

# THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

D. J. LYONS, EDITOR.]

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

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## Poetry.

### "I Wait for Thee."

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,  
The kettle sings for tea;  
The cloth is spread—the lamp is bright,  
The white cakes smoke in napkins white;  
And now I wait for thee.

Come, come, love, home, thy task is done;  
The clock ticks listlessly,  
The blinds are shut—the curtains down,  
The warm chair to the fireside draws,  
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, home, his deep fond eye  
Looks round him wistfully,  
And when the whispering wind goes by,  
As if thy welcome step was nigh,  
He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,  
And turns his glance on mine,  
So earnestly, that yet again  
He fain unto my heart I strain,  
That glance so like thine.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here,  
Where'er thy footsteps roam,  
No hand will spread such kindly cheer,  
No beating heart, no listening ear,  
Like those who wait thee home.

My love, when thou art home, thy task is done,  
The clock ticks listlessly,  
The blinds are shut—the curtains down,  
The warm chair to the fireside draws,  
The boy is on my knee.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Oregon Statesman.

LAFAYETTE, O. T., May 2, 1854.

**MR. EDITOR**—There is no measure more important to the prosperity of this Territory, in its agricultural and commercial future, than the establishment of a central railroad, with judiciously selected intersecting branches. The insufficiency of the body of water, with its almost insurmountable obstructions of the Willamette river above the falls, and its total inadequacy to answer the demands of the commerce and trade of the country during three-fourths of the year—together with our rapid increase of commerce and population, urged strongly the necessity of the Legislature of the last session to act immediately and promptly in the premises; and accordingly they passed two acts, incorporating different companies, for the purpose of carrying out these great measures so necessary.

As an item of Democratic doctrine it has always been held, that Congress has no right to make appropriations in money for its purpose but that it belongs, and concerns exclusively, the particular State benefited by the improvement; however, they have by established precedent granted donations of land in the particular State to aid in the work, as in the case of Missouri, Illinois, and others.

The early and very extensive system of internal improvement in the latter State failed, and involved the State in an enormous State debt, occasioned by the improvident financial operations of those entrusted with its credit, in selling its State bonds at such an enormous and depreciating discount as to put it beyond all human probability, at the time, of its ever being liquidated. The most of these works, from the necessity of circumstances, so returns the State from this incubus upon her prosperity, fell into the hands of private companies, and now, like all of the western railroads, (as will be seen by a reference to statistics) pay a handsome dividend to the stockholders. And it will always be the effect, and the history of the country bears me out in the assertion, that private incorporated companies are more energetic and efficient, in works of this kind, which, if left to government agents and officials, would result in neglect, private speculation, and imposition upon the people, by plunder upon their treasury.

The first act passed by the last Legislature, entitled "An act to incorporate the Willamette Valley Railroad Company," defines the route to be from the city of

Portland, via Corvallis, to the northern boundary of California, and road to run on the west side of the Willamette river.

There are weighty and prudential reasons urging strongly the abandonment of the present of this route, and the objects contemplated under the act, the most important of which I will notice. The good sense and sagacity of the people of Oregon should teach them the impolicy of attempting to build two roads, with our present population and limited resources, but a central railroad we must have, and the sooner it is built the better, and such a route should be selected as would insure large, liberal and secure subscriptions and investments of stock, both at home and abroad, and then let this road, after a revision by the Legislature of the act in question, come in as a branch at some future period.

The second and most serious objection to the act is its misnomer in regard to the proper terminus.

Possibly there may be a road constructed at some time on the route proposed, but at such an enormous outlay and expense that I opine he would be a very bold speculator who would invest his money in such an enterprise. It is hardly necessary to speak of the country through which the road is contemplated to run, to any person who has traveled it. It is an interminable range of precipitous mountains, without beginning or end, among which no civilized human being should ever tread, unless for gold, and then with the utmost caution, being at the imminent risk of his neck.

Our aim should be to select such a route as would be most central to the valley, and most convenient to the mass of farmers in getting their surplus to market, and have its terminus at such a point as at least will be practicable and profitable, so as to insure foreign aid to swell our capital stock, and have the road built and in operation immediately.

