Bellevue Gazette.

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

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POETRY.

My Home

I reach my home as evening dies,
And oh! what glances greet my own—
A laughing girl with eager eyes,
The sweetest star that ever shown;
An angel full of mirth and grace,
With fairy feet and heavenly face.

I muse beside the cheerful fire,
And picture faces now no more;
As fancies never seem to tire,
But bring me back to scenes of yore;
The village green, the tiny stream,
That flit before me like a dream.

And everything resplendent beams,
No sorrows o're my musings roll;
Each moment with a treasure teems,
And realms of gold entrance my soul!
While Eden's path lies at my feet,
My heart feels heaven at every beat.

My smiling angel climbs my knees,
And nought around my gladness mars;
Her sunny words gush fresh and free,
And opulent as Indian stars—
Then opes her little lips of bliss,
And shyly woos the proffered kiss!

And then I watch her earnest smile,
All wreathed with dimples as it grows:
With not a trace of earthly guile,
While all its rosy radiance throws,
A blush like summer on my cheek;
The more it plays, the less I seeke.

And love's rich heaven goes floating by,
While pleasures wear a deeper hue;
Like clouds in an autumnal sky,
With tints of gold and paths of blue;
The sunsets have a softer flame,
And poetry a higher claim.

I hold communion most divine,
And clasp my darling to my breast;
While 'tween her curls her beauties shine,
And eyes closed in delicious rest—
Pure as the daisy on the sod,
Whose dewy heart reflects in God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Bellevue Gazette.

Our little paper—the Bellevue Gazette—finds its way to many homes in the East, where they are anxiously looking for reliable information of Nebraska, as deeply interested as ourselves in the value and fertility of our soil, our future prospects, our local and social advantages, and at the suggestion of friends, I have tho't to write a little that may prove interesting to those who have proposed seeking a home among us.

It would be far from my intention to present so flattering a picture of Western life, as to plant the demon of discontent in one home, or win one family from a lucrative employment and pleasant moral and social associations, for the uncertainties and many little privations inseparable from a life in a new country, and which all should meet and conquer with a cheerful spirit before they decide to come. But there are many men with large families of sons and daughters who are listening with eager interest and curiosity to every report they hear from our broad, uncultivated lands, hoping they may be able to make some exchange, by which they can secure for all homes here, and thus prevent the too wide dispersion of the little household band yet wishing they knew more of the social and religious influences which would surround them here.

There are many young married men too—intelligent, enterprising, and industrious, yet with limited means—seeking a farm where they may find a permanent and pleasant home, yet fearing to ask their wives to leave their homes and many social endearments, fearing they will never find any place that will seem as dear as their own native hills, and no voices as pleasant as those with which they have mingled from childhood, and tho' we would not wish to make the difficulties of reclaiming the wild, uncultivate soil less than they really are, we believe that there are advantages to be derived from the exchange which amply repay for all. You will not find here the wild hills and picturesque valleys of the East, and in place of the waving orchards and cultivated gardens, the tasteful buildings and shaded walks, we can but point to beautiful rolling prairies, occasionally interspersed with trees and pleasant groves and a rich, deep, fertile soil, but waiting for the hand of labor to develope its resources and its wealth. But you would find the same blue sky above, the same green earth beneath, and the same kind Heavenly Father upon whose blessing our happiness principally depends to guard you from evil here; and in the small and simply furnished cottages around us you would find the intelligent and refined, the wise, the good, and the fair, as well as, sometimes, the sensual, the intemperate and profane.

Perhaps the religous advantages are, at Bellevue, superior to many places of the same size in the Territory, from the fact of its having been an old Missionary Station. Each different denomination cannot, of course, be represented here, but all have, with the most perfect harmony of feeling, met for worship at one place, and Sabbath and Sabbath School priveleges during the past season, were enjoyed by all who prized them. The ladies of the different societies, too, have united themselves into one benevolent society and while their meetings afford a good opportunity for forming acquantance and cultivating social feeling, their hearts have ever been open to the call of the needy, and I have never known a case of destitution, or suffering, but their active hands and willing hearts proffered assistance and aid. But when I have observed the simple and unaffected kindness extended to all, and the warm frendship subsisting between many who were, but a short time since, strangers to each other, I have felt there was something in the change of life calculated to develope some of the noblest and loveliest traits of humanity far superior to the selfishness and sluggishness often exhibited in ordinary life.

J. E. NYE.

Mal-treatment of Children.

Children are, from the very origin of life, mismanaged. Childhood needs a champion. Who will gird on his armor and battle valiantly and manfully for their rights? Not for crumpits and gingersnaps, meat-pies and apple-dumplings; not even for plum-puddings and beef, but for their birth-right, growth, development! Society needs a Solomon—one to detail the minutiæ of training; for it is so in its dotage that it cannot connect causes and consequences.

