NEBRASKA PALLADIUM.

BY D. E. REED, & CO. BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS CO., NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER, 31, 1854. VOL. 1.—NO. 14.

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NEBRASKA PALLADIUM AND PLATTE VALLEY ADVOCATE.

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Thos. Morton.

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Editors and Proprietors.

BELLEVIEW, DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

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Land Agent, Surveyor and Engineer, Belleview, Nebraska. n1-1y

ST. MARY.

GEORGE HEPNER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, St. Mary, Mills County, Iowa. aug 31-1y

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Physician and Surgeon, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of St. Mary and vicinity. Office two miles northwest of St. Mary, on the Musquito creek. aug 31-1y*

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Tinner and Brasier—is ready to manufacture or repair tin work of every description, at short notice, and at the cheapest rates. His shop is situated one fourth mile north of P. A. Sarpy's store, Main-st., St. Mary.

June 14, 1854. n42-3m

JAMES O'NEAL,

Drainage Commissioner, Office in St. Mary, Iowa. aug 31-1y

P. A. SARPY,

Wholesale and Commission Merchant, dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Books and Stationery, corner of Main and Gregory streets. aug 31-1y*

C. E. WATSON,

Conveyancer, Notary Public, and Surveyor. Office at the Store of Greene, Kinney, & Co., St. Mary, Mills co., Iowa. Aug. 2, '54.

ASTOR HOUSE.

THE subscriber has just opened this new and commodious building for the reception of the traveling public, and solicits a share of public favor. Prompt and efficient attention will be paid to all who may favor him with their patronage. His table will be supplied with the best the market affords. A good stable is attached to the premises. WM. ENGELL.

St. Mary, Iowa, mar. 15, '54—n29-tf

NOTICE.

HAVING dissolved our connection as partners in the "Gazette," those persons indebted to, or having claims against the late firm of REED & LATHAM, will call on D. E. Reed, who is authorized to settle the matters of the concern. D. E. REED, J. M. LATHAM.

St. Mary, July 26, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The moral of the following effusion, which we copy from a popular periodical, will not be questioned by any one. The sermon it preaches, is the sermon of every day practice. It cannot be denied that there is in this world of ours, "work enough to do." And he who struggles to perform his portion of it, will be fortunate if he acquits himself to the satisfaction of that great and high Power, which introduced all of us to this lower world. Sentimental poetry rarely finds favor with us; but the sentiment developed by the effusion we now copy, we confess, produces something more than momentary reflection.—[N. Y. Atlas.

The blackbird early leaves its rest,
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest,
From upland wood and lawn,
The busy bee, that wings its way
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
And every flower, would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow-drop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass,
The ant, within his cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And write upon his tiny heap,
"There's work enough to do."

The planets at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars;
For Nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
One solemn truth to men declares,
"There's work enough to do."

Who then, can sleep, when all around
Is active, fresh, and free?
Shall man—creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
That best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The sottish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children deep,
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read,
Is "work enough to do."

The time is short, the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wond'rous earth and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun!
The moment's fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain too,
We've none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

SCRAP OF HISTORY.—During the revolutionary war, General Lafayette, being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went, as requested, but instead of joining the amusement, as might be expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus:

"Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine—*but my Soldiers have no Shirts!*"

The appeal was irresistible. The ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work, and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands in Baltimore, for the gallant defenders of their country.

☞ Father O'Leary and Curran were cracking their jests at a dinner party one evening, as was their wont, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good father, saying:

"I wish, O'Leary, that you had the keys of Heaven."

"Why, Curran?" asked the divine.

"Because you could then let me in," said the facetious counsellor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said Father O'Leary, "that I had the keys of *the other place, because I then could let you out.*"

GEESE, CATS AND BACHELORS.—The following paragraph we clip from the regular report of the proceedings of the Connecticut Legislature on the 27th of June:

"Bill to tax geese, cats, and bachelors, was taken up. Mr. Harrison was opposed to the provision taxing bachelors.—There wat a tax already laid upon a goose, and any man who had lived 25 years without being married, coud be taxed under that section. The bill was indefinitely postponed."

☞ Married life, says the New York Pick, often begins with rosewood and ends with pine. Think of that, my dears, before you furnish your parlors.

☞ The best and ripest fruit often grows on the roughest wall.

☞ Those who possess the most real excellence say the least about it.

☞ No man has a right to do as he pleases, unless he pleases to do right.

☞ To compliment Vice, but one remove from worshipping the devil.

Correspondence of the Palladium.

Matters and Things In New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7th.