The last act, passed Jan. 30, 1854, and entitled "An act to incorporate the Oregon and California Railroad Company," has the same objection as regards its title, but no objection or fault in the body of the act to vacate the authority of the company, in acting and changing the terminus of the road, as I intend hereafter to propose. The act provides for a double or single track, from Eugene City, in Lane county, to some point on the east side of the Willamette river, below the falls at Oregon City, or at some point on the Columbia river, or the same of Oregon City, leaving it discretionary with the Company to select the points, and more particularly define the route. This act is full, and well gotten up, and provides for every expediency and contingency generally connected with the construction of railroads—capital stock limited to \$1,000,000, with full and ample provisions for borrowing money, security, &c., and has much the advantage, in respect to chartered privileges, as well as locality and practicability of the route, to render it available, and expeditious in the construction of the road; such a one as will likely yield a large and profitable dividend to the stockholders certain and immediate.

It needs no legal acumen to determine the proper points of commencement and terminus of the road, if constructed speedily. Oregon proper is divided into two agricultural regions, the Willamette and Umpqua valleys, having their emporiums or main points of trade—their "depots" for their exports and imports—and also their foreign market. Portland is the place of market and commerce of the Willamette valley, and Scottsburg, for all of that extensive range of country bordering upon the Umpqua river and between these points nature has marked out the road and made its proper commencement and terminus, both in point of conveyance and locality, being the most safe, easy and practicable, and the most beneficial to our trade and commerce.

Where is our foreign market? I would ask—is it Yreka, Marysville, or in the mountains of California, that we should want a road connecting through that country certainly not. But it is the great city of San Francisco—isolated and alone, standing out as it were in the ocean, hemmed in by her own magnificent bay—the proper and only market for all the industry of Oregon can produce—the proper market, for our merchants and traders to make their exchanges, and a ready cash market, to repay the toiling and industrious sons of Oregon with a "quid pro quo" for all they can send, from the great staple to the minutiae of butter, and eggs, and vegetables; and this is the city we are in the main to depend on for loans and investments in putting up the road, and bringing our fine country in proximity to her market.

It is argued that by carrying the road through California, we should evade the competition of Chili, Sonora and Honolulu, by finding a market in the interior! The same competition would find its way there, and we might as well meet it at the thresh-

old as in the avenue of trade. But were the route practicable, I deem it wholly inexpedient, from the circumstances to endeavor now to construct a road there. The high prices of labor, the zigzag course it would have to run, the circuitous road it would necessarily connect, the enormous outlay for engineering, tunneling, excavating, and filling in, would not justify such an investment at this time, particularly when it is considered that the return trains would most likely bring nothing but passengers.

While, on the other side, by making the terminus at the mouth of the Umpqua, there would be the commerce of all that country to transmit, its produce to send out, besides furnishing from California as many passengers—both routes being the same in point of distance, if anything the advantage on the side of the Scottsburg route.

I am not acquainted with the topographical character of the valley near the mouth of the river, or the safety of the harbor and the entrance at Scottsburg, to insure safety to a line of steamers from San Francisco, to connect with this road if put in operation, but presume that the river would be a sufficient harbor, and that following the meanderings of the river some little, there would be no difficulty concerning either points. From the provisions of the act, there will be no difficulty in placing the point of terminus opposite or above Portland; and by constructing a good substantial bridge, with a double track, one track for a common road, with tolls would soon pay for itself, and not be a serious obstruction to navigation, when it is considered that large vessels seldom go higher than Portland, and small steamers never below the city or very seldom.

Then from Portland to Milwaukie, around by Oregon City, crossing the Clackamas, at the proper point, and up the river, winding around the beautiful bend of the Willamette to Salem, with no impediment, no hills to dig down and valleys to fill up, we have the smooth and meadow like bottoms of the Willamette and Umpqua to Scottsburg, after tannelling the divide, and getting through the Calapoosia pass—bringing San Francisco within forty-eight or sixty hours from the city of Portland, Oregon, with the privilege of securing all her heavy shipping around by Astoria.

There may, and no doubt will be some day, a branch immediately from Portland, to some other eligible point as contemplated, in the first act passed; but there is one difficulty attending its success, and that is the abruptness of the elevation of the plain above the site of the city, and it has not as yet I believe been ascertained whether the power of steam could overcome the inclination of the road at this point. The route may be practicable through the Canyon pass, which contains the remains of the old plank road, but I doubt it exceedingly. But from every circumstance the route last proposed is reliable, being the most central, the most practicable, the easiest in obtaining investments, and as insuring a speedy commencement and happy conclusion.

