Dr Thos H Webb

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM.

BY D. E. REED, & CO. BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS CO., NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1855. VOL. 1.—NO. 30.

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM
AND
PLATTE VALLEY ADVOCATE.
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Thos. Morton.
D. E. REED, & COMPANY,
Editors and Proprietors,
BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEBRASKA

TERMS.—One copy one year, $2 00—one copy six months, $1 00—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No subscriptions received for less than six months.

☞ No paper will be discontinued except at the discretion of the proprietors, until all arrearages are paid.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BELLEVIEW.

I. H. BENNET,
Has opened a boarding house at Belleview, for the accommodation of regular boarders, and occasional visitors, who, he will take pleasure in making as comfortable as lies in his power.
Belleview, Nebraska. oct 26, '54

S. A. STRICKLAND,
Attorney at Law.
HAVING determined to locate permanently at Belleview, I will promptly attend to any business entrusted to me professionally.
S. A. STRICKLAND
Belleview, Dec. 1, 1854.

W. R. ENGLISH,
NEGOTIATOR, Collector, General Land Agent, Counsellor at Law, &c., &c. Belleview, Nebraska.
Having an experience of 17 years in the Territory, will pay prompt attention to all communications, post paid, in regard to the Territory, &c., &c.
☞ Office near the Government building, and in rear of P. A. Sarpy's banking house.
Belleview City, Nebraska, July 15, 1854.

C. E. WATSON,
Land Agent, Surveyer and Engineer, Belleview, Nebraska. n1-1y

ST. MARY.

G. W. WALLACE,
Physician and Surgeon, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of St. Mary and vicinity. Office two miles northwest of St. Mary, on the Musquito creek.
aug 31-1y*

WATSON, KINNEY & GREEN,
General Land Agents, St. Mary, Mills County, Iowa. Will attend to the purchase and sale of real estate, the perfecting of titles, paying taxes, &c., &c.
☞ Farming land and village lots, to suit purchasers, on hand, for sale cheap, and on reasonable terms.
CHAS. E. WATSON.
L. B. KINNEY.
n43-tf JOSEPH GREEN.

WILLIAMS & WILSON'S SAW MILL.
Keg Creek, Mills Co., Iowa. The proprietors of this mill intend to keep lumber of all descriptions constantly on hand; also to supply all special orders for lumber at short notice, for cash. n42-3m

SIGN PAINTER AND GILDER.
THE subscriber having located himself at St. Mary is prepared to execute orders of every discription of Plain, Fancy, and Ornamental Painting. Signs painted, lettered and gilded in the most approved style, and in the neatest manner. Patronage respectfully solicited. Office, at H. Myers, Front Street, St. Mary. STANISLAUS SCHEMANSKY.
St. Mary, Sept. 27, '54.

P. A. SARPY,
Wholesale and Commission Merchant, dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Books and Stationery, corner of Main and Gregory streets.
aug 31-1y*

C. E. WATSON,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, and Surveyor, Office at the Store of Greene, Kinney, & Co., St. Mary, Mills co., Iowa. Aug. 2, '54.

W. N. BYERS,
LAND SURVEYOR—Omaha City, Nebraska Territory. Land claims selected and located. Agent for the purchase, improvement and sale of city property or lands.
REFERENCES:
Hon. Joseph Williams, Muscatine, Iowa;
J. D. McCall, Esq., Fort Desmoine, Iowa;
Hon. Enos Lowe, Bluff City, Iowa.
N. B.—Letters of enquiry relative to Northern Nebraska, answered promptly.
Omaha City, Jan 31, '55-1y.

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM.
BELLEVIEW, NEBRASKA.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1855.

INDICATIONS OF CORRUPTION.

We understand that some rather sharp sparring took place between Mr. Poppleton of Douglas, and Rev. Mr. Wood of Forney county, in the House, a few days since.

During the sparring, Mr. Wood threatened to disclose something which had been done by the Douglas delegation, in reference to the Capitol Bill, whereupon, Mr. Poppleton dared Mr. Wood to make the disclosure, and accused him of *treachery*; said Mr. Wood had promised solemnly to support Omaha for the Capitol, "first, last and always," and said that he had made that promise for certain considerations. Mr. Wood did not deny making the promise, but stated that he had reasons for voting as he did. Whether that reason was, that he had already got the scrip, and was consequently independent of them, is a question that he did not enlighten the House upon.

If Mr. Wood got the advantage of the Omaha clique, by getting the scrip before acting, it certainly was—as Mr. Poppleton intimated—treacherous in that gentleman to desert them in the trying hour.

The Omaha delegation seem to be down on Mr. Wood, and some of them seem to whisper that it would be dangerous for him, should the facts in the case be fully disclosed.

