

# Bellevue



# Gazette.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Democracy, Literature, Agriculture, Mechanics, Education, Amusements and General Intelligence.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 2.

## Bellevue Gazette.

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Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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### POETRY.

**Song of the American Girl.**  
Our hearts are with our native land,  
Our song is for her glory;  
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,  
Our lips breathe out her story.  
Her lofty hills and valleys green  
Are smiling bright before us;  
And like a rainbow sign is seen,  
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,  
For those who meet her foemen;  
For glory's star needs no eclipse,  
When smiled upon by her.  
For those that brave the mighty deep,  
And scorn the threat of danger,  
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep  
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,  
Our song is for her freedom,  
Our prayers are for our gallant band,  
Who strike where honor'll lead them.  
We love the fearless air we breathe,  
'Tis Freedom's endless dower;  
We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath,  
Who scores a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,  
Of Italy's proud daughters,  
Of Scotland's lasses—England's fair,  
And nymphs of Shannon's waters;  
We need not all their boasted charms,  
Though lords around them hover,  
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms,  
A freeman for a lover.

**The Plow.**  
God speed the plowshare! tell me not  
Disgrace attends the toil  
Of those who plow the dark green sod,  
Or till the fruitful soil,  
Why should the honest plowman shrink  
From mingling in the van  
Of learning and of wisdom, since  
'Tis mind that makes the man.

God speed the plowshare and the hands  
That till the fruitful earth!  
For there is in this world so wide  
No gem like honest worth,  
And though the hands are dark with toil,  
And flushed the manly brow,  
It matters not, for God will bless  
The labors of the plow.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Harp Sermon.**  
MY BELIEVED BREATHERING.—I am an unlearned hard shell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt heard before, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and print out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to the streets of the Jerusalem, and my text which I shall choose for the occasion is in the led of the Bible some where between the second Chronic and the last chapter of Timothy Titus, and when you find it you will find it in these words:

"And they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."  
Now, my breathering as I have before told you, I am an uneducated man, and know nothing about grammar talk and college highfalootin'; but I'm a plain unlearned preacher of the gospel what's been fore-ordained, and called to expound the Scriptures to a dyin world, and prepare a perverse generation for the day of wrath; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My belyved breathering, the text says "they shall gnaw a file." It don't say they may but they shall. And now there's more'n one kind of file. There's the hand-saw file, rat-tail file, single file, double file and profile; but the kind of file spoken of here isn't of them kind neither, because it's a figger of speech, my breathering and means goin' it alone, gettin' ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

And now there be some here with fine close on their backs, brass rings on their fingers and lard on their har, what goes it while they'er young; and that be brothers here what, as long as their constitutions and forty cent whiskey last, goes it blind; and that be sisters here what, when they get sixteen years old, cut their tiller ropes and goes it with a rush; but I say, my dear breathering, take care you don't fud when Gabriel blows his last trump, that you've all went it alone and got ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."  
And, my brethren, there's more dams besides Hepsidam. Thars Rotterdam, Haddam, Amsterdam, midam and don't

care-a-dam—the last of which, my dear breathering is the worst of all, and reminds me of a circumstance I once knew in the State of Illinois. There was a man what built him a mill on the east fork of Agur creek, and it was a good mill and ground a site of grain, but the man what built it was a miserable sinner, and never giv any thing to the church; and, my breathering, one night that come a dreadful storm of wind and rain and the fountains of the great deep was broken up, and the waters rushed down and swept that man's milldam into kingdom come, and lo and behold, in the morning when he got up he found he was not worth a dam. Now, my young breathering, when storms of temptation overtake ye, take care you don't fall from grace and become like that man's mill—not worth a dam; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

"Whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born." This part of the text my breathering, is another figger of speech, and it isn't to be taken as it says. It doesn't mean the howlin' wilderness, whar John the hard shell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses, but it means, my breathering, the city of New Orleans, the mother of harlots and hard lots—whar corn is worth six cents a bushel one day and warry red the next; whar niggers are as thick as black bugs in a spoiled bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves and pickpockets go skiting about the streets like weasels in a barn yard—whar they have cream-colored horses, gilded carriages, marble saloons with brany and sugar in em—whar honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth, and strange woman once tuk in your beloved preacher, and bamboozled him out two hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the twinklin' of a sheep's tail; but she can't do it agin, Hallelujah! for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My breathering I am captin of that flat-boat you seed tied up thar, and I've got aboard of her flour, bacon, and oats, and potatoes and apples, and as good Monongahly whiskey as you ever drank; and I'm mighty apt to get a big price for it all. But what oh, my breathering, would it all be wuth if I hadn't religioin! Thar's nothing like religioin my breathering. It's better nor silver, gold and jivcracks and you can no more get to heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail. Thank the Lord I'm an uneducated man, my breathering, but I've sarched the Scriptures from Dea to Barshebe, and found old Zion right side up and hard shell religidin the best of religidins. And is not like the Methodist what expects to git into heaven by hollerin hellfire; nor like the Universalist what gits upon the broad gage and goes the whole hog; nor the United Breathering what takes each other by the seat of the trousers and tries to lift their selves into heaven nor the Cathericks what buys thre tickets from the preests—but it may be likened, my breathering, unto a man who had to cross a river, and when he got that the ferry boat was gone, and he just rolled up his breeches and waded over—hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

Pass the hat, brother Flint, and let every hard shell shell out. Amen.

### For the Bellevue Gazette.

**The Press.**  
No part of the world's history, from the earliest record, down to the present moment, has there ever been a period where intelligence has shown forth with a like part of the brilliancy, that it does now; and has done, since the dawning of the fifteenth century, when printing was first practiced. That epoch is ever to be remembered by civilized nations, for it is to that which they are indebted for their civilization and their liberty. Printing was first practiced in Italy, in the 16th century, and toward the close of the same century, it was introduced into England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1588; and at a still later day, it found its way across the broad briny billows of the Atlantic. The first issue on the American Continent, was the "Boston News Letter," April 24th, 1704.

But at that early day, printing was too little practiced to effect much good in the intellectual world. From that time, henceforth, we behold the sun of literature, wending its way toward the zenith of the intellectual heavens, gathering new

accessions of light as it moves along; and now it sheds its golden light of intelligence upon millions of our race. Since printing, that great invention, has come to light, the car of erudition has moved forward with the speed of lightning, and may it continue on in its glorious course until the sable clouds of intellectual gloom are dispelled, and the press sheds its light throughout the distant parts of the earth. It is the press, that notes the career of nations and men, and tell us of their rise, prosperity and fall, and make their greatness known and felt, and mark an example for coming generations to follow, or to shun. It is the grand medium through which our ideas are interchanged—the grand fountain of knowledge—the chief source of greatness. It is great machine through which we are made acquainted with the transactions and doings of other nations; and brings us within a whisper's hearing of the inhabitants of the distant parts of the earth. It is the press that moves forward the scholastic, ecclesiastic and political prosperity of society, and we may truly say that the Press is the bone, sinew, life and nerve of every nation.—Of this fact, we can be assured, by casting an observing eye to those Nations, Kingdoms, Empires and Republics, where the fetters of oppression have been severed, and the press permitted to move unmolested. We behold their prosperity going forward with impetuous speed.—The great good that is brought about by the Press, is not confined to the columns of newspapers alone. The recording of the writings of our great authors, is another channel through which a vast amount of mental knowledge profusely flows, to those seeking for mental worth. Were it not for the press, how little would we know of the celebrated Dr. Dick, whose greatness is only made known through this medium. His writings, which are so many monuments of living light, are destined to shine with growing brilliancy, while the grand march of civilization moves forward. Though death has stopped his mighty pen, yet his goodness, thro' the agency of the press is growing in greatness. The far famed and widely spread writings of Geo. C. Mb, would be as useless as hidden treasures of gold, were it not for the press, proclaiming his greatness throughout the world, and in almost every tongue. There are thousands of others that might be mentioned, whose greatness and goodness is only felt thro' the press. When we come to consider the vast amount of good, that is brought about by the press, and then look around at our neighbors, and see them without a book or a newspaper, except when their neighbors give it to them, they appear to be insensible of the vast ocean of good that humanity derives from this source. It is not a channel through which intellectual wealth flows alone; but enriches alike mind, soul and pocket. There is nothing pertaining to the happiness of man, but what it embraces. There was a time when only a few was within the reach of books, and they were the most wealthy; but that day, thank Heaven, has gone by, and now books and newspapers, are every source of mental improvement, are within the reach of every industrious man. Now I may say that those persons who are without books, and newspapers, do not understand their own interest, and their own welfare.

