

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

A. L. Ashaw

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"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

1851

Vol. 6.

Oregon City, (O. T.) Tuesday, December 2, 1851.

No. 15.

## THE OREGON SPECTATOR:

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,  
DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL AND LITERARY  
INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

D. J. Schenckly, Proprietor.

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## MISCELLANY.

From the Sunday Times.  
A Scene in Greenwood Cemetery  
in 1776.

BY HENRY A. BUCKINGHAM.

On the morning of the 27th of August,  
1776—just seventy-five years ago last  
Wednesday—the light range of hills  
which run from the centre of the present  
Greenwood Cemetery were occupied by  
two regiments of American riflemen.

Before daylight they had been attack-  
ed in the plain below, towards Greenesend,  
by a strong detachment of Hessians and  
British grenadiers, under Knyphausen  
and Grant; and, after a desperate conflict  
they had succeeded in reaching the hill,  
where, in watchful repose, they were now  
partaking a soldier's scant breakfast.

It was plain that the skirmish which  
had but recently taken place, was but the  
prelude of a day of bloody battle.—  
The whole force of Sir William Howe,  
consisting of twenty-four thousand British  
and Hessian regulars, were advancing  
in three divisions upon the advanced posts  
of General Putnam, extending from Fort  
Greene, near the Wallabout, to Red Hook  
and Gowanus marshes. Even at the hour  
in which the soldiers were taking their  
morning's meal, it was evident from the  
firing heard in the centre of the line, some  
mile or two distant, that one of the most  
important passes—the Bedford road—had  
been surprised, and that down this road a  
strong column was advancing.

On the summit of a little mound bare  
of trees, near the spot where now repose  
the bones of some of the gallant heroes  
of the Mexican war, a group of officers  
were straining with eager glance to ob-  
serve the course of the enemy.

"Can you perceive with your glass,  
Colonel Miles, whether Lord Stirling is  
making for the lines?" was the query put  
by one officer to another.

"No—but there is a detachment in full  
retreat, and from the manner in which  
they run, they must be hard pressed. It  
is plain, as we supposed, that the Bedford  
pass has been forced, and that, in conse-  
quence our retreat is cut off."

"Well, then we must give them a fur-  
ther touch of our rifles. We can cer-  
tainly make a strong defence here. We  
should, or did number near upon a thou-  
sand men, and it would not be amiss for  
our respective adjutants to give us an ac-  
count of our strength now." Lieut. Zan-  
zinger, please request adjutant Howard to  
step this way."

"And bear the same request to adjutant  
Kirkwood, of the Delawares, if you  
please, sir."

The lieutenant departed on his mission,  
and the two officers continued gazing at  
the smoke and advancing column of the  
troops in the direction of Brooklyn. The  
eldest of the two officers was Colonel  
Miles, who commanded the Delaware reg-  
iment of riflemen, or, as they were better  
known during the war of the revolution,  
"the Blue Hen's chickens," from the col-  
or of their dress and their flag, whose em-  
broidery was an eagle feeding her young.  
The Delaware regiment was a favorite  
and a gallant one during the whole war  
of independence. The other officer was  
Major Otto Howard Williams, of the Mary-  
land regiment—an officer afterwards  
highly distinguished in the southern cam-  
paign, where he was promoted to a brig-  
adier-generalship. He was about twenty-  
five years of age, of a remarkably fine  
figure and countenance, and was called by  
the ladies of that period "the hand-  
some southerner."

A discharge of heavy artillery was  
now heard far off in the distance, towards  
the Janiacia road, followed by a contin-  
uous rattling of musketry.

"By heavens, Major Williams," ex-  
claimed Col. Miles, "I see nothing but de-  
feat in this days business! There has  
been some criminal neglect somewhere,  
or we should not have been so surprised.  
I thought the Bedford road was patrolled  
night and day."

"It should have been, sir," was the re-  
ply. "Yesterday, General Woodhull was  
on the road with some Long Island horse-  
men; but I suppose higher orders with-  
drew them."

At this moment the adjutant of the Ma-  
ryland regiment made his appearance  
with his report. Of the killed and miss-  
ing in the morning skirmish, there were

about seventy; and the actual number  
that remained fit for duty was less than  
four hundred men.

"Adjutant Kirkwood, I fear, is killed or  
a prisoner, Col. Miles. He was seen, in  
the early part of the fight, close in with  
the enemy, and of your regiment I know  
a company was cut off."

