

# Belleveue



# Gazette.

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

VOL. 2.

BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1858.

NO. 13.

## Belleveue Gazette.

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To the Public, and will render  
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Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.  
Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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Merchants and Emigrants will find their goods promptly and carefully attended to. P. S. I have the only WAREHOUSE for storage at the above named landings. St. Marys, Feb. 20th, 1857. 21-tf-1

**Tootle & Jackson,**  
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Council Bluffs city, Iowa. Having a Large and Commodious Warehouse on the Levee at the Council Bluffs landing, are now prepared to receive and store, all kinds of merchandise and produce, will receive and pay charges on all kinds of 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, Pitt & Torry, St. Louis, Mo.; Tootle & Fairleigh, St. Joseph, Mo.; J. S. Chenoweth & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; W. F. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-1f

## POETRY.

From Porter's Spirit.  
**Woman's Rights.**  
BY DI VERNON.  
Women's Rights! what are they pray!  
Say, what are Women's Rights?  
Are they to "wear the pants" by day,  
And speeches make o' nights?  
Are they to seek for office,  
Which men alone should station?  
Are they to make our country's laws,  
And thus destroy our nation?  
Are they to bluster, smoke cigars,  
And mix in rows, or fights?  
Are they to create civil wars?  
Say, are these Women's Rights?  
No, no, a thousand noes I cry!  
These, are the rights of women;  
A heart for home—a love for peace—  
With eyes that TEARS can swim in.

A modest mien—a silent tongue—  
A pleasant smile of love—  
A cheerful face that's ever young—  
A spirit like the dove.  
A happy heart—contented mind—  
A care for household duties,  
A soul submissive to its God—  
Aye, THESE are woman's beauties.

### From the Nebraska News.

### Reply.

"Woman's Rights! what are they pray,"  
Ah! what are Woman's Rights?  
They are to work and toil by day,  
And rock the cradle nights.  
She is not to "seek for office,  
Which men alone should station,"  
She should be amply satisfied,  
With man's wise legislation.  
She is not to "bluster, smoke cigars,  
Or mix in rows or fights,"  
These are MAN'S prerogatives,  
And form his chief delights!  
The Nation's purse strings open wide,  
To receive her contributions!  
But she is quite too weak a thing,  
To speak of distributions?  
O, woman is a vessel weak,  
To be by man protected,  
And she must nothing higher seek,  
If she would be respected!  
She must keep "a silent tongue,"  
Nor strive to find her level,  
And she must have "a love for home,"  
Tho' wedded to a Devil!

She must bear "a happy heart,"  
And quiet disposition,  
Tho' every part with anguish smart,  
From vilest imposition!  
If drunken husband knock her down,  
In a fit of desperation,  
She must smile and smile again,  
In gentlest submission!  
O! woman's is a happy lot,  
A life replete with beauties!  
And surely she should murmur not,  
At doing woman's duties.  
All this, it seems "Di Vernon" thought,  
But I would turn the table,  
And say, that woman has a RIGHT,  
To be what she is able!  
God, gave her being, mind and soul,  
He made her all a humane,  
And 'tis in vain man would control  
The destiny of woman.  
The greatest good she can attain,  
Is woman's highest duty,  
Her own redeeming excellence,  
Is woman's CROWNED BEAUTY.

### My Child's Origin.

BY DAVID BAKER.  
One night an old Saint Peter slept  
He left the d. or of heaven ajar,  
When through a little angel fell,  
And came down with a falling star.  
One summer as the blessed beams  
Of morn approached, my blushing bride  
Awakened from some pleasant dream,  
And found that angel by her side.  
God grant but this—I ask no more;  
That when he leaves this world of sin,  
He'll wing his way to that blessed shore,  
And find that door of heaven again.  
**St. Peter's Reply.**  
BY ST. PETER.  
Full eighteen hundred years or more,  
I've kept my door securely tied,  
There is no "little angel" strayed,  
Nor has been missing all t's while.

I did not sleep as you supposed,  
Nor leave the door of heaven ajar;  
Nor has a "little angel" left,  
And gone down with a falling star.  
Go ask that "blushing bride" and see  
If she won't frankly own and say,  
That when she found that angel babe,  
She found it by the good old way.  
God grant but this—I ask no more;  
That should your number be enlarged,  
That you will not do as before,  
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**What is the News!**  
Unique in the world of letters, the newspaper is like no other thing—it bears no resemblance to any other literary production. It is the ephemeral record of the great and exciting now of the world's history, a collection of the jottings of humor.