And in conclusion I would say, that in every enterprise, it is necessary to have persons interested in the work to carry it through, and no interest is so driving and energetic in its action as a pecuniary interest. Farmers may be beneficially interested in the result, but not so immediately as city and town proprietors through which the road is to pass. Then the starting point towards building the road seems to be, to open the books in the different towns and cities through which the road runs, and invite safe and liberal subscriptions of stock from all classes, and then depend upon foreign aid in the way of investments, pledging those subscriptions, guaranteed by city or country property for the necessary means to carry the work through to completion, and no one need fear the result or regret his investment.

These are merely hints and suggestions I have thought proper to throw out for consideration of the public, leaving them as I always do, to choose their "own road."

Very respectfully, W.

**ILLUSIONS OF THE BRAIN.** Dr Cooch relates the case of a lady who, in consequence of an alarm of fire, believed that she was the Virgin Mary, and that her head was constantly encircled by a brilliant halo. Dr. Uwins gives an account of an intellectual young gentleman, who, from some morbid association with the idea of an elephant, was struck by a horrid spasm whenever the word was named or even written before him; and to such a pitch was his infatuation carried, that elephant paper, if he were sensible it were such, produced the same effect. A similar case is told of a gentleman, who on narrowly escaping from the earthquake at Lisbon, fell into a state of delirium whenever the word earthquake was pronounced in his hearing. The Rev.

John Mason, of Water Stratford, evinced in everything sound judgment, except that he believed that he was Elias, and foretold the advent of Christ, who was to commence the millennium at Stratford. A lady, twenty-three years of age, afflicted with hysterical madness, used to remain constantly at the windows of her apartment during the summer. When she saw a beautiful cloud in the sky, she screamed out, "Garverin, Garverin, come and take me!" and repeated the same invitation until the cloud disappeared. She mistook the clouds for balloons sent up by Garverin. The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his rational soul had been annihilated by a special fiat of the Divine will; and a patient in the Friends' "Retreat," at New York, thought he had no soul, heart, or lungs. There was a tradesman who thought that he was a seven shilling piece, and advertised himself thus—"If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me."

Bishop Warburton tells of a man who thought himself a "goose-pie;" and Dr. Ferriday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had swallowed the devil. In Paris there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been guillotined, and when Napoleon was emperor, their heads were all restored, but in the scramble he got the wrong one. Marcus Donatus tells us of one "Vicentius, who believed himself too large to pass one of his doorways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physician that he should be dragged through the aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but as he was forced along Vicentius screamed out in agony that his limbs were fractured, and the flesh torn from his bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died."

**THE CLERK'S WIFE.**—A merchant's clerk, of the rue Hauteville, recently married, and the result of the union is perhaps one of the most surprising on record. His master had a niece of Spanish birth, an orphan. She is not pretty, though very sensible and well informed. At the latter last winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed she seemed to attend them, rather as a whim than from inclination or amorous meat, as she seldom or never danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much and listened to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was only invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact. Being a gallant man he acted accordingly. The incidents which led to the denouement may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage. He, astonished, gave his clerk's proposal a very cool reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers married on a Tuesday. The Tuesday after, at breakfast, Adeline said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being compelled to return to the duties of his office thus early in the honey-moon—

"Eh bien—don't go there,—go there no more!"

"My love, it is very easy to say so, but—"

"Easy to say, and easy to do, both. I have a million and a half. Nobody knows it but my uncle. I always made a point of forgetting it myself, because I wished to choose a really disinterested husband. There need be no more office work for you, if you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is, husband that you neglect nothing."

Was not that love indeed?