For the Bellevue Gazette.  
**The Public.—Truth is Mighty, and will Prevail.**  
Anxious to see questions of interest to the social community exhibited in their true colors, when presented to the public mind, through the medium of the press, we the members of the "Platonian Bachelors' Union," were pained to notice an article in the columns of the Gazette, purporting to have emanated from the Bachelors of Bellevue, in Convention assembled; which, if it embodied the sentiments of that respectable fraternity, would have a tendency to detract very materially from the respect awarded to the brotherhood by every community. And knowing the esti-

mation, in which we, as a body, must be held by every liberal mind, were such sentiments to go forth to the social world, uncontradicted, we feel called upon by a proper appreciation of that self respect of which we have been shown, by the wholesome assignment made by the article in question, to raise our voices against every thing calculated to misrepresent our true position, and degrade us in the estimation of the world and our own conscience.

The common courtesy, which is but the just tribute to the worth and modesty of the fair sex, which we freely acknowledge and which has been so slanderously and unjustly assailed, and the indignation we felt; as we witnessed the want of chivalry, and liberality which characterises the "Defense" of those who claim to reflect the sentiments of our Bachelor brotherhood. Also, both tend to incite us to action, and prompt us to the course we have chosen to pursue. Be it therefore

**Resolved,** That we, the members of the Platonian Bachelors' Union, feel ourselves bound to stand ready at all times, to protect and foster the spirit of true morality, friendship, and justice; and to denounce all false ideas which originate in the social circle, or issue through the public prints.

**Resolved,** That the self respect, which every high minded man, must feel, calls upon us to condemn the course pursued by the so called Bachelors' Convention, and denounce the attack made upon woman, in their "Defense," as unworthy and entirely unequalled.

**Resolved,** That a sense of gratitude to the mother, who gave us birth; for her many kindnesses and constant care, should ever actuate us in resenting attacks made upon her sex, by those lost to that lofty chivalry which should ever characterise the true gentleman.

**Resolved,** That in our estimation, the standard of woman's excellence, has advanced instead of retrograded, and can only account for the want of discernment, on the part of the Committee, who framed that "Defense," by the inference, that "mind must be met with mind."

**Resolved,** That our standard of woman's worth, is not measured by the amount of crinoline, she wears; but her moral, social and intellectual qualities; and that good taste in woman, will always lead her to follow the prevailing fashions.

**Resolved,** That in our estimation, the attack of the so called Bachelors' Convention, would lead all sensible men to infer, that the wrong answer from Kitty, must have stimulated them, in their arduous task, of detracting from the fair fame of woman.

In reply to Chaucer, we will only say, that having carefully perused his article on the Bachelors of Bellevue, find the only point worthy of notice, to be where he attempts to fortify his position, by quoting from the writings of a member of our fraternity, whom we highly esteem, and whose truly honest and upright mind, was never guilty of entertaining, or propagating a thought, defamatory to the class to which he belonged. St. Paul says "marriage is honorable," and from which Chaucer's mighty mind can draw no other conclusion, than that the married are dishonorable. Now Chaucer, let us enlighten you. "Perch yourself on the stool of repentance," and read father, where he says, "I say therefore to the unmarried, it is good for them if they abide even as I." And also this passage, "So then he that giveth her in marriage doth well, but he that giveth her not doth better." What then would be the natural inference? Are we not plainly left to follow our own inclinations, in respect to the course we should pursue in attaining happiness, the great object of our being?

In conclusion, we would merely advise our friends, of the Bachelor Convention, to cultivate a spirit of true liberality; according to every one, a just appreciation of moral worth; nor condescend to speak in terms of censure, of those of whom, perhaps, they are not capable of judging correctly. And to Chaucer, we would say, be not to ready, to follow the phantom of a biased imagination; but diligently search for facts, and in presenting them to the public, let them be clothed with an air of Gospel truth.

Why is a pig's tail like a carving knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.