

THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MINING NEWS, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &c., &c.

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Poetry.

Away with Gloom.

BY JOHN YEOMAN.

Spurn the lines which sorrow traces:
Laugh the life of life away.
They who wear the longest faces
Always live the longest day.
Why complain, though fortune press thee?
Why repine at lowly birth,
While contentment still may bless thee
With the joys of pealing mirth?
Art thou rich in pounds and rubles?
Dost thou sleep on beds of down?
Laugh to see how vain the baubles
Which deceive the gaping clown.
What though now thy years are many,
And thy locks are turning gray;
Hast thou not a hope of any
Joy beyond thy mortal day?
Thou hast dreamed, perhaps, of glory;
Fate has held thee under ban;
Still, unknown to song or story,
Thou canst be a merry man.
Toll not after gilded sadness:
Let not woe thy soul entice;
For the earth is full of gladness
Offered thee without a price.
Dost thou speak of cares and troubles?
Cares and troubles, what are they?
Nothing more than foolish troubles
Which a laugh may drive away.
Laugh, and charm the fates to listen;
Hoot all gloomy fancies down;
Thus shall Time forget to hasten,
And e'en Death relax his frown.

Miscellaneous.

The Widgeon.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

Jack Sawwell, as honest a carpenter as ever drove nail in timber, lived as happy a life as man could live, till his good or bad genius, I know not which, inspired him to do penance for his sins—I mean to marry. He married then; alas, the day! Mrs. Ann—for so the good creature was called whom he deigned to make bone of his bone—took great care, like the rest of her sex, to put on her best airs before marriage—she would have sworn she would not say boo to a goose; and yet, between you and me, she was a very Xantippe. She lisped out "honor and obey," in so humble, so compliant a tone, that Plumpjoles, the parson, turning up his eyes to heaven in admiration, compared this couple to the primitive pair, and prayed heaven to shower down its choicest blessings upon them.
Well, the honey-moon, you may easily imagine, waned an uninterrupted scene of delight. Not so, egad! you are awfully mistaken in your opinion; madam, whose temper was like a breeding tempest, had kept lowering a while, only to pour down with greater impetuosity, began the very next day to give him a specimen of what he was to expect in future.
Honest Sawwell arose the next morning highly delighted with the passive obedience of his wife, and went to work as usual; for he was an industrious, pains-taking man—none of your holiday makers. Before he went out, he gave his spouse half a guinea: "My dear," said he, "buy us something nice for dinner, though it costs a shilling extraordinary, let us go through the week as merrily as he began it."
Would you believe it, gentlemen, Mrs. Ann, for once in her life, paid an implicit obedience to the commands of her husband; probably her passion for tit bits reigned predominant that day; that is the only reason I am capable of assigning for her conduct. To market she went, and purchased a wild duck, as she thought, and as the pouter swore; but we can assure our readers, from very good authority, that it was nothing more than a widgeon; which bears so near a resemblance to the wild duck, that none but connoisseurs can distinguish the one from the other.

When her husband came, "my dear," said she, "what do you think I have got for dinner?"

"I don't know," says he, "mayhap you have bought a goose."
"No," replied she, "but I have bought as fine a wild duck as you ever set your eyes on." Having deposited her duck upon a dish, poured her gravy over it, and added the necessary garnish of slices of lemon, she served it up.

The carpenter now returned from whetting his knife upon the stairs, and casting his eye upon the dish, "Zounds! Nan," cried he, "why, sure you did not buy this for a duck!"

"Nay, but that for a duck! why, what did I buy it for then?" cries she tossing up her head.

"Why, 'tis no more a duck than I am a duck," replied the carpenter; "take my word for it, 'tis nothing but a widgeon."

"A widgeon—a fool's head!" cries his wife in a rage, "do you think I don't know a duck when I see it, as well as you do? Besides, the woman said it was a duck."

"The woman is a lying jade," said the carpenter; "I'll warrant you imagine the woman knows better than I do, who am a Lincolnshire man, and have killed scores of them in the Fens."

"Why, now, only behold the obstinacy of the man!" cries Mrs. Ann; "why, I tell you again it is a duck, and it shall be a duck."

"My dear," said the carpenter, who had much of the philosopher in his temper, "you do not consider that while we are spending our time in idle disputes, the widgeon stands cooling."

"'Tis no widgeon, I tell you, but a duck."

"Well, then, my dear," replied he, "let it be a duck, for peace sake."

"For peace sake or not for peace sake," continued she, "it is a duck, and I'll take my oath it is a duck."

