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Poetry.

From the Waverly Magazine.

To my Mother.
That letter was read with delight
By one who is now far away
From the scenes of my pastimes and then,
My daughter was destined to stray;
From those fair lot's meadows, whose soft
Winds wandered in long-gone days,
On the field of those green mountain hills
I sigh but, too often, to gaze.
You say that the friends is cold
Of all that made life to thee dear;
And, weeping at night and at morn,
Still wish that those loved ones were near.
With this happy childhood I passed,
And the paths where so oft I did roam
Will ne'er bear my foot prints again,
With all those dear kindred at home.
And why should we mourn our sad fate,
Lamenting for those, to us, lost?
We should think they are all now in peace,
Though their lives paid the forfeit its cost;
And while we remain for a time,
Let us walk in the paths of the just,
Remembering the day dwindle night,
When our flesh must return to its dust.
All time is a space—but a span—
From life to the grave but a step—
Improve, ere the moment's are lost,
And the harvest is gone ere 'tis reapt;
Sunder the thoughts, the more pure,
Of life, our hearts ne'er most grow bold,
For the pulse may cease to expand,
Even this little hand may grow cold.

STANZAS.
BY MAY RICHIE.
Tis not to ask if he has wealth,
Or whether poor in life begins—
Enough to know he bears no sin—
Has been, and is—an honest man.
His coat is threadbare—never mind,
He is thy brother—never him not;
Oh let us ne'er while in the world
Crush those who have a poor man's lot.
He is not learned or much refined—
Advantages he has not had—
It is not meet he should be blamed—
Were such bestow'd his heart were glad.
In language, simple—but his eye
Is lit with an uncommon fire;
Genius is stamped upon his brow—
His heart is free from low desire.
Stretch forth your hand—by this he may
Become a bright and guiding star;
Encouragement is all he needs,
To move the world both near and far.

Jennie and I.
Sweetly sang the spring birds—
Merrily hummed the little bee,
Brightly fell the morning sunbeams,
When first I met sweet Jennie Lee,
How I loved her from the moment
She so sweetly smiled on me,
Shall I ever cease to love her?
Merry-laughing Jennie Lee.
Ah! that sunny summer season—
When days sped so swiftly by,
Were there ever happier "school girls"
Than dear Jennie Lee and I?
But the summer days were ended,
And the Autumn leaves flew by—
Then came the summons, and we parted—
Darling Jennie Lee and I.
A letter passed through the Detroit
postoffice a few days ago, addressed as follows:—"B—, Pontiac, Mich. The first name of Mr. B. is not known, but he has a son who has a running sore on or near his ankle." If that description doesn't find the man, the writer may as well give it up as a bad job.

What's to become of the Loafers?

