

# THE OMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

BEGGS & BOYD, PROPRIETORS.]

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &c., &c.

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## Poetry.

### "Take me Home to Die."

The land is very bright, mother,  
The flowers are very fair,  
There's magic in the orange groves  
And fragrance in the air;  
But take me to my good old home  
Where the brook goes babbling by,  
Let us go home again, mother—  
Oh! take me home to die.

Let my father's hand be rest, mother—  
In blessings on my head,  
Let my brothers and my sisters dear  
But through around my bed;  
Oh, let me feel that loved one's near  
Receive my parting breath,  
When I bid you all good night, mother,  
And sleep the sleep of death.

Dear mother, I am weeping,  
I cannot stop the tears,  
They're swelling at the thought of home,  
And of my early years.  
But I am getting faint, mother,  
Oh, take me to your breast,  
And let me feel your lip, mother,  
Again my forehead press.

While mother was making up what to do  
I cannot get my breath;  
Is it your soul I hear, mother,  
Oh tell me—is this death?  
You'll tell my father how I yearned  
Once more to see him near;  
You'll kiss my brothers each for me  
They will forget I fear.

You'll tell my sisters, mother, dear,  
I have gone up on high,  
And if they are good children here,  
They will see me when they die;  
I feel I am going now, mother—  
One kiss ere life is given;  
And now, farewell, my own mother,  
Until we meet in Heaven.

SHORT RULES FOR BUTTER MAKERS.—  
We do not intend to instruct good dairy-  
maids the art and mystery of butter-making  
but if they see any hint in the rules which  
follow that may be thought serviceable, let  
them make a note of it:

The newer and sweeter the cream, the  
sweeter and higher flavored will be the but-  
ter.

The air must be fresh and pure in the  
room where the butter is set.

The cream should not remain on the  
milk over thirty-six hours.

Keep the cream in the pails, or stone  
pots, into which put a spoonful of salt at  
the beginning—then stir the cream lightly  
each morning and evening; this will prevent  
the cream from moulding or souring.

Churn as often as once a week, and as  
much oftener as circumstances will permit.  
Upon churning, add the cream upon all  
the milk in the dairy.

Use nearly an ounce of salt to a pound  
of butter.

Work the butter over twice, to free it  
from the buttermilk and brine, before lump-  
ing and packing.

Be certain that it is entirely free from  
every particle of buttermilk, or coagulated  
milk, and it will keep sweet forever.

In Scotland, syphon is sometimes used to  
separate the milk from the cream, instead  
of skimming the pans.

The subjoined is a true copy of the re-  
signation of a Justice of the Peace in Na-  
chitoches, Louisiana: We hope it may  
strike the reader as it first struck us. We  
"had to laugh."

"State of Louisiana, Parish of Nachitoches,  
To the Governor of Louisiana:

Know all men by these presents, that I,  
L. L., 'squire, do hereby thro' up  
for reasons best known to myself.

L. L., Justice of Peace."

This is printed "verbatim et spellatim,"  
according to our correspondent. Judicial  
"timber" in the region of Nachitoches must  
be somewhat scarce, we should say. But  
we shall "g ow up" even a better specimen  
than this, (if time and space serves,) before  
a great while.

## Miscellaneous.

### My First Venture.

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

I believe I never told you about my  
first adventure amongst the "winning  
folks."

Well, for want o' suthin' better, I'll give  
you a sketch on't. You must consider that  
I was brought up purty much to hum, on  
the farm, and I was never out o' the  
country, until I was sixteen, and  
at the age o' seventeen, was perhaps a leetle  
the greenest boy in or out o' Roxbury. But  
at seventeen is an age for a chap to feel his  
oats—at all events, I did.

Well, as I was goin' to say, it was a  
tryin' time to me: I'd bin under the old  
man's thumb till I'd out grown him—body,  
sole, buttons and trousers. 'Twas on a  
monstros party evenin' in the after part o'  
the latter part o' April; I'd greased my  
shoes, and put on a mighty nice deekie;  
for mother allers fixed my things herself.

