Bellevue Gazette.

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Bellevue Gazette.

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LARGE AND POPULAR
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OFFERS EVERY
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To the Public, and will render
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To the wants of HIS GUESTS.

J. T. ALLAN.
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-tf

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Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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nov 13 1-tf.

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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 freigths so that Steam Boats will not be detained as they have been heretofore, in getting some one to receive freight, when the consigness are absent.

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POETRY.

Singing in the Rain.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Where the elm tree branches
By the rain are stirred,
Careless of the shower
Swings a little bird;—
Clouds may frown and darken,
Drops may fall in vain,
Little cares the warbler
Singing in the rain!

Silence, soft, unbroken,
Reigneth everywhere,
Save the rain's low heart-throb
Beating on the air,—
Save the song which, pausing,
Wins no answering strain,—
Little cares the wild-bird
Singing in the rain!

Nor yet are the orchards
Rich with rosy snow,—
Nor with dandelions
Are the fields a-glow,—
Yet almost, my fancy
In his song's soft flow,
Hear the June leaves whisper,
And the roses blow!

Dimmer fall the shadows,
Mistier grows the air,—
Still the thick clouds gather
Darkening here and there,—
From their heavy fringes
Pour ther drops amain—
Still the bird is swinging,
Singing in the rain.

Oh, thou hopeful singer,
Whom my faith perceives
To a dove transfigured,
Bringing olive leaves,
Olive leaves of promise,
Types of joy to be—
How in doubt and trial,
Learns my heart in thee!

Cheerful summer-prophet!
Listening to thy song
How my fainting spirit
Groweth glad and strong!
Let the dark clouds gather,
Let the sunshine wane,
If I may but join thee
Singing in the rain!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hungarian Grass.

This is a subject of such importance that we copy the following from the Eddyville (Iowa) *Commercial*, concerning this seed:

In the spring of 1853, as nearly as I can ascertain, a Mr. Gleason brought a small quantity of this grass seed with him from Illinois. He had procured a handful of it the spring before from a Hungarian exile who was passing through the country.—What became of the exile or the ballance of the seed, I cannot learn; nor yet the *name* of one who has conferred such a favor upon the people of the great west. His name should be written in letters of gold; for that little handful of seed is destined to change the agricultural character of a dozen States and give us a product which will stand second only to the corn crop upon the rich prairies of the west. This poor exile, and Mr. Gleason with his handful of seed, have done more to promote the agricultural interests of these prairie States than the government has, with all its seeds, within the last ten years. This may sound like enthusiasm, but it is a sober reality. We have now, in this region, the best hay country I ever saw—until this season and the last, it was the worst. The common grasses are a failure, yet we have hay of the best quality in such overflowing abundance, that we can feed seven months, and still have hay to sell; and this hay has grown upon the high prairie, at the rate of three or four tons to the acre.

Mr. Gleason sowed his handful of seed in Ill., and the next season brought the product to Monroe Co., Iowa, where he sowed again. It may be well to observe that he had difficulty in procuring a piece of ground, as farmers were afraid it might somehow ruin their land. The next season, which was in '54 he distributed among such of his neighbors as had overcome their fears. This year it began to attract some attention in the vicinity and its popularity has increased as fast as the litle handful of seed has multiplied itself. Those who have seen it every year since the first was sown, are now better pleased than ever—this year's crop exceeding all that went before it. Within the little circle of its present production, its popularity is unbounded.

This grass is a crop which has never failed. Wet or dry—cold or hot—it has been a good heavy crop; even last season, when that sturdy giant of the west—the corn—dropped his strong arms, and rolled up his green banners in the dry hot blasts, his more humble neighbor—the Hungarian grass—spread its rich green mantle over the parched soil, and shot up its luxuriant blades, and waved its golden heads triumphantly, in spite of dry winds and rainless skies. In point of *certainty* we have no crop which compares to it; it seems to be exactly adapted to our loose, deep, prairie soils, and is perhaps, a better crop in Iowa than in its native soil in the country of the Magyars. The secret of its success lies in its strong vitality, stout roots and adaptation to a *dry* soil. The roots of our common domestic grasses are too short and slender to reach below the influence of our dry, hot summers, while this production, from its great vigor and large roots, can pierce below the reach of draught, and draw up the treasures of fertility which lie beneath.

The only objection which can be urged against it, as a hay crop, is, that it must be put in every year; but the immense yeild certainly, and nutritive qualities, more than compensate for this disadvantage; it is not at all likely that we will soon find a perennial grass which will at all compare with it in these particulars.

