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BOYD & BLAKELY, PROPRIETORS.]

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The Check-Rein.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Democrat, thus
sharply follows up the attack upon the
senseless and cruel practice of checking
up the heads of horses:

"When Stewpyd harnesses his horse for
dragging brick up a grade, the horse's
head is pulled back towards his tail and
anchored there by the senseless and merci-
less check-rein. The arrangement is un-
natural; the animal is constrained by it.—
He must inevitably lose strength by it, for
it disturbs the vital force and induces an
unnatural action in the muscles of the neck,
head, shoulders and mouth. There are less
energy and vigor left for the limbs and
chest than there would be if the stupid con-
trivance were jerked off and thrown over
the nearest fence. If the reason cannot
teach this promptly to any man, just let
him try the experiment by putting a mar-
tingale upon himself and go to wrestling;
or putting a check in the jaws of a boxer
that shall extend down his back to his belt.
It is a constantly witnessed fact that when
a check-rein is loosed at a tavern stoop or
in a stable the poor horse always stretches
out his neck and hangs down his head.—
This is his language for saying that the
strap hurts him and wears him, that he is
heartily glad to be relieved from it.

The genius that first proposed the me-
chanical feat of lifting himself up by the
seat of his breeches must have been the
author of the theory that the check-rein held
the horse up and kept him from falling.—
The mechanical action in the two cases
must be precisely the same. If the reader
will reflect for a moment, he will see no
sustaining power can be derived except
from without the animal. A post, tree, or
beam is just as indispensable to the support
of a horse as to the support of a man intent
on suicide. A horse cannot hang himself
up in the air by the terrets on his back,
any more than a man can by pulling up-
wards at his neck handkerchief.

The check-rein should be abolished. It
wastes power. Its use is unhealthy, for it
disturbs the otherwise naturally and equal-
ly distributed vital forces. It shortens the
life of a horse. It diminishes his speed
and lessens the free and quick action, so
essential to the animal's safety and that of
his driver. It is of no use, and cannot
confer dignity or grace to an animal that
was made by the Lord. Had man got up
the horse, check-reins and all other sorts of
contrivance would have been allowable not
only, but perhaps necessary, but the work
of the Great Artist cannot be improved up-
on.

CURE FOR FELONS.—Boil up in any iron
vessel of sufficient capacity (say four or
six quarts) enough yellow dock root to
make a strong liquor, when sufficiently boiled,
and while the liquor is as hot as can be
borne by the hand, cover the kettle with
flannel cloth to keep in the heat and steam,
and hold the hand or finger affected under
the cloth and in the steam, and in five min-
utes the pain will cease. If it should re-
turn after a time, heat up the same liquor
and do as before. In a cure performed in
this way, the joints of the fingers will be
preserved.—Scientific American.

Written for the Weekly Gazette. Popular Education.

BY W. H. SPENCER.

PART SECOND—CONCLUDED. Prevailing Errors in regard to the nature and end of Education.

"Girls of seven years of age should al-
ready possess a decided fondness for do-
mestic employments, and from this period
onward they ought themselves to learn all
the active duties which belong to domestic
life; they should derive pleasure from ac-
tive employment in the different depart-
ments of the household, the kitchen, the
nursery, and needlework, &c., in order
that they may become well-informed and
skilled in all these affairs. At this period,
also, they must become acquainted with
books, since these are inseparably con-
nected with modern culture. In general, too
great care cannot be taken that cheer-
fulness which is so lovely in all should not
be lost by study, or application to any other
pursuit. It is delightful to hear every
part of the house resound with the young
maiden's sweet song; delightful is that vi-
vacity which so often enlivens home and
cheers all its inmates.

"Modesty, cleanliness, propriety in all
respects, as well as all other female virtues,
will indeed manifest themselves spontane-
ously in young maidens who have not been
neglected or spoiled in childhood; yet they
must be earnestly cherished and carefully
cultivated, and it is precisely at the age
commencing with the eighth year that this
is most necessary, because at this age an
excited state of mind with reference to so-
cial relations supervenes, by means of which
the artlessness of childhood is apt to suffer.
When it is borne in mind how easily the
mind's simplicity and purity are lost by
shallow gossip, by ungentle, gaudy
treatment, and by fondness for shining and
public display; when the many examples of
female flippancy, vanity, and coquetry, that
meet us everywhere, are taken into consid-
eration, it will be obvious to every reflect-
ing mind that the treatment, or, rather, ab-
sence of proper treatment during the period
of which we speak, is in fact, a crime. It
shortly requires treatment of such delicacy
and tenderness, as to cherish in their minds
a prominent and acute sense of personal
sacredness.

