

# UMPOUA GAZETTE.

BY BOYD & BLAKEY.

Devoted to the Principles of Democracy, and the dissemination of General and Useful Intelligence.

[65 00 Per Annum.]

VOLUME 2.

SCOTTSBURG, O. T., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1855.

NUMBER 1.

## THE UMPQUA GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
BY BOYD & BLAKEY.

G. S. B. BOTT. ALEX. BLAKEY.

OFFICE IN HENDERSON'S BUILDING, Main Street, next door west "Scottsburg House."

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.  
One copy, for one year, \$5 00.  
" " " six months, \$3 00.  
" " " three months, \$2 00.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

### Advertisements.

Will be inserted at the following rates:—One square of twelve lines or less, one insertion, \$2 00; each subsequent insertion, \$1 00. A liberal deduction made to steady advertisers.

Business Cards, of twelve lines or less, for one year, \$25; for six months, \$15; for three months, \$10.

The number of insertions must be distinctly marked on the margin, otherwise they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly.

### AGENTS:

The following named persons are authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Gazette, and receipt for the same:

- HENRY MALE, Esq., 29 Front street, San Francisco.
- M. W. MITCHELL, Eugene City.
- J. S. McCRENT, M. D., Corvallis.
- I. N. SMITH, Esq., Burlington.
- DEARSON SMITH, Esq., Albany.
- L. F. GROVES, Esq., Salem.
- H. H. TAYLOR, Jacksonville.
- JAMES TWINGOOD, Canyonville.
- F. S. HOLLAND, Oregon City.
- W. H. FARRAR, Esq., Portland.
- Geo. H. ANDERSON, M. D., Jacksonville.
- BURNS & WOOD, Jacksonville.
- B. H. DEARBORN, Deer Creek.
- J. S. GAMBLE, Esq., Port Orford.
- O. HUMPHSON, Dallas of the Columbia.
- AMOS E. ROGERS, Esq., Coose Bay.
- Col. W. W. CHAPMAN, Elkton.
- C. FLOOD, Esq., Winchester.
- JOE. REYNOLDS, Canyonville.

## Poetry.

### LET ME IN.

When the summer evening's shadows  
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,  
Came a young child, faint and woe,  
Tapping at a cottage door:  
Wandering thro' the winding wood-paths,  
My worn feet too long have been;  
Let me in, oh gentle mother,  
Let me in!

Years passed on—his eager spirit  
Gladly watched the dying hours,  
"I will be a child no longer."  
Finding bliss in birds and flowers;  
I will seek the bands of pleasure,  
I will join the merry din;  
Let me in to joy and gladness,  
Let me in!

Years passed on—yet vainly yearning,  
Murmuring still, the restless heart:  
"I am tired of heartless folly,  
Let the glittering cheat depart;  
I have found in worldly pleasures  
Naught to happiness akin;  
Let me in to love's warm presence,  
Let me in!"

Years flew on—a youth no longer.  
Still he owned the restless heart:  
"I am tired of love's soft durance,  
Sweet voiced siren, we must part;  
I will gain a laurel chaplet,  
And a world's applause will win;  
Let me in to fame and glory,  
Let me in!"

Years fled on—the restless spirit  
Never found the bliss it sought;  
Answered hopes and granted blessings,  
Only new aspirations brought:  
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,  
I am tired of grief and sin,  
Let me in to rest eternal,  
Let me in!"

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit,  
Taunted by a vague unrest,  
Knocks and calls at every gateway,  
In a vain and fruitless quest;  
Ever striving for new blessing,  
Some new happiness to win—  
As some portal ever saying:  
"Let me in!"

### SPEECH BY GEN. BUNCOMB.

The following is an extract from a speech of Gen. Buncombe in favor of 54 40:—"Mr. Speaker.—When I open my eyes, and look over the vast expanse of this country—when I see how the yeast of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization and expand on every side—when I see it growing, swelling, roaring like a spring freshet—I cannot resist the idea, sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school-boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots. Sir, we want elbow room, the continent, the whole continent, and nothing but the continent, and we will have it. Then shall Uncle Sam, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm on the Oregon and California coast, his left on the eastern seaboard, and whistle away the British power, while reposing his leg, like a freeman, upon Cape Horn! Sir, the day will—the day must come."

