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Doetrn. The Grave of Lilly Dale.

BY SIDNEY DYES.

We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden bair, And folded her arms on her breust, And laid her, at eve, in the valley so fair.
'Mig the blossoms of summer to rest.

Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, no care can assail,
For green grows the turf
O'er the tear-moistened grave
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

She sleeps 'neath spot she had marked for where the flowers sconest blossom in spring
And sephyrs first breathe the perfumes of
the rose.
And the birds come at evening to sing.

Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

The wide-spreading boughs of the old chest nut tree, Bend low o'er the place where she lies, There eve's purple beams longest glow the lea.

And the morn drinks the dews as they rise

Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the

She sleeps with the turf on her breast, As we laid her, at eve, in the valley so fair, 'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest. Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

[From the S. F. Golden Era.] To Nellie.

Gentle Nellie, fairy creature, How I mise thy airy form : How thine every well-known feature, And thy heart so kind and warm!

How thy merry, ringing laughter, All so free from grief and care. And thy voice so sweet and gentle, As the songs of angels are!

Dearest Nellie, cold and dreary, Long and wearisome to me, Is the path of life to follow, When attended not by thee.

Linger not, then, I beseech thee, For the world seems cold and cheerless, Lov'd one, when thou'rt far away.

The Soldier's Rest.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our ile's eachanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing.
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
[Scott.

Night.

The sun has gone from Heaven,
And nature sinks to rest;
And the glow upon the cheer of even
Has faded in the west; Now lovers muse on sacred things. Bright eyes and moonlight bowers. And fairies on their purple wings
Disport among the flowers;
Night's spangled tent is drawn around,
And earth becomes enchanted ground.
[Coorgs.

REGAL EXTRAVAGANCE .- Queen Elizabeth, it seems, never wore a gown twice, and when she died there were in her wardrobe no less than three thousand complete dresses. She possessed among her trousscaux the dresses of all nations.

Mr. Pepper's Wife.

HOW HE SHUT HER UP.

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes with regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders repecting thom; but with you it is different. As you have not got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household.

In the first place you will make a fire in here. That done, you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed and do not consider it negessary to depart from that custom on your account; but should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me."

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to house keeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman-she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands; but as soon as her toilet was finished, she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen she thus rumina-

"Make the kitchen fire! Yes, I'll do that. Then make a fire in the bedroom! I'll see to that, too. Then take the breakfast to his bedside! Just see if I do!" And then Mrs. Pepper sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when, apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. P.'s apartment, filled up his stove, having ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with great relish; and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excur-

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He "labored under the impression" that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hun-gry. Peeping out from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was

still about the house. Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it, too. After some search he found the remains of of the breakfast, of which he took with gusto, and then sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a long time coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath .--

While sitting there, he thus soliloquized: "That ever I, Philander Pepper, sho'd be so treated, and by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't either. But she shan't escape, that's certain; if she should my reputation for dignity would be forever gone! for hav'nt I told Solomon Simmake my wife stand round, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up, and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it?"

"A cosy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him. Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair; laughing just as hard as she could. Mr.

Pepper put on a severe look. "Sit down in that chair, madam," he said, pointing to the one he had just vacated, "while I have a little conversa

tion with you.' "Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon ?"

"Where I have been this forenoon Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objec tion to tell you: I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them," said she, holding them up domurely for his inspection, "I only paid a dollar a piece for them-ex-tremely cheap, don't you think so !"

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning flercely upon ber, he said-

"Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconchambers until you are willing to pro-

miss strict obedience to my wishes." At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew him-self up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P., ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet, and say-

"Dear Philander, won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!"

And he was going to say, "Betay Jane you'd better not;" but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did! Laughed him right in the face!

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathy. He spoke up in a voice of thunder, and said: spoke up in a voice of thunder, and said:

"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs
this very minute, and don't let the grass
grow under your feet while you are
going neither. You have begun your
antics in good season, Mrs. Pepper, but
I'll have you to know that it won't pay
the continue them any length of the recommentation of the recommentation. to continue them any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper. Again I com-mand you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really, Mr. Pepper, it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud-I am not so deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking up stairs, have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait untill I have recov ered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before."
"But you must, Mrs. Pepper."

