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A Yankee Outdone.

When at Brazos Santiago, the army suffered much from the heat and drouth. The water from the Rio Grande, though abundant was not very palatable, and all kinds of liquors were at a premium. A certain hoary headed Yankee by some means procured a barrel of cider, and with this he determined to "set up business." He ran together a loose canvass shed, then tapped his barrel, and proceeded at once to retail his cider at two dimes a glass.

Customers flocked by dozens, and our Yankee was making an "eternal fortune" at a stride. Some of his patrons complained that two dimes a glass was an outrageous price; but the times were hard as well as hot, whiskey scarce, the water bad, the retailer's conscience easy; he had all the cider in the market, and "raley could not sell cheaper." For several hours the Yankee was as popular as a pay-master; crowds filled his shanty, his cider went off rapidly, and the deep pockets of his short legged pantaloon contained silver enough to start a free bank in Indiana. But the tide of fortune unfortunately began to ebb before the cider was half sold; his patrons were gradually falling off, and by the middle of the afternoon Jonathan was left alone on his barrel to whittle and cogitate upon the instability of trade. Towards evening a customer appeared in the tent and called for a glass of cider. The retailer hastened to draw the desired potation. The customer after drinking it, took out his pocket book and inquired the price.

"Two dimes," said the Yankee.
"Two what?" exclaimed the customer.
"To dimes," coolly replied Jonathan.
"Why," sneered the customer, "I can get just as good cider here as that for five cents a glass."

"No you can't," drawled the Yankee.—
"There aint a pint of cider, 'cept what I've got in that ere barrel, this side of Orleans."
"I know better," retorted the purchaser.
"I bought a glass not an hour ago, and only paid five cents for it."
"I'd like to know where you affected that little transaction?" inquired the Yankee.

"Right round here," was the answer.
"I guess it was right round here—right round where—right round where, I'd like to know!" continued the cider seller.

"Why close by here somewhere—just back of your place," rejoined the customer.
"I'll bet you ten drinks you did'nt," said the Yankee, "and we'll go right round and see."

"Done!" responded the customer, and off they started.
Sure enough, 'right round there,' they found another establishment in full clash.

A second Yankee had rigged an awning like the first Yankee's shed, and tapped the rear end of the aforesaid barrel, through a board, and was retailing it at five cents a glass to a perfect rash of customers.—
Campaign in Mexico.

••• A young lady who took the eye of every body, had been arrested for stealing.

••• In the current of life, beware of the gulf of intemperance.

Written for the Weekly Gazette. Popular Education.

BY W. H. SPENCER.

Prevailing Errors in regard to the nature and end of Education—Continued.

"The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age. Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning, and thus men acquire power without the principles which alone make it good. Talent is worshipped; but if divorced from rectitude, it will prove more of a demon than a god."—Channing.

Another misconception in the present system of education, is the want of a proper knowledge, as to what constitutes a thorough education. Some are said to be educated when only their intellectual nature is developed; and others when the moral, only, has been cultivated. These two leading principles should never be separated, as is too often the case. Thus in a certain class, may be seen a development of the intellectual faculties, while their moral ones are in a manner dormant; in another class just the reverse is the case—the moral predominating over the intellectual; and what is more deplorable, a third, and I am sorry to say, the most numerous class, possess neither a moral nor an intellectual education; but of all classes, those pretend to an education, a majority of whom have more of an intellectual, than of a moral culture. This should not be so. No particular class of faculties should be nurtured to the detriment of others of equal importance. The whole mind should be operated upon in such a way, so that every organ would have a balancing and mutually sustaining power in its opposite.

In a former age of the world, scholastic philosophy, which had for its object the "development" of "the reasoning" powers, and the cultivation of the theological studies, engaged the entire attention of the seminaries of learning. It was, as Hallam says, "In its general principle, an alliance between faith and reason; an endeavor to arrange the orthodox system of the church, such as authority had made it, according to the rules and methods of the Aristotelian dialectic, and sometimes upon premises supplied by metaphysical reasoning." If at this early period in modern civilization, a certain amount of scholastic culture was requisite to the attainment of what was then deemed to be a sufficient development of the mind, the moderns have "passed to the opposite extreme." No exertion is now spared to instruct children in the elements of science and letters, also in the avocations of every day life—perhaps at the sacrifice of "moral and physical supremacy." Shrewdness in business is often mistaken for a genuine education. It is considered by some, of great importance in the development of "mental energies and activity." This is a great error, and a great detriment to the correct training of some minds. This class of children grow up to be what is vulgarly termed, "dashing business young men," who are very conspicuous characters in all commercial cities. The cultivation of the intellectual energies alone, without due regard being paid to the healthful improvement of the moral faculties, is, perhaps, one of the greatest mistakes committed by parents and teachers. The result of this system is seen in the peculiar characteristic attendant upon those who have arrived at the age of maturity—they form a certain class known in every community, as the *profanum vulgus*. They may be possessed of a great amount of knowledge, shrewdness, and many other kindred accomplishments, yet they are slaves to their own passions. Man without a moral education, is like a ship at sea without a rudder, which is as perfect as may be, in every other particular; she is, for want of this important instrument, blown about in all directions by contrary winds and currents, and is liable to be broken to fragments, at any moment, against some hidden rock or reef. The moral faculties were given to man as a guide, a shield, and a talisman, against the predominance of a misguided intelligence and ungovernable passions. Examples are not wanting to show "the greatest scourges of our race are men of gigantic, cultivated intellects." Better that children remain in ignorance, than to have an education which is likely to inflict misery on themselves and others. The cultivation of the intellectual faculties alone, constitutes no sufficient guaranty that the subject of it will become either a virtuous man, a good neighbor or a useful citizen. Dr. Humphrey says, "most men leave out, or regard as of very little importance, some of the most essential elements" of a correct education. "They seem to forget that a child has a conscience and a heart to be educated as well as an intellect. If they do not lay too much stress on mental culture, which, indeed, is hardly possible, they lay far too little upon that which is moral and religious. They expect to elevate the child to his proper