Autumn is fairly inaugurated, and the "brown autumnal feeling," which denotes its approach, hot noon-times, and the demand for Soda Water have gone away together. The sunlight streams slantingly thus, the fleecy haze which wraps the woody shores of the "Bay" in its blue folds, and dreamily winds itself into the streets of the city. A dry leaf occasionally flutters to the side-walk, with a sad premonition of the time when all leaves shall have left. Peaches have disappeared from the fruiterers stalls, and the spectral placards, warning Park-loungers off the grass, begin to wear a mocking aspect, as if they regarded what they were saying, in the light of a good joke. The Hotels are crowded, from the palatial St. Nicholas, with its row of genteel idlers standing at all hours before the entrance, (for the express object, it would seem, of self-exhibition, and by force of broadcloth, much hair and more brass, to stare bashful lady promenaders out of countenance,) to the less pretention houses of Courtlandt street, where country-merchants most do congregate. All sections of the country are fully represented at these, and a lover of the picturesque, could not fail to be gratified at a dinner-scene, at one of them, say the Western. As the hour approaches, the entrances to the Hall are thronged, and at the sound of the gong, the seats are filled in a twinkling, and shade of Apicius! what eating is here! Flocks of turkeys, with brown, shiny legs, and plump, fragrant breasts, dwindle instantaneously into a handful of bones—tomotoes, succotash and sweet potatoes, melt away like butter in the sun, and whole rows of pastry, are bowled down with ten-strike. The almonds and raisins escape—there is no time for desert, and in twenty minutes from the time each set down, he may be seen tooth-pick in mouth, urging his way to some business appointment.

Among the numerous discoveries of our political age, which are every day applied to generalize luxury and multiply comforts, I cannot resist the temptation, to notice a substitute for flag-stones, which is just coming into use, and which promises to form an important feature at no very distant day, in the beauty and convenience of our streets. We refer to the kind of flagging, in which the mineral substance, called *esphaltum*, forms the new and principle element. We have had an opportunity, recently, of observing the construction of a piece of side-walk, of this peculiar character, and feel willing to accord to it, a superior merit. The asphaltum is melted, and while in a state of fusion, certain quantities of Lilicia, and we believe some other foreign substances, but the ingredients, as well as their proportions of the composition, are held *in secret* by the patentees, until the whole acquires a consistency and peculiar quality, which fits it for its purpose as a mineral cement. A layer of broken stone of the size used for MacAdaminzing, is spread upon it, until the interstices are mostly filled, and while the liquid is cooling, the paver's rammer is called into requisition, to consolidate the mass. After this is fairly cooled, a covering of the semi-fluid is imposed, from two to three inches thick, and is smoothed leveled and pressed with instruments, so as to form a continuous surface, uninterrupted by joints to any extent of area required, which becomes in an hour as hard a granite.

It is claimed, that this resists all vicissitudes of the weather, as well as rock, and that it is no more liable to be broken by the superposition of weights on the rolling of loaded vehicles, than paving stones of the same thickness. We are inclined to admit this claim from what we have seen of it, and certainly it forms a most beautiful sidewalk, obviating, in rainy weather, if it be properly sloped, the disagreeable necessity which the pedestrian finds, of continually plunging into puddles of dirty water at every step. Although, its price is somewhat dearer than common flagging, it will probably be furnished at a much cheaper rate in time, and we hope to see it in general use. It will be a fine companion for the Russ pavements.

The meeting of the stock-holders of the New York and New Hampshire Railroad Company, on Tuesday, resulted, as might have been expected, in nothing but an open quarrel. The Connecticut people pretend they can't breathe freely in the noxious atmosphere of Wall street, and therefore, the meeting of next month is appointed at New Haven. We hope that the bracing moral air of New England, will do much towards cooling the feverish pulse of temper, and strengthening the sinking heart of hope, in the bosoms of all interested in the occasion,

The State Fair, which opened the third inst., closes on Friday, with an address by John P. Hall, and the award of premiums. A drizzling rain, which grew into a storm on the second day, excited the fear, that the affair would occasion one of those miniature deluges, which camp-meeting are popularly supposed to provoke, but to-day is singularly favorable. The fruit department is said to be unusually good, especially in Apples and Pears. Of the latter, the old favorites, the Bartlett and Virgellan, bear away the bell.—The domestic department offers little worthy of notice. A beautiful Cashmere Goat attracted much attention from the ladies, who, judging from the manner each fair visitor stroked his worship's long, silken goatee, rather considered that appendage an ornament than otherwise. As a whole, the Exhibition must be considered as inferior to that of last year.