Before a reply could be made, there  
was a rustling in the thicket, the rapid  
challenge of a sentinel, and an officer  
without his hat, his face covered with  
clotted blood and dust, and his sword arm  
suspended in a sling formed of his sash,  
made his appearance.

"Kirkwood, as I live!" exclaimed Major  
Williams, rushing towards him. "How  
is this, my brave fellow?"

"Not a word, Hal, an' thou lovest me."  
Your servant, Colonel Miles! I would  
touch my cheeks, but as I am hatless and  
nearly headless, excuse the etiquette.—  
Let me have a sup from somebody's can-  
teen, and then I will 'a tale unfold."

A canteen containing a little genuine  
St. Croix, a slice of cold boiled pork and  
a sea biscuit, were put in requisition by  
the good-hearted soldier before he proceed-  
ed with his narrative.

"There, gentlemen, if it was not for a  
bullet through my arm, and a slight bay-  
onet wound in my head, I should be a man  
again. But to business: I was cut off,  
with my company, just on the outer edge  
of the wood by a battalion of Grant's  
grenadiers. We killed a few, and had  
rather more killed in return. We were  
borne off to the rear, when, passing by a  
small grove, some of our men started to  
make their escape. I followed, was  
struck behind with a bayonet, which I  
did not mind, and got into the woods with  
a shot through my sword arm. There I  
found some ten of my men, and we man-  
aged to capture a couple of grenadiers,  
who were lost in the wood. Perhaps you  
would like to examine them, colonel!"

The two prisoners were now brought  
forward, and their appearance was strik-  
ing. They were both men above the  
usual stature. The sootier coat, bear-  
skin cap with high brass plate, and a ruddy,  
bluff countenance, bespoke the Rag-  
lanian. The dress of the other was a  
blue coat with white facings, black cross-  
belts, scarlet breeches, and black spatter  
dashes. By his side hung a short, heavy  
sabre, and his head was crowned with a  
high Kevenhuller or three-cocked hat,  
and with huge whiskers and shaggy beard  
extending over the chin nearly to the  
mouth. Such was the *outré* appearance  
of one of Knyphausen's celebrated Hes-  
sian grenadiers.

The Hessian's eye glanced hastily a-  
bout, as if expecting every moment to see  
a fire built round some tree, to which he  
was to be tied, and then scalped, and then  
tomahawked, and burned. It is a fact  
that the Hessians were taught to believe  
the Americans nothing better than savages.

"To what regiment do you belong?" asked  
Col. Miles of the bearded Goth.

The Hessian glanced at his English  
companion imploringly.

"He can't speak English, sir," said his  
comrade. "He is a Hessian grenadier,  
of the regiment of Aspanck."

"One of those men, colonel," said Kirk-  
wood, jocularly, "bought in Germany at a  
pound sterling per head, to teach his maj-  
esty's dutiful subjects in America the  
code of mercy."

"And your regiment?"

"The fortieth, Col. Mawhood's, sir."

"Do you know what division it is that  
the artillery firing proceeds from?"

"Lord Percy's I expect, sir. He went  
up the road from Flatlands last night with  
the heavy field artillery."

"Is Sir William Howe in the field?"

"He passed our regiment two hours  
ago, on his way to a place called Brook-  
Brookland, I think I heard some of the  
officers say. Last night a deserter came  
in from your side, and we took prisoners  
all the patrolling picket that guarded a  
lane that leads into your camp. Sir Wil-  
liam Howe is now on that road, with  
Cornwallis and De Heister."

and Stirling are now completely surround-  
ed, and we have but a bare chance."

"Crossing the creek is now our only  
safety, Col. Miles. But see yonder—we  
are too late!"

In the orchards and path below appear-  
ed numerous militia, or half-uniformed  
troops, making for the woods in every di-  
rection. Occasionally groups of four or  
five men, without order or discipline, would  
turn round and fire at objects in the road  
as yet unseen by the officers on the hill-  
top. The duration was not long, how-  
ever, for the heavy roll of drums was heard  
and polished arms and glittering uniforms  
glanced through the trees, and instantly  
the martial columns of the British infantry  
spread themselves and deployed over  
all the open ground. At least three thou-  
sand of the picked American troops were  
by this manoeuvre completely surrounded;  
and although covered by the woods, re-  
treat was impossible, except by cutting  
through the enemy.

An American general officer, accom-  
panied by two or three aids, was seen  
springing up the hill, and they fortunately  
succeeded in reaching the woods just as  
the British line halted.

