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Poetry.

To Our Baby.

Lovely darling, thy creature! Full of smiles, full of smiles, Well I know thy every feat— Well I prize thy loving smiles. When thou'rt sleeping I oft watch thee, Watch the smiles lit o'er thy cheek; Tokens of a dreamland beauty Which thou knowest, but cannot speak.

The Wife's Reply.

Thou askest me what offerings bright From climes beyond the sea, Thou mayest collect with loving pride, To lavish upon me? I seek not costly gems to grace My brow; thou say'st 'tis fair— And if it be, why, love, should I Thy glance with jewels share?

Two friends were dining together one of whom remarked:— "As I am going abroad I have made my will and have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

DUNNING.—A western exchange says that the prettiest way of dunning ever devised, was lately practised in that vicinity. A very pretty young woman accosted a creditor thus— "Husband has made me a present of that bill you owe him."

New Year's Visits in New York.

First call; bell rings; enter bashful young man; evidently his first attempt at a fashionable visit; came in with his hat in his hand; put it behind him to make his bow; dropped it; tried to pick it up; stepped in it; put his foot thro' it; fell over it; and in his frantic struggles to recover himself, burst his coat, fractured his pantaloons, untied his cravat, demitised his shirt collar, and was finally borne away to the hall by his sympathising friends, minus his patent moustache, one half of which was afterwards found in Laura Matilda's scrap book, and the rest discovered in the coal-scuttle.

Crowd of young men came in together, (it is customary here for young gentlemen to club their funds, hire a carriage by the hour, and go calling in a drove; stopping at every house where one of the company happens to be acquainted; so that when a lady keeps open house, for every person whom she knows or wishes to see, a dozen unknown individuals annoy her by their uninvited presence.)—every one asked the young ladies to sing, and the young ladies did sing—generally opera, but but some varying the entertainment, with the touching ballad of "Old Dog Tray," or the graceful and pensive melody "Jordan is a hard road." On this occasion the programme was somewhat as follows: Gent No. 1 was treated to a "gem from Norma;" No. 1, a Grand March; No. 3, "Old Dog Tray;" No. 4, "Prima Donna Waltz;" No. 5, "Norma;" No. 6, "Jordan;" No. 7, "Norma;" No. 8, "Prima Donna" again; No. 9, "Norma;" No. 10, "Norma;" No. 11, "Dog Tray;" No. 12, "Norma."

As evening came on, the guests who came showed signs of the day's indulgence—I was particularly edified by the movements of three of them, whom I noted with peculiar care—the first one shook hands cordially with the servant girl, called her "Mrs. Griggs," wished her many happy returns, and on being told of his error, made an humble apology to the piano stool, and immediately sat down in a spittle. The next made his bow to the hat stand in the hall, swaggered into the room, called for a brandy "smash"—tried to rectify his mistake by asking pardon of Mrs. G. for mistaking her parlor for a bar-room, and assured her if he had done anything he was sorry for, he was exceedingly glad of it. The third stambling on to the sofa, and, after steadily contemplating his boots with much satisfaction for fifteen minutes, he picked up a Chinese fire-screen, and with an irresistible drunken sobriety, he tried to decipher the mysterious characters inscribed thereon, and calling the attention of Mr. G. to "the capital story in the Magtuber number of Harper's Octazine."

Refreshments—first man often essayed to wipe his nose on his umbrella, which he afterwards placed in the music rack; poured his coffee into his ice-cream, put his cake and sandwich into its place, stirred them up with a teaspoon, and tried to drink, the effort resulting in signal failure, he passed his cup to the chandelier for "a little more coffee;" another spilled his coffee in Laura Matilda's neck, begged she would not apologise, and offered to wipe it with his handkerchief—by which appellation he designated the door mat, which he had brought in with him from the hall. The other, after carefully depositing his plate on the floor, dropped his gloves into his saucer, tried to put his overcoat into his vest pocket, made a great attempt to eat his coffee with his knife and fork, and then resolutely set about picking his teeth with the nut-cracker. After some complicated maneuvering, they bowed himself out as best they could—but the last one, having mistaken the door and gone down cellar instead of out door, was found this morning reposing complacently in the coal-hole.

In fact, New York went to bed last night with a huge brick in its municipal hat, and as the legitimate effect of such indiscretion, has awoke this morning with a tremendous corporate headache—"Young America" to-day, for once, is unstarved in appearance; and in deportment, meek as the sucking dove.

