

THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

D. J. LYONS, EDITOR.

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

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Poetry.

THE SIGNAL STAR.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"Come back, come back, my childhood."
—L. E. L.

I'd not recall my childhood,
With all its sweet delight,
Its simple, bird-like gladness,
It was not always bright.
Even morning has her tear-drops,
And spring her clouded sky,
And on the fairest cradle
I've seen the shadows lie.
I'd not recall my childhood,
Though tender memories throng
Around its rosy portals.
Preclusive to life's song;
The full voiced living chorus,
Is swelling round me now,
And a rosier light is resting
Upon my maiden brow.
I have made a changeful journey
Up the hill of life since morn.
I have gathered flowers and blossoms—
I've been pierced by many a thorn,
But from out of the core of sorrow
I have plucked a jewel rare,
The strength which mortals gather
In their ceaseless strife with care.
Now I grasp life's burning breaker,
And how'er the bubbles glow,
I'll pause not till I've tasted
The deepest wave below;
Though bitter drugs may mingle,
The crimson tide shall roll,
In full and fearless currents,
Through the fountains of my soul.
No, I'd not go back to childhood
From the radiant flush of noon,
And when evening closes round me,
I crave one only boon;
Amid the valley's darkness,
Its dangers and its dread,
The signal star of Judah
To shine above my head.

Miscellaneous.

Language as a Vehicle of Thought.

Goldsmith tells us of a carriage called the 'Fame Machine,' in which he saw some of the great men of his time taking passage for the Temple of Fame, but from which the unappreciative driver would have excluded him, in his desire to enter, had he not jumped on behind as the coach was starting. By a figure of speech in common use, language is called the vehicle of thought; and happy is he who can be carried in the unostentatious manner of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' to that far-off temple, diffusing perpetual pleasantness along the way.

It may be well, in considering this figure of speech, to observe that the coach is not so important as the passengers. It is made for them, not they for it. Language is no more than a means of conveying ideas. If it is destitute of these, it is like a wagon rattling in proportion to its emptiness. Fill it with men, or specie, or corn, and it will be less noisy. It may not arrest the attention so well when full as when empty, but it answers the purpose for which it was constructed better. So of a work all words with no ideas; it may go rattling up and down the highways of the kingdom of letters in noisy emptiness, when the design of it is to carry precious food to hungry intellects, or transport coin stamped in the mint of genius, to enrich impoverished minds. Therefore the vehicle must be used to convey thought of some kind, and not be altogether empty, if it would be adapted to its purpose.

But then the vehicle must suit the thought. A weighty and impressive idea requires strong language; beautiful sentiments require beautiful language; and the occasional monarch of thought that appear

ought never to go out but in royal equipage. There are thoughts so unimpressive and so worthless that they never ought to appear in public, and yet it sometimes happens that splendid vehicles are provided for them. And so it is sometimes the case that a noble and kingly thought appears to disadvantage when it limps along the world's high-way, clad in rags. Yet how much better is a king in rags than a beggar in the unbecoming robes of royalty!

An ass in a lion's skin will, in time, be detected and consigned to its little roand of obscurity.