"I own it," said Sawwell, "it was I that was in the fault; let us agree to drop the discourse, and do you cut up the duck."

His wife, resolving to have the last word, continued to harp on the same string all the time she was carving. "Yes," says she, looking attentively at her husband, "'tis a duck; look as spiteful as you please, 'tis a duck."

Sawwell, who had now lost all patience, rose from his chair. "Hang you for a termagant huffey," said he, "I have been fool enough to let you have your own way, for the sake of a quiet life, and yet that will not content you, but you must be bringing up the old story again; hold your tongue, or by George I'll cuff you handsomely."

"Hold your tongue!" said she, "why should I hold my tongue, when I know it is a duck?—you cuff me; I defy you, you villain! touch me, at your peril! I'll clapper-claw you, you rogue!—yet, 'tis a duck; in spite of your teeth, 'tis a duck; she would have said, but a stout box from the husband made the word recoil again down her throat; and now a most dreadful combat ensued; pinching, tearing, cuffing, and bruising. The victory which had long remained doubtful, declared at length in favor of the husband; and the wife, totally defeated, fled into the street, still crying out, "'tis a duck, 'tis a duck."

Sawwell, having lopped off a leg and wing, marched away to the next public house, eat his dinner in peace, and returned to his evening work. When he came home at night, all was quiet, and no mention made of the quarrel.

The next day at dinner, "My dear, says she to her husband, "I hope in God, we shall eat our bit to-day with a little more comfort than we did yesterday; you must confess, however, that you were in ill-humor."

"Nay, my dear," replied the carpenter, "don't say so, it was the effects of your obstinacy: did I not desire you to drop the discourse? it seemed to me as if you took a pleasure in contradicting me, and making me angry."

"Nay, but how was I to blame?" cries she, "I only said it was a duck; and a duck it was, that I am certain of."

"Come, come, Nan, don't begin again, let us live peaceably and quietly, can't you?"

"With all my heart," replies she, "I am sure, if nobody loved quarrelling better than I do, there would be more peace and harmony in the world than what there is; but however, I am certain as how it was a duck, if I was to die this moment."

"Nan, hold your tongue," once again, said the carpenter, who began to grow warm.

"Why should I hold my tongue," replies she, "when I know it was a duck!"

"Zounds! woman," cries Sawwell, whom her obstinacy had irritated, "if you will not be silent, I'll serve you as I did yesterday."

"No, that I will not," says she, "it was a duck; and I will swear it was a duck."

And now, a hearty cuff from the carpenter gave the signal to engage. Mrs. Ann, with nimble fingers, seized with both hands upon a dish, big with the remains of her dinner, and darted it at her husband's nod; but, by the interposition of some deity, the dish took a contrary course and fell amongst a set of china, which Mrs. Ann had purchased the day before; three cups two saucers, and the lid of a broken tea-pot, fell sacrifices to her fury.

The carpenter at length, tired of waging so unequal a fight, seized upon a crabstick that stood near him, and the victory, which had hitherto been doubtful, began to declare itself in his favor, when the appearance of the neighbors, who had been disturbed by the uproar, put a final conclusion to the combat. By their friendly interposition, the breach was again cemented, and they passed the ensuing night as lovingly as two turtles; but the next day at dinner the duck was brought upon the carpet, and a battle fought and won, as usual, and from that time to this, not a day has passed, but has been productive of the like consequences.

I must insist upon it, though it will undoubtedly seem a paradox to some ladies, that the wife is ever to blame, when she persists, tenacious of the argument, to contest with her husband: in trivial disputes she ought always to show her condescension by submitting. What benefit can possibly result to her from a victory gained at so dear a rate, as the loss of her husband's affections? let her rather, like the great Scipio, learn to gain a sure and lasting victory by temporizing. When her husband has had leisure to reflect, and becomes sensible of his mistake, with what delight, with what inexpressible raptures will he behold the dear woman, or rather the dear angel who could make so great a sacrifice to his tranquility! he will amply repay, by profession of love and tenderness, the mortification she underwent for his sake.

Dancing.

It is absolutely necessary for the advancement and prosperity of a nation that its people should be accustomed to indulge in some recreation, some pastime, by the occasional enjoyment of which they can drive the ghosts of by-gone labors from their minds, and banish care and ennui. The recreations generally vary in character among different nations, according to the degree of progress which civilization has made among them; but there is one amusement which is common to all—it is dancing. The dance is enjoyed as much by the most miserable and degraded of the human kind, as the by those who rank highest in the scale of intelligence and refinement. It is generally used to denote feelings of joy or mirth; though among some nations and tribes it is not infrequently practised for the purpose of depicting sorrow, or anger, or of exciting the passions. The ancient Greeks deemed this accomplishment an essential requisite to the completion of an education; and even now their descendants delight to assemble at the twilight hour on the village green, and drive the mists of care from their bosoms with the music of their voices and the revels of the dance.