It is the busy, industrious collector of the world's highway, picking up everything, from the revolution of an empire to one of nature's freaks—a pig with two heads, or a cat with two tails. It is an omnivorous monster, greedily opening its capacious jaws for anything and everything offered. It is a sleepless caterer to the appetite of the million. The heterogeneous confusion of subjects in a newspaper is singular to contemplate. The ludicrous and the pathetic—the sublime and the ridiculous—are met with in strange proximity; vice and philanthropy jostle each other—strange cunning and stranger simplicity, love and murder, politics and poetry, are huddled together. In one corner we have births, marriages, and deaths—life and death, as it were, hand in hand—the cradle and the coffin side by side. Here, George is earnestly requested to communicate with his sorrowing friends, and no attempt shall be made to interfere with his movements. There, "if that lady who gave her name Tait, and left the child she called Tommy Brown with Mrs. Cork, does not come or send, the child will be put into the work-house." Here a long list of "Want Places" painfully remind us of the scarcity of employment, and the superabundance of labor. There, the heartless votary of fashion offers a starving salary to the possessor of every imaginable prospective qualification. There, false and fictitious companies—their names are legion—composed of a parcel of tricksters, spurious insurance companies, bubble annuity societies, whose chief capital is unbounded impudence, and, on the part of the public, unbounded credulity—these having joined their purses to produce a prospectus, and having taken an office, invite the community to invest their spare cash in deposits to insure their precious lives, to purchase for themselves annuities. Here, the honest finder of a purse of money honorably advertises it that it may be owned—there, the professional shark announces a vacancy for an apprentice, concluding his pompously arrayed advantages with the very significant words, "He will be treated as one of the God-fearing family," "a premium will be required."

There, a bloated capitalist trumpets forth his thousands to lend "on approved security," or "Diamonds and plate purchased in any amount for cash;" here, is an appeal by some broken-hearted man, who declares that a loan of five dollars would save him and his family from irremediable ruin. There, a brutal husband hankers his unoffending wife—here, a drunken, unfeeling mother is prosecuted for ill-treatment of her child. There, a benevolent stranger is commended for his disinterested adoption of some friendless orphan—here, full particulars of the costly celebration of some high-life marriage—there, the melancholy destruction of some hope-abandoned miser. Untold riches and abject poverty—the votaries of pleasure and the victims of despair—theatres and criminal courts, are all strangely mingled one with another, and the newspaper must be considered a very "great fact."

Again; "the newspaper" is a test of the habits and tastes of the people. No feather thrown into the air more surely indicates which way the wind blows. The grave politician turns at once to "the leader," and the foreign intelligence, to note the movements of party. The fundholder to the price of stock, and then scans the political horizon to see if there be any cloud gathering, and threatening to affect prices. The merchant bestows his attention on the "price current," and the shipowner to the shipping intelligence. The literary man devours the reviews of books and pores over the advertisements to learn what is in the press. The young officer eagerly looks to the army intelligence to behold, for the first time, his name in print. The author, sculptor, painter, ac-

tor, all view a favorable critique as an earnest of their future fame—all are either sunshine or shade—hope or despair—the moment they have perused the notice taken of them by the public journalist. It is in the newspaper we find everything—from the settlement of a war to a controversy from the moon.—Godey's Lady's Book.

**STEAM NAVIGATION OF THE MISSOURI 50 YEARS AGO.**—The first steamer that navigated the Missouri as far as the mouth of the Yellow Stone, was that engaged in the famous expedition of Lewis & Clark, some fifty years ago, the Western Engineer, a boat of about the size of a respectable yawl. She accomplished the trip from St. Louis to Sioux City in one season. The first regular boat in the Missouri river trade was the Otoo, which ran one whole season, under the command of our fellow citizen, Capt. J. B. Hill, late of the firm of Hill & Conn. This was we believe, in the year 1818. The Otoo was a very different boat from those now navigating the Missouri. She drew four feet of water, light, and her cotemporary being of a similar draught, it is no wonder that a trip in that stream was considered a matter of extreme hazard and difficulty. The Hancock plied in the trade after the Otoo. In the spring of 1830, Capt. Andy Wineland made a government trip to Fort Leavenworth. He had to cut his own wood. His boat was the Globe, and like the other boats of those days, was slow and of a heavy draught. This was the only trip made that season, by steamer, in the Missouri. How great has been the change since the Otoo, the Hancock and the Globe pressed the sands and lazily plowed the waters of the muddy Missouri River.—St. Louis Dem.

**WHAT THE INDIANS DID AT THE SMITHSONIAN.**—On Monday morning, about twenty of the Indian chiefs and warriors now in the city, visited the Smithsonian Institute, and were conducted through the various departments, where they evinced their surprise and delight, after their wild fashion. In the picture gallery (Stanley's Indian Paintings,) they were particularly interested by the representation of a war dance around two captives—a woman and a child. They were much disappointed at not finding portraits of any of their own tribes in the gallery.

In the apparatus room, a number of them were induced to join hands, and a severe galvanic shock was given them. Some of them gave vent to the significant "Ugh," indicating their surprise, and turned fiercely about to discover the person they supposed had struck them, others rubbed their arms and elbows, and from the general talk in their own language, one would suppose they had entered upon a scientific discussion of the nature of the singular manifestation.

