

THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

D. J. LYONS, Editor.]

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

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Poetry.

The Woods in Winter.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the Law-Glen blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overlooks the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland and away,
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing umbrellas elately play,
And gladden the deep solitude.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clings,
And summer winds the stillness break,
The crystal icicle is long.

Where, from their frozen urns mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods' within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
And the song ceased not with the day.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

Miscellaneous.

The Secret.

Roger Bacon was an English Monk, who taught in the university of Oxford, more than six hundred years ago. He was a man of great learning, skilled in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but especially fond of chemistry. He used to spend many hours each day, in one of the secret cells of the convent, engaged in various experiments. While thus employed, he had found that sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre, mingled together in a certain way, would form a new and strange compound; indeed, so strange and dangerous did this mixture seem, that the monk himself was almost afraid of it, and therefore told no one of his discovery.

Among the pupils was a youth who was so fond of study, and so prompt to obey his teachers, that he became a favorite with all, and Roger Bacon would often ask his help in the laboratory—a large room where the students were instructed in chemistry—but he never allowed him to enter his private cell. This youth's name was Hubert de Dreux.

Sometimes, as Hubert sat reading or studying, or mixing medicines in this larger room, he was startled by sounds like distant thunder, coming from his master's apartment; sometimes a bright light shone for a moment through the chinks of the door, and then an unpleasant odor would almost suffocate him. All these things excited his curiosity; but whenever he knocked or strove to enter, Bacon would sternly bid him to attend to his own affairs, and never again to interrupt him. The door was always kept locked, and every time the boy asked the cause, he was silenced by his teacher's gruff words and severe looks.

Months glided away, and still he eagerly but vainly sought to learn the secret. At length an opportunity offered. Roger Bacon was widely known as a physician and surgeon. One cold November day he was called to attend on Walter de Losely, a rich man in the next town, who had been dangerously hurt. The monk gave all the necessary orders to Hubert, and bidding him to be careful to put out the fires and lock the door when he was done, he started on his errand of mercy.

Hubert soon finished his task, and was just bounding up the oaken stairway, when an evil thought came into his mind. "Roger Bacon is gone; he will not be back for several hours; I can now find out what keeps him so much in that dark, damp cell."

He looks anxiously around; no one is near, and with a light step and a fast-beating heart he reaches the forbidden room. The key is not there, and so there is no hope of entering; yet perhaps he may see something through the key hole, and kneeling, he presses his cheek against the heavy door. It opens at his touch; for Roger Bacon in his haste had locked without closing it; and thus the eager boy stands where for months he had longed to be. In vain he looks for anything new or strange, and with a sad face is turning away, when his eye falls upon a huge book, whose open page is still wet with ink from his teacher's pen. It is written in Latin, but this is as plain to him as his own English, and in another moment he has read the secret so long hidden from him.

Now he must try it for himself, to see if the mixture indeed so wonderful. "Ah!" he exclaims, "this yellow powder is the sulphur, this hard, clear substance is saltpetre, and this black powder must be the other. Here is the very bottle my master has used; I will mix it in this and see. The fire is not yet dead in the furnace; a few sparks will give heat enough, and then Hubert de Dreux is as wise as his wisest teacher."

All that afternoon Roger Bacon had been bending over the sick man's bed; he had done all he could to relieve his sufferings, and as night was coming on, he bade him good bye, and set out for home. The wind whistled over the bleak hills, and the monk wrapped his cloak closer around him, and hurried his horse towards the convent's good shelter. As he reached the top of the last hill, Oxford lay before him with its lights twinkling here and there, and its tall spires rising high. Suddenly a stream of flame rose from his convent high on the darkened sky, and in an instant a roar as loud as the heaviest thunder burst on the still night air, and distinctly amid this fearful sound was heard a sharp, short cry of distress. In a moment the whole convent was on fire. The trembling monk dashed down the hill side to the scene of war. As he sprang from his horse, a man drew forth from the burning ruins the lifeless form of Hubert.

The terrified crowd believed that Roger Bacon had been practising witchcraft, and without listening to his defense, threw him into his gloomy dungeon. For many years he remained in prison, but at last he was released, and at the age of eighty lay down in death. He wrote his well kept secret in strange words, in one of his books, and wise men studied long years before they could read it. He discovered how to make gunpowder.

