Bellevue Gazette.

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Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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St. Marys, Feb. 20th, 1857. 21-tf-i

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POETRY.

Sunshine.

BY ELLA SNOW.

Brightly falls the sunshine.
O'er this glorious earth,
Everywhere 'tis dancing,
As in joyous mirth.
Twinkling on the frost-work,
Hanging high and low,
Sparkling bright as diamonds
On the pearly snow.

Gleaming on the dark clouds,
Till they fleecy grow,
Floating through the heavens,
Like a drift of snow.
See it in the evening,
As it sinks to rest,
Painting golden billows
O'er the crimson west.

Beautifully drifting,
In the "upper deep,"
Tremblingly 'tis falling
On the earth to sleep.
All around us shaking
Wavy tresses bright,
In our hearts is sinking
Its smile of golden light.

Gleaming in the brooklets,
As they onward flow,
Till their dimpled wavelets
Bright as amber glow.
Mirrored in the rain-drop,
Its many glorious dies
Weave a gilded archway,
And paint it on the skies.

Peeping through my window,
On this wintry day,
Its merry smiles and kisses,
Drive the "blues" away.
In my heart 'tis glimpsing,
With its eyes so bright,
Chasing off the shadows,
And leaving tracks of light.

'Tis Home where'er the Heart Is.

'Tis home where'er the heart is;
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Thronged haunts, or mossy dell:
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is;
Its fairy spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert spring.
There are green isles in each ocean,
O'er which affection glides;
And a haven on each rugged shore
When love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is;
Nor chain nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirings,
The spirits pealing hymn!
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power—
'Tis sunlight, to its ripling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Little Satire, with a Foundation.

The little altercations and grudges between children are oftentimes the best satires upon the quarrels and feuds of grown-up people. The attention of a policeman was called to rather a novel and amusing case recently. It appears that Tommy Hines (eight years of age) became enamored of a monstrous large marble, in the possession of Freddie Jones, (a ruddy-faced, smart little chap of six summers,) and, in proportion as his admiration for it increased, his liking for his own pocketful of "common trash" diminished. At length, after having tho't a vast deal about it during school-hours, Tommy went to Freddie as soon as school was over, and offered to swap all his own marbles for that which to him appeared like a "pearl of great price." The bargain was closed at once by the astonished Freddie, and Tommy counted out to him 43 common marbles and 2 "alleys," without a pang, in exchange for the big "bull's eye." The two boys parted, profoundly gratified with the trade. Freddie hurried home, with both hands in his pockets, full of marbles of all sizes, to gratify his parents with what he had done. Tommy, upon his part, looked at his great, big, monstrous marble a thousand times—at first, as fondly as a newly-married man upon a bride, whose beauty is her only recommendation, and every succeeding time with less and less enthusiasm, until entirely palled by possession, he put it under his pillow at night somewhat discontentedly, and fell asleep in rather bad humor. In the morning, the charm of the "bull's eye," so fascinating the day before, had entirely departed. Tommy threw it down from the bed in disgust, and wept for the loss of his 43 marbles and 2 "alleys," and would not be comforted.

He was becoming misanthropic and tired of life, when a ray of hope was communicated to him by his affectionate grandfather. Evidently regarding little Freddie as a big boy who had taken advantage of a smaller one, the old gentleman told Tommy that he ought not to submit to such sharp practice, but insisted upon having the "trade cancelled" and the marbles restored. Encouraged by this counsel, his grandson dried his eyes, and was enabled to "punish" a pretty considerable pile of flapjacks at breakfast; but he had no sooner finished these and six or seven slices of milk toast, than out he hastened into the street to have a very resolute interview with Freddie Jones. He had but to whistle in the key-hole of his house to bring him out. Conscious that, under the shelter of his own door, Freddie could not be bullied into consession, Tommy skilfully attracted him away a short distance from the parental mansion, and then holding out the bull's eye with one hand and collaring him with the other, demanded the restoration of his pocketful of marbles. Freddie indignantly refused, and reminded his unjust playmate of the solemn ratification which had attended the exchange, viz., in the words, mutually uttered:

Chip, chop, chain,
Give a thing, never take it back again.

Tommy repudiated that vow as informal, and declared to Freddie that he would pound him unless he complied with his demand. Whereupon the latter broke away from him, and ran towards home as fast as his little legs could carry him, but he was overhauled by the other near the Hines Mansion, and a game of fisticuffs ensued. Freddie would have held his own pretty well, but the progenitors of young Hines called a policeman, who happened to be passing to interfere, and mediate for a settlement of the matter in dispute. Freddie Jones insisted, with a few indignant tears in his eyes, that a bargain was a bargain the world over, and and he should keep the marbles anyhow. The policeman, who is a just man, found his position as an arbitrator in this case a very delicate one, and declined to interfere. Then the parents of tho two boys got to loggerheads about it; scolding each other very heartily The upshot of it was, that the Hineses threaten the Joneses with an action of replevin, and we shall not be surprised if the case should come before the court.—*Boston Transcript.*

From the New York Dispatch.

