OCTOBER 3, 1855.

Valedictory.

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

Relaying 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 best for all parties to move our press and type to some point where we will not have to contend with such 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 Scio, 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 program 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 Scio, and the Umpqua harbor.

To those who have patronized us liberally, during our short career of journalism in Scio, we return our sincere and heartfelt thanks, and shall ever be happy to learn of their prosperity and happiness. Those "summer friends," when the season is in our interest, who have taken our paper regularly and never paid for it, we have a place in our memory. We shall meet you again.

BOYD & BLAKELY.

J.—G—has sent me your paper occasionally, the local gossip of which I read with much interest. En pausant, I see that your correspondent "AVON" takes off Jonny Waterman occasionally by name. 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. W. had gone. On inquiry it was ascertained that W. had sold his equipment for $800 to his employer absence, and had left for parts unknown. He was traced to Boston, where his employers arrived just in time to see that the villain had taken portage for California. The white sails of the ship that bore away this ungrateful scoundrel, were barely visible in the distance when the good old man, the victim of his vile treachery, turned upon his heel, and retraced six steps, thanking God that those shores had got rid of one criminal, and that this good Penitentiary had been closed of an inmate, who would have required board at the expense of the public. Subsequently he was heard of in San Francisco, and now lives in Oregon. Frequent are the acts of duplicity by those who leave this coast for the Pacific, this occurred to me to be one example of such. We have no right to doubt a man of his word and base ingratitude, that it called for publication in the community where this heartless ingrate now stalks at the old age of forty, his victim, has been too high a regard for the family to make this matter public, hoping that long years of penitence and the harrowing of a guilty conscience might make a better man of him; but it leaked out, and his name and memory now detected 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 eulogists are 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 coldhearted and ungenerous world. Think you, these thoughts ever visit him in his more quiet moments? In his dreams does the devil "still, small voice" say: "No rest this side the tomb for Felix!" I will write again soon. Yours truly, A. A. E.

DEAR Sir,—The enclosed communication was received by last mail. You can use it as you see fit. As Waterman says you are "a dear friend," I know you are true, 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 equitable estimation of the "Times." I think the remark in the "Times" upon yourself would have been a better indication of my former opinion, which are founded on fact. I won't bulky myself in thinking that "Democracy typifies a good man."

You have best judge, however.

Yours truly,

[COPT]

PORTLAND, V. T., Aug. 29, 1855.

DEAR Sir,—Your letter came to hand yesterday, and Iavail myself of the first opportunity of communicating the information concerning the editor of the Oregon "Times," had a wider range, and had you enquired into the private circumstances of that gentleman, my answer would have been more sensible, for thereby hangs a tale, but as you simply ask, "Did you know Waterman?" What were his political proclivities? I can answer you plainly, and without reserve; but I confess that I am unable to make you 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 have always had the highest respect for his talent and business. Come—lack of brains. During his minority, he was a running wag, and for some time after his premature departure for California, he became a butt, and stood nobly for his faction, and as a lawyer, his manners and style, to say nothing of his address, are so admirably adapted to his profession, it would be a pity, indeed, if he were ever to relinquish his nugget-laden sentiments.

Yours ever,

[Signature]

To Portland, Oregon.

C7"Our readers will pardon us, if the unprovoked attack of the editor of the "Times," makes it necessary for us, in self-defense, for a few weeks, to deal somewhat largely in personal discussion. With truth on our side, we cannot, if we respect the memory of our friend, Lay or Ash, deride him, and damned be he who first arbitrates; Even the "Times" would not hold him!" We are vain enough to think that we will make "Peter" wilt in this art; note it, you caddies, and enjoy it. Let him get his rain boasts and idle threats into execution, and we will make him drink of the bitter cup of humiliation, deep—deep—into the very depths.