"Then all I've got to say is this, you will have to carry me, for I won't walk!" Mr. P. looked at his wife for a mo-

ment with the greatest astonishment; but as she began to langh at him again, he thought to himself-

"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get off in that way, but it won't do; up stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry her; so here goes," and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safe-ly lodged in her prison, and carefully locking her in, he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door-step to attend to callers and also to see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his din ner, and after despatching that, he hurgrossed in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our young sentinel rushed into the office and said, never stopping to take a breath:

"Mr. Pepper, you had better run home as fast as you can, for that wo-man what's shut up be making an awful racket, and she be tearing around there and rattling things the distressingest kind, and if she beaut splitting up something or other, then I don't know what splitting be!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most undignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and ap-plying his eyes to the keyhole, he be-held a sight which made him fairly boil

with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fire place, reading his love letters. The one that she was engaged in perusing at looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent bim a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair.

and some walnut meats.

But it was not the love-letters alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveller in his day, and had collected a great many curi-osities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room in which he had confined Mrs. P., and she had got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing-desk with his Indian battle-axe,in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire place was Mr. P.'s best beaver, filled up with love-letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P. was a beautiful flat China dish, filled with bear's oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her suffi cient light for her labors-for Mr. P. had closed the blinds, for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire, was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the fiddle bow, meanwhile occasionally

punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had, with commendable fore-sight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep thro the keyhole, until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a Pepper so fired as he. He shook the door, it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered duct, by imprisoning you in one of my ces; but as she did not open it, it is to

be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. P. darted down stairs like a madman.

I must put a stop to this," he tho't, "or I shall not have a rag of clothes on my bad."

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bedroom; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easly. She knew that he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left, but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire; so, hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed, she left the spartment,

closed the window, he stood bolt up-right in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice-

"Jazebel, come forth!"

"Jade, do you think to escape !" Still no response. Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy, and hastily commences to search the room, but had not proceeded far when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listens a moment and it is repeated .--Darting to the door, he attempts to open it, but finds himself a prisoner.— There is one more chance, he thinks, and hurries to the window; but also for Mr. Pepper: his wife has just removed the ladder and be cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks cuefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is lying on the carpet, and finds it is from Polly Primrose.-He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eye falls upon his daguerreotype, which is lying on the table before him-mechanically takes it up, he opens it, and sees—what? nothing but his own face. All the rest of him being rubbed off, and around his lovely pair is the missing curl and the walnut meats are carefully stowed in one corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbared aloud.

"Good!" thought Mrs. P., "when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then. A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I am fully prepared to administer it."

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord in durance vile, deponent saith not, and as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed, but of this we are sure, Mr. Pepper might have been seen, a morning or two af-terwards, to put his head into the bed-

room, and heard say in a meek manner: "Betsy Jane, I've made the kitchen fire, and put on the tea-kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast."

The Twelve Pound "Chunk." A returned Californian relates the

following good one: The landlord of a hotel, built of that she was engaged in perusing at that particular moment, was from a boards, and located somewhere near two pair of stairs with a chair. At Miss Polly Primrose, who it appeared the Tekuik Diggiogs, was presented by twelve o'clock, finds that his challe wife with a fine twelve bound boy which coming to the ears of a wag, he circulated the story that the host found a "twelve pound chunk," which ran like wild fire through the place, and caused quite an excitement. A lew weeks aferwards a miner from another quarter having heard of the twelve pound "chunk," arrived at the hotel, and at once made application to the landlady for lodging. Her husband being ab-sent, she attended to the guest, when the following conversation took place, which should be prefaced by the remark that the story had exploded several days before his arrival, and the landlady had enjoyed the sell with the rest :

"It was your husband, ma'am,wasn't it, who got the twelve pound chunk!"
"He had some help, I believe," re-plied she, with a sly laugh.
"Yes, I a'pose so. Where was he

digging !"
"Oh, that's a secret."