The ancient Egyptians celebrated religious festivals by dancing; and the figures of the dances were often arranged to represent in their evolutions the motions of the heavenly bodies about the sun. A Jewish festival is thus described: "After the sacrifice the people assembled in the outer court of the temple, illuminated by two large golden lamps. The priests, carrying lighted torches, began the dance, while the Levites, stationed on the steps of the inner temple, played on their harps." Even in France two hundred years ago, dancing was permitted in her churches on certain days of worship; but as the practice was thought to impart an appearance of licentiousness to religion, it was eventually annulled by law.

The natives of Siberia have characteristic dances—such as represent hunting the crane and running the deer. The dancer who performs the part of the crane, covers himself with a cloak, the under portion of which he raises by means of a stick, on the end of which is fastened the head of the bird. Thus equipped, he commences operations, keeping time to the music, and communicating to the stick the peculiar motions of the bird.

The Kamshatkans also have a kind of dance that represents hunting the bear. It is a sort of pantomime, and has charms so captivating that great numbers join in the exhilarating sport, and continue it sometimes from twelve to fifteen hours. The Indians of our own continent are noted as much for the variety of their dances as for their peculiarities. Our readers are probably all familiar with descriptions of the buffalo dance, the deer dance, dog

dance and pipe dance; and then, too, they have their terrible war and scalp dance, which has furnished many a loquacious traveller with an ample theme on which to descant.

The aborigines of New South Wales, who are among the most savage and degraded people of the human race, enter with the keenest zest into this species of amusement; for this purpose they take the utmost pains to deck their bodies with a profusion of finery and paint, and often present an exceedingly grotesque appearance. The "corrobory" or skeleton dance is their favorite. It forms the usual close of their combats, and is also frequent in times of peace. Indeed, it appears almost necessary, to stir up their blood; and under the excitement thus produced the whole nature of the people seems to be changed. When the darkness of evening approaches, a fire built in a suitable location by the women and the boys. The preparations being completed, and the fire burning brightly, the performers, usually about twenty in number, are seen advancing in the guise of many skeletons. The effect is produced by pipe-clay, with which they paint broad white lines on their arms and legs, and on the head, while others of less breadth are drawn across the body, to correspond with the ribs. The music consists in beating time on their shields and singing, and to it the movements of the dancers conform. These movements are composed principally of sudden contortions of the limbs and body, and violent muscular actions, amounting almost to a frenzy.

Far different from these, but though less exciting, certainly quite as pleasurable, are the dances of the enlightened natives of Europe and America. Germany, that country of profound philosophers and eminent divines, is famous for having introduced the waltz to the world. Her phlegmatic students find that in no way can they so easily counteract the wearing effects of the midnight vigil, or the apathetic lullaby of the incessant meerschaum, as by occasionally indulging in a social "trip o' the toe," especially when they can find a charming little bright-eyed partner.

The Russians love dancing. The Italians and Swiss enjoy it amazingly; and the fondness of the French people for the art, is proverbial the world over. The Mazurka originated in Poland; and the Polka, which is danced throughout the whole length and breadth of the civilized world; and is at the present time the favorite dance of the English nation, was first introduced in one of the northern countries of Europe. In Norway, sunny Castile, and even in poor old Ireland, this amusement is common to every grade of society.

And in sober Scotland dancing is productive of as genuine enjoyment as anywhere. The attachment of the Scottish peasantry, particularly to this amusement, is very great. The winter is their season for instruction and enjoyment, and often, after the labors of the day are over, the young men and women will walk miles to participate in the excitement of a social dance—a large barn frequently serving the purpose of a ball-room. The Scottish music is celebrated throughout the world for the wild sweetness of its strains, and as the violin strikes up a native air, the bent form of the rustic, which but a moment before seemed overcome with fatigue, becomes erect, his features brighten, and his feet begin voluntarily to move as if imbued with an irresistible sympathy.

Dancing is probably less in vogue in the United States of America than in any European country. Our Puritan fathers, when they settled on these shores, deemed it one of the vanities of life, and discountenanced it by every means in their power. But their stern rule gradually passed away, and the reel, the contra dance, and the cotillion have long found enthusiastic votaries among the young and active of every condition and sex. In this progressive age, however, the more modern "Scottische" and "polka" seem to be rapidly usurping the attention of the youthful portion of the community, and perhaps, ere many centuries have rolled over the world, the United States will be as famous for superior cultivation and excellence in the art as France and Germany are now.

