

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ARDEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
ORIGON CITY:
SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

Seat of Government.

Where is the seat of government? is a question which has been in dispute among the political Maji of Oregon for the last four years, with the exception of a time and half a time during which it was sought by our law-makers at Salem, and Corvallis. The strife that we have already witnessed between the representatives of the various places which have solicited the "location," has been such as a clashing of large pecuniary interests generally causes. The zeal of those engaged in the controversy has been increased by an overestimate, as we think, of the real advantages to a given locality, that are secured by becoming the capital of a State. The mere fact of becoming the capital has never made anything more than a second or third rate city in any State in the Union. If a city has natural advantages for commerce or navigation, it will grow up with the settlement and improvement of the country whether it boasts a State house and the domicils of a few government officials, or not. If it has not these advantages no artificial means, such as a hot-bed application in the way of a seat of government can ever supply the necessary backbone for a great city. To be sure the location of the capital upon the middle of a prairie, might be the means of making a respectable town, and enriching the proprietor of the soil, by enabling him to sell his land as town lots, which he otherwise would have been compelled to cultivate. But at the same time, a transfer of the capital from such a place, to a thriving commercial or manufacturing city, would hardly make a perceptible difference in the value of property there or in its increase of population.

The seat of government question, which has so long been a bone of contention is now about to be set at rest. The Legislature, in its unbounded liberality, have at last shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders, and thrown it upon those of the people. On the first Monday in June we shall all be permitted to say just where we would like to have the Seat of Government "more permanently located."

Every man can now vote for his own county seat, or even for his own "claim," if he chooses. What a refreshing privilege! At the first blush, this seems to be a real democratic prerogative. Many a poor man, however, who goes to the polls with a heart swelling under a lively sense of his importance as a freeman, and rejoicing in the prospect of the untrammelled exercise of his privileges as a sovereign, will find that even on this question he is compelled to vote *visa voce* under the watch of some agent of the clique, which of course will have some interest at stake, which he as a party man will be expected to support. Just here the voter will awake to the consciousness that he is under a loco-foco administration, instead of a democratic one. We have not learned as yet what particular "point" the party has settled upon as the one to be supported as a "party candidate." The one at which they have made the heaviest investments will of course be the one which all the real saints will be expected to support. As a blind, they will of course tell the people as they did concerning the State government, this "is no party question"—Oh no—but after the election is over, if their "candidate" happens to lose it, the "Points organ" will come down on the bolting brethren, as "allies of dark lanternism, and floating political excrement."

Viewing the right of voting on the location as a privilege to which is attached some degree of responsibility, the people are beginning to enquire to what point shall we assist to haul the cart, upon which the capital is now reposing, preparatory to being wheeled off in June, followed by the "public printer in disguise" and the whole retinue of officials, each carrying a bottle of liquor, and a "pass" signed by the "gentleman from Linn." We are quite sure that every virtuous man in Marion county has prayed that the cart may, like the Trojan horse, after troubling, groaning, and squeaking, take up its final march to some "bourne" from whence it will "never return." We honestly believe that it would be better for the Territory if that "bourne" could be so far removed that it would take our Legislators at least two years to reach it. But as it is to be brought at rest somewhere within the limits of the Territory, and as there is likely to be a rivalry among some of the localities that are talked of, it is best to meet the question fairly and discuss the merits of these localities. Portland, Salem, Corvallis, and Eugene city are the prominent candidates. Now we have been solicited by letter and otherwise, to take ground in favor of one or the other of these places. We have not done so, knowing how extremely sensitive people are upon these local questions, and believing as we do that the result of the vote, is a matter of little importance, so far as any pecuniary benefit to either side of the river or to any particular locality is concerned. So far as local bias is concerned, we are probably as well qualified to give an impartial opinion as any publisher in Oregon. We have landed interests on both sides of the Willamette, which gives us an equal interest in the prosperity of both sections, and makes us about as ignorant of the points of com-

pass as some of our statesmen who boast, that they "know no north, no south, no east, no west."