Laura was disconsolate. Henry had long flirted, but never put the question. Henry went his way. Laura's aunt, for consolation, brought her a love of a spaniel pup. "My dear," says the aunt, "the puppy can do every thing but speak." "Why will you agitate me?" says Laura, "that's the only fault I had to the other."

### The Judge's Big Shirt.

The story goes that, on a certain occasion, Judge A—, then on a visit to Raleigh, N. C., was notorious for leaving home without the necessary precaution of carrying along a second shirt. While here he was invited to attend a gay and fashionable party, to be given the following evening at the residence of Judge B. The visiting Judge was terribly perplexed about a clean shirt for the occasion; and while revolving in his mind how he could possess himself of the desired article, (in those days ready-made shirts were not, as at present, articles of merchandise) when he was called on at his room by Mr. C—, another limb of the law, though not a judge.

After passing the usual compliments, Judge A— remarked:—"See here, C—, I have just been invited to attend a party to-morrow night, and haven't a clean shirt for the occasion"—hoping, no doubt, that his friend would proffer the loan of one of his. But being a bit of a wag and loving a good joke exceedingly, he concluded to have a little fun, and at the same time teach his judicial friend a lesson concerning his negligence.

"Oh!" said he, "there's no difficulty about that. I can have one made for you."

"But do you think it can be furnished in time?" said Judge A—.

"No doubt of it. I have a shirt-maker who is perfectly prompt and reliable, and can vouch for its being ready."

"All right then, if you will be sure to attend to it."

You may depend on it," said the Judge's friend—"it shall be here at half past six to-morrow evening."

C—, in going home that night, called at the lady's, and ordered to go to S's store, and get nine yards of domestic shirting, and three yards of linen make and a shirt of it for Judge A., and deliver it at his room, on the following evening at half past six precisely, and charging her particularly there was to be no disappointment, and not to deliver sooner or later than half past six.

"But, Mr. C—," expostulated the good woman, "you mean three shirts, don't you, out of nine yards?"

"Do as I request you, madam. Don't you suppose I know what size shirt is required by my friend?"

Early next morning the cloth was procured, and the shirt commenced upon. About six o'clock in the evening, C—, all ready for the party, called on the Judge, when he was saluted with:

"See here, that shirt has not been sent yet."

"Oh!" said C—, pulling his watch, "it's not time; it lacks a quarter to the time."

The couple chatted away a while, when presently a timid knock at the door was heard. The Judge jumped up to open it, when a little girl asked if that was Judge A—'s room. Being answered in the affirmative, she continued, "Here's a shirt Mr. C— told my mother to make for you."

"All right, my nice little Miss," said the Judge, and straightway began to prepare for donning the much coveted garment, remarking, "it is well made and handsomely done up, too. Smart woman that, Mr. C—."

"Oh, yes! I knew she would not disappoint you."

By this time the Judge had commenced pulling it over him. He pulled, and pulled, as yard after yard passed, and still his head was enveloped in the shirt. He complained of its size, but his friend told him that he had got it twisted, but to hurry on, as 'twas time they were at the party. Again he set himself to the task, and by hard struggling got through, finding himself enshrouded in a shirt five yards long and four yards broad, covering all over the floor with its ample drapery.

"In Heaven's name!" said the Judge, in astonishment, "what is this the woman has sent me!"—and he looked with consternation upon the monstrous shirt around and beneath him. "What is it, I say?"

It was with much difficulty that C— restrained his laughter; but approaching his enshrouded friend, and pulling down the huge collar so that he could see his face, he gazed with apparent wonder, and observed:

"What a silly, stupid woman! I told her to get enough to make three shirts; and instead of making three she has put the whole nine yards into one shirt! But we must hurry up and make the best of a bad bargain, for it is high time we were at the party this minute. You can push it down in your trousers and nobody will be the wiser."

So at it the Judge went, his friend assisting him, as yard after yard was piled away in his unmentionables, (they didn't wear tight in those days,) and thus he went to Judge B—'s party, if not the finest dressed, at least the largest shrouded gentleman in the crowd.

C— promised to never "blow" on

his judicial friend, and kept his word, until he learned that the Judge was compelled to tell it on himself; for, unfortunately, he carried the big shirt home, and Mrs. A. inquired what that tremendous big shirt in his trunk was for! He had to out with it; and so having been told by the Judge himself, Mr. C— felt at liberty to tell it also; which he does, sometimes, to the infinite mortification of all who hear him.

