

# THE UMPQUA WEEKLY GAZETTE.

BOYD & BLAKELY, PROPRIETORS.]

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WOMAN.—Hear Julius Caesar Hannibal's opinion of the fair sex.

"Deu may rail against women as much as dey like, dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in life found dem to be fast in lub, fast in de ice-cream saloon, and de furs bees and last in de sick room.— What would we poor debils do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and helpless as we please, and a woman's arms am open to receive us. She it am who gubs us our furs dose ob castor oil, and puts cloze 'pon our helplessly naked limbs, and cubbers up our feets and toses, in long flannel petticoats; and it am she who, as we grow up, fills our dinner basket wid doughnuts and apples as we start to skool, and lick us when we tear our trousers. It is she who, in our manhood, makes de moon brighter and bigger, and de stars to twinkle in de firmament wid de splendid glory. (For take woman out ob de world, and it would lose much ob its beauty.)— It is she who robs trouble of half its sting, when de trouble ain't 'bout anudder woman. It am she who teaches us wretue and goodness to life, providing she ain't bankrupt in hoff of dem herself. It am she who watches in de sick room, and gubs you the calomer and jollop and rubub, and curran jelly, and it am she who sticks to you in de last hour ob life, and consoles de troubled spirit as long as it sticks to dis mortal body. Who can help lubin woman?"

Handsome is that handsome does. Just let the ugliest woman in the thirty-one States sew on your buttons, hem your pocket handkerchief, keep an eye on your dry goods generally, tack up your bed on cold nights; send you bouquets and smiles weekly, and she becomes a first class Venus.— A man's judgment of a woman depends very much upon how she looks after his buttons, shirt-collars, comfort and umbrella.

There is a man in West Troy who has so much of the milk of human kindness that he is obliged to water it, for fear that he should be so benevolent as to give away all his property.

The mother who saw another baby prettier than her own, has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

The man who got into a train of thought was taken into custody for traveling without a ticket, and sentenced to three days imprisonment in a brown study.

It is estimated that three hundred million pounds of paper are used annually in the United States.

A young lady was recently heard to declare, that she would marry no one who could not keep her a carriage and horses. Her favorite air is "Wait for the wagon."

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Absence of body.

Corns may be removed by simply walking away with them. To make the cure permanent, don't come back yourself!

## Correspondence.

We should have received the following communication some weeks since, but owing to some mishap it only came to hand the 17th inst., too late for publication. Although a little out of date, it will however, amply repay a perusal:

SALEM, January 15, 1855.

DEAR GAZETTE:—For the past three or four weeks we have had a real winter rain, with the usual accompaniment of sou'-westers, nor'-westers and other like visitors from the fabled land of Eolia. But one mail has been received here south of Corvallis since the meeting of the Assembly, and but few from any other direction.

On the night of the eighth of January the Jackson Club celebrated the anniversary of "Old Hickory's" triumph at New Orleans. A supper was set in the Court room, to which about one hundred and fifty persons sat down. There were the usual number of toasts, regular and volunteer—especially the latter. Speeches of all varieties, grave and gay, argumentative and witty, historical and anecdotal, hard and soft. Among the speakers were Curry, Nesmith, Smith, of Linn, Williams, Huber, Kelly and Newell. There were pigs, fowls and champagne, in abundance—of the latter at least, for an hour or two. The greatest good humor prevailed throughout the evening, and the room rang with peals of laughter and deafening cheers, at each sally of wit, burst of eloquence, or decided hit. However there were some hits in a literal sense, made with such missiles as fowls, bones, bread, and cookies, that were not so agreeable to the objects of them. These were caused by some of the Young Democracy becoming more than properly patriotic before the removal of the fragments of the feast. But these little excursions were soon overlooked and forgotten. The Salem band, under the leadership of Jo Wilson, discoursed sweet music from Norma to Rory O'Moore. The company dispersed about twelve o'clock, apparently well satisfied with themselves, and "the rest of mankind."