"Yes, I s'pose it is," replied the mi-ner. "He thinks he'll get another there, "I don't know what he thinks, but I

know he won't." "I shouldn't think it improbable, al though it's possible." "So they say."

The miner here paused awhile, and at last, after some reflection, he said : "I s'pose the chunk's gone, aint it?"
"Oh, no, it's in the other room.— Would you like to see it."
"Well, I should; but 'taint lying

around loose, is it ?" "Not exactly," said the lady, throw-ing open the door, "for there it is in the cradle.

The miner bent over, when a pair chubby fists were extended, and giving the jolly landlady one look, he left for

[From the S. F. Golden Era.] Daily Routine of a California Editor.

An Eastern paper announces as a matter of news, that it has "been in-formed by a most reliable correspondent that there is at present residing somewhere in California an editor who has actually killed but one man for a year, and has been shot at but six times during that period."

A mistake, or else a willful libel, and shows at once the unreliability of correspondents generally, and the igno-rance of that particular editor who al-lowed himself to be imposed upon by being induced to endorse and circulate the malicious slander. Of course, here at home where here at home, where every one knows better, it is hardly necessary to give the lie (a term we usually make use of in California to signify a difference in opinion) to the foul aspersion ; but for fear that the story may find cre-dence abroad, we will simply contradiet it, assuring our brethren in the east that an almost universal acquaintance with the members of the press of California warrants us in expressing the opinion that there is no editor in the State who has been compelled to limit his appetite for blood to one victim in a twelvemonth-and we take down our double-barrelled shot gun as we promulgate the assertion—(a favor-ite way we have of convincing people that we are right.) We will "also state," that in California an editor of a newspaper is expected by his patrons and the public to "lay out" one man per month for every thousand copies of the circulation of his journal; according to which calculation we are entitled to seventy-two lives per annum.-We have not availed curself of the full extent of our conceded right during the past year, put present appearances indicate that we shall be more than even before next new-year. So, eastern editors will see how improbable it is that a member of the press in Califor-nia should have passed through twelve months and killed but one man!

In order that we may more fully ifornia editor passes his time, and the pleasing incidents that daily occur to him, we will sketch a brief outline of his duties and the style in which he executes them every twenty-four hours. First—gets up in the morning at ten o'clock; dresses himself, puts on his ha t, in which are six or seven bullet the office to look over the papers, and discovers that he is called a scoundrel in one of them, a liar in another, and a puppy in another; he smiles at the pleasing prospect of having something to do; fills out and dispatches three blank challenges, a ream or two of which he always keeps on hand, ready printed, to save time : commences writing a leader, when as the clock strikes eleven, a large man with a cow-hide in one hand, a pistol in the other, and a bowie-knife in his belt, walks in and asks him if his name is ---; he answers by knocking the intruder down have been accepted, and suddenly remembers that he has a little affair of that nature to settle at the beach that day at three o'clock: goes out, kills his man, then comes in and dines on stewed grizzly. Starts for the office, and while going there gets mixed up in a street row, and has the heel of his boot shot off by secident; laughs to think how beautifully it was done; arrives at his sanctum, and finds an "in-fernal machine" upon the table : knows what it is, merely pitches it out of the window; writes an article on "moral reform," and then starts for the theatre; is attacked on the corner of a dark alley by three men, kills two of them, and takes the other to the stationhouse. Returning to the office at eleven o'clock at night, knocks a man down who attempts to rob him, kills a dog with a piece of paving stone, gets run over by a cab, and has the tail of his coat slitted with a thrust from a knife, and two bullet-holes put through his beaver as he steps within his own door: smiles at his escape; writes until two o'clock, and then "turns in," with the happy conciousness of having two duels to fight the next day. No wonder that California editors

are objects of jealousy. Hereafter our eastern contemporaries will please do us the justice of believing no correspondent who may intimate anything at variance with conclusions which may ba drawn from the above picture.

