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AN IRISH SONG.

When first I saw young Molly
Struck beneath the holly,
Wid daisies laughin' round her,
Hand and foot I bound her,
This kiss on her bloomin' cheek, and soft-
ly stole away.

Rutas, wid blushe burnin',
Tipoo, she starts and on me darts a dreadful
lightnin' ray.
My foolish flowery letters
Scornfully she scatters,
And like a winter sunbeam she coldly sweeps
away.

But Love, young Love, come stoopin'
Over my daisies droopin',
Wid each flower, wid fairy power, the rosy
boy renews,
Links twines each charmin' cluster
In links of starchy luster,
And wid the chain enchanting my colleen proud
persues.

And soon I met young Molly,
Mainin' melancholy,
Wid downcast eyes and startin' sighs, along the
meadow bank;
And oh! her swillin' bosom
Was wreathed with daisy blossom,
Like stars in summer heaven, as in my arms she
sank.

—London Spectator.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CARIBOO.

Old Hezekiah Gatherem was a solid man of Boston. Like a great many other men similarly fixed, by reason of his wealth, old Gatherem was as conceited as a college graduate, as contrary as a drove of Kansas mules, and as proud as a young parson; and when in the fullness of time, Jack Furlaway, the Captain of the little brig Cariboo, asked him for the hand of his daughter, Jenny, old Gatherem's face grew as red as the port wine he was in the habit of drinking, and nothing but Captain Jack's rather muscular appearance saved him from being kicked across the street into the baker's shop opposite.

"What, sir, you—*you*, the captain of a miserable little West India sugar-drogher—marry my daughter!"

"Certainly, sir. Wouldn't think of taking her without marrying her," said Captain Furlaway, coolly.

Old Gatherem rang the bell violently, and ordered the servant to show Jack the door.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Ebony," remarked our maritime friend, placidly. "I rather labor under the delusion that I can manage to find my way out alone. Good-by, pa. Hope to find you in a better humor some other time. I won't object to Jenny on account of her near relatives."

But Jack departed rather ruefully for all that, for bonny Jenny Gatherem had gotten him fast tangled in her golden brown hair, and it had been his waking dream during many a lonely watch on deck, as the little clipper Cariboo danced merrily over the phosphorescent waves of old ocean, to make her Mrs. Furlaway, and he had even gone so far as to resolve to be a very dutiful and respectful son-in-law to that disagreeable old person, her father.

Jenny met him just around the corner, like a faithful little sweetheart, and Jack dolorously enough told her the dismal result of his interview.

"Never mind, Jack, dear," said Jenny, consolingly, "something will be certain to turn up favorable. Wait patiently, and if the worst must come, why—"

And the young damsel's eyes sparkled in a manner which presaged no very good luck to the solid old person of Boston.

So Capt. Jack Furlaway squared the yards of his skimmer, the Cariboo, for the West Indies, and by way of giving vent to his ill-feeling toward Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem, carried sail on his craft until the water rolled in torrents over her sharp bows, and the old salts wondered what the d—uce had come over the "old man," that he cracked on so much dimity, and finally settled down into the belief that he was racing for a heavy bet with the famous Fiery Cross, whose long black hull and towering pile of canvas had lain on their windward quarter longer than any ship had ever yet succeeded in doing.

Much port wine, much conceit and much bad temper had made old Gatherem sick, and the learned leeches of the Hub had advised a change of air, and recommended the balmy atmosphere of the ever-faithful Isle of Cuba, so that cheerful old gentleman packed his trunks, and, fearing some enterprising young Bostonian might steal his daughter while he was gone, also packed her along, and took passage in the A1 clipper Skymme Mylke, a ship owned by various pious persons, and named by them after their beloved pastor.

The Skymme Mylke boomed along at a roaring gait, and soon the lights of Boston harbor were far behind her.

The solid old party was very seasick, and as he tried to heave his boot-heels upward he heave curses deep and wrathful at the doctors who had persuaded him to trust himself to the uncertain motions of a sharp clipper diving into a head sea.

