Bellevue Gazette.

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

VOL. 2. BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 3. 1858. NO. 28.

Bellevue Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
BELLEVUE CITY, N. T.
BY
Henry M. Burt & Co.

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To the wants of HIS GUESTS.
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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-i

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POETRY.

The Blue Bird—A Spring Song.

BY WM. FOSDICK.

Gentle harbinger of Spring,
Bird of the heaven hue,
Bearing on thine airy wing,
Summer's softest blue;
Oh! welcome back thy ruddy breast
And music breathing mouth,
Sweet herald! of the breezy West,
And of the spicy South.

The bright-hued courier of the sun!
Old Winter hears thy strain,
And drawing up his snowy cloak,
Goes slowly down the plain;
And in his tracks, in robes of green,
The Spring comes, dancing gay,
And April draws the curtain screen
That hides the blushing May.

Oh! welcome back sweet Messenger!
Thou hast a guiding chart,
'Tis Memory's needle, made to stir,
The compass of thy heart!
Thou ridest in the sunshine's car,
Born on the South wind's breath
Led by the icy, Polar Star,
And the evenings in the West.

Sweet Envoy of the gentle Spring!
Oh! bring me tidings, true,
That I shall see a blossoming
Upon life's tree anew.
But if thou canst not bring Love back,
I prithee Bird, depart!
For fairest skies will seem but black,
Without a Spring at heart.

The Lion and the Skunk.

A DREAM

I met a lion in my path,
('Taws on a dreary autumn night,)
Who gave me the alternative
To either run or fight.

I dare not turn upon the track,
I dare not think to run away,
For fear the lion at my back
Would seize me as his prey.

So, summoning fearless air,
Though all my soul was full of fright,
I said unto the forest king,
"I will not run, but fight."

We fought, and, as the fates decreed,
I conquered in the bloody fray;
For soon the lion at my feet
A lifeless carcass lay.

A little skunk was standing by,
And noted what the lion spoke;
And when he saw the lion die,
The lion's tracks he took.

He used the lion's very speech,
For stretching to his utmost height,
He gave me the alternative
To either run or fight.

I saw he was prepared to fling
Fresh odors from his bushy tail,
And knew those ordors very soon
My nostrils would assail.

So, summoning a humble air,
Though all my soul was free from fight,
I said unto the dirty skunk
I'll RUN, but will not FIGHT.

MORAL.

As years begin to cool my blood,
I rather all would doubt my spunk,
Than for a moment undertake
To fight a human skunk.

Common Sense.

She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
And, when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long and reasoned loud
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plat's beared
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And COMMON SENSE should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

New Boots.

"These boots were never made for me,
They are too short by half;
I want them long enough, d'ye see,
To cover all the calf."

"Why, sir," said Last, with stifled laugh,
"To alter them I'll try:
But if they cover all the calf,
They must be six feet high."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Educational Mistakes.

Hitherto, parents have erred lamentably in giving superior advantages of education to the boys instead of the girls; and this is as much in reference to the prosperity and happiness of their own families as in reference to the interests of society and the race of man. What *educates* children? Home influence; the spirit of those who abide most in the family, who are daily, hourly, fixing the impressions they make on each individual of that family. Whose influence in the family is predominant? Whose presence there is most constant? The husband's? as he hurries in to meals, and rushes out to the hallucinations of business. No; the one idea of pecuniary gain absorbs all his energies. The sons'? No; they find home a dull place. The mother is interested solely in household economies, or engaged in discussing the merits of different stuffs and styles; and the sisters have detailed the attractions of the last beaux, dissected the toiletts and characters of their mates, and condemned the five last parties. So the boys are off, seeking society elsewhere.

No, no; not these. The mother and the daughters give tone to home music. If the girls have well-furnished minds and agreeable manners, home will attract; they will radiate all around its horizon an irresitible beauty, one which will draw to them their brothers' hearts, and fix them in that charmed spot which will become to them literally holy, from associations clustering about refined, gentle, intellectual sisters. Boys need such influences to keep their spirits loyal to purity and home, to keep their feet from questionable resorts, from saloon dissipation, from street amusements, to keep their souls from *the woman that flattereth with her lips.*

And with the example of such sisters constantly before them, they would become what they should be, instead of the degenerate beings—puny, ugly, vicious—which are often sent, like a brood of vipers, from the bosom of their home, to poison the world. Better still, the children of such mothers would start into being under the best circumstances. Instead of assuming a mere apology for existence, they would waken from nonentity into LIFE, with a favorable prospect for life's excellence and enjoyments.