From the Shelby (NC) Baptist Intelligencer.

### Know-Nothings.

We have been watching the signs of the times in regard to the new organization of Know-Nothings with anxiety, to form an opinion for ourselves in regard to the same. Being an anxious looker-on, we have not given our readers any extracts from our exchanges pro or con; for we were not fully determined in our course, neither are we yet; but as the press generally is speaking out on the subject, we deem it our duty to speak.

Not being a member of the Order, we are not able to say what are their particular objects; but we believe it a generally conceded fact, that they are opposed to foreigners holding any office of trust or honor in our government. We suppose the object is to check the emigration of Catholics among us. At the first view of the subject it would appear plausible, that all Protestants should go unitedly into the work; but when we reflect for a moment, and carefully examine the Constitution of the United States, as well as the State of North Carolina, we are candid in expressing, that we look upon it as one of the most inestimable privileges ever granted to us as a people—the right to "worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, and no man dare molest or make us afraid." The clause of the Constitution of the United States which bears on the point is, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. There is no one more bitterly opposed to the doctrine or practices of the Catholic church than we are; for we look upon it as the 'Whore of Babylon.'"

But if you despise this sect of their religious opinions, or if you reject them from public stations on account of their religious tenets; and should all the Protestant church rejoice; where will it end! Will not an effort be made soon to deprive the members of some other church or churches of privileges and where will it most likely fall? Will it not be on the head of the despised Baptist church, for we really differ more in doctrine with many Pled Baptist churches than do the Catholics.

We should be very careful how we trample upon these sacred privileges which the constitution has guaranteed to us. We should well ponder the causes for which many were martyred, and often meditate upon the first appearance of a Baptist in these United States, and for what he came; and we should well recollect that where men are compelled to worship according to the tyranny of the law, that spirituality entirely disappears.

As regards the political struggles that are going on for and against know-nothingism, we care but very little; it is true that we do not like to see the mixture of Abolitionists, Free Soilers, Know-nothings, &c., going together; but it is foreign to our business to interfere with them politically; but we must be permitted to say that we cannot see how the Government can be safely administered in such amalgamated hands. We would much rather see the governmental affairs carried on the old platform of either the Whig or Democratic party.

There are three papers in this State which are particularly down on the "d—d foreigners" of all kinds—the Albany State Register, Rochester American, and Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, and yet strange to say, the leading men of these papers are of foreign extraction. Lacy, one of the proprietors of the Register, was born in England. Mann, of the Rochester American, was born in Scotland, and until he was 14 years of age, peddled itek ointment around Edinburg. Parnelee, of the Buffalo Commercial—the man with the "twenty-five dollar character," was an English soldier, and left the army one day under the escort of one drummer and two rope ends. These are the men who are now "rallying round the Constitution," and who insist that foreign influence will undermine the liberties of the nation. Queer people, those Hindoos. That is so.—Albany Knickerbocker.

Withdrawals.—Many of the know-nothings in this State, disgusted with the political intrigues, and unalloyed whiggery all through the order, have resolved to act no longer with the bogus "brethren."—Hartford Times.

### Know-Nothing Platforms.

We are unwilling to believe any Democrat of honesty and intelligence can be seduced from his party by the specious generalities of the know-nothing platform. That this platform is not a truthful exposition of the principles of the order, but a fraudulent device, artfully contrived for the purpose of catching the thoughtless and unwary, is obvious to any one who will take the trouble of a little examination and reflection.

In the first place, these pretended platforms of know-nothingism are essentially inconsistent. They are modified in accordance with the prevailing public sentiment of different localities. Thus, in Massachusetts and the North generally, know-nothingism is abolitionist in blatt and undisguised; while here it is silent and neutral in respect to slavery. In some places its obdurate heart relents, and exhibits some pity for the Catholic and the foreigner, so far even, it is said, as to admit them into the order on certain conditions.

With does this fact prove, but that neither platform is a correct indication of the purposes of know-nothingism, and that it assumes these various disguises to hide its deformity and conciliate public favor! Truth is one, and wears no mask. Burglars and kidnapers travel with an alias—honest people declare themselves in all places.