Days Without Night.

Dr. Baird, in a lecture delivered, recently, in Cincinnati, said:— "There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to visit some friends—had not taken note of time—and returned about midnight: it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants were all gone away, or were dead. No signs of life—stores were closed.

The sun goes down at Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is great illumination all night; as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, the refraction of his rays is such that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. Baird read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the Bothna, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travelers go there to see it. A steambot goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock, p. m., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into the habit of rising late, too.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC submarine telegraph Company, composed of English and French capitalists, have entered into a contract with the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, whereby the former are bound to construct and lay down at their own expense and risk, a submarine cable extending from Ireland to St. John's, Newfoundland, and to have the same completed and in operation on or before the 22d day of January, 1858. The New York, Newfoundland, and London Company have contracted for a cable to connect Newfoundland with Cape Breton or Prince Edwards Island, from whence lines are already in operation to New York. This work will be accomplished in the course of the present summer. The cable to be made for this company is to weigh five tons and two hundred pounds to the mile, and presents a much more finished and compact appearance than the cable now in use between England and the Continent. This English line has already been worked four years without alteration or repair, and seems wholly unaffected by time or wear, or chemical action. The two companies, European and American, will each own the line by it constructed; but their contract obliges them to operate in connection with each other, to the exclusion of all other lines, for the period of fifty years, which is the limit of the American Company's Charter.—Louisville Journal.

HOW TO MOUNT A HORSE.—A letter from an officer on board the United States ship St. Mary's, dated at St. Mary's Anchor, Peru, published in the Burlington Free Press, gives a ludicrous description of the mode of mounting a horse. The women do all the work, and the men are a lazy set of gamblers and thieves. The women ride on the hind quarters of their horses, without a saddle, cross-legged, with the load on the horse in front. They mount the animal by taking hold of his long tail, making a loop by doubling it up, and clasping with one hand the upper and lower parts of the tail, and then putting one foot in the loop and the other foot on the joints of the horse's leg, they ascend as if going up stairs. They usually stand erect on the horse, before sitting down. "The horses never kick or stir."

SCOTT'S SENSIBILITY.—Sir Walter Scott could never eat the flesh of any creature he had known while it was alive. "I had once," says he, "a noble yoke of oxen, which, with the usual agricultural gratitude, we killed for the table; they said it was the finest beef in the four counties; but I could never taste Gog and Magog, whom I used to advance in the plow. Moreover, when I was an officer of yeomanry, and used to dress my own charger, I formed an acquaintance with a flock of white turkeys, by throwing them a handful of oats now and then when I came from the stable. I saw their number diminish with real pain, and never attempted to eat any of them without being sick; and yet I have as much of the 'rugged and tough' about me as is necessary to carry me through all sorts of duty without much sentimental compunction."

Polygamy—A Scene.

Mr. Graham, in his "Jordan and the Rhine," thus describes polygamy as it exists in Damascus, and gives a scene illustrating the blessings connected with it:

The Moians may legally have four wives, but you are not to suppose that most, or even many of the Moslems have four wives; they are prevented by poverty, by affection, and by the great law of nature, which created the human race, male and female, at the beginning, and keeps the number of males and females nearly equal in ages. In Damascus very many has but one wife and though a divorce may, and does, multiply the facilities for having a variety of wives, yet I am led to think that two wives are frequent, three or four are very rare, and that perhaps the majority are contented with one at a time. The last married wife is generally the favorite for the time being, and the others must submit to her control. These different wives, if the husband can at all afford it, are kept in different cities. When this is not possible, the four wives and families dwelling in the same habitation make it not unfrequently a scene of noise and boisterous confusion.

Enter the house. What is this! There is strange confusion in the splendid mansion and it seems as if the oriental life as well as our own had its troubles. The whole scene reminds one of an Irish row, and was originated in the following way: Four wives live in the house, and they all have families. The children come together in common court, and after playing a while they begin to fight; then the mothers come and take the part of their children, which adds no little to the confusion. Shortly after, the female slaves join in the tumult, and with shouting and yelling augment the vehemence of the broil; then lastly, a few eunuchs raise their sweet voices (the eunuch's voice is the sweetest in the world—the Pope's choir, they say, must be eunuchs,) in the midst of the uproar, and the picture of the four wives' Mohammedan's domestic happiness is complete. He enters; his gait is portly, his look is haughty and commanding, his word should prevail as law, but no—he can make neither head nor tail of the matter—the diversity and vehemence of the mutual clamors and accusations bewilder him, and he cannot even get a hearing. He retires slowly from the scene of contention and claps his hand for his attendant slave—"Jacob, bring me a pipe; there is no use in interference; let them fight it out among themselves—God has made them from a crooked rib." So saying, he reclines on the divan and enjoys his pipe and coffee as if nothing had occurred. Such are the blessings of polygamy.

