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TOPEKA, KANSAS.

NEBRASKA PALLADIUM.

BY REED, LATHAM & CO. BELLEVIEU CITY, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854. VOL. 1.—NO. 1.

Selected Poetry.

A LADY TYPE SETTER.

BY T. D. CURTIS.

See her standing at the "case,"
Looking sweet and bland;
Gracefully she moves her head,
Rapidly goes her hand,
Picking up the slender types,
Putting them in the stick—
Hear them rattle against the steel;
Click—click—click!

When the tottering line is "set,"
She "spaces" it even and nice;
Nimbly the "lead" goes into its place,
The "rule" is drawn in a trice;
Then her eyes the copy devours,
And firm she holds her "stick"—
From box to box her fingers fly,
Pick—pick—pick!

When "distribution" time has come,
She handles well the "matter;"
The types fall in the empty "case,"
Scatter—scatter—scatter!
And steadily and dreamily
She flings the letter round,
With visions dancing thro' her brain
To the music of the sound

And thus is growing in her mind
Sweet fruit for coming years,
That she in bitterness so long
Has watered with her tears;
For thought is bursting into bloom
Beneath the rays of Right,
And love is waking from the chill
Of long and dreary night.

The Wind has Heaved the Billow's Breast.

Lines suggested by parting with a beloved friend, written on board the Arctic.

The wind has heaved the billow's breast;
The ship is rocking on the sea;
And time and tide, that never rest,
Have brought the destined hour to me.

I leave the, Mary! Oh, how dear—
None but thyself can ever know,
Hide from my heart that scalding tear,
Unfold thy arms, and let me go.

Oft on the dark and raging sea,
Or when in distant lands I roam;
My aching heart shall think of thee,
Think of our dear and cherished home.

Oceans may roll between—yet never
Can rend our mutual vows apart,
Mountains may rise; yet cannot sever
The bond that binds us, heart to heart.

[illegible]
And time and hastie glide thus round;
But love is conqueror of space,
And lives a life, that knows no bound.
—Western Watchman.

Selected Matter.

FLOWERS.

A great many pretty things have been said of pretty women and flowers, but the real uses of both are often overlooked.—Flowers and women seem to us the sunshine of the world, and one of the strongest arguments to prove that God is wise good, is the fact that He neither forgot the one or the other in the multiform work of creation. How the flowers spangle over and beautify the hard, rough earth! Their meek and quiet beauty steals into all hearts young and old. They are welcome everywhere. Go into the country and bring home roses, or poppies, or luck will for you, and children in the street will follow you—the nicely dressed child, and the ragged and dirty-faced little one, whose mother has to wash for others, and therefore can't wash him—all throng your path saying in words, or long looks, "please give me a flower."

Flowers never disappoint us, as the women (heaven bless them!) do sometimes, but *they* would not if we did not expect too much of them. Of the flowers we ask only beauty and fragrance. We do not look to them for a future. Enough that they fill the present with an odorous blessing.

We have always a thrill when we see flowers in a window, and we like to see a man who wears a pink, or a rose in his button-hole. There is a pleasant association with the flower, if not with him, for we are certain fair hands placed it there. Then when we see the plants in the window of a house, be it ever so humble, we are sure there is no scolding there, and if from sad experience we find that the fair cultivators of the roses *do* scold, we comfort ourselves how much worse they would scold without the flowers.

A pot of roses, a pink, a geranium, heliotrope, how they brighten the home of poverty! How we forget the cheap, ugly chest of drawers, and the thread-bare, poverty-struck carpet, when we see these unfolding their beauty and sweetness in the windows. A well mended frock, and a clean pinafore are sure to keep them company on a child who, though poor, may be as pretty as any poetry.

We bespeak flowers. We want our pathway literally strewed with them.—They are a necessary of life here. In another and better world, they may be a luxury.

WANTED---A sight at the little end of nothing.

Steamships and Locomotives.

These two great levers of progress have effected greater revolutions in the regions of geaniesdativeness within the past half century, than all the powers could have brought about in a thousand years. During the past fifty years, steam engines and dirty firemen have almost annihilated time and space.