Hear the editor of the *California Chronicle* on loafers—
Let us ship all the loafers out of the country. How many start at this proposition? Probably not one, for your real loafer seldom considers himself one. So let us agitate the subject, and if possible, get the loafers themselves to assist in the good work, probably the only good to be got out of them, and when the law, or ordinance has been passed, and is in force, give them the first benefit under it—send them to His Hawaiian Majesty. How we should like to see such a law in force! How we should like to see some one of some men we wot of, selected as Mayor and Recorder! Dear me! How fast would disappear from our city the eyes in mourning, the noses which so often hang out the red flag, the cheeks on which cyprians delight to exercise their newly sharpened nails.
The hay-cock sleepers of Main street, the water-rats of the wharves, the cappers and strikers, the loafers general and loafers particular who appear in the Recorder's dock as regularly as Haley's comet, and vastly oftener than Hencke's, and whose revolution can be quite as accurately calculated—for their orbit requires just thirty, or sixty days, or six months to fulfill, who are at their apogee in the station house and at their perihelion when they face the Recorder—these gentlemen who find it so hard to make an honest living, would all be cared for. They would be checked off as dead-heads to Honolulu, Lahaina, or Hilo, their passage generously paid, and they placed for ever, it is hoped, beyond the meddling interference of our Charles and His Honor.
It gives us quite a flattering of pleasant emotions about the heart, as we think of this possible future philanthropy of our city. Only think of their going on a pleasant sailing party to the Kingdom of Kamehameha VI. The Pacific is a pleasant ocean to sail over. The trip would do them good. The winds are favorable. G. B. Post & Co. would be delighted to make a contract with the city to transport these her people, whose moral constitutions really need the benefit of a sea voyage and a change of climate, on their island clippers away from this immoral staple, and the presence of the mercenary Recorder, to the delightful air of Hawaii, Maui and Makawao. The healing motion of the trip would act like blue pills on the choleric livers. Neptune would lay down his trident, and kindly receive his charge for ferrage, in life that coinage he most highly prizes. Twelve or fourteen days would take those oppressed and distressed citizen to the hospitable Heperides of the Pacific. Something might turn up for them there, as well as on the voyage. Mr. Micawber is known to have made his fortune by going to Australia; and if they could not do the same in Kaula, or Oahu, who could? Our very bowels yearn for these visitors of the Recorder's crib. It would be so much pleasanter for them to wallow in Polynesian luxury than in the luxury of Judge Waller's smiles. We entreat the Council and the authorities generally to come to the relief of the loafers and the community at the same time, by sending them on a voyage of discovery for the health of their bodies and souls. How much better it would have been for Jim Fanner to have sent him westward on the path of empire! He might have become aid-de-camp to Kamehameha; perhaps have himself become king of the Cannibal Islands; and ended his useful life in eating taro, instead of with hemp.
Seriously, it would be merciful to send such surplus population as a forlorn hope in front of that great levathan, Progress. They would be the cow-catchers on the railroad track of filibusterism. Westward the star of empire holds its way, and as the stars of the Police are close behind, these fellows, who are the rats, continually munched by those worthies, the Charles, they would be delighted to take a pleasure trip like Harry Meiggs, to avoid their constitutional and natural enemies.
Something of this kind must be done, or our city Recorder-Mayor will be swamped. He cannot afford to hold a social levee so often for their benefit. At the second audience he should have authority to appoint them envoys to the West—traveling agents to Ultima Thule. They might attain high station in the Hawaiian standing of 120 men, rank and file, or a still higher situation beneath a cross-beam.
This would be not only a merciful but a just policy. The crowned heads of Europe have drove many worthy people to our shores; they have shipped hither also not a few convicts and paupers. They believe in the balance of

The End of Brook Farm.

The Boston papers announce that the somewhat famous Brook Farm, at Roxbury, Mass., has finally retired to private life. Having been before the public for some years—firstly, as the site of an interesting experiment in Socialism, and secondly, as the almshouse of the town of Roxbury, it has at last been brought to the hammer, and sold in parcels to private gentlemen, for \$20,000. It consisted of about 200 acres of land, on which one or two spacious buildings, with the necessary out-houses, had been erected.
Brook Farm will unquestionably occupy a place in the history of New England, not only as having been the head quarters of the Socialists for so long a period, but as having attracted the sympathies of some of the most distinguished of our literary men. It was about the year 1840, we believe, that a considerable number of the young and ardent minds of Boston and its vicinity, who were not on very good terms with the civilization by which they were surrounded, conceived the plan of an industrial, social and educational co-partnership, which they hoped would secure to them a more satisfactory kind of life. They supposed that a community might be formed in which important economies in labor should be combined with ample opportunities for cultivation, enjoyment and refined social intercourse; and they resolved to make the experiment.
Among the most effective leaders of the New England movement was Mr. George Ripley, an accomplished preacher of the Unitarian denomination. In conjunction with his wife, a lady of eminent attainments and high social position, and a few friends of kindred taste, he opened an educational and industrial establishment at Brook Farm, which gradually grew into a large industrial community. It was conducted upon the joint-stock principle, and for a time promised a success equal to those of its friends.
At one time, if we mistake not, over two hundred persons were gathered there, either as laborers, teachers, or scholars, while there was no end to the visitors who were attracted thither by the fame of the school and the novelty of the undertaking. Mr. Ripley, the founder, is now connected with the literary department of the *Tribune*. Mr. Charles A. Dana, now also an editor of the *Tribune*, was among the number of its managers, as well as John S. Dwight, editor of the *Boston Musical Journal*. Rev. W. H. Channing shared occasionally in the labors and instructions of the fraternity. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great taleright, now consul at Liverpool, was for a little while a member, and has given us glimpses and reminiscences of his experiences in his profound and beautiful, though somewhat ghastly *Bleekdale Romance*. The pleasant Howard, A. W. Curtis, was a frequent and delighted visitor. —*Evening Post.*

A Sheep Speculation.