**A VERY SERIOUS COMPOUND FRACTURE.** A man, with a wooden leg, suffered a compound fracture of that "limb," at San Francisco, on Monday. The *Sun* says that "his proprietor in his prodigious hurry after something or other, ran the unlucky member through a hole in the planking, which not only laid himself sprawling face downward, but caused a compound fracture of said member's integument. Surgeon Bucksaw was soon at hand, and after considering the case—and being probably in want of a job—advised immediate amputation of the injured limb. Others thought that if the patient were taken to a blacksmith's and have an iron bandage applied, he might yet do well. When raised and extricated from his painful position and exhibiting a very bloody proboseis, he exclaimed—"Look here, you mean, miserable ridiculous set of mice! What do I care about that cuss'd old stick—there's enough more where that grow'd, but what I do care for is, that I jammed my nose (giving his nose a wipe) through the crack between them two plank, and here I had to lay for half an hour, smelling h-l from underneath, stinking like Satan of brimstone and bilge water!"

**CURIOUS ADVENTURE.**—The following remarkable circumstance, which is said to be true in every particular, is related in 'Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.' Two women, with four children, were tending their cattle at a shealing far from home. It was the duty of one of the women to tend the cattle in the forest, while the other occupied herself with the household matters, and in looking after her children. It so happened, however, on the 22d of last September, that whilst one of the women, as usual, watched the cattle, the other presented herself for a short time on a visit to a neighbor, leaving the children all together to themselves. She had not been long gone, before they perceived two large brown animals, which they took to be cows, on the outside of the fence bordering the patch of pasture-ground contiguous to the barn. All children are curious and indifferent to danger. Without consideration, therefore, they climbed over the fence, and made up to the creatures. When the animals became aware of the near approach of the children, the larger of the two compelled the smaller to lie down at the foot of a tall pine, and then crouched by its side as if to protect it from harm. Whereupon, the least of the children—that of two years of age—without hesitation, toddled directly up to the animals, and laid itself down likewise, with its head resting on the belly of the large one, humming at the same time some nursery song, as if reposing on its mother's lap! The other children remained the while quiet spectators of the scene. When, however, the eldest had reflected a little, and had come to the conclusion that it was not a cow, but a bear, (as was the fact,) the child was toying with, she became sorely affrighted. Meanwhile, the infant, who could not remain long in the same position, presently rose from its hairy couch, gathered some blue berries growing hard by, and gave them to his bedfellow, the bear, who immediately cat them out of the child's hand! The child next plucked a sprig from a neighborly bush, and offered it to the bear, which it bit in two, allowing the child to retain the one-half.

**Don't Care.**—The only person which will enable one to get along in this world, whether man or woman, is that "Don't Care." Live as irreproachable as you will, practice every virtue, be prudent almost to asceticism, love your neighbors if they'll let you—and be good and charitable, still curious tongues will chatter, people will make something to talk about, so if you want the least peace of mind, just don't care.

It is very hard to find the warm friend practising deception, peculiarly trying to have your best motives suspected, but the moment these things come home to you, make up your mind to brave it with a "don't care." Suppose you sit down in the chimney corner to fret and worry and get up a little comfortable misery, will it change the heart of the deceiver? or tie the slanderous tongue?

Be sure you are right, do your whole duty as you know it, and then if deception or calumny assail—hold your head higher, walk with a universal "don't care."

That's about the only way to get along comfortably, and keep all important blessings in a state of preservation—yclept health and spirits.—*Olive Branch.*

**A NOVEL REMEDY FOR DRUNKENNESS.** The *London Spectator* mentions a curious remedy now in use in Swedish hospitals, for that form of madness which exhibits itself in an uncontrollable appetite for alcoholic stimulants. The process is thus described: We will suppose that the liquor which the patient has been addicted to drinking, is the commonest in the country—say gin.—When he enters the hospital for treatment, he is supplied with his favorite drink, and with no other; if anything else is given to him, or any other food, it is flavored with gin. He is in Heaven—the very atmosphere is redolent of his favorite perfume! His room is scented with gin; his bed, his clothes, everything around him; every mouthful he eats or drinks, everything he touches, every zephyr that steals into his room, brings him still gin. He begins to grow tired of it—begins rather to wish for something else—begins to find the oppression intolerable—hates it—cannot bear the sight or scent of it—longs for emancipation, and is at last emancipated; he issues into the fresh air a cured man, dreading nothing so much as a return of that loathed persecutor which would not leave him an hour's rest in his confinement. "This remedy," says our cotemporary, "appears to have been thoroughly effectual—so effectual, that persons who deplored their uncontrollable propensities, have petitioned for admission to the hospital in order to be cured, and have been cured."

67 The man of "vaulting ambition" has joined the circus.