

Fellow-Citizens—As you have accused me of falsehood and slander, and some of you have threatened personal violence, because I have protested against the war as being unnecessary and aggressive; and as I am denied the freedom of speech and of your press for self-defense; patriotism, equally with self-respect, demands that I should speak to you from my retirement; for although the occurrence has transpired in a remote corner of our vast Republic, yet in its bearings it affects the interests and elicits the attention of the nation.—Permit me then, fellow-citizens, briefly to state the case as it stands between us.

For eight months the scourge and waste of war has been carried on in our vicinity, and until quite lately there seemed little disposition and less prospect for a speedy close, either by treaty or conquest. On the other hand, I have not failed from its first inception and at every stage of its progress, both in public and in private, to declaim against it as a cruel injustice to the people against whom it is waged, and its prosecution as a reckless and unnecessary waste of the resources of our common country.

You have through your press and in public assembly attempted to justify yourselves, not by explaining the facts or refuting the proof upon which opposition is based, but by impugning motives and aspersing character; and so far as the authorities and the public at large can see to the contrary, you are unanimous, and they might therefore infer that you are correct. You have sought to destroy the testimony by asserting that it is nothing but the "production of a low and depraved intellect." Since you have made the matter to rest upon the credibility of the witness, I am necessitated to speak in vindication of self, and however reluctant I may feel to dwell on so small a point, yet it is the only one you have given me occasion to sustain, and I dare not by silence allow you to triumph in a matter in which the deepest interests of humanity and our national honor are alike involved.

I shall not go abroad for certificates of character, but shall appeal to yourselves as the witnesses of my "course" and the hearers of my "assertions." I shall simply state the causes which operated as motives, and the occasions on which they found expression.

Having come to this country in acceptance of the Governmental offer of land for occupancy, I honestly believed that the original owners had received a fair compensation, and that the treaty stipulation guaranteeing protection and forbidding private war, would be promptly fulfilled. And as I never looked with pleasure at the master brute monopolizing the crib and forcing his weaker mate to starve by his side, so when I saw that we had possessed ourselves of the fertile valleys and creeks and most of the pleasant homes of the Indian, and had exposed him to violence and outrage of the evil disposed and vicious, I could not but feel the injustice we were doing. And when so many of you frequently recited in my hearing cases of aggravated cruelty and wrong, and at the same time I read almost weekly in the Yreka Herald meretricious appeals to the baser passions, exciting to still more destructive violence upon a people who had no hold upon public sympathy or governmental protection, I felt aroused to plead for justice. And, moreover, when I beheld in one of your public restaurants, exposed to view with the usual glitter of wine and whisky, the voluptuous painting of an undressed, a naked woman, reclining upon a couch, and in the stores and in the streets comely Indian girls arrayed in silks and finery, and read in the "Sentinel," weekly paraded before the people under the caption, "A Great Blessing to Mankind," Dr. L. J. Czapky's Proprietary, or self-disinfecting agent, which (Dr. says) "every young man ought to have," and when I realized the appalling apathy that neither politician nor press nor priest offered rebuke to this ruinous licentiousness, and that virtuous seemed driven from our midst, and moral principle and public honor seemed wasting away or merged in "the root of all evil," my soul was stirred from its depths, and before high Heaven I pledged myself to be true to my God, my conscience, and my country. Much rather would I that all this was hid in oblivion, and covered with impenetrable darkness, but as you have persisted in defense of wrong, and publicly aspersed my motive in its resistance, I am necessitated to unfold the secret cause of that course which you have (as I conceive) unjustly charged as being "the production of a low and depraved intellect."

Permit me, fellow-citizens, to invite you to a calm review of some of the more prominent features of the past. In process of time, the evils to which I have above alluded produced their legitimate results.—Mutual outrages and retaliatory murders between the races became frequent, and as the Indians were well supplied with am-

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ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$3.00 two insertions, 4.00 three insertions, 5.00 Each subsequent insertion, 1.00 Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing.

The proprietor of THE ARGUS is happy to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

LATE FROM NICARAGUA.

Total Defeat of the Costa Ricans! Their Retreat to San Jose.

