

THE OMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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

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THE OMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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Poetry.

NOW-A-DAYS.

Alas! how everything has changed,
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
Tobacco laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.
I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, rock and field,
And up and down the hill;
And when the folks were out at work,
As sure as I'm a sinner,
I jumped upon a horse bare-backed,
And carried them their dinner.
Dear me! young ladies, now-a-days,
Would almost faint away,
To think of riding all alone
In wagon, chaise or sleigh,
And as for giving "Pa" his meals,
Or helping "Ma" to bake,
Oh, saints! 'twould spoil her lily hands,
Though sometimes they make cake.
When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter,
Each beau would take his sweetheart out,
Sleigh-riding in a cutter.
Or, if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet, and have most glorious fun,
As they sat in the parlour.
But now, indeed, it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
How very kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He never asks the girls to ride,
But such a war is waged,
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely, "they're engaged."

Miscellaneous.

The Goodwin Sands.

This is the term applied to a famous sand bank lying off the east coast of Kent county, England, about five or six miles from Deal, and eight or nine miles to the southward and westward of the South Foreland. It is about ten miles in length, stretching northeast and southwest, and is very dangerous, vessels riding in the Downs—which is a sort of bay or anchorage between the Sands and the shore—being sometimes driven upon them and wrecked. The shoal is divided by a narrow channel into a North and South Bank. In every place it is quite dry at low water, and even sooner. A light-vessel is anchored off the South Sand Head. The position of the sand is changed more or less every year, by the effect of the winds and currents. The name of Goodwin Sands is connected with sad associations. Many a gallant ship has been wrecked upon them, and many a stout mariner has breathed his last who vainly buffeted the impetuous current which courses over this treacherous bank. The *Centurion* was the last vessel to be wrecked there.

From an interesting article upon the subject in the *Home Companion*, a new Magazine which has been recently issued in London, we glean a few particulars in relation to these noted shoals. It is believed by many that this "desert of the sea" was once an island or peninsula of good solid earth, covered with fruitful pastures, and inhabited, like the rest of England. One authority states that it belonged to the powerful Earl Godwin, known as the "Kentish Fisher-king," and was destroyed by a furious storm, wherein the waters rose and engulfed his estate forever. The existence of such an island, however, is not mentioned in any of the ancient chronicles.

An idea has long been prevalent among seamen that the Goodwin is composed of quicksand, of so yielding and tenacious a nature, that the unfortunate ship which is driven upon it, becomes with every wave and struggle more and more deeply and irretrievably imbedded, and is soon engulfed beneath its treacherous surface. This idea is entirely contrary to fact; the truth being

that the greatest difficulty is not to remain above, but to penetrate below the surface. That the sands are firm and unyielding, is shown by the fact, that Captain Bullock's beacon, which was erected some fifteen years ago, stood for years without sinking an inch, and might have remained until the present time, if a clumsy Dutch skipper had not knocked it down, while running over the Goodwin in a light galleet, at high water. During the last war, the Vanguard, of ninety guns, got ashore on the shoal, but was got off without serious damage. Not long since, a large number of pigs of tin and iron were brought ashore by the Deal pilots, and on examination it was found that these had been lying there thirty years, upon or near the surface of the sands. All testimony goes to show that it is only the surface sand that shifts, and that by some peculiar action of the sea, when agitated by south-westerly gales, the sands change their position, and close, burying every object that falls upon them. When north-westerly winds prevail, they open again, and frequently expose portions of wreck, and other heavy bodies, which have been lying near the surface for years. The sudden disappearance of large ships, when cast away upon the Goodwin, generally arises from their being wrung and twisted by the powerful action of the surf, and the irregular sets of strong tides and currents. As additional evidence of the firmness of the shoals, if further evidence were wanting, witness the attempt to erect a light-house there. A large iron caisson, weighing about 150 tons, was placed upon the southern point, as a foundation on which to raise the proposed structure. The scheme failed, but the huge mass of iron still remains firmly imbedded in its original position, and at low ebbs looks like the skeleton of some stranded marine monster.