I was saunterin' round, kinder half sick  
and half lazy; and I jist made up my mind  
that I'd sit up to some gal that very night, ef I  
lived. I'd bore it jist as long as I could,  
and I do believe of the old man had a cum  
along jist then I should a sassid him. I  
heard a waggin rattle, and lookin' down  
the road, who should it be but Squire Bar-  
ney and his wife and three darters, cumin'  
hum from meetin'. There was gals that  
would du to look at. Now, you see, Squire  
Barney hadn't bin more'n a month moved  
out'n Boston, and was a leetle the finest  
folks I'd ever saw. I thought I'd put rite  
up the road arter 'em; but, thinks I, I'll jist  
step in and tell mother, or they'll be a hun-  
tin' me, which mite make a feller feel orful  
cheap.

Ses I, Mother I've made up my mind to  
step up to Squire Barney's this arternoon.

"You hev, Jonas!" ses she; "fur maasy  
sakes, what's that fur?"

"Why jist bekaus I hev, ses I, and that's  
cuuff."

While mother was makin' up what to do  
or say, in steps the old man. Ses he:

"Jonas, why in the name o' natur' haint  
you minded 'em sheep off'n the rye?"

"Him mind sheep off'n rye," ses moth-  
er, "I guess you'll hev to mind 'em your-  
self. He's jist now redly to start up to  
Barney's a courtin'."

"The Lord bless my soul!" ses the old  
man, and sot down in his big arm chare.

"Now, Jonas," ses he, "as I'm your father,  
I'll jist gin you a leetle wholesome advice,  
and I'd advise you in this as I du in yer  
mowin', mind you don't cut too big a swath,  
and be kearfal how you pint in and how  
you pint out."

"Now, Jonas, my child," ses mother,  
you know what a practice you hev o' get-  
tin' up and walkin' in yer sleep; be sure to  
cum hum before dark, bekaus you know  
yer orful 'foerd o' nites."

Bein' 'afeerd o' havin' to listen to this ad-  
vice all over again, I turned my back upon  
the old humsted, and put out on a business  
altogether new to me. It tak me no time  
at all to reach the Squire's; but I was ta-  
ken back a few feet when I was met at the  
door by the Squire's hired man.

"Walk in Mr. Banister," sed that orful  
devil of a human, Sim Spencer, "take a  
chare."

There I was rite in the company of the  
Squire's three darters, the old lady, and the  
forementioned Sim, who lived and fatted  
on fun jist as if it had bin bread. I deter-  
mined to set my best foot fust, and ef I  
talked to any 'em, it should be Becky,  
a leetle the finkiest piece o' woman I  
I'd ever yet saw, purty as a picter and fresh  
as a sassor o' new butter. I didn't hev to  
wait long for a chance to show my grit,  
for she stepped out to the well arter a pail o'  
water. Now, thinks I, will be a good time  
to see how "the cat will jump," and ef I'm  
mittened, it won't be before that mischief  
of a lantern jawed Spencer. So I steps  
out arter her, and arter makin' 'as purty a  
bow as I could, ses I, Miss Barney, I've cum  
up to tell you that I'd like to hev a leetle  
secret chat with you, jist by ourselves.

"I have no particular secrets to keep,  
Mr. Banister," sed she, "but if you wish to  
chat awhile I have no objections."

Hevings and nirth! General Jackson,  
Frank Pierce, or the biggest feelin' man in  
Fairfield (which is sayin' a good deal) didn't  
any bigger, nor straiten out any taller than  
I did. Pankin pie and apple sarse, dough-  
nuts and and roast turkey, weren't half as  
good as this news to me. It done me good  
all over, body, sole and heart. 'Tweren't  
very long arter we went back into the  
kitchen before a candle was lit and put into  
the big room, and Miss becky was a stand-  
in the door, and ses she:

"Walk into the front room, Mr. Banis-  
ter."

Exactly, ses I, and as I walked out'n the  
kitchen there was that infarnel Spencer ta-

kin' site at me over his 'bonorable long  
nose. But Sim Spencer was the least o'  
my troubles; for there I was sittin' "face to  
face," and not more'n five feet from her,  
the purtiest gal out'n Boston. She axed  
me more questions in tew minutes than I  
could hev answered in six months Sundays  
and all hung in. Bless your heart, man,  
she was a gal to be remeberd. There was no  
doubt on't.