In appearance, the Hungarian Grass resembles *milett*; and it no doubt belongs to the same family; but it is much more productive; it affords a better provender, and the seed is more *oily* and nutricious.

As hay it is superior to Timothy, that old and substantial favorite with every farmer.—Horses changed from timothy and corn to Hungarian, begin to *thrive*, on half the usual allowance of corn, and put on that fine glossy coat so much admired by stock growers.

It is not the *hay* alone which gives value to this crop; it produces seed at the rate of twenty or thirty bushels to the acre, which in nutritive qualities is much superior to Oats; it is heavier, and contains a large amount of oil. In truth, the crop is better than a crop of oats and timothy put together.

As an evidence of the popularity of this crop it may be mentioned that the price of seed has steadly advanced for the last three years.

In the spring of 1855 it could not be sold at any price, except by the quart or gallon; next season the price was $2,50; and last season it started at the same price, but soon reached three dollars, then four, and next five, with the supply exhausted, although there was no demand for it outside the circle of its growth.

CULTIVATION.—This seed should be sown from the middle to the last of May, on clean ground, plowed, then harrowed, before and after sowing, and then roll if practicable.

The usual quantity of seed is a bushel to three acres; but where the seed is the main object, it may be thinner, and for hay only—thicker.

Any ground fit for oats or corn will answer for this crop—but the clearer the ground the better.

The rule is to cut it when most of the stalks and blades turn yellow, and the mass of seed is nearly perfect. This secures both hay and seed.

Cut, cure, and put up like timothy; or it may be cradled and put into sheaves if desired. It comes in just after oats harvest.

When cut the stubble does not die as a general thing, especially if cut as early as it will bear; but it sends up new shoots which will make half a crop, or it may be used as a fall pasture.

Cultivation of the Sweet Potato in Northern Illinois.

Ed. Chicago Democrat;

I have cultivated the sweet potato for the last ten years with good success. I find they will grow on all kinds of soil that will produce good corn, except low, alluvial bottoms, where there is too much vegetable mold, which causes them to run to vines and long roots. New ground, where sod corn has been raised, I think is the best. For this crop, the ground should be plowed very deep, and made very fine by harrowing or rolling, and then thrown into ridges by throwing three furrows together, the last one on top of the two first, about four feet apart from centre to centre. Just after a shower is the best time to set the plant; but do not wait after you are ready to set them, but provide yourself with water and a mason's trowel, or something similar; proceed to make your holes about three inches deep and eighteen inches apart; insert your plants, fill the holes half full of earth, pour in about half a pint of water, and fill with earth as soon as the water dries away, and they are pretty sure to grow, and will not need to be watered again, unless it is exceedingly dry.

The proper time for setting the plants is from the 10th of May till the 20th of June. When the plants begin to vine, run a cultivator between the rows, and then throw back the earth into the ridge with the plow and finish up with the hoe; be careful not to strke the hoe into the earth near the plant as you may destroy the best tubers, which come out near the surface of the ground. To harvest them cut and rake off the vines and run a furrow with the plow each side of the ridge and throw out with the spade; they should be harvested as soon as the frost kills the vines. They may be kept for a long time in sand and, sawdust, or chaff.

In the ten years that I have growed sweet potatoes, they have never produced less than 200 bushels to the acre, and sometimes twice that, with but very little more trouble than the common potatoe, while their market value is full three times as much.

I have them on my table every day from the first of September, till May, as good as when they were dug.

The variety that I raise is called Nansemond, or Northern Yellow. I produce the plants on a large scale, and can send them a thousand miles in safety.

S. P. TRUESDELL.

Lemont, Co., Ill.

OUTDOOR EXERCISE AND RECREATION.—Some few weeks since, the London *Times* published an article on the relative degrees of health and longevity of the people of Great Britain and the United States, in which the superiority of the former country in both respects was broadly asserted. The writer attributed the dwindling of the American race, as he pleased to term it, to the endemical diseases of yellow and other fevers with which portions of our country are unhappily afflicted, and to the impropriety in the manner of living. To the latter more than to the former cause is owing, we think, the results mentionad. The errors in this respect commence with the child. Instead of giving such an education as will produce a full physical development by constant outdoor exercise, it is coufined in a close nursery and subjected to a mode of treatment precisely opposite to the proper one. The frame is at the outset made week and puny; and habits are engendered and diseases contracted which cling to it during the time when verging towards what should be a maturity of strength and beauty, which it never reaches. And thus in the very morning of life, when the sensations have the untiring activity which novelty begets, the mind is, through a lack of vigor and development of the body, filled with languor, dejection and despair, and diverted from its most noble and devoted aspirations.