Several beacons have been erected on the Goodwin Sands. Captain Bullock's beacon consisted of the jib-boom of a frigate, planted in an upright position, and was secured by four pairs of iron shrouds. At the top was placed a safety gallery, easily accessible from below, and supplied with provision for such as might take refuge there. This beacon lasted four years, and was finally knocked down by a Dutch vessel, as above stated. Soon afterwards a handsome iron beacon was placed on the western edge of the Calliper shoal. This was soon washed away in a storm. Then the Trinity Board, availing themselves of Dr. Pote's discovery of driving tubes by atmospheric pressure, erected another splendid beacon upon the same spot, with a large ball on its summit, and a refuge gallery, at the height of thirty-three feet above high water mark. This expensive and beautiful beacon still stands, and the whirling blasts, the powerful tides, and the mighty batteries of the ocean seas, have hitherto passed it harmlessly by.

But practice has verified the predictions of the Deal boatmen, that these refuge beacons would be useless things. No human being has ever been saved by taking refuge in them. The reason is obvious; it is generally in the darkest nights that ships get upon these shoals, and then the beacons cannot be found or reached by the bewildered mariners; and if an accident should occur in the day time, the hardy Deal pilots are always on hand to afford assistance when wanted.

Notwithstanding the wide spread fame for evil which these sands have obtained, there is no doubt that in some respects they are a positive benefit to the shipping interests. The average number of vessels cast away annually upon the Goodwin is about fourteen, which is very small considering the immense number of ships which through these seas; and notwithstanding some distressing catastrophes occur upon them, it is doubtful if it would be better for the navigation of the country to have them removed. They form a most convenient breakwater to the anchorage of the Downs, and but for the shelter they afford, ships while passing through these narrow seas would be exposed to almost all winds. Ships run for the Downs in severe weather for protection, and in this respect it is the most thorough anchorage in the world. The probability is that if the sands were removed, the losses by shipwreck would be increased.

A HUSBAND'S WIFE.—Poor Dryden! what with his wife—consort one cannot call her, and help-met she was not—and with a tribe of tobacco-cut brothers on one hand, and proud Howards on the other, and a host of titled associates, and his bread to dig with his pen, one pities him from one's heart. Well might he—when his wife once said it would be better for her to be a book than a woman, for then she would have more of his company—reply, "I wish you were, my dear, an almanac, and then I could change you once a year."—*Homes and Haunts of the British Poets.*

Non-Suiting a Creditor.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape, a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and, for aught I know, at present. He was then a man well to do in the world, and, what was surprising in a "limb of the law," he discouraged litigation. One day a client came to him in a violent rage.

"Look 'e-her, 'Squire," said he, "that 'ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money I owed him for a pair of boots."
"O, yes."
"Well, then, you owe him the money honestly?"
"Of course."
"Well, why don't you pay him?"
"Why, 'cause the blasted anoth went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin."
"It will cost you something."
"I don't care a fig for that. How much do you want to begin with?"
"O, ten dollars will do."
"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went off, very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against—
"Why," said he, "I kept on sewing to him for the money till I got tired. I knowed he was able to pay, and I was determined to make him. That's the long and short of it."
"Well," said the lawyer, "as he's always been a good customer to you, I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings; but I think you had better take these five dollars and call it square."
"Certain, 'Squire, if you say so, and glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over one V, and kept the other.
In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.
"Rapidly," cried the lawyer; "we've non-suited him! He'll never trouble you."
"How?"
"I gave him five dollars, and he paid his boots."
"Jerusalem! that's grand! I'd rather a gin fifty dollars than had him get the money for them boots!"—*Spirit of the Times.*

A NATION OF COFFEE-DRINKERS.—It is said that the Americans drink more coffee in proportion to their number than any other nation. They drink much more coffee than tea. Our tea and coffee loving readers, of whom we have one or two, may be interested in the following statistics:

The value of the teas imported during the last year into the United States, was \$8,224,953; of coffee, \$15,048,926. The quantity of teas imported from China was 23,883,927 lbs; of coffee, from its places of production, 299,049,833 lbs.

The value of the former was, as shown by these figures, only one-half of that of the latter; while such is the increasing consumption of coffee, that while in 1848 the quantity imported was 159,000,000 lbs, in 1853 the quantity fell but little short of 300,000,000 lbs.