"But they are not, on that account, to
be brought up to be fragile, sensitive, or
ornamental plants. Girls also have their
path of life to run, which is often enough
thorny, and the asperities of whose atmos-
phere they must be prepared to bear, while
in their home they let their softening and
warming light shine. But, in order to this,
exalted self-denial is necessary, and nothing
is so sure to communicate this as a Christian
education. Their school for life will there-
fore be home, with its joys, and, perhaps,
more frequently, its sorrows; and this tender
will be the best for developing their tender
feelings, and to induct them gradually into
their own beautiful activities.

"The tone of the house, and of the entire
mode of treatment, should be, both for boys
and girls, the same even, natural, sober, and
friendly family-tone, if education is to be
successful. Nothing affected, nothing stiff
and constrained, nothing pedantic; but
throughout, unconstrained cordiality, cheer-
fulness, and good humor, combined with
due sobriety and firmness in all things,
which the educator must require; this is
what the nature of children and of parents
demands."

"The great length to which these remarks
have already extended, will prevent me
from entering into further detail as regards
the prevailing errors in the present system
of popular education. I have been more
tedious than I intended when I commenced
writing on the present part of my subject;
and yet, much more might be written—but
I forbear, and spare my readers' patience.
In concluding part second, I will use the
following passage from a sermon of Dr.
Ramsden. He is showing "the tendency
of all knowledge to form the heart of a
nation."

"We will venture to say how, in the mer-
cy of God to man, this heart comes to a na-
tion, and how its exercise or affection appears.
It comes by priests, by lawyers, by philoso-
phers, by schools, by education, by the
nurse's care, the mother's anxiety, the father's
severe brow. It comes by letters, by
silence, by every art, by sculpture, painting
and poetry; by the song on war, on peace,
on domestic virtue, on a beloved and mag-
nanimous king; by the Iliad, by the Ody-
sey, by tragedy, by comedy. It comes by
sympathy, by love, by the marriage union,
by friendship, generosity, meekness, tem-
perance; by virtue and example of virtue.
It comes by sentiments of chivalry, by ro-
mance, by music, by decorations and mag-
nificence of buildings; by the culture of the
body, by comfortable clothing, by fashion
in dress, by luxury and commerce. It
comes by severity, the melancholy, the bu-

nignity of the countenance; by rules of pos-
sibility, ceremonies, formalities, solemnities.
It comes by rights attendant upon law, by
religion, by the oath of office, by the vena-
rable assembly, by the judges' procession,
and trumpets, by the disgrace and punish-
ment of crimes, by public feasts, public pray-
er, by mediation, by the Bible, by the con-
secration of churches, by the sacred festival,
by the cathedral's gloom and choir.—
Whence the heart of a nation comes,
we have perhaps, sufficiently explained.—
And it must appear to what most awful
obligation and duty we hold those from
whom this heart takes its nature and shape
—our king, our princes, our nobles, all who
wear the badge of office or honour, all
priests, judges, senators, pleaders, interpre-
ters of law, all instructors of youth, all se-
minaries of education, all parents, all learned
men, all professors of science and art, all
teachers of manners. Upon them depends
the fashion of the nation's heart. By them
it is to be chastised, refined, and purified.
By them is the state to lose the character
and title of the beasts of prey. By them
are the iron scales to fall, and a skin of
youth, beauty, freshness, and polish to come
upon it. By them it is to be made so tame
and gentle, as that a child may lead it."

A western Locomotive Fireman to his Friend.

TOLEDO, Nov. 12, 1854.

DEAR JIM:—Why don't you pack up
your plunder and come here? We have
rare sport, I can tell you—you can bet your
life on that. When I first came out here I
had the ager a good deal. I shook every
day for six months, and then got a going
every other day. Took more quinine than
a boss could draw. After a while Jo Smashup
asked me to run on his engine and fire
for him.

"You won't shake long on my locomo-
tive," says he, "for if pine knots don't drive
out your ager, one or two collisions'll fix
you out complete."

Well, on this engine I went, and I ain't
shook since. It's better than a Kolagog.

Joe is a perfect brick. He'd rather run
into a train or drove of cattle than not.—
You'd ought to see the Sins by some
times. We had a little fun 't'other night,
and I'll tell you how it was. The other
train that we met every night at Pile-up
station, has been in the habit of holding on
to the track on our time, and the conduc-
tors had two or three jawns about it. Our
conductor says to the other one, says he:
"If you don't get off on to the other track
a little livelier in futur, I'll run into you
some night or other—sure's you live."

Then the other says, "You run inter me
and you'll get cleaned out, sartain. An I'll
stay upon the track twelve hours if I like
—you bet your sweet life on that!"

"Wall," says our conductor, "when you
stand on the track on my time you've got
to back to the east end of the side track to
switch off, or you'll ketch it some dark
night."

