Bellevue Gazette.

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

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Bellevue Gazette.

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THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ABOVE
LARGE AND POPULAR
HOTEL,
OFFERS EVERY
ACCOMMODATION
To the Public, and will render
ASSIDUOUS ATTENTION
To the wants of HIS GUESTS.
J. T. ALLAN.
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-tf

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ATTENDS to business in any of the Courts of this Territory. Particular attention paid to obtaining and locating Land Warrants, collection of debts, and taxes paid. Letters of inquiry relative to any parts of the Territory answered, if accompanied with a fee.
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Hon. O. H. Browning, Quincy, "
Hon. James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa.
Hon. H. P. Bennett, Del to C. from N. T
Green, Weare & Benton, Council Bluffs, I.
Nuckolls & Co., Glenwood, Iowa. [23tf.]

Ira A. W. Buck,
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REFER TO
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Hon. Enos Lowe, "
Hon. S. A. Strickland, Bellevue.
Hon. John Finney, "
Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.
Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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MERCHANTS.
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WESTERN LITHOGRAPHIC
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All collections entrusted to their care, attended to promptly.
Especial attention given to buying and selling real estate, and making pre-emptions in Nebraska.
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☞ Office west side of Madison street, just above Broadway. nov 13 1-tf.

P. A. SARPY,
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Still continues the above business at
ST. MARYS, IOWA, & BELLEVUE, N. T.
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 freigths 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: Livermoore & Cooley, S. C. Davis & Co. and Humphrey, Putt & Tory, St. Louis, Mo.; Tootle & Fairleigh, St. Joseph, Mo. J. S. Cheneworth & Co., Cincinnati Ohio; W. F. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-tf

POETRY.

Fifty Years Ago.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

A song of the early times out West,
And our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come!
A song for the fresh and gladsome life,
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o're our head!
Oh! the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer;
The camp, the big bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night,
By our camp fire blazing high,
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh! merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

We shunned not labor; when 'twas done
We wrought with right good will:
And for the homes we wrought for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled there,
That burn as warmly yet.
Oh! pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

We felt that we were fellow men;
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness,
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round;
But here amid the green old trees,
We freedom sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings, windry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not, though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own.
Oh! free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

But now our course of life is short;
And as from day to day,
We're marching on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land, more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be Pioneers.
Yet while we linger we may all
A backward glance still throw,
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

A lovesick young pair who had only a dollar
To pay to the priest for a conjugal collar,
Were told by the parson, "His regular fee,
For marrying people, was always a V;
"Nay then," quoth the swain, "good parson now come!
A dollar I'm sure ought to marry us some;
'Tis all I have got; you can take it, you know
And marry as far as the money will go!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Country Girls.

The farmers' daughters are soon to be the *life* as well as the pride of the country—a glorious race of women which no other land can show. I seek not to flatter them; for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest efforts of one or two kinds. There are some who depreciate their conditon, and some who have a false prde in it, because they demand more consideration than they are entitled to. A want of intelligence upon all the subjects of the day and of a refined education, is no more excuseable than in a town-bred girl, in these days of many books and newspapers.

Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding schools; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives, women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had whenever the *desire* is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders; and an earnest thirst after knowledge is almost certain to attain a sweet draught of the "Pierrian Spring." There is a "farmer's daughter" in this very room in which I am writing, a beautiful, refined, and intellectual woman, in whose girlhood books were not so plenty as now, and who obtained her fine education under difficulties which would have discouraged any but one who had as true love for study.

I will state why I think the country girls are yet to prove the *hope* of this country. The women in town and cities are becoming so universally unhealthy, and so almost universally extravagant, foolish, and fashionable, that men are almost in despair of getting wives who are not invalids, and providing them with what they demand after they have married them. Unless a young man has the fortune (good or bad) to be inheritor of wealth, he must spend the best bloom of his youth in acquiring enough "to start upon," as people are expected to begin now-a-days. Men even in high places, would go to the country for their choice, if they met there equal refinement with intelligence. Women are preparing to take a noble stand in history, and they cannot do it in ignorance.

Town girls have the advantages of more highly polished manners and greater accomplishments; but country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their fair city sisters. They have more truth, household knowledge and economy, health, (consequently beauty) simplicity, affection, and freshness of impulse and thought. When they have cultivated their minds, they have more chances in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much of their time is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added lustre of foreign accomplishments could easily be caught by such a mind from a very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmers' daughters were deficient in education. Many brilliant scholars and talented women may be found among them—in New England this is especially so—but I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will but unite refined culture with their other most excellent graces.