The great object in settling this question ought to be to satisfy the northern and southern portions of the Territory, and cure the jealousy of both sides of the valley.—Portland is too far to the north to suit the convenience of Rogue River. Such a location would increase the jealousy of the south, and cause them to renew their efforts for a dismemberment of the Territory.—Salem and Corvallis are both too far to the northward of the centre of the Territory, to suit Rogue River, and are both calculated to foster the local prejudices of the citizens "on either side of the river." The citizens of these two crescent cities have both tasted the sweets of the "Seat of Government," and so far as we can learn are not over anxious to taste them again.—Eugene city is nearer the geographical centre, and would doubtless satisfy the southern population, which at no distant day will be numerous and influential. But Eugene city being located on the west bank of the Willamette is liable to the same old objection of being calculated to foster local prejudices. The west side of the Willamette might agree to it, but the eastern settlers never can be fully satisfied with this location.

In order then to obviate every objection, and put the capital, not only in the centre of Oregon, but in the centre of the world, and accommodate both sides of the river, we propose to locate it in the forks of the Willamette. Let the city be built just at the junction of the two rivers, and let this be a final settlement of the whole difficulty. We hope we have given general satisfaction in thus committing ourselves upon a grave question. We have paid our undivided attention to the matter, and we cannot see why our proposition is not a good one. It certainly cannot be styled a "sectional" move. If it cannot be dignified as a "national" one, we certainly think it is entitled to the name of a Territorial measure, and one every way worthy of a man who lives in blissful ignorance of the cardinal points of compass—as we said before.

A Tale of Horror.

We heard a flying report some three weeks ago that several Indians had been murdered at the Cascades, but we forbore to say anything about it till we should learn the particulars. We have since learned the particulars, and with a face crimsoned with shame for the human kind, we proceed to lay them before the public.—The Indians murdered, consisted of the family of Spencer, a chief who resides at Vancouver, and was made up of his father, an old gray headed Indian, his (Spencer's) wife and four children—a daughter nearly grown, and three younger sons, one of which was a sucking babe. The Indians had been up to the Dalles, in the service of the U. S. Government, and were on their way back to Vancouver under charge of Col. Joseph Meek, and having regular passes about their persons. In making the portage at the Cascades, it seems that they were overtaken by seven men, (if such they might be called,) and forcibly taken from Col. Meek, whose life they threatened, and one after the other was murdered by means of a strong cord which was tied around the neck and twisted with a stick till life was extinct. The girl was violated by these fiends before her life was taken. The annals of Indian barbarity furnish no instance of cold-blooded, diabolical, cowardly, villainy, that can match this act, which has stamped the character of our Territory with a foul blot, which will stick to it long after the perpetrators of that act and those who countenance it, are dead and damned. A few more such acts as this, and Oregon will be a by word and a hissing among the civilized nations of the earth.

We learn that the City School will be opened on Monday next, for scholars residing in Oregon City only, at the building on the alley, nearly opposite to Dr. Barclay's residence. The City Council have secured the services of Miss QUIVEY, who comes with a high reputation as a successful teacher at Portland and other places in Oregon.

By the politeness of the Captain and Clerk of the *Enterprise* we are now permitted to send our mail south at an earlier date than the regular mail leaves here. By this means our subscribers will be sure to get their papers regularly. The mail from Oregon City to Salem we are told infrequently fails to connect with the mails leaving that place on Tuesday.—Some people are almost discouraged from taking papers, on account of the irregularity of the mails. For two weeks past (excepting the present) we have not got a southern mail till Friday and Saturday morning, when it should have been here Wednesday noon. The *Oregonian* and *Times* in bragging on Thompson as a Postal Agent, we fear hallooed before they were out of the woods. We have taken a great deal of pains to get our mail off in good season and we will continue to do so.

The most of the northern volunteers have been disbanded and gone home.—Col. KELLY is now on his way in. Up to last Monday not a man had volunteered out of any of the companies, to remain and hold the country, as they were invited to do.

Col. GARDINER leaves on the next steamer for Washington City.

The volunteers who have returned apprehend that the Dalles will be taken by the Indians in a short time. Several straggling wild Indians were seen last week in the neighborhood of the Dalles. The friendly Indians represent, that there are some 500 savages camped within twenty miles of the Dalles. The main body of the regulars is in the Yakima country, but about 60 are camped near the Dalles. Wm. Logan, from Yamhill, and some four or five others, are living near Barlow's Gate.—Their situation is considered dangerous.