THEIR LOSS 1200 to 2000!! The Transit Route again Open.

The steamship Sierra Nevada arrived at San Francisco bringing news from Nicaragua to May 23d, more than a month later than last published.

RETREAT OF THE COSTA RICANS.—It appears that after the battle of Rivas, an account of which we received by the last steamer, by the way of New York, the Costa Rican army retreated to their own country. One of the correspondents of *El Nicaraguense* says:

"From our scouts from below we are constantly hearing of the dreadful ravages caused by disease in the ranks of the Costa Rican army on their return to San Jose.—Attacked by cholera in its most virulent and deadly form previous to their evacuation of Rivas, they have left their dead buried, through their haste, in every town they have passed in the province of Guanacoste, and from which the inhabitants have fled in abject fear of the approaching pest. They left in Rivas some twenty-five and in San Juan over thirty sick to our tender mercies, who are now under medical treatment in Granada."

LOSS OF THE COSTA RICANS.—It will be perceived, says *El Nicaraguense*, that the enemy have evacuated the State and are now in Costa Rica. The most reliable reports estimate the loss of Gen. Mora at 1200 men, in those who were killed in battle, wounded and since died, and taken off by disease.

SCHLESINGER SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.—Schlessinger, whose cowardly conduct at Santa Rosa has been so severely censured, was tried by Court Martial at Granada, and sentenced to be shot. He subsequently escaped.

MOVEMENTS OF GENERAL WALKER.—General Walker, says *El Nicaraguense*, with the larger part of his army, left this city for Virgin Bay, on Tuesday evening, and arrived at that place at daybreak next day, just six hours after the enemy left San Juan del Sur. He found at Rivas a large number of the enemy sick and wounded, together with a letter from Gen. Jose Maria Canas, commander of the Costa Rican forces entrusting these men to the generosity of General Walker, and proposing, at some future time to exchange American prisoners for them. They were taken care of by the General. General Walker returned to Granada on Thursday, and after remaining in this city two days again departed for Virgin, where the headquarters of the army will be temporarily fixed. It will be a matter of congratulation to our friends in the United States to learn that the Transit Route across from San Juan del Norte to San Juan del Sur has been reopened, and will be continued so hereafter. The almost entire strength of the American force is now stationed on the line of the Transit.

Gen. Walker has appointed Brigadier General C. C. Hornsby to the command of the Meridional Department, comprising Guanacoste and Rivas.

The following extracts are from the correspondence of the San Francisco *Herald*: "The Walker Party are in quiet possession of the country again. The Costa Ricans have returned home—starting with 1,700 men, and reaching San Jose with less than 900 men.—Their total loss from the invasion of Nicaragua, from killed, wounded and disease, amounts to little less than twenty-three hundred men. This you may rely upon as true.

"There will be no more fighting in Nicaragua—at least for six months. The enemy for the present have enough of 'chicken-pie.'"

HEAD-QUARTERS, VIRGIN BAY, MAY 23. Walker himself is in perfect health, but his younger brother died a short time ago.

Walker has had at Rivas a most obstinate fight. It took place on the 11th of last April. With tired troops, after marching all night from Granada, he attacked the enemy, who were fortified at Rivas, three thousand strong, many armed with Minie rifles, and fought them all day and until 11 o'clock at night, when he had to retreat to Granada for ammunition. Walker had only four hundred or five hundred men, and was under every disadvantage. He returned from Granada the next day on the steamer, landed at Virgin Bay to get in behind the enemy and cut them off entirely, but found that they had made a precipitate retreat to Costa Rica. As well as can be ascertained President Mora, who was in command, only got back into Costa Rica with twelve hundred men, all told, out of three thousand two hundred, two hundred of whom were at San Juan and Virgin Bay during the fight at Rivas. The enemy had four pieces of artillery, all of which they left at Rivas, as also many stand of muskets and Minie rifles. They threw them with their dead down the wells.

Rivas is now deserted, and I expect its former inhabitants will remove to this place. Granada has been very unhealthy, but all the rest of the country very healthy, scarcely a death occurring except at Granada.

General Hornsby is here, and brings favorable accounts from the Atlantic States.