We have no doubt that the majority of the greatest enterprises conceived and carried into triumphant execution in our country, are materially indebted to the inspiration of coffee for their existence. Then give us another cup—"full strength." Put cream "through" it.—*Dodge's Museum.*

MUSICAL MICE.—These little songsters, it would seem, are becoming quite common, and are especially fond of those connected with the press, which speaks well for their intelligence and good taste. A few days since we published an account of two musical mice who are wont to entertain the composers of the State of Maine newspaper with their joyous songs; and now the editor of the *New York Commercial* says that his nightly vigils are charmed by the soft, melodious warblings of a singing mouse. Musical mice are getting to be quite fashionable. Bird fanciers had better beware. The glory of Athens faded away in the uprisal of Rome; Rome itself was overthrown by a horde of barbarians; and who knows but what canary birds will be driven entirely out of the market and thrown into the shade, by musical mice!

THE statue of Thomas Jefferson was cast on the 25th ult., at the Royal Foundry, at Munich. It is thirteen feet high, and has taken ten tons of metal. This is one of the five statues which will surround the equestrian one of Washington, erected at Richmond, Virginia, and which is twenty-two feet in height. The model of the statue of Jefferson is by the American sculptor, Thomas Crawford. Mr. Crawford was present at the casting of his work.

Assassination of the Duc de Guise.

The following is from the *Eclectic Magazine*, and is descriptive of an engraving which embellishes the January number:

"We went up the antique, but still magnificent staircase of stone, rich and beautiful in ornament. Some of the most exquisite chisellings in stone are the salamanders of Francis I. This winding staircase conducts into the Council Chamber and Halls of State above. In the royal rooms adjoining was consummated the bloody tragedy of the Duc de Guise, on the 23d of December, 1588, and on the following day the Cardinal, his brother, was assassinated by order of Henry III. The former deed was done almost in his presence. It was in his bed-room, while the King listened in his library to the drama of blood. The whole scene and its minute particulars are pointed out with such life-like description as if the tragedy had been enacted but a week before. The plot had been all contrived and arranged by Catharine de Medicis and King Henry. The Guises had been allured from Paris to attend a Council of State. Forty-five assassins, gentlemen-in-waiting, had been engaged as actors in the tragedy. We went into the cabinet of King Henry, where he distributed with his own hand the daggers to these royal inmate murderers. We went up and down the private stairs leading to the upper room, where the assassins were concealed till the fatal moment arrived. We went into the Council Chamber, and stood before the fire-place, where the Duc de Guise stood warming himself and eating prunes, when the King sent for him to his cabinet. We went into the private room of Catharine de Medicis, where she sat waiting and watching behind the scenes, and listening till the foul tragedy should be finished. We went into the oratoire of the chapel of Catherine, where the two Romish priests were saying prayers that King Henry might be pardoned for the bloody deed he was about committing. When all was in readiness, the King sent for the Duc to come to his cabinet. When the Duc pushed aside the rich, red damask curtains which were suspended over the arched entrance to the King's apartments, he suddenly met the assassins who waited behind for his approach. The Duc in the struggle with the assassins rushed into the open bed-chamber of the King, pierced with forty daggers, and fell bleeding and dying in front of and beside the King's bedstead. The position of the actors, and the whole process of the tragedy, is minutely and vividly described. The body of the Duc was left dead in the bedroom for two hours. The King then opened the door of his cabinet adjoining, and came out and kicked with his foot the bleeding body of his fallen and murdered foe, his rival, the once mighty Henri de Balafre. He then ordered the body to be burned, and the ashes to be thrown into the river. It is no wonder that this royal murderer should have been terribly agitated by the terrors of a guilty conscience on his death bed."

Land Tenure in Austria.
A land revolution, much resembling that of Stein and Hardenburg in Prussia, has just been decreed, and is in process of consummation in Austria. The peasants, who have hitherto been subjected to forced labor, and other duties and services to their lords, and who had no tenure at all, (any more than the Irish tenants-at-will) in their farms, are to be forever discharged of those feudal duties, and are to be endowed with a perpetual property in the land they have tilled, on paying by instalments a moderate equivalent. Thus will arise a race of independent Austrian farmers; and if the empire of Francis Joseph is to be preserved from ruin at all, it will owe the same to this liberal measure.

Such is the advantage, to poor men, of living rather under a paternal despotism than under a mixed "Constitutional Government." In England or in Ireland, the agricultural peasantry never expect to possess land; simply because the whole governing power is in the hands of great land proprietors; and no class, having the making of laws, ever did or will make laws against its own interest and power. But in Prussia and in Austria, the government was entirely in the hands of a despotic monarch, who could bend the pride of the nobles for the common weal.

