NEBRASKA PALLADIUM.

BY D. E. REED, & CO. BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS CO., NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1854. VOL. 1.—NO. 16.

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM
AND
PLATTE VALLEY ADVOCATE.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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 paper will be discontinued except at the discretion of the proprietors, until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For each square of twelve lines or less, first insertion,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	50
One square three months,	6 00
One square six months,	8 00
One square twelve months,	12 00
One quarter of a column twelve months,	20 00
One half column twelve months,	30 00
One column twelve months,	50 00
Business cards of eight lines, yearly,	5 00
" " " six months,	3 00
" " " three months,	2 00
Administrators' and Executors' notices,	5 00

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers will therefore understand:

1. That their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they paid, unless otherwise ordered.

2. That no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up to the time at which the notice is given, unless we are satisfied that the subscriber is worthless.

3. That when the paper, through the fault of a subscriber, has been suffered to overrun the time, the just and most convenient way is to remit one dollar for another six months, with directions to discontinue at the end of that time. This direction will, in all cases, be noted upon our books, and if not attended to shall be our loss.

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

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, Surveyor and Engineer, Belleview, Nebraska. n1-1y

ST. MARY.

GEORGE HEPNER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, St. Mary, Mills County, Iowa. aug 31-1y

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*

B. TZSCHUCK,
Topographical Engineer, tenders his professional services to the citizens of St. Mary and vicinity as Surveyor and Engineer in all its varieties. Office in P. A. Sarpy's store, corner of Gregory street. 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.

JAMES O'NEAL,
Drainage Commissioner, Office in St. Mary, Iowa. aug 31-1y

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, Millsco., Iowa. Aug. 2, '54.

ASTOR HOUSE.
THE subscriber has just opened this new and commodious building for the reception of the traveling public, and solicits a share of public favor. Prompt and efficient attention will be paid to all who may favor him with their patronage. His table will be supplied with the best the market affords. A good stable is attached to the premises. WM. ENGELL.
St. Mary, Iowa, mar. 15, '54—n29-tf

A. C. FORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, city of Council Bluffs, Iowa. sept 21-6m

Original Poetry.

[For the Palladium.]

LET YOUTH BE MERRY.

BY MRS. A. D. HEMENWAY.

Crush not the tide of joyous mirth,
That rings with merry glee,
In youth's bright halcyon hours of bliss,
The heart is light and free.

Life has no season, half so sweet,
And free from anxious care,
As youth's gay sunny morn of life,
So lovely and so fair.

Each budding hope, may yet be crush'd,
Beneath the cold world's chill,
And sorrow's hand, may sweep the chords
That now with pleasures thrill.

LUDLOW, Vt., Oct. 24th, 1854.

THE SEER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn,
I hear the Yankee's trail;
His foot is on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

He's whistling round St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded train;
He's leaving on the Pictured Rocks
His fresh tobacco stain.

I hear the mattock in the mines,
The axe-stroke in the dell;
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit's chapel-bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come
From the Mississippi's springs;
And war-chiefs with the painted bows,
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the squaw's birchen canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

By forest, lake and waterfall
I see the pedlar's show;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nation's yet to be;
The first, low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here,
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw materials of State,
Its muscles and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which leads
The new world in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindled on its way,
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Correspondence of the Palladium.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1854.

In the midst of an exciting political canvass the city has been startled by the announcement and almost simultaneous decease of several of our prominent merchants, professional men, and other residents, by a disease resembling the cholera. As in each instance the attack occurred immediately after the party had partaken of a lunch or supper of oysters, and the symptoms were alike in all cases, it is the universal belief that some poisonous property in the shell fish was the cause of the malady. The supposition is confirmed by information from Baltimore, where the oysters and crabs of the Chesapeake seem to have produced similar effects. Among the citizens who have fallen victims to this strange disorder, are Edwin Williams, an eminent statistician and forcible newspaper writer; James Foster, jr., Esq., a wealthy shipping merchant, formerly principal proprietor of the old "Dramatic line" of New York and Liverpool packet ships, (embracing the "Sheridian," "Garrick," "Rosicius," and the "Siddons,") and better known in the fashionable world as "Count Foster," the musical *dillettante*; John H. Cornell, Esq., cashier of the Mechanic's banking association, a most estimable man; Robert Smith, Esq., formerly alderman of the Fifth ward, and M. H. Davidson, a respectable member of the New York bar. There has also been two deaths in Orange county, in consequence of eating oysters, and many persons in the city of Brooklyn, Williamsburg and Hoboken have suffered severely from cramps and cholera morbus, superinduced by the same cause. All the parties whose names I have mentioned, were alive and well six days ago. Most of them were elderly men, their ages ranging from fifty to sixty. Mr. Cornell, I think, was in his fifty-sixth year, and Mr. Foster about the same age.