Now a man of business takes his breakfast in Boston and an early tea in Philadelphia, having in ten hours accomplished what, in the good old staging times, would have occupied ten days. He pursues his journey, and, with the speed almost of lightning, is borne far beyond what then were the limits of civilized habitation, over what was wilderness, but now is "budding and blossoming as the rose" beneath the hand of agriculturists, and through towns villages and proud cities—reared where then the Indian built his wigwam, and the beasts of the forests roamed in undisturbed freedom. Floating palaces bear him along our noble rivers, or across the broad Atlantic, and the mighty power of steam has brought almost within a week's journey, the two worlds—the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. Now a trip to England, and then across the Straits of Dover—or a few days sojourn in Paris—on to Italy—to Rome—to Naples—a view of Vesuvius, the Catacombe, and the ruins of the imperial City, and home—are all comprehended in a summer's pleasure travel. Thousands go to Europe now, where one went fifty years ago. We have become familiar with foreign countries—with their people, their habits and peculiarities, which, fifty years ago, we heard of and knew of as only strange and singular tales. Nations all over the world are daily growing more and more familiar with each other. The brazen gates and lofty walls of the Celestial Empire, have broken down before the onward progress, and here on these western shores, the Magnolian mingles in daily converse, and confers in trade with the Anglo-Saxon, the South American, the children of France, Italy, and almost every country in the world. The facilities for travel, the perfected geographical knowledge of the present time, have broken down the barriers between the nations, and they are commingling and mingling with each other; and the lofty and ennobling faith, that we are the common children of a common Father, has been more powerfully impressed upon us by this union, than it could have ever been by a century of sermonizing. The prophetic eye may now look into the future with the hope that our children's children will see the day when Amity and Peace shall prevail even where mighty armies are now contending for each other's life blood, and that enchained together in the easy bond of acknowledged brotherhood, "the nations shall learn war no more."—[N. Y. Dutchman.

SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION.

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.

Lieut. F. Maury read a paper on the basin of the Atlantic. He had long been trying to learn the depth of the sea. The only way that occurred for prosecuting the inquiry directly, was by dropping a lead attached to a sufficient length of line. It was hoped if the line were made long enough to reach bottom by letting it run as fast as a lead would take it out, that we might learn what we sought. But soon found that we were experimenting with too light leads and too slender lines. Lieut. had spent 20 miles of twine and seventeen days before he could obtain one good sounding. The line will always run out whether the lead is on the bottom or not. The force of the undercurrents is sufficient to make a perpetual demand for more twine. Lieut. Parker, of the Congress in sounding gave out ten miles of line, and yet he was where the sea was not 2,600 fathoms deep.

We soon found that we must have heavier leads and stouter lines. We at last adopted two thirty-two pound shot as the sinker. The heavier it is the faster it runs out, and the less likely it is to let the line stray out with the currents.

It was noted, too, that though a lead made in the form of a common sinker would run fastest at first, the same weight in the form of a round ball would soon overtake and pass it. We concluded that it was because, after descending a certain distance, the current dragged the top of the lead out of the perpendicular line, so that it had to descend with one side foremost, while a spherical body would always present the same face.

The first soundings were carefully made from the ship. This was deemed necessary. It was from the ship that we got the soundings in the Gulf of Mexico, which made the deepest part 1,000 fathoms. Now, said the lieutenant, I am inclined to think that we got greater depths than the true ones. For it is found best to make the soundings from a boat the men sitting with oars in hand, pulling the boat into such a position as always to stand directly over the line.

When we are sure that we touch the bottom we note the length given out, and cut the line—it is cheaper to do that than to attempt to draw up the lead, which never fails, of course, to part the line on the way. But latterly we have adopted another plan,—to attach the weight to the line by a small iron rod, bent below in the form of a hook, and so put on that when the weight strikes the bottom it frees itself from the hook. The line being drawn up brings with it substances from the bottom. Prof. Bailey has examined, microscopically several specimens so brought up, and and found them marine shells, without the impurity of any sand. The bottom, then in these deep soundings is *at rest*.

If from a point midway of the Antlantic and on the Equator you sail N. N. W. you follow the channel of deepest water until you strike the southwestern part of the Newfoundland shoals. These shoals like those of Hatteras, slope off very gradually toward the north, but on the south the descent is precipitous, while a plateau stretches from the upper part of the northeastern portion of these shoals, following the curve of the great circle to the coast of Ireland. The average depth of water on the plateau is about two miles, which is comparatively shoal water. This has a bearing upon the practicability of laying down telegraphic wires from continent to continent, and indicates the place where it is to be attempted if at all.