I told her all about our folks, how many  
horses, cows, sheep and hogs to had. I  
told her mother had a thunderin' big web  
of the finest kind o' home spun, and that  
mother had made well on to a hundred  
pounds o' butter a'ready this spring, and I  
was a doin' my level best on Rose, Bug  
Horn and the Big Red Heifer to make out  
the even hundred.

She told me all about the soirees, and  
the kotillions, and the promenaders, and  
fine things in Boston, till I was completely  
bewildered, befooled and bewitched, and  
I'd bin willin' to a swore that I didn't know  
a thing.

I thought I was prosperin' fine, and I was  
monstros 'feerd I might say or du suthin'  
to spile it all, when her father returned from  
meetin'. The Squire cum in the room  
where we was, and looked a leetle wild to  
see his darter keepin' company. When I  
ris up, ses I: Your most obedient, Squire;  
and Miss Becky speaks up, and ses she:

"Mr. Banister, father; you didn't know  
him did you?"

"Ah, ah!" ses he, "how's your folks!"

Modrit, modrit, ses I, hops your well, sir;  
and he steps out'n tother room, appearin'  
ly in a perfect good humor. I'd bin a  
thinkin' sometime that I could hear that  
hateful Spencer a ticklin' and laffin', and I  
felt as ef I could a mashed him ef I'd had  
hold on him. Miss Becky sed that we had  
talked enuff for that time, and arter tellin'  
her that I should be back without fail, we  
got up and went in where the rest o' 'em  
was, and set down.

Sim Spencer was a pullin' off his butes,  
and the gals nisten' their shoes, which mids  
me think o' mother's advice, to "cum hum  
before dark." It was never to be out o' my  
mind.

Warn't I in a predicckment! Go  
hum I darn't; but I thought I'd make the  
trial. I got up to start, and told 'em I  
believed I'd go, when the Squire ses:

"Stay all night, Mr. Banister."

That suited me to a nicety; for I actual-  
ly wouldn't hev went hum then fur tew  
dollars.

"Yes," ses Spencer, "stay and sleep  
with me, Jonas."

This seemed orful clever to me; fur I'd  
bin Mistered and Mistered till I felt tola-  
ble cheap; so I told Spencer I'd stay and sleep  
with him.

We soon started up stairs to bed, stript  
and jumped in, and in ten minutes Spen-  
cet was a snorin' like a boss with the dis-  
temper. I believe that was the first and last  
time that I ever was glad to hear any body  
snore; for I was in hopes it mite keep me  
awake, and ef I staid awake I shouldn't get  
up in my sleep.

I lay and staided about takin' Becky  
hum rite off; she'd be so much company for  
mother when father and I was to work in  
the field. I could almost see her a strainin'  
the brim'n' pails o' milk and workin'  
over the butter, while I was a plowin' and a  
sowin'. What a pity it weren't never to  
cum to pass.

I was mighty 'feerd I'd go to sleep, and I  
thought that mother's advice was good, but  
the old man's I thought was o' no use at  
all. I lay awake till the clock struck tew,  
when natur' was te strong. The fact was  
I'd bin used to sleep. I was in hopes that  
when a feller grows to be man, jist like a  
frog leaves his tail when jumps out'n tad-  
pole. But by Zounds! it warn't to be so.

I fell into a dream, and I thought I was  
married to Becky, and keepin' house lead  
over heels in work. I dreamed I was  
plowin' a piece o' new ground for corn,  
with the doddersted pair o' wild steers that  
ever stratened a chain. It was a darned  
siddin' piece o' ground, and jist as full o'  
stumps as they could stand. There I was  
raslin' that old plow and cussin' them wild  
steers, and hollerin', Hoi, Lamb, Hoi, Li-  
on, when sock went the pint o' the plow  
agin a peppidge stump, knocks it over and  
tore the all-fredest biggest nest o' yaller  
jackets that ever was made out'n the hull  
town o' Roxbury. About fifteen thousand  
on 'em bounded on Lamb, and as many  
more on Lion, while what was left tuk rite  
arter me.

