

# Poetry.

From the Waverley Magazine.  
**The Land of the Oak and Pine.**

BY E. CARLOS BAILEY.

They oft tell me of lands where the palm-tree is growing,  
Where orange and citron are breathing perfume,  
Where the bright glistening fountains are constantly flowing,  
And earth is arrayed in perpetual bloom;  
But I cannot forget the dear home of my childhood,  
So fondly does memory around it entwine,  
The sweet scenes of the meadow, the hill and the wildwood,  
The land of the oak and the dark waving pine.  
What care we though gay winter in triumph comes yearly,  
Asserting mid snow storms and frosts his dark reign?  
He but makes us love spring with her bright face more dearly,  
When mildly she comes in her green robes again,  
Not the fair southern climate bath half of the brightness  
That decks all the scene with a softness divine,  
When the new leaves are rustling with zephyry lightness,  
All in the dear land of the oak and the pine.  
Oh, how sweet when the hill and the lakelet are gleaming,  
Bathed in the soft light of the full rising moon,  
And the babbling rill in the stillness is streaming,  
And nature forgets the dull heat of the noon,  
In the deep-tangled thicket the bird is still singing,  
And flowers and spray with the dew spangles shine,  
And the soft breathing wind its cool incense is bringing,  
To bless the dear land of the oak and the pine.  
From the spring time to autumn the scene is still changing,  
Still bright is the vision by moonlight or day,  
And when cold winds the tomb of the year are arranging,  
We know that new beauties will spring from decay;  
And still lingers a joy that is never forbidden,  
The charms of the fireside we never may resign,  
With the happiness that from rude baseness is hidden,  
Far in the dear land of the oak and the pine.  
Such a muscular race, men of honor unbending,  
And virtue untainted, you scarcely will find,  
Never fearful in danger, their country defending,  
Till tyrants are driven as leaves in the wind,  
Their bold sons and fair daughters unequalled are standing,  
The fairest and strongest, and proud of their line,  
Oh, the song that long honor, with power commanding,  
The land of the oak and the dark waving pine!

# Miscellaneous.

## The Chincha Islands.

We have been favored with the perusal of a private letter from the Chincha Islands, which contains some items of public interest that we are permitted to copy.  
There were at the Islands, at the date of the letter, one hundred and sixty vessels of various sizes, from 300 to 2200 tons burthen—averaging probably 800 tons. The estimated average time of loading with guano was forty days.  
The rate of exportation of guano from the islands, is said to be 1000 tons a day, which it was thought would not exhaust the heap in ten years. A geological survey, made by order of the United States Government, had estimated that eight years would exhaust the supply. We extract from the letter as follows:  
There are three of the Chincha Islands, lying in a line N. and S., the passages between them being less than half a mile. The wind is always S. and E., and it is never known to rain. The north island is the largest. It is nearly circular, and about one-third of a mile in diameter, and about 100 feet high. Some parts of the coast are steep, high cliffs, and others sandy and rocky coves, of gradual ascent from the shore. The heap of guano continues to deepen to the highest point of the island, where it is one hundred feet in depth. Fancy a large, old-fashioned loaf of brown bread, laid upon a table but little larger than the base of the loaf, and you will pretty nearly see the pile of guano on either island. The laborers commence digging, and proceed along the top of the rock, in the direction of the centre, from all parts of the island; and therefore, in their progress, have shown the guano in a very steep side, from the base of the rock, 80 feet high, and from every part it appears to be the same substance—hard and close.  
Every spoonful is dug with a pick, and when loosened is as dry as powder, and of course dusty. If left in a pile for a brief period, it again becomes hard, and must again be loosened with a pick. From the base to the top are found feathers, eggs, and stones of all sizes, some weighing even two or three tons. I have taken out many perfect feathers, far from the top; and near and upon the surface have seen what appeared to be bone and flesh decomposed.  
It is thought the pile now called guano, is the decomposition of sea animals, of

which there are multitudes now, and they are supposed to have been much more numerous in ancient days, before the white man came to destroy. Sea lions of a large size (a ton weight), seals, and endless quantities of sea fowls have been the inhabitants of these islands for myriads of years, and the islands have been the burial places of these animals; for if wounded they crawl up to the top. So say the knowing ones. Birds and birdlime go to increase the pile. Guano is really decomposed animal matter, but whether this is really the way so vast a pile accumulated, or whether the islands were thrown up from the bottom of the sea with the deposit upon them, you must judge for yourself.