An additional feature of interest is introduced into the political scrub-race, to come off this fall, that is, the nomination of Daniel Ullman, for Governor, by the Know-Nothings. This could hardly have been forseen, but some such a thing was needed, to make the medley complete.—It is doubtful if the Silver Greys unite on him.

It is the general impression, that Dr. Graham, the murderer of Col. Loring, will be acquitted. A first cousin of Mrs. Graham, is one of the jurymen. ***

☞ The truth of the following, from the Daily Globe, can be vouched for by every editor who has had any experience in the matter spoken of. We commend it to our readers, and hope, when they have read it, they will be less disposed to judge uncharitably of the corps editorial:

Selections for a Newspaper.—Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper, the easiest part of the business. How great an error! It is, by all means, the most difficult. To look over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what we shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a paper could have edited it, we should hear less complaint. Not unfrequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had; his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his own benefit; and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped; it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic; and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of good sense will put such stuff in a paper.—Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, the poor fellow gets roughly handled. They never think what does not please them may please the next man; but they insist, if the paper does not please them, it is good for nothing.

TO MAKE SOUR-KROUT.—Six heads of cabbage, half a gill of salt. Wash the cabbage nicely, line the tub with outer leaves, and sprinkle over a little of the salt. Cut the cabbages very fine, and put in a layer of the cabbages, and sprinkle over a little of the salt until the whole is in. Each layer of cabbages must be well pounded down with a heavy pestle. Cover the top with cabbage leaves and a little more salt. Spread over the whole, a clean cloth, and then a board to fit closely, with weight to press the cabbages down. As soon as fermentation ceases, take off the board and cloth, wash them well and replace them. The sour krout will now be fit for use.—*National Cook Book.*

CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Register says, the following cure for dysentery, never has been known to fail:

"Take one pint of new milk (warm from the cow, if possible,) and add to it, two table-spoonsfull of fine charcoal and one of salt. Drink as the patient is able, and renew the quantity if needed. The diet should be principally rice, or milk toast."

Selected Matter.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

Some few years back, in the early morn, staggering from a drunken debauch, might be seen a young man in the American town of Newburyport; he had reached the churchyard of the town, and had come there to die. In the wide world he stood alone. His wife was dead. He had no friends. He was overwhelmed with misery and with debt. As he turned round his anxious eye, he saw no way of escape, any no ray of hope. There was nothing left for him but the drunkard's unhonored grave. Another drop, and he would have become a suicide; but the bottle struck his lips, and that saved his life.—He went back to the town. A temperance meeting was held, and he was induced to sign the pledge. He did more, he left his humble calling—that of a bookbinder—a became a zealous advocate of the instrumentality that had done so much for him. Friends gathered round him.—As an orator he was perpetually in request. For ten years he spoke three hundred times a year, traveled ten thousand miles a year; his name was John B. Gough. His fame reached this country, and a twelvemonth since, he was engaged by the committee of the London Temperance League, to visit England. He came originally for six weeks, but he was induced to stop two years. Nor will those acquainted with Exter-hall oratory wonder at the result. See Gough as he stands upon the platform, and you at once learn the secret of his success. He is a spare, thin man, with premature age stamped upon his face, with a stature by no means imposing. Dressed in ordinary black, you would take him for a very ordinary man, and the first few sentences that fall from his lips strike you as little better than common-place. Wait awhile, and the orator will warm; the mass before him will respond, and it will beat as with one pulse, while he convulses it with laughter, or melts it into tears. The effect is striking. The scoffer is touched; the drunkard is reclaimed; the most degraded feel that there is yet hope and happiness, and heaven for him. And what is it that does all of this? Not learning; for Mr. Gough has never been to school since he was twelve years old; not reasoning, for he makes no pretentions to the possession of augumentative powers; not rhetoric, for he tells a plain, unvarnished tale, and leaves it to others copiously to illustrate, or gorgeously to declaim. But the fact is, that he is in earnest; that it is the terrible story of his life he unfolds; and that, saved as by fire himself, he denotes for the salvation of others; a real natural eloquence, that never tires, never wearies; and a tongue that never grows dull. To save the drunkard—to stop the ravages of intemperance—to build up a barrier between the intoxicating cup and unpolluted lip—to bid man to be true to himself and the Divine principle within him; and to dash down the 'flowing bowl,' wreathed as it may be, by flowers, and presented by Beauty, for beneath, lurks a serpent that may sting as an adder; such is the work of Mr. Gough—such is his unvaried theme. Had he been an orator alone, he must have failed long before this; but he is an actor as well; he has unusual flexibility of face and voice. His features can express every shade of feeling; his tones can give utterance to every emotion of the human heart. He can be all things in an hour; he is the very Proteus of the platform. He walks up and down it as one inspired; and you tremble all the while, lest the speaker and the audience, in the frenzy of the moment, should rise up, and do something extravagant or mad. You feel what a wonderful instrument the human voice is—what power the orator wields. You feel that he has as much power over men as when the Hebrew Paul spoke and Felix trembled, or as when the Athenian Demosthenes roused the decaying hearts of his countrymen, 'and fulmined over Greece'