This subject should be kept before the eyes of the people, should be sounded in their ears till their very souls are startled—the integrity of the race demands it.

What is the first need of children? Animal growth, physical development. Are the means necessary to secure this compatible with the confining of children six hours a day—or even three consecutive hours in a school-room? Let one of those who constitute the "powers that be," sit still for *one* hour, with the certainty, in case he rises from his seat, turns his head, or obeys the irresistible impulse to make fun, of receiving from somebody he either loves or fears, a frown, a blow, a scolding, or a tweaking of the ear; answer this question. Let him note his mental emotions and his bodily sensations after the experiment, and then say if this is the way in which a child should be trained, mentally, physiologically, morally?

To this unnatural confinement, which outrages all the instincts of the healthy child, superadd temperature, now of Sahara, then of Siberia, and instead of respirable air, give a mixture of carbonic acid and other gases rendered offensive and putrescent by unwashed, obstructed, diseased bodies, then give the result; teacher, parent, physiologist, what is it, according to the arithmetic of your common sense? What can it be but MINUS, *minus*, minus, continually, till the larger and better part of vitality is lost—health and intellectual power? In body and mind, the child is dwarfed.

You say that now is the only time the child will have for mental culture; and that in this time he must receive as much as possible. How do you know that it is his sole chance? If you had a hard day's work before you, with the certainty of having only one meal for the day, would you, at that meal, so gorge your stomach as to render yourself uncomfortable the whole day, and paralyze your efforts? Fie! Give your child now what, at this time, he *needs*—means of health and growth—abundant out-of-door exercise, plain food simply cooked, and good examples; then trust his future to himself and God, and you will have done your duty and secured your child's love. Aye, his love! Cultivate his affections; now is the time for it; attach him to yourself and to your home, and he will be a blessing to you; the glory of your gray hairs, an honor to the world. Or would you prefer to see him startle the world like a rocket, to explode as soon?

What, really, is gained by this taxing the brains of children; this stimulating of their intellect, this forcing of mentality? Add it all together; the amount is expressed by a cypher.

Parent! to you; heart we appeal—rob not your child of his birth-right!—*Life Illustrated.*

Hastings From Cuba.

All of you are not acquainted with Jack Hastings, are you? Well, I am, and a real jolly kind of a fellow I find him to be. Jack is a printer; he was brought up in the Island of Cuba, from which place he emigrated rather suddenly not long since, in consequence of its having leaked out that he was slightly in favor of Republicanism.

In his youth, Jack was sent to an English school at Havana, where he learned to speak our language pretty correctly—just enough broken to make you laugh often, when, in fact, he was saying nothing to be laughed at.

A few evenings since, while Jack was in my office, and we were talking about this thing and that, the conversation chanced to turn on the animals of the United States. A large number he had never seen—so he told me, as I named them over. While going on asking him if he had seen this and if he had seen that, some evil genius prompted me to to bring in the name of a certain unmentionable little fellow, spoken of out West as a polecat; but known, and *not* spoken of East as a skunk. No sooner had the word escaped my lips, than he sprang to his feet, slapped his hands together, and exclaimed:

"Yes, siree; I should think I had seen one of them! Phew! let me tell you about it; it was down in Maine. I saw it a few month after I came over. The way of it was Bill Mosey asked me, one Saturday, if I wouldn's go with him into the woods, to hunt after his horse, which had rambled off. After we'd got out 'bout half a mile, we got kinder separated; that is, Bill went up one ridge, and I went up the other, moving parallel, about fifty paces apart. As I'se going, thinking about my friends in Cuba, and other serious matters, I was interrupted, all at once, by the little dog down in the opposite valley, making one of the queerest noises you ever heard. I looked down that way, and saw him; there he was, frisking and cutting round some animal, and gagging at an awful rate. At first I couldn't think what the critter could be; but after I'd taken a second look I decided in my own mind, and then I called out:

"O Bill! come here quick: here's a monkey!"

"Then I gathered a stick, and made down the hill at it as hard as I could rip. Up I came to it, and gave it a swipe across the back; and O, St. Patrick! you ought to have been there. Such a perfume! may I never enjoy such another! it almost took my breath; yet I had not the least idea from whence it came. Resolved, that come what would the monkey should not escape, I kept slashing away with my stick. Bill came running as hard as hard as he could tear, till he got where he could have a fair view of what was going on—then he stopped all of a sudden, and yelled out:

"Come out of that, you cussed fool, you! What are you doing?"

"I knew there must be something wrong, so I drooped the stick, and made up the hill."

"What the d—l is it?" I asked, beginning to gag and cough like the dog, "ain't it a monkey?"

"Monkey!" said he keeping off at a respectable distance; "there ain't no monkeys in this country. Now you're in a nice fix! You infernal fool! did'nt you know it was a skunk?"

