

# The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

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If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.  
If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the post office, or other place, to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle all arrears, should there be any.  
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If it is not sufficient for a postmaster, when a paper is not taken out of his office, to return one with "not taken out" written on the margin, but he must write a letter to the publisher, giving the name and post-office, and stating that the paper is not taken from the office. Otherwise the postmaster is held responsible.

## NEWS FROM THE DALLS.

Our friend William Elliott, of Captain Kelly's command of Clackamas county Volunteers, reached this city on last Wednesday afternoon, having been discharged from service in consequence of sickness. His physician pronounced his disease (an affection of the kidneys) dangerous, and advised his immediate return to his family. From him we learn the following particulars:

The companies at the Dalls were making every exertion to be in readiness to leave in pursuit of the Indians on last Tuesday, in order to be in the field sufficiently early to meet a company of two hundred men which had left Puget Sound for the seat of war, and would probably be in the field fighting by the time our army could possibly get there. They had already taken six Indians, who were prisoners in chains, at the time Mr. Elliott left the Dalls. They were taken on the South side of the Columbia, and were of the hostile band. Two of them swam the Columbia some six miles above the Dalls, and concealed themselves in a canyon. The friendly Indians brought in word of their whereabouts, when Olney furnished them with revolvers and sent them after the savages, whom they soon captured and brought into camp. From these Indians they learned that the warriors were fortifying some forty miles from the Dalls, on a point which they thought would be impregnable. From their account, the Indians number some seventeen or eighteen hundred, and are busily engaged in constructing embankments of earth and rocks, fully determined to fight. The Indians say they want to fight the regular soldiers, but don't want to fight the volunteers. They had no idea at the beginning of the war that they would ever be called upon to encounter any thing but the regulars. Their experiments with Maj. Haller's command seem to have inspired them with the belief that "soldiers" are not what they have been represented to be.

The point at which the Indians have fortified is said to be overlooked by several eminences, which will afford good facilities for cannonading them. Our army has six cannon and three howitzers, with plenty of balls and shells. The country from the Dalls to the Indian camp is said to be so rough as to render it impracticable to take more than two cannon into the field. Notwithstanding the warlike demonstrations of the savages, and their bluster about bravery, it is thought that when their spies carry into camp the news of our forces en route for the scene of action, they will take a stampede for the mountains. They say they intend to risk one engagement, and, if they are defeated, they will retreat across the "King George" line into the British possessions, where the "Boston" dare not follow them.

Mr. Sinclair, commander at Ft. Walla Walla, has brought in his family, as the Indians had threatened their lives. A party came to the fort for the purpose of murdering them, the night after they left.

One of the Indians now prisoners at the Dalls had in his possession when captured 100 pounds of powder, which he said he got of Thompson, the Indian Agent, some six or eight weeks ago. Thompson denies the truth of it. There was considerable excitement at the Dalls on account of it.

Mr. Elliott gives us the following as the true version of the story about the Catholic priest having been detected in carrying powder into the Indian country: The priest had left the Dalls in company with a pack train belonging to him and a Frenchman