The second island is similar in size and pile to the one described. The third one has not been touched yet. It is much smaller, but well loaded. Guano secretes large quantities of ammonia, and confined as it is in a ship's hold, a man cannot stay more than five or ten minutes at a time among it. Besides large lumps of pure ammonia, are daily found apparently decomposed bones, eggs, &c., and among other items, a man in perfect state of preservation—the real ammonia, strong as volatile salts.

Now, do you wish to know how all these ships are loaded, and a thousand tons per day dug and sent from the islands? Well, there about 100 convicts from Peru, and about 300 Chinamen from the Celestial Empire. The former are in the right place; the latter were passengers that engaged passage in an English ship for California, and engaged before they left their own country, to labor after their arrival for a limited time, to pay their passage (\$80). Instead of being landed at California, the ship brought them direct to this place, and the Captain sold them for three and six years, according to the men, to work out their passage; and here they are slaves for life. They are allowed \$4 per month for their food, and 1-8 of a dollar per day for their labor, with a pile of guano before them which will last for the next ten years; and long before it is exhausted, the majority of them will be dead. Each man is compelled to bring to the shute five tons of guano per day. A failure thereof is rewarded with the lash from a strong negro, and such is their horror of the lash, and the hopelessness of their condition, that every week there are more or less suicides. In the month of November, I have heard, fifty of the boldest of them joined hands, and jumped from the precipice into the sea. In December there were twenty-three suicides. This is from one in authority. In January quite a number, but I have not learned how many. I was a few days since on the south island, and there saw two of the most miserable, starved creatures; they had swam across on their wheelbarrows, and were fully determined to die. I could not feed them, and my heart ached for them; so after we reached our ship, a boat was despatched with bread and water for their relief. Perhaps this availed them nothing, for they must either return to their task, or some one must feed them daily. The Chinese, it is said, are educated to believe in the transmigration of souls, and therefore think if they leave this life they shall return to their own country. It is thought this faith induces them to leave their wheelbarrows and commit suicide.

Thus, by diminishing the number of laborers, the exports are reduced, and to meet the demand of so many ships, two English ships (one of which has been here before, are soon expected with other loads of passengers from the Chinese dominions, deceived, most probably, with the idea of going to California to dig gold. In fact, it is said, the first batch of celestials had dug many days before they were undeceived.  
The process of loading the ship is by placing the ship close to a steep, rocky cliff, and have the guano run through a large canvas hose, from the top of the cliff into the ship's hold. About 500 tons per day are put on board by this method; and as there is seldom much wind or swell, a ship can lie very well. Boats that go under smaller shutes are sometimes loaded and return to the ship, where it is taken on board in tubs made of barrels.

## Implements of War.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from England, gives an interesting description of a few of the warlike engines:  
One of the most terrible of these machines, he says, is Wanger's floating gun, which is simply a long congrue gun, designed to be propelled along the surface of the water in a straight line, on the principle of the rocket, until it strikes the vessel at which it was directed, when it thrusts into its sides its iron head, containing two pounds of fulminating powder of mercury. When the fire reaches this reservoir, the powder explodes, blowing a hole in the vessel ten or twelve feet in diameter—so large that it cannot be closed up by any ordinary method. This machine, says a writer, has been a long time maturing in the Woolwich arsenals, and is now completed, and ready to go forth on its mission of destruction. It can be made available at a distance far beyond the reach of any other gun, and it is thought will be of service in attacking the Russian fleets when anchored under the unapproachable fortresses of Sebastopol and Constadt.

The correspondent of the *Gazette* also says that submarine boats have been perfected that they can attach a burner to an enemy's ship without incurring the least danger to those who manage them. Large numbers of explosive balls have been embarked on the English fleets, of such a nature as invariably to explode whenever they strike the side of an enemy's ship, scattering on every side devastation, death and flames. Experiments are also being made with an asphyxiating ball, which does not kill, but paralyzes an entire crew for several hours, or until they are made prisoners.  
Two small steamboats are building, designed to carry each two enormous Paixhan guns. These vessels are built in the strongest manner, with oaken walls near six feet thick, covered with a mattress of cotton one and a half feet in thickness, and this again covered with a sheathing of iron and lead. The roof or deck is covered in the same way, so as to allow the bombs of the enemy to glance into the sea without damage. They are designed to be bullet proof, ball proof and bomb proof. These ships to be sent at the proper time into the midst of the enemy's fleet, where they will attack the vessels around them, fore and aft, with bombs thrown between wind and water, at the same time sprinkling over them showers of Greek fire. It is believed that one of these little vessels, operated by the labors of a few determined men, might under favorable circumstances destroy an entire fleet of ships.

