

Belleveue



Gazette.

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

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POETRY.

Water and Wine.

BY MRS. SARAH S. LOCKWELL.

Ye may bring fresh roses and garlands twine
To crown the goblet of ruby wine,
When ye gather around the festal board
And the sparkling draught amid mirth is poured;
Ye may call it the nectar that gods may sip,
As it deepens the coral on beauty's lip;
Ye may echo its praises in music and song,
As it circles brightly in pleasure's throng.

But there is a time when the rosy wine,
Though in cups of gold and crystal it shine,
Though it foam up brightly in ruby light,
Will lose the power to waken delight;
When all the wine that ever was poured
In princely halls at the festive board,
Would be gladly given, could it but bring
One pure cool draught from the limpid spring.

When fever burns in each throbbing vein,
And the weak frame faints with the weary-
ing pain,
When the cheek is flushed, and parched the lip,
Oh! who from the wine-cup then would sip!
Ah! who does not in those moments dream
Of a calm blue lakelet or singing stream;
Of the bubbling fountain in the grassy dell,
Of the cooling drink from the old home well?

Afar in the desert, all dreary and lone,
Where many-voiced echo awakens no tone;
Where, instead of the zephyr's low murmur-
ing sigh,
The hot breath of the simoon careers
wildly by;

Where no glad rushing streams in their
bright beauty sweep,
Or the lily-crowned lakes in calm levelness
sleep;

Where grim desolation holds unbounded
sway,
The long caravan marches on its lone way—
Camels are laden with merchandise rare,
Treasures most gorgeous and priceless are
there;

Robes richly wrought in the Indian looms,
Bright flashing jewels and costly perfumes,
Gold which a king might covet in vain,
Corals and pearls from the treacherous main;
But all is unheeded—forgotten now—
And despair is written on every brow.

The scorching rays of the sun are shed
In a fervid glow on each fainting head;
The sands of the desert glimmer and dance
In the furnace-heat of his burning glance;
There's a death-like hush in the sultry air,
And the cloudless sky wears a dazzling glare,
While from every lip goes up a wild cry,
Water! O God! for we faint—we die!

A vessel lies far on the Southern deep—
The winds and the waters are hushed to
sleep—
Not a floating cloud veils the glowing sky,
As the sun in his fiery car mounts high;
Not the lightest breath of a wandering gale
Swells the white folds of the drooping sail;
A burning heat fills the trembling air,
And the smooth sea gleams with a flashing
glare.

'Tis a lovely scene—that calm, blue sea,
With the bright fish sporting so joyously,
Leaping up with a musical splash,
While a shower of jewels sparkle and flash;
And the albatross wheeling his airy flight,
His broad wings glancing like snow in the
light;

But the sea of beauty is spread in vain
For those who are writhing in anguish and
pain.

O'er the becalmed and motionless bark
The angel of death waves his pinious dark;
There are eager eyes looking out for a sail,
And the earnest prayers for a cool, fresh gale;
The brooding hush of the sultry air
Is stirred by vain cries of grief and despair,
And from every lip goes up a wild cry,
Water! O God! for we faint—we die!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spicy Correspondence—A true Wife.

We are assured by a friend who is personally cognizant of what he states, that the following piquant correspondence is genuine. A gentleman whose business calls him a good deal from home, is accustomed to give the custody of his correspondence to his wife, an intelligent lady, who, in obedience to instructions, opens all letters that come in her husband's absence; answers such of them as she can, like a confidential clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord at such places as he may have designated at his departure. During a recent absence of her husband, the lady received a letter,

of which the following (omitting names, dates, and places,) is a true copy:

MY DEAR SIR:—I saw a fine picture of you yesterday, and fell in love with it, as I did with the original in W—, last winter, when I saw you more than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me among so many. I fear you will think me forward in thus addressing you; but I trust you are as noble and unassuming as you are handsome and brilliant. Perhaps you would like to know something about me—your ardent admirer! Well, I am not very good at description, but I will say I am not married, (though you are, I am told.) My friends tell me I have not a pretty face, but only a good figure. I am rather petite, have black eyes, black hair, and a dark complexion—that is, I am what is called a brunette. I am stopping for a few weeks with my brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I dearly wish you would meet me there before I return to W—. At any rate, do not fail to write me at least a few words to tell me whether I still ever see you again, and know you more intimately. Forgive my boldness, and believe me, Your friend,

To this letter the wife, who, by the by, has not the least knowledge of the person to whom she was writing, made the following answer:

MADAMISELL:—You letter of the instant, addressed to Mr. —, was duly received. Mr. —, who is my husband, directed me, when he left home some days ago to open all his letters, and to answer any of them that I conveniently could. As you seem to be rather impatient, I will answer your letter myself. I do not think your description of yourself will please Mr. —. I happen to know that he dislikes black eyes, and hates brunettes most decidedly. It is quite true (as you seem to suppose,) that he judges of women as he does of horses; but I do not think your inventory of your 'points' is complete enough to be satisfactory to him. You omit to mention your height, weight, wind, speed, and —. [here the word is illegible.] Taking your charms at your own estimate, I doubt whether they will prove sufficiently attractive to draw him as far as B—, merely for the satisfaction of comparing them with the schedule. You say you trust my husband in 'unsuspecting.' I think that is his nature; but yet he is used to drawing inferences, which are sometimes as unkind as suspicious. You say you are unmarried. My advice to you is that you marry somebody as soon as possible. In most cases I would not recommend haste; but in yours I am convinced there is truth in the proverb which speaks of the danger of delay. Should you be so fortunate as to get a husband, which may God mercifully grant, my opinion is that you will consider any woman who should write him such a letter as this of yours, impertinent, and, perhaps, immodest.

I will deliver your note to Mr. — when he returns, and also a copy of my reply, which I am sure he will approve.

I am, with as much respect as you permit,

MRS. —

This was the end of the correspondence.—Boston Post.

The Poncas and the President.

The following is a speech recently delivered by a chief of the Ponca Indians, and the President's reply:

Wae-gah-sah-pi, or "The Whip," a Chief of the Ponca tribe, said:—
"My Grand Father: I call you Grand Father for no other reason than this:—God made me of one color and you of another; but God was partial to you, and made you of a better color. You came into existence, so did I. It was the will of the Great Spirit that we both came into existence. We have never had a chance to see our Grand Father until this time, and I am very glad that you asked me to visit you. It was the will of the Great Spirit that you should take this land from us—this land that you stand on to-day belongs to me. You are a man, my Grand Father, and so am I. Everything that you have made, my Grand Father, is worthy of attention—is worth looking at. There is one thing that attracts the eye more than anything else, and I hope you will give me plenty of it.—money! We want money, my Grand Father. With it we can get anything we want. We do not want goods, but if you give us money we can buy what we please and it will last longer. My Grand Father, we want all the tools of the white man: We want the blacksmiths, the farmers, the millers, &c., to live with us, and hope you will open your heart to us to-day.—My Father, I do not speak from the end of my tongue; it comes from the bottom of my heart, and I hope what you will say will come from the bottom of your heart."

The "Grand Father" in his reply said:—"Why is it that our red brethren are poor? I will tell them how to become rich. They will always be poor while they live by the chase and make war upon each other—while they live in this way they must be poor. The white men are rich because they work, because they plough the soil and sow grain, and reap the harvest and live in their own houses. If the Indians will follow their example they will be rich, too, because the Great Spirit looks down with the same kindness upon His red and His white children; for they are all brethren, and without work no man can become rich.

I have one request to make of my children of the Pawnee and the Ponca tribes, and if it is granted it will make me very happy, and I will feel that their Great Father and my Great Father well approve of the deed. I understand that these tribes—both brave men—all brave men—have been at war; and, whilst they continue at war with each other, they can never improve their condition; and I pray that the Great Spirit may at this moment appear before me; and I being a party to it, I hope that he may cause them to make peace and shake hands with me, and shake hands with each other, in token of perpetual peace with each other.

After shaking hands with each other and with the President they retired, highly gratified at their reception.

A Second Robinson Crusoe.

A Van Dieman's land paper publishes the following account of the discovery of an Englishman on one of the South Sea Islands:

An English ship having sent a boat ashore for water and fresh provisions, the officer was astonished at the European look of some of the natives; many were light colored, and had unmistakable European countenances. There were also traces of civilization in the haunts of the savages. Several of the wigwags were formed in a comfortable manner, being tolerably well thatched, with a narrow opening for the doorway, and the fire place in front. Pieces of wood scooped out served for buckets to carry water, and kangaroo skins neatly cut and stitched formed a convenient vesture; these and other indications of ingenuity were soon explained by the appearance of a white man, clothed in a kangaroo skin cloak. At first he was timid in his approaches, but when spoken to kindly, and offered a piece of bread, he threw off his reserve, and after eating with apparent relish, he looked at the remainder as if endeavoring to bring something to his recollection, he exclaimed, with symptoms of delight glowing in his face, "bread!" Other English words soon returned to his memory, and he was at last able to communicate that his name was William Buckley—that he escaped from the encampment of prisoners by the ship Ocean, formed by the late Col. Collins, in attempting, agreeably to the instructions of the British Government, to form a settlement at Port Philip many thirty years with the tribe of the Aborigines, whom he then met with in the bush, and over which he had long exercised the rule of a chief. He is a very tall man, having served as a grenadier in from fifty-eight to sixty years of age, and is in excellent health. He forwarded a petition to the Lieutenant-Governor, praying for a pardon, mainly with a view, we presume, to enable him to remain where he is. This the Governor has granted, impressing the hope that he will endeavor to maintain an amicable intercourse between the Aborigines and the whites; for he had already been the means of preventing a sanguinary attack of his tribe, through misapprehension, on a party already settled there.