During the past week the removal of the seat of government has been the prominent legislative topic. The bill for the location of the capitol at Corvallis passed the house on the 13th, by a vote of seventeen to twelve. Its friends expect it to pass the Council, but whether it will or not is a subject of such dubious import, that I refrain from prediction. In these days members are momentarily liable to have their mental perceptions changed on this question by the magic influence of some new light, that works a change of opinion almost "in the twinkling of an eye." Thus far it has been a compound movement, the other element being the location of the University at Jacksonville. A clause was inserted in the bill for the latter preventing the expenditure of money until April, '56. In the mean time a memorial has passed the Assembly asking Congress to authorize the Assembly to convert the University fund into a common school fund. On the 13th, after the passage of the capitol bill, the University bill was referred to a special committee for the purpose of having the restraining clause struck out; the house adjourned over until Monday and left it in the hands of the committee. I believe the University fund will be ultimately changed into a common school fund, "a consummation to be devoutly wished." Its benefits will then be brought home to the door of every one alike whether rich or poor, near or remote from any particular locality. Let us see to it that we first have good common schools "and all things else (in this respect) shall be added unto us."

The question of state government continues to occupy the attention of members "out of the house" as well as in. The latest idea on that subject is embodied in a resolution that passed the Council a few days since, providing for the immediate drafting of a constitution by a committee of the Legislature, to be submitted to the people on the fourth of July next! This idea has the merit of originality, at least, but as yet its actual paternity is doubtful. A friend of mine has suggested that the committee should consist of P—s of the Council and I—y and H—s of the House, that the first two might carve out the body of the thing, and the latter the Bill of Rights. *Viva la Bagatelle!*

The resolutions introduced by Mr. Smith of Linn, endorsing the Nebraska and Kansas bill, have passed the House, and are now in the Council. On the final debate of the resolutions in the House, Holmes of Polk introduced a string of resolutions as a substitute, simply deprecating further agitation of the subject, and protesting against the repeal of the Nebraska and Kansas act. They were very properly voted down. The doctrine of "squatter sovereignty" is either right or wrong. If right, then so

far as the Nebraska bill leaves that "sovereignty" unrestrained its enactment should be approved; if wrong it should be condemned to the same extent. A platform that says in effect the bill should not have been passed, but as it is done, for fear somebody's nerves will be disturbed by a little wholesome legislation, we will oppose its repeal, and acquiesce in the wrong, such a platform is unworthy of any candid man—such a platform will sooner or later become the political grave of all willy-wonty, equivocal politicians, who in time of the political storm crowd its parti-colored planks for safety and success. Such a platform was presented by these resolutions which were offered as a substitute. Such a platform did the "soft" convention of New York present by their famous Nebraska resolution; a resolution that made them a bye-word and a reproach for insincerity, duplicity and equivocation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Yours, MYRTLE.

BEST VEGETABLE FOR MILK COWS.—A correspondent of the Northern Farmer, says: "The vegetable which I wish to recommend as the best, all things considered, for milk cows in winter, is a white flat turnip. Some perhaps, will object to the turnip, because it will affect the taste of the milk and butter. So it does if fed raw; this can be avoided by boiling. For each cow boil half a bushel of turnips soft; while hot, add five or six quarts of shorts, which will swell and you will get the full worth of it. A mess like this fed to a cow once a day, will produce more milk of a good quality, than any other feed at the same cost. Turnips fed in this way do not taint either the milk or butter. One thing in favor of turnips as feed for cows is, they can be sown in August, or as late as the first of September. I sowed some as late as September last year, which were very fine. Turnips are also very profitable feed for pigs, when boiled in the same way as for cows."

BRINGING THE CASE HOME.—"Can you make it convenient to settle my little account?" said a tailor to our friend Jones.

"Do you owe anybody anything?" asked the imperturbable Jones.

"No, Sir," replied the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait," and off he walked.

After a day or two the tailor called again, and Jones was posed for a moment; but recovering himself, he said—

"Are you really in debt to anybody?"

"Well, Sir, since you ask me I'm sorry to say I am."

"Then why the devil don't you pay?"

"That's just it," replied the tailor; "I ain't got the money, else I shouldn't be so pressing."

"Why, by Jove, my dear fellow, that's my case to a T. I'm delighted that you can appreciate my position. I always held your judgment in the highest respect, and I feel now more than ever confirmed of it. Give me your hand, my boy."

The fraternity of fools may be divided into two classes—those who know they are fools, and those who don't. The latter class includes those superannuated fogies who can decant for a week upon the germinating properties of a he skunk cabbage, when they would be puzzled to define what relationship an aunt bears to a grandmother. Young men on single beds—stead salaries, who take on the double utensil without pecuniary increase, are also of this class. Strange, ain't it, that a man will go off into all kinds of foolishness because a snub-nosed girl declines roosting on the same pole with him!