Col. Wheeler says that our new Minister at Washington, Padre Vilji, has been received, and that all is right at last with the United States.

The port of Greytown is not under blockade, and has not been.

I forgot to mention that the thirty or forty men who were and are stationed at Castillo, attacked one hundred and fifty Costa Ricans, who were cutting a road through to the San Juan River to take the fort there, and completely defeated them, taking from them despatches from Lord Palmerston offering or promising aid to the Costa Ricans against us.

A company of miners, with all the necessary machinery, quartz mills, etc., have just come out, intending to test the virtues of the mines in the Chantales district, of which such brilliant reports have been written by mineralogists who have recently visited them. A series of petty insurrections, got up by disaffected Serviles, aided by arms and money furnished by the Costa Ricans, have been recently suppressed by our troops in the mountain district of Chantales, and examples made of their ringleaders.

munition and arms, (the price of crime,) excitement and panic seized the public mind, and what seemed to me the climax of wrong, was meditated and finally determined, instead of a civil or legal process for mutual redress, it was assumed that the Indians were the only sinners, and they alone should suffer. Kill the savages, exterminate the race, became the one idea, the ruling sentiment. Accordingly, the arrangements being made, the work was to be begun on Monday at early dawn of October 8th, 1855. During the previous week an earnest appeal had been made to the Grand Jury to present the state of affairs before the Court, which was then sitting, for investigation, but they decided it was not in their place. On Sabbath, the 7th, there being a Methodist quarterly meeting within two hours' ride of the intended scene of massacre, I attended, and improved a general invitation to speak by expressing myself somewhat as follows:

"My friends, is it enough that we should be content with mere feelings of present comfort and hopes of future heaven, 'to read our' (own) 'title clear,' then 'wipe our weeping eyes'! Are there not those in our vicinity, children of the same Father, heirs of the same immortality, entitled to the same enjoyments as ourselves, but doomed by our community to deprivation and death? Have we no sympathy, no fears, no effort in behalf of these our brethren? Could we not in some manner invoke the civil power, and prevent this contemplated wrong? My friends, if we allow these proceedings retribution will follow. As yet, our homes have not been molested, or our wives and children destroyed; but commence this wholesale slaughter, and some of us will become homeless, and some of our families be made desolate."

But no one making response, the meeting concluded as though there was nothing unusually wrong.

Three months afterward several gentlemen promised that if a meeting could be convened, they would attend and advocate measures of peace. I therefore caused a notice to be published, but the *Sentinel* proclaimed that there was not a man known in Jacksonville who desired such a meeting; but on the 23d of January, 1856, by getting handbills and posting them round town myself, (some of which were torn down before my face,) a meeting was gathered in the Robinson House; but to my sorrow not one of my promised aids was present. I alone was left to declaim against the measures of war, and in favor of the practicability and necessity of peace. Several spoke in opposition. One said he was for treaty; he would invite all the Indians to sign it, and then take the opportunity to kill the whole. Another objected to that mode; he would rather continue the war until all were destroyed in honorable war. The Rev. Dr. K— said he was going to leave the valley, but advised the destruction of all the "red skins." So the meeting broke up without anything being done, except the remonstrance of a single voice; but in coming away a gentleman suggested to me the writing out in speech form of the remarks which had been presented, and sending to some eastern paper for publication.

And I am happy, fellow-citizens, to perceive that though you were impervious and turned a deaf ear to a direct appeal, that you are nevertheless sensitive to its vibrations, since its echo has returned to you emphasized with a thousand sympathies from abroad.

Thus, gentlemen, you have not only allowed me to throw the first stone, but have left me alone to strain at the work. And now, that our fellow-citizens beyond the mountains are likely to overwhelm us with a shower, may we not hope that some chord will be struck, that the deep fountains of human sympathy may be broken up, and that the gushing and commingling streams will flow over the land as a wave of love and mercy, causing the evils we witness and lament to ultimate in blessings and the speedy advancement of that "good time coming," when "spears shall be beaten into pruning hooks, and swords into ploughshares; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and men shall learn war no more."