somewhere on the Umatilla, perhaps. After proceeding some miles up the road, they were overtaken by a party of whites from the Dalls, who became suspicious that something was wrong, and accused them of having powder in their possession. The priest acted as spokesman, and said he had only six pounds, which he was taking up for the use of the Nez Perces. He was required to return to the Dalls, where their packs were searched, and 100 pounds more were found. The priest said the powder did not belong to him, but belonged to a Frenchman, who, perhaps, owned a part of the train. Mr. Sinclair thinks the priest undoubtedly owned the whole of the powder. This is our own opinion, and we have no doubt but that the powder would have found its way into the Indian camp in a short time, if it had not been luckily seized in transit. The very fact that these sneaking Jesuits have tabernacled with those same Indians during two outbreaks, eating and sleeping with the savages, while their hands have been reeking with the blood of white people, men, women, and children, and they themselves were unharmed as to a hair of their heads, but were permitted to sit down quietly and feast with the murderers as *par nobis fratrum*, and the fact that at the same time when these priests seemed to have an almost unlimited control over the savages, they permitted, without a word of remonstrance, their red-skinned brethren to drag off and shamefully violate, day after day, a white woman who had been taken captive at the Whitman massacre, and the fact that at the time of both these Indian outbreaks these priests have found it very convenient to make a trip to the Valley for the purpose of laying in a large supply of ammunition, has induced us to believe that these same sneaking, cringing Jesuits have been busily engaged in instilling into the minds of these Indians something very different from the gospel of "peace and good will to men." If the war with the savages should last as long as the Trojan war, and if, by any possible means, there could be a union of all the tribes of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains sufficient to enable them to sweep every inch of settled territory with firebrands and tomahawks, who doubts but that these same cringing, whitelivered priests would come through the war unscathed, and would be permitted to nestle down in the circle of savages dancing around the scalps of women and children, as safe from harm as one of their digger brethren burrowed in a niche among the rocky bluffs that environ Klamath lake?—Another thing that looks a little suspicious, is the fact that the Indians at Ft. Colville and Walla-Walla, among whom these priests reside, and who are pretending to occupy a sort of neutral ground, are now receiving and guarding the property of those Indians who are engaged in the war. Mr. Sinclair says that an Indian living near Ft. Walla-Walla, who owned not to exceed twenty horses of his own, had in his possession about one thousand horses at the time he (Sinclair) left the fort, and the Indian, upon being interrogated as to the manner in which he came in possession of them, gave no satisfactory answer. Mr. Elliott informs us that two companies of volunteers were to proceed forthwith to the ranches of these Indians, for the purpose of taking the property in charge.

We shall soon hear from our warriors.

**Our Soldiers' Ware.**  
We learn from Mr. Elliott, that great dissatisfaction existed among the Clackamas volunteers on account of the miserable provisions they were called upon to encounter, during their rendezvous at Portland.

The corned beef was pronounced by them to be "carriion," not being smellable, to say nothing about being eatable. The flour was made of very smutty wheat, and as black as a starless night. The blankets were very thin and slazy and hardly fit for saddle blankets. We understand that Capt. Kelly came very near swearing a little over the accommodations that were furnished his men, and sent back a loaf of bread from Foster's for our inspection; but as it never arrived, we presume that the bearer got hungry on the way and ate it, or was attacked by Indians and threw the bread at them in place of a rock.

Whether the blame is chargeable to the Commissary at Portland, as is alleged by the volunteers, we are unable to say. The blankets might have been all that were at command, but we are sure that our brave boys could and ought to have had decent food.

**Not So.**  
The report that Wm. Logan had lost all of his stock by means of the Indians in middle Oregon is not true. Mr. Logan is at the Dalls with his family, stock and all.

**Crops.**  
In passing through several counties lately we noticed that very few farmers are "seeded" as extensively this fall as usual. We have an idea that not half the wheat crop will be raised next season, there was last.

**More Frights.**  
We understand that the whole neighborhood in the vicinity of Col. Hall's at Oseola were frightened nearly out of their senses a few nights ago, by the discharge of a pair of revolvers at the house of Mr. Walker. It seems that Esq. Butler, of Polk county, upon his return from Portland, whither he had been upon business, stepped into Mr. Walker's yard, where he had put up for the night, and in company with another gentleman discharged their revolvers for the purpose of reloading them. The reports awakened the neighbors in every direction, who, thinking the whole timbered country was swarming with red skins, made all possible haste to abandon their houses and take to the brush. One woman, who was confined to her bed with rheumatism, was hastily wrapped in her bed clothes and deposited in a hiding place in the timber, upon the cold, damp ground. The white warriors assembled from every direction, a bridge on the road was placed under guard, and scouts sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of the Indians. Upon coming to Walker's house they ascertained their mistake, and went home to gather in their shivering families, and warm them up by a blazing fire.