There is but one method of establishing and preserving the good health and physical development of a people, and that is, a proper degree of healthy exercise and recreation, both before and after the period of intellectual maturity. Infants should be upon all suitable occasions carried into the gardens and other open spaces of country, where they can breath fresh air, and as soon as they are able to walk, and at a later period, should be allowed to walk, romp, and indulge in various delightful amusements which the impulses of ingenious youth dictate. The unhealthy restraints in dress which foolish fashion has imposed should be abolished, in order that the lungs and less delicate organizations of the system should have full play to perform their functions, and expand to their greatest natural development. With the advance of the more vigorous and aspiring efforts of intellect, athletic games and employment of a more manly and corresponding character should be freely indulged in, having in view the increased physical strength and more mature judgment. These exercises should take place daily, and as much as possible in the open air, and walking at different periods of the day should constitute one of their most important features. And, finally, when the delightful visions of youth, give place to the cold, cautious and calculating ideas of the experienced, this bodily exercise should be daily continued, and with the hours set apart for it should be also allotted hours for intellectual and other recreations, which shall unbend the mind from the cares and vicissitudes of business and household duties, and give it a corresponing vivacious and healthy exercise with the body.

True for Once.—A traveler announces as a fact (and, though he is a "traveler" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business!" This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

A Hibernian when knocked down, exclaimed; "Do you strike a man when he is down?" "O, no," replied his antagonist. "Then faith, and I'll lay here," replied Pat.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, writing from New York to the St. Louis Democrat, makes the following truthful remarks:

To be in New York over Sabbath, and not hear Henry Ward Beecher, would be somewhat like hearing the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out; or, to use a home-made expression, to eat strawberries and cream, without the staawberries. So we took the cars, (there was a host of us,) and the ferry boat, and repaired to Brooklyn; but, alas! for all human calculations, when we arrived, every pew, seat, chair, bench, stool, and stair case, was full. The galleries were overrun; the vestibule, the entries, the door steps, the yard and even out upon the street, and yet they came. We crowded our way through the dense mass, and at last got before one of the doors, where we could see the man, and as we looked into his jovial (we had almost said rowdy) face, we wondered what it was in him, that so attracted the human sympathy, and thus drew all men to him. Was it his outward attractions, hearty grace, and eloquence? Not at all. His learning and purity of language? Not at all. His profoundness? Not at all. What then?

It takes the active, brilliant, sport loving, heart-sympathizing, fun-bubbling boy, to make *the boy*—one whose impulses lead him to do mischief—not because he is wicked, or wants to do ill; but because it is fun. He loves impetuously, and hates unmercifully; whatever his hands finds to do, he pitches into, (to use a western phrase,) and oft-times, from the very truthfulness and freedom of his nature, gets the name of bad boy, when his heart never conceived, nor his hands never carried out a really bad idea; and his neighbors always say, he will be very bad, or very good.

Henry Ward Beecher, under some influences, would have been a fearful man. But the careful training of an excellent, judicious mother, and wise father, have trained all the exuberance of his youth in to a useful maturity, and he attracts crowds —because people love freedom, love to see a man dare be a man; to say what he thinks, and act out what he says. He talks at them, and lets them know exactly what he is talking about. He spurns conventionalisms, sets all rule of oratory aside, walks up and down his stage and makes the people almost jump from their feet with him, so earnest and energetic and mesmerising is his powar. No one need take snuff, or Cologne, or salts, to keep awake. The snuff is in his sermon and we should as soon think of going to sleep while Forrest was playeng Richard III.

HOOSIER GIRLS.—We were not long since, amused by a couple of Hoosier girls, who came on board the steamer ———, at the little town of Mount Vernon. They had evidently never been a thousand miles away from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative and perfectly free and unconcerned with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table; and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces, and, with her fork, reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beef steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her, and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table, "Sal, dip into the gravy; dad pays as much as any on 'em!" This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper; and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

We saw a good anecdote the other day about long preaching. A lady took her son, of some five or six years, to church. After the minister had been preaching about half an hour, the little fellow grew sleepy and began to nod. The mother roused him into attention several times, by pinching him. But as it seemed a hopeless case, she concluded to let him sleep undisturbed. After the little fellow had his nap out, he woke and saw the minister still holding forth. He looked up in his mother's face, and innocently asked—"Mother, is it *this* Sunday night, or is it *next* Sunday night."

MRS. GOLDSCHMIDT (Jenny Lind) recently gave birth to twins—one of each sex. Here we have another edition in [illegible] volumes of "Goldsmith's Animated [illegible]ure."