station in society, to make him wise and happy, an honest man, a virtuous citizen, and a good patriot, by furnishing him a comfortable school house, suitable class-books, competent teachers, and if he is poor, paying his quarter bills, while they greatly underrate, if they do not entirely overlook, that high moral training, without which knowledge is the power of doing evil rather than good. It may, possibly, nurture up a race of intellectual giants, but like the sons of Anak, they will be far readier to trample down the Lord's heritage, than to protect and cultivate it."

Man may be considered as a complicated, and not a simple being. A common language, he is in possession of three natures, a corporeal, a rational, and a moral; and however mysteriously these three may be bound together, they are essential in the composition of a good and perfect man; and as they begin to manifest themselves in children, while yet very young, the attention of parents should be directed to the assistance and moulding of their development; to foster and discipline no particular quality alone, but each according to its intrinsic and relative importance. Man may be sunk to the lowest depths of human degradation and ignorance, yet he feels the want of some support, some religion, some refuge, "where flesh and heart fail." Children "can at a very early period of life, be made to see and feel the difference between right and wrong—between good and evil." They can while yet very young, be influenced by the hopes and fears of life; by reason, by counsel, and by the precepts of Heaven; and all this demonstrator without a doubt that mortality, you even religion itself was intended by the Supreme Being to be a part of education. Children should be treated by those who have the care of them, as moral and accountable beings. "The simple study of man's moral nature, before we open the Bible, unavoidably leads to the conclusion, that any system of popular education must be extremely defective which does not make special provision for this branch of public instruction.

No one will dispute the fact, that children have a very early inclination to go astray in the paths of sin and folly; and if permitted to arrive at the age of maturity, without previous moral and religious culture, as guides and natural restraints, the greater part would be no credit to the society in which they happened to live. "This is sufficient for our present argument." "The evil bias must be counteracted." The happiness, prosperity and safety of every civilized state, demands that all its youth be subjected to the moulding and sanctifying influence of moral and religious training, and culture. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "This is divine, and the opposite is equally true. Train up a child in the way he should not go, or, which comes to about the same thing, leave him to take the wrong way of his own accord, and when he is old he will not depart from THAT. His tread will be heavier and heavier upon the broad and beaten track." "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" "Then may those also do good who are accustomed to do evil." Moral education should commence at home; and parents cannot throw off upon the teacher alone the responsibility of developing their children's moral and religious nature. Without the principle of morality as a basis to guide and control its powers, intellectual education is worthless—"is a sharp sword in the hands of a practiced and reckless fencer." Popular education, with all its funds and modern improvements, falls short of realizing those Utopian dreams, indulged in by many sensible men, as regards the culture and elevation of the masses, for want of this essential ingredient.

It is bad policy to exclude the Bible from common schools. The Hon. Daniel D. Barnard has made the remark, that "to make instruction effective, it should be given according to the best code of morals known to the country and age; and that code, it is universally conceded, is contained in the Bible. Hence the Bible, as containing that code, so far from being arbitrarily excluded from our schools, ought to be in common use in them. Keeping all the while in view the object of popular education, the fitting of the people by moral and religious, as well as intellectual discipline, for self government no one can doubt that any system of instruction which overlooks the training and informing of the moral faculties must be wretchedly and factually defective. Crime and intellectual cultivation merely, so far from being dissociated in history and statistics, are unhappily old acquaintances and tried friends. To neglect the moral powers in education, is to educate, not quite half the man. To cultivate the intellect only is to unhinge the mind and destroy the essential balance of the mental powers; it is to light up the re-

cess only the better to see how dark it is. And if this is all that is done in popular education, then nothing, literally nothing, is done toward establishing popular virtue and forming a moral people.

(To be continued.)

A Catalogue of Marvels.

From the report of the Patent office, the Washington *Cotton Plant* compiles a list of wonders. The report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobb lock. Its "unpickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumbles, which prevent instruments used in picking from reaching the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder-proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired off until the burglar is tired of his fruitless work or fears that the report of his explosions will bring to view his experiments more witnesses than he desires.

Doors and shutters have also been patented which cannot be broken through with either pick sledge hammer. The burglars' occupation is gone.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented which goes by a steam engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of sherry, and produced blocks of ice of the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was standing at eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace it will make a ton of ice.