The terrible explosion in Oxford in 1422 does not seem strange to us, for we know the wonderful uses of gunpowder; but to the people of that time, it appeared to be the work of an evil spirit. Thus year by year the world advances in knowledge, and the children of 1854 are familiar with many things which were mysteries to learned men six hundred years ago. How grateful we should be to God for all our privileges, and how careful to improve them aright.—*American Messenger.*

EARLY MARRIAGES.—A writer in the New Orleans Picayune says, in speaking of this interesting subject, that—"The notion that it is imprudent for young persons to marry, is totally fallacious. Experience has proved this in innumerable instances. As soon as a young man is able to support himself, he is able to support a wife, and the sooner he takes one the better. Let him select a sensible young woman, suited to himself in age, disposition, and circumstances, win her affections, and marry her; and if they are not happy, nothing on earth could make them so. One instance: Edward married at twenty-one the girl of his choice, Maria. He was a poor clerk; she had no dowry but good sense and a loving heart. They commenced house-keeping on the humblest scale; but love and the sunny cheerfulness of youth enriched poverty itself, while the grace and neatness of the wife threw a halo of refinement round their humble home. Industry, and a frugality which never descended to meanness, increased their worldly goods, until by degrees they rose to affluence. After fifteen years of wedlock, their affection is as warm as it was in the flush of youth; and the husband prizes the kiss sweetening his departure, and the smile which welcomes his return, as highly as when they were bestowed by the blushing bride.

Such might have been the history of hundreds of surely, selfish old bachelors, and sour, snappish old maids, if they had only been more wise and less prudent. Such might have been the history of hundreds of jarring couples, if, instead of waiting for a noontide sky and golden freight, they had, with suitable partners, launched their barks on the unknown sea of matrimony, in the morning of life, with love for a cargo, and hope for a helm."

Correspondence of the Umpqua Weekly Gazette.

The Siuslaw River.

UMPQUA CITY, May 1st, 1854.

Editor of the Umpqua Gazette: DEAR SIR: Having recently visited the Siuslaw River, for the purpose of observing its capacity and resources, and of examining the geological features of the adjacent country, in company with two others who were on a mineral exploration, I herewith send you the result of a partial reconnaissance along the coast, from the Umpqua to the Siuslaw, a distance of about twenty miles, and continued to Cape Perpetua, about two miles further.

A hard sand beach extends through the whole distance, from the Umpqua to the Siuslaw, unbroken, save by four creeks, two of which are of considerable size. The same character is preserved to the promontory, the extremity of which forms Cape Perpetua, which is a high mountain range extending inland, and which, at and near the cape, presents bold, rocky cliffs. The drifting sands thrown up by the ocean extend for about half a mile inland, for most of the distance as we pass north from the Umpqua; but near the Siuslaw they extend inland some two or three miles. Beyond this is a strip from half a mile to two miles in width, evidently of recent formation, with poor, sandy soil, covered with wood of a stunted growth, chiefly pitch pine, beyond which is land of an older formation, with a rich soil, covered with a heavy growth of spruce, fir, and hemlock. North of Siuslaw, this recent formation extends some three or four miles inland, and from the river to the mountain range of the Cape. Beyond this, the character of the land is very similar to that of the best lands near the mouth of the Umpqua, but the ground is not so hilly. I should judge by the appearance that there is nearly or quite as much water in the Siuslaw as the Umpqua. I made a partial examination of the entrance, both at ebb and flood tide, and I observed that there was a sand island of large extent formed at its mouth, thereby diverting it into two channels, the principal of which runs on the north side of the island, in a direction north-west; the other on the south side, and in a direction about south-west. From appearances, I should judge that ordinary coasting vessels might easily make an entrance.

While on the river we stopped at the principal Indian ranch, which is about five miles from its mouth, and made preparations for a further examination up the river, having procured a canoe, and engaged two Indians to take us up. But as we were starting, a whale was discovered, leisurely spouting himself into notice; and our canoe was required by the Indians, who endeavored to capture this specimen of ichthyology, by shooting, lancing, and otherwise mistreating him. Being hotly pursued by some half-dozen canoes, his whaleship, totally disgusted, left the river. After these exercises were over, I was reluctantly obliged to abandon my enterprise of going up the river, as the rest of the party wished to return, after visiting the cape.

We found gold in very fine scales, on both sides of the river, in various places, and also near the cape; but we were satisfied by our observations that there were no beach mines here worth working; though I presume there may be gold discovered in the vicinity of the river, that will make profitable working. Black sand exists in abundance, in various places on the beach.

I would not advise any one to prospect this river for gold; but should any one wish to make an examination, I would recommend him to examine the creeks and ravines from the north, especially those extending in to the mountain range referred to above; for the geological formation of this range is very similar to that about the Rogue River on the coast, where gold is abundant.