A sweet country home, with roses and honey-suckles trained to climb over it, with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, toil to insure health, and leasure enough to court acquaintance with books and flowers, and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love, is surely one of the Paradises which Heaven has left for the attainment of man.

March of Mind.

The ture philosopher looks with pleasure and satisfaction on the gradual progress of science, unlocking in its career the treasure-house of nature, and disclosing to the human mind unnumbered gems hitherto unknown.

On the other hand he looks with *pity* and *regret* on the intolerant spirit of persecution everywhere raising its destructive talon to crush in its infancy every new born truth that may emerge from the hidden resources of science. If we look back through the vista of the past ages we see there was a period in the world's history when science was but little known. We may denominate that period the reign of ignorance, when truth was sold on the auction block, and Rome *traded* with the name of the living God.

The march of science is onward, surmounting all the obstructions that opposition can cast across its pathway, and leading the mind into new fields of thought, there to behold the works of the creator as they are written upon the unfolded scroll of the universe.

Its onward career *compels* error to bow to the majestic sway of truth. In every discovery of science we behold land-marks and indices indicating the highway to civilization and republicanism.

It was the cherished opinions of the ancient philosophers that this earth was the centre of the universe, and all the starry part that twinkles in the expansive firmament were nothing but perforated holes in the azure concave of heaven, through which eminated the light of God. But science has dispelled the delusion, and set the worlds in motion, revealing to us that *this* world is but an atom in a remote part of the universe. The forked lightnings once played uncontrolled from peak to peak, leaped down the mountain side, rendering vast forests in twain, and scattered death and devastation in its eccentric career. But young science arose, shook his youthful frame, and labored among the elements till he confined the destructive lightnings in a leaden jar, and now uses it as a messenger of intelligence from locality to locality.

Our lakes and seas were once a deserted waste; no animation disturbed the smooth and tranquil surface, and only served to mirror back the forms of the cragged rocks and over-shadowing heavens. But under the well directed hand of scince the white sail ship and steamer now glide majestically over their undulating bosom, and once the silent wastes have become thoroughfares of commerce and highways of nations.

Young science lifts the curtain from old theology, and reveals all his hideous deformities at the judgement bar of the world's intelligence. He gradually rolls back the dark cloud of superstitious ignorance that has so long enshrouded the religious elements of man's nature, and ushers in the dawning of a new day, when his electric chains shall bear the tidings of love from shore to shore, and encircle humanity in a universal embrace.

If we review the blessings of physical science, we see that it has delineated the motions of the heavenly bodies, classified the several geological stratums, analyzed the component parts of animal and vegetable matter, and rendered electricity, steam, and atmosphere, subservient to our will. But it has not stopped here. It boldly knocks to be admitted to a seat in the *mind*, and has mapped out many of the phrenological developments, and is still putting forth new energies. It has built its foundation on the granite of the material world, reared its lofty pinnacles toward the sky, and now seeks admittance into the *spiritual* universe, there to reveal the mysterious secrets of the never ending existence.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.—Conductor Woodall, of the Little Miami (Ohio) Railroad, noticed a young girl in his train going East, and came to collect her fare. He observed that she had but $4, although she was going to New York, but came West to work, and had been taken sick. This story was told so candidly that the conductor, who had watched the narrator closely, could not doubt its truth.

"If that is the case, I can not take your money," he said,

"Indeed, sir, it is true!"

"Then take your money back," was his answer, and he passed along.

Through with his collections, he related the circumstance to a couple of gentlemen passengers, and proposed to head a subscription list if they would go through the train and take up a collection for the girl. The gentlemen readily agreed to this, and in a few minutes had the pleasure of handing the girl $17, enough to pay her way to New York. She knew nothing of the movement until she received the money, when her grateful feelings gave vent to copious tears. No one doubted her honesty.

But Woodall was not satisfied. Before she left the train, he gave her a memorandum setting forth the route she should take, and a card, which he requested her to use instead of tickets. On the card was written the following:

To my Brother Conductors.—I have passed this worthy young lady on my train to Columbus. A collection was taken up for her, and $17 placed in her hands by the passengers. For God's sake don't take a cent of it. WOODALL,
Conductor Little Miami R. R.

This no doubt enabled her to reach home safely, and with money in her purse.