Something akin to a panic has, as you may suppose, been created by this sad visitation. Oysters are proscribed, and the large and profitable city trade in these articles is literally brought to a standstill. No more fries, or stews, or broils, or dozens raw. The oyster stands are deserted; the sacrificial knives are getting rusty; the bivalves are permitted the rest in their beds undisturbed, and thousands upon thousands of the salacious delicacies that last week would have retailed at two dollars a hundred are absolutely rotting on the hands of their purchasers. I understand that Mr. Chilton, the analytical chemist, who is supposed to know everything, from the cause of the milk in the cocoanut to the ingredients of Pease's candy, has been asked to examine into the "phenomenal condition" of the "Shrewsburys" and "East rivers," and report thereupon. The oyster venders are deeply interested in a speedy solution of the problem, and I have no doubt that the question—"Are the oysters of 1854 poisonous?"—will lead to a controversy as exciting and profound as that on the great saltpeter difficulty.

As the seventh of November approaches, the complexities of the political canvass become more intricate and puzzling. Even the reform party are not too immaculate to doubt a little in the trickery of electioneering. Schell, the "hard" candidate for Mayor, has been induced to withdraw in favor of Wilson G. Hunt, the standard bearer of the reformers, who is now the nominee of three organizations. The Know-Nothing are divided on the mayorality, and J. J. Herrick, the Whig candidate, expects to get the votes of half the members of the order of this city. The Germans support Fernando Wood as their representative of the liquor interest, and he has played his cards so adroitly in both sections of the Democratic party that his election would not surprise me although I think Herrick's chances are better than his. John H. White, the President of the Crystal Palace Association, is the Whig candidate for Recorder, and as he will undoubtedly receive the whole Know-Nothing vote, his success is nearly certain. There is not a municipal office in the gift of the people to which there are not at least four aspirants. In such a cross fire of factions, and with such a variety of special interests involved in the contest, it is difficult to frame a scheme of the probability worthy of confidence.

Barnum is about to sell out his stock in trade, or at least a portion of it. He offers for sale two giraffes, eleven elephants and an extensive general assortment of "varmints." His auto-biography is out of the market, having been purchased by James Redfield for $75,000. So much for Barnum's book and Barnum's beasts! The former can hardly fail to prove valuable to all who have a taste for playing upon human gullibility, and are in search of valuable receipts for the manufacture of gammon.

The sale to Redfield has all the appearance of a collusion with Barnum, for the sake of advertising the book. After the reported disagreement, Redfield continued the work as if nothing had happened.

Business continues in a depressed condition. Speculators in fancy stocks—and this includes but too many of our merchants—are decidedly in a "tight place,' and the stringency of the money market is increased by the non-arrival of the California mails, with the usual semi-monthly remittances of the "pewter."—All things considered, however, we are not half so badly off as the croakers predicted we would be; and although the November payments may break some weak backs, the community will weather the storm much better than was anticipated some months ago.

ONE FAULT.—He who will turn away from a friend for one fault, is a stranger to the best feelings of a human heart.—Who has not erred, at least once in his life? If that fault were not overlooked, to what depth of infamy would not thousands have descended? We know not the peculiar and pressing temptation to which another may be exposed. He may have fought manfully for months against the sin, and still kept the secret locked in his bosom. He would give worlds to recall the act. He has mourned over it in secret, and repented in dust and ashes. Shall we forsake him? Earth and Heaven—justice, humanity, philanthropy, and religion, cry out, "forgive him!" He who will not forgive must possess the heart of a demon. Surely, the love of God is not in him.

☞ The best "mixture" for a sick heart is nine yards of calico, fine broadcloth, four armsful of humanity, a parson's certificate of matrimony, a pair of canary birds and a bundle of green-house hollyhocks. People disposed to doubt the recipe should get a box.

A CHAPTER ON FEMALES.

We like to look upon a healthy woman; she is a prodigy in the nineteenth century. Wherever you go you see scores and hundreds of spleeny, sickly, feeble girls, who can hardly muster courage to make their beds, wash their faces, or drive an intruding cow from the yard. Tell them about early rising, fresh air and healthy exercise; and they have a sigh as long as the moral law, and are ready to faint away. You expect them to get up before day—to work in the kitchen—to breathe the fresh air of the morning! Preposterous and absurd! They have never seen the sun rise, and would hardly know but the sun continues to shine forever, if it were not for the almanacs and their grandmothers. No wonder every year sweeps to the grave so many young women who have been sickly and effeminate ever since they were born into the world; and death will continue to select them as his victims till they learn their duty, and pursue that course which insures health, strength and long life. Our great grand parents lived to a great age—and never thought of lying down to die, till they had, at least reached the meridian of life. They were strong, happy, and hearty. Why? They rose early, worked like beavers, and never spent the midnight hours in dancing.