Though the Skymme Mylke was owned by persons of piety, and named after a person of sanctity, her master,

Capt. Ralph Rattler, was by no means religiously inclined.

No one ever knew whether Capt. Rattler swore most or drank most.

At any rate he drank enough to carry sail until his ship opened a seam, and when he became conscious that he was cracking it on a little too heavily and endeavored to take in some of his canvas, the gale saved him the trouble by sending his masts over to the leeward, and the gallant Skymme Mylke rolled and pitched and floundered, opening more seams, and commenced sinking rap dly.

At last down went the ship, and Capt. Ralph, his sea-cherubs and the passengers, committed themselves to the tender mercies of a rickety raft, with scant provisions and water, and, for a week or more, they scanned the lonely sea with anxious eyes for a delivering sail. Jenny bore up bravely, as women generally do; but her grumpy old parent had ceased to be solid, and the lamentations of Jeremiah were as zephyrs compared to those he sent howling through the atmosphere.

He vowed he'd give his whole fortune to the captain who would rescue him; and as a sea would wash over him, he swore he'd add himself to the bargain, and wait upon his deliverers as a servant during the remainder of his natural life.

At last, one day a white spot not larger than a sea-gull's wing appeared on the horizon, and soon the royal of a square rigger could be seen, and then one sail after another rose out of the sea with wonderful rapidity.

"That's a skimmer," said Captain Ralph.

"That's an angel, sir," said old Gatherem.

It was not long before a sharp little brig danced by, and hove-to within a hundred yards of the doleful crew on the raft.

Jenny could not restrain an exclamation of joy as she read the word "Cariboo" in golden letters on the quarter-boards of the new-comer, and when Jack made his appearance on the quarter-deck, she waved her handkerchief at him in a very frantic manner.

Jack, not knowing who it was, was acting in the coolest possible way.

Soon a boat, manned by sturdy rowers, was alongside, and the women and children were taken on board the Cariboo.

Old Gatherem prayed to be taken among the first, but the second-mate of the brig, who was in command of the boat, was obdurate, and he was forced to content himself with the reflection that he was saved, at any rate.

When Jenny's foot touched the deck of the Cariboo it stopped just long enough for her to bound to the arms of the astonished Furlaway.

As the novel-writers say, when they get hold of something they can't properly describe, "we drop the curtain upon the scene."

And now we grieve to relate that Capt. Furlaway was guilty of a very reprehensible stratagem, having for its object the destruction of the peace of mind of Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem.

He handled the brig like a pilot-boat, and laid her close aboard of the raft.

"Raft ahoy!" he hailed. "Are there any doctors of divinity on board?"

"Sir," reproachfully exclaimed a long, lank man, who had just arisen from a coffin-box, "we are from Boston! There are seven of us."

"One will do," responded Jack.

"The rest of you had better offer consolation to my father-in-law who is to be, Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem. The boat is going for one person and some more of the passengers."

When the second batch were safely on board of the Cariboo, Jack again hailed the raft.

"I say, pa," said he, "I'm going to marry Jenny. Will you give me your consent?"

"No!" came grimly from the raft.

"Then, I'm obliged to say that you will be very apt to inhabit that raft until you do give us your consent. Nice place, ain't it?"

It was all the six brethren could do to keep him from jumping overboard, but finally a sea a little wetter than the others brought him round, and he roared something which sounded like:

"Take her and be—happy!" only "happy," wasn't the last word.

So the long, lank parson from Boston made them one and indivisible as they stood on the windward side of the quarter-deck, and, after the remainder of the unfortunates were safely on board, the Cariboo bounded lightly, with a spanking breeze, toward the port of modern Athens.

And Capt. Jack Furlaway says that nothing but pure coaxing ever induced the old gentleman to consent, but Mr. Gatherem has his own opinion about that part of the subject.

The two hottest days ever known in Australia were the 15th and 16th of January, when the thermometer registered 105 degrees in the shade at Melbourne.

