

THE UMPQUA GAZETTE.

BY BOYD & BLAKELY.

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

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Poetry.

A Friend.

How many lovely things we find
In earth, and air, and sea—
The distant belts upon the wind,
The blossoms on the tree;
But lovelier far than rhyme or flower,
A valued friend in sorrow's hour,

Sweet is the card of a bird,
When warbling on the spray,
And beautiful the moon's pale beam
That lights us on our way;
Yet lovelier far the friend's look and word
Than moonlight, or than warbling bird.

How prized the coral and the shell,
And valued, too, the pearl;
Who can the hidden treasures tell
O'er which the soft waves curl?
Yet dearest still a friend to me,
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

A Little Wish."

Give me but a little home,
Where mortal never trod,
A little way above the earth,
A little nearer God.
A little heart to love me true,
A little sense to know—
Constant souls in earth are few,
To Heaven, they early go.

O! give me but a little joy,
This world so rarely boasts,
A little life without alloy,
A sight at hallowed hosts;
A little song of praise to sing
The glories of the mind,
That seeks above the only rest
Our souls can ever find.

Tis little more I wish to have,
That little still I crave;
Tis little tear from those I love,
Drop on my little grave,
When little forms shall bear along
My little body there,
O let me hear their little tongues
Speak each and all a prayer.

And when a little time is sped,
And little weeds do rise,
From out the soil above my head
O! do not them despise;
For they partake the life I have,
And if but nursed with care,
You'll find, anon, on every blade
A language holy there.

J. B. Howe, *Waverly Magazine*.

TOOK HER WITH HIM.—It will be remembered that last fall the editor of the Green Bay Advocate, Wisconsin, during his absence left his wife to edit the paper, and that she, being a Whig, took the Democratic ticket down from its columns and wrote some energetic whig editorials. The editor it seems, has been called again to the capital, and through his substitute writes as follows, on March 22:

"Our editor has gone to Madison, and in order to make a sure thing of it, and prevent the appearance of any more whig editorials, has taken his wife with him.

When a man commences the publishing of a paper, he can't give it up till he is ruined—and then, when he gets a spare hundred, he starts another. We have our eyes on an 'hon'ble' who has started more than a dozen papers within the last six years—but all died out, although they possessed undoubted talent! The same gent is now peddling peanuts, and saving the profits to start another in the fall.

SOURCE.—It is said that a man in Ohio, to save time and paper, writes the name of his county thus—Y & —Wyan-loit.

Bereaved.

The universal popularity of Mr. Mar-
vel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," is no
matter of wonder to any who have lis-
tened and dreamt over its fascinating
pages; not fascinating through poetic
brilliance, but in its quiet, pathetic,
touching heart-pictures. In the present
number of the *Home Magazine*, is an
engraving from the exquisitely illustrated
edition of Mr. Scribner. The pas-
sage from which the artist took his
representation, is in the third portion of
the "First Reverie," and theme is "Ash-
es—Signifying Desolation." The Bach-
elor, giving free play to his imagination,
and himself wedded to his heart's idol—
Sweet children are born; but when
love grows around them, and makes
them a part of its very life, the spoiler
enters, and they are torn away. Next,
the gentle mother begins to fade, and
drooping day by day, at last sinks into
the narrow resting place of poor mor-
tality. Let us take the closing scene
in the Bachelor's own language:

"You are early home—mid-after-
noon. Your step is not light; heavy,
terrible.

"They have sent for you.

"She is lying down; her eyes half-
closed; her breathing long and inter-
rupted.

"She hears you; her eyes open; you
put your hand in hers; yours trembles;
—hers does not. Her lips move; it is
your name.

"Be strong," she says, "God will
help you."

"She presses harder your hand—
Adieu!"

"A long breath—another;—you are
alone again. No tears now; poor man!
You cannot find them!

"Again home early. There is
a smell of varnish in your house. A
coffin is there; they have clothed the
body in decent grave clothes, and the
undertaker is screwing down the lid,
slipping round on tip-toe. Does he
fear to waken her?

"He asks you a simple question about
the inscription upon the plate, rubbing
it with his coat cuff. You look him
straight in the eye; you motion him to
the door; you dare not speak.

"He takes up his hat and glides out
stealthily as a cat.

"The man has done his work well
for all. It is a nice coffin—a very nice
coffin! Pass your hand over it—how
smooth!

"Some sprigs of mimionette are ly-
ing carelessly in a little-gilt edged sauc-
er. She loved mimionette.

"It is a good staunch table the coffin
rests on;—it is your table; you are a
housekeeper—a man of family!

"Aye, of family!—keep down out-
cry, or the nurse will be in. Look over
at the pinched features; is this all that
is left of her? And where is your heart
now? No, don't thrust your nails into
your hands, nor wrangle your lip, nor
grate your teeth together. If you
could only weep!

"Another day. The coffin is
gone out. The stupid mourners have
wept—what idle tears! She, with
your crushed heart, has gone out!

"Will you have pleasant evenings at
your home now?

"Go into your parlor that your prim
housekeeper has made comfortable with
clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

"Sit down in your chair; there is an-
other velvet-cushioned one, over against
yours—empty. You press your finger
on your eyeballs, as if you would press
out something that hurt the brain; but
you cannot. Your head leans upon
your hand; your eye rests upon the
flashing blaze.

"Ashes always come after blaze.