All platforms of know-nothingism, however, are alike in one thing—they never pretend to promulgate principles of public policy affecting the ordinary interests of the country. They touch one or two issues only, and ignore all other questions. Now, know-nothingism aspires to a control of the government; but its platforms indicate no measures of administration. They are silent on the Tariff, Public Lands, State Rights, and all other great interests and questions. Will know-nothingism navigate the State, without compass, chart or rudder! After it gets into power, what will it do? Will it be as stupid and inert as the stork? This is popular government, and the people have a right to know how they are to be governed. They do not tolerate men to power, or inaugurate any measures, without satisfactory pledges of policy.

When a people consents to transfer the powers of government without regard to principle, its manhood is gone and its liberties are in decay. The French nation, incapable of self-government, may voluntarily subject themselves to the sway of despotism; the debased Mexicans may seek shelter from themselves under the sceptre of a tyrant, but American freemen are not yet reduced to this extremity. Here, principles, not men, govern; and the people select public functionaries to carry out a known and approved policy. Will know-nothingism declare its principles after it gets into power? Then somebody must be cheated. Its policy must be single and consistent; cannot be both whig and democratic. Which will it be? There can be no hesitation in answering that the secret policy of know-nothingism is the policy of the whig party.

Sensible men, we repeat, will not be led away from the Democratic party by the specious pretences of know-nothingism. The Democratic platform is sufficient for all the purposes of government. The Democratic party can provide for any unforeseen exigency of State. If necessary it can arrest any dangerous excess of immigration. If any church aspire to hierarchical power, the Democratic party is competent to restrain its ambition. It was the great apostle of Democracy who struck down the church establishment of Virginia, and fortified freedom of conscience on an impregnable basis. The disciples of Jefferson will never betray the liberties of the country.—Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

RICE MILK.—Pick and wash half a pint of rice, and boil it in a quart of water till it is quite soft. Then drain it, and mix it with a quart of rich milk. You may add half a pound of whole raisins. Set it over hot coals and stir it frequently till it boils. When it boils hard stir in alternately two beaten eggs and four large table spoonfuls of brown sugar. Let it continue boiling five minutes longer, then take it off, and send it to table hot. If you put in raisins, you must let it boil till they are quite soft.

SICK OF THE DARKNESS.—The leading know-nothing paper in Boston advocates an open organization of the know-nothing party. The article is lengthy, and the result of considerable reflection. The editor is satisfied that a secret political order cannot secure good results in this Republic. He is sick of the secret part and is desirous of trying an open organization. He is really getting some rays of light.—Let him persevere.—Hartford Times.

### A Dropped Letter.

The follow letter, written by a know-nothing member of the Massachusetts Legislature, we clip from the Boston Post:

Boston, Jan. 10, 1855.

Son JOHN:—I have too much legislative work to come home on Saturday nights as I said I would—so you must mind the farm. I have managed to get on a good many committees so as to be come popular by having my name printed often in the papers and I manage to say something occasionally and I have seen my name 3 times printed in the daily bee. American principles are looking up some here in Boston. High legs are going to be made, all the high legs in our government. (By the way have the barn door painted over with some other color besides Spanish brown. I don't like any thing spanish. The governor has made a lick at the foreign militia and disbanded all the companies.—(don't use any more British oil for your deafness for I have thrown away that box of Russia salve your mother put in my trunk to rub myumatiek leg with, use American physic it is the best.)—We are going to have the latin lingo taken off the state coat of arms and put plain yankee english in its place. We are going ahead I tell you, and make a clean sweep of everything of foreign extraction. I have visited no place of amusement excepting the live buffalo which is a regular native he looks very much like a hairy cow.—Speaking of cows reminds me of our Durham bull you may sell him to Wade the butcher he is of foreign extraction. A friend asked me to go to the Athenaeum and see the library an pictures but I was told nearly all the pictures were painted by the old masters as they are called—and these I am told are with out exception all foreigners besides many of the books are in foreign languages so it is contrary to the spirit of principles to visit such place. I was going to see Banvard's great painting the Holy land which is making some stir but a native artist told me it was mostly painted with venetian Red Dutch pink and Naples yellow while all the skies were Prussian blue too much of the foreign element to be interesting to me. By the way speaking of paint have the front blinds which I had painted with French green last fall painted some other color. Stop the Zion's Herald and take the Yankee privateer give my Marsailles vest to dick the plowman and tell him to stone Jip the Scotch trier of the farm and kill that Maltese cat

from your affectionate father

### The Democratic Party.

The Indiana State Sentinel has the following advice and encouragement for the Democratic party, to which all good friends of the party will cordially respond:

Let the Democratic party itself remain in tact—let it but preserve its integrity—maintain its unity, and pursue steadily and faithfully its well defined and republican policy—and its progress will be onward—its ascendancy certain. Joined to no faction, and united upon the cardinal principles of its faith, it stands to day the most powerful organization in the land. There have been and are temporary estrangements, but these are in many instances owing to, and are to be placed to the account of, temporary measures and proceedings. Notwithstanding, as we have confidence in the people, we cannot doubt, that with the passing away of the exigencies which gave rise to them, and with the development of new issues involving the Democratic principles, the standard of Democracy will be again elevated, high over all others—the eyes of the people directed to it, and the anchor loosed from its hold for the time being, will be imbedded deeper than ever before in the great popular heart.

### Tender Feet in Horses.

The mechanism of the horse's foot, contemplated anatomically, is truly wonderful. No one who understands it will be surprised at the number of lame horses seen in our streets, and on our farms, for with such complaisance end delicacy of construction, it is not at all astonishing that, with the careless manner in which these valuable animals are treated and ridden, they should so frequently be rendered useless by lameness, especially in their legs and feet. Tender feet are quite common, and I will, with your permission, relate an incident that occurred some years since in my experience, which I think goes far to elucidate the cause of this disease. I was owner of a young horse, for which I paid a large price, and which I knew to be perfectly sound when I purchased him. He was one of the best animals I ever knew—kind, docile and intelligent, and having an affection for him, I could not bear the idea of causing him pain. But I sold him, and purchased another a young, strong horse which had been foaled on a neighboring farm and which I had known from a colt. He, like his predecessor, was perfectly sound in all his limbs when he came into my possession, but he was soon so lame that I was forced to desist from using him. I now thought seriously on the matter, and to hunt for the cause. Both these horses had stood on the same soft floor. It was my practice to allow the manure to accumulate under the animal to the depth of twenty inches, fresh straw being sprinkled under him daily to keep him clean—and then clear it out. This manure from its fermentable nature, acted like a hot bed, sending forth great heat at times, and copious exhalations of ammonia. But on this, the animal was compelled to stand, there was no escape. A thought suggested itself. The manure was removed, the horses feet and legs carefully washed in cold water three or four times a day, and he compelled to stand on the hard plank floor instead of on the manure. He was cured. I have not, since this change in my practice, had a lame horse. If others who have horses with tender feet, have managed as I did, they will do well to change their practice at once.—J. B. C., Germantown Telegraph.

Among the prizes in a lottery recently advertised in the Portland papers, was one "Maple Lady's Work-Steal."

### The Stolen Kiss—or The Bloody Vengeance.

A NOVELLETTE IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART I.

Amanda was a widow, fair to look upon.

She stood before a mirror and gloriied in the killing perfection of her bright eyes, raven ringlets, love-breeding dimples and the swelling beauties of her bust.

A little "after thought" of a bonnet hung gracefully on her organ of self-esteem, for she was preparing to "go out," and her gallant for the day awaited.

#### PART II.

The widow entered the parlor where Henry, her gallant, awaited her. Both smiled in mutual admiration. Henry coined compliments poetically eloquent, and poured them, as a stream of music, into the widow's ear. She listened, and laughed, and shook her head with a pretty coyness.

Henry's love became bold. Full, ripe and rich were the widow's lips, and, thinking them sweeter than strawberries and cream, he determined to taste their nectars; so, watching an opportunity when the widow's eyes were downcast, he put his courage to the tests, and snatched a kiss which thrilled like electricity through every nerve.

#### PART III.

The widow turned suddenly, for widows are skilled in all the tactics and ploys of love, and are extremely cautious about improprieties of conduct. She intended to frown, but before she had time to do so, Henry was amply punished.

Over the fair one's breast a gauze mantle was spread, which was fastened on either dimpled shoulder with a pin; and as, all suddenly, the widow turned, one of the pins in question caught the nether lip of the ardent Henry and tore it deeply and fearfully from one extremity to the other! Blood flowed in crimson streams over shirt and vest; the pleasant anticipated drive of the day had to be abandoned, and the knight of the stolen kiss may any day be seen on C— street, with the mark of the vengeful pin across his lip, feeling like Cain, that his punishment is greater than he can, all things considered, very comfortably bear. Poor Henry!—N. O. Delta.