Upon a recent visit to Yamhill, we were astonished to witness the excited state of the public mind. It was no uncommon thing to hear wagons lumbering along the road at the dead of night, bearing the "families" out of gloom and valleys bordering upon the coast chain of mountains, down farther into the valley where it was supposed, by gathering a goodly number of men into one house, they might be able to keep the savages at bay. All sort of sights and sounds were constantly reported to have been seen and heard, giving evidence of the presence of Indians in the mountains. We were awakened at midnight by runners with rifle in hand, who thought they had heard the yells of the savages in the adjacent hills preparing for a descent upon the valley.—Our "women and children" have been considerably frightened by Indian reports, but we have always preferred sleeping, to watching for Indians, when we had no reason to believe there was an Indian within seventy miles of us.

It is well enough to be sufficiently interested in the matter to keep our guns in order, as we know not what may possibly happen, but there is no use in hatching up imaginary dangers, when there is no probability of any immediate danger in the Willamette valley.

**Good Crazy.**  
The Corvallis organ of licentiousness and debauchery comes to hand this week literally jammed full of editorial about "crazy men" and their wild antics. Like a drunken man who thinks every one else to be tipsy, he thinks many of the good people of Portland to be insane, besides talking a great deal about fools and idiots in different parts of Oregon, thus giving unmistakable evidence of his having either gone crazy, or of having taken in his brother Wiggins as a co-editor. We presume that the "delique" have thought best to make this arrangement, in order to give the paper respectability, and some little character for truth. Wiggins is, perhaps, now in the editorial chair, whilst his brother is doing up small jobs around the office. The paper has improved but little as yet, however; but as it contains one truth this week, though somewhat mutilated, we are encouraged to hope that it is on the mend. Wiggins certainly cannot worst it as to falsehood. We find an article on the outside, (which is, probably, still retained as the senior editor's department) in which he attempts to evade the proof we gave three weeks ago that the paper advocated licensed debauchery, by first telling us that Grover wrote it, and secondly, that it does not prove what we said it did. Will the young man publish our proof, and let his readers judge as to whether we made out our case? The article appeared in the Corvallis Statesman as a leading editorial, and it matters little whether your Irish reporter, Grover, Waymire, or Wiggins made the deposit that week, the doctrine is there clearly and unmistakably set forth, and a full length moral portrait is drawn in which any of you can see your faces, and at which not one of you would blush were it not for the consciousness that a frowning populace was standing at your backs.

Mr. Elliott informs us that the Indians who were captured near the Dalls kept up a very merry, bawdier chat, and seemed in high spirits whilst they were coming in, until they passed the volunteers' camps, when upon witnessing such a host of Oregon boys instead of a handful of regulars as they anticipated, they seemed much out down and had little more to say.

Some fifty or sixty men are said to be yet in the Colville mines. They are represented to be poorly armed, and are probably unaware of the danger that threatens them.

**Obligations.**  
We have just been favored with a box of apples and pears from our old friend Samuel Simmons, of the Monticello Farm on Howell prairie, Marion county. We, like Old Robin the Bow, "have traveled this country all over," besides many other countries, where they pretend to raise the "genuine" article of fruit, but we have hitherto searched in vain for the "fruit of the tree" that tempted Mother Eve "above what she was able to bear," until we tore the cover from the box sent us by our friend Simmons, and saw the mammoth apples, looking for all the world just as we have always imagined those looked which hung upon that far-famed tree in Eden. Mr. Ladd is said to have brought the grafts from the States, but we are in doubt as to whether he has not made a pilgrimage to Asia, and clipped his scions from that same old tree we have all read about. Our little ones danced and clapped their hands for joy, our printers all invoked blessings upon the head of "Father Simmons," whilst we involuntarily exclaimed *Eureka*. The apples many of which were fall fruit, measured about thirteen inches in circumference, and had a flavor and richness rarely equaled, and never surpassed. The pears were not as large as we have seen, but superior to any thing we ever ate for excellence. We are not able to give the names of the varieties as we received none, but we thought as we ate them, how true the saying, "there's nothing in a name."