From Dr. Gale's examiner's report we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters, took a model of his machine through the western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with forty thousand dollars. Another had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and the India rubber patents are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's reports describe new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally shocked to death. Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock which wakes you up, and tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "Sound gatherer," a sort of huge ear-trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ear all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the rattle of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all around with their heads up, and sticks them in a paper in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out the pure article.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another rocks the cradle, and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair, that can be tipped back in any position, without any legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts the passengers in an omnibus, and takes their fare. When a very fat gentleman gets in it counts two, and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fish line that adjusts its own bait; a rat-trap that throws away the rat, and then bait itself and stands in the corner for another.

The truths of the Patent Office are stranger than fiction.

There is a machine also, by which a man prints instead of writing his thoughts. It is played like a piano. And, speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred hands, and costing two millions of dollars.

HOW GUNS ARE SPIKED.—A correspondent of the London Herald describes how the Russians spike the guns—"The spikes are about four inches long, and of the dimensions of a tobacco pipe; the head flat; a barb at the point acts as a spring, which is naturally pressed to the shaft upon being forced into the touch hole. Upon reaching the chamber of the gun it resumes its position, and it is impossible to withdraw it.—It can only be got out by drilling—no easy task, as they are made of the hardest steel, and being also loose in the touch hole, there is much difficulty in making a drill bite as effectually as it should do. Its application is the work of a moment—a single tap on the flat head with the palm of the hand sufficing.

A White Female Digger.

A white female Digger, the Trinity river correspondent of the *Trinity Times* says, has arrived at Mansento, and caused much interest. He says "there is much rivalry as to who can woo and win her; and it is nothing strange to see one of her suitors presenting her with a bag of flour or beans. Some imagine she is the offspring of white parents, taken prisoner by the Indians.—She has all the characteristics of the Indian race, but none of their features or color. There are a great many conjectures, but she puzzles the shrewdest guess to what nation she belongs, or to account for this queer freak of nature, as an old squaw claims her as her own papoose. Some old bachelors here think if she could wash and cook, she would make a good wife; others younger and less experienced think she would make a good one whether or no.—Still, that is doubted. The prevailing opinion is that she is an Aztec."

What a glorious theme for a romance! What a heroine G. P. R. James could make of her, under the title of "The Wild Maid of the Trinity!" He would give her "golden locks," the form, features and grace of a fairy, and a step as light as a "gossamer in a summer morn." He would doubtless locate the place of her birth in some "vine-clad nook" on the "broad waters of the Hudson, overlooking," etc.—Parents wealthy, of course, and she an only daughter, inheriting an immense fortune, as well as the intelligence of her father and the virtues of her mother." At the early age of six pledges her young heart to a young school-fellow, a precocious youth of ten. Her father loses his fortune by a series of casualties, supposed to have been caused by "the avenging hand of heaven" for the sins of his grandfather—becomes prostrated—looks gloomy—wifes tries in vain to comfort—determines to mend his fortunes in the far west—preparations for a journey across the plains—last meeting of the lovers, who swear "eternal constancy"—the tender parting—Start on their journey; joined by another party at Independence; attacked by hostile Indians; father kills twenty-seven; mother loads the guns; daughter passes the balls, and wishes she was a man; Indians press hard; father down, and six tomahawks raised over his head; opportune arrival of Kit Carson, who disperses the Indians, and then rides off without waiting for thanks; buffaloes; prairie on fire and narrow escape; cross the President's range; attacked by 2,000 Blackfeet; 1,000 Indians killed; the daughter captured, and the Indians retreat; the mother swoons; father swears vengeance; Blackfeet trade daughter to Trinity Indians for a brass kettle; adopted by the chief, who has no children; grows up lovely and beautiful; Indian loves her; presses her to become his *mohala*, and gather acorns and grasshoppers for him; she appeals to his generosity, and tells him her heart belongs to another, of whom she has a vague recollection; Indian can't *sabe*, but still persists. She comes into the town of Mansento with basket on her head; miner sees her; is attracted by her beauty; a fearful suspicion breaks across his mind; have you a mole on the back of your neck?"—"I have! I have!"—open his arms—"I am your long lost Henry!"—the shriek—the momentary gaze—the embrace! Indian lover hard by—approaches miner with a drawn crevice-knife—"Ugh! my *mohala*!"—"Liar!"—the terrific combat!—Indian slain!—constancy rewarded! *Finale*—father and mother approaching in the distance.—*Golden Era.*

THIS IS LIFE.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought on our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass on to their work. But no one will miss us except our intimate connections; and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now in active life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him!" We live in an other age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes! O, blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance.

CURE FOR BONE FELONS.—My practice with bone felons, is to direct a poultice of bread and milk, flax seed, or slippery elm, for a few days, perhaps five, and then make a deep and free incision to let the matter out. When this practice has been followed, I have never seen any loss of bone or stiffened fingers; on the contrary, where timely opening has been neglected one or the other of these casualties has frequently resulted.—*American Agriculturist.*