How He came to be Married.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock-tails, cigar-boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop skirts, band boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, pap, sugar teats, paregoric, hive syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills, and doctor's bills. Shadows future—More nine pound babies, more hive syrup, etc., etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; 'twasn't because I did'nt like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking thro' a knot-hole, I couldn't look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed awayed from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself in bed. "Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!" And cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe and was having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard a whisper, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. "Rap, Rap!" Then Lib sings out, "Jack, are you there?" "Yes," says I. Then came a roar of laughter. "Let us in," says she. "I won't!" says I. Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled. "Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" I cried; "can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—*I* won't—so you may clear out!" And, throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal buttons! I heard a still small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said: "Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!" Oh, Lord, what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have pancaked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet-wire and ribbons in a hurry. "Smash!" went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls *will* peek—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door, and found myself right among the women. "Oh, my Leghorn!" cries one. "My dear, darling, winter velvet!" cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears; and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal—her name was—put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I give her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to the Fourth of July. "Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?" "Yes," said I, "I will." I did do it, and had another smack at the gate too. After that, we took a kinder turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hog-pen—the chickens were going to roost—the bull-frogs were commencing their evening songs—the pollywogs, in their native mud puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back-log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gently zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen roosts and pig styes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman shone thro' a knot-hole in the hog pen full in Sal's face, dyeing her hair with an orange-pell hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage—one of my arms was around Sal's waists, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue—she was almost gone, and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a codfish ball. "Sal," says I, in a voice musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?" She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said, "Yes!" She gave clear out then, and squatted in my lap—she corkscrewed and I curflumuxed and rolled in it. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions which she ate the week before. Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovie ducks. The night, the company, and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched thro' the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when down I went slap on the oil-cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out, so clapping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt thro' the hole in my pants had pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up, I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there my troubles ended. Good night.

Yours, J. W. B.

DEEPEST WELL IN THE WORLD.—The Louisville (Ky.) Courier says that the artesian well of Messers. Dupont, of that city, has now reached the depth of 1900 feet. It adds:

"This is the deepest well now known to us in the world. The next in depth is the well at Grenelle, near Paris, which is 1300 feet. Louisville has, therefore, the deepest well in the world and the tallest steeple in the United States, the cross on the St. Louis Cathedral being 285 feet high, while the summit of the Trinity Church steeple, in New York city, is only 264 feet."

Mr. Lovering's Mode of Making Sugar from the Chinese Cane.

It will be remembered that the most perfect specimens of sugar manufactured from the Chinese cane presented for examination at the late Convention at Springfield, were awarded to Mr. Joseph S. Lovering, of Philadelphia. In the accompanying letter to Mr. Francis, Mr. Lovering states that a pamphlet describing his mode of manufacture would be shortly ready for distribution. That has since been issued, and the following are the writer's conclusions:

1. That it is obvious that there is a culminating point in the development of the sugar in the cane, which is the best time for sugar making. This point, or season I consider to be when most if not all the seeds are ripe, and after several frosts, say when the temperature falls to 25 or 30 Farenheit.

2. That frosts, or even hard freezing, does not injure the juice or the sugar, but that warm Indian summer weather, after the frost and hard freezing, does injure them very materially, and reduces both the quantity and quality.

3. That if the cane is cut and housed, or shocked in the field when in its most favorable condition, it will probably keep unchanged for a long time.

4. That when the juice is obtained, the process should proceed cautiously and without delay.

5. That the clarification should be as perfect as possible, by the time the density reaches 15 degrees when the syrup will have the appearance of good brandy.

6. That although eggs were used in these small experiments, on account of their convenience, bullock's blood, if to had, is equally as good, and the milk of lime alone will answer the purpose; in the latter case, however, more constant and prolonged skimming will be required to produce a perfect clarification, which is highly important.

7. That the concentration, or boiling down, after clarification, should be as rapid as possible without scorching—shallow evaporations being the best.

With these conditions secured, it is about as easy to make good sugar from the sugar cane as to make a pot of mush, and much easier than to make a kettle of good apple butter.

DISCIPLINE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.—An officer of the United States frigate Congress, which has just returned from a cruise of two and a half years, during which she has sailed 25,000 miles, writes to the *Journal of Commerce* as follows:

"The new mode of discipline without flogging, is producing a rapid and decided change in the character of seaman; and in almost every particular the change is of the most desirable nature. There is, perhaps, less promptness and energy in the movements of some who formerly jumped to the ropes from fear of the "cats," and that class of reckless, bold and dare-devil spirits, who seemed in their native element only when the storm was highest and howled through the rigging with most terrific violence, is to some extent, passing away. But there is rising in its place a self-respect and intelligent manliness, a reliable fidelity, a sympathy with their fellow men, and a desire for their regard, which is full of promise.—Considering the grade of society from which seamen ordinarily come, and the motives which lead the great majority to seek the service, it is surprising that the improvement in their character should have been as great as those most experienced declare it to be."

Four men were arrested last week in Iona county, Mich., on suspicion of having been engaged in issuing counterfeit bill of the Bank of Northampton, Mass., of the denomination of $5. About $2,000 of the spurious bills had been circulated before suspicion was aroused. On one of the persons arrested was found $2,000 of the money.

LUDICROUS SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.—Among the prisioners awaiting sentence in the Brooklyn Police Court, last Monday, says the New York Express, was an Irishman upon whose face the small pox was found to be breaking out with great virulence. A general stampede took place, the Clerk turned ghastly white and made a somerset out of the window, and the Judge, thinking the building was falling, went after the Deputy Sheriff and other officers climbed the posts and took refuge among the rafters. The poor Irisman was forced out of the door and bidden to clear away and never to return; and as no one would venture back, the Court was pronounced to stand adjourned.

The Artesian well of Belcher & Bro., in St. Louis, is now 2200 feet deep, being 300 feet deeper than that of Messrs. Dupont, at Louisville, Ky.