One afternoon, as I was taking a stroll along the principal thoroughfare of our metropolis, my attention was drawn to a magnificent equipage making its way through the crowd of various vehicles that thronged the street. The footman and driver were in livery of olive trimmed with gold lace, and from the whiteness of their cravats, one might have imagined them (had it not been too profane) "supernatural" clergymen, driven to this menial pursuit for a livelihood. The horses rolled the smoke of pride through their nostrils, and pranced in the conscious delight of being employed in the service of greatness. So resplendent was the carriage, that passing objects were reflected by the unstained varnish as from a mirror. As I looked upon it, I wondered why the clumsy omnibuses, groaning with their loads of mere ordinary people, and the heavy drays and carts, filled with merchandise, and the dirty market wagons, piled with beef, pork, and grain, did not turn more aside, so as to let this splendor roll by unobstructed. Surely, thought I, some great personage is here. There must be that within which warrants all this display without. And so I took some pains to ascertain who it might be that was riding along in such state. Going to the edge of the pavement, I stood still; and as it dashed along, flinging some mud from its aristocratic wheels into my vulgar face, I beheld, to my surprise, only a sour-looking little lady, pale and cadaverous, caressing a poodle; and I overheard a passer-by say sneeringly, "Mrs. Dashie, splurging on the proceeds of her husband's sales of cod-fish!" As I passed on, looking now and then at the array of books displayed in the large windows of book-stores, I wondered how many authors were trying to drive along the crowded high-way of letters in a similar dashing style. Book after book, bedizened with gold, bearing an imposing title, and heralded by the roar of a thousand-voiced press, passes for something for awhile; but when you come to examine the contents closely, under the reasonable expectation of discovering some great and lordly thought that will elicit the soul's admiration, or some noble sentiment that will rouse all its powers to action in the mission of "good-will to men," you too often turn away in deep disappointment and disgust, that all is but display of language and gilding around some sickly affectation or snarling conceit. It is a shameful perversion of things to construct a great equipage of words, brilliant, noisy, and pompous, only to convey a poor little dog of an idea through an afternoon's airing of present admiration. Put the yelping thing into a kennel; feed and nurse it there, if you will, till it barks away its brief existence; but don't put it in royal equipage, with the solicitudes of humanity sacrificed to its worthlessness; and then have the presumption to send it out on the thoroughfare of life's dearest interests, to draw the attention from the great and good thoughts which there do congregate in glorious procession; thoughts of preciousness and power, that are the pride of nations and the delight of happy homes; and which as they move along in statelyness, and grandeur, and attractive loveliness, bring to our ears the advancing tread of those thundering legions that are conquering the world's great monarchs of song, from Greece, Italy and England, on down through ages to come. We can afford to stop awhile in the hurry of life's pursuits, and behold this triumphal march of thoughts that have conquered so much of the ignorance and misery of mankind, even though we be left covered with the dust and dirt of the way. Contemplating it in solemn silence, as one after another of these conquerors passes under review, we are stimulated in our humble efforts to do something, too, that shall make the world better and happier for our having lived in it.

Language, beside being adapted to its purpose of conveying thought by being strong, or beautiful, or stately, just as the thought is weighty, beautiful, or kingly, should be simple in its structure. Great writers and speakers are always distinguished by simplicity. It is easy to understand them, because they have the ability to handle the subjects upon which they write or speak with clearness and without ostentation. A multiplicity of high sounding words may delude the ignorant into admiration of a man's profundity, when he simply does not understand his subject, or wishes, conscious of littleness, to swell himself into greatness. Loud and long talkers or bombastic writers always remind us of the frog in the fable, who not content to be simple croakers, explode in the attempt to fill the land with boisterous bellowings. The language of Homer is simple; so is that of Demosthenes and Webster, of Milton, Shakespeare and Dickens, as also that of Addison and Goldsmith. And there is the sweet, the charming, the unapproachable simplicity of the Bible. How sublime, how awfully grand and holy, how precious and consoling the thoughts, but how few and brief the words.

I remember hearing an anecdote often related of a good and great preacher, a man of genius and learning, whose influence in the Church is as vast as it is salutary, and who was distinguished by a simplicity of style and earnestness of manner almost apostolic, that is too good to be left unrecorded. One Sabbath afternoon he was preaching in a country school-house where it was customary for young students in theology to practice their eloquence, when an old lady present, not esteeming the sermon quite as highly as those of Dr. A.—'s junior brethren and pupils, remarked after service, "Really I don't think Dr. A.— is such a great man, for I understood every word he said." The preacher thought this the highest compliment ever paid him. Great men, anxious to present their subject, not themselves, do it in much the way artists make statues, who do not conceal their creations with gaudy dress, but only cast around them a thinness and graceful flowing of drapery which reveals the symmetry of form, the harmony of parts, and the excellence of the whole. Therefore, it behooves the dandies of literature, who sometimes make a poor display of wit in a grand display of words, to doff their splendor and be sensible. If they have anything to say, let it be said without fuss, parade, or affectation, and the world, perchance, will listen with becoming respect. If they would reach the Temple of Fame, let them not start out in too great state, but rather imitate the example of Goldsmith, who, content with a seat behind the coach, is now a more conspicuous passenger gear than the greater dignitaries within.—*Krikerbocker.*

A Rich Letter.

The following description of a visit to the Ohio State Agricultural Fair, we find in the Portsmouth (Ia) Tribune:

OHIO STATE FAIR,
Dayton, Sept. 2, '53.

Messrs. Tribune, Hannas & Tribune:—

DEAR SIR: We are here on the affair grounds all well and handsome, close to the cylinder Batterin' Ram one side, and the Patent Cement man and Perpetual Squirtin' Jenny on the other, and the wimmin gigglin', and the chickens crowin', babies cryin', and policemen cussin' all around us, hopin' you enjoy the same blessin'. Just as the Societa was going out yesterday, Mr. Taylor, the gentlemanly clerk, saw us on the Springville landing, and very politely stopped the engine and reversed the bilers till we got in. Next morning we was at Cincinnati; and in a few minutes was transported to the cars. The cars is a grate sight. Imagine all the one-story houses in Portsmouth tied all together, and behind them all the stables and pig-pens—and then the people at the windows, and a team running off with the whole procession, and you will know how they look.