LOLA MONTES.—The movements of the eccentric Countess of Lansfeld seem to be interesting topic of discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. A recent New York Times says that Madame Lola "anticipates being present at the opening of the Grand Exhibition at Paris, on the 1st of May, when she will simultaneously appear with her Residence in America—a sort of Trollopian Diary."

A Paris letter in the Illustrated London News of April 7th, says:—"Paris, we learn, is about to be favored by the presence of Lola Montes, who, it is said, is married for the—time. The present worse half is, we believe, a gold digger, whom the Countess de Lansfeld picked up at Grass Valley, and whose millions she proposes to despoil of here; this done, we suppose the gold-digger will be disposed of in his turn—que ne nous regardes pas."

The California Press has been announcing of late that the Countess is immediately about to proceed to India or Australia, or China, or God knows where else, with a dramatic company which she is now organizing in this city. Perhaps, all have been deceived, and the lady intends quietly to remain at Grass Valley where she has already so long resided. It falls to the lot of few women to have so much said about them, as has been the case with Lola Montes.—S. F. Chronicle.

TO SPORTSMEN.—Wash your gun barrel in spirits of turpentine by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid, and swabbing them out three or four times, when they will be cleared from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry; even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust as when water is used. I am an old experienced gunner, and have practiced this for years, and found it useful. Spirits of turpentine can be procured at all country stores, and a small quantity sufficient.—F. D., in Scientific American.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE—LOSS OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS BY GAMBLING.—We copy the following from the New York Express:

A wealthy gentleman named Bailee, from Maryland, arrived here some two weeks ago upon a visit to his friends, and became the guest of the Carlton House. He fell into the habit of visiting the gambling establishments of Broadway, and became at last a "disparate better." On some occasions the sharps would play the game in such a manner as to let the intended victim win four and five hundred dollars.—When satisfied that their customer was fit to be plucked, operations commenced in earnest. He even risked on "one turn" several hundred dollars "clips," amounting in the aggregate to some \$3,000 or \$4,000, by the mere drawing of one card from a little tin box in the hands of the "dealer." In this way the poor man persisted, until he was fleeced, at last, of nearly every dollar he possessed. We have been assured that his loss will probably exceed one hundred thousand dollars—all in the space of a week or ten days.

During the past forty-eight hours Mr. B. has been in a state of great excitement. He became quite unconscious on Saturday, and made his way to the house of Cinderella Marshall, in Leonard street, where he was cared for.—At eight o'clock in the evening he was worse—indeed, crazy at intervals. A messenger was despatched by the landlady for a doctor, but before his arrival Mr. Bailee attempted to destroy himself by swallowing six ounces of laudanum from a bottle which he carried in his pocket. The attendance of Dr. Clark, Dr. Bradshaw, and Dr. Bacon was forthwith procured. The stomach pump was used freely, and every effort was made to arouse him—not unsuccessfully. Last evening Mr. B. was lying very weak, but the physicians were of the opinion that he would survive.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—We do not know who deserves the credit of writing the following; but he has hit the nail on the head. "Never be afraid to do right, because somebody will laugh at you. Never do wrong because somebody will applaud you. Never be ashamed of an old hat if it is well brushed and the best you have; nor of an old coat, if you get another, you must go in debt for it to the tailor.

Dig potatoes, hoe corn, maul rails, carry mortar, do anything that is useful, rather than be indolent; and don't skulk behind some tree or creep into a hole, for fear some simpleton will laugh at you.

Let people understand, and plainly, that your body and your mind are your own. If they have no brains, you have, or at any rate, are trying to get some.

You will now and then have people come to the door, or the window, to peep at you, as you pass along. Let them peep and be satisfied. You will as often have to pass the corner of a shop, the front of shops, and certain other resting places, and be stared at by a group of verdant youths and tatterdemalions, congregated there for the special purpose of cracking jokes and insulting decency. Pass on, hold up your head, and let the poor flies buzz. They will soon be gone.

