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Poetry.

The Grave of Lilly Dale.

We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair, And folded her arms on her breast.

She sleeps 'neath spot she had marked for rest, Where the flowers sweetest blossom in spring.

The wide-spreading boughs of the old chestnut tree, Bend low o'er the place where she lies.

Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the air, She sleeps with the turf on her breast.

Gentle Nellie, fairy creature, How I miss thy airy form!

How thy merry, ringing laughter, All so free from grief and care.

Dearest Nellie, cold and dreary, Long and wearisome to me,

Linger not, then, I beseech thee, Far from me no longer stay.

The Soldier's Rest. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;

Now lovers muse on sacred things, Bright eyes and moonlight bowers,

REGAL EXTRAVAGANCE.—Queen Elizabeth, it seems, never wore a gown twice,

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."

"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 necessary 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 ruminated:

"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!"

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 excursion.

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 hungry.

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.

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 applying his eyes to the keyhole, he beheld 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 that particular moment, was from a Miss Polly Primrose, who it appeared had once looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him 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 curiosities 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 sufficient 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 chattering 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 foresight, 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 Mrs. P. to open or take the consequences; 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 back."

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bedroom; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily. 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 apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt upright in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice— "Jazebel, come forth!"

No answer. "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.

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 alas for Mr. Pepper! his wife has just removed the ladder and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully 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.

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 phiz is the missing curl, and the walnut meats are carefully stowed in one corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbered 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 afterwards, to put his head into the bedroom, 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 boards, and located somewhere near the Tekuk Diggings, was presented by his wife with a fine twelve pound 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 few weeks afterwards 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 absent, 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," replied she, with a sly laugh.

"Yes, I s'pose so. Where was he digging?" "Oh, that's a secret."

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

"I shouldn't think it improbable, although 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, ain't it?" "Oh, no, it's in the other room."

"Would you like to see it?" "Well, I should; but 'tain't lying around loose, is it?"

"Not exactly," said the landlady, throwing open the door, "for there it is in the cradle."

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

[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 informed 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 ignorance of that particular editor who allowed himself to be imposed upon by being induced to endorse and circulate the malicious slander. Of course, 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 of opinion) to the foul aspersion; but for fear that the story may find credence abroad, we will simply contradict 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 favorite 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 ourselves of the full extent of our conceded right during the past year, but 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 California should have passed through twelve months and killed but one man!

In order that we may more fully demonstrate the matter, we will, as California 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 hat, in which are six or seven bullet holes, and goes to a restaurant for breakfast. After breakfast, starts for 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 two pair of stairs with a chair. At twelve o'clock, finds that his challenges 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 accident; laughs to think how beautifully it was done; arrives at his smelter, and finds an "infernal 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 slit 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 consciousness 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 be 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 this book amounts to nothing. This will be the reader's conclusion."

Fanaticism Running Riot. 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 petitioning 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 legislation. Indeed, we are sometimes inclined to think our whole government is but one great insane asylum, where the keepers are as crazy as the inmates.

When Connecticut passed her stringent laws relative to a more strict observance 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 revolution in public opinion which consigned the aiders and abettors 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 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 retrograding and going back to the dark ages, when fanaticism and superstition "raucd 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 of a mob of fools, and passing laws which are iniquitous and unjust—go to the courts and see the judges who should administer the laws in truth and justice, wheedling, 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 as powerless in influencing public opinion, as the assumed whine of the beggar is in procuring a penny.

We know some men who have made their beans 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.) Union.

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

"No," said the tailor, "but I have been married."

"Oh," said Peter, "that is all the same."

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 been in Purgatory no more than I."

"But he has been married!" said Peter.

"Married!" exclaimed the alderman "why, I have been married twice!"

"Then go back again," said Peter. "Paradise is not the place for fools!"

WOODEN NETS ON OUTDOOR.—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 servant."

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 francs in the purchase. Madame was so delighted 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 bargain.

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