Mr. Gough has now been twelve months in this country, of which he is a native—for he was born (August 22, 1817) and spent the first twelve years of his life, at Sandgate. Since he has been here, he has traveled over England and Scotland, and has delivered two hundred and thirty-seven orations to audiences of an average of at least one thousand five hundred persons. He is accompanied by his second wife, an American lady, to whom he was married in 1843. His father was a soldier, and lived on a pension in London. He has a sister in America, where he has purchased a small estate at Boylston, Worcester county, about forty miles from Boston, where he usually resides three months of the summer, and where he enjoys the society of his numerous friends, who visit him during the season of his relaxation.—*London Times.*

THE NEEDLE AND THE CANVAS.—The achievement of the needle are on the increase. Berlin wool, chenille, and worsted, are beginning to assume a position in their relations to art not far before that so long occupied by the pallet and the brush. One of Georgia's fair daughters has proved to the world that there is a latent power even in the needle and thread, and that this power was only to be developed to be admired. Messrs. John Williams & Son, of New York, have had on exhibition for several days past an exquisite piece of needle-work, executed by a lady of Macon, and which is to be exhibited next month at the Georgia State Fair. The subject sketched is that of the "Surrender of Mary Queen of Scots to the Confederated Lords at Carberry Hill," in the year 1567, and is treated in such a life-like manner as to bring all the circumstances of the occasion vividly before the mind's eye. The colors of the entire piece are of the most gorgeous and beautiful description, and the various figures have a life and individuality rarely, if ever before, seen in any similar piece of work. The features of the face have an expression wonderfully true to nature, and the whole work reflects great credit on the fair artist, who, we are informed, employed five months' constant labor in its execution.—[N. Y. Commerce.

COAL AGAINST SINEWS.—Professor Henry, President of the Mechanic's Institute, at Washington, says:—"It has been proved that, on an average, four ounces of coal are sufficient to draw on a railroad one ton a mile. It has also been found on experiment, that a man working on a tread-mill continually for eighty hours, will elevate one and one half millions of pound one foot high. Now Cornish engines will perform the same work by the expenditure of a pound and a half of coal. It follows from these data, that about five tons of coal would evolve as much power during its combustion, as would be equal to the continued labor of an able-bodied man for twenty years, at the rate of eight hours per day, or in other words, to the average power of a man during the active period of life.

CURIOSITY.—We saw upon the premises of Mr. J. B Parsons, in this town, last week, a small pear tree, grafted upon a Quince stock, the whole not more than four feet in height, filled with blossoms.—The tree was transplanted last spring, and notwithstanding all the efforts to save it, was supposed to have died, all the leaves having fallen off. But within a few days it has budded, put forth new leaves, and is now in full bloom. We have upon our premises, a young apple tree, transplanted last spring, and supposed to have died during the drouth, now in full bloom.—*Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass.*

LEAVENWORTH.—The sale of lots in this town, in the Territory of Kansas, on the 9th and 10th inst., we learn from the Secretary of the Association, that 54 lots were sold on the first day—8 only of which were front or levee lots; those 8 sold at from $230 to $350 each. Total amount of first day's sale $7605; second day 50 lots sold—in the back part of town—at prices varying from $75 to $200 each; amount of second day's sale $5004; total amount of sales $12609. Terms of sale one-third cash, and the balance, two-thirds, as soon as the title is assured from the United States. Size of lots, 24 feet front by 120 deep.

☞ There is a maiden lady in Connecticut, who is so extremely nice in her notions of female modesty, that she turned off her washerwoman, because she put her clothes in the same tub with those of a young man! This is almost equal to the modesty of the lady who was ashamed to remove a table cover for fear of showing its legs.

☞ The Ladies' Enterprise is set up entirely by females. We should like to set up with them.—*Albany Transcript.*

The Editor of the Transcript shall have our permission to 'set up' with any of us provided he will give satisfactory reference as to his own good character.—*Enterprise.*

FEMALE POSTMASTERS.—The number of female at present holding office of Post Master, (or rather mistress,) in the United States, is 128. They are appointed, give bonds, are commissioned, and receive the same compensation for their services as the postmasters. Unmarried females only can hold office of postmaster.