The New Northwest.

THURSDAY....SEPTEMBER 12, 1878.

APOSTROPHE TO MOUNT HOOD.

[The following poem was written by an Oregon pioneer, Mr. Nathan Pearcy, as will be seen by the date, twenty-one years ago. It has been published several times, and we have been asked to give it a place in our columns, which we cheerfully do.]

O thou bright, beauteous, peerless mount,
Bold feature on creation's face!
How oft I've gazed upon thy front,
Empled in snow and fleecy haze.

I'd like to clamber up thy side,
Stand on thy cloud-capt peak and look
Around upon the prospect wide,
Till eye no more the scene could brook.

Majestic mount! say, why dost thou
Appear to look so gravely down?
And when storms shroud thy hoary brow,
Oh, why dost thou so darkly frown?

And oft in tones of thunder break
The silence deep of Oregon,
Arousing with thine awful quake
The "grizzly" and the forest son;

And flashing forth in splendor wild
The gleams of anger from thine eye
On scenes on which thou oft has smiled,
Both on the earth and on the sky.

And when at morn and late at eve
Aurora gilds thy silvered head,
Why takest thy stole gloom its leave,
And smiles o'er thy bright face are spread.

Antique mount! at creation's birth
Thou didst ascend thy snow-cover'd throne
And take obedience of all earth,
And since hast held thy sway alone!

The mountains, rocks and hills and storms
Thy subjects in all ages were;
Thou'lt be the same while Time deforms
All things on this terrestrial sphere.

But, hoary-headed mount! O, say,
Do not thy silvery locks portend
Not distant far that great last day
When thine own reign shall have an end?

Columbia Island, May, 1857.

THE INDIAN WAR OF 1855-6.

Camp Cornelius was situated in a fine grove of cottonwoods, near where Mill Creek debouches from the hills. Here we remained until some time in March, '56, during much of which time we had to depend for subsistence principally upon cattle and horses left behind by the Indians in their hurried flight. The Columbia River was frozen between Portland and The Dalles a portion of the winter, yet many of the volunteers harbored, and some were recklessenough to express the opinion that our limited bill of fare was due to official inefficiency, rather than to the ice in the Columbia. I, however, only give the facts and hazard no opinion.

Quite a number of events transpired while we occupied Camp Cornelius, that served to relieve the monotony of camp life. Not the least of these was the capture of a pack train of some sixty animals at the bend of Wild Horse Creek, about twenty miles distant. The train was laden with supplies for us, and by a strange want of foresight or something worse, was traveling without an escort.

Arriving at the above point, the train was stopped by a band of Indians, and although the fifteen or twenty packers defended the property with commendable bravery, they were ultimately compelled by greatly superior numbers to abandon animals, cargo and all to the enemy.

Previous to this attack, not a hostile had been seen for weeks, and where they so unexpectedly came from, or whither they escaped with their booty, no one knew. Toward the last of February, two Indians were arrested in camp, charged with being spies. A trial was accorded them and one of them was buried two days thereafter. The other, a mere boy, was liberated in consideration of his youth, and in answer to the earnest prayers of his people, the friendly Nez Perces. About this time a portion of the Second Regiment of Oregon Territory volunteers reached us. Captains Ankeny, Haley, Harding and Cason, with their companies, were of the number. This regiment was better armed and equipped than the first levy, and only for the fact that quite a number of inexperienced boys answered their roll-calls, they should have proved more efficient Indian fighters than we.

