

THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

BEGGS & BOYD, PROPRIETORS.]

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &c., &c.

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Poetry.

The blind boy at Play.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had!
We led him on our way mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came tumbling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the mill mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear, blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Where'er we found the spot
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots;
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down,
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh! that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blind,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow
And thank my God for sight.

"I DID AS THE REST DID."—This tame yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did," has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his money; loses his credit; squanders his property; and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply, "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do and are indulged in thieving and that—he indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and fops. The father wonders why his child do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble.—Poor man he is only paying the penalty of doing "as the rest did."

The poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteely. They learn what others do to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several useless matters. In time they marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," she says, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, put off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passed along thro' life, till unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left to prepare.—And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

English Traveller. "Hi say, sir, ham I on the right road to 'Artford?'"

Jonathan. "Well, you be."

Traveller. "Ow far shall I 'ave to go before I get there?"

Jonathan. "Well, if you turn round and go 'otter way, may be yeou will have to travel about ten mile. But if you keep on the yeou are going, yeou'll have to go about eight thousand I reckon."

STOP HIM!—"Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of your understanding a few minutes this evening?" The lady faints.

Editorial Correspondence.

DEER CREEK, Dec. 8, 1854.

DEAR BOYD:—We arrived here last night, rather fatigued, although we had traveled but twenty-five miles to-day. The first day out it rained lightly all day, making the road very muddy and slippery; and it was after dark when we reached Mr. Delaney's, near the Little Canyon. You may imagine we were quite willing to stop, as both ourselves and horses were pretty well used up. A good warm supper and cigar by the fire-side, refreshed us after the fatigues of the day; while our animals were plentifully provided with oats and hay. Having finished our cigars, we retired to bed, and slept soundly till about two o'clock, when a cow, whose youthful progeny was held in durance in a corral opposite the house, came up and gave vent to her feelings of parental affection in a succession of bellowings. This awoke the Judge, who, supposing the sound proceeded from a "rooster," giving note of coming day, roused our host, who, with some reluctance, got up, and prepared our breakfast, having despatched which, we were obliged to wait with impatience the coming of daylight, when we resumed our journey.

After getting above the Little Canyon, we found the people in some excitement in regard to the races which are to come off in Green Valley to-morrow. As we neared Winchester, we met numbers of men on their way to the course, anticipating quite an interesting time. Some of them bantered me for a race, but "Noisy" being on a long trip I did not care about running him. Doubtless by the time this epistle reaches you a good deal of money and stock will have changed hands on the result of the races.

We stopped but a few minutes at Winchester, which, by the way, has a fine site for a town, and appears to be flourishing, and hastened on to this place, where we will remain until to-morrow. Roseburg, or Deer Creek is a thriving place, and possesses a beautiful location. Mr. Rose, the proprietor of the town, has lately erected a large and commodious hotel—a good grist mill is in operation—a blacksmith shop, &c. &c. Messrs. Bradbury & Co. have an extensive store at this place, and are doing a fine business. Roseburg puts in strong claims for the Capitol, which may not be altogether disregarded, if the Capitol is located south of the Calipooia's, as it should be.

There is nothing of news or politics stirring in this section of the country. The settlers are complaining a good deal of the location of the offices of Register and Receiver at Oregon City. This is to be expected. The settlers of Southern Oregon are the only ones whose interests should be regarded in the location of those offices, for reasons which have already been given, and which are well known. It is to be hoped that some change may be made in regard to them soon, as, until a change is made, the settlers in Southern Oregon will be at great inconvenience; in fact, it will be impossible for those living farthest south to comply with the requirements of the law. My next will be from Jacksonville.