THE CHINESE AT HOME.

Sights, Scenes and Smells in a Chinese Seaport.

[From the St. Louis Christian Advocate.]

Our good ship weighed anchor at daylight on Tuesday, December 12, and sailed out of the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki. We expected to have left at midnight, but could only have done so, on account of the extreme darkness of the night, at great risk to the junks and other boats on the coast. We kept in sight of land until late in the afternoon, when beautiful Japan faded from our gaze, perhaps forever. We were on the Yellow Sea, and in full expectation of rough weather. In fact, so usual is it to have a rough passage that the steward had the table racks put on in general principles. But save during the first night, when for an hour the sea was rather high, and several waves broke clear over the ship, we had a smooth and delightful passage. On the afternoon of the second day the freight clerk rushed into the social hall and announced "the famous and immortal Saddle." We went out on deck to get a fine view of the Saddle Islands, some 90 miles from Shanghai. One was shaped quite like a saddle. That night we anchored at the light-ship, some 45 miles from Shanghai. Early on the morning of December 14 we were moving across the mouth of the Yang-tse, her waters for all the world like those of the Missouri, and coloring the sea for miles around with the sediment of mud brought down from the valley through which the river cuts its way. The land which first appeared was a low strip along the horizon, unrelieved save by an occasional house or clump of trees.

We shortly turned up the mouth of the Woosung River, and, crossing the bar, were only 12 miles from Shanghai. The Chinese village of Woosung, best known as the terminus of the only railway in the Empire, a little line of 12 miles, lay off to our right. All about us were Chinese men-of-war, junks and other boats, all of which had large eyes painted on their prows to enable them to see.

As we passed up the river we could see very distinctly mounds and vaults, which reminded us that China was one vast graveyard. Still we were hardly prepared to see not less than a half million of them within a few days. The fact is, the population of China find the dead a great burden. They can not, as in Japan, use the most undesirable spots as places of burial, for all plots of ground are fit for cultivation, and yet, perhaps, one-third of every field is taken up by graves. It would be worse yet were it not that these mounds are alleveled with a change in the ruling dynasty, and 250 years ago, with the coming in of the Tartars, the whole country took a new start and was made one vast level. These mounds are usually round, and yet are often long and rise to a peak in three or more points. The taller the mounds the greater the social consideration of the dead. Many coffins were simply placed in brick vaults above the ground, others covered with straw matting, and in a single hour we have seen no less than 20 lying on the ground and wholly uncovered by any thing. Usually in such cases the coffin has been placed there by permission, until another place could be chosen for burial purposes, but it is never removed, and many of those we saw have been there for years. Some are the coffins of children. A more usual way of disposing of infants is in what are called the baby towers, of which we saw several, where in a small hole in a brick tower 12 feet high the dead bodies of children are thrust, wrapped in some coarse cloth. This would be done until the tower was filled, when they would build another.

After lunch we all started to attend services at the chapel in the heart of the walled city of Shanghai. Hereafter "we" will stand for more than one person. The perpendicular pronoun "I" is ample to designate either Bishop or corresponding editor, and "we" must embrace both in the future. An experience in a Chinese city is needed to remind every individual of the utter insignificance of one person in this world. Even the editorial "we" must needs give way before the pressure of several hundred thousand Chinese jostling you in the eager endeavor to keep soul and body together. While the rest of the company walked, I concluded to try a chair, and thus avoid any ill consequences that might come from undue exertion after a slight fever for a day or two on board ship. Accordingly I took my place in Brother Lambuth's chair, which was fastened on two poles, with cross pieces at the ends, and the whole was immediately lifted to the shoulders of two coolies, who trotted off slowly to the north gate of the city. The walled city is over four miles and a half in circumference, with a large gate at each point of the compass. The wall is perhaps 20 feet high, and is 20 feet thick at the base and about 10 feet at the top, or wide enough for pedestrians, and much used by them. We all kept together until reaching the gate,

