THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

WM. J. BEGGS, Editor and Publisher.] DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MINING NEWS, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &c., &c. [Terms—$5,00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 1. SCOTTSBURG, O. T., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5. 1854. NUMBER 19.

THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.

OFFICE in Harris' New Building, (second story) corner of Main and Yoncalla streets.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, for one year, $5,00; for six months, $3,00; for three months, $2,00.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:—One square of ten lines or less, first insertion, $2,00; each subsequent insertion, $1,00. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Business Cards, of ten lines or less, for one year, $25; for six months, $15; for three months, $10.

☞ The number of insertions must be distinctly marked on the margin, otherwise they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Poetry.

Words of Kindness.

Oh! how sweet are words of kindness,
Flowing from a loving heart;
What on earth can we find sweeter
Than the joy which they impart?
In our sorrow, in our sadness,
Kind words prove a healing balm,
And in life's most adverse tempests
They around us breathe a calm.

Let us never speak unkindly,
Lest one word should pierce too deep;
Hearts made up of finest feeling
Never cause a heart to weep.
Never let the voice of anger
Any drooping mind oppress:
Rather bind a broken spirit—
Rather make life's troubles less.

Sweet are words when fitly spoken—
Oft they give the spirit cheer,
Sweet is whispered consolation
To the child of sorrow's ear.

Oh! without a word of kindness
Poor, indeed, our hearts would be:
For kind words, like angels' whispers,
Fill the soul with holy glee.
Joy would ever spring around us
If our lives we'd endeavor;
Earth would soon have less of sorrow,
If our words were only kind.

Miscellaneous.

A Missouri Wedding.

In a particular vicinity of Missouri, a marriage was agreed upon, between the favored son of a farmer of no inconsiderable influence, and the belle of all the country around. Of course the *elite* of the neighborhood were in attendance. Everybody was there, and everything was in apt readiness.

"The Royal Tiger was present thar,
The Monkey and the Polar Bar."

But that dignitary, to whom it was designed to assign the honor of master of the marriage ceremony, had not arrived; but just then some one spoke and said—

"Thar comes Squar Ben Buncum."

Quick as possible the lights were trimmed and everything put in place. As usual, anxiety, agitation and joy were depicted on every face, and Mr. Tom Wisdom, the honorable host, walked out to meet the anxious "Squar," to welcome him in, inquire for his health, the news, &c.

The Squar was a good-humored gentleman, but he was chiefly celebrated for talents, astuteness, learning, &c., in his populous township.

"Well," said the host, "Ben, you have been elected, but you had a close time of it; my vote alone saved you. You beat him one vote only.

"That is all, Tom," replied Squar Ben; "but the next election I'll lick him. There's no use in talking, Mr. Wisdom, without using the corn f-r-e-e-l-y, and a little sly scandal and lying—that's all the chance."

"Ah, well, that's all over, and you are the magistrate, Squar Ben, so come and let's go in and see what the young folks wish. Indeed, Squar Ben, are you aware that you are expected to say the ceremony?"

Benjamin Buncum now began to see the awful responsibility of his office, and to "tremble from centre to circumference;" for he had never officiated in that interesting capacity. They had not even done him the justice to inform him of the part he was expected to perform, or he could have prepared. He had made no preparation—had no form, nor could any book be found, high or low, having the marriage ceremony. Hence, to take it "off-hand" was the only chance. An unfortunate and excruciating test for the newly elected "Squar."

The company was now arranged into a crescent. The Squar was at his place, and in came the parties—principals and seconds—the gallants each bearing a candle, which evinced the extent and luxuriance of the range in that neighborhood. With much assurance and dignity, the Squar looked around, and whole ages of learning seemed rushing through his mind. He thought over everything he had dreamed, but all in vain. There was a suppressed titter all over the house. This admonished him that he must say something, and in an agony of desperation, he began:

"The State of Missouri, Pike county, I command you to—"

This did not suit. Confusion and whispering perplexed him the more.

"Give him a chance—give the Squar a fair chance," said a strong voice near the door. The "Squar" made another effort:

"Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri—"

The "Squar" was here brought to a dead stand, but was again admonished, by the tittering, that he must proceed with something. In agonizing desperation he began:

"When in the course of human events it becomes—"

Here he was touched by Mr. Wisdom. After a pause he began again:

"Our father who art in Heaven—"

"He's repeating the Lord's Prayer," says one. The "Squar" raised his hopeless vision to the ceiling for a short time, and began anew:

"Know all men by these presents—"

Here he was interrupted by a general noise, and a voice from the crowd, "He is making a deed." Again he essayed:

"Witness my hand and seal, this the—"

"Has concluded it—he will certainly go on with the ceremony," said several voices.

"In the name of God, amen," he again began. Laughter from every direction—some swearing.