While the captain on the platform was screwin' his wheel, and the iron horses blowed their noses a few times to git a good start, I tried to git some ginger-bread for Jeemes. But just as I handed out my quarter, and the boy reached out the refreshments, the cars started. I politely asked the spider-legged conductor at the wheel if he wouldn't stop and let me rectify; but he only unscrewed and went the faster, sayin' he guessed I'd been takin' too much of the "rectified" already. Mr. Hannas, my blood biled; and if it hadn't been that that striped-panted serpent had to do the screwin' for the whole train, to keep the cars from runnin' of the track, I'd a knocked him off der masheen. My wife, Sara Gump, and Kesiah Gump, my newew, was both afraid I'd break the cars or tear my clothes.

At Zeny they stopped to take a bite and change bilers, an' I hadn't got down more'n three or four cups of coffee and a plate of biskit, when I seed a man at the head of the table, dishin' out some kind o' gravy or soup. So, thinks I, that's the soup-erintendent, and he's the man to tell of the striped-panted cuts. While the wimmin got on the car, and the crowd bussel'd, I slipped up to the soup man, and told him how I'd ben treated. He seemed like a clever fellow, and the madder I got the better he seemed to feel. Said he, "it shall

be right," and says I, "let's drink." We'd just turned round to the bar and lifted glasses, when, as I said, "Here's luck to the Railroad Soup," some one hollered out—"All aboard!" and away went the train swifter than a hungry hound goes to dinner.

"All aboard!" thinks I—if they are not all aboard, Mr. Philander Gump's badly perforated, anyhow.

I knowed it was a plan of the striped-panted villain to leave me, and determined if long legs and a willing disposition would do any good, to overtake him. His steam was up, and so was my dander; and I felt as though I had a little locomotive in each leg of my pantaloons. I ran, I leaped, I scratched gravel, I elongated and extenuated; I dilated, I dissipated space, I eloped, I sloped, until nature slid before me like a pararammer painted on lightnin'; but it wouldn't do. I've seen the day when I could have passed him—before Perry's victory—but ever since then the Erie-sipelias has stiffened my joints. Sara and Jeemes and Kesiah waved their han'kerchers and hollered, "Come on, Phil!" but I laid down, and rolled over, and sweat and swore worse than ever General Washington did in Philanders. The last thing I see was the striped pants fadin' in the distance, till the critter's legs looked like two garter-snakes.

Mr. Hannas, I was so sizzin' hot, that if I'd been dipped in the Ohio, I'd a taken the chill off the water from Pittsburgh to Paducah; the very railroad smoked where I touched it; and my pulse beat like a tilt-hammer in a rolling mill.

But the 2 o'clock train took me on; and I found the rest of the Gump family at the Fenix House. They said the clerk told them all the rooms were full, but they could have one long enough to change in. So they've been changin' ever sence, and Kesiah said she's bound to keep changin' all night but what she'd keep the room.

Raley we've seen all sorts of sights, and heard all sorts of sounds. I'd like to tell you the half, but, between drinkin beer and Congress Water, and Linonade and Sody Water, and eatin' cakes and cheese, and herrin' and crackers and apples and peaches and grapes and pawpaws, my head's worse complicated than a crazy monkey's and my ideas spin round like the froth in a glass of ginger pop. I took Kesiah round to see the Patent Double-Actin' Water Ram, and was going to show her where if you'd turn one spigot the water would fly out, and if you turn another it wouldn't; but in the busle I turned the wrong figger;—I guess it was some Dutchman's beer barrel; and I didn't see the mistake till the poor girl was nearly drowned. We passed on to the Self-adjusting Apple Butter Biler, and sot down to let the beer dry; but the feller at the masheen let the string slip, and before we could jump back, the wheels threw about half a barrel of the cussed sass over us. Kesiah said that clapped her climax. I knowed nothin' 'bout her climax, but I know it kept me from meeting the committee on beans.

One of the most natural curiosities on the ground was the "calf with two legs." They charged a dime to look at the one under the curtain, but I thought there was enough outside to be seen free.

Another interesting thing was the Subdued Fizzle-Jug. It looked like a jar with a hole in one end, and the bottom knocked out of the other. The inside was lined with looking-glass. The inventor claimed that it was very useful in cases of constitutional monances. The patient, after an attack, is only required to look in at one end until the sight of his own countenance makes him puke out of the other.