The English fleet is also largely provided with balloons, intended to carry inflammable materials, to scatter over towns, villages and fleets, when the wind favors such operations; and it is said that another invention, whose results will be still more terrible than any of the above, but of which the construction has not yet been made known, is also about to be sent out to destroy the Russians.

**Bashful Men.**  
We never yet saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease, the thoughts that they most express, yet commend them to us for friends.  
There are five touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the finest that is to the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthier man who feels for them a reverence so great that his every mute glance is worship.  
The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them; it is not he who boasts of conquests, or who dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them is the least honored by the majority of the sex.  
Who ever heard of a bashful libertine? The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sits flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and black; he is never nonplussed, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word, he would professedly lay down his life. Yes, it is he who fills our vile city dens with wrecks of purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother, desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; ruins the heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes, and all under the mask of a polished gentleman.  
Ladies, a word in your ear; have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers even at your approach, consider them so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty, than with many another surrounded by the splendors of palaces.

**Kentucky in the Olden Time.**  
The New Orleans Delta relates the following anecdote, on the authority of one of Kentucky's most accomplished and most traveled daughters, the wife of the late ex-Governor:  
In the early settlement of that territory, her present aged, queenly matrons were without many of those things now esteemed by their sex so indispensable, and amongst them the *looking-glass*, which had never made its appearance across the mountains. In its stead, the eye and hand of a companion, or the smooth, reflective surface of the glassy brook, were made to subservise the purpose of the toilette; and a wooden trough, or hollow stump, filled with water, not unfrequently daguerreotypied the flowing curls and tallow heads of the back-wood beauties.

But it happened, on a time, that there came along the Indian trails a Yankee pedlar, who, among his precious store of goods, which he was exchanging for furs and skins, had a small *looking-glass*, such as fits the top of an old-fashioned round shaving-box. As soon as seen by them, all bid for the rare and desirable thing; but, with native shrewdness, under the pretence that he could not spare it—well knowing it would prejudice his trading did he prefer a buyer then—he refused all offers, intending in the end to accept the highest.  
At last, however, ready to pack and leave, he called upon the best bidder, and received his offer. The purchaser was a young beau, who at once presented it to a family of beautiful sisters, the rival belles of the country. It was near the time of a large ball, to which they were invited, and where they proudly appeared, with pieces of the looking-glass framed in lead, suspended by yellow black strings from their beautiful brown necks. They were at once the observed of all—the main attraction of the evening—much to the slight of others equally handsome and "quite as respectable," who, after that night, with bitterness and wounded pride were heard to reproach their late attending beaux with—"Yes, oh yes! you couldn't see us this evening; we're too common; you chose first to dance up to the girls with the looking-glasses." "And," said the lady narrator, "that night were first sown seeds of envy and hatred, that show themselves to this day between many of the leading families of old Kentucky—and all because of the looking-glass."

**THE COUNSEL OF WOMAN.**—Dr. Boardman, in his admirable work, "Hints on Domestic Happiness," inculcates this doctrine, which we cordially endorse:  
"In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of our church, he made this fine observation:  
"We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the intuitive judgments of women which reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife, or who is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this.  
"Time without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It was hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by a sort of sagacity which yet approximates to the sure instinct of animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there."  
"How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice and self-conceit prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife, stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her."

**Various Items.**  
Cleveland and Ohio City have consolidated by a popular vote.  
Alexander Smith, the new Scotch poet, is said to be a pattern-drawer for muslin work.  
The population of Cleveland, Ohio, which numbered 17,600 in the year 1850, is now put down at 50,000.  
The first day of May is the day fixed by the Canal Board for opening the Canals of New York for navigation.  
Max Maretzek, who is now in Europe organizing his troupe, has engaged Castle Garden for five months from the 1st of June next.  
A company is about starting at Paris, to run pleasure boats between Marseilles and Constantinople, the charge to be sixty dollars.  
Mr. Samuel Owen, to whom Sweden owes the introduction of steamboats into that country, died at Stockholm lately, at the age of 80.  
In the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum last year, there were 14 admissions from the effects of spiritual rapping.  
Dr. Cray, late surgeon and purser of the steamship Baltic, died at his residence in Fall River Monday last.  
The receipts at the Land Office at Palmyra Missouri, are said to not fall short of 60,000 per month.  
Two thousand German emigrants were at Antwerp at the latest date, waiting vessels to take them to the United States.  
The American Association for the Advancement of Science will commence its eighth annual meeting in the city of Washington, on Wednesday, the 26th of April.  
A traveller asked Bob Tipple if he had ever been round the Horn. "No, sir," replied the innocent Bob, "I never goes round the horn; I aint ashamed take it, no matter who's by."  
One day last week a workman in the employ of the Messrs. Carpenter of Foxboro, by the aid of a Sewing Machine, bound and sewed the edges of one thousand straw hats.  
We learn from L'Eco D'Italia, that the first of the line of steamers from Genoa to New York, sailed on the 23d of March, via Naples and Palermo. The line communicates with two steamers.  
The Buffalo Courier says "the amount of produce to be emptied into the lap of Buffalo during the present season, will largely exceed that of any previous year."