"He is making his will," said one; "I thought he would not live long—he looks prodigiously sad."

The next essay of the noble and learned "Squar" was:

"Oh yes! oh yes! come into Court—"

"Are we to have Court to-night?" ejaculated some one.

"Oh yes! oh yes! come into Court!" replied another, from the door. The laugh was general.

It may be supposed that the bride and [illegible] especially the former; but water and suitable aromatics were near; and Squar Buncum was her friend and near-by; he was an untiring man; and, after casting his eyes around the room, he determined to try it again:

"To the constable, or any other lawful officer. Greeting—"

"Let's go. He's going to have us all arrested," said several. Here a gleam of light flashed over the Squar's bewildered and forlorn countenance. He ordered the parties positively to hold up their right hands, and in a solemn voice he said:

"You, and each of you, do solemnly and truly swear, in the presence of the present company, and of the President of the United States of America, that you will perform faithfully, all and singular, the duties and functions of husband and wife, as the case may be, to the best of your skill and ability, so help you God. *Amen!*"

"Good as old rye! Old Kentucky forever!" exclaimed the grateful Mr. Thomas Wisdom. "Come, gentlemen," said he, "we will drink with Squar Ben Buncum."

"Agreed!" shouted the enthusiastic and happy crowd:

"We'll dance all night till broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the morning."

The Black Wasp.

In the warm summer days, during our residence at Port Sorell (Van Diemen's Land), and more particularly in the evenings, we had often noticed a large kind of black fly darting in and out of the house, with a loud, sharp, whizzing noise, and, on more attentive observation, we found a most tragic addition made to our list of antipodean contrarieties—nothing less than the discovery of a savage and sanguinary war carried on by flies against spiders, and pursued with such vigor that one would believe the Tasmanian flies were bent on avenging tyrannies and grievances suffered at the hands of spiders by the whole winged-insect family all the world over. We had observed the forcible and noisy abduction of many an unlucky web-spinner, before I could satisfactorily make out what became of them, as the frequent seizures made, apparently by the same fly, forbade the conclusion that they were forthwith devoured; but, by dint of sundry watchings and pursuits of the flies, and by eking out and piecing together my various small scraps of information and discovery, I at length acquired a tolerable knowledge of the habits and practices of my busy black neighbors. In size and shape they exactly resemble a large English wasp, but are wholly black, and possess formidable stings, a quarter of an inch long. They build very remarkable cells or nests of earth, finely-tempered and formed in layers of tiny mud-pats, like a swallow's nest. Many of these were placed in a small wooden out-house, between the upright studs and the weather-boarding of the wall; several were formed on a shelf on the porch, where some small pieces of wood lying heaped together offered convenient nooks; and one wasp, resolving to have a more costly lodgment than his friends, took possession of a meerschaum pipe-bowl that lay on the same shelf, and very snugly laid out his house in its interior. All the nests I have examined are arranged in the same manner, the whole fabric being from two to four inches long, and rather less than an inch broad; the external shape of the mansion, whether square, triangular, or pentagonal, depending a good deal on the site chosen. When completed, no aperture is left; but, on being opened, three or four cells are usually found, two or three containing each a soft white chrysalis in a cocoon of white web; and the largest apartment of the mansion is devoted to the purposes of a larder, and is always found full of spiders, of all varieties of size, color and kinds, all closely and neatly packed together, with their legs trussed up, so as to occupy the smallest possible space. The strangest part of the affair is that the spiders are not dead, but remain perfectly soft and flexible in every part; and, on being exposed to the sun and air, and stirred, a feeble movement is evident in them, as though they were paralyzed or stupefied in some manner, so as to be preserving victims and good fresh meat at the same time. The storehouse is thus well supplied, doubtless for the benefit of the chrysalis tenantry on their awaking to the knowledge of life and appetite. I have been rarely more interested by any new insect than by these black wasps, ungentle and ferocious though they be; for there is a daring, dashing energy and brisk industry about their ways and doings that is very amusing and perfectly original. The busy—busy little hard-working, persevering fellow that he is—can still afford time for many a coquettish peep into blossoms and buds that he deigns not to taste; and, even when arrived at home, with his two pannier baskets loaded with their heaped up golden treasure, can stay [illegible] and buz with his helpmates. The ant, whose ways of thrift and industry even Solomon bids us "consider and be wise," never takes a straight road, though with a bit of plunder in her nippers three her own size, runs hither and thither, upstairs and down sticks, or maybe into a labyrinth of a violet root, when she plays at bo-peep with you for ten minutes before going forward again. But the black wasp has none of these wandering weaknesses of character; solitary, stern, ruthless and resolute he goes about his work of cell-building and spider-catching. If you chance to be near his chosen place of abode, you may see him dart past with a bit of mud or a vetch, and a shrill, sharp whizzing is continued for some seconds or a minute, during the operation of packing away his load—when forth he darts again, straight and swift as an arrow, and the next moment very probably invades the peaceful retreat of some cobwebbed recluse, who, until now safe from brooms and housemaids, has meshed and devoured his flies in comfort, but is at length seized, trussed and packed up half alive by the dark avenger.—*Nine Years in Australia.*

Colt in the Caucasus.