"Go now into the room where she
was sick—softly, lest the prim house-
keeper come after.

"They have put new dimity upon her
chair; they have hung new curtains
over the bed. They have moved from
the stand its phials, and silver bell;—
they have put a little vase of flowers in
their place; the perfume will not offend
the sick sense now. They have half-
opened the window, that the room so
long closed may have air. It is not
too cold.

"She is not there.

"Oh, God!—thou who dost
temper the wind to the shorn lamb
be kind!

"The embers were dark; I stirred
them; there was no sign of life. My
dog was asleep. The clock in my ten-
ant's room had struck one.

"I dashed a tear or two from my
eyes;—how they had come there I
knew not. I half ejaculated a prayer
of thanks, that such desolation had not
yet come nigh me; and a prayer of hope—
that it might never come.

"In half an hour more, I was sleep-
ing soundly. My reverie was ended.

MILDEW stains are very difficult to
remove from linen. The most effect-
ual way is to rub soap on the spots, then
dip and bleach the garment in the
hot sun.

SOURCE.—It is said that a man in Ohio, to
save time and paper, writes the name of his
county thus—Y & —Wyan-loit.

The Democratic Party.

Every other party has retired from
the struggle with intolerance and big-
otry, or has yielded itself captive to this
combination of factions, save and except
the democracy. Throughout the
entire field, the only flag that waves in
proud defiance of this combination is
that of democracy. Nor are the mem-
bers that gather under this flag unworthy
of the cause to which they have
dedicated themselves. The rank and
file remain; the heroes of many hard-
fought conflicts have not deserted. A
few corrupt leaders have gone—"a
good riddance of them;" but the great
body of the progressive party is as full
of energy and hope as ever it was, and
but little shown of its noble proportions.
From the day that the flag of proscription
unfurled its dark wing, we hailed a
real future of success to the demo-
cratic party, and of service to the country
by that party, to which all its past services
will prove as nothing. The political fusions
and confusions of the day will soon re-
alize the truth of this prophecy to their
bitter cost. Either way, the cause of
truth and equality, of rational liberty
and sound patriotism, must gain.—
Whether the profligate leaders of the
men who have gone into these dens of
secret shame fail to carry out their
pledges, or whether they fulfill them, it
will be all the same in the end—wide
and general catastrophe will overtake
them. If they fail to make good their
promises, the cheat will be apparent in all its
corruption. If they go on, their votaries
will start before the long procession of
persecutions, follies and crimes perpetr-
ated in the name of Americanism. If we
loved our country less, we should say
let these madmen go on. The lesson
would do good through all time if it
were not purchased at too great a cost.
Already an appalling record has been
made up. The spirit of insane innovation
has broken out wherever the phrensy
of intolerance has penetrated. It
seeks to interfere with political right
and social obligation. It annuls the
most sacred obligations without re-
morse. It strikes at every security for
the well-being of society; and in the
name of reform it inflicts countless evils
upon the country. On the one hand,
it forces upon reluctant communities
sumptuary laws that would have dis-
graced the most dissolute monarch that
ever lived; on the other, it nullifies those
solemn guarantees which protect the
States in their covenanted rights. Here
it strikes down an eminent citizen for
his religion; there for the sake of his
birth. Extravagance in its municipal
and State administrations, and the nomi-
nations of base, ignorant, and corrupt
men for office, have been conspicuous
features in its practice, if not in its
professions. It strikes down the honest
and upright in its efforts to cover up
the sins of the nation; it insults the
poor and helpless women because they
have the hardihood to be Catholics; in
Ohio it destroys the ballot-boxes, with
the cry of "Americans must rule Amer-
ica," and retires abashed and penitent
before its own turbulence; in New
York it buries a murdered bully with
honors, such as were scarcely bestowed
upon a departed Washington; and in
Pennsylvania it desecrates Independence
Hall by denunciations of the adopted
citizens, breathed in wicked contempt
of the memory of the revolutionary
struggle. We say we could not
survive such a blow to our national
character, and that it would be a
catastrophe to the country.

It is natural that at such a time all
eyes should be turned to the democratic
party, which, unawed by majorities, and
unsubdued by appeals for aid and
comfort, flings its defiance into the
teeth of those bold bad men, and dares
them to the issue. There is something
sublime in this. Honest and clear mind-
ed men will see in it an opportunity to
cut loose from the trammels of the whig
party. The persecuted will see in it
a refuge and a rescue from their foes. Those
desirous of their freedom will find in
it a party a fortress that will laugh a
siege to scorn. Now, as ever, the
democracy opens its arms to the
oppressed of all nation; now, as
ever, it stands by the teachings of the
sages of the past. Not one tenet of its
creed has it yielded, not one syllable of
its pledge; but the more it is assailed
the more strongly it adheres to its prin-
ciples. Let facts exult over tempo-
rary success; there is in store for the
democratic party a higher glory than it
has ever yet attained—the glory of res-
cuing our country from the hands of
the worst conspiracy that has ever been
organized against civilization and freedom
since the foreign foe invaded our
happy shores.—*Union*.

A wise man stands firm in all
extremities and bears the lot of humanity
with a divine temper.

A good change in life is like a
cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at
the first plunge.

MILDEW stains are very difficult to
remove from linen. The most effect-
ual way is to rub soap on the spots, then
dip and bleach the garment in the
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