**SAMUEL S. MANN,**  
LOWER SCOTTSBURG,  
OFFERS for sale a CHOICE assortment of Groceries, Dry-Goods, Boots & Shoes, &c., &c.  
The above stock is ENTIRELY NEW, and having been purchased recently, at the present low prices of the Market, will be sold at figures that cannot fail to suit purchasers.  
CALL AND EXAMINE—  
April 28, 1854—11

**MERRITT, OPPENHEIMER & CO**  
SCOTTSBURG,  
WHOLESALE DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Liquors, Cigars, &c., &c.  
April 28-11

**WILLIAM E. LEWIS,**  
BOAT BUILDER AND SPAR MAKER.  
MILL CREEK, UMPQUA RIVER.  
BOATS Repaired, and all kinds of Carpenter Work done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.  
April 28, 1854-11

**CROSBY'S HOTEL,**  
LOWER SCOTTSBURG,  
S. CROSBY, having again taken charge of the above named Hotel, will personally superintend the efforts to make those comfortable who may have occasion to visit this place. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and choice Liquors and Cigars can always be had at the Bar.  
April 28, 1854-11

**HINSDALE & CO.,**  
Wholesale Dealers in General Merchandise  
CORNER OF MAIN AND NELSON STS.,  
LOWER SCOTTSBURG,  
WOULD invite the attention of Traders, Packers, and Farmers to their large and well selected stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, &c., which they offer for sale at prices which will be an inducement to those wishing to purchase.  
Call and inspect our stock. [ap28-11]

**SCOTTSBURG HOUSE**  
THE undersigned, having purchased this establishment and feeling gratified for past patronage, takes this opportunity to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he is now prepared to accommodate regular boarders, and all travellers or visitors who may come this way. Terms reasonable, and accommodations as good as generally found in Oregon.  
JOSEPH PUTNAM  
Scottsburg, April 28-11

**ALLAN, LOWE & CO.,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
132 CAY STREET,  
San Francisco.

**AMOS E. ROGERS,**  
EMPIRE CITY,  
HAS on hand a well assorted stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, &c., &c. He is anxious to sell, and wishes it to be understood that he is prepared to offer goods EXTREMELY LOW FOR CASH. If any doubts are entertained about the matter, he will be exceedingly obliged, if persons doubting, will speedily call, as it at once put it to the test.  
Empire City, May 5, 1854-11

**GEORGE HAYNES & CO.,**  
675 MAIN ST., CORNER OF YONCALLA ST.,  
LOWER SCOTTSBURG,  
OFFER FOR SALE  
Flour, California and Chili,  
Bacon, Mess and Clear,  
Pork, do do do,  
Best "Fulton Market" Meas, in 1/2 bbls.  
Hams, lard covered,  
Lard, in tin,  
Sugar, China, Nos. 1 & 2,  
Coffee, Rio and old Java,  
Candles, Soap, Liquors, Cigars, Dry goods,  
Boots and Shoes, &c., &c.  
April 28-11

**BROWN, DRUM & CO.,**  
NO. 28 COMMERCIAL ST., SCOTTSBURG,  
HAVE constantly on hand a General Assortment of Merchandise, consisting of Flour, Pork, Bacon, Hams, Lard, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Liquors, Farming and Mining Tools, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, &c., &c.  
FARMERS, PACKERS & TRADERS  
are invited to call and examine our Stock, when visiting this City, as we will sell at all times at the lowest market rates.  
May 5-11

**ADDISON C. GIBBS,**  
Attorney at Law, and Commissioner for the State of New York.  
GARDINER, UMPQUA CO., O. T.  
N. B.—THE partnership heretofore existing between GIBBS & STRATTON has been dissolved by mutual consent.  
May 5-3m

**JOB PRINTING.**  
OF every description, such as PAMPHLETS, CARDS, HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BILLS OF LADING, BLANKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, &c., &c., neatly and cheaply executed at this Office. Also, ORNAMENTAL PRINTING, in Colored Inks and Bronzes.  
Orders left with Allan, McKinlay & Co., Coose Bay, or with Burns & Wood, Eads:ph City will be promptly attended to.  
April 28.