I cannot close this communication without noticing some natural curiosities of much interest, observed by us. Near Cape Perpetua, at a place where a high rocky bluff terminates the passage on the beach, is a cavern formed by the action of the sea, one hundred and fifty feet deep, by measurement, thirty feet wide at its mouth, twenty-five feet wide at its further extremity, thirty feet high at its mouth, and fifteen feet high near its extremity, consisting through its entire length of a low but perfectly turned Gothic arch. It requires steady nerves to enter this cavern, which can only be done at low water; for the arch, which, although perfectly formed, is very low, and is composed of basalt and trap rock, apparently fragmentary, with a pressure of some one hundred and fifty feet in depth of the same material, promises anything but security to the adventurer.

Immense quantities of muscels covered the rocks between high and low water. Two classes of Zoophytes, the anemone, and star-fish, of exceeding beauty, are

found here, adhering to the rocks. This was the first opportunity I had ever had of seeing the anemone, or "animated flower," described by naturalists. They exist here in great numbers, in clusters on the rocks, between tides. They resemble beautiful double set sun-flowers; their faces are of a yellowish-green color, with a small bulb in the centre, and five circular rows of pointed leaves, about one inch long, towards the margin. The usual size of these flowers was about three or four inches in diameter. They would contract on touching, and frequently close up entirely, appearing like a bud. If a pebble was dropped on one, it would cause its centre bulb to project out like a head, and endeavor to crowd it off. They were growing firmly to the rocks, sometimes a dozen or more in contact. The star-fish, although more common on this coast, were here of the most brilliant and beautiful colors I ever saw. Some were of the brightest blue; some of a delicate yellow; some red, purple, and other colors. I contemplated the whole with peculiar interest.

Very respectfully,

N. SCHOLFIELD.

Letter from a "Disbanded Volunteer."

The New York Sunday Times has received the first epistle from its far famed correspondent, whose letters during a sojourn in California were so widely read and enjoyed. The writer has not yet fully struck the old Malapropian vein; but the Times says he'll mend. His salutatory from the field of war, is, however good enough.

SUBURBS OF THE SUBLIME PORT,
Jan. 24, 1854.

Eddytors of the Sunday Times:

I'm a kinder nuther Kearneys chicken, allus up and dooin when it blows big guns. Consequently when I heard in Payris that the Mustgights had entered Moll Davy and ockypide Wallaky, and that Turkey was a-curishin her dramsticks, and sendin troops over the frontier to the theaytur of war, I begun to feel sorter wolfish about the he-d and eers. At first I was dubrus wether it was O. K. fur a Christyun demmycrat to fit fur a nashun that didnt bleve wimmen hed soles, and was pollygammonists and infidles; but considerin tha hed bin brung up like helians, without Bible sosities, or hum mishuns, or wimmens rites convenshuns or Sunday noospapers, and was up for independence without knowin what it ment, I thort it would be oncy a fair shake for a free Merican citizen to go in with the Muzzleman agin the Russhin desput. Cordingly, I brushed up the old shootin iron, tuck a passidge in a steamer from Marsalls to Constantinopul, and heer I am.

On arrivin, the Merican Consul introduced me to Wretched Pashaw, the Grand Wisear, a yaller faced man, with a long pipe in his mouth, who torked Turkey to me very peritely, as I larnt from a feller they called a dragman, who put the hyperlatin inter the Merican langwidge. I told the dragman to tell the Wisear that I hedent hed a nock down and drag out for eleven months; that I was aetilly spilin for a muss, and wanted to git inter a free fight as soon as possabul. This seemed to tickle the old Pashaw; for he gave a sorter solum snigger, and offered me his pipe, which, arter wipin it on the sleeve of my cote, I tuck a pull at, and then drunk his helth in some coffee, without a darned hootah of slugger in it, that was handed round by a mofradite lookin feller they called the Chiefof the Younieks.

I was then handed over to another yaller faced gentleman—a Pashaw with two tails, the dragman called him—who, arter makin a curus kinder bow to the Wisear, motioned me to foller him out, witch I did. The fust proposition of the individuyl with two tails was, that I should become a Muzzleman, witch, on larning the preliminary serenunnies, I respectfully declined. For a wile he argid the case very earnestly throo the dragman, but finerly he waved his pint, and I carrid mine my own way.