Query—why did not Mr. Wood make the disclosure which he threatened? This is the query which the Omaha delegation seem to make and we would like to hear the answer.

The fact is, we would like to hear Mr. Wood come out fully in regard to this matter, for we are not yet willing to believe that he has been corrupted as some North of the Platte would make it appear by their insinuations. Those who are the enemies of Mr. Wood, but were his friends formerly, it appears would make the people south of the Platte believe there should be no confidence placed in him. The query which we now put is, will Mr. Wood remain quiet and let his enemies get and keep every advantage of him?

The following communication confirms the exposition of the case already referred to.

Debate between Mr. Poppleton and Mr. Wood of Douglas and Forney County.—Mr. Poppleton accused Mr. Wood of pledging himself to vote for Omaha City for the Capitol and then *not* doing it.

Mr. Wood did not deny making the pledge, even admitted it. But said he had good reasons for breaking his pledge, which he would tell if Mr. Poppleton insisted. Mr. Poppleton *dared* him to make the disclosures, which Mr. Wood did not see fit to make at that time.

It is whispered at Omaha City, that Mr. Wood is in the leading strings of the Omaha party and he *dare* not tell what has influenced his actions and vote upon that question. That there have been bribes offered to members of the Legislature, we have no doubt, and to members hailing from the South of the Platte also, but we are not yet prepared to think that the Reverned gentleman, Mr. Wood above referred to, is among the number, although the inference to be draw from the debate leads us somewhat to that conclusion.

We hope the gentleman will make a full statement of the case and relieve his friends and the public from any further doubts on the question; that is if he is not afraid to let the truth come; should he not do so, we must come to the conclusion that he "loves darkness rather than light."

☞ A man in Michigan, not long since committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the bank of the lake. Verdict—"Found empty."

☞ On the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Manchester, Vermont, to Miss Sarah J. Dove.

It isn't often that you see
So queer a kind of love;
O, what a savage he must be
To Tommy-Hawk a Dove!

SCENE IN A KNOW NOTHING LODGE.—Question. Will you hereafter do all in your power to extend and perpetuate the potatoe rot, in order to keep the Irish out of the country?

Answer. I will; and further, I will extend and perpetuate rot-gut whiskey, in order to kill them after they get here.

☞ It is estimated that Iowa will increase its population one hundred thousand this year by emigration.

Selected Poetry.

☞ We copy from the Louisville Journal the following lines. We defy any tasteful lover of poety to read them without exclaiming—"how beautiful!"

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee;
For nature lies in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, in that still and mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart.
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thine?

Forever thine my dreams will be,
Whate'er may be fortunes here,
I ask not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon, a tear;
May e'er blest visions from above
Play brightly round thy happy heart.
And may the beams of peace and love
Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart.
Farewell! my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me!

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blooms depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die—
The holy memory in my heart;
No dews that flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing in heaven.
My soul greet thine, unmasked, unsought,
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell? my far off friend!
Between us broad, blue rivers flow,
And forests wave and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow
Is not the wind that breathes on mine,
The star beams shining on thee now,
Are not the beams that on me shine.
But memory's spell is with us yet—
Cans't the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that you and I
May shed whene'r by anguish bowed,
Exhaled into the noonlide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much beloved friend, though we,
Far, far apart, must live and move,
Our souls when God shall set them free,
Can mingle in the world of love.
This was an ecstacy to me—
Say—would it be so to thee?

From the Mother's Journal.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

BY FLORENCE FENWOOD.

Mother, my sleep is sweet
Whene'er I dream of thee,
When my young thoughts so fleet
Upward to Heaven flee.

Last night, I dreamed that thou
Hand'st come to earth once more;
I kissed thy beauteous brow,
As I had done before.

I twined thy dark brown hair
Around my little hands;
And weeping breathed my prayer,
"O stay death's dread commands!"

I gazed into thine eye,
I pressed my lips to thine,
"O mother, do not die,
And leave thy Florentine!"

"No, I shall never die,"
Thy sweet voice answered me;
"My home is now on High,
And there is room for thee."

"Death never enters here
To take a friend away;
No gloomy graveyard's near
Filled with the damp decay.

"Here songs of love are sung,
In strains that swell divine;
Here golden harps are strung
To Heavenly music's chime."

Thy story makes me glad,
Dear mother, up in Heaven,
I'll never more be sad,
When a harp to me is given.

O Mother, when I wake,
My spirit longs to come;
Ask Jesus Christ to take
His little wanderer Home.

Then I will be with thee,
In that bright, happy land;
And my dear Father see,
A blest, unbroken band.

☞ A young gentleman at a ball whisking about the room ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologize. "Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body."