There are but two tolerable forms of Government on earth—a strong iron despotism, and an ultra-democratic Republic. Under either of these there may be social freedom and equality, if not political; and in point of fact, there is more social freedom and equality under any of the European despotisms than under the liberal and constitutional rule of British oligarchy.

Of all the vile tyrannies under the moon, the very vilest is that immortal constitution which is the envy of surrounding nations.—*Citizen.*

MAJOR GATEWOOD'S TREATY WITH THE NEBRASKA INDIANS.—The Savannah (Mo.) Sentinel gives the following:

The main features of the treaty with the Omahas is as follows: They cede to the Government all the country from the confluence of the Great Nebraska (Platte) with the Missouri, running as far as the Iowa creek, and west to the Loup Fork. The lands reserved for the future homes of the Omahas, is that portion of country embraced between the Iowa creek and Nebraska River. The amount of land embraced in this treaty is about 8,000,000 acres, which will probably include 3,500,000 acres of good or arable land, for which it is stipulated that they shall receive \$40,000 a year for the term of thirty years, payable semi-annually, furnish them with a blacksmith, gunsmith, break two hundred acres of land, and protect them from the Sioux.

The Omahas treated Feb. 4. The amount of land embraced in this treaty is between two and three millions of acres, for which it is stipulated that the government shall pay them \$12,000 annually, for the space of thirty years. The land they reserve for their future occupancy lies due west from old Fort Kearney, upon the west side of the Big Blue, being ten miles in width, and running west indefinitely.

The Pawnees are out on a hunt, but they have been ready to treat for a long time, and the other tribes having ceded, there is no doubt about them.

THE NIGER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, a letter was read by Mr. McGregor Laird, stating that the screw steamer destined for the exploration of the Niger and Chadda rivers would be ready in March next, and would probably leave the mouth of the main branch of the Niger on her expedition up the river, about the first of July. She will be accompanied by three metallic sectional boats, fifty feet long, and eight feet beam, each, manned by natives, so that in the event of any serious accident to the steamer, the adventurers may take to the boats. The party will comprise but ten or twelve Europeans, and these will all be men of education and resources. The steamer's cargo is estimated to amount to the number of eighty or ninety. It is supposed that the steamer, which will be propelled by a screw, will attain a speed of ten knots, and leaving the coast with 30 days' coal, will reach the head of the navigable waters of the Chadda without being obliged to stop for additional fuel.

GREAT TRAVELLERS.—"Laziest people take the most pains," says an old adage. We don't mean to say that the most inveterate votaries of the dance are lazy, by no means; but in view of their mighty pedal performances in the ball-room, we are reminded of the fact that there are many young ladies who would shrink from a blithe morning walk round the common before breakfast, as a monstrous effort, and yet who, in the mazes of the dance, are so deliriously delighted, that they traverse many miles without thought of the "effort." It is said that an ingenious French arithmetician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the salutary exercise of dancing, traverses in the gay salons of Paris, amounts, in the course of one dancing season, to four hundred and thirty-four miles and a-half. He has also estimated that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of a teetotum, will spin round in a waltz, in one night, as many times as the wheels of a steamboat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais!

DRESS OF AMBASSADORS.—At the first regular ball of this season, given at the Tuilleries, eighty-five Americans were present, all in court costume except Mr. Sandford. We think it in very bad taste for an American ambassador to make himself so ostentatiously odd in a foreign court, as to dress in marked difference from the usages of such court. There is a great deal of pride in affected simplicity. At the public reception lately given by Louis Napoleon to Judge Mason, our Minister to France, that gentleman appeared in citizen's dress, regardless of the rules of that court, and received a polite hint that in future those rules would be expected to be complied with. "When in Rome do as the Romans do," is a maxim the following of which would save many a stranger from appearing silly or avish. Who forgets the awkward figure cut by the Greek Consul at this port, who persisted in wearing his slovenly outlandish costume?—*Dodge's Museum.*

The amount of money in the United States Treasury at the present time, subject to warrant, is nearly \$24,000,000, which, if put at interest, would amount to nearly \$250,000 per annum.