where, in the press and throng, my coolies became separated from the others, and, by dint of continual shouting, navigated through the surging sea of humanity on toward the chapel. I had heard of narrow streets and dense masses of people and mixed smells, but I no longer wondered that travelers did not attempt to describe them. It is simply impossible to give any accurate picture of them. To say that two persons standing in the street may each place one hand on the houses on either side and then clasp their other hands in the middle of the street, to say that they would be jostled out of position by the throng before they would be thus able to measure the width of the street, and that the loathsome odors would disincite them to make the attempt were they otherwise able, would be to make statements utterly true, and yet which would still fail to tell all the truth.

While I was thus being borne along amid this moving mass of human beings until I became painfully conscious of my littleness in a universe so densely populated, I had still further opportunity of meditation by my coolies suddenly stopping and depositing my chair on the ground in one thoroughfare somewhat less crowded than the one we had mostly traversed. They had borne me on their shoulders for over a mile, and, with some distance yet before them, they chose to stop for a rest. Had I been a Chinaman thus deposited all alone in a side street of San Francisco I might have expected to have been assailed with stones, but the heathen Chinese contented themselves with calling out occasionally "Yank kwie tsz," or "foreign devil." These were mostly "young Chinese." I had almost said "young Americans." My sense of helplessness under these circumstances, before I had learned a word of the language or a point of the compass, can neither be described or imagined. Waiting a reasonable time for my coolies to rest and to refresh themselves by looking in at the shop windows near by, I concluded to go on. Calling, "Hallo!" and motioning for them to move on, they lifted the chair to their shoulders and trotted on, finally stopping in front of a chapel where a Chinese was preaching.

The markets of Shanghai are well supplied with choice game, such as pheasant, quails, venison, wild ducks, to say nothing of the finest fish, all of which abound in China and are extremely cheap. The largest and best I ever saw were from Chinese waters. The oranges are not so good as the Japanese. All kinds of vegetables abound from both European and Chinese gardens. Those from the latter are less desirable on account of the peculiar way of fertilizing the soil and forcing the plants. Here, as in Japan, immense quantities of dried grass, cotton-stalks, etc., are used for fuel, but coal and wood are, of course, mostly used by foreigners. China can not compare, in point of neatness, with Japan, where every boat and house are scrubbed daily. The farmers appear a little less cramped than the Japanese, but the cities are far more crowded. The Japs are more impulsive and quicker to learn, while the Chinese are more sluggish and immobile, but once at tempting any thing they can not easily be turned aside. The Japanese love what is new; the Chinese what is old. The former have all the vivacity which belongs to an insular people. It will take much more time to understand the latter.

Here, as in Japan, only more so, the cheapest thing to be had is human labor. A huge roller for making smooth the drives and streets is drawn by no less than twenty men, who lazily pull the ropes attached to it. This process I have several times witnessed. A coolie employed in such work as this can live on one dollar and a half a month, and be hired for about the same price. I have seen no pack horses thus far, but all burdens are borne either on poles, often split bamboo, or across the shoulders of coolies, or on wheelbarrows run by human muscle. The horses here, as in Japan, are very small, nothing more than ponies in fact. Two coolies are about as strong as a horse, and are very much cheaper. The great famine in Northern China is driving hundreds of the sufferers into Shanghai, and they live on thirty cost a day, or a little less than three cents, while the children are granted twenty cost each. The native Christians in our Church here have contributed \$10 for their relief. This is a considerable sum in China, being about 12,000 cost.

LADY FINGERS.—2 eggs beaten very light, 1 cupful white sugar added, 1/2 teaspoonful cream-tartar, the same of soda, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Put the cream-tartar with the flour, and dissolve the soda with a little warm water. Roll out, sprinkle with sugar, and cut in pieces the size of middle fingers. Place on buttered paper in tins, not letting them touch each other, and do not let them bake very brown.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

BLANKET CAKES.—Into 1 quart of milk put a lump of butter the size of an egg; let the milk get warm enough to melt the butter; stir in flour sufficient to form quite a stiff batter, and a dessert-spoonful of salt; one-third cake compressed yeast dissolved in a little warm water; cover tightly; let stand in a warm place over night; fry on griddle.