Instead of being frightened at a mouse at their feet, a beetle on their necks, a fly's foot on their arm, in the absence of their fathers and husbands, they would load their guns and shoot bears and catamounts, and keep at bay a party of savages. How have their daughters degenerated? What female is there now-a-days who wouldn't run from a gun, even if it had no lock. The ladies of the olden times out-lived their husbands years and years. How is it now? Widows are few and far between. It was no singular thing for our grandmothers to have three or four husbands in the course of their lives. Now it is the reverse. Men have about so many wives—diseases of late have been so fatal among the female sex. Do you know the cause? It is found in listless idleness, inactivity, late hours, thin shoes, muslin dresses, a horror of fresh morning air, and in that detestable stuff, stitched in pink and yellow covers, which is flooding our country. If they will do nothing else, young ladies will sit and read from morning till night, that sickly, sentimental, impure, and licentious trash that is thrown in such abundance from the press. This shrivels the mind, warps the affections, chills the better feelings, and makes the life wretched beyond description.—Let females look into this subject, and act like reasonable beings, and we should see quite a different state of things. We should hear of no fainting away, no sickly consumption, no affection of lungs, no suicides.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Ike Marvel, in his 'Reveries of a Bachelor, thus writes: A man without some sort of religon is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny with no tie linking him to infinity and to the wondrous eternity that he begun within; but a woman without it is not even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may in some sort tie his frail hopes and honors to the weak, shifting ground-tackle to his buisness or world; but a woman without that anchor called Faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a sort of moral responsibility out of his relations to mankind; but a woman in her comparatively insolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controling motive, can find no basis in any other system of right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to truthfulness, in such poor harberage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in Heaven? And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love— that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene of life lightening them with pleasant radiance, when the world's storm breaks like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul, tied to what is strong than an army with cannon?—Who has enjoyed the love of a christian mother but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear.

☞ Great minds are charitable to their bitterest enemies, and can sympathise with the failings of their fellow-creatures. It is only the narrow minded who make no allowance for the faults of others.

DON'T DESPAIR.—If you slip down, just get up. A stout heart is as sure to finally weather the gale, as a pretty girl is to bring down the man of her choice.

NEWSPAPERS.

The cost of publishing a newspaper, is much more than people generally suppose, and the profits, if any, much less. The New York daily papers, which have a large circulation and great advertising patronage at very high prices, have been considered as coining fortunes. The best of them have made some money. But the rise in the price of paper, labor and almost everything else, connected with the business, has brought them to a stand. The Tribune, considered one of the most profitable papers in the city, after enlarging to meet the demands upon its columns says the establishment has sunk $40,000 in six months by the enterprize, and its proprietors have now materially lessened its size. The New York Sun, another profitable concern, has also found it necessary to curtail its dimensions very much, by which they save, it is said, $30,000 a year in the expense of paper alone. The Whig, published at Meriden, in this State, and the Medium, at Willimantic, are both offered for sale—the editors preferring to enter the practice of law. The price of newspapers in England, is about five times as great, as in this country, and the expense of publishing them, save the stamp duty, is no greater. So the man of comparative ease, as he smokes or rocks and reads, may understand, if it is any consolation to him, that newspaper publishing is a hard and not very profitable business.—*Hartford Times.*

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PAPER.

The local press is emphatically the representative and the exponent of the local interests, wants and wishes of each community, and on its energy and wathfulness, the community rely. Each community should first see that its local press is put upon a firm and substantial footing which can only be done, by a steady and liberal patronage.

If each member of a community would come a paying subscriber to the paper of his own town and county, six months would not elapse, before the enlargement and improvements which would take place in our papers, which would enable each person to dispense with one or more Northern papers, without finding his facilities for intelligence in the least diminished.

A people commit no greater error, than that of permitting their local press to languish, by reason of an inadequate support. Never say your country paper is small and not worth taking; give it the support to which it is entitled, and it will be immediately enlarged and improved so as to meet the full expectations and wants of a community in which it is located.—We believe that publishers are generally liberal in responding to a liberal patronage by the improvement of their papers, as appreciation of such liberality.

If a man is able to take but one paper, that should be the one published nearest to his place of residence, and the nex should be the one published at the commercial metropolis of his own State. For ocal and State interests he will have rendered himself able to consult his taste as to the paper he will lean upon for amusement or additional reading from abroad.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT,—It is stated that the managers of the Washington monument, which for some years past, hrs been languishing on the banks of the Potomac, are about relinquishing the work and turning it over to Congress. We highly approve of this determination. It is only proper that if a national monument is to be constructed, as a mark of the veneration in which the memory of Washington was held by the American people, that it should be a national work, recognized by the approbation and appropriations of (which is quite as necessary) of Congress. It will then be a monument worthy of the name, and just as much the act of the people of the United States as if the plan of drumming up subscription could be successfully carried out. And it will also have this advantage—that it will then be a national work.—N. York Herald.