Superintendent Bache said that the soundings by Lieut. Davis, showed that the depositions at the bottom of the deep sea were a kind of infusorial mud—showing that the sea being at rest deposites its slime like a sediment.

Lieut. Maury said he had tried to draw up specimens of deep water by means of a double valved apparatus. But it never worked satisfactorily. Metallic cones, with self-registering thermometers were about to be introduced, from which he hoped better things.

BEES.

Every family of bees, when in a prosperous condition, possesses a queen, and only one. She is larger than the other bees, her wings are much shorter, and her abdomen tapers to a point, somewhat like the small end of a sugar-loaf. She is distinguished by the yellow, orange color of the lower side of her body. The queen is constantly "at home," and never leaves her tenement except on the issue of a swarm. Sometimes, however, she ventures down upon the floor-board of the hive, where she is soon surrounded by a cluster of her subjects, that hold her a prisoner till evening, when she retreats to the interior of the hive. When such clusters of bees exist, that are not caused by the heat of the weather, if the feather end of a quill be used to separate the bees, they will re-form with much eagerness, by which we may know that the queen is among them. The worker bees only pay any regard for the safety of their queen, and it is only by the sense of touch that they can recognise her. Indeed, the bee does but very little from the sense of seeing. Her antenae, or feelers, that she throws out when anything is placed before her, that attracts her attention, are her only medium of recognising her friends from her enemies. The queen possesses a curved sting, which she seldom uses, except in combats with rival queens, and then with the most deadly effect. It sometimes happens that several young queens sally forth with a swarm, and in such cases it is remarkable to see the jealousy and deadly strife that takes place between them. In these combats the strongest kills the rest, and death ensues the instant that one queen is stung by another.

There are three classes of bees in every family—the queen, the worker, and the drone. The workers are neither male nor female, but neuters. They are the smallest bees in the family. This class are the laborers of the family. They construct the combs, gather the honey, pollen or bee-bread, nurse and feed the bees, and perform all other labor pertaining to the association. They have a honey-bag, or vesicle, which is expressly provided for the stores gathered in the fields and this sack is filled and emptied in a very short time. They also have cavities in the shape of a spoon on the inner side of their hind legs, to hold pollen and propolis, the little yellow pellets that are seen attached to them.

The drones are the *male* bees. They gather no honey at all, and are allowed to exist, generally, but a few weeks during the swarming season, when they are massacred by the workers. The drones have no stings, and are quite harmless and inoffensive in their habits. Between the hours of 11 and 2 they daily take their flight in pleasant weather, high in the regions of space. The reader has, perhaps, often heard the peculiar *buzz* of their wings in sallying forth, and many people, who are not acquainted with their nature, suppose on such occasions that the bees are *swarming*. It is at this time that nature has taught the young queens to come forth also to meet the drones. This flight of the drones is taken daily, whether there be any queens abroad or not, as it is the instinct of their nature, and cannot be omitted. It is probable that they ascend a thousand feet, or higher, and continue to dit to and fro for about an hour, when they return. The observer will note that they arise in elongated circles, and continue to rise till lost in the distance. Not so with the workers. They, on reaching a convenient height, always dart off horizontally.

The fecundation of the queen, says Mr. Moner, is a subject that has puzzled more naturalists than any other pertaining to this insect. It is now, however, pretty well understood and admitted that her fecundation takes place in the air, far above the reach of human vision. The proof of this was arrived at by many years being devoted to the investigation of the subject, by Huber, the German naturalist, who flourished in the eighteenth century. His experiments go to show that when a queen is impregnated it is operative for life, and that on the first or second day after entering her tenement, with a swarm, she sallies out to meet the drones in the air.—This is the only occasion that a queen ever leaves her hive, except at the head of a swarm. She comes to the entrance of the hive, walks about, then arises on the wing, takes a circular flight, down near the hive, to mark its position, and returns. This is a trial flight, to mark the bearings of the hive, so that on her return she may find her way home. Then she makes another flight, and is accompanied by drones, who follow her upward course, and as she descends they return to their hives. In about an hour the queen making another flight, she is followed by a drone, which she kills in the air.