You will sometimes be called a blind bigot, for defending a few principles which you have thoroughly examined and which you know to be correct.—Well to be called bigot is hard; but to be called a blind bigot, one who cannot and will not see is still harder. Never mind however. Try to keep your temper, and may be you will live to prove the falsity of the assertions.

NAMES.—Galena was once "surrounded" by curious names. The thing did not answer. A town meeting was called, and a citizen made the following speech:

Gentlemen—It is obvious that so long as these names remain unchanged, the city of Galena can never command that influence abroad which its position and importance demand. Sir, there is something in a name, and there is something in the name of places by which we are surrounded, and which may be supposed by those abroad to indicate our position and character. In this respect, sir, Galena is most unfortunate. Sir, what is the position of Galena? How is Galena situated? It is bounded on the west by Death's Head, on the north by Vinegar Hill, Hardscrabble and Shakerag, on the east by Blackleg and Snake-diggins, and on the south by Small-Pox; and it is situated on Fever River. It is needless to say that the argument was unanswerable.

The proceedings of the meeting were published in the papers, and the name of the river was changed by solemn legislative enactment.

VALUE OF WIVES IN CHINA.—Not long since, a young English merchant took his wife with him to Hong Kong, China, where the worthy couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she at length left the apartment he said to her husband in broken English, worse than broken China.

"What give you for that wiley-wife of yours?"

"O," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

This the merchant thought the Chinese would consider rather a high figure; but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the Mandarin, taking out a book with an air of business, "a pose you give her to me; I give you five thousand."

It was difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed than amused; but the very grave and solemn air of the Chinaman that he was in sober earnest; and he was compelled therefore to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume.

The Mandarin, however, continued to press his bargain. "I give you seven thousand dollars," said he; "you take 'em!"

The merchant, who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to inform his visitor that Englishmen were not in the habit of selling their wives after they were once in their possession—an assertion which the Chinaman was slow to believe.

The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his pretty young wife, and told her that he had just discovered her full value as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her—a very high figure "as wives were going" in China at the time.—Harper's Magazine.

PATRICK HENRY'S ELOQUENCE.

The power of Henry's eloquence was due, first to the greatness of his emotion and passion, accompanied with a versatility which enabled him to assume at once any emotion or passion that was suited to his ends. Not less indispensable, secondly, was his matchless perfection of the organs of expression, including the entire apparatus of voice intonation, pause, gesture, attitude, and indescribable play of countenance.—In no instance did he ever indulge in an expression that was not instantly recognized as nature itself. Yet some of his penetrating and subduing tones were absolutely peculiar, as inimitable as they were indescribable. These were felt by every hearer, in all their force. His mightiest feelings were sometimes indicated by a long pause, aided by an eloquent aspect, and some significant use of his finger. The sympathy between mind and mind is inexplicable. Where the channels of communication are open, the faculty of revealing inward passion great, and the expression of it sudden and visible, the effects are extraordinary. Let these shocks of influence be repeated again and again, and all other opinions and ideas are for the moment absorbed or excluded, the whole mind is brought into unison with that of the speaker, and the spell-bound listener, till the cause ceases, is under an entire fascination. Then perhaps the charm ceases upon reflection, and the infatuated hearer resumes his ordinary state.—Dr. Alexander.

GOOD SPECTACLE.—An itinerant vender of spectacles was exhibiting from house to house in Market Reason the various species of his stock, and while thus engaged he called at the residence of an elderly lady.

A pair of spectacles was handed to her for inspection, but not meeting with her approval, a second pair was exhibited, but with no better success.

At last the adept vender produced a pair which he termed a "peculiar kind"—these the lady placed on her face, and declared her vision was improved. An exorbitant price was therefore demanded for this "peculiar kind," and on the amount being paid, the vender instantly took his departure.

But he had not made his exit long, before the lady found she had been laboring under a delusion, as the spectacles were minus glass.

INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS ON THE TRINITY.—We are sorry to learn that the Indians have succeeded in stealing part of the train of Messrs. Sleeper, Hamlin & Co. They lost ten mules. There is not the least shadow of an excuse for an Indian outbreak at this time of year. They should be pitched into and exterminated this time.—Yreka Herald.

WITHOUT DANGER, DANGER CANNOT BE SURMOUNTED.