"No," says 't'other one, "I ain't a going to
no east end of the track to switch off—cer-
tain's you live."

"Wall, then you'll smashed to hell, sure's
you live."

"Wall, you just try it on."

"Wall, you'll see."

"Wall, you'll see."

"You'll make a heap by runnin inter me,
I reckon."

"Wall, you'll make a heap by holding on
to the track—that's sartain."

Well you see, that's the kind of talk we
had once or twice, and the other night,
about half-past two in the morning, they
got to the station ahead of us and held on.
The conductor goes inter the depo and
cocks his feet up on to the stove as cool as
a cucumber, leavin' the train—eight pas-
senger cars on the track. The depo man is
a wide-awake chap, and because his switch
man was sick and off duty, he knowed he'd
got to turn the switch if the train was put
on to the side track, for us to go by. So
he went in and axed the conductor if he
war'n't a goin' on to the side track?

"Y-a-a-s, I suppose so."

"Wall," says he "you can't be a mite too
quick about it—now mind I tell you."

The conductor went out kinder slow and
telled the engineer to go to the west
end of the side track and switch off, but
before they got there they met us, and then
wan't there some fun! Joe Smashup says
to me—

"What's them fellers trying to do? Ain't
they on our time? Yes," says he, looking
at his watch, "the track belongs to us, and
I'm going to let her rip—sure's you live."

"What," says I, "you goin' to run these
trains together?"

"Look here," says he, "I'm running on my
own time—the track belongs to me, and I
don't see any signals, so I ain't to blame if
there's a smash. Same time, between you
and me, we'd always order be ready to jump
when we get near the depo; and he gin me
a wink, as if to say, "Look out for your-

self!"

It's a mighty straight track across the
country at Pile up, and we struck a pretty
good gait, Joe had his hand upon the
brakes, but he kept a looking mighty sharp.

"By George," says he, "we'll head 'em
off. They can't get up to the switch in
time. Get ready jump. No you needn't.
'Twon't be a killer, for they've stopped and
are crawling off the other way. I'm afraid
we shall run into them though."

I did jump though, before she struck,
but Joe stuck to the machine. He's used
to it, and knowed how hard she'd bit, to a
pound. The damage wasn't no great.—
The Lion, 't'other machine, was smashed up
considerable, and one baggage car and one
passenger weren't no good arterwards.—
Then all the couplings and platforms in
both trains were smashed up. We lost our
cow-catcher and lantern, but the bully ma-
chine run just as well as ever that morning.

Well, the passengers screamed. One
man's anele was smashed, one shoulder was
put out of joint, and one passenger had his
leg crushed to pieces. We took him to
the depo, and a young surgeon cut off his
leg at the thigh. It's probable that he'll
die. The young doctor has got to hanging
round the Pile-up depo for the train every
night. I believe he's cut off four legs there
in two months. I heard him tell Bill Rob-
inson that he was ahead yet. I got a sight
of this fellow sure. He said I heard the
law between the conductors yesterday, and
I reckoned on a job this morning.

The man that was smashed was going
home to his family in Wisconsin. It took
a long time to clear the track, and the pas-
sengers growled like fun, arter they got
over their fright.

Now, Jim, come out here, and get on a
train with a gritty conductor and engineers,
and you'll have a heap of fun, sure's you
live. SAMUEL FREATER.

GERMAN BRIDES.—The Germans have a
queer way of making "brides," and of do-
ing some other things in the courting and
marrying way.

When a maiden is betrothed, she is called
"bride," and so continues till she becomes
a "wife." All the while she is engaged she
is a "bride."

The lovers, immediately upon the be-
trothal, exchange plain gold rings, which
are worn ever afterwards, till death parts
them.

The woman wears hers on the the third
finger of the left hand, and the man his on
the right hand. When the bride becomes
a wife, her ring is transferred to the third
finger of the right hand, and there it re-
mains.

The husband always wears his ring just
as the wife wears hers—so that if you look
upon a man's hand you can tell whether he
is mortgaged or not. There is no cheating
for him ever after—no coquetting with the
girls, as if he were an unmarried man; for
lo! the whole story is told by his finger-
ring.

A married Viennese lady, was much
amused when told that in our country we
only "ring" the woman, but let the husband
run at large unmarked.

"Oh, that is dreadful!" said she more
than half shocked. "Think, there is Fred-
erick, my husband—only twenty-four—so
young, so handsome—and all the girls
would be taking him for an unmarried man,
and he making love to him! Oh, it is dread-
ful! Is it not? They would never know
he was married! How can you do so in
your country? I would not live there with
Frederick for the world!"