Dancing is universal; on every continent and among every people, savage and civilized, the practice of it is sustained. The leaves of the forest and the grasses of the meadow, dance to the music of their own rustling; the waters of the running brook dance, merrily murmuring over their bed; and infinite rays of light dance a distance of ninety five millions of miles through the realms of space to render all things visible to us. The planets dance round the sun, the moon dances round the earth, and we poor mortals dance through life—all forming one grand figure—ceaseless—eternal.—Boston Journal.

Common Sense.

This is a very common phrase, frequently quoted, though not generally well understood. It is a common remark—that such a person has good common sense, or that another is destitute of it. What is common sense? It is described as a faculty or part of a faculty, possessing a quick and universal perception of right and wrong, truth and error, propriety and impropriety, in human affairs,—by Cicero, Berkeley, Shaftsbury, Fenelon, Locke, Hume, Hobbs and Priestly.

Dr. Benj. Rush defines it as follows:—"I consider it," says he, "as the perception of things as they appear to the greatest part of mankind. It has no relation to their being true or false, right or wrong, proper or improper. For the sake of perspicuity, I shall define it to be opinions and feelings in unison with the opinions and feelings of the bulk of mankind."

It is evident from this definition, which we think a good one, that common sense must necessarily differ in different ages and localities. What was good common sense at one time will not be at another. It is not considered good common sense to talk of republicanism in England. Neither is it considered good common sense to talk favorably of monarchies or monarchical forms of government in our American Congress. The notions of common sense as entertained by a citizen of Georgia concerning labor, differ essentially from such as are received by a citizen of N. York. "In Turkey, it is contrary to the common sense of delicacy which prevails in that country, for a gentleman to dance with a lady." No such common sense prevails in any of the western countries of Europe or in the States of America.

Nearly all the reforms and changes that have been effected in society have gone counter to the common sense of the age and place. Let us not forget, then, that common sense is made up of the "opinions and feelings in unison with the opinions and feelings" of the majority of those in any age or place that give direction to public sentiment. What goes contrary to this will not generally be received as good common sense.—New Yorker.

Negro Sermon.

"While residing, a few years ago, in the Monumental City, I used sometimes to go on a Sunday to a small church near my residence, to hear a somewhat famous negro preacher. The church had been built by a few benevolent gentlemen as a place of worship for their slaves. The preacher, himself a slave, was an old negro, famed throughout the city as a perfectly original specimen of imagination and humor, and more especially for his very unique construction of various portions of the divine Word. He frequently numbered among his hearers the elite of the city, drawn thither in the hope hearing "some new thing;" and truth to say they were seldom disappointed. To give some idea of his style—necessarily imperfect to an outsider, for his gesticulation was peculiar and forcible—I will narrate two sermons: In describing Christ's entry into Jerusalem, he said: "Well, my bruddren, when de people in 'Rusalem heard de Lord was coming, dey 'bandoned der okerpashon, and cut for de subbab; crowding tru de gate. I see no doubt, like a flock o' sheep; and some broke off de branches off de trees, and 'crowded em down, and some 'crowded down straw and hay, and de rest took off der clothes—not all ob dem, I 'spect—and tru 'em down in de road. But 'twas no use, my bruddren; wid all dey could, dey couldn't stop dat are colt; he kim along, and went right in de gate' easy as a ruffin!" On another occasion, when striving his utmost to bring about a revival, he elevated his humble flock several pegs in importance. He said: "Now, if any ob you niggers t'ink dat 'kase you're black, and poor and miserable, you's ob no great consequence in de Lord's eyes, you'seavastly 'staken, I 'spect, as I could prove by many pints ob de divine Word; but one will be ficient for your dull comprehension. De Lord says, in one place, 'God will not let even a sparrer fall to de ground widout His notice;' and in 'adder place He says, 'Are not two sparrers sold for a farden?' 'A farden', I would inform you, is 'posed to be 'bout as much as a cent. Well, den; now, if de Lord takes so much care of a sparrer, worth only half a cent, of how much 'portance, my dear bruddren, in His eyes, are you five and six hundred dollar niggers?"—Knickerbocker.

Pa do chimneys make pictures! No child, why do you ask that? Why I heard Mr. Lampard say, ours draws very well. Ma, have steamboat boilers wings! Oh dont bother me, no. Why, la! I heard a gentleman talking about a boiler fus.