Fellow-citizens, my interests and my home are in your pleasant valley. I appreciate your friendship, and mean to deserve your esteem, but I know that this can be only secured in the advocacy of "righteousness, which exalteth a nation"; and I doubt not that when the causes of danger and excitement, which have induced some of you to err and others passively to acquiesce, shall subside, we shall approximate in our views, and be more firmly united to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." And be assured, gentlemen, no one more deeply regrets than myself the unfavorable position in which circumstances have made you to appear, and if the sentiment of justice has prompted me to plead for the Indian, and to vindicate the course I have taken, that sentiment is no less potent in its regards for the happiness and welfare of those whom I now address, and what-

er of influence or position I possess shall be strenuously used for the prompt relief of these embarrassment under which you suffer. I am deeply sensible that the causes from which past and present wrongs have arisen are deep, and broad, and high, and for the existence as well as for the removal of which others as well as the people of Oregon are responsible. It has been foreign to my feelings to mar the pecuniary interests or to throw an evil shade over the character of any. I have tried to modify rather than exaggerate, but justice required the facts, and I have intended to present nothing more. And since the indemnity will not be paid until the facts are analyzed which have occasioned the difference between the two Generals and the two Governors, you have nothing to hope for from secrecy, or blaming me for exposure. All would have been examined, even if I had not lived.

I wish also to correct a mistake which some have entertained, viz: that I have acted under the direction of Gen. Wool or Gen. Palmer. The truth is, I have received no communication whatever, directly or indirectly, from one or the other, except what I have read in the newspapers; neither have I from any other public officer, except a call at my house by Capt. Smith, of Fort Lane, in company with Dr. Ambrose. The life of the former was threatened, and from the extensive and deep feeling of disapprobation expressed against him, I had reason to believe he was in imminent danger, and simply because as a gentleman and soldier he declared his resolve to defend the defenseless who had fled to the Fort for protection. On Christmas I was impressed to write him a letter of sympathy. On the last of January he made the call as above, and stated that he had duly received the letter, but its contents being so novel and different from the general current, and not having previously heard the name of the writer, he concluded it was from an enemy and designed to mislead; but having heard of the effort for peace made in the Robinson House on the 23d, he was satisfied of its genuineness, and had come in person to make the acknowledgment. In that interview there was no plan proposed or agreement made; in fact it was the first and last and only interchange of thought with public functionaries, except volunteers and editors to the present time. My action has been the spontaneous prompting of the moment, and its operation intended directly upon the party addressed, but opposition has heightened zeal and enlarged the sphere.—You have connected my name with circumstances upon which our countrymen from the centre to the circumference of the land will look. I cannot hide if I would; so, my fellow-citizens, I am resolved to stand with all of you who will "do good, love truth, be just and fair to ALL, exalt the right, though every man fall."

And believe me your friend and well wisher,
JOHN BEESON.
Oregon City, June 23, 1856.

Destruction of the Rock Island Bridge and steamer Elie Afton.

We have received the following communication from Mr. HENRY G. CARSON, an officer of the steamer John B. Carson, giving some interesting particulars of this accident:

The steamer Elie Afton, Captain J. S. Hurd, left St. Louis on the 2d of May, bound for St. Paul, with a large trip of freight and passengers, which she continued to add to until she reached Rock Island. She arrived there on the night of the 4th, and took on board thirty or forty head of cattle, besides other freight, and also many passengers. There were about ten tons lying there, waiting for the wind to fall before trying to go through the bridge.

On Monday, the 5th, the Grace Darling and the Vienna kept trying to effect the passage, but as night approached they had to give it up. Tuesday morning, the 6th, the wind having fallen during the night, the steamer John B. Carson started out to make the effort to go through. We were followed by the Elie Afton, who walked past us like a thing of life, and got into the gap ahead of us. I could not but admire the beautiful boat as she glided past us. Little did I think that in a few minutes she would be a charred wreck. As she entered the dangerous pass, and her bow had got past the short pier, on her starboard, I could see that her stern was caught by one of the eddying whirlpools caused by the long pier on which the bridge revolves, being built partially across the current—which caused her starboard side to strike the stone pier with great force. Then she sheered toward the other pier, which also struck. She partially straightened up, and for a moment it seemed she might yet be saved. But from the shock the starboard had received, its bridge-tree having been pressed in on the buckets, it could not be started again in time to prevent her from swinging to the starboard. Then I was sure the destruction of the noble boat was