Schools.

We learn that the school at Mc Minville is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to realize the fondest wishes of its patrons.

We have received a circular from Eugene city announcing that a permanent school has been opened in that place under the superintendence of Prof. J. H. ROGERS, aided by competent assistant teachers.—We wish the school abundant success, and we will be happy to have some friend in that quarter to report progress.

For the information of the readers of the "Points" organ, we will assure them that our authority for saying that there was a post office in Marion kept in a "dog-gery," was a man of truth and responsibility, although, we see his name on the Marion county ticket as a candidate for office. The words he used before us and another person were, "a sort of a doggery." You can call us "liar" to your hearts content, as 'twill do us little harm. Every body ought to know, that we pretty much quit lying some time ago. But we hope none of the small fry will call us a coward.

New Paper.

The *Religious Expositor*, a Baptist paper printed at Eola, Polk Co., O. T., has been received. We have no space in which to notice it this week.

We received per last steamer a work written by Judge CRANE, which we have not yet had time to read.

No news from the South this week.

The weather has finally settled.—After one or two excessively warm days this week we have ordinary May weather.

LA FAYETTE, O. T., April 19, 1856.

Dear Adams—Oregon in her present distress needs an impartial historian; for there is not one of the official sources of information which can make a fair and full statement of those facts which are necessary to place us in our true position before the General Government without criminalizing themselves. The accumulated blunders of their own ignorance and incapacity have made it a law of necessity with those who should protect us here and vindicate us abroad, to pervert and falsify history, to misrepresent public sentiment, and to malign us as a people. Our public highways are infested, our citizens are murdered with every savage barbarity, our towns are burned, our property is destroyed, business is paralyzed, the plow is rusting in the unfinished furrow, and the very heart of the country is threatened with devastation—while those who should be conciliating all differences, and directing every energy against the common enemy, are sowing disaffection and division, building up personal schemes and strengthening rotten factions with the very blood of the people.

In the midst of all the horrors of an Indian warfare, not exceeded in the annals of history in point of extent, boldness, conduct, success, and cruelty, we see the painful exhibition of an old white headed veteran, whose locks are yet gloried with the laurels of Buena Vista, held up in his driveling dotage to popular scorn and ridicule, by the very men whose folly, indecision, and falsehood have placed him in his present position, and who deceive themselves with the hope that by crowning their guilt with ingratitude, and offering up their dupe as a victim or sacrifice upon the altar of public indignation, they may shield themselves from the shame which is justly their due.

There are facts in the history of the present Indian war which could not be forgotten, though they have been permitted to sleep in silence. In the charitable hope that such amendment would be offered as can be made for errors that have been followed by such awful consequences, a timely confession may go far to soften the sternness of justice, but it is crime to forbear in mercy to one who can unblushingly hold up a large portion of his fellow-citizens to the world branded by him as monsters, that he may appear what he is not, and never will be, consistent and innocent. There has been a partial disclosure in the correspondence between Gen. Wool and Gov. Stevens, in which the injustice of heaping the blood of the people and volunteers of Washington Territory and Northern Oregon upon their own heads, is rebuked with crushing and withering facts, which were unknown only to the criminally ignorant.

Wool in his letter to Stevens says: "While I was in Oregon it was reported to me that many citizens, with a due proportion of volunteers and two newspapers, advocated the extermination of the Indians. This principle has been acted upon in several instances without discriminating between enemies and friends, which has been the cause in Southern Oregon of sacrificing many innocent and worthy citizens, as in the case of Maj. Lupton and his party, (volunteers) who killed 25 Indians, 18 of whom were women and children. These were friendly Indians on their way to the Indian Reservation, where they expected protection from the white. This barbar-

ous act is the cause of the present outbreak in the Rogue River country, and as Capt. Judah, U. S. A., reports, is retaliatory of the conduct of Maj. Lupton."