A very verdant youth on the shady side of thirty, travelled out of sight of home for purposes unknown and stopped at a hotel to procure refreshments. The usual loungers of the bar-room, together with a couple of drovers bound for the eastern market with a choice collection of sheep, were in that happy good humor said to be produced by a satisfactory dinner, going in for anything to prolong the cheer.
A tip of the eye from one to the other as he entered indicated that they considered this awkward specimen "game," and "mine host" glanced inquisitively at his rough exterior, as though taking an inventory and balancing accounts for dinner. The innocent object, seemingly unconscious, stared at everything with dull satisfaction, and answered the queries addressed to him, with a stammering, foreign accent, highly amusing. His dinner being ready he addressed himself to the "cold life" not at all distributed by the choice bits of conversation coming up from the bar-room below, such as "raw Dutchman—fresh from Baden—delish' fine fun," &c., mingled with uproarious laughter, which suddenly ceased on his return.
"Sleep, eh?" he said, addressing drover No. one.
"Yes, sheep; wouldn't you like to purchase some four or five hundred to stock your farm with?"
"H-how da sell 'em?" asked the Dutchman.
"Seeing it's you," said drover No. 2, taking him by the button-hole and speaking with mock seriousness, "seeing it's you, neighbor, you may have all you can pay for at \$2 per head."
"P-p-pick?" queried the Dutchman.
"Yes, have your pick, and take all you can pay for at \$2 per head."
"Well, I g-g-guess I will look at 'em," so off went the drovers and Dutchman, followed by all in the bar-room, even mine host himself, to see the fun.
"Yes, we hear the bargain; have all you can pay for at \$2 per head. Come, hand out your money, and pick your sheep."
Dutchman rather leisurely opened his capacious wallet, and surprised the bystanders by presenting in all twenty dollars, and proceeded to select his sheep. Here the drovers discovered that he knew what was meant, and had probably learned to distinguish wool from another article called hair.
"Hold on, man!" said drover No. 1, "you've your number, here's ten."
"Well, but may be I-I-I might find enough to t-t-to pay for a few more." So he threw over in all one hundred and twenty-five, then straightening up: "H-here's your money, sir; I s'pose I-I-I could p-pay for more, but I guess I-I've got all the g-g-good 'uns."
The drovers found little satisfaction in the roars of laughter that greeted this announcement, and they cursed the Dutchman most heartily, who proved to be a Yankee after all.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

Death of the Czar.

Nicholas I, late Emperor of Russia, was born on the 25th of June, 1797, at Gatchina, near St. Petersburg, and was accordingly in the 59th year of his age. He was the ninth child of the Emperor Paul by his second marriage with Maria Feodorovna, of Wirtemberg. For years after his birth he had no prospect of ever wearing the crown of Russia. Two elder brothers—the Grand Duke Alexander and the Grand Duke Constantine—were immediately between him and the throne, as were also their issue, prospectively, which might cut him off from it forever.
Nicholas was in his fifth year when his father Paul, commenced his reign. The new Emperor, it will be remembered, was assassinated while the subject of our present sketch was quite young. The day succeeding the murder, Alexander was proclaimed Emperor.
July 13, 1817, at the age of 21, he was married to Maria Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia. Upon the marriage, the bride assumed the Greek faith, together with the name of Alexander Feodorovna.
Both the Emperor and Empress were characterized by a majestic deportment, and prior to their accession to the throne, their example had been cited as a model of domestic bliss.
At the time of his marriage, Nicholas held the military rank of Head Inspector of Engineers, in the service of Alexander, but he was not admitted to the Council Table.
In the acquisition of modern languages he evinced some skill, and was exceedingly fond of music. He early exhibited a love of martial studies, and concentrated all his pleasures in military exercises and pastimes. In 1814, he visited France, Germany, England, and various other countries, remaining abroad upwards of two years.
In 1818, his eldest son was born; in 1819, his daughter, and in 1822, his third child, the Grand Olga.
After the death of Alexander, in 1825, it was supposed that his oldest living brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, would succeed to the throne, but as he had previously resigned his claim, Nicholas entered upon government Dec-24, 1825.
The handsomest man in Europe, with a perfect physique—a broad chest a face in which severity and consciousness of majesty were the marked expressions, a mouth regularly chiselled, almost never smiling and eyes that glared terribly in anger, though at other times mild—such is the description given of Nicholas.
Besides the three children whom we have mentioned, he leaves another—the Grand Duke Constantine—his probable successor, upon whom must now depend the continuation or pacific termination of the war. While there are those who think the prospect of peace is as far off as it was in the life of the late Emperor, the general impression is that the chances in favor of peace are augmented rather than diminished by the event of his death.—All, however, is speculation.
The new Emperor is said to be 37 years of age possessed of ordinary ability, accustomed to command and acquainted with all the machinery of despotism.