IKK ON THE CITY ELECTION.—"Hooray!" screamed Ikk, through the broken pane of glass, pushing at the same time, a shingle and the fork that held it there down to the floor. "Hooray!" the Know Nothings have carried the day, and Smith is Mayor!" "Well, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, "you needn't make such a noise about it—you couldn't make more noise if a horse had come instead of a mare. Dr. Smith is a good man, and I dare say he ain't forgot how to vasculate either, though he has got to be father of the city, and dispenses law rather than physic, only don't make such a noise about his 'lection, because it ain't anything about, any how."

GETTING OUT OF DILEMMA.—A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind.

"That's a beautiful mare you're on," said Sheridan.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed. How does she trot?" continued Sheridan.

The creditor, highly flattered, put her to a full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

## The Bed-Bug's Doom.

And thou art gone! No more, when day shall veil her face before the thousand eyes of sober night, shalt thou, nocturnal visitant of this my humble couch, leave thy secret haunt, by me oft sought never found, and ghoul-like banquet on the blood that lies within my sluggish veins. Oh, how I'll miss thee! Miss the itchings, scratchings, sleepings, and the ardent exercise of bootless search that worried me so oft, and gave a zest and appetite to after sleep, that only was vouchsafed when thou hadst gorged thy fill.

Oh! in the lone and solemn watches of mysterious night's high noon, when nature lay in seeming death around, and hallowed thoughts—the natural thoughts of a holy hour—distilled their balm upon my sinful soul, and worldly passions, powerless and dead, lay captive to the genius of man's better nature—hast thou, unawed by circumstances, or time or place, unmindful of the thoughts within me stirred, with noiseless step my body travelled o'er, plunging thy execrating fangs deep in some tender part, and earthward turned the current of pure thoughts, whose fountains welled in heaven!

How have I sprang, in madness from my couch, and searched, eye, blade by blade, my pallet's humble straw! How have I scanned each crevice and each nook, to wreak my just revenge upon thy vampire head! How have the inquisition's terrors and the direst cruelties that froze my young heart's blood when first I read the Book of Martyrs, paled before the tortures I designed for thee—when I could catch thee—and how have I caught thee not—wondered where thou'dst fled—and even thought, when wearied with the search, thou art no real being, but come to me a spirit-bug, whose temporal part in self-defence I'd slain. Thus worried out with speculation, would I fall asleep—but morning never failed to show to me thy bite at least was real.

Thou didst not die as bugs are won't to die, by baleful poison's lingering, torturing death. Thou wast not crushed, as many bugs have been by screwing up afresh the bedstead's tottering frame. A mouse-trap caught thee!—a little trap, triangular in frame—a flippeny garrote—the offspring, I believe, of some great mind "down east," which I did purchase, and did bait with cheese, to stop the breath and gnawing of a wanton mouse that scuttled my new boots. The bait allured thee, and morning's earliest dawn disclosed thy strangled form—thou patriarch of thy race, and "big bug" of thy tribe!

And thou art gone, dread spirit of unrest—thou vampire incubus—and left the field to pigmy bugs and flees, whose gentle punctures and close fellowship will move me not—for I am tough by the tanner's Time—have ran the gaunt-let of cheap board through town—have lived on hash of all things else save meat—have been the middle one of seven in a bed—in closest room, on hottest summer night—have fed to bursting gallinippers huge, and snored to concert of amorous tom-cats, setting love's disputes—and 'mid the ill, the thousand ill, that wed themselves to "private board," I ne'er was moved by night save thee—thou blood dyed vampire, grand-dad bed-bug of thy tribe.

JONATHAN AT HIS OLD TRICKS.—Kendal of the New Orleans Pleasure, relates the following, which occurred in his presence at Baden Baden, in Germany. \* \* \* At the juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject-matter brought under discussion was bathing. "I take a cold bath every morning when at home," said John Bull. "So do I," retorted the Yankee. "Winter and summer," continued the Englishman. "My system exactly," responded the Yankee. "Is your weather and water cold?" queried John Bull. "Rightly chilly," continued brother Jonathan. "So cold that the water all freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!" continued the Yankee with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. "Were you in the next room to me in America," he responded, "and could hear me as I am taking my sponge-bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back!" The Englishman shrugged his shoulders as with a chill and unweaved.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF KANSAS TERRITORY.—The official aggregate vote of the whole Territory, given at the late election for delegate to Congress, was 2,831. There was seven candidates. Gen. Whitfield, Nebraska democrat, had a majority of 1,685 over all his competitors.