You may believe it true or not; but ef  
I'd bin in Queen Victory's house I'd a  
bin up; fourteen men couldn't a hold me in  
bed, and ef I didn't 'arm that house you  
needn't believe anything I say. In gittin'  
out o' bed by some means or nuther I got  
hold on my trousers, and there ripin' and  
snortin', cussin' and hollerin', Hoi, Lamb!  
and Hoi, Lion! fitin' yaller jackets, and

slingin' my trousers, and stampin', and  
screamin' like mad.

How long I should a fought, or how  
many rusties I should a cut, can't now be  
told; for matters was brought to a crisis  
by a shower. I thought I felt the rain a  
cummin' and I waked up, when, goodness  
gracious alive, ef there weren't old Squire  
Barney, his wife and three darters stanin'  
in a perfect 'maze! every one on 'em with  
their hair stanin' rite on end; the Squire  
holdin' a pail o' water in one hand, a basin  
in the other, splashin' water orf me "like  
a water-bug."

I staid with 'em long enough to see  
Becky holdin' the candle, and that orful  
wicked lookin' Sim Spencer with his "eyes  
stickin' out like a lobster's," holdin' the  
beef rope in his hand. There was what  
Parson Dusenberry would call a Speck  
Tickle! But as sure as you're born this  
site was o' short durashun; fur a four paned  
window offered a chance fur an escape!  
and ef I didn't improve it you may call all  
the Banisters fools from old Uncle Hezeki-  
ah down to this veritable boy himself.

I went out through the sash like a streak  
o' greased ginger pop, and lit like a cork  
on tarry firmy. 'Twas a thing o' nothin'  
to jump tew rows o' curran' bushes and a  
picket fence, and once on the high road to  
Boston and "bound hum," I made a speed  
that would a done credit to a steam engine,  
race hoss, or anything else. Hog-pens,  
cow-houses, and stun-fences flew by me  
like "seud by the moon." Arrived to hum,  
this trip would du me fur the next seven  
years.

Now, gentle reader, my story is at an  
end, and those who think I am entitled to  
their commiserashun may save it for some  
one else; for I have out growed it all.

Yours to sarve,  
JONAS BANISTER, JR.

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—The eccen-  
tric H. H. Brockenbridge, one of the  
Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylv-  
vania, when a young man, was challenged  
to fight a duel by an English officer, whom  
he answered as follows:

"I have objections to this duel matter—  
the one is lest I should hurt you; and the  
other is lest you should hurt me: I don't  
see any good it would be to me, to put a  
ball through your body. I could make no  
use of you when dead for any culinary  
purposes as I would a rabbit or turkey.—  
I am no cannibal to feed upon the flesh of  
men. Why then shoot down a human  
creature, of whom I could make no use!  
A buffalo would make better meat. For  
though your flesh might be delicate and  
tender, yet it wants the firmness and con-  
sistency, which take and retain salt. At  
any rate, it would not do for a long sea  
voyage.

"You might make a good barbecue, it is  
true, being of the nature of a raccoon or  
possum, but people are not in the habit of  
barbecuing anything that is human now.  
And as for your hide, it is not worth taking  
off, being but little better than than a two  
year old colt! So much for you. As to  
myself, I do not like to stand in the way  
of anything that is hurtful. I am under  
the impression that you might hit me.—  
This being the case, I think it most advis-  
able to stay in the distance. If you mean  
to try your pistols, take some object, a tree  
or a barn door about my dimensions. If  
you hit that send me word, and I will ac-  
knowledge that if I had been in the same  
place, you might have also hit me."

THE FIRST HUMBBUG.—Webster says  
"humbbug" is a "low word." Its meaning  
that this word originated with an eccentric  
professor. Lecturing before a class on  
etymology, he suddenly placed before them  
an insect apparently instinct with life, and  
demanded its classification. During its ex-  
hibition it kept up an unceasing buzz, very  
much to the astonishment of the students.  
Various suggestions were made as to genus,  
finally the lecturer very coolly informed  
them that they were all mistaken—that it  
was a classification of itself—and it was  
nothing more nor less than a "humbbug."  
Upon further inquiry, the class learned that  
the eccentric lecturer manufactured it for  
the purpose of imposing upon their credu-  
lity, and to show them that notwithstand-  
ing the knowledge which they had acquir-  
ed of insect life, they were as liable as the  
least erudite to deception. We give the  
anecdote for what it is worth. It may or  
may not account for the origin of this word.  
The word "humbbug" is of recent coinage.