A Patriot After His Bounty Land.

The following is a copy of one of the two thousand letters applying for bounty lands under the law of the last session of Congress, which were received yesterday, at the Pension Bureau. The "frog-sticker" referred to, which was sent along, carefully done up, by way of circumstantial proof of the applicant's service as claimed, is an old fashioned half butcher's knife and half cut-and-throat sabre, and looks as though it may have gone through all the wars of our country, from the old French war to the very last encounter with the Sioux on the great overland route to Oregon.—*Star.*
WASHINGTON, March 27th.
Mr. Commissioner of Pensions: I send you my frog-sticker. I was in the war at Blandenburg, and used this sabre like a true soldier. I want you to give me land, as they say you am the man for that business, and I want you to send my land to me by the rail road, so that I can get it, and I want to give the frog-sticker to the Congress of America, for I see that old president Jackson had his sword given to that benevolent asylum, or you may give it to the Washington monument.
Your friend,
ELTON BRENT.

REMARKABLE MEMORY.

John Franklin was a native of Canada, Litchfield county, Conn. An instance of his remarkable memory, when a lad of seventeen, will show that he was not an ordinary boy. Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting house being only enclosed, but neither ceiled nor plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view.—John saw that his austere father sat through the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not divine the cause. On returning home, "John," said his father, "it is my duty to give you a severe thrashing (so common in olden time), and you shall have it presently, so prepare yourself."
"But you won't whip me, father, without telling me what for?"
"No, certainly—your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon, you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting house."
"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"
"Sermon? no. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."
"If I tell you all the minister said you won't whip me?"
"No, John, no; but that is impossible."
Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse, went through with every head of it with surprising accuracy.
"Upon my word," said the delighted parent, "I should not have thought it."
"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you how many rafters there are in the meeting house.—*Minor's History of Wyoming.*

THE MARRIAGE RING IN OLDEN TIME.

It is said that Pope Innocent the third was the first who ordained the celebration of marriage in the church; before which, it was totally a civil contract; whence arose dispensation, licenses, faculties and other remnants of papal benefit. Shelford observes it came with the Council of Trent. The Council sat within the Bishopric of Trent, Germany, from the year 1545 to 1563.
But the ring was used in connection with marriage before Catholic times. The Greeks had it. We find from Juvenal that the Romans employed the ring. There was commonly a feast on the signing of the marriage contract; and the man gave the woman a ring (*Anulus Pronubus*) by way of pledge, which she put upon her left hand, on the finger next the heart. The ring was generally of iron, though sometimes of copper and brass, with little knobs in the form of a key, to represent that the wife had possession of the husband's keys. Roman keys attached to a ring for the finger, are not uncommon. The ring is at right angles to the axle, and, therefore, it could only be used for a lock which required very little strength to turn it; or as a latch-key. It must be a question, whether these were not rings used on marriages.—*History and Poetry of Finger Rings.*

VENERABLE PAPER MONEY.

The New York *Tribune* has received a six dollar bill of Maryland currency of the year 1770, which it thus describes: "It is a venerable specimen of typography and wood engraving, and in its uncouth coarseness contrasts strangely with the neat and elegant paper currency of the present day. The indorsement informs us that "to counterfeit is death."