"Purty soon I began to feel awful seasick, so I sat down on the ground, and just heaved and heaved! Oh, my! you ought to have been there. I thought in my soul I should die in spite of all I could do. Bill, he went to a farm house near by, and got a suit of old clothes for me, and then he managed to get me down to the beach, where I stripped off my new clothes and threw them away, and then tumbled into the water. Bill, he hauled off and went in and rubbed me for nearly half the day. Oh, I tell you it was an awful scrape!

"Next Monday morning I appeared in in the printing-office as usual, and went to work. A little while, however, showed that something was wrong. The boys began to whisper around among themselves. This was not the worst. In a short time the foreman sent for me, paid me up, and politely told me he had hands enough without me. That is how I came to be a brakesman on the railroad."—*Porter's Spirit.*

A good Mormon story is told by a friend of ours now traveling in the West, looking after the commercial matters of the house with which he is connected, and who possesses a large fund of shy wit, which is brought admirably into play on all fitting occasions.

While stopping, a short time since, at a hotel in Cleveland, Ohio, it happened that the Marsh Children, a troupe of juvenile commedians familiar to us all, numbering twenty-eight or thirty, arrived and put up at the same house.

Their first appearance in the dining-room naturally attracted great attention, and many were the inquiries made in reference to them, who and what they were, where from and whither going, &c.

They occupied an entire table—all under twelve years of age, dressed alike and nearly all girls, with five or six middle aged females—their teachers—sprinkled among them. At the head of the table sat Mr. Marsh himself, grave, solemn and dignified in manner, a sort of Alexander Selkirk in a small way, monarch of all he surveyed. At the table and by the side of Mr. Quiz, sat two or three gentlemen somewhat rural in their aspect, who were evidently a good deal mystified at the appearance of things, and, on putting the question of what it meant, they were informed that the grave personage at the head of the table was a delegate from Bringham Young, a prominent and noted Mormon, on his way to Washington to settle with the President the difficulties in Utah, and the elderly ladies present were his six wives and the thirty children were a portion of his progeny.

The thing took. The "rurals" after taking a good look at Marsh, and then at the family arrangments, retired, and the house, as well the town itself, was soon in commotion, all eager to look upon a true prophet and his harem.

"Amazing smart children for the kind," says one. "What disgusting women," exclaims Miss Prim. "What an old wretch," responds a whole troupe of Cleveland ladies, as they would gaze and stare at the Utah saint with all their eyes.

The children at last became alarmed—their teachers next, and Mr. Marsh, quite beside himself—not knowing whether to look upon these attentions as favorable to his success, or portending something of a more serious nature. The matter finally exploded, and there was a general scattering, with a giggling accompaniment by the ladies, and hearty goffaws on part of the men who were sold. Mr. Marsh, determined to show his card—ordered his bills to be immediately posted, while Quiz himself steped on the cars in pursuit of business and—further adventure. We hope he found both.—N. Y. News.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE—The Newark (N. J.) Journal, of the 4th instant, says:

Nine years ago to-day, a youth, eighteen years old, was impressed into the service of a monarch of Europe. Three years later he arrived in Philadelphia, having deserted and secured a passage to this country in a Philadelphia packet ship. Six years ago to-day he wandered about the streets of that city a homeless wanderer, without friends, money or wardrobe, and unable to speak a word of English. After vainly searching for employment, he attempted to commit suicide, but was restrained. The next day he succeeded in obtaining employment, and received thirty cents per day for his services. In a short time his health became impaird, and he was again reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. He recovered, and experienced a variety of fortunes, until we find him, three years ago, upon the stage. Since that time he has been in varied circumstances and different kinds of business, and about a year since came to this city with a considerable sum of money, which he had saved. He is now worth some thousands of dollars, and will to-night commemorate, together with a few of his friends, the sixth anniversary of the failure of his attempt at suicide, which he regards as a Providential escape.

A Discovery.

A certain deacon in one of the towns of Massachusetts, who was a very zealous advocate of the cause of Temperance, some years since, on a hot summer's day, employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor. In repairing a corner of the mop-board, near the fire-place, it was necessary to remove the fire-board, when, lo! a "mare's nest" was brought to light, which astonished the workman most marvelously. A brace of decanters, sundry jugs, bottles—all containing "something to take"—a pitcher and tumblers were cosily reposing there in snug quarters. The joiner with wonder-stricken countenance, ran to the proprietor with the intelligence.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the deacon, that is curious, surely. It must be old Capt. B. left those things there when he occupied the premises, *thirty* years since."

"*Perhaps* he did," returned the discoverer, "but deacon, that ice in the pitcher must have been well congealed to have remained so long a time!

A first rate joke took place quite lately in our court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on the farm ever since he was born."

The lawyer who cross-examined her, said, "you assert that your son has worked on the farm ever since he was born."

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"*He milked.*"

The lawyer evaporated.