The Queen of England, on her late
journey from Balmoral to London, tele-
graphed that she would stop all night at
Hull, the loyal people of which town had
never enjoyed the honor, though often re-
quested, of a visit from Her Majesty. At
very short notice great preparations were
made for her reception, and the town ex-
pended £5,500 for the occasion. The ac-
count of the affair dwells upon the con-
descension of the Queen in walking from
the railway to the hotel—ninety yards— and
says that the royal children "did not forget
to mark their sense of the reception accord-
ed to them, with a becoming air of serious
dignity."

THE NARCOTICS THAT WE INDULGE IN.—
The Chemistry of Common Life states
that tobacco is produced to the extent 4,
480,000,000 lbs. annually, and is used
among 800,000,000 of men; Opium,
among 400,000,000 of men; Indian Hemp
among 250,000 of men; Betel-Nut, (or Pi-
nang,) among 100,000,000 of men; Cocoon,
among 10,000,000 of men. Little is known
in Europe of the use of hemp as a narcot-
ic; yet in the east it is familiar to the volup-
tuary as the Opium and Tobacco of other
regions. The value of these articles is fixed
at £60,500,000 annually—\$302,500,
000.

VARIETIES.

LIFE PRESERVERS.—A sea captain, writ-
ing to the Richmond Dispatch about the
dangers of shipwreck, says: "A feather
pillow has a buoyant power fully equal to
half a dozen of the best life-preservers ever
invented, and that a common mattress will
make a raft amply sufficient to float a man
and trunk."

This is important, if true. All mattress-
es on ship board might be made of granu-
lated cork, and thus be rendered trustwor-
thy life-preservers.

* * * The man who courted an investiga-
tion says that is not near so agreeable as
courting a charming woman.

* * * A retired schoolmaster excuses his
passion for angling by saying that, from
constant habit, he never feels quite himself
unless he's handling the rod.

* * * The man "behind the age" was over-
thrown by the advancing civilization of the
"coming generation."

* * * Why does a regular smoker invari-
ably make about thirty abortive attempts to
ignite a lucifer on the bowl of his pipe, be-
fore he condescends to light it on the bot-
tom of the box.

* * * Why are soldiers like clocks? Be-
cause their first duty is to "mark time."

* * * When a young lady grows quite
impatient, is she stouter or taller?

* * * There is an old lady in Troy who
is so full of sympathy, that every time her
ducks take a bath in mud gutter she dries
their feet by the fire, to keep them from
catching cold.

* * * Ladies of a certain age may, per-
haps, envy the emperor of China one of his
luxuries; his birth-day is celebrated only
once in ten years.

* * * A Hungarian desiring to compliment
a young lady upon her domestic habits,
said—"Oh, Miss, how homely you are."

* * * The best capital for young men to
start with in life, is industry, good sense
and industry. It is better than all the
friends and cash ever raised.

* * * The ague rages so in some parts of
Indiana, that the people are obliged to sleep
with corn cobs in their mouths, to keep from
shaking their teeth out.

* * * A chaplain at a State Prison was
asked by a pious friend how his parishioners
were. "All under convictions," was the re-
ply.

* * * An old lady was lately at church
entered as the congregation were rising for
prayer. "La!" said she, curtsying, "don't
rise on my account."

* * * According to the latest Paris, fash-
ions, all petticoats are made with floun-
ces.

* * * Rather go to bed supperless than
in debt.

* * * We know a lawyer who gets so
confused by a press of business, that he
frequently mistakes one parchment for an-
other; in fact he has been known to "take
the will for the deed."

* * * The difference between meeting a
lady and that of a bank note is from some-
what to a considerable. The first may be
done with the silver of the moon, but the
other requires that of the mint. Having
tried both, we most decidedly prefer the for-
mer. Young gentlemen should, however,
test both.

* * * Uninvited guests sit on thorns.

* * * The difference between a carriage
wheel and a carriage horse, is that one goes
best when it is tired and the other don't.

* * * As a proof of the hardness of the
times, there is a man in Ohio who kills
half a pig at a time.

* * * Mrs. Hollyhock thinks it "rather
queer" that the rising of a little quicksilver
in a glass tube should make the weather so
awful hot.

* * * A Turk wears so many fleas in his
shirt, that a mathematician has just demon-
strated that if they should all jump at once,
they would carry him across the Bospho-
rus.

* * * Bridget, where's the tea-kettle?
"Please, marm, Mr. O'Neil, the new board-
er, is washing his feet in it." The last seen
of O'Neil, he was going down the trout
stoop, in advance of an empty coal scuttle.

* * * An editor in Missouri has discovered
that there is a war in Europe, of some kind,
but what they are fighting about he don't
know. He is no worse off than a good
many other folks.