

It is sometimes extreme simplicity that constitutes the strongest point of interest in a story. How far this may be the case with what I am about to relate, it were needless for the writer to say. There are some points, however, which are so far as the outlines are concerned—and if any further evidence were needed could be easily obtained by inquiring, not of the "oldest inhabitant," but almost any of the residents in that section of country, to whom the tradition is so old and familiar as to have lost its interest.

At the head of that beautiful and fertile region known as the Genesee Valley, which has been justly styled, "the Garden of the Empire State," on the ground upon which stands the romantic and beautiful village of Mount Morris, in Livingston county, and extending some miles west, into what is now Wyoming county, the scene of our story is laid.

It is true, the wild and unbroken solitudes of the forest no more reign there; no more is seen the innocent fawn, bounding from brake to brake, or its more wary mother, which comes forth from her native thickets at eve to shake her throat in the waters of the Genesee, or to graze upon its green verdure that grew along its borders; and no more is seen the lion of the forest; as of yore, save, perchance occasionally a wandering remnant of what was once a numerous and powerful tribe, prior to the encroachments of the "white faces," who has returned from the distant place of his banishment and pilgrimage, to pace for the last time upon the glundered land and heronry of his fathers—to muse in heart-broken sadness over the departed glory of his nation—and to give a last sad tear to the ashes of his sleeping kindred.

Upon a gentle eminence within the region I have described, a few rods from the rocky gorge through which the waters fall with noisy rattle in rapids, stands at this day a towering and lofty oak, which has withstood the violence of the storm and the tempest for centuries, and yet exhibits no symptoms of decay. Upon one side of this tree, about the height of a man's shoulder from the ground, is seen a deep indentation, in shape resembling a man's hand, with the fingers extended and slightly spread out. Various conjectures have been formed as to the cause of this singular mark; but all that is known in relation to it is derived from a tradition of the Indians, who, sixty years ago, were the only inhabitants of that section of country.

They believe it to have been made by one of their noted chiefs and warriors, who was also held in veneration by his tribe as a great prophet. It was during the eventful period of the Revolutionary War, that Wa-ke-ko, (for that was the name of the chief), on returning from a hunting excursion, found that his camp had been visited by an enemy, his lodge had been burned, and his only child, (a daughter about fourteen years of age, and in whom was centered all the fondness of a father's heart), slain or carried away captive. The desolate father stood for some moment, apparently unconscious of all else save the black and smoking ruins before him. Emotions of sorrow, hatred, and revenge, alternately swelled in his bosom; his lips were compressed, and slightly curled by a bitter smile; his eyes beamed with unearthly fierceness; and the deep lines that wreathed his brow spoke of passion and purposes of desperate and fearful import. He then went from his smoldering ruin, to trophy of his rifle, which he had borne many a weary mile to present to the idol of his heart; broke his pipe into a thousand atoms, and supplied its place in his belt with a tomahawk; plucked the white feather from his hair, and placed in its stead the tail of a panther, bound round with the skin of a huge rattlesnake; and grasping his rifle in one hand, and drawing forth his long war-knife in the other, and casting the ashes into the smouldering ruins of his home, was lost at a bound in the dense forest that skirted the river.

Who had been the author of his wrongs was to Wa-ke-ko a matter of conjecture. He supposed it to have been the work of a rival chief of his own tribe, or a scouting party of the tribe under "Red Jacket," who occupied grounds on the southern borders of the State, and between whom and his own tribe a feud had for some time existed. To ascertain who had committed the deed, and to gratify his thirst for revenge, was the work to which he devoted himself with all the savage energy of his character. He soon learned that his suspicions of the "Red Jacket" were not unfounded; and that his daughter was not slain, but had for some time resided in the custody of a young American officer, who had seen and become deeply interested in the fair forest-maid; indeed, the impressions she had made upon him was too deep to be easily effaced; and instead of returning her to her people, as was his first intention, he determined on detaining her. Nor was this a matter of surprise; for Violet seemed a creature formed to be loved. Though fresh from the hand of Nature, and destitute of the

embellishments of art or education there was an attractiveness about her which all the refinements of civilization could not impart. And as the young officer looked upon the fair form of his youthful prisoner—her delicate foot and ankle, bound in a moccasim of the wild deer-skin fancifully trimmed with beads, peering from beneath her native costume, her slender and tapering fingers, as she twined the wild flowers in her hair, which fell in dark clusters over her neck and bosom, revealing more fully the voluptuous loveliness it in vain attempted to conceal—the crimson flush that mingled with the olive upon her cheek—her well-formed mouth, her dark eyes, and expansive forehead—he resolved that, regardless of consequence, henceforth she should be his own.