On the 27th of March an attack was made on the Cascades, which resulted in the utter extinction, for the time, of the entire settlement. To old Skloo, previously mentioned, belongs the infamy of the conception, as well as the execution of this, the most terrible massacre of twelve months war. This noted savage, with the sagacity that characterized every transaction of his life as a warrior, patiently waited and watched until the volunteers were all far away, and the handful of regulars that had been at the Cascades during the winter had been removed, and, with those who had been in winter quarters at Fort Dalles, had taken up their line of march toward Walla Walla, when suddenly he fell upon the unprotected settlement, like a hungry tiger upon the unsuspecting and defenseless deer, robbed and burned nearly every house, and slaughtered eighteen of the inhabitants. Indeed, solely to the superstitious dread of *darkness* that distinguishes the Indians of this coast, is due the fact that every person was not butchered before they were aware of the proximity of the foe! For Skloo had arranged—as he has since stated—for the savages to make the attack before daylight, but his superstitious subjects feared more to dare the avenging bolts of Tamanowas than to stand before the death-dealing rifle of the hardy pioneer, and they utterly refused to leave their couches in the woods till the terror-inspiring spirits had flown, as they supposed, at the break of day. But the disappointed chieftain was not to be utterly foiled. Hence, waiting in his covert until the men who were working on some bridges between the Upper and Middle Cascades had gone to their daily toil, he opened fire from a contiguous bluff upon them. Unarmed, as they were, they could but retreat, some toward the former and some toward the latter point, the bloodthirsty foe shooting among them quite wildly as they sped. Simultaneously with this attack upon the workmen, fire was opened upon the few houses at the upper settlement. A Mr. St. Claire, connected with the Hudson Bay Company, hearing the tumult, stepped to the door of Bradford's store, where he was sitting reading a newspaper, and, receiving a ball in his breast, fell lifeless. Now all the whites who had not already fallen took refuge in that building while the firefiend reveled on every other roof. While the yelling demons were striving to fire the building where the women and children had taken refuge, a determined attack was made upon the steamboat "Mary," and, but for the cool forethought of Captain Dan Baughman, and the bravery of Buckminster, the engineer, the only dependence for transporting goods between there and the Dalles would have been burned. The intrepid Buckminster, six-shooter in hand, drew in the dry and pitchy gangplank, with which he fed the furnace to facilitate the raising of steam to get the boat away. At length the wheels revolve, the cable is cut, and safety is assured the boat's crew. But during the whold day did the wretches besiege that only remaining house, and it is said that to John H. Alexander, now of Clickitat county, W. T., does that little band owe their lives. He took his position in the garret, from whence he succeeded in every instance in brushing off the burning brands with which the savages thought to fire the house. But welcome darkness came at last and the Indians whose spirits quailed not at shedding the blood of defenseless women and children, skulked cowardly away before superstitious fears. Early next morning the siege was renewed, but though the murderous wretches would not allow any one to leave the house, they valued their own lives too highly to come near enough to set it on fire. I have since conversed with a lady whose husband, mortally wounded in retreating from the bridge the first day, lay within a few rods of the house where his family had taken refuge, piteously pleading for water, but no one could go in the terrible storm that shrieked around, to relieve his cries. And thus during two days and two nights did poor Watkins lay, in the greatest bodily pain till the siege was raised. The sable curtains of night were again hung as a shield around that suffering band, and the savages as before betook themselves to their lurking places in the woods near by. But hope had well-nigh fled; for so worn with constant watching had the little band become, that few were able now to more than totter around, but even worse, their amunition was well-nigh exhausted, and then they knew full well that all was lost. But as the glorious sun began to pencil the Eastern horizon in crimson and gold, the little steamer that had so narrowly escaped capture three days before was heard to herald forth in a shrill voice the joyous tidings that help was at hand, and soon the shrieking shells were flying off in pursuit of the last red-handed murderer, and hope sprang up in every heart. Lieutenant Dearing, who was in command of the squad of United States troops, on sending his men in pursuit of the now terrified savages, came upon a number of the wretches in the woods, who were so stupefied by drink as to make no effort to escape.

[To be continued.]

Help the Girl Students.

The Woman's Education Association has issued a list of books, which it considers good and interesting reading for young women (and men) from fifteen to twenty years of age. It was urged to make the list, and the care with which the work was done is shown perhaps chiefly in the absence of sensational books, and the selection of those that have stood, or probably will stand, the test of time. It is also preparing for this year's Harvard examinations.

The Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women means to raise $40,000 to found a professorship in Boston University, which shall be given to some woman fit for the place. The most interesting portion of the records of this society is the history of the women who are trying to support themselves while they gain their university education. This history will never be published, will never be fully known, excepting by the committee whose duty it is to seek out the woman students who need pecuniary help, and to give it, if possible. There is nothing in any story of poor and heroic students, who love learning above all else, that surpasses in heroism, in self-denial, in courage, enthusiasm, and independence of character, the lives of many of the women who came from the remote towns for the university course here, and who never dreamed of asking for help, or even of making their hard lives known. They had counted the cost, in labor and privation, and were willing to pay it. But the committee found some who must have broken down soon under the burden, and whom they were only too glad to relieve. And the relief seems so small! From fifty to one hundred dollars a year is all that any one has needed to insure healthful conditions of study. It is strange to turn away from the theaters, the expensive classes, and parlor lectures, the parties and concerts and receptions, and all the pleasant things of comfortable and easy society, and to listen for an hour to the stories of these women, who, with intellectual tastes, live far away from all this pleasant life close around them, and hold themselves with a single purpose to the studies which they love, and for which they come here. It is a kind of life, an overmastering love of study, which have always been supposed to be possible only for men; but the opening of the Boston University to women, shows that women share both the love of learning and the willingness to suffer for it.—*Boston Correspondence Worcester Spy.*

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