[illegible] better, and we forget that every wrong against woman recoils upon man. We narrow our thoughts to present comforts, and find fault if all our artifical wants are not gratified. A woman may fall to us in this battery world who is able to minister to the highest wants of the soul. She may have the pencil of a Titian—we want a cook; she may have the pen of a de Stael, or a Hemans—we want a nurse for illness caused by our cook. She may breathe the sweetest melody—her husband likes better the hoarse brawl of politics, or the music of silver and gold. But this woman must have a home, and she must give an equivalent. If she cannot bring herself to a level with her owner, she must be content to be reproached and misunderstood; another minister may tell her that that it is a sad thing for a woman to go out of her sphere; and coxcombs may say when her ideas comes before them, "I hate sensible woman."

☞ The Scotch are probably as robust as any nation now on the globe. Their intellect is clear, their morals are firm.—They bathe their infants from birth in cold water daily, and their food consists mostly of oatmeal, potatoes and buttermilk. Children are carried to the christening the 8th day after their birth, and *by the mother*.—The universal use of the Bible and cold bath, we venture to assert, gives Scotland the moral and material health she so fully enjoys.

MUSTACHIOS.—These hairy decorations are rapidly growing into general favor.—They are not, as in other days, confined to any particular class, nor to people of any particular age. Such a rage for *hair-lips* is certainly a fact worthy of notice. Some philosopher has advanced the theory that the extent of beard is the measure of civilization; and as there never was a theory too absurd to find disciples, this capillary standard has been generally adopted. A recent article in "Household Words," seems to have increased the mania, as it recommended mustachios as conducive to health. They are now worn as lung preservers, as well as ornaments. We have them of all colors, from a magnificent glossy black to a ragged light drab; of all shapes and sizes, exquisitely curled, or rigidly straight; covering the mouth to serve as filters, or ranged along the delicate line of the lip. Some of them are excellent masks for the expression which will play around the mouth; others serve as agreeable reliefs when that orifice happens to be unusually large. We might dilate upon the advantages and disadvantages of mustachios, but it is sufficient here to remark that they form decidedly the most fashionable feature, at a time when fashion seems to have "gone a hunting."

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CHILDREN.—I know nothing more touching than the efforts of self-government of which little children are capable, when the best part of their natures are growing vigorously under the light and warmth of parental love. How beautiful is the self-control of the little creature who stifles his sobs of pain, because his mother's pitying eye is upon him in tender sorrow, or that of the babe who abstains from play, and sits quietly on the floor, because somebody is ill. I have known a very young child slip over to the cold side of the bed on a winter's night, that a grown up sister might find a warm one. I have known a little girl submit spontaneously to hours of irksome restraint and disagreeable employment, merely because it was right. Such willing sacrifices—so strong, and yet so humble, so patient, and so dignified—were never impaired by fear, but flourished thus under the influence of love, with its sweet excitements and holy supports.

QUADROONS.—The Quadroon ladies of New Orleans excite both a feeling of admiration and of pity—admiration for their accomplishments and beauty—commiseration for the condition entailed upon them by the laws of Louisiana. A man cannot legally marry a Quadroon woman, unless he is able to swear that he has black blood in his veins. As many of these women are not only very white, but very beautiful, and highly accomplished, resistance to their charms is no easy matter; and as love is not apt to be controlled by statute limitations, the consequence of this absurd state of things is readily anticipated. They marry, or place, as they call it, without the sanction of the State, or the benedictions of the Church. The mother of the Quadroon girl consents to a temporary arrangement, provided her daughter is furnished with comfortable quarters and a couple of slaves, with a promise on the part of the mock husband to give his little quadroons a good education. It is not a very uncommon thing for Northern Bachelors, to say nothing of Northern Benedicts, to be under the necessity of supporting and educating the offspring of their temporary partnerships.