The kind treatment and devoted attention of Col. Williston soon gained the confidence and artless affections of the Forest Flower. Time flew on, and the intimacy of the lovers increased, and their affection strengthened, until they were happy only in each other's society. Orders at length came for the regiment under Col. Williston to repair, without delay, to Lake Erie, to join the American forces in that quarter in defense of the western frontier. A wild unsettled country was to be traversed; and preparations were immediately made for marching.

But what was to be done with the affianced bride? It was finally resolved, that she should accompany the expedition, and simple arrangements were accordingly made for her accommodation. The Indian maiden knew that the line of march would be through the hunting grounds of her native tribe. This gave her much uneasiness; as she well knew that, if her father should become acquainted with the approach of the whites in time to summon his warriors, a desperate encounter would ensue. And even could a hostile collision be avoided, she dreaded to risk a meeting with her father; for, while filial love and duty urged her to fly to, and embrace him, she knew the tidings of her intended union with the "pale face" had reached his ears; and she could not encounter his anger. She, however, remained silent, and held frequent and devout communication with the "Great Spirit" that all might be well.

Four days had Col. Williston and his regiment prosecuted their fatiguing march. On the morning of the fifth they approached the Genesee Valley near the point I have before described. The labor of fording the river had scarcely been accomplished, and the ranks began to form on the opposite shore, when the terrific wailing of the savage, mingled with the sharp report of a thousand rifles, broke forth from the surrounding underwood. A moment more, and every leaf in the forest appeared to glitter with the unsheathed knife and deadly tomahawk. Short was the conflict, but terrible the carnage. The Indians fought with unusual desperation; while in the thickest of the combat, and towering above all others, was seen the stalwart form of Wa-ke-ko, urging on his companions and dealing slaughter around at every blow. The whites recovered from the confusion occasioned by the suddenness of the attack, and rallied to the charge with becoming spirit. But they were soon overpowered by superior numbers, and the most of them cut to pieces upon the ground; some making their escape by fleeing to the thickets, some by swimming the river, and others being swept away and drowned in making the attempt.

Col. Williston was among the first that fell. His skill was cleft in sunder by a blow from the hand of the infuriated chief. He was found by a party of hunters on the following day, still alive, and carried to the nearest settlement, where, by the greatest care and attention, he finally recovered. After the battle, Wa-ke-ko and his warriors retired to a concealed short distance farther up the river, where a council was immediately convened by the chief, and the branches of an immense oak. Each warrior had assumed his place; every eye was fixed upon the same object; and silence—intense silence—reigned for a moment, when Wa-ke-ko rose up in the midst of his assembled braves, and thus addressed them: "Brothers, hear my voice. I speak to you for the last time. My tongue cannot tell how much my heart throbs for you. The enemy came and burned my wigwam, and carried away my daughter—all for which I cared to live. I told you my wrongs. You joined me to be avenged. When I pointed to the enemy, you know no fear. Pale-faces know how to be cowards. I shall leave you no more to battle. I shall soon go to the land of the Great Spirit, and spread my blanket and build my wigwam beyond the great waters, where there is no more sundown. The pale-face cannot come there, and there will be no more war. When the next hunting season returns, I shall be away—the new moon will not shine on me. I cannot live here, for the white man hath stolen my treasures—the Wild Flower is dead, and will not bloom again. Brothers, hear my voice. I know my people are weak, but this tree shall not waver till they are strong again. Talk often with the Great Spirit when I am away. I am going. Brothers, farewell!"

The voice of the chief ceased, and all was again silent. His form was still erect, with one hand extended against the tree, and the other elevated toward the east, in a beckoning attitude. The quick eye of the Indian soon discovered the truth. The spirit of the noble chief had departed. And yet, though cold in death, he stood erect, with all the apparent dignity of his nature; and his countenance, though haggard and distorted, beamed with a smile of contempt for the conquest of his last enemy—Death.

Upon removing the body from its position, the tree, where the hand pressed it, was found to be marked as before described, where it has ever since remained without alteration; except, as is asserted, to change its place on the tree from a due west to near the east side, where it now appears—having passed about half way round the trunk. And the Indians say that when it shall have performed the entire circuit, their chief will return, call together the scattered remnant of the nation, and take possession again of their ancient inheritance.