The New Orleans Picayune says that some new and unexpected evidence has been adduced by that indomitable little woman, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines in her famous case. She brings forward various witnesses, engravers, writing-masters and other experts, to show that the signature of her father, Daniel Clark affixed to several documents, is a forgery! An interesting point in this connection is the testimony to the effect that these signatures were executed with a steel pen, whereas it is well known that, at the time of their date, 1794, steel-pens were not then in use.

Samuel Wright Minor, probably the oldest printer in Georgia, died recently in Macon. He was born in Queen Ann's county, Md. in the year 1781, and was the son of Col. Wm. Minor, an officer in the Revolutionary army. His first adventure in business, was the Athens Gazette, in Ga. and signaled his paper by presenting the first suggestion of General Jackson as a candidate for the Presidency of the U. S.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.—Not long since one of our most popular ministers was informed, while engaged in his study taking notes to a brilliant sermon, on "The Times," that a party was waiting in the parlor to engage his services.

The reverend gentleman laid down his pen, while visions of a fee floated before his eyes, as he donned his black coat and thought of a few words of good advice that he intended to give the couple anxious to be made ones.

Upon entering the parlor, he encountered an old lady and a young lady and her beau. The old lady spoke as follows:—"I wish you to marry my daughter and her feller," displaying much more agitation and excitement than the parties men interested.

"Certainly—I am happy to see you, please to stand up, and allow me to look at your certificate."

The young people complied with the request.

The reverend gentleman glanced his eye over the document, and a look of disappointment appeared upon his face.

"Hallo!" would be bridegroom exclaimed, "Nothing but, I hope!"

"I am sorry to inform you that your certificate is informal, and consequently I cannot marry you until another is obtained," replied the minister firmly.

"But, Mister," cried the old lady, "can't you half marry 'em for to night, and tomorrow we'll get a new sarkifit, and make it all right. It will be a awful des appointment to the young folks."

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber, in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jus' like dis: I joined the church in good faith; I give ten dollars toward de stated gospel de fus year, and de church-people call me, 'Brudder Dickson'; de second year my business no so good, and I gib' only five dollars. Dat year de people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, the third year I felt berry poor; had sickness in my family; and I didn't gib' noffin' for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me, 'dat old nigguh Dickson'—and I let 'em."

Some years since a correspondent of the Boston Cultivator recommended potatoes to drive away rats. The rats troubled him very much, so that he felt justified in resorting to extreme measures to effect their expulsion from his premises. He pounded up potato and strewed it about their holes, and rubbed some under the boards and on the sides where they come through. The next night heard a squealing among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potato that got among their hair, or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and for a long time he was exempt from any farther annoyance.

We know a printer's devil, (it isn't ours though,) who being too lazy to work, about once an hour, bumps his nose against a post until it bleeds, and then sits down to have a "good resting spell."

The wife of Senator Benites, of San Antonio, Texas, has recently given birth to her nineteenth child. She is but 33 years old.

A certain nobleman, the proprietor of large estates, was in the habit of once a year, of inviting his tenants, among whom was a conscientious Quaker, to dine with him. The Quaker, not anxious to brave the sensibilities of such members of the Society of Friends were at that time exposed, invariably declined the honor. At length his lordship pressed him, as a personal favor, to attend; and, for once consented to do so. On the right of the Host sat the Vicar, and on the left, his Curate. After dinner the Vicar, who stammered partially, attempted to put a question, by the way of banter, to the Quaker. The Quaker started, but made no reply. The clergyman repeated, in the same incoherent manner, his query. Still the Quaker made no answer. The Curate, who was of a glib and ready tongue, interferred and said, "I do not think you understand what the Vicar says." "I do not see how I should, friend," quietly replied the Quaker. "Oh he simply asks you whether you can tell him how it was that Beniamin's ass spoke?" Beniamin had an impediment in his speech, and his ass spoke for him," was the conclusive rejoinder.