It is unfortunately true that 18 of the Indians killed by Lupton's party were not warriors. And I do not doubt that a great portion of the citizens and volunteers of Oregon would gladly see the last Indian swept away. But I do deny that there has ever been an unprovoked act of war committed on them by the citizens of Rogue River, or that women and children have been slaughtered in any other sense than they were slaughtered at Vera Cruz. Gen. Wool is certainly too old a soldier to expect savage warfare to be free from those calamities and horrors which among enlightened nations are termed inevitable. During the year preceding the outbreak there had been some fifteen persons murdered on Apple-gate, Indian Creek, Illinois and Rogue Rivers, and it was not only unsafe to travel on the roads in small parties, but miners were actually murdered in their own cabins, and it was loudly complained that the savages when pursued sought refuge on the Reserve, and upon some pretense were always protected by the authorities of the General Government; and it was only as a last resort, and in self-defense, after having observed the doctrine of non-resistance with Christian forbearance, that the people determined to respect no longer a peace and extend a friendship which appeared only to invite the Indians to increased barbarities, and gave them by this system of ostentatious peace and secret murder the garrison and troops as their allies. There is no authority high enough on this earth to fix innocent blood or the first act of war upon the heads of Maj. Lupton and his party. Lupton's attack, planned with wisdom and skill, was made at daybreak, and if women and children were the principal sufferers it was only because the warriors were already gone upon that expedition which opened so fearfully the next day; one day earlier, and the unfortunate Lupton, now dead, and sought to be dishonored, would have crushed the serpent ere it uncoiled its full length.

Why did not Gov. Curry, in his feeble notice of what he terms "this remarkable production," state these facts in reply to the most important charge made by Gen. Wool against the citizens of Oregon, and the only one which was left unanswered by Gov. Stevens, as not lying within his knowledge. He is loud in proving that Peupé-mox-mox was slain "in accordance with the strictest usage of civilized warfare," but he adds no force to what Stevens had said before him upon that subject. His silence upon the charge preferred against Lupton and his party, that "this barbarous act is the cause of the present outbreak in the Rogue River country," leaves the world to infer that it is unanswerable. Dare he maintain this position in the face of Dr. Ambrose, the official witness in the case, the Legislative bill acknowledging the services and providing for the payment of those thus branded as more than murderers, and the knowledge of every man who had an opportunity to know the facts.

The truth is that he and not Wool is the author of this libel upon human nature; and the memory of the dead is blackened, the patriotism of the living is rewarded with insult, and the honor of the country and the truth of history are sacrificed to give consistency to a falsehood conceived and promulgated in factional malice. Here is a portion of the "production," which I consider much more "remarkable" than the letter of Gen. Wool—several copies of which are still extant:

"GEN. ORDER NO. 10—Oct. 26, 1855. "Information having been received that armed parties have taken the field in Southern Oregon, with the avowed purpose of waging a war of extermination against the Indians in that section of the Territory, and have slaughtered without respect to age or sex a band of friendly Indians upon their reservation, in despite of the authority of the Indian Agent and the commanding officers of the United States troops stationed there, and contrary to the peace of the Territory, it is therefore ordered that the commanding officers of the battalions authorized by the proclamation of the Governor of the 15th of October inst., will enforce the disbanding of all armed parties not duly enrolled in the service of the Territory by virtue of said proclamation."

Wool, in reiterating these charges, by narrowing their sweeping application and correcting "the want of geographical knowledge displayed" by Curry in asserting that the Indians were slaughtered "upon their reservation," proves that he was not like the latter, his own authority. I am not a defender of Gen. Wool, for he has committed military errors which I cannot reconcile with the prestige of his former life under any other supposition than that he has outlived the energies of his mind, and is gliding into his second childhood.—But I must say that I have been struck with the manner in which he has borne himself towards those in comparison with whom he is yet a lion, even in his driveling imbecility. He has acted upon his own responsibility, and has not pointed to the sources of his information from the shameful consciousness that he has committed the error of being deceived.

There is such a thing as excuse and palliation for even gross errors in a life that is brilliant with glorious achievements, but there is none for him whose acts form a chain of folly, ignorance, and irresolution, unbroken by one manly exhibition of independence, and only consistent in the systematic suppression of truth. I would not

praises dealt out with a niggardly hand to those who have given their time and hazarded their lives in a service in which he who passes through and preserves his reputation from the poisonous detractions of envy and partisan malice is peculiarly fortunate. But I am unable to perceive what portion of the history of the present Indian war, other than Curry's own report, is laudatory with the wisdom of those plans which the Secretary of War is modestly informed "it remains only in part for time to vindicate." Heaven knows that our triumphs have not been so numerous that we can afford to sow their laurels broadcast of every brazen brow.