inevitable; she struck on the head of the sharp pier abreast of the wheels, her head swinging under the bridge, and at the same moment the forward part of the cabin went over with a terrible crash, which we expected to see swept off instantly, with every soul on board, or else to see the boat capsized. Capt. Brickley, of the Carson, directed his pilot to run her bow up to the after guards of the Afton, which he did at the moment of the crash, and fastened to her. The Afton instantly careened to the larboard, being the upper side, with the impetuous current running over her, and pressing her still deeper in the water. As she lay at an angle of about forty-five degrees, she was liable at any moment to turn over. It seemed dangerous for any one to go on board to their rescue; but the officers of the Carson stopped not to count the chances, but went to the assistance of the awe-struck passengers. It would be impossible to describe the consternation that prevailed on her, when the slumbering passengers felt the terrible crash, and were so rudely thrown out of their berths. Men, women and children came hurrying out in their night-clothes, and endeavored to crawl on the bridge, or to get on the Carson. The deckers stepped off the after guards onto her, which was their only mode of escape. In a very short time, by the coolness and intrepidity of the officers of both boats, the passengers were got off the doomed wreck, and placed in a place of safety. It was then discovered that, by the upsetting of the stoves, the boat had caught fire. Twice it was subdued.—I went on board of her and saw that the fire wall around the furnace had fallen down, and that the wreck of the cabin was being crushed into the coals and taking fire.

At this time there were many half naked passengers standing on the open lattice bottom of the bridge with the angry waters rushing beneath them, making the head dizzy to look down upon, and in danger every moment of falling through. Instantaneously the Afton burst into one sheet of flame. Some person gave the additional alarm of powder, and those whose retreat was cut off from shore were in a most critical situation, as the red hot flame began to encircle the Carson. In the common destruction the passengers became clamorous for the Captain to leave, but Capt. Brickley said he would save every soul before he left, which he did at imminent risk of losing his own boat. It seemed for a time that the passengers had only escaped death on one boat, to meet it in a more terrible form on the one that had come to their rescue. Just as the last man jumped on her decks from the burning bridge, the mate succeeded in cutting our lines, and we backed out of reach of the dangerous element. By this time the boat had swung under the bridge straight with the current, and was held there by her wheels against the bridge; the flames passing up through it in an immense volume. In about ten minutes the boiler either exploded or fell in the hold with a loud noise, then I perceived the bridge to make a side lurch, and in the twinkling of an eye, the mighty fabric gave another heave and fell over sideways, a deafening noise, and was carried down by the angry flood. And then the once noble and beautiful Elie Afton, with magnificent grandeur in her fiery shroud, being revenged in her death as did Sampson by the destruction of the cause of her ruin.—When the bridge fell, the whistles of the several boats gave one loud note of joy, which was taken up by the passengers and spectators on shore, joy not for the loss of the Afton or the bridge, but that the mighty Mississippi was once more free; that the unjust embargo was removed, and that now they could pass on with assurance of the safety of their lives and property. The burning hull and bridge passed on down below Davenport and lodged on the bar, burned to the water's edge and sunk a total loss.

There were several interesting incidents connected with the loss of the boats, one or two of which I must mention. During the height of the excitement as I passed over the bridge to go on the Afton, I saw her chamber-maid sitting on a cross tie of the bridge, in her night clothes, with a man's black slouched hat on her head, and hugging to her bosom the large Bible belonging to the boat; the Divine Book being the only article she saved. There was an old lady on board in the cabin, about eighty years old, with the fine intelligence shining in her eye, and she was being assisted off in total forgetfulness of her own danger and loss. She kept exclaiming, "The poor captain—the poor captain;" and most deservedly was Captain Hurd a source of commiseration, who had the fruits of years of toil swept away as if by magic. His is a toilsome occupation, and it is hard to lose a hard-earned fortune so suddenly. At the trying moment he moved about calm and collected, saving the passengers and their baggage, showing he was worthy of his noble boat, and deserving of better luck.—All his officers exerted themselves to save the lives of those entrusted to their care.—It is but justice to say that all the steamboats that were in the neighborhood of the disaster hurried to the spot to render any assistance in their power.—*St. Louis Rep.*

The draw of the bridge only was destroyed—loss to the company about ten or twelve thousand dollars. The boat and cargo were valued at \$50,000.

