

UMPUQUA GAZETTE.

OCTOBER 3, 1855.

Valedictory.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UMPQUA GAZETTE:—After valiantly struggling for many months with adverse fortune, disappointments, duns and delinquent patrons, it becomes our duty to issue this little sheet to inform you that the UMPQUA GAZETTE is no more.

Relying on a more frequent communication between this place and San Francisco, we allowed ourselves to get too near out of paper before we ordered more. The consequence is that we find ourselves now in a position where it will be impossible for us to get a fresh supply of paper short of one or two months. And as our patrons probably would not fancy paying for a weekly paper which was only published quarter-yearly, we deem it the best for all parties to move our press and type to some point where we will not have to contend with these annoyances.

As soon as we can settle up our business here, we design commencing the publication of a paper at some point south of this, and those who have not received the GAZETTE to the amount of their payments, will receive the proper numbers of the new paper.

We regret exceedingly, that circumstances have thus made it necessary for us to leave Scottsburg—a place that we had built so many bright hopes upon for the future,—a place possessing so many natural advantages, and so few obstacles to a successful and prosperous commercial city, that the combined wealth and influence of all steamship companies will not always keep its rising progress down—and although its prospects, for the time being, may seem discouraging, yet that a brighter destiny awaits it, no one will for a moment doubt. We leave it with many regrets, and in whatever position we may be placed hereafter, we shall never be slow to advocate the interests, and vindicate the wrongs of Scottsburg, and the Umpqua harbor.

To those who have patronized us so liberally, during our short career of journalism in Scottsburg, we return our sincere and heartfelt thanks, and shall ever be happy to learn of their prosperity and happiness.—Those "summer friends," who have taken so much interest in our welfare,—who have taken our paper regularly and never paid us anything, have a place in our memory.—We shall meet soon again.

BOYD & BLAKELY.

Editor of the Penitentiary, whow! There's a tale, which is well known to many in Oregon.—Oregonian.

Now, don't, Mr. Oregonian. That's forbidden ground. Has not Waterman told you that that was his cue? and that he was going to give us "eternal life," just as soon as his red-eyed prompter gives the word? Oh, it were a long story! and our good pen will have a hard time telling it, when once 'tis commenced. The story of "The Thieves" will bring forth several characters, who

undoubtedly will thank Mr. Waterman for their being brought forward again from a well merited obscurity. We have had our failings, and our delinquencies, the cause of all of which we can trace to heroes of "The Thieves," among whom Jonny Waterman stands "foremost." Oh, it were a long story! full of treachery, lies and theft! and Jonny Waterman was the pliant tool of the principal hero.

And again, it is very becoming modesty in you, Tom Dryer, to speak of our delinquency. We acknowledge it, 'make a clean breast,' and our exertions will be unceasing until the "yards are square." Can you say the same? How long has it been since the District Court of Washington County forced you to pay a poor printer for a year's work, who you were trying to swindle out of his honest wages? You have just come out of Court with that case at your heels, and yet that labor was performed nearly three years since. What workman ever received his pay from you without suing or threatening to sue you? and how long has it been since you dared to put the word *proprietor* at the "latter end" of "Toddy Jeph?" You never plead anything but *nihil debet*. Every thief, no matter how bare-faced his crime, invariably pleads "not guilty." Your lectures to delinquents are about as appropriate as was your preaching temperance with a bottle of liquor in your pocket, and both were eminently worthy of one whose unscrupulous demagoguism has no parallel this side of h—ll.

Correspondence of the Umpqua Gazette.

BAKER, VERMONT, June 25, 1855.

FRIEND BOYD:—Since I left Oregon I have been travelling nearly all the time, and consequently I have not fulfilled my promise to you of writing, very often. I wrote you a letter from Washington—did you receive it?

Times are better now in the States than they have been for the past ten years. Money is plenty, and laborers and mechanics get good wages. Provisions are high, and gradually increasing in value. Politics is raging; everybody has turned patriot and politician. Knownothingism, niggerism, abolitionism, whigism, and all the other vileisms this side of — has confused and distracted the good citizens of New England, until it would be taken for the concentration of the vile hosts of Pandemonium, rather than the quiet homes of our once peaceful Pilgrim fathers. Such is modern politics. It has no parallel in the history of the United States. . . .