"There comes General Sullivan," said  
Major Williams. "Now for orders. Ad-  
jutant, let the men fall in."

It was indeed Sullivan himself. He dis-  
mounted, and, accompanied by his aids,  
came up the brow of the hill.

"Well, gentlemen, we are surrounded.  
I witnessed with pleasure the gallantry of  
the Maryland and Delaware regiments  
this morning. Through sheer neglect,  
the Bedford road picket was cut off, and  
the first knowledge we have of the enemy  
he has divided us. Thank God, the fault  
lies not with me. Further orders are  
needless. I would advise you to let the  
men scatter in detached parties, and let  
the enemy, as much as possible. In this  
way many of them may reach our lines.  
We are too few to make stand in a body.—  
What do you think Col. Miles?"

"I agree with you, sir. Major Wil-  
liams, take command of your regiment.  
We will form the men in close order in  
this little space of cleared ground, and  
give our final orders."

In a few moments about eight hundred  
stalwart and fine-looking young men sur-  
rounded the officers. Sullivan and Miles  
briefly addressed them. They were di-  
rected to scatter under their company of-  
ficers in small bodies, and harass the en-  
emy with as little exposure as possible, and  
watch every opportunity to cross the  
creeks and marshes, and escape to the en-  
trenchments. "Do your duty to your  
God and your country like men," was the  
conclusion. The soldiers received the or-  
ders with loud cheers, and dispersed into  
the woods skirting the enemy. The chief  
officers took the rout towards the creek to  
watch further proceedings, and see if the  
enemy were determined upon attacking  
the main line themselves.

The action in and around Gowanus  
heights, (now Greenwood) became excit-  
ing in the extreme. The riflemen picked  
off the officers and men with unerring aim  
from the cover of the woods, and constant  
skirmishing of this nature was kept up  
till well in the afternoon, when two or  
three fresh British regiments made a det-  
our of the heights and took the Americans  
in flank and rear. The ammunition of  
the latter was by this time nearly ex-  
hausted, and they united themselves in a  
body in the field on the open side hill, a  
little to the east of the keeper's lodge, at  
the entrance of the cemetery.

Only about six hundred remained out  
of a thousand as brave young men as  
ever lifted rifle at daylight that morn-  
ing.

"Well, lads," said the gallant Kirk-  
wood, of the Delawares, "we're enough  
for another round of powder and cold lead.  
Load all, and let us out through the  
enemy."

Forming compactly, they advanced  
with rapid step upon the enemy formed  
to oppose them. When within ten yards,  
the order was given to fire, and a blaze  
of death rang from the fatal tubes. The  
British line was broken and overturned  
for the moment, and the Americans, rush-  
ing through them, reached the marshes,  
swam the creek, and succeeded in enter-  
ing the lines at Brooklyn, with the loss  
of about one-sixth of their number—a  
few of whom were suffocated in the  
marshes or drowned in the creek. Gen.

Sullivan, Col. Miles, and Major Williams  
were forced to surrender to General De-  
Heister.

Greenwood, once the battle-field and  
burial place of the dead—an arena upon  
which the blood of the revolutionists who  
gave us our liberties was spilled like  
water—is now the solemn last retreat of  
those who die peacefully in their beds af-  
ter having enjoyed the fruits in part re-  
sulting from the struggle above recorded.  
The turmoil and the noise of warfare  
have given place to the quiet sorrows and  
the impressive ceremonials of the anti-  
cipatory funeral. Everything there now is  
an embodiment of grateful peace. The  
clash of arms, the roar of artillery, the  
hoarse voice of military command, and  
the strife of men in the full vigor of  
health and intellect, are heard and seen  
no more in that vicinity. In their stead  
we hear the sighs of the bereaved widow  
and the orphan, and see the tears of the  
childless parent and the mourning brother.  
The modest tomb and the ostentatious  
mausoleum are now seen where, at the  
period of our sketch, cavalry and infantry  
defiled and fought with the strength of  
hate and determination of the bloodhound.  
How few of those who raminate with sub-  
dued sentiments in the now sacred and  
venerated shades of Greenwood Cemetery  
fancy that its precincts were once the  
battle-ground and the grave of numbers  
of brave hearts which beat to the death  
for the establishment of republicanism!  
Side by side with the bodies daily de-  
posited there, now moulder the bones of  
the gallant men from whose veins many of us  
have sprung, and there too lies the dust  
of the