Last week I received a leavetenant's commishun in a rifle regiment, witch will start for the Danooob sumtime doorn the Feast of Ralaam—a kinder religidous jolyfication that cums off in Martsh. At present, tho it is the Ramusan or Muzzleman fast—borrid, I spose, from our Lent—the way the popilashun is rejoicin over Homer Pashaw's victries isant slow, I tell you. Sevrl hundred prisners hev cum in, principally Coarsehacks. They sulk orfully, and are continually axin for tram ile and taller, witch, it appears is their favorite bevrage to hum. In the conflicks so far, the follerers of the profit hev met with no hevvy losses, wile the Russhin troops hev been signelly discomforted and chewed up.

Sum say the difficulty will be settled by the ministers penitentiary of the fore powers; but I rayther guess blud and thunder will kerry the day agin pollyticks and per-

laverins, and all the disputed points will be settled by the point of the bagonet.

The Turks hev in an idee that all the Christyuns are passionately fond of wimmen, (witch they are) and bein uncomfortably jellus, compel all furniers to lodgin in the sububs of the sitty, at a place they call Pera, and tho I grub at a place called a caravansirree, witch is the Turkey for tavern, site under the walls of the Sultan's Serrallyo, I hev to do my sleepin in the sububs-afore-said. Considerin that the wibes and konkerbines of the Turks are allus kivered up in public, in as much muzzlin as would make three musketer-nets, without any slit in it xcept at the eyes, besides bein guarded at nite by Younieks, I think this sistem of puttin strangers out to sleep is an unnecessary pre-caushun.

I shall probbly foller up this letter with a descriphun of Constantinopul, and the manners and customs of Muzzlemen and Muzzlewimmen. Yours allus,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

A Walk in the Arctic Regions.

Dr. Kane thus sketches a morning's walk in the regions of ice:—

"Now let us start out upon a walk, clothed in well fashioned Arctic costume. The thermometer is, say 25 deg., not low, and the wind blowing a royal breeze, but gently. Close the lips for the first minute or two, and admit the air suspiciously through nostril and mustache. Presently you may breathe in a dry, pungent, but gracious and agreeable atmosphere. The beard, eyebrows, eyelashes, and the downy pubescence of the ears, acquire a delicate white, and perfectly enveloping cover of venerable hoar-frost. The mustache and under lip form pendulous beads of dangling ice.—Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crust, and a rapid effort and some hand aid will be required to liberate it. The less you talk the better. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luting aid of your beard; even my eyes have been so glued, as to show that a wink may be unsafe. As you walk on, you find that the iron-work of your gun begins to penetrate through two coats of woollen mittens, with a sensation like hot water. But we have been supposing your back to the wind; and if you are a good Arcticised subject, a warm glow has already been followed by a profuse sweat.

"Now turn about and face the wind; what a change! how the atmospheres are wafted off! how penetratingly the cold trickles down your neck, and in at your pockets! Whew! a jack-knife heretofore, like Bob Sawyer's apple, "unpleasantly warm" in the breeches pocket, has changed to something as cold as ice and hot as fire: make your way back to the ship! I was once caught three miles off with a freshening wind, and at one time feared that I would hardly see the brig again.—Morton, who accompanied me, had his cheeks frozen, and I felt that lethargic numbness mentioned in story books. I will tell what this feels like, for I have been twice "naught out." Sleepiness is not the sensation. Have you ever received the shock of a magneto-electric machine, and had the peculiar benumbing sensation of "can't let go," extending up to your elbow joints! Deprive this of its paroxysmal character; subdue, but diffuse it over the system, and you have the so called pleasurable feelings of incipient freezing. It seems even to extend to your brain. Its inertia is augmented; every thing about you seems of a ponderous sort; and the whole amount of pleasure is in gratifying the disposition to remain at rest, and spare yourself an encounter with these latent resistances. This is, I suppose, the pleasurable sleepiness of the story books.

HARD WORDS.—When we hear a professional man using "hard words" to those whom he knows is ignorant of their meaning, we may be pretty sure he is not a learned man, but a pretender. Truth is very simple and plain, when it is discovered; and the most learned men use the most simple and plain language to communicate their ideas. And quacks, for instance, are remarkable for their incomprehensible language and expression.—We have heard of one of them, who told an ignorant patient, that to relieve his disorder, he must be "phlebotomised." "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the despairing patient, "I have tried that remedy for months, for my bed is full of fleas, but it does not answer!"

DEATH OF THE OLDEST STEAMBOAT MAN IN THE WEST.—Captain Robinson de Hart, the pioneer steamboat man of the Western waters, died at his residence in Louisville on Sunday morning last, aged 65 years. The Louisville Courier publishes a short biographical sketch of him. He commanded the New Orleans, a boat built at Pittsburg in 1813, and made a trip to New Orleans on her.