THE NECESSITY OF VENTILATION.—The subject of ventilation has, of late years, been impressed very frequently on the public, and is beginning to attract the attention it deserves. Every person knows how disagreeable is the atmosphere of crowded rooms, and yet few can tell precisely why it is so. A lecture of Dr. Smith, at the New York Hospital, supplies certain facts and figures bearing upon this matter, which explains very significantly the reasons in detail for unpleasantness of crowded, confined rooms. We give the following extract, as fully explaining the subject:

"By an elaborate and careful investigation, it has been determined that the daily discharge of matter from the lungs and skin is greater than that from the bowels and bladder. The average amount exuded from the lungs and skin of a healthy adult of ordinary size, in 24 hours, is about 40 oz, and of this quantity about 10 part consists of animal matter. If the number of patients in this building be 200, then the total amount of pulmonary and cutaneous exhalations will be in one day 650 lbs. 8 oz. in one month, 30 days, 20,000 lbs. and in one year, or 365 days, 243,000 lbs., 4 oz; and the ammount of animal or organic matter in these exhalations, will be, in one day, 8 lbs. oz; in one month 250 lbs., and in one year, 3010 lbs. 8 oz. The amount of effete emitted from the lungs and skin of the 500 patients in this Hospital, would be, in one year, 608,333 lbs. 4 oz, and of animal matter 7604 lbs. 2 oz. Such estimates enable us to judge of the degree of liability to disease, originating in ill-ventilated or over-crowded habitations."

A very interesting experiment was tried at Chicago, some time ago, to ascertain the ammount of oxygen necessary to support life. Six hundred persons were placed in a hall in one of the hotels, all the doors and windows were closed, and the experiment began. During the first half hour nothing was observed except a universal drowsiness, which was warded off as long as possible by an ingenious device of the experimenter, in the shape of an eloquent lecture. During the second half hour several sank into a deep sleep, from which it was imposible to rouse them, and a few fainted. At the end of the third half hour it was deemed unsafe to continue the experiment longer, and the fact was considered established that under the circumstances life would become extinct within the space of ninty-five minutes.—*Union Tel.*

PLAYING ROBINSON CRUSOE.—The Detroit *Free Press* relates a Robinson Crusoe story of three young lads who ran away from their anxious mammas in that city, took to the lake in an old skiff, and were hunted after by the police for some time. It says:

It being known that they were sometimes in the habit of going to Belle Isle, two miles above the city, to fish. Search was instituted in that direction.

An old Frenchman on the Island reported that a colony of some mysterious description was settled on the upper end of the Island, but he was unable to say who its members were composed of.—Further investigations, however, revealed the fact that the new colony was made up of the romantic young runaways whose mammas were in search of them. They were snugly demiciled in an old fishing hut of small dimensions, the cracks of which they had stopped with grass and weeds. An old fire place in one corner, with a mud chimney, was well supplied with driftwood from the beach, and a skillet and tin kettle constituted their cooking utensils. Three blankets and a bench completed the outfit. On the walls were hung the fishing tackle.

When first suprised, the runaways were engaged in the agreeable occupation of demolishing a large pike, which had been cooked in the skillet, with no seasoning but salt. They said they had had lots of fun, and plenty of fish to eat, and were intending to remain all summer if they had not been discovered. The oldest only about twelve years of age, said that the idea had been put into his head by reading *Robinson Crusoe*, and that he had persuaded the others off. Their felicity was complete, with the exception that they wanted a man Friday, to secure whom they had contemplated crossing over to Canada and kidnapping a small Kanuck boy. This was abandoned as too dangerous, considering the small available force, and it was then planned that one of them should return to the city and coax his sweetheart, a little girl, to come and live with them and cook the fish. This plan would have been carried out had they not been found. They were returned to their mammas with colds from sleeping on the floor.

BAD CHIROGRAPHY.—A Washington letter writer says that Gen. Cass, having been applied to for his autograph, replied in the following laconic epistle:

"Dear Sir: I enclose my signature for transmission to your friend. It is written upon a card, on which my name is printed, that the key may accompany the hieroglyphics.

I am, dear sir, respectfully yours,
LEW. CASS."

The joke in this is, says the correspondent, that our venerable Secretary of State writes a "shocking bad hand," and he knows it, therefore he adopts the policy of the painter, who, under his picture of some unintelligible nondescript, printed the words, "This is a horse."

"Pompy, de corn's up." "De corn up! why I only planted it yesterday." "I knows dat, but de hogs got in last night, an' guv it a lift you hadn't counted on."

"It's aisy enough," said Pat, "to build a chimney—you howld one brick up and put another under it."

"TIMES AINT NOW AS THEY USED TO WAS."—The following extract which we make from the Connecticut Courant, of September 19th, 1774, will show our readers the manner in which business was conducted in "ye olden time."—"The vessel advertised to sail from Middletown, or Mississippi, the first of September, will not leave until the tenth of October, as some of the passengers are not ready."