Should misfortune overtake you, retreat, work harder, but never fly; the trunk, con front difficulties with unflinching perseverance; should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you'll be despised. A picture in the *Chariots* represents a Zouave fallen upon a heap of Prussian corpses. Hit at last," he exclaims; "but I have made my bed." Americus, Georgia, claims to have a Newfoundland dog that goes out with a line and hook and catches fish.

Upwards of a half century had passed away, when a carriage, containing an aged and gray-headed man, was seen near the spot where the above events took place. It stopped near the mysterious oak, and the old man alighted. He wished to visit a spot which he had heard of so much, and in which he had reason to feel so deep an interest. Thought after thought of the past flitted rapidly across the old veteran's mind, as he viewed the scenes of his early peril and disaster; and as he reflected upon the wonderful mutations which Time had wrought in all things around him, indescribable emotions agitated his bosom, a tear trembled in his eye, and an involuntary exclamation was upon his lips, when a rustling of a footstep was heard at a short distance, and, on looking up, he saw the form of an aged woman, of dark complexion and stately step, approaching. He at first thought of retiring; but as he did not appear to be observed, he remained silent.

She advanced within a few paces of the spot where the old man stood, as she was aware of his presence, when suddenly looking up she beheld him before her. She was startled for a moment, and would have fled; but the old man addressed her in a respectful tone, and apologized as well as his own embarrassment would allow. There was something in his voice which arrested her attention, and thrilled through her heart like a sweet strain of music from the past. She turned, and fixing her large dark eyes upon him, stood silent for an instant, and then rushing forward and embracing him, she wildly exclaimed, "Col. Williston! Col. Williston!"

The old veteran shrunk back in surprise, saying, "That is my name, Madam; but what is your business with me? I do not know you." "Do not know me!" she exclaimed; "then you are false, as I have been told all white men are. I am Violet, the daughter of Wa-ke-ko, the Wild Flower of the Genesee." And then, in a changed tone of voice, she added, "No, no—I am but the withered stem,—the flower hath fallen away!"

He looked for a moment upon the blanched features of the aged woman, while feelings of doubt and conviction alternately filled his mind. At length, fixing upon her a more intense gaze than before, he assured himself that it was not a phantom, and the next moment they were clasped in each other's embrace, and tears of joy flowed freely from the eyes of both.

I shall not trespass upon the patience of the reader by a relation of the history of the Colonel and his long lost bride during the period of her separation; the mystery of her preservation on the day of battle, or non-appearance afterwards—but leave them seated beside the old oak tree, to indulge in their own reflections and to render each a mutual account of their own vicissitudes and adventures.

Laughable Incident. An excited individual of the Teutonic persuasion rushed into the Mayor's office at Baton Rouge, and inquired for that worthy functionary. He was told by Tom B.—that the Mayor was subjected to the ordinary human infirmities of occasional eating something, and had therefore gone to dinner.

A glorious change! THE GREAT WORLD'S TONIC. Plantation Bitters. This wonderful vegetable restorative is the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. As a tonic and cordial for the aged and languid, it has no equal among stomachics. As a remedy for the nervous weakness to which women are especially subject, it is superseding every other stimulant. In all climates, tropical, temperate, or frigid, it acts as a specific in every species of disorder which undermines the bodily strength and breaks down the animal spirits. For sale by all druggists.

An Iowa paper has a correspondent writing against capital punishment, and signing his name "One who has been there."

William Rowe was arrested the other day, in a Western town, for beating his wife with a hoe—as if a man hadn't a right to hoe his own Rowe.

The Bedford (Indiana) Independent complains that the whiskey sold in that town contains so much water that it won't produce drunk.

All the people—English, correspondents, and others—who have been shot (by telegraph) as spies during the Franco-Prussian war, are turning up, safe and sound, in London.

An exchange says, "The composers of New York printing offices embrace a great many ladies." "Most any body would if he got a chance, still there is no use of blowing around about it in the papers."

The town of Jamestown, R. I., is reported to be free of paupers and from crime, and it is also said that the housewives there do their own work, and will not be bothered with servants.

Curious fact in physiology—Captain Typlin says, "It's a no' stee' bary thing; Miss Poffin, that all good things to drink are wor's one syllable—por', sherr', clar', spirr's."

A gentleman in Indiana says, in a note accompanying a letter for publication, in the Louisville Courier-Journal, "I sometimes misspell a word, and its possible I have spelt seafant rong."