THE DINNER HOUR.—"Sally, what time do your folks dine?"

"Soon as you go away—that's Missus orders."

☞ The Dayton Gazette says that a lady feeding a power press is apt to catch cold, because she has to lay on damp sheets.

NOTE PAPER.—Among the bits of gossip now floating in Paris, is one relative to a rich American, who wrote to Mademoiselle de S———, of the opera, a tender epistle upon the back of a bank note. The lady smiled and sent a verbal reply, with the apology that she was entirely out of note paper, and would be thankful to M. l'American to send her a quire or two of his.

Selected Matter.

A RECEIPT FOR GETTING A HUSBAND. The following simple and expeditious method of acquiring a husband, we clip from an English paper. It is a receipt which is said to be almost invariably efficacious, and we recommend it to the consideration of lady aspirants for joy matrimonial, who are beyond a certain age:

"A gentleman of the bar in a neighboring county in easy circumstances and pretty good practice, had rendered himself somewhat remarkable by his attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation. A maiden rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant in the neighborhood, hearing of this lawyer's speculating propensity, that his character was unexceptionable, and his situation in life tolerably good, resolved upon making him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient: She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of the law to prepare her will. He attended for that purpose. By her will she devised £10,000 in bank stock to be divided among her three cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes to a niece, and a vast landed estate to a favorite nephew. The will being finished, she gave her lawyer a very liberal fee, and enjoined secresy upon him for some pretended purpose, thus precluding him from an inquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result? In a fortnight the lady thought proper to be again restored to health. The lawyer called to congratulate her on her restoration—begged permission to visit her, which was politely given. After a short courtship, the desired offer was made. The bargain was completed and ratified by the priest. The lawyer's whole estate by his wife consists of an annuity of sixty-five dollars."

APOSTROPHE TO GOLD.

God of the craven heart! idol of millions, how splendid are thy temples, how zealous are thy worshipers! They gather around thy smile in the morning, they leave not thy devotions at midnight!—Thou smilest upon them, and they grow mad in the midnight of their palaces.—They make themselves monarchs in fancy, and conquers in dreams. Who can withstand thee? Thou leadest the feet of beauty, and dost direct the arm of the brave! thy pathway of triumphs, thy presence the solace of power! Thou didst silence the voice of eloquence when he Macedonian held thee up glittering before the eye not the orator; and the mistress of the world rose before thee in the balance! Disposer of empires! thou spreadest all over the world. Thy spell nerved the assassin and urged the betrayer. Thy yellow visage inspired the spoiler when he sought thee on the crimson field, and made himself red in the carnage, in all ages thou has triumphed. Whether in the thirty pieces rewarding a Judas, or the sparkling crown on the brow of a tyrant, always alike invincible. The man of business bows, obsequently to thee.—The man of fashion falls before the thee, and the miser clothes thy garment as though it were the curtain of heaven! Thou hast a retinue of coaches, and an army of slaves. Thou hast a goal of splendid misery; where guilt makes her alliance with death. The virgin of the sanctuary fears not thy footsteps, and the shorn priest flies not the power of thy magic.—*Ossian*

SUNDAY RUM SELLING IN NEW YORK. The New York papers generally state the great mass of rum shops in that city were closed on Sunday last, the sellers being convinced that Mayor Wood would carry out the law and revoke their licences. As a consequence, hardly a drunken man was seen in the streets during the day or evening. The papers exclaim that the day of miracles are not past.

GIRDLE ROUND THE GLOBE.—Tal. P. Shaffner, Esq., the editor of the American Telegraph Magazine, has just returned from his expedition to Europe, where he has been making arrangements for the construction of an electric telegraph around the world. One great object of his visit was to negotiate with the Danish Government for the exclusive right to lay a line over Greenland, Iceland, the Faroe Isles, and Denmark, for the term of one hundred years; and the acquisition of similar rights over Norway, Sweden and Russia.—Western Watchman.

☞ The Know-Nothings were totally defeated at recent municipal elections held lately at Pittsburgh Penn., and Atlanta Ga.

BASS WOOD PAPER.—The Albany Evening Journal is now printed on paper manufactured of Bass Wood.

ROUGH HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.

It is lamentable that so many young people of the present age, are deluded with the love of riches. Their minds are like the troubled sea, forever in motion. The dollar, the *mighty* dollar, occupies all their thoughts, enters into all their hopes and desires, and is the impulse of all their actions.