Will the reader recall some noteworthy examples? Of President Edwards' mother, it is said: "She received a superior education, was dignified and commanding in appearance, affable and gentle in her manners, and was regarded as surpassing her husband in native vigor of understanding. She had a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and of theology, and singular conscientiousness, piety, and excellence of character." His father, also, was a learned, excellent person. "This distinguished man, the son of such parents, married a woman of superior minds and attainments, and their descendants are among the most talented of the Eastern States."

Lord Bacon's mother "was distinguished both as a linguist and a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, and translated his *Apologia* from the Latin so correctly that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated a series of sermons on Fate and Free-will, from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino." "Her sons, Anthony and Francis, were two of the most extraordinary men of any age; and her care of them attests her character. Francis felt this; in his will, he says: "I desire to be burried in St. Michael's Church, near St. Alban's—there was my mother burried." Bacon's mother was one of the five daughters of the eminently good and learned Sir Anthony Cook. He attended personally to their education, thinking that "women are as capable of learning as men." These five daughters rewarded the careful culture given them by their father, in the happiness they gave him.

They were familiar with book, pen, the needle, housewifery in hall and kitchen; neither did they neglect music and dancing. They were distinguished for their excellent demeanor as mothers of families."

The mother of Milton "was a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness." But Milton seems to have had a low idea of woman, if we judge from his neglect of his daughters' education, thus entailing on them and their posterity, poverty, ignorance, and degradation. Possibly, Milton's feelings and conduct were produced by the character of his wife; and his children, if their mother was unamiable, uneducated, stupid, were *entitled* to the possession of her qualities.

If only one sex is to receive thorough education, let it be that one which gives the mothers of men.

Both should be educated—becoming helps *meet* for each other; but, in any case, *educate the girls.*

Sheridan said, beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of the women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

Life Illustrated.

PHONOGRAPHY.—The art of phonographic reporting is the best ever invented, but nevertheless sometimes leads to mistakes. Not long since, a member of Congress was making a speech, in which he intimated that truth was much dearer to him than party, quoting the Latin, "*Americus Socrates, amicus Plato est sad major veritas.*" (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend.) This appeared the next morning in the report as follows: "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato," said Major Veritas!

The sounds were somewhat alike, but then there was a little difference in the meaning.

On another occasion, Senator Bright had something to say about his constituents and "*actual settlers.*" Now it sometimes happens, that the signs for words of different sense are in phonography so nearly alike, that the right word can only be judged by the context. On this occasion the reporter did not probably write out his own report, but left it to some careless clerk, and the consequence was, that Mr. Bright was astonished the next day to see his constituents referred to as "*cattle stealers,*" in his speech. "Actual settlers" and "cattle stealers" being reported by the same signs in phonographic writing.

MORAL TENDENCY.—"Where is your little boy tending?" asked the good man, as he was inquiring of Mrs. Partington, with regard to the proclivities of Ike, who had a hard name in the neighborhood—he meant the direction for good or ill that the boy was taking. "Well," said the old lady, "he isn't tending anyany where yet. I thought of putting him into a wholesome store, but some says the ringtail is the most beneficious, though he isn't old enough yet to go into a store." I meant *morally* tending," said the visitor solemnly, straightening himself up like an axe-handle. "Yes," said she, a little confusedly, as though she didn't fully understand, but didn't wish to insult him by saying she didn't, "yes I hope he'd tend morally, though there's a great difference in shop keepers, and the moral tenderness in some seems a good deal less than in others, and in others a good deal more. A shopkeeper is one you should put confidence into, but I've always noticed some times that the smilingest of them is the deceivingest. One told me the other day that a calico would wash like a piece of white, and it did just like it, for all the color washed out of it." "Good morning, ma'am," said the visitor, and stalked out with a long string attached to his heel by a piece of gum that had somehow got upon the floor beneath his feet.—*Boston Gazette.*

WHAT'S A VISITATION.—Mr. Spearman, of Newton Hall, at the recent dinner of the Durham County Agricultural Society, was reminded, by the absence of the clergymen, of a story which perhaps he might be permitted to relate, as he had it from a very good source, viz, from a very excellent divine who was himself a prebendary of the cathedral church of Durham. Two honest farmers in riding along together encountered a lagre number of clergymen, and one of them said to the other, "Where be all these parsons coming from?" To this his friend replied. "They have been at a visitation." The other, no wiser than before, says, "What's a visitation?" and the answer was, "Why, it's where all the parsons goes once a year and swops their sermons." (Laughter.) His friend on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked, "Dang it, but our chap mun get the worst on it every time." (Roars of Laughter.)