He who was too stingy to advertise a farm he had for sale, put up a written notice in one of our hotels the other day. A gentleman inquiring for a farm was referred to the written notice. He replied: "I can't buy at a fair price of a man who advertises in that way. He'll steal the fence, the pump handle, and the barn doors, before he gives possession."

The London Medical Press says that tight boots are ascertained to have a most injurious effect on the vision.

There are rumors of the invention of a new style of hair-pin, which screws into the head so as to fix the chignon immovably.

The latest style of court train is looped on one side only, and is much more convenient for dancing than the old style.

Seven babies, on an average, are found daily in the basket crib, of the founding asylum in New York.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. THE NEW FOOD. SEA MOSS FARINE.



For a few cents you can buy your Grocer or Druggist a package of SEA MOSS FARINE made from pure Irish Moss or Carrageen, which will make sixteen quarts of Blanc Mange, and a like quantity of Puddings, Custards, Creams, Charlotte Russe, &c. It is the cheapest, healthiest and most delicious food in the world. It makes a splendid Dessert, and has no equal as a light and delicate food for Invalids and Children.

A Glorious Change! OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES!

Is worthy the attention of every Buyer, having been expressly Manufactured for the Oregon Trade, and will offer great inducements to purchasers. L. GOLDSMITH & CO., 75 Front and 76 First St., Portland, Oregon, 132 Church street, New York.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. The Remedy does not simply relieve for a short time, but it produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of Chronic Nasal Catarrh, and each box \$3.00.



SOLE AGENTS OF WILLAMETTE WOOL-LEN MANUFACTURES, have a Large Stock of the Goods manufactured by the above mentioned Co. now in store, consisting of Flannels, Tweeds, Cassimeres, and Blankets. Our NEW STYLE CASSIMERES Excel in Style and Finish any Goods manufactured on this coast. September 3d, 1870.

NEW TO-DAY.

1870. 1870. FALL TRADE. The town of Jamestown, R. I., is reported to be free of paupers and from crime, and it is also said that the housewives there do their own work, and will not be bothered with servants.

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NOTIFY THE TRADE THAT THEY will open, on the 30th day of August, 1870, the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Domestic and Foreign Dry Goods

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS. L. GOLDSMITH & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS.

DRY GOODS! FANCY GOODS, CLOTHING, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

W. W. PARRISH, Pres. March 6, 1869-70.

OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES! Is worthy the attention of every Buyer, having been expressly Manufactured for the Oregon Trade, and will offer great inducements to purchasers.

L. GOLDSMITH & CO., 75 Front and 76 First St., Portland, Oregon, 132 Church street, New York.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CEO. F. SETTLEMIER, DRUGGIST. (Successor to D. W. Wakefield.) Parrish's New Building, First Street, ALBANY, OREGON.

DEALER IN—Drugs and Medicines, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC.

All articles warranted pure and of the best quality. Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded. Albany, Oct. 17, 1868-69.

\$2,000 BET ON THE ELECTION! Any one who wants to win can do so by calling on R. C. HILL & SON, W.H.O. thankful for past patronage, still invite the attention of Lin county, etc., to their unequalled stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINT & VARNISH BRUSHES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ALCOHOL, KEROSENE, WINDOW GLASS, TRUSSES, FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

Physicians and customers from the country may rest assured that their orders will be promptly attended to. Prescriptions carefully and correctly compounded.

Have you the impolite guest called a corn? We sell "Corn Plaster," which surely does the work, without pain. Do you desire a look of any kind, a Gold Pen, an Album, Stationery, or such? W. S. Briggs is at our disposal for the accommodation of all favoring him with a call.

Do you want a fine Watch, a set of Jewelry, cheap or dear? J. D. Titus sells the same, under the same price.

Will lose the name of "physic." Physicians and customers from the country may rest assured that their orders will be promptly attended to. Prescriptions carefully and correctly compounded.

RATES OF TOLL OVER THE Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road.

REDUCED RATES: To Deschutes River: Four Horse or Mule team, each way, 2 50

MENS' FURNISHING GOODS! which we offer at UNSURPASSED PRICES, on the most favorable terms.

"GAY" NEWS. Farmers Can Ride and Plow, BY SECURING ONE OF THE "GAY" PLOWS, Manufactured and sold for the very low price of \$65 and \$75.

THE simplicity and practicality of this new Plow commends it to the special notice of every farmer. It possesses a decided superiority over all other plows now in use. The wheels are four feet in diameter, and run on an unplow land. Its entire construction is in no way complicated.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Linn county, Oregon, do hereby certify that the same has given us entire satisfaction. Its facility for adjusting to suit the depth of furrow without moving from the seat, is simple and easy.