We have heard of one case in which a young man, [illegible] or perhaps, we should say, in love with a beautiful Quadroon, thought in order to marry her he must become a little black blood into his veins. [illegible] story to and that the lady had a dowry of three hundred thousand dollars. But in this age of gold the mercenary spirit is an element not to be overlooked; and here in the South the bachelor in the ball-room is asked to be introduced to a young lady with so many hogsheads of sugar—or so many bales of cotton—or so many well-conditioned negroes. A young lady with more charms of purse than person, overheard an ungallant fellow remarking, the other evening, upon the number of freckles on her face, when she returned with a sharp retort that her father had a negro for every freckle.

TO YOUNG MEN.—It is easier to be a genius in some things than others, and, as a general rule, it is more practicable when men are liberally paid and generously honored. Architecturing, civil engineering, inventive art are now rising into the first rank of professions. The thrifty world needs the help of such talents, and it is glad to pay for them, because thereby it ministers to its own pride, luxury, gratification. Men are determined to multiply great and gorgeous buildings: Fine houses were never so popular. Bridges, viaducts, churches, are in the ascendant. Tunnels and railway wonders fill the eyes. The literature of solid masonry is the uppermost charm, and magnificent poems are spanning rivers. Mechanic arts rule the day and adorns the night. And so, young men, if you want to take your place among sun, moon, and stars, go to work at once, and bravely, too, and convert granite and marble into the practical English language of the year '54; and thus do your own printing and publishing for the benefit of society and your empty pockets.—[N. Y. Times.

A DOSE AS IS A DOSE.—The following account of a very remarkable effect produced by electricity, we copy from the Courier de l'Europe:

A gentleman employed in one of the telegraph offices in France, accidentally brought his arm in contact with one of the wires while the electric current was passing through it. So violent was the shock, that he was raised from his chair and thrown with great force through an open window into the adjoining garden.

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article.

"Bringing men to the gallows," was the reply.—[O. S. Democrat.

Somebody has said that it is as hard to tell where moderate drinking ends and drunkenness begins, as it is to tell when a pig ceases to be a pig and becomes a hog.

THE BIBLE.—How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind, and on the social system, than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinion of mankind—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home; and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves and human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed—many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course and expired—empire after empire have launched into the trip of time, and gone down leaving no trace on the waters; but this book is still going about doing good, leading society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit, and soothing the pillow of death.

☞ A little girl had seen her brother playing with his burning glass, and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word focus meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was the place where the rays meet. At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, as grand as could be, that she knew the meaning of one hard word.

Her father asked her what it was; she said it was the word "focus."

"Well, Mary," said he, "what does it mean, pray?"

"Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves."

This [illegible] she stuck to her [illegible] dictionary to prove that the [illegible] "Why, if they raise meat, they raise calves; and so I am right."

CURE FOR PROFANITY.—All know, says the San Francisco *Christian Advocate* the shuddering frequency with which profanity mingles in the conversation of numbers in our midst. Little children catch the habit in spite of paternal effort, and to the great grief of all defile their little speech with enormous oaths and vulgar phrases. Difficult and responsible, indeed, is the lot of a parent in California. An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning this [illegible] anxious to express to [illegible] her horror of profanity, her husband [illegible] process of washing his mouth [illegible] soap-suds every time he swore. [illegible] an effectual cure. The [illegible] understood his mothers sense of the corruption of an [illegible] of suds, which to other produced the desired result.

REALM RULED OVER BY POETS AND WRITERS.—More than the influence of kings, or rulers, or statesmen—though it were multiplied, tenfold—is that of the 'writers,' whose winged words pass thro' all lands, tingle in all ears, touch all hearts, and in all circumstances are remembered and come humming around us—in the hours of labor, in the intervals of business, in trouble, and sorrow, and sickness, and on the bed of death itself; who enjoy, in fact a kind of omnipresence, whose thoughts have over us the three-fold grasp of beauty, language and music—and to whom at times 'all power is given' in the 'dreadful trance' of their genius, to move our beings to their foundations, and to make us better or worse, lower or higher men, according to their pleasure.

"Pompey, did you take the billet to Mr. Jones?"

"Es, Massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, sar, me just did."

"How was he?"

"Why, massa, he looked pooty well 'sidering he'a so blind!"

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbing him de paper, he axed me what was my hat; and massa, perhaps you won't believe me, but he wur on de top of my head de hull time."

We talk of Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very happy condition, but one thing they missed—they never were children.

He who marries a pretty face only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

Choose not your wives as you do grapes, from the bloom on them.