Doesticks' new book, about to be published in New York, is entitled "Nothing." In his preface he says: "In a literary point of view the book claims nothing. This is the manufacturer's conclusion. In a literary point of view this book amounts to nothing. This will be the reader's conclusion."

Panaticism Running Blot. Petitions were circulating in New York for signatures praying the Legislature of that State to pass laws against the use of tobacco and strong tea. The vegetarians, too, contemplated petition-ing the legislature for a law against the further use of meat. In the present age it is impossible to tell what extremes may not be reached by legisla-tion. Indeed, we are sometimes inclin-ed to think our whole government is but one great insane asylum, where the keepers are as crazy as the inmates.

When Connecticut passed her com-gent laws relative to a more strict ob-servance of the Sabbath, she committed an act which done more to destroy a reverence for that day than anything else. When Massachusetts enacted laws for the punishment of witchcraft, and brought to the stake hundreds of persons under pretence that they were practicing it, she assumed that to exist which had no existence, and the consequence was a revulsion in public opinion which consigned the aiders and abetters in this persecution to eternal infamy. And so it has been and will be, until by a strong and powerful combination the really good in community set their faces against the fanaticism of the present age. Religion is made a mockery—Christianity is turned into a huminess transaction, and the socialidae. business transaction, and the socialities of life embittered by the cool and deliberate hypocrisy of men who have clothed themselves in the "livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

The people of the United States talk as fluently about the progress of the present age as a school-boy talks about his lesson; but it is a truth the times clearly indicate, that we are retrograd ing and going back to the dark sges, when fanaticism and superstition "run riot" in the world. And who is to blame in all this work! Let any man go to the temples dedicated to the worship of the living God, and see there the pulpit turned into the political rostrum. and he who should preach the Gospel lecturing on politics—see the legislator basely catering to the fanatical notions iniquitous and unjust—go to the courts and see the judges who should administer the laws in truth and justice, wheelights are the laws in truth and truth and truth are the laws in truth and truth and truth are the laws in the laws in the laws in the laws in the dling, twisting and turning to meet this or that popular clamor, and then tell us who is to blame! The time has come when all this must cease, and the sanctimonious whining of the hypocrite be holes, and goes to a restaurant for as powerless in influencing public opinioraklast. After breakfast, starts for ion, as the assumed whine of the beg-

gar is in procuring a penny.

We know some men who have made their means in this humiliating transaction. Let them make the most of it. When they get another chance the people will be a bigger set of fools than we take them to be.—Democratic (Pa.)

SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARApise.—A poor tailor, being released from a troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise Peter asked bim if he had ever been to Purgatory.

"No," said the tailor, "but I have "Oh," said Peter, "that is all the

The tailor had scarcely got in before a fat, turtle-eating alderman came, puffing and blowing.

"Hallo! you fellow," said he, "open the gate." "Not so fast," said Peter, "have you ever been in Purgatory !"

"No," said the alderman, "but what is that to the purpose ! You let in that poor, half-starved tailor, and he has en in Purgatory no more than I."
,'But he has been married!" said

"Married!" exclaimed the alderman "why, I have been married twice ! "Then go back, again," said Peter. "Paradise is not the place for fools."

WOODEN NUTMEGS OUTDONE .--There is a Parisian dandy, who, we

think, rather outdoes Connecticut : "C-had at his residence a complete costume of a groom. When offering an attention to one of the fair sex, he used to say, 'Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black ser-

'He then repaired to his garret, and took out his blacking bottle, polished his face and hands, put on his livery, and knocked at the lady's door.

"Here,' he said, "are some flowers sent by my master to Madame."

'He had spent the last five france in the purchase. Madame was so delight-

de with the present that she presented a louis to the bearer.'

That is a clear pocketing of three dollars, and a lady's favor into the

A western editor in speaking of a steam boat explosion, says that three persons were slightly killed!