SOLE AGENTS OF WILLAMETTE WOOL-LEN MANUFACTURES, have a Large Stock of the Goods manufactured by the above mentioned Co. now in store, consisting of Flannels, Tweeds, Cassimeres, and Blankets.

Our NEW STYLE CASSIMERES Excel in Style and Finish any Goods manufactured on this coast. September 3d, 1870.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office in the Post Office building, Lebanon, Oregon. Will attend to making Deeds and other conveyances, also to the prompt collection of debts entrusted to my care.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK. Organized, 1860.

Policies Exempt from Execution. Cash Assets, - - - \$3,000,000, SECURELY INVESTED. OVER 21,000 MEMBERS. PURELY MUTUAL.

Dividends paid one year from date of Policy. All Policies and Dividends Non-Forfeitable. Over 8,000 Policies sued in 1869.

THIS COMPANY POSSESSES A COMBINATION of desirable features which no other organization can claim. Its growth has been steady, its success marked. Its system of business is pre-eminently adapted to benefit the holders of its Policies.

M'KENNEY & LINDERMANN, General Agents, 131 Montague street, San Francisco, directly opposite Occidental Hotel.

W. WHITWELL, General Agent for Oregon and Territories, PORTLAND, OREGON. Nov. 6, 1869-70.

By authority of a Special Act of the Legislature of the State of California. \$1,000,000.

GRAND GIFT CONCERT IN AID OF THE California Library Association of San Francisco, California. MONDAY, October 31st, 1870. Tickets of Admission, \$5.00 gold coin.

Treasure, The Bank of California. Under the entertainment the sum of \$300,000 U. S. Gold coin will be returned to the holders of Tickets, by the distribution, by chance, of the following GIFTS:

1 Gift of \$100,000 Gold. 1 Gift of \$50,000 do. 1 Gift of \$25,000 do. 1 Gift of \$10,000 do. 1 Gift of \$5,000 do. 1 Gift of \$2,500 do. 1 Gift of \$1,000 do. 1 Gift of \$500 do. 1 Gift of \$250 do. 1 Gift of \$100 do. 1 Gift of \$50 do. 1 Gift of \$25 do. 1 Gift of \$10 do. 1 Gift of \$5 do. 1 Gift of \$2 do. 1 Gift of \$1 do.

The Concert and Distribution will take place under the immediate direction of the Board of Trustees of the Mercantile Library Association, assisted by a Supervisory Committee selected from State, City and County officers, and well known citizens of San Francisco.

After paying the expense of the entertainment and making the distribution of the Gifts, as above announced, the balance of the proceeds, after deducting the present expenses of the Mercantile Library Association.

Notices. Holders of Tickets to the Gift Concert in aid of the Mercantile Library Association, are hereby notified, that the Concert is postponed until Monday, October 31st, 1870.

Expected interferences have operated to make this delay necessary to accomplish the result of freeing the Library from debt, without recourse to other privileges granted by act of the Legislature, passed February 19, 1870.

This is positively the only postponement which will be made. The Concert will take place on the day above named, commencing at 7 o'clock a. m., and to continue until all the gifts have been awarded.

The funds already in bank are considerably more than sufficient to insure the complete completion of the contract with the public. The sale of tickets will positively close on Friday, the 29th day of October, 1870.

Ticket holders residing out of San Francisco will receive daily accredited lists of the awards of Gifts, which will also be published in the leading San Francisco daily papers, on the first of November, 1870. Delivery of gifts will commence November 24, 1870, at the Office, No. 318 California street, at all parties presenting tickets to which gifts have been awarded. All gifts awarded to non-residents will be held at the office until they can be forwarded.

W. R. H. BARNES, Vice-President. W. G. HAYES, Treasurer. THOS. R. HAYES, Recording Sec'y. DAVID WILDER, Cor. Sec'y. W. Ashburner, J. M. McNulty, A. M. Eosta, W. E. Wood, A. P. Elliott, Isaac Wornner, W. G. Badger, F. B. Reynolds, Sam'l Hubbard, Business agents. MAURICE DOBE & CHARLES R. PETERS, 1-1010 No. 318 California street. 2nd Fl. WANTED. 10,000 BUSHELS OF OATS, for which the highest market price will be paid, in cash, at the store of N. S. DU BOISE, Also, Butter and Eggs, in unlimited quantity, for which the highest market price will be paid in cash. Call and see me. Albany, Aug. 29, 1870-71.