The "Nincompoop Cordial" seemed to attract a good deal of attention. It was intended for persons afflicted with simples, and weakness or stiffness on the top of the head. The agent had numerous certificates showing that persons badly addled could pass for sensible at least ten minutes after each dose. One "woak brother" had overlored his stomach, and imagined himself a new masheen for "running the thing into the ground." It took two to hold him. The "Nincompoop Cordial" took the premium—a pair of leather specs, "warranted not to cut in the eye."

While I was scraping off the apple sass, it was discovered that one of the premium rolls of butter had disappeared; and some knowing-looking individual ventured the opinion that it had been taken out by the man who had been round offering to "remove grease spots!" A member of the swell-head club promptly handed the fellow a bright button for his information.

Jeemes got down on what looked like a little box, to eat a bite; but it was some new contraption of a blasted bee-hive. The child had just kivered the opening, and Sary had to slash around right lively to knock off the bees. As it is, his coat tails are stuck together, and they looks like a fright.

The stocks and cattle and other agricultural implements is very lively. One horse, said to be as gentle as a ram, kicked my new hat clear across the ring, while I was feeling his windy-galla. And I seed another animal they called the Sheep-ass-amuss—an ornamental curiosity on four legs. Sometimes it made a strange noise, and other times it didn't. His owner said he had had him sixteen years, and expected to have him sixteen more if he didn't die. He was half sheep, half ass, and half-asleep.

But the band is playing "Hail Columbus," and I'm too excited to write any more. There's a fellow here making money selling bugs. He says they are indispensable in every family, and serve to keep up a healthy circulation, and excite the nervous system. Some men have got rich, just by one of these bugs. Mr. Barnum, he says, is one of them; but I don't know him. He says the man that invented "Radway's Ready Relief," and the "All-Healin' Apple Sass," each had one of 'em. They hum a little tune called—"The fools are not all dead yet." Everybody's buyin' one. He calls 'em hum-bugs.

But here's the omnibus for the Fenix House, and I must stop. Yours truly,
PHILANDER GUMP.

A BRIDGE IN CASHMERE.—The bridge over the Jhelum is not a couple of hundred yards from the Fort of Corie though considerably lower, and is not more than from thirty to forty yards long. The two piers are of equal elevation—that is to say, from the water—and are constructed of wood and unhewn stone. The bridge itself is entirely made of twigs, and the bushes which are despoiled for this material grow close to the banks of the river. These twigs are twisted into ropes of an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and three or four of these twig-ropes form each of the sides of the bridge. The flooring of the construction is of twigs formed into ropes, and placed lengthwise from pier to pier, across the gulf. The width of this footway is about six inches, just enough for a passenger to walk across, putting one foot before the other. The side twig-ropes are about three feet high. Short ropes join the sides to that part of the bridge where the passengers walk across; but these twigs are two and three feet apart, and the trembling wayfarer has plenty of opportunity to gaze at his leisure on the roaring flood, a few yards only beneath his feet, dashing madly on! However, I have seen many worse bridges of the kind; and the one below Khoksur, in Lahoul, is twice as long and twice as frightful. The longer the bridge is, the more sickening is the swinging to and fro of the frail construction.—*Mrs. Hervey's Adventures.*

OVERLAND TELEGRAPH TO SAN FRANCISCO. We have received the Senate report and accompanying bills, making a conditional grant of the right of way and two million acres of the public lands to Hiram O. Alden and James Eddy for the construction of an underground telegraph of two wires, from some point on the Mississippi or Missouri river to San Francisco—the company to have regular working stations at intervals of every one hundred miles along the entire route—the land warrants for the two million acres of land not to be issued till the telegraph is completed, and then in consideration of eight thousand words per month on the line without charge to the government forever, charges otherwise not to exceed ten dollars for ten words from end to end of the line—additional words seventy-five cents each. News from San Francisco in one hour's time would be one of the *preponderant* now required by the press.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Lynn News tells the following story of an incredulous young man, whose father had promised, before death, to hold "spiritual communication" with him.

The spirit of the old gentleman (who by the way, had been somewhat severe in the matters of discipline,) was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had any thing to do with them.

"Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium, "we wait some manifestation from the spirit land."

This was no sooner said than (as the story goes,) a table walked up to the youth and without much ceremony, kicked him out of the room!

"Hold on! stop him!" cried the terrified youth. "That's the old man! I believe in the rappings!"

Our hero has never since had any desire to stir up the old gentleman.