We find the following interesting anecdote, illustrating the value of a recent American invention, in an English paper of the 18th of February:

In Dahgestan, a young Lesghian chief, being severely wounded during one of the frequent razzias of the Russians, took refuge in a ruined sakli,* in order to apply bandages to his wounds. While thus employed, he was discovered by a party of twelve dismounted dragoons, who immediately gave chase on his taking flight. Being fleet of foot, for a short while he outran them, during which time such of them as had their carbines loaded fired at him ineffectually. Having crossed one of the flexible bridges common in that country, and which was over a rapid torrent at the foot of a mountain, the fugitive, finding himself unable to proceed much further, and having time to put his arms in order, stood at bay under a projecting rock. With yells of delight, and uplifted sabres, the Russians approached the bridge. The foremost, nearing him, cried, "Yield, dog!" "Not whilst I have twelve lives at my girdle," cried the undaunted mountaineer.

The Russians in the rear laughed loudly at the boast; but he in advance fell dead, pierced through and through by a bullet, nearly at the feet of the Lesghian. The second soldier stumbled over his dead comrade, and as he rose received a shot which caused him to fall severely wounded. The next, seeing the same weapon, which had twice been discharged, still pointed, rushed on; but to the surprise of the Russians, a third shot was fired at him; untouched, however, he was about to cut down the Lesghian, when a fourth discharge scattered his brains on the rocky parapet, and his lifeless body tumbled into the torrent beneath. Three of the Russians had now fallen. "What devil of a pistol is this that speaks so often?" cried the survivors to each other. The Lesghian still stood firm, merely folding his pelisse of sheepskin round his left arm, ready to receive a blow, a precaution not unneeded, since now two Russians, abreast, were on the point of assailing him. Certain of their prey, these advanced more cautiously than their predecessors.

This time two deliberate shots brought them right and left; each fell pierced near the region of the heart. The remaining soldiers were amazed. The Lesghian, faint with loss of blood, and feeling his strength fast ebbing, now drew forth another pistol, a movement unobserved by the enemy, and rapidly fired three shots at the group of Russians, some fifty yards distant, at the other end of the bridge. Owing to his sight being now dim, only one shot took effect, wounding one of the dragoons on the shoulder. "Let us fly," they cried, "it is the evil spirit of the mountains; he would kill our whole army." Accordingly they precipitately fled, just as the Lesghian sank down exhausted at the foot of the rock. At a distance they ventured to look back. "It hath vanished in the mist," cried the superstitious Muscovites.

The Lesghian chief was succored by some of his own people, and ere long recovered from his hurt, as did the wounded Russian. At his bridal feast, some four months after, the pistols, which were a pair of Colt's revolvers, and were a gift from an American traveler, Capt. K——, to the youthful hero of the Caucasus, were handed round amid the general benediction of the party. The bride is said even to have kissed them, saying, "Ah! my brave Dehemet, were all the brave Circassian [illegible] bereaved widows in Daghestan!"

The Russian prisoner, soon reconciled by kind treatment to his position, has had the cruel horsehair† removed from his heel, and has often cleansed and loaded these identical specimens of the fatal weapons, destined to effect such a revolution in the warfare of the world.

The story of the "devil's pistol" was long told among the simple Russian soldiery, when conversing on their weary march, as the winding column descended some interminable mountain, or when the grateful Samovar (kettle) gave promise of tea at the close of their day's journey. Now, the partial introduction of the arm among the officers has in some degree dissipated the telling effect of the story, but many still devoutly believe that the young Lesghian chief was no other than the Prince of Darkness, out on a sporting expedition for the express purpose of bagging Russian soldiers.

*The "sakli" is the habitation of the Eastern Caucasus. It is constructed of unhewn stones, cemented with clay instead of mortar.

†A tuft of horsehair is commonly inserted by the Circassians in the heels of their prisoners, in order to create such a degree of lameness as to prevent their escape.

An Idea of Europe.