COST HIM TEN DOLLARS.—A lady attending one of the churches on Sunday last, unintentionally entered a rented pew. The sexton invited her to "get out there and hunt a seat in some other part of the room." The lady got up to "get out," but the sexton not being pleased with the speed she was making, caught her by the arm and hurried her out of the pew.—On Wednesday last, he was arrested, taken before Squire Davis, and fined $10 and costs. This brief experience, will teach him, and admonish others, that it is just as cheap to treat ladies with civility, at least, as it is, to treat them rudely.—*Quincy Herald*

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

The New York Times makes these true and inmating remarks on the daily increasing power of the newspaper press and its ultimate high destiny.

"So far as we can see, nothing gains so rapidly on the heart of this century, as the newspaper, nor is there any other agent that derives such immense accessions to its strength and compass from the accumulating resources of the times.

"Certain it is, that the newspaper has advanced more rapidly within a few years past, than any other form of literature.—The acute observer sees that it is invading other departments of mind, withdrawing from magazines and reviews, some of their most valuable elements, and uses them far more vigorously than they were able to do. And the chief feature of it is, that it puts thought—such thought as active life needs—in the most direct and available shape for instant and deep impression. Sometimes it may lack depth; at other times, truth and intelligence; but these defects must give way before the widening culture. The broad idea, the true faithful germ of intellectual growth—is in it, and nothing can arrest its amplest development.

"Educated men in our country should begin to weigh the fact, it is well worth while to analyze its meaning. A fresh field spreading in every direction, and luxuriant in every harvest, is harvest, is here opening. Men of the largest mould are wanted for it—every-day scholars, who have brains in their eyes and fingers—clear, earnest, profound writers, that are all alive to respective impulses. Let them take noble views of the word. The idea is common that newspaper contributions are necessarily flippant and superficial. No doubt this is often the case; but it cannot last. Society intends to have first rate papers, and this will require first rate thinkers. There is something more to be done than to gossip about trifles—to indite a few hurried lines on this or that topic—to make a daily patch-work of the odds and ends of thought. Masterly discussions of great principles—searching investigations into social and political laws—stern rebukes to vice—inspiring appeals—are henceforth to be staples of the newspapers. And hence learning is required. Only see to it that they are adapted to the thing itself, and free from all dry scholastic methods. The language of the newspaper, is the language of common life—genuine Anglo-Saxon in its simplicity, directness, and force—and men must acquire it if they wish to be heard and felt."

KNOW NOTHINGS.

The following is given, as the concluding "charge" upon the initiation of a new member of this fraternity:

"The order which has now received you as a member, may, with all propriety, be considered a secret organization. It is so secret, in fact, that if you were placed before a legal tribunal, and there sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, you could not, for your life, reveal the name, or objects, or the secrets of that band of brothers, among whom, your name now stands enrolled; and further than this, when you retire from this meeting, you must return to your family and friends as ignorant as when you came, so far as the name of this order is concerned. In common with ourselves, you 'know nothing,' and let it be your stern resolution through life to 'know nothing.'

"The high and exalted duties which you owe to your God, your country and to yourselves, for the purpose of the preservation of American liberty, require that you should observe the oath which you have this night taken, *above all other obligations.* For the laws of no land are of higher importance to yourselves and your children, than is that obligation, which you have just taken, to preserve American institutions by the entire and absolute exclusions of all foreigners, and of all who are not protestants, from control or participation in the affairs of your country."

THE KANSAS SEAL.—It consists of a shield with two supporters and surmounted by a scroll motto, and if emblematic of the life of the pioneer and the agriculturist. The lower compartment of the shield contains the buffalo and the hunter; the upper contain the implements of agriculture. The left hand supporter is a pioneer with his smock frock, leggins, rifle, and tomahawk; whilst on the right is the Goddess Ceres with her sheaf, and at their feet, and between them, lie a fallen tree and axe. The motto is a beautiful and striking allusion to the principle on which the Territory was organized, and consists of the 'Populi Voce Nata,' translated—born of the popular will.

ADVERTISING.—The New York Tribune received for one advertisement in the weekly paper, eight hundred and sixty-one dollars for a single insertion. The advertisement contained 1722 lines—the charge being fifty cents per line. The Tribune says this is the largest sum ever paid for a single insertion of an advertisement, and yet the advertiser considers it a good investment of his money. If his goods are really what the people need, and are superior and cheaper to those offered by others, he will find his money returned a hundred fold.