It is supposed that the Mormon popu-  
lation of Utah territory now exceeds 50,  
000.

One swallow does not make a sum-  
mer, but one grasshopper can make a  
spring.

## Curious Decision in Georgia— Questioning the Power of the U. S. Courts.

A most extraordinary legal decision has  
lately been pronounced by the Supreme  
Court of the State of Georgia. The case  
was one in which precedents established  
by the U. S. Supreme Court had been quot-  
ed as authority. The opinion of the court  
was rendered by Judge Benning who be-  
gan by laying down the proposition "that  
the Constitution delegates to the general  
government no power by implication, but  
only delegated such powers as were expres-  
sly enumerated."

The following are some of the bold and  
novel conclusions to which the Court by a  
long course of reasoning under the main  
proposition, arrived:

"That the appellate jurisdiction delegat-  
ed to the U. S. Supreme Court applies on-  
ly to the inferior Courts of the U. S., and  
ordained and established by Congress and  
not to State Courts.

"That if the U. S. Courts have power  
over the State Courts, they would also have  
power over the State laws—power over  
the operation of those laws within the  
Territory of the United States—power to  
nullify every act of the States."

The final conclusion is that "the Supreme  
Court of Georgia is coequal and co-ordi-  
nate with the Supreme Court of the U. S.,  
and not inferior and subordinate to that  
Court. That as to the reserved powers, the  
State Court is supreme; that as to the dele-  
gated powers, the United States Court is  
supreme; that as to powers both delegated  
and reserved—concurrent powers—both  
Courts, in the language of Hamilton, are  
"equally supreme" and that as a conse-  
quence, the Supreme Court of the United  
States has no jurisdiction over the Supreme  
Court of Georgia; and cannot, therefore,  
give it an order, or make for it a precedent."

Judge Benning then makes the broad  
and daring assertion, extraordinary as pro-  
ceeding from a judicial tribunal, that of his  
decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court have  
been tinged with partizanship. He says:

"But, say that I am wrong in this opin-  
ion; still, I deny that the decisions of the  
Supreme Court referred to, are precedents  
to govern this Court.

Those decisions were mere partisan de-  
cisions—to be overruled in the Court which  
made them, as soon as a majority of the  
members of the Court should be of differ-  
ent politics from the politics of the mem-  
bers who made the decisions.

There are now, and have been before  
now, in these United States, but two parties  
with a clearly marked line of separation  
between them. The party which stands  
on the side of the delegated powers, and  
that which stands on the side of the reserv-  
ed powers—the National party and the  
States' Rights party.

Now, the effect of the decisions of the  
Supreme Court, to which I have referred,  
is to put up the National party and put  
down the States' Rights party. The de-  
cisions are therefore, political. Indeed,  
they discuss the same topics, and come to  
the same results, in all respects, as do the  
speakers in Congress, the stump orators  
out of Congress, and the newspaper writ-  
ters in and out of it."

After reviewing unmercifully the lives  
and characters of the Judges of the U. S.  
Supreme Court, quoting from their biog-  
raphies to show that not only Marshall and

but also Jay, Nelson and Tanworth,  
were all active partisans and ardent politi-  
cians before they went upon the bench.—  
Judge Benning says—

"They were the same men in that posi-  
tion that they had been before they got  
there—that they maintained and avowed  
the same principles and possessed the same  
political predilections then as in the political  
arena. That their decisions were partisan  
decisions—and that all decisions or constitu-  
tional questions must be more or less parti-  
zanan, and ought not to bind as precedents,  
because they are not made by the tribunal  
which in the last resort is supreme. This  
tribunal is the people of the States—the  
authors of the Constitution."

The number of bushels of grain  
consumed in the distilleries of the United  
States in a year, counts up to seventeen  
millions. The waste of grain is lamenta-  
ble, but the other attending evils are far  
more to be dreaded.

A divine, once praying said, "O, Lord,  
give us neither poverty nor riches," and  
pausing solemnly a moment, added, "espe-  
cially poverty!"