Bellevue Gazette.

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Bellevue Gazette.

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LARGE AND POPULAR
HOTEL,
OFFERS EVERY
ACCOMMODATION
To the Public, and will render
ASSIDUOUS ATTENTION
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Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-tf

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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.

Discovery of Sir. John Franklin.

BY CARRIE MAY.

"The rumored death of Dr. Kane proves too true; the adventurous navigator has embarked on his last voyage.—*He has found Sir John Franklin.*"

There came a sound—a wail of grief—
From o'er the ocean far away:
'Twas England mourning for a son,
Whose fate in shrouded darkness lay.

Fair Science held a tempting lure,
To win the brave one from his home;
And strong of heart he sailed away,
O're northern seas and lands to roam.

Months, years passed on, and waiting hearts
Grew weary at his long delay,
And anxious eyes gazed o're the sea,
To watch his coming, day by day.

And yet he came not. Other lands
Look'd on with sympathy and grief,
And sent their vessels nobly manned,
To seek the sufferers with relief.

And one,—Columbia's honored son—
One noble-hearted, young and brave,
Left fireside hearth, and clustering friends
To search for one he yet might save.

Hope held aloft her burning torch,
To light our hero on his way,
While faith sat at the vessel's helm
And steered their course by night and day.

On, on he sped, through mist and foam,
Past giant icebergs tall and grim,
With his brave heart so true and bold,
What were those polar gales to him?

On, on he passed by isles of snow,
And plowed his way through icy plains,
Till, with his brave and fearless crew,
He neared the Ice King's bleak domains.

And he—pale Monarch of the North—
Sat on his crystal throne of state;
And eyed our bold adventurers,
With chilling looks of deadly hate.

He sent his emissaries forth,
Who strove with might to bar their course;
His trumpeter, the North Wind, howled
Defiant threats in accents hoarse.

And yet, on Mercy's errand bent,
Our hero nobly struggled on,
While Faith still sat beside the helm,
And Hope still sung her siren song.

He heard the North Wind's fearful voice,
But hurled his proud defiance back;
No muttering threats could change his course,
When he was on the lost one's track.

The Ice King shook his hoary locks,
And sounded many a warning note:
And busily his minions worked,
But onward sped the noble boat.

Then fearful grew the monarch grim,
And blew a clarion blast in rage,
To marshal all his shadowy host;
One fierce, decisive war to wage.

The search went on. The brave man sought
The lost one o're the sea and land,
Nor faltered in his noble work
Until the Ice King bade him stand.

And even then in conflict fierce,
He grappled his insidious foe,
And sought, with more than humane force,
To lay the mighty monarch low.

He fought his way till Faith grew pale,
Till Hope's sweet voice was faint and low,
And th' beacon torch she bore aloft
Gave but a dim, uncertain glow.

And if he faltered then, 'twas not
To mortal foe he bent the knee,
He yielded to that fatal power
That reigns o're northern land and sea.

The Icy Monarch spared his life,
But bade him haste to leave his land:
With thoughts of future conflicts won,
He marshaled his devoted band.

The foe had bound the gallant ship
In bonds no human power could part;
He left her with a lingering look,
And homeward turned with saddened heart.

But Hope still fanned her flickering torch,
And whispered gentle words of cheer
That lighted up the hero's heart,
And held aloof the clouds of fear.

She pointed to a sunny land,
Where health should once more join his train;
And then, with force renewed, she said
The lost one should be sought again.

They reach their home—that little band—
And crowds of true, devoted friends
Came with those gentle words and deeds
True love and friendship ever blends.

Yet still the hero's heart was sad,
And anxiously he sought the land,
Where pallid brow and fading cheek
Were by the southern breez a fanned.

Yet neither Health or Strength came back,
Though wooed within those sunny vales;
And Hope still flirted round his couch,
And whispered forth her gentle tales.

And one calm, moonlight night there came—
While weeping friends were gathered round—
A pilot from the unknown port
To which our hero's bark was bound.

Ah, there were hurried partings then!
And mourning hearts in that true band,
As Faith and Hope in triumph bore
The hero to that unknown land.

At last his anxious search is o're!
And he but waits the trumpet's sound
To shout the welcome tidings forth
That England's noble son is found.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bad Lands of Nebraska.

The important fact is now becoming positively established, that so far as the occupation of arable land is concerned, we have reached the extreme limit of our territorial extension, striking westwards from the Missouri valley. The banks of the Missouri river, it is true, including a tract, on an average, an hundred and fifty miles wide, are fertile, but here, on the westernmost side, arable soil terminates. Two very remarkable features mark the territory which then commences. One is a vast extent of rainless plain which marks the easternmost slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The other is the *Bad Lands*, or "Mauvaises Terres," which exist in their most remarkable development, so far as present exploration goes, in Central and Northern Nebraska, but which are to be found also in Western Kansas and Arkansas. These lands have recently been the subject of surveys, undertaken both by the Smithsonian Institute and by the American Government.