Let those who, half-naked, feeding upon horse flesh, and in the face of every hardship, have freely shed their blood in defense of the country, be covered all over with glory, but there is not one leaf to spare for that head whose wisdom has rendered the Quartermaster's and Commissary's departments inefficient and useless. It is in the conduct and appointment of those branches that the wisdom of the commander-in-chief appears, and it is here that the nerves and sinews of war are strung or unstrung. The official reports of the different officers in the field form a melancholy history of opportunities wasted, plans defeated, and courage paralyzed, for the want of proper supplies. This responsibility cannot be shifted to the shoulders of inefficient Agents and employees by a principal who has surrendered up his own manhood, and given up his friends to be disgraced without cause, to make room for a troop of Generals without armies and Quartermasters and Commissaries without ability to feed themselves.

Or was that wisdom apparent in Order No. 10, which declared that four companies were sufficient for the suppression of hostilities and chastisement of the Rogue River, Shasta, and other Indians, and disbanded the Regiment of Col. Ross under circumstances calculated to prevent any man belonging to the minority party from continuing in the service without a sacrifice of all self-respect, and this at the very moment when a severe and decided blow would in all probability have ended the war. Instead of which decision and energy we have had an inadequate force, divided in council, poorly provided, meeting with continued reverses, and unequal even to the defense of the settlements;—the Indians have received fearful accessions to their numbers, and their massacres have indeed become "cold and bloody." I fear that it will take a long time to "vindicate the wisdom of these measures," or to prove that the blood spilt at the mouth of Rogue River and the Cascades all lies on the hoary locks of Wool. An outraged people is a fearful tribunal, and though its justice is sometimes tardy, yet it is certain. Guilt itself becomes the most formidable ally of justice, and envy and treachery will surrender up one by one the ringleaders, until Wool, Palmer, Curry, and a host of others as deeply died in blood, but of less responsibility, have passed under the axe. "Prejudice and error live but for a season; the almighty of time will prove the indestructible truth." A DEMOCRAT.

SUBMITTY, April 29, 1856.

FRIEND ADAMS—DEAR SIR: In the great struggle between error and falsehood, between righteousness and unrighteousness, the victory to be won by the side of virtue, if won at all, must always be through the use of means. Human agency is now, and always has been, the principle means employed by the Almighty in bringing about moral reformations in society. It has pleased God to operate on man by man, Hence, in every reformation that is brought about, instead of being effected by the abstract power of the Deity, men as agents if you please, under God, have always to lay their shoulder to the wheel, and go to work. Whenever the field is fully ripe for the harvest and the laborer strips off his coat and walks into it with his sickle, I am very apt to look upon such a laborer in the moral vineyard of God's heritage as one especially "called of God" to work in that particular field. When I see human agency at work to accomplish just what I believe the Almighty intends to accomplish through just such means, so long as I have no evidence to the contrary, I am disposed to look upon that agency as of God's own appointment. With this view of the subject I have no doubt but what you are laboring under a commission from the Almighty, to bring about a reformation in the cause of temperance and political action in Oregon. I am satisfied that you are laying a good foundation upon which to rear a noble superstructure.

"When the wicked bear rule, the people mourn." The people of our Territory have mourned under an administration of wicked men, and we may continue to do so for a series of years, but I see nothing in the signs of the times that ought to discourage the philanthropist or induce him to relax his labors. We have a population made up like that of all new countries of the odds and ends of society. Our citizens hail from every part of the world, and the great majority of them come here with a strong attachment to the principles of democracy.—They have been taught in their fatherland, that democratic principles underlie the foundation of all republican governments. They have, in their attachment to democratic principles, become so much attached to the name, that they are too ready to receive as orthodoxy what office seekers