If, like our brother editors at Portland, we wore a "stove pipe," we should certainly (to use a hackneyed phrase) "do off our beaver," but as it is, we take off our old weather-beaten Panama, and make a very respectful bow to Samuel Simmons, hoping the frost may never nip a blossom on one of the trees of the Monticello Farm.

Mr. Elliott informs us that Hon. William Strong, of Washington Territory, has volunteered, and his company has been mustered into the U. S. service. He says that there is a probability that Strong will assume the command of the whole regular force.

**Painful.**  
We learn from the Oregonian and Standard that the editor of the latter on a recent occasion had the misfortune to run full tilt against a sword, scabbard and all, in the hands of Col. Backenstos, damaging the instrument considerably, by badly bending it. We see no particulars of the catastrophe, but, from all we can learn, the editor must have been trying to play at his old game by a "bunting" assault upon the Colonel. The sword was all that saved the Col., and Dryer thinks the "brick in the hat" was all that saved the editor.

As it seems to have been a drawn battle, we suppose both parties will throw in to repair the damages done the sword.

**From the South.**  
By the politeness of Mr. O. B. Twogood we have been favored with the use of a letter from his brother, on Grove Creek, from which we extract the following. The letter contains facts and particulars which have not before been published:

FORT LELAND, Oct. 22, 1855.  
I commenced writing you a letter giving an account of the late massacre in this valley. I did not have time to finish it Sunday and had to leave for supplies for this fort, did not have time to finish it at Deer Creek, but mailed it at Burnett's without finishing. I believe I left off where they had murdered Mrs. Waggoner. They attacked Mr. Harris' house. They shot Mr. H. through the body, and his little daughter through the arm. The little boy David, was a mile this side of the house. He has not been seen since and is supposed to be killed, but he may be a prisoner. It is also supposed that Mrs. Harris and little daughter are prisoners. I arrived safe home from Rogue river on Thursday eve. As the murders were committed on Tuesday, the folks were all surprised to see me, as they had counted me among those who had "gone in." I was quite surprised to find them fortifying in the house when I arrived home.

We happened to have two or three thousand rails hauled out and stacked up near the house. We dug trenches and set them up on end. They make quite a formidable appearance. Found some fifty men here when I reached home. The four or five natives that were living here on the creek broke off with the rest and went down the creek some eight miles, went up to some miners, said "Clai-hai-um"—appeared perfectly friendly, pulled out their revolvers, and commenced blazing away. They killed three men, and the rest made their escape. The poor Chinamen went in. They took some two or three thousand dollars from them in dust, stripped them of every rag of clothing, and then told them to leave.—There were some twenty-five of them and they looked quite serious when they came out to the road. I want you to write to our people and send them some papers, so that they may know what is going on out here. I had some \$200 worth of provision down

on Galleese creek. Expect it has gone in, as all the houses and cabins have been burnt on the creek, except Crawford & Wilson's trading post. That being a board house was perfectly riddled. They had a battle there last Wednesday, which lasted all day, and the man I left my stuff with, (Wm. Pickett, of Ill.) was killed, also a man named Landers, besides eight being badly wounded.—French Lord Dona in the arm, Wm. Farris and Wm. Moore ditto; Benj. Taft in the arm, and a ball passed across the lower part of the abdomen, but did not enter the hollow. Allen Evans was shot through the neck, Umpqua Jo (formerly a guide to Col. Fremont,) in the arm or leg. I have been over to Nida's to day; Capt. Ryncarson's company of forty or fifty men are encamped there. It is now getting late, and all are in bed except the guard. We have a sentinel out every night. Quite a pleasant country this. Will try to write you again by next mail.

Yours, in haste, J. H. TWOGOOD.

## Correspondence of The Argus.

DALLS, Oct. 28, 1855.