In pursuit of gold, they leave the comfortable homes of their childhood, bid adieu to the comforts of life, leave their worn-out parents to totter down to the grave in solitude, and brave the dangers of sea and land, and any or every clime. In their fatal delusion, they rush onward, squandering health and life, or if they attain their utmost desires, and return to their early homes, it is to learn that gold cannot satisfy the longings of the immortal mind. The time was when parents had their sons and daughters around them, contented and happy. Their desires had not learned to wander to the ends of earth. They were industrious, and their industry supplied all their rational wants. But now, if you call at a farm house, instead of finding the parents in their easy chairs, with a company of happy children around them, all eager to supply their wants, you see them toiling on all alone; their sons are on the ocean, or buried beneath its waves; or in California, or *Nebraska*, and their daughters in factories or in city shops, breathing impure air and wearing themselves out in the prime of life. We are told that the world is advancing; that the human race are improving. Go ask that aged father and mother if this be true. Ask them if people now, with all their boasted improvements and refinement, are happier than they were, when parents had their children around them, and the love of gold had not taken possession of their hearts; and they will tell you no, no, not a tenth part as much happiness is enjoyed now as then.

This age is yet to learn that happiness cannot be purchased by gold—and that a thousand needless wants are but causes of misery instead of pleasure.

Young man, young woman, remember that better is a dinner of herbs, aye, better is a log cabin, a rude bench, a brown loaf, where peace and contentment reign, than the most costly palace and all the luxuries gold can purchase, with a restless, unsatisfied mind.

Thousands have wandered from home, drawn away by the desire of riches, and left their bones in a distant land, who would have given worlds, if in their power, to have spent only their last hour with their friends. Thousands have suffered and died among strangers, almost uncared for, who, had they not been led astray by false hopes of becoming rich, might now be living to bless and comfort the last days of fond parents, and to shed happiness on all loved circles of brothers, sisters and friends.

STRENGTH OF THE PAPISTS.

In the Church Recorder we find the following statistics on this subject:

With what success have the Papists met in our land? Maryland was originally settled by them. Until the year 1820 Florida was as completely theirs as Cuba is at present. In Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and all the territory west of the Mississippi, they held the ground, and had a golden opportunity of laying broad and deep their foundations. But in which of these States have they now a predominant control? In Maryland there are but 95 Papal churches, while there are 800 Protestants. Of 152 in Florada, 5 belonging to the Pope. Of 278 in Louisiana, only 55. Of 133 in Texas, only 13. For the last fifty years, Papal immigants have landed on our shores by millions.—There have also been monthly importations of ecclesiastics, who now number 7 archbishops, and 1,745 priests. These have started and kept in operation 20 colleges, 20 theological seminaries, 120 female academies, and 53 weekly, 1 monthly, 1 quarterly, and 2 annual periodicals. How much have they gained on the Protestants? What is their comparative strength in numbers? The Protestants houses of worship, compared with the Roman, are as 32 to 1. Unless we misinterpret the signs of the times, the Jesuits are on the wane. They have been sowing their seed in an uncongenial soil. They are multiplying their reapers, but are gathering no harvest.

☞ A Congressman from Tennessee twitted a New England member of coming from a section of country too poor to raise anything but calves and jackasses.

"True," said the New Englander, "we do raise calves and jackasses, but we don't send them to Congress, as your State does."

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life path may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single, lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the unpitying world pass you with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you well-nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that no body was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns or repine sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and bouyancy of spirit, which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.—A correspondent writes of this eminent gentleman as follows:

"I think it was in the year 1816 or 1817, I was then a boy residing in Nashville, Tenn., and was on such terms of intimacy with Sam Houston as might exist between a boy of sixteen and a man of twenty-four or five years. Houston was then a lieutenant of infantry. He had been suffering from sickness, which put him on his back for several days. I called to see him. * * * * "But," said he, "I have been reflecting on the trifling, good-for-nothing life I lead, and I am going to change it." "Well," said I, "what character will you appear in next?" "I will quit the army," said he; "I will study law. I will go to Congress. I will be Governor of this State; and I will be President of the United States before I die." Of course I could not refrain from a loud laugh at this, considering it mere idle talk, which could scarcely have the consistence of a dream in his mind. Said he, "you will see; I am quite serious; I feel it in me."

☞ "How do you get along with your arithmetic, and your catechism?" asked a father of his son the other night. "How far have you got?"

"I've ciphered through addition, partition, distraction, justification, hallucination, imputation, creation and adoption.

☞ Robert M. Graham, convicted of the murder of Charles Loring, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, was removed last week from the city prison and taken to Sing Sing, to serve out the seven year's imprisonment for which he was sentenced by Judge Mitchel.

☞ Marriage between persons of the same age is an institution of God. Marriage between an old man and a young woman is an institution of man. Marriage between an old woman and a young man is an institution of the devil.

☞ It is remarked by something of a wag, that where twenty persons have stomachs, but one has brains!—hence brewers get rich, while printers remain poor. Philosophical that.