W. J. B.

GOD IS LOVE.—There never was a man yet reclaimed from evil by hate. There never was a man yet saved but by love.—Criminals long hardened by vice, have been known to exhibit feeling for the first time; when thoroughly convinced that they were regarded with kindness by others, and from the rough and rugged crevices of their granite nature flowers of purity and joy have peeped forth to greet the sunlight of affection—"God is Love" is the secret of all human and all celestial happiness. That great and beautiful truth is proclaimed in every breeze that fans the cheek; in every star that twinkles in the blue sky; in every rose that perfumes the air with its fragrance; in the joyous laugh of the cradle child as the morning crimson the drapery of his couch, and in the swelling chant of the mighty arch-angel as he bathes his pinions in a flood of golden radiance from the Sun of Righteousness. And it will become those who would "hate" men out of society to reflect where all mankind would be if eternal hate instead of eternal love ruled the counsels of the skies. Not one man lives who would be willing to open the secret chamber of his heart during his whole life to the eye of man as it is seen by the eye of God, and abide by the decision which society, on a hating principle, would be bound to apply. Should not this reflection teach charity and forbearance to the most intolerant? Should they not recollect that the Almighty who knows them, has not "hated" them out of the earth, and should they not extend to others that mercy which they have received?

Sloth is the mother of poverty.

NO!

No! That is a very short word. It has a very short meaning sometimes. It often blazes the fond anticipations; it may change the whole tenor of a life. In matrimonial matters it would be better that it should be oftener said than it is, for many of the fair sex sometimes say No when they mean Yes, and should not use the shorter word when they do not.

One Sunday evening, not many nights ago, the Rev. M. Thompson performed a marriage ceremony at the Tabernacle.—both parties said Yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said Amen.

"I want you to perform the same thing for me," said a well-dressed, youngish man, to Mr. Thompson.

"When?"

"Now—right off—to-night."

"Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."

"No—the lady says now or never, and I am very anxious. Will you go?"

"Yes; where is it?"

"Close by; only a few steps west of the Park. We are all ready, and will not detain you but a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place, which was a respectable boarding-house, and everything evinced decorum. The lady—young and pretty, neatly dressed, and altogether a desirable partner for the gentleman—was presented, and a short prayer, as usual upon such occasions, offered, and then hands joined.

"You, with a full sense of the obligations you assume, do, promise, here in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will take this woman, whose right hand you hold in yours, to be your lawful, wedded wife, and as such you will love and cherish her forever."

"I do."

"And you, Miss, on your part, will you take this man to be your lawful, wedded husband?"

"NO!"

We have heard in times past, when showers were fashionable, some pretty heavy claps of thunder; but none that ever rattled about the tympanum of that bridegroom was quite so loud as that stanning little monosyllable.

"No, I never will!" said she, most emphatically, and walked away proudly to her seat, leaving her almost-husband looking, probably feeling just the least trifle in the world foolish.

Mr. Thompson remonstrated—not to induce her to change that No for Yes, but for trifling with him, in a solemn duty of his calling, and asked for an explanation.

"I meant no disrespect to you, sir, or to trifle with your duty, or the solemn obligation you were called upon to ratify; but I had no other way to vindicate my character. I came to the city a poor sewing girl. I worked for this man. He made proposals of marriage to me, but from other circumstances I doubted his sincerity, and left his employment and went to the country for a while. When I returned, I found the door of my former boarding-house closed against me; and this lady whom I had esteemed as a kind friend, cold and quite indisposed to renew my acquaintance; and I insisted upon knowing the reason. I learned that this man had blackened my character, denied his proposals of marriage, and said I was—no matter what. I said to the lady: "let me come back, and I will prove my innocence. Will you believe what I say, if he will now marry me?"

"Yes; I certainly will, and so will all who know you."

"I renewed the acquaintance—he renewed the proposals—I accepted, and said: "Yes, get the minister at once." He slandered me—I deceived him. I proved my words true, and his false. It was the only way a poor, helpless girl had to avenge herself upon a man who had proved himself unworthy to be her husband. It was only, at the right time, to say one little word—one little word. I have said it. I hope it will be a lesson to men, an example to other girls, and that in many other and different circumstances they will learn to say No."

"If I was angry for a single moment," said Mr. Thompson, "I carried one of it over the threshold. It was a severe lesson, but well applied. I went home pondering upon the value of that word—No."—N. Y. Tribune.

"Zeb," said a chap to his chum the other day, "seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Toggor's last night." "No was the reply, "I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go." "A hint, Zeb, what sort of a hint?" "Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave."

From the Water Cure Journal.

Bathing Children in Cold Water.

But if parents will use cold water on their own persons, let me entreat them to have mercy on their helpless children. Do heed their cries and entreaties to warm it just a little! Nothing is more heathenish and barbarous than to bathe children in cold or nearly cold water. I believe it injurious to wash our hands and faces in cold winter water. Those who do it, will find that they have rough and cracked skins.