**Friend Adams**—We are having a jolly time of it here. Since the pale-faced warriors from the Valley commenced arriving, business has been as lively in our city as ever it was on Levee street in New Orleans at the yearly returns from the cotton and sugar plantations. All is bustle and stir, and the boys are as busy as mules in preparing to meet the foe. The imposing appearance of our little army seems to inspire the Indians in this vicinity with a great deal of awe, and they express themselves to me that when the rumors carry a correct report of our capabilities and of our intentions to the war party, their boasted courage will probably evaporate, and they will become exceedingly quail and prefer leg ball to fighting. You may be assured that the presence of our volunteers has had a wonderful influence in soothing the excitement and allaying the fears of our women and children. Before the arrival of the "boys," a company of Indians made their appearance upon the opposite bank of the Columbia, and, by firing their guns across the river, and other demonstrations of defiance, intimated to us pretty clearly that they would like to have us send over a small detachment and try to take them. Their object doubtless was to induce us to cross the river and give them chase, when we would be immediately flanked by parties on either side, which by the aid of a glass we discovered to be lurking in the ravines above and below the red menials who threw the javelin of defiance at us from the opposite bank. Our families are all in excellent spirits since the arrival of the "boys," and one of our matrons went so far as to express herself that she would feel safer under the protection of a hundred volunteers than under that of all the regulars in the Crimea.

From present appearances we would judge that even the sons of our sires who have settled on the Pacific coast retain in their bosoms something more than a spark of the flame that lit up the continent in '76. Their patriotism and fighting ardor seem to increase as they near the scene of action, and if left to themselves (and you might as well attempt to restrain *Eolus* as them) they will do the work up so that it will stay done, until we have a second crop of red devils come on the stage, at least. In order to give the boys a little exercise, and let them expend some of their dare-devil steam occasionally, small detachments are frequently sent out as scouting parties, commissioned to scour the country on this side of the river, in order to capture spies, and make such other observations as may be of service to the command. Capt. Hunnison, in command of the Wasco company, reports that on a recent scouting trip he broke his horses down in running a party of Indians, supposed to be spies, on the east side of the De Slutes. The horses were in at the end of a twenty mile heat, and knuckled under to the Indian nags for bottom, thus ending the Gipsin chase, and cheating the boys out of a good deal of fun.

There are many different opinions here as to the actual strength of the Indian force. It is variously estimated at from two to three thousand men. But from all the data that I have been able to gather, and my means of knowing are, I think, as good as any person's, I have no idea that there are at this time over fifteen hundred warriors in the field, and perhaps not that. The most that they can probably bring into the field will not exceed seventeen hundred. We now have an ample force enlisted to scatter the whole of them like sheep, and make them take to the mountains as fast as their legs can carry them. The only fears I entertain as to the result are, that the cowardly fellows will take leg bail instead of fighting as they propose.

In fact the spies which we have already captured inform us that if they get flogged they intend to retreat upon British soil, where they have been induced to believe we dare not pursue them. I have no idea that the war can be successfully prosecuted during the coming winter unless Providence shall assist us by driving them out of the mountains with heavy snows. The principal chief of the Cayuse nation is said to favor the war, whilst one of the chiefs of that tribe has already gone over to the war party. Stock Whittier, a De Slutes chief has unquestionably gone over. Mr. Barton, who lately reached here from Fort Colville, reports that almost the entire portion of the young warriors were absent from the tribes through which he passed on his way down, indicating pretty clearly that they had joined our enemies.

I learn that Palmer has been making arrangements for removing the families of friendly Indians down the Columbia, in order to get them out of danger, and give us a clear field. Olney, Indian Agent, has ordered all the whites in the vicinity of Wallapa to leave the Dalls. A company consisting of about sixty men, women, and children, comprising all the whites in that vicinity, have already reached this place. A Catholic priest and two other men, one by the name of McBain, and the other a Frenchman by the name of Rano, are said to have stayed behind in consequence of the urgent solicitations of the Indians, who promised to protect them. The chiefs said they were unable to

\*This Iano we believe to be the same Frenchman to whom the priest said the hundred pounds of powder belonged, and who owned part of the pack train that carried up the effects of the priest and his friends.—F.

protect the white settlers, and advised them to flee to the Dalls for their lives, but thought there would be no difficulty in protecting the priest and his friends. [They probably want them for powder agents.—Ed.] Stuart, of Stuart's Express, reached here to-day, direct from Fort Colville. He brings word that the Cour de Lion Indians have taken prisoners two of the four teamsters who had charge of the wagons containing Indian presents for the disposal of Gov. Stevens, upon his return to their country. The Indians maltreated these teamsters by flogging them until the blood ran down their backs. The chief of the tribe upon his return took these men away from the young Indians, and now retains them as prisoners, awaiting the return of Gov. Stevens.