Mr. Daniels, the former editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, is quite discouraged about European travel and society. We have no doubt that the following will give a better idea of the old world, than much that is written, and to those who cannot make it convenient to travel, the remarks are very consolatory. This foreign travel is not what it is cracked up to be. We shall always think so. But if, however, we have a different opinion after our visit to Egypt and Nineveh, which we contemplate taking as soon as the bridge is extended over the Atlantic, we will promptly inform our readers. Here is what Mr. Daniels writes:

"It may be strange, but it is nevertheless true, that I have been really and truly home-sick for the last three months as ever was any little girl in her first quarter at the boarding-school. If you knew how much pleasanter a life of real work and study in the United States is than this nonsensical travel and idleness, you would not be discontented. One will learn by experience, however, and the best thing I expect to get personally out of this mission, is just this—that I will be satisfied when I get back, and never again be haunted by those intolerable longings for Europe, that tormented me in years gone by.

The pleasure of actually seeing celebrated places is small. It is all anticipation and memory. The real comforts of Europe do not compare with those of the United States. Everything costs just double what it does at home. The people are nowhere as good as ours. The women are uglier, the men have fewer ideas. I intend to write a book about it all, and I thought, when I left the United States, that I would have to scratch the blanket a good deal to make out our superiority. But there is no need. The meanness, the filthy life, the stupidities of all the countries I have seen surpass all I expected, and all I hoped.

Here in Turin, which is the most beautiful I have ever seen, I am busy learning to speak French, and studying what is popularly but most falsely termed the 'great world,' and 'polite society.' I have dined with dukes, jabbered bad grammar to countesses, and am sponged on for seats in my opera box by counts who smell of garlic as does the whole country. I receive visits from other diplomatists with titles as long as a flag staff, and heads as empty as their hearts, and find the whole concern more trashy than I had ever imagined. I must, however, keep up their acquaintance, for that is the way to see the elephant of European life. So I dance the dance of fools, like the best of them, and return their visits sedulously, carrying about great cards, like that I enclose for your inspection.

The pictures, the operas, the ballets of Europe, are all good things; the people, the governments, the society, more contemptible than can be conceived."—*Literary Museum.*

Living upon Others.

Job Greenfield was one of those who make it a point to live upon others to the extent of their ingenuity, and that in Job's case was not by any means inconsiderable.

He was quite in the habit of dropping in to a neighbor's about tea time; as a matter of course he would be invited to sit down with the family, on which he would exclaim:—

"Well, raily, neighbor, I hadn't the least idea of finding you at dinner. I don't know what my wife will think. I told her I wouldn't be gone more'n ten minutes; however, as you have been so kind as to invite me, I don't know but I'll stay."

Among Job's tastes he had a great liking for cigars. But he never bought any. Not he! Nobody knew better that they were an expensive luxury, and the thought of how much they cost would have infallibly destroyed any gratification they might afford him. When, however, he could sponge one out of some one else, no one smoked with greater zest.

Just opposite Job, on the other side of the way, lived Lawyer Pettibone. The Squire liked cigars as well as Job, and always kept them on hand. One morning when Job chanced to call into the office, he offered him one. This was enough for Job. Henceforth he made it a practice to call on Squire Pettibone once a day, just after dinner, when the lawyer usually smoked, and thus secure the invitation to join him.

Lawyers are proverbially sharp, and it was not long before Squire Pettibone saw Job's drift. Resolving to foil him, he procured a fire-cracker, and making a slit in a cigar, neatly inserted it, and then closed the apperture.

The next time Job presented himself, the cigar was tendered him. The Squire had previously finished his.

"These are mighty nice cigars of your'n," said Job for the fortieth time, having fairly commenced proceedings.

Fuz—fuz—whizz—bang! went the cracker, battering the cigar to pieces, and liberally strewing its contents over Job's face:

"What—what's that?"—gasped Job in terror.

"Oh!" said the Squire, coolly, "I forgot to tell you. It's a new kind of cigar. They call it the explosive cigar. I like it for my part, and shant use any other, henceforth."

Job Greenfield's visits to Squire Pettibone's office suddenly terminated. He didn't see, for his part, how the Squire could like "them tarnal cigars that fly in a feller's face so."

The reason why some people put on airs is because they have nothing else to put on.

The man who pledged his word and honor has lost the ticket.

Great Natural Curiosity.—Mrs. Houslet, near Cincinnati, is said to have been petrified by her husband's curses. Cannot Barnum obtain the statue for exhibition?

We hear constantly of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise, when it is remembered that it is a regular business with these fellows to *make tracks.*

Nantucket.—It is stated in a Boston paper that they have strawberries and cream at Nantucket. We thought the people fed on whale oil and scraps exclusively.

Money, like beauty, is greatly disparaged and eagerly sought, while poverty is highly praised and carefully avoided. It is like a case which often happens in society—that of eulogizing people whom we wouldn't associate with, and sneering at others whom we don't care to "cut."

The Society of Know-Nothings dates further back than the Masonic fraternity—see 2d Samuel xv. ii. "And with Absalom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem; and they went in their simplicity, and they *knew not anything.*"