The suffering of children while being washed is but small compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head or lungs, especially the latter.—True, cold water so applied will make precocious children, and it will also fill the graveyard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die of head diseases since the use of cold water has been in vogue, than before; and for the reason already given.

The fact is, the brain requires and receives more blood than any other organ of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount, and hence it is no uncommon thing that children, especially "smart ones," die as above stated with head disease. Indeed, it has become a proverb with our mothers at least, "that such children are too smart to live," and it is so. By such treatment the brain becomes too active and large for the body, and like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shatters it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot close my remarks without entreating mothers in the name of humanity not to attempt to toughen, as it is called, their children by half clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of premature death in her offspring, for which she has solaced herself by calling it a "mysterious Providence."

If you would have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse rough towels or horse-brushes. No error in the water treatment is more injurious. A healthy skin is smooth, soft, and velvet like; and anything that irritates it and makes it rough is injurious.

But few of the people understand the functions of the skin, or the importance of a healthy skin to a healthy body. My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up. I approve of gentle rubbing of the skin with soft cloths; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed anyway to produce unpleasant sensations.

If we credit the reports of patients who have taken treatment at our water cure establishments, the heroic or cold water treatment is too much in vogue in them for their good.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as Lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by this power, is rolling through the heavens, a part of his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom his is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come to him from his fathers.—"The have gone to their last home! but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure.—The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous character.—Edward Everett.

Sir Phillip Sidney defines health in these words:—"Great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care."

COST OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.—Col.

Croghan, to whose family it belongs, was a resident of Louisville. He went to Europe some twenty years ago, and found himself frequently questioned of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and of which he had heard but little at home, though living within ninety miles of it. He went there on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase it, and make it a family inheritance. In fifteen minutes bargaining, he bought it for \$10,000, and shortly after he was offered \$100,000 for his purchase. In his will he tied it up in such a way that it must remain in his family for two generations, thus appending its celebrity to his name. There are nineteen hundred acres in the estate, though the cave probably runs under the property of a great number of other land owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their own property, (a man's farm extending up to the zenith and down to the nadir), great vigilance is exercised to prevent such subterranean surveys and measurements as should enable one to sink a shaft with any certainty. The cave extends ten or twelve miles in several directions, and there is probably many a backwoodsman sitting in his hut within ten miles of the Cave, quite unconscious that the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Europe and America are walking without leave under his potatoes and corn.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—One of our cotemporaries has the following advice to young men. It is good:—

"There are thousands of men in our city who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation. These would give half their fortunes if they could be set back, and have the leisure for mental culture which you, young men, are throwing away. Let this be so no longer. Commence with the autumnal months to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but it will be easier as you proceed, and at length it will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes the man. Do not suffer yours to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment either in business or pleasure. Whatever you do for the cultivation of your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours, of the most elevated enjoyment in after years.

Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness will increase, and you can be the benefactors of your race. With an increase of usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better able you are to help others the better qualified will you be to help yourself. Do not, then, trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life."

A HINT TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A

bridegroom requested his wife to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed: "Pull the line!" She pulled it, at his request, as far as she could. He cried: "Pull it over!" "I can't," she replied. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with ease. "There you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together. If we oppose each other it will be hard work; if we act together it will be pleasant to live. Let us therefore always pull together."

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.—The following is an original 'Lamb,' and was, we believe, picked up by Fields, the poet. Charles was once traveling in the vicinity of one of the English watering places, in company with several ladies; one of them who was more remarkable for prudery than good taste, took occasion to call forth the polished satire of the wit, after this fashion:

"Dear me, Mr. Lamb, that's shocking!" "W—wh—what, Madam?" "Why, there! down on the beach, those boys—bathing."

Charles looked, and saw some half dozen little urchins, gamboling in unity and unconcealed delight along the sparkling sands and thus rebuked his companion:

"B—b—boys! These are girls, Madam, are the not?"

"Why, Mr. Lamb! no—I assure you they are boys!"

"Are—are they? Ah! well ex—c—use me Madam; at this distance I d—d—don't know the difference?"