The miners are not yet expected in, as Olney has sent them word not to risk the trip for a while yet. They are said to be making some four or five dollars per day.

The soldiers are already beginning to cross over the Columbia, and will soon be in the field. There has been some little difficulty in reconciling the somewhat jarring policies of regulars and volunteers. The volunteers fare so much sadder than the regulars that some are already sorry that they had not been mustered into the regular service.—The Regular Commissary's department is always full and overflowing, whilst that of the volunteers is like the "cupboard of old mother Hubbard," almost entirely destitute. Whether the regulars and the "boys" make arrangements to act in harmonious concert or not, you may soon expect to hear of either some tall fighting or fast running.

Respectfully, Yours, M.

LAFAYETTE, O. T., Oct. 25, 1855.

**W. L. Adams**—DEAR SIR: Although you and I have, in the general, labored in connection with different political parties, I am much pleased with THE ARGUS, in its general features. Its adherence to the cardinal virtues and high-toned moral principles should call forth the liberal and hearty support of every lover of Oregon.

You were censured by some for supporting Gov. Gaines for Delegate to Congress—I, however, did not understand you to support him because he was a Whig, but because he was professedly a temperance man. There are two classes of citizens that will support THE ARGUS, viz.: the liberal minded christian and the philanthropist.—The following class will oppose it, viz.: the hypocritical sectarian, political demagogue, blind political partisans, infidel fanatics, and the immoral in general. I would say to you, pursue the even tenor of your way—approve the right, condemn the wrong, make God's truth your guide, and if you are not sustained, it will be because there is not enough moral principle in the country to do it.

JAMES H. D. HENDERSON,

## Correction.

Two weeks ago we published the obituary of J. W. Sullivan. We now gladly make the correction, as upon our return home this week we found ample evidence of his being "himself again," in a magnificent bundle of favors, which he sent up by the last steamer. He has made up this time for the delinquency we spoke of.

Hon. S. T. Shugert, acting Commissioner of the U. S. Patent office, will accept our thanks for volumes 1 and 2 of the Patent Office Reports, which came by last mail.

In these exciting times many are calling upon us and ordering papers sent to their friends in the States. Many more are able, and ought to be willing to send their friends the news every week. We have already heard from many who have received papers in this way from their friends in Oregon, who express great thankfulness for the favor.

## Foundered.

We learn that out of one hundred and twenty horses taken out by the Clackamas county volunteers, only thirty-seven were fit for use after crossing the mountains. The balance were foundered by eating wheat at Foster's, as they were unable to get a sufficiency of oats.

## To Correspondents.

"O." shall be heard next week.  
"H. F." is accepted—also "G. L. W."  
"Hogarth" is referred to the Corvallis Statesman, as a more suitable receptacle for his glibly trash than our paper. The organ of "Five Points" morals will consider your production a gem.

The weather for the past week gives every indication than the "rainy season has set in."

## Thanks to Rev. Mr. Bagley for favors.

**Mountains of Glass.**—In the neighborhood of Clear Lake, says the California State Journal, a friend who has just returned from that region, informs us, may be found hills composed almost wholly of glass, of the color and similitude of the glass with which porter bottles are made. Here is a chance for enterprising bottle manufacturers.

**An Iron Horse.**—A locomotive for the Sacramento Valley railroad, says the Union, weighing 35,000 pounds, brought up from the Bay on a brig, was hauled over the levee yesterday with oxen, a distance of sixty feet, with a rise of twenty-five feet.—As may be supposed, it took a long, strong pull to transfer the monster to terra firma.