Afterwards several of them took shocks singly, and it was curious to witness the grin determination with which these savages of the wilderness undertook to assume that air of impassiveness which tradition asserts they maintain when undergoing torture as captives. But it was no go; they had to knuckle to science, and as one after the other of the astonished braves was doubled up, tumbled upon his knees, and knocked into a heap generally by the powerful battery, he was saluted by most uproarious jeers and laughter by his fellows.

Some of the party mounted the high north tower of the Institute; but when at the top only one of them could be prevailed upon to approach the edge and look down the dizzy height, most of them squatting down as soon as they reached the summit.  
One of them was observed placing small pieces of tobacco on the parapet. The interpreter explained that this was intended as an offering to the Great Spirit, as the Indians believed that at this height they were nearer the Deity than they had ever been before, and accordingly improved the opportunity to pay their worship.

On descending, the Indians had a great war dance with singing, in the lecture room, and shortly after concluded this most interesting visit.  
Washington States.

Last year 184,773 immigrants arrived at the port of New York. Of these, 57,106 were from Ireland, and 78,738 from Germany. It is believed that the emigration from Ireland alone will be diminished during the coming spring, in consequence of the recent financial depression in this country. The emigration from Germany will probably, on the contrary, be as large as ever at that season. The expected fluctuation in the number of immigrants from the two countries which supply our foreign recruits, is accounted for by the fact, that the Irish generally come here for labor, which is just now not abundant, not likely to be for some months yet, and that the Germans come with money to buy land, which is now among the cheapest things in the market.

### Didn't Know his own Baby.

A citizen of Jamaica Plain, L. I., went to answer the ring at the door, at the request of his wife, where he found nothing but a basket. On removing the covering a beautiful little child appeared, some five months old. The lady screamed, one of the lady visitors took up the baby and found a note pinned to its dress, which charged the gentleman of the house with being its father, and imploring him to support it. A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and indignant husband, the latter utterly denying all knowledge of the little one, and asserting his innocence. The friends interfered, and at last the wife was induced to forgive the husband, tho' he stuck to it like a Trojan that he had been a faithful husband. Finally the lady very roguishly told her husband that it was strange he should not know his own child for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from its cradle up stairs by the nurse, for the very purpose of playing the joke.

### How Joe won the Parcel.

Joe B. is unquestionably the handsomest man in Cincinnati. Joe sports a wife, besides several other creature comforts. Well, he and his wife, Harry, John, and George, and their wives, all board at the same house. A day or so ago, while they were at a table, luxuriating on detached portions of a boiled Turkey, which had been stuffed with oysters, the conversation turned on Christian names, when Mrs. Harry contended that she could name more distinguished men who had borne the name of Henry, than any gentleman could of his own name; and concluded by offering a gold pencil as a wager, against a suitable equivalent, should she win.

The trial commenced. Mrs. Harry started off with "Harry of the West," adding a dozen others.

George—now gathered on George Washington, the four Georges of England, Lord George of Franks, &c.

"Now, Mr. John, what have you to say?" said the charming Mrs. Harry.

"Oh! I can give you a hundred—the two Adams—Lord John Russell—John Tyler—John, John, bring me some water, John."

"Stop, stop, you can't win. Mr. Joseph, now your turn comes," continued the juicy little gamester.

Now, if ever a bashful man lived, it is my friend Joe. He dared not look up. He had been racking his brain for an answer, but to no purpose, and in despair, he made one grand effort, and raising his head replied:

"My dear madam, I have lost. I cannot now think of any very distinguished man who ever bore the name of Joseph, except the gentleman we read about in the sacred scriptures—he who was such a favorite of Mrs. Poppa's, but I will not offer him, for I think he was the d-d-d-d fool Peter did hear of."

"Here's the pencil," said Mrs. Harry, tossing it over to him, as she and the other ladies scud out of the door.

Would you rather die by the gallows, or be roasted to death? By the latter process; because a hot stake (steak) is better than a cold chop.

The poet Rogers once observed to a lady, "How desirable it was, in any danger to have presence of mind." "Yes," she quickly replied, "but I would rather have absence of body."

"Did the defendant approach the plaintiff's serafim?" inquired an attorney, in a case of assault and battery, the other day. "No, sir—no," was the reply, "he went as 'em with a poker."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"Mother, this book tells about the 'angry wares of the ocean.' Now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

A link boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," said the Dr., "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish then, replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley, for we have a dreadful dark one."

"Madam" said a cross tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there, replied the lady, "would make it a desert."

The artificial propagation of fish has been introduced into Canada with success.

Mr. Banks is the twentieth person who has filled the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts during the seventy-seven years since the adoption of the State constitution.