Bank.—In a few hours trains began to arrive, full of the panic, and bringing the news of distrust of the W—Bank all along the line of the Road. Stockholders and depositors flocked to the Bank, and making the panic, inquiring, "What's the matter?"—"Is the Bank broke?" A little inquiry by the officers showed that the trouble originated in the rejection of the bills by the Railroad. The President seized his hat and rushed down to the Quaker's office and came bustling in with the inquiry:

"Mr. K., have you directed the refusal of our currency by your agents?"
"Yes," was the quiet reply.
"Why is this? It will ruin us!"
"Well, friend L—, I supposed thy Bank was about to fail, as thee could not renew a little paper for us this morning." It is needless to say Mr. L—renewed all the Quaker's papers and enlarged his line of discount, while the magic wires carried all along the Road, every agent the sedative message, "The W—Bank is all right. Thee may take its currency."

A tipsy Irishman leaning against a lamp post as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead?
"I can't say, sir," said he, "but I presume it is the juteleman in the coffin."

A Yankee.

The Boston Olive Branch having called the editor of the New York Atlas a Yankee, the Atlas man gets off the following:

"But we own up to the Yankee, and feel no little pride in it; but we didn't hail from Berkshire exactly. We have dropped pumpkin seeds and have eaten hasty pudding and milk in New Hampshire, and have plowed, mowed, reaped, and logged it in the State of Maine. We have fished for minnows with a pin-hook, and carried our bread and butter to school; and we have seen dog-diving on the Kennebec river; club-floored girl to slide down hill made slippery by the fall of pine leaves, on her feet, for the fun of seeing her catch her toes and roll over and over, and we have gone into the swamps with two yoke of oxen and a bob sled, when the snow was five feet deep, and felled trees, 'twitched' logs all day, and went home at night-fall to 'bean porridge hot;' we have been to a few prayer meetings, that's a fact, and we've been to 'huskins,' too, and 'apple-bees,' 'raisings,' 'bundlings,' and 'militia musters.'

We have helped make cider, and afterwards set 'a straddle,' of a barrel, and sucked it with a straw. We have set up all night at a saw-mill, and have set up all night with a gal. We have a high opinion of johnny-cake and 'sassinger,' and we have frequently had a finger in the making of the latter; we have eaten our share of codfish and potatoes, with pork scraps, and we guess we have licked a proper proportion of 'lasses candy, and also boys; we have pulled flax for ninepence a day, because we had a sick-head-ache and couldn't go to school, and have had teeth pulled with a piece of strong thread; we have traveled over the fields in the Spring with a maul, knocking about what you-call-'ems, and have popped corn in the ashes; we have turned the grind-stone all day to sharpen a new axe, wrapped jack-knives, broken steers and colts; set traps for skunks and woodchucks tapped our own shoes, 'licked' the school master, robbed the milk pan's of the cream and laid it to the cat, pitched into the apple 'sars,' hooked maple sugar, and named other things 'too tedious to mention,' but for particulars of which see small bills.

The Four-Cent Man.

Among the individual peculiarities of New York, known alike by strangers and citizens, is him with a thundering voice—the "Four-Cent-Man." For many years he has made it his business to sell paper and envelopes on the street, having but one price—four cents—for a certain quantity of the article he has to sell. Day after day, from morning to night, in every kind of weather, he marches moderately on the outside of the walk, chiefly in Nassau Street, with his samples, or parcels, arranged so as to be handy, and with a leather bag suspended by a strap from his shoulder, containing his surplus stock. Thus equipped, he calls out in a distinct, sonorous voice, and with a slow and deliberate utterance—TWELVE SHEETS—OF WRITING-PAPER—FOR—FOUR-CENT—TWENTY-FIVE—SELF-SEALING-ENVELOPES—FOR—FOUR-CENT.

Over a voice like this, the combined roar and din of a thousand drays and omnibuses has no power. Above the clatter of business and the turmoil of the streets his voice is heard, and it resounds through halls to rear rooms on sixth floors all along the street where he goes, and when he comes down on the 700-0-3-2-2-2-2-2-2, one thinks of the lion and stops to wonder. He regards Nassau and William streets as his own field, and has become an established institution. Some years since, one or two men with common voices tried to run him off by crying paper at three cents, but what with the meanness of the thing, and the comparative squeaking of their pusillanimous voices, joined to the persistent, consistent, and unquailing voice of the "FOUR-CENT MAN" at their heels, they were soon silenced. Few bought of them, and it was fun for the crowd to listen to the two voices and witness the unwavering steadiness of our hero. When that voice, than which there is not its equal in the world, shall be hushed in Nassau Street, it will seem, as one might suppose it would at Niagara, should another Cyrus divert the river into a new bed. Long live the famous "FOUR-CENT MAN!"

The gettters-up of a bear hunt in Minnesota, invite the ladies to participate in the sport. But the ladies had better not do it, especially if they dress fashionably. Each of them might chance to be shot from appearing to be "a little bare."

Prentice.

Here is an old poetical epitaph on a woman who was struck by lightning: She died of thunder sent from Heaven In 1777.