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AGENTS: The following named persons are authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Gazette, and receipt for the same: M. W. MITCHELL, Eugene City.

Poetry.

VERSES. Suggested by the words in the 14th Psalm of David, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower That on the wild is found, Springs, as it drinks its cup of dew,

Farming in France. One of the richest men in France, and who associated in that country with those distinguished for rank and fashion, left Parisian gaiety a few years since, and took to farming.

The end of all argument: "You're another."

Know-Nothingism—Its Founder.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed, a few weeks since, a communication in your paper signed "A Methodist," which has pleased me much. It is certainly very good to find a man who is sound in the doctrines of his church, speaking out boldly in defence of principle.

knownothingism, and in order to do that, we quote from a Boston correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer:

"But, as I was saying, the know-nothing dodge was hatched up, originally, in the office of the N. Y. Tribune by a journeyman printer. He set himself about paraphrasing the oaths, obligations, lectures, &c., of the Odd-Fellows into the clap-trap which has already been extensively published as 'the work' of the know-nothing order."

"About a year ago, the notorious Ned Buntline came to this city and commenced delivering know-nothing lectures, taking up collections, &c. He appeared, dressed in uniform, in the third rate tavern, and low-class grog-shops, drumming up for recruits to his 'Guard of Liberty.'"

It is the character of the champion of "know-nothingism," what can the principles of the order be? If this is the man who is admired for his genius, what is the character of the genius of his followers?

TEMPLE ROCK.

How to do up shirt bosoms.—We often hear ladies expressing a wish to know by what process the gloss on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them we subjoin the following recipe:

"Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then having covered it, let it stand all night."

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I will and bequeath to my beloved wife, Bridget, all my property, without reserve; and to my eldest son, Patrick, one-half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Terrence McCarty."

The Prosperous Farmer.

What happy fellows the farmers must be now. Hard times! Hard times! is the incessant cry of the merchant, manufacturer, and mechanic. Business is nearly prostrate, money at a premium of thirty per cent; and not to be had at that without first class collateral—principally firms of half a century's standing are tottering, falling, and carrying distress and ruin to all around them.

In the midst of all this desolation and distress, the farmer stands, the only man in the whole community upon whom prosperity and success dawn to smile. While the merchant tosses uneasily upon his pillow, with visions of notes due and nothing to meet them, hardhearted creditors, bankruptcy and ruin floating through his brain, the farmer with an undisturbed heart scans his broad acres, and looks the future in the eye with an undimmed cheek.

Such contrasts are painful, but they are instructive. They serve to show how strong and steadfast is the man who in life is dependent, not upon the fluctuations of stocks, or the risks and perplexities of trade, but upon the soil, the grateful soil, which, like an honest employer, pays the full value for every hour's labor bestowed upon it.

Hear Mr. Holcomb on this subject: "I will treat my farm, I see it will at least support me and mine, I will even lend it the last dollar I can spare. Yes, we may trust the land. The banks and the railroads, the stocks and the scrip, may or may not pay us back, but this nursing mother will fulfill all her promises, honor all drafts—"

The Expected Great Comet.

The eminent astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, gives some very interesting details relative to the return of that great Comet whose periodical course is computed by the most celebrated observer at three hundred years. Our cyclical records show that it was observed in the year 104, 392, 682, 975—again in 1264, and the next time in 1556—always described as shining with the most extraordinary brilliancy.

We are, however, assured by M. Babinet, that up to this moment, this beautiful star "is living on its brilliant reputation;" so that Sir John Herschel himself was wrong when he despaired of its re-appearance, and put craps on his telescope! We are now informed that a celebrated and accurate computer—M. Bomme, of Middleburgh—with a patience and devotedness truly German, has gone over all previous calculations, and made a new estimate of the separate and the combined action of all the planets upon this comet, of 300 years; and he has discovered that it is not lost to us, but only retarded in its motion.

A Mother's Death.

We yesterday received from a friend a note, one paragraph of which is as follows: "I yesterday evening received the news of the death of my mother—a good woman. I need not tell you that my heart is full of sorrow."

No, you need not. For who, that has not lost his manhood as well as his youth, could bear of the death of her upon whose kind bosom his young and helpless head was pillowed when he was most helpless, from the fountain of whose heart his life was drawn—without feeling within him the unspoken anguish which such an announcement must produce.

A Mother! How many sweet and tender recollections are awakened by that grateful word! How many thoughts of the past are associated with the name. Who is there that does not remember a thousand instances of her affection. How tenderly, when the young heart was grieved by the troubles of childhood, did her voice soothe, her affectionate touch heal, her soft kiss "make it well."

And she is dead! She who wore us in her heart; and lulled our sorrows to sleep upon her bosom. There can never come to us again a love like hers. Never again that proud, hopeful, patient affection, that untiring, loving devotion can be ours, as when existing in a mother's heart. And when the announcement comes that she will smile upon us, and pray for us no more, who is there that does not bitterly regret that he ever, through intent or carelessness, grieved the faithful heart which will never feel for him either pleasure or pain again? Ah! how many have felt this sorrow since they left the scenes of childhood for their new Pacific home.

TWELVE RULES FOR THE YEAR.—The following are intended mainly for the guidance of young men and women:

- 1. Get married—if you can; but look before you leap. Love matches are romantic, nice things, to talk about, but they have brimstone in them now and then.
2. Unite in overthrowing the fashion which translates civility into love.
3. Go to church at least once a week.
4. Whenever you see a lecture advertised set the evening upon which it is delivered apart for reading fifteen pages of a good book.
5. Circulate no scandal.
6. Avoid all kinds of spirits—particularly spirit rappers.
7. If in the theatre, or any other place of public amusement, do not level your opera glasses at strangers.
8. Never notice the clothing of persons attending divine worship, nor stand in front of the house of God after the service.
9. Never ask another man his business; where he is going; where he came from; when he intends to go back, or the number of his dollars. You may inquire as to the state of his health and that of his parents, sisters and brothers—but venture no further.
10. Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among all your acquaintances.
11. Never speak disparagingly of women, and endeavor to conquer all your prejudices. Believe all persons to be sincere in the religion which they profess.
12. Be economical, but not parsimonious nor niggardly. Make good use of your dollars, but not idols. Live within your means, and never borrow money in anticipation of your salary.
It beats all how the squeeze of a pretty hand will make some folks feel.—Our friend Checkerberry the other day got hold of the velvet-like digits of the poetic and susceptible Miss Jenkins, and felt as though he was up to his chin in June roses, Roman punch, Italian sunset and Cranberry jelly. Just then, Jenkins, the paternal, entered the parlor, and Checkerberry, the happy, went out. Mr. Jenkins is constitutionally opposed to nonsense of all sorts. Jenkins the female isn't
\*\* A Jerseyman was very sick, and not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says: "John, do you feel willing to die?" John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with a feeble voice: "I—think—I'd rather stay—where I'm better acquainted."