choose to designate as democratic. Hence these political Judases, who aim at filling their own pockets, have obtained an almost unlimited control over the people, by putting on the democratic robe. By their past legislation they have opened the eyes of a few of the real democracy to see the wolf grinning through the sheep-skin.— Their passing the *visa voce* law with the avowed object to whip in the "party," thus claiming that the sovereign voters of Oregon were their tools and slaves, their electing as public printer a man who is perhaps the embodiment of the most corruption of any living creature, a man who, in order to kill off a Portland candidate for the same office, published a dirty assault upon the character of that person's wife, over the signature of a renegade Irishman, who, instead of being hung as he deserved, was promoted as the party nominee, for the office of Penitentiary Superintendent. Men professing to be democratic legislators, were led by the nose by one man, (from Linn,) and his great object was fully accomplished, when the high road to honor and the government treasury was macadamized by this Irish tool, and the public printer, by pitching in Leland's family to fill up the mud holes—and for this dirty work, these legislators resolved to reward these two characters, as faithful servants of "democracy."

Look again at the manner in which these men thrust back temperance petitions in the faces of the petitioners, refusing even to let the people vote upon a prohibition law.

Their effort to again force the people to form a State government in order to create offices for them to fill,—all the time denying that it was a "party question," but when the election is over, denouncing those democrats who refused to take on the yoke, as "floating political excrement" and "allies of dark lanternism."

Then again look at the dissensions and divisions, they have produced in the army by their illiberal persecution of such officers who had hitherto failed to support Jo Lane. They have turned out good men from office, and replaced them with representatives from saloons and gambling establishments, thus driving what few respectable men were still in the medical department to resign. These are only a few specimens of the administration which shamefully calls itself democratic in Oregon. The people are beginning to see the difference between democracy and locofocism, and at some future day, if not this year, we shall live to see the downfall of this wicked dynasty.

The Devil seems to be favoring it just now in this county for I am informed that we are to have two distilleries erected within ten miles of this place.

The Devil has certainly come down upon us, and as he seems to be "exceeding wroth," I have some hopes that his time is short. At all events let us continue to "watch and pray," and work too.

Yours, Respectfully, M—

CASCADES, May 4, 1856.

FRIEND ARGUS—Nothing worthy of note has occurred the last three or four weeks. Capt. Winder, in charge at this place, has taken possession of this place, (Johnson's) one half of Bishop's, and part of Hamilton's, for a military reservation. I understand from report they are to make this the head quarters of the 9th Regiment; they have forbid any private improvements in any way or shape. The Indians to the number of 95 are still held as prisoners on "Peets" Island, living on Uncle Sam's expense.— They keep pretty close for they well know there are a few good marksmen round. A stray Indian is occasionally seen about, and he always manages to escape. I am sorry to see the volunteers leaving the field; God knows who will protect these poor Regulars. I do hope "Old Wool" will send up a regiment soon, as I am afraid they will go in. We were much pleased to receive per Belle a package of papers called *Statesman*, and to see an old familiar face Bush's Daugterotype of himself; it is so striking a likeness that every body knew it at once. I think that newspaper publishers are getting hard up when they follow up Drs. Townsend's & Brandeth's plan of none genuine without a likeness of the author. It is a beautiful print—wonder how many he sent to the immaculate Jo at Washington. Don't Bush think he is smart! The volunteers think so, (over the left.) Enclosed please find 25 cts. for 5 acres of Delusion's farm. How about that convention and the old apostle? aint that *eli-que* a fully roused up? I do not believe "absolom salts" would save them. I do hope that the first Monday in June will use them up worse yet.— Let us hear a good account from old Clackamas.

The weather here is quite cold—much rain. Yours truly, "SKANANIA."

Coal.

We notice an editorial in the *Statesman* in relation to the disputes between our government and that of Great Britain, a great part of which is stolen almost word for word from the *Albany Journal*.

To Correspondents.

Jacob W. Yohc, of Marshallville, Ohio, is informed that we will insert his advertisement when we receive five dollars. Those communications which are not written to order, and are fatherless, we are still rejecting. Hope it will get through your hair by-and-by.

The depths of fissures or crevices, between the Amies, are even more astonishing than their heights. Many of them descend below the level of the sea. At Ocha is one 5000 feet deep, and at

after Mrs. Jackson & Vail (Judge Wool)