MACARONI.—Take 1/2 pound of macaroni and stew in a saucepan of boiling water, slightly salted, until soft and tender. When drained, put a layer in a baking-dish, and grate over it a layer of cheese, adding bits of butter. Put layer upon layer until the dish is filled, finishing with a layer of cheese and 1/2 cup of milk. Bake covered 1/2 hour, then brown and serve in same dish.

BLACK ROACH TRAP.—Fill an earthen or tin wash-basin three parts full of water sweetened with molasses, wetting the edge with the same; wrap a cloth around it in such a way that the roaches can easily crawl up; an ironing blanket answers the purpose well; set it on the kitchen floor on retreating, and the result will be satisfactory. This may work for water-bugs as well.

TO RESTORE THE HAIR AFTER ILLNESS.—Equal parts of best brandy and strong black tea, shaken well together and rubbed well into the roots of the hair once daily, will usually restore the hair after long illness. Be careful not to scratch or irritate the scalp with rough combing and brushing. The mixture should be made at least once in three days, even in cool weather.

DANDY PUDDING.—1 quart of milk, the yolks of 2 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, a little sugar; scald the milk, and when very hot stir into it the corn-starch and eggs, stirring it briskly until it thickens; when done, pour into a pudding-dish; when quite cold, pour over it a frosting made of the whites of the eggs, allowing a tablespoonful of sugar to each egg; flavor with lemon juice; brown slightly in the oven.

GENUINE GINGER SNAPS. An old housekeeper suggests that all so-called "ginger snaps," in which soda or any thing of that nature is found, are simply "cookies," which, like all such preparations, soon dry and become stale. The following receipt will make crisp, rich snaps, which can be kept in an air-tight cake-box for a long time: 1 pound of shortening, (equal parts of butter and lard), 1 pint of molasses, 1/2 pint brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 teaspoonful cloves or cinnamon, flour; well mixed until it becomes a pliant dough. To be rolled thin and baked in a quick oven.

A Remarkable Submarine Volcano.

The Honolulu Gazette, of February 28, contains an account of a remarkable submarine volcano outbreak in Kealakeakana Bay near the entrance to the harbor. Natives report the eruption occurred at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 24th, appearing like innumerable red, blue and green lights. In the afternoon several boats visited the eruption, cruising over the most active part, where the water was in a state of peculiar activity, boiling and appearing as if passing over rapids, or very much like the waters at Hell Gate, at New York. Blocks of lava two feet square came up from below, frequently striking and jarring the boats. As the lava was quite soft, no harm was done. Nearly all pieces, on reaching the surface, were red hot, emitting steam and gas strongly sulphurous. A rumbling noise was heard, like that of rocks in a freshet, caused, no doubt, by the eruption of lava from the submarine crater, which is supposed to be a crack or line of rupture, extending at least one mile from the shore. Another rupture, doubtless a continuation of the submarine fissure, was traced inland from shore nearly three miles, varying in width from a few inches to three feet. In some places water was seen pouring down into the abyss below. A severe shock of earthquake was felt by those living at Kaowaloo and Kell during the night of the eruption, which must have preceded the outbreak. It was quite severe, but no damage is reported.

A Pair of Gloves in a Steer's Stomach.

Messrs. Given Brothers, butchers, of Morgantown, recently purchased a fat steer from John J. Soltzof, of Lancaster County. During the last two weeks it refused to eat. The animal was killed, and upon examination it was found that a pair of heavy and large woolen mittens were tightly wedged in the entrance to the pouch or stomach of the animal, allowing no food to pass. A part of one of the mittens was sent to Reading as a curiosity. At first sight it resembles the lower half of a hand, including the wrist. The material has become quite hard, and must have been swallowed by the ox some time ago.—Philadelphia Press.