The French Emperor—His Character when a Sojourner in New York.

The manner in which Louis Napoleon spent his time during the short period he resided in New York, is a topic which has for the last few days attracted some attention. Besides the letter by a French gentleman, which we republished a day or two since, from the *Courier des Etats Unis*, another on the same subject, has just appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, written by Rev. C. S. Stewart, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy. Mr. Stewart was intimately acquainted with Louis Napoleon during the whole period the latter was in this country, having spent with him not hours only, but days, and on one occasion days in succession, in the freedom of unrestrained conversation. Mr. Stewart describes him as winning and agreeable, and occasionally playful, but perpetually haunted by the idea that Providence had some great destiny in store for him. We copy a part of Mr. Stewart's letter:

He was most fondly attached to his mother. When speaking of her the intonations of his voice and his whole manner were often as gentle and feminine as those of a woman. It had been his purpose to spend a year in making the tour of the United States that he might have a better knowledge of our institutions and observe for himself the practical system. With this expectation he consulted me and others as to the arrangement of the route of travel, so as to visit the different sections of the Union at the most desirable season. But his plans were suddenly changed by the intelligence of the serious illness of Queen Hortense, or, as then styled, the Dutchess of St. Louis at her castle in Switzerland. I was dining with him the day the letter conveying this information was received.—Recognizing the writing on the envelope, as it was handed to him at the table, he hastily broke the seal, and had scarce glanced over half a page before he exclaimed: "My mother is ill; I must see her. Instead of a tour of the States, I shall take the next packet for England. I will apply for passports for the continent at every embassy in London, and if unsuccessful, will make my way to her without them." This he did, and reached Arenberg in time to console by his presence the dying hours of the ex-Queen, and to receive in his bosom her last sigh.

After such opportunities of knowledge, much of the mind and heart and general character of Louis Napoleon, it was with great surprise that I for the first time read, in a distant part of the world, when he had become an Emperor; representations in the public journals of his life in New York (and in New Orleans too, though he never was there,) which would induce a belief that he had been when here, little better than a vagabond—low in his associations, intemperate in his indulgences. In both eating and drinking he was, so far as I observed, abstemious rather than self-indulgent. I repeatedly breakfasted, dined and supped in his company, and never knew him to partake of anything stronger than the light wine of France and Germany, and of these in great moderation. I have been with him early and late, unexpectedly as well as by appointment, and never saw reason for the slightest suspicion of any irregularity in his habits. It has been said, notwithstanding, that his character was so notorious that he was not received in society, and made no respectable acquaintances. If, during his brief stay in the city, at a period of the year when general entertainments are not usual, he was not met in the self-constituted *beau monde* of the metropolis, it was his own choice. Within the week of his arrival cards and invitations were left for him at his hotel. As a reason for declining to accept the last, he told me he had no wish to appear in what is called society, but added:

"There are, however, individuals resident in New York, whose acquaintance I should be happy to make. Mr. Washington Irving is one. I have read his works, and admire him both as a writer and a man, and would take great pleasure in meeting him. Chancellor Kent is another. I have studied his Commentaries, think highly of them, and regard him as the first of your jurists. I would be happy to know him personally."

He did make the acquaintance both of Mr. Irving and the Chancellor, and enjoyed the hospitality of one at Sunnyside, and of the other at his residence in town. He saw some of the best French society of the city; and familiar with the historic names of New York, availed himself of the proffered civilities of such families as the Hamiltons, the Clintons, the Livingstons, and others in like positions. It is not true, therefore, that he was not received in society and had no acquaintances of respectability. He visited in some of our first families in social positions, and was entertained by some of our most distinguished citizens.

It is said that he was without means, and lived on loans which he never repaid. This is simply absurd.