MULE VERSUS RAM.—Not long since says, a journal, our friend B——, of Mobile, was on a visit to Look-out Mountain Georgia, and was much struck with the fact that a fine jet of water was thrown above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted a plain countryman with—

"My friend, is this water forced up by a ram?" meaning, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named.

"A ram!" exclaimed the conntryman.

"Yes, a ram, I say."

"What on airth—no, sir; it's a darn'd big *mule*! and tremendous hard work at that. Come here and I will show him to you."

A BOY'S APOLOGY.—They had a ball at Waverly the other night, which brought out some remarkable expressions. Among other *transpirations*, the following instance of cool apology took place.

Bill P—— is known "all over," and Bill was at this ball in all his glory, and the whisky was plenty and palatable. The evening passed of rapidly, and Bill had, about ten o'clock, become very happy. Stepping up to a young lady, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her. She replied she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, "are you engaged for the next set?"

She said she was.

"Can I dance with you the next set, then?"

"I am engaged for that also."

"Can I dance with you to night?"

"No, sir," with some hesitancy.

"Go to *blazes*!" said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments, Bill is accosted by a brother of the young lady, and charged with having insulted his sister. Bill denies, but professes himself willing to apologies, if he has done wrong, and accordingly steps up to the young lady, when the following conversation ensued.

"Miss L., I understand I have insulted you."

"You have, sir."

"What did I say, Miss L.?"

"You told me to go to *blazes!*"

"Well," said Bill, "I have come to tell you that you *needn't go!*"

A HIGH WIND.—The wind was blowing a gale. As I passed the corner of Winter and Tremont streets, I noticed a crowd looking upwards. I found my old friend, Mr. Brown, in the midst—all eyes were centered on his observations. At length a smart Yankee stepped up to him and asked—

"What is it, sir? What is it?"

"Nothing; oh, nothing, my friend—I was only looking to see how *high the wind is.*"—*Boston Post.*

JUDGMENT ON HERESY.—The Rev. Peter Sharp, of Michigan, was once a member of the Ohio Annual Conference. At one of their sittings a brother had been tried for heresy, and, finally, the charges were considered proved, and he was duly convicted. The members sat silent, perhaps revolving in their own minds what punishment ought to be meted out to this erring brother, who did not exactly understand the book as they did. At length the presding bishop asked, "What will the conference do with the brother?" Up rose Peter Sharp, and, with great gravity, said, "I move that he be burned at the stake." The result was that the conference made the sentence as gentle as they possibly could.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.—The great orator and statesman was traveling somewhere "out west," and put up for the night at a country tavern. "Mine host," in looking over the register, discovered the name of Henry Clay. There was but one "Clay." Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof. He was astounded, delighted. Next morning, as soon as "the great man" appeared, the admiring Boniface bustled forward, and made his rude bow.

"Mr. Clay, I believe, sir?" said he.

"That is my name," said the gentleman in his affable tone.

"Mr. Clay, the *congressman?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I've *heerd* of you, and I thought I'd just ask if you wouldn't give me and my old woman a little speech before you go?"

"Boys" said a pedagogue the other day, "what is the meaning of that racket in the school?" "It's Bill Sikes, sir, who is all the time imitatating a locomotive." "Come up here, William; if you have turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

A father was questioning his children one Sunday evening, on the portion of sacred writ in Genesis descriptive of the ark. "How was light admitted into the ark; glass was then unknown?" queried papa at one of the misses. "O Noah just lighted the gas."

The London papers contain an account of a snow storm, of singular, and considering the lateness of the season, almost unexampled severity, which occurred on Wednesday night, the 14th of April, its chief intensity being apparently concentrated upon the district lying between the Danford and Denistone stations, on the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire railway line, where a drift of snow formed so deep as to entirely block up the line, and to put a stop to the traffic during the whole of the day.