J—G— has sent me your paper occasionally, the local gossip of which I read with much interest. *En passant*, I see that your correspondent "Avon" takes off Jonny Waterman occasionally in fine style. I have learned some items since I have been in this village, of an individual by the name of Waterman, who formerly lived in these parts, but who left here under rather suspicious circumstances, for the far west. It is said that Waterman was a printer, who had a good employer, who had the utmost confidence in the seemingly innocent W. The employer having occasion to visit a neighboring town, left W. in charge of the office. In a few days the good old editor returned. Mr. W. had gone.—On enquiry it was ascertained that W. had collected some \$300 in his employer's absence, and had left for parts unknown. He was traced to Boston, where his employers arrived just in time to learn that the villain had taken passage for California. The white sails of the ship that bore away this ungrateful scoundrel, were barely visible in the west, when the good old man, the victim of his vile treachery, turned upon his heel, and retraced his steps, thanking his God that these shores had got rid of one criminal, and that our good Penitentiary had been cheated of an inmate, who would have required board at the expense of the public. Subsequently he was heard of in San Francisco, and he now lives in Oregon. Frequent are the acts of rascality by those who leave this coast for the Pacific, but this occurred to me to be one characterized by such villainy and base ingratitude, that it called for publication in the community where this heartless ingrate now stalks at large. The old man, his victim, had too high a regard for the family to make this matter public, hoping that long years of penitence and the harrowing remorse of a guilty conscience, might make a better man of him; but it leaked out, and his name and memory are now detested by his former friends and companions. May he, when he is attempting to rise in the estimation of the public, in his new home—when his envious nature is trying to injure the reputation of others—let him remember, aye, remember that did justice always get her dues, that the bolts and bars of our Penitentiary would shut him out for many years from a cold-hearted and ungenerous world. Think you, these thoughts ever visit him in his more quiet moments? In his dreams what does that "still, small voice" say? No rest this side the the tomb for the FELON! I will write again soon.

Yours, truly, A. A. E.—

PORTLAND, O. T., Aug. 20, 1855.

DEAR BOYD:—The enclosed communication was received by last mail. You can use it as you see fit. As Waterman says you are a renegade whig, which I know to be false, as you have acted consistently with the democratic party ever since you was old

enough to vote, it would seem that a little truthful retaliation, in this instance, would prove of some benefit to the egotistical automaton of the "Times." I think the recent attack in the "Times" upon yourself would justify a publication of my former letters, which are founded on facts. I can't help thinking that "Daguerreotypes," "Furniture," &c., would look well in print; use your best judgment, however.

Yours truly,

AVON.

[COPY.]

MONTPELIER, VT., June 9, 1855.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter came to hand yesterday, and I avail myself of the first leisure moment to answer it. If your questions concerning the editor of the Oregon "Times," had taken a wider range, and had you enquired into the private character of that gentleman, my answer would have been: silence, for "thereby hangs a tale," but as you simply ask, "Did you know Waterman? What were his political professions?" I can answer you plainly, and without reserve; but I confess that I am unable to see your object, for with a weak intellect, almost amounting to natural foolishness, it is impossible that Waterman can ever exercise any influence with any party. I knew him when he was learning to set type, and he was pronounced by every one incompetent for the business. Cause—*lack of brains*. During his minority, he was a ranting whig, and for some time after. Previous to his leaving for California, he became a hot-headed abolitionist, and as his fanatical, crazy nature so admirably adapts him for such professions, it would be a pity, indeed, if he were ever to relinquish his nigger-loving sentiments.

Yours, &c.,

S—H—

To ——— }
Portland, Oregon. }

Our readers will please pardon us, if the unprovoked attack of the editor of the "Times," makes it necessary for us, in self-defence, for a few weeks, to deal somewhat largely in personal discussion. With truth on our side, our motto is, "Lay on, Maccabees! and damned be he who first cries hold! enough!" We are vain enough to think that we will make "Peter" waltz in his boots like a young cabbage on a hot summer day. Macheth was not the last person whose guilty soul denied him sleep. There are persons, e'en now-a-days, whose feverish dreams betray a heart black with crimes of every grade. Yes, we "summered and wintered" with the editor of the Times, and we profited by it! Let him put his vain boasts and idle threats into execution, and we will make him drink of the bitter cup of humiliation, deep, deep—to the very dregs.

The articles referring to the Portland papers were put in type at a time when we thought we should continue the publication of the GAZETTE, and if need be, the discussion. As this little sheet ends our editorial career for the present,—our "dearly beloved" brethren at Portland may enjoy their one-sided discussion for the time being; we hope to be on an equality with them again soon. It were a manly act in them to commence a personal warfare when they knew we were out of paper. You will now have a chance to blow yourselves off without resistance.