An English writer says, you can tell when you are surrounded by dozen Americans, by the following unerring test; three will be found smoking cigars, and nine reading newspapers.

There is a man in Missouri who has lived so long on corn bread that his voice is husky, his hair is silky, and his toes are covered with a right smart chance of corns.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.—The balance of power.

Written for the Weekly Gazette.

## Popular Education.

BY W. H. SPENCER.

PART SECOND—CONTINUED.

"There are two views of human nature, both of which are plausible, and may be supported by many facts and arguments.—One of which is, that man seeks his principal happiness from the source of a well ordered action of his animal propensities, and may be considered as bearing a striking resemblance to other species of animals, tho' possessed of qualities of a superior nature. I do not wish it understood, that I refer to his mere "sensual" wishes, but all the particular qualities not of an intellectual nature, of which man may be in possession, belong equally to other animals, and which are endowed with the peculiar propensity of seeking for selfish gratification, as the chief motive for action; or in other words, man, considered in regard to his animal nature, seeks the mere gratification of his senses, in common with other animals; though, of course, the means employed for such a purpose are different. As an example: existence may be considered as being bestowed on man that he may indulge in gross pleasures; of propagating his species, of appropriating a portion of the goods of this world to himself, of seeking worldly honors, and likewise, of satiating the thinking and fantastic faculties by literature, and the arts and sciences. If regarded in this light, "self-interest and individual aggrandizement, would be the leading motives of all sensible men during life; and the moral faculties would be used chiefly to control and direct these selfish sensualities in seeking their gratification, so as to prevent them from unduly injuring their neighbors, and endangering their own prosperity." It can readily be conceived what would be the final result of this system. This life would be without one leading moral motive; all happiness and prosperity would be selfish and isolated—would place every man in a comparatively independent position, and, consequently, he would have but little sympathy with his fellow beings; and the whole of his intellectual faculties would be directed to the means of satisfying his lower propensities. If society should finally be reduced to such a state, and make the foregoing principles the chief objects of life, the world of mankind would then sink into degradation, be enveloped in mental darkness, and reduced, in reality, to the condition of the brute creation. It is to be hoped, that this will never be the case again, as in the dark ages of the world.

The other view is this, that man is undoubtedly an intellectual and moral being, having the powers of discrimination, the correct conceptions of right and wrong, seeking his principal pleasures in the pursuits which have a connection with his moral attributes and intelligence, the animal desires acting as the mere factor of the intellectual faculties, to assist them in using those means which are most likely to benefit the whole man, and for no other purpose. History is not silent on this subject. It will be seen by an examination of its pages, that man, in the early ages of the world, is described as ever living in that selfish, isolated condition, previously referred to. During those dark periods in the history of man, it is well authenticated that he either, with undisguised motives, sought those objects of sensual gratification, as the only purpose of existence, or controlling them only in such a manner, so as to be more certain of realizing, to a greater extent, the end proposed—but never once making his actions subservient to the accomplishment of moral objects, any further than would be consistent with the original intention. It is to be feared that this is the case with society at the present day, to a lamentably great extent, though more disguised than in former times. At the present time, men have become more skilled in the arts of deception, and have greater facilities for accomplishing selfish and hidden purposes than during the earlier ages of the world. Now, the greater portion of mankind do not hesitate to make use of any plausible means, so that they but insure the gratification of certain wicked designs.—The abuse of any assumed character or virtue does not, at all, have a tendency to curb their sinful desires; and I here state it as a fact, that men of the present age, however that fact may be disguised, are more insincere, and consequently, more fatal in certain influences if wielded in opposition to the improvement of society, than were the ancients.

Public example goes a great way to improve for a good purpose, or to frustrate the designs of any commendable improvement of society. And here let me avail myself of the opportunity to write a few lines in regard to some things of a public character, so objectionable in their nature, so pernicious in their influences, and have such an intimate connection with the sub-