The geological formation of the Bad Lands is fraught with many important lessons. As corroborating the Mosaic narrative of a deluge, they speak with peculiar emphasis. The dreary level of the surrounding prairie, is appalled by the sight of a basin of fossil cemeteries, sinking nearly two hundred feet below the adjacent surface. On the sandy soil of this basin rises an infinite series of minaret-looking peaks, some jutting up two hundred feet, and many painted on the sides with the prismatic hues. The quaint-looking towers, the winding alleys which separate block from block, the occasional buttresses which round off one line of streets, the chimney-like turrets that rise over the level of the larger and more compact masses, give all the evidences of some vast but deserted metropolis; when, however, the observer descends to the supposed city, the delusion vanishes. The perpendicular walls fall backwards into slanting, weather-beaten rocks. The pavements crumble into sands, which, in the torrid heats of August, parch the traveller's feet as much as the vertical sun oppresses his brain. The chimneys are but blocks of rock, and the minarets splinters of spar.

These castellated structures, however, though they are not the evidences of human civilization, are the water meters by which are noted the progress of events far more stupendous than those of mere mechanical enterprise. The turrets and columns of the Bad Lands are incrusted with the fossil remains of races deposited by the fresh waters of the early tertiary period. Animals which preceded the mammoth and mastodon, and between which and the mammoth and the mastodon there exists a chasm which neither class has overpassed, are here to be found in unequalled completeness. Thus, for instance, in the *Archiotherium*, a specimen discovered by David Dale Owen, in his exploration, and examined by Dr. Leidy (Owen's Geog. Sur., 198,) are united characters belonging to the pachyderms, the plantigrades, and the digitigrades. With these are grouped a series of other individuals, which demonstrate, to use the language of Mr. Owen, himself by no means an intentional supporter of the Mosaic account, that "at the time these singular animals roamed over the Mauvaises Terres of the Upper Missouri, the configuration of our present continents was very different from what it now is. Europe and Asia were then, in fact, no continent at all, being represented only by a few islands, scattered over a vast expanse of ocean. The Atlantic seaboard of the United States, back to the mountain ranges, and up the Valley of the Mississippi, as high as Vicksburgh, was yet under water. In Europe, during the period following the extermination of the Eocene Fauna of Nebraska, the Alps have been heaved up nearly their whole height; and in Northern India, the whole Subhimalayan range had been elevated."

So it is that on the Bad Lands we find the water guage, which marks the rise and fall of a deluge which, if not that of Noah, relieves that great phenomenon from all the difficulties with which it has been invested by the earlier skeptics.

A deluge which, if not universal, was at least extensive enough to have submerged all the living members of a population as large and as widely spread as that of Europe at the present time, not only is possible, but is shown to have actually taken place.

We have corroborating evidence as to the seniority of the American continent in the coal-formations which Kansas and Iowa exhibit in common with the Atlantic States. Vegetable life, in the valley of the Euphrates, did not begin until race after race of extinct species of plants had been buried in the valley of the Missouri. This is noticed by Agassiz, in his work on Lake Superior:

"It is a circumstance quite extraordinary and unexpected," says this quick observer, "that the fossil plants of tertiary beds of Oeningen resemble more closely the trees and shrubs which grow at present in the Eastern parts of North America, than those of any other parts of the world; thus allowing us to express correctly the difference between the opposite coasts of Europe and America, by saying that the present Eastern America flora, and, I may add, the fauna also, have a more ancient character than those of Europe. The plants, especially the trees and shrubs, growing in our days in the United States, are, as it were, old-fashioned; and the characteristic genera Lagomys, Chelydra, and the large Salamanders with permanent gills, that remind us of the fossils of Oeningen, are at least equally so; they bear the marks of former ages." And on the same point Hugh Miller says: "Not only are we accustomed to speak of the Eastern continents as the Old World, in contradistinction to that post-diluvian world which succeeded it. And yet equally, if we receive the term in either of its acceptations, is America an older world still—an older world than that of the Eastern continent—an older world, in the fashion and type of its productions, than the world before the Flood. And when the immigrant settler takes ax amid the deep backwoods, to lay open for the first time what he deems a new country, the great trees that fall before him—the brushwood which he lops away with a sweep of his tool—the unfamiliar herbs which he tramples under foot—the lazy fish like reptile that scarce stirs out of his path as he descends to the neighboring creek to drink—the fierce alligator-like tortoise, with the large limbs and small carpace, that he sees watching among the reeds for fish and frogs, just as he reaches the water—and the little hare like rodent, without a tail, that he startles by the way—all attest, by the antiqueness of the mould in which they are cast, how old a country the seemingly new one really is—a country vastly older, in type at least, than that of the antediluvians and the patriarchs, and only to be compared with that which flourished on the Eastern side of the Atlantic long ere the appearance of man, and the remains of whose perished productions we find locked up in the *loess* of the Rhine, or amid the lignites of Nassau. America is emphatically the *Old* World."

There is an interesting question not unfamiliar to the natural theologian which arises on this state of facts. Should a skeptic, if there had been such in those days, have traversed the expanses of the West, he might have turned upon the immense tracks of apparently useless vegetation by which the soil was covered, and sneeringly asked, in the spirit of some of our modern free-thinkers, what was the use in all this waste of power?—"What is there here to support life," he might cry, "even if life should come? Barley, maize, wheat, rye, rice, and the nutritive grasses, where are these? Instead of these come gigantical tropical plants, throwing outwards the thick blades of their edible foliage from their coarse trunks, and countless hosts of pine, matting (each Fall) the floor of the earth with the yellow spires of their Summer leaves. For what purpose is this?" And yet, had he been able to have looked forward, he would have seen this apparent waste of power the agent by which the refinement, the comfort, and sustenance of myriads to come were to be secured. He would have seen these gigantic forests whose recesses were at one time traversed only by the huge animals of the middle geological period, laying themselves, tree after tree, down to die in graves where their bodies, in the slow process of ages, were to be turned into vast layers of bituminous coal. From these layers, deposited in fields which it would take illimitable ages to exhaust, he would see issue the fuel which would supply the comforts and provide for the necessities of a mighty people by whom these basins were afterwards to be inhabited. By it on the banks of the Upper Mississippi, the saw-mill is turned, into which is floated lumber from the recesses of the St. Croix, to be cut up and shaped into woodwork out of which are to be built the quiet little home, the neat schoolhouse, the simple church with which the prairies of Illinois and Iowa are to be dotted. By it is to be impelled the hardy little steamtug which penetrates the bar-locked inlets of Lake Superior, as well as the gorgeous steamer that navigates the Mississippi and the Missouri. By it the machinery is moved that lifts a river from its channel, carries it to the top of a hill, and then distributes it over a city in streams so varied and so appropriate, that in one place, while it sparkles in the copious jets of a public fountain, in another it passes into the backyard of the court where the washerwoman makes her living, the dangers of disease and pollution are removed, and the cheapest, and yet the best of drinks, afforded to those to whom a free use of it is indispensible to health, if not to life.

There is a great deal in such a patient, and yet such a majestic, unwinding of the chart of Providence as this, on which we can well ponder. The Son of Man Himself—He who was afterwards to take upon Him the very flesh, but alas! under desolate comfortlessness, the comforts of which in others He was so abundantly to provide—thus spoke before even the beginning of time: "Before the mountains were settled, before the hills, was I bro't forth. While as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When He prepared the heavens, I was there; when He set a compass above the face of the depth, when he established the clouds above, when He strengthened the foundations of the deep, when he appointed the foundations of the earth, THEN I was with him, as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable part of the earth; and my delights were with the sons of men."

One other theistic inference arising from the geological explorations of the Bad Lands, I may be permitted to notice: "Every specimen as yet brought from the Bad Lands," says Mr. Owen, "proves to be of species that became exterminated *before* the mammoth and mastodon lived, and differ in their specific characters, not only from all living animals, but also from all fossils obtained even from contemporaneous geological formations elsewhere. In other words, the Bad Lands record a miracle with as sharp precision as do the first chapter of Genesis, the fourth chapter of the second book of Kings, and the eleventh chapter of John. It is a creation, not by the ordinary process of generation, but by a divine fiat, of a new family of living creatures. The calling of life into the widow's child was not by any means so violent a disruption of what philosophers call the laws of nature, as the awakening of a new period of animal life in the then untrodden bottom of the Missouri. Lazarus, rising from the grave, broke not so much in upon these same laws, as the starting up from his miry bed of that gigantic hornless Rhinoceros—the Rhinoceros Nebrascensis, described by Dr. Leidy—who was the Adam in the race, whose last as well as whose first members now lie in the eocene tertiary of the Bad Lands. The records of such creations and extinctions as these is the record of miracles, as distinguished from history, which is the working of natural laws. The latter narrates the march of second causes; the former, of first. In this view we have a most complete refutation of Mr. Hume's famous position, that no human testimony can prove a miracle; because what is contrary to universal experience can not itself be shown by substantive proof. The universal experience of man, as he would argue, which established the uniformity of animal generation, would exclude the reception of any evidence whatever of a creation by a direct Divine interposition. But this is as if an insect whose term of life is a moment, and the history of whose race occupied but half a day, should declare that the clock whose ticking sounds so sonorously in his tiny ears, and which from the memory of his remotest ancestors never ceased to strike in the same equal beats, is an institution of perpetual existence, any deviation in whose course no evidence can be received to prove. Tell him that at some remote period, that clock was wound up by extrinsic power, and he will tell you that such a winding-up is contrary to all insect experience, and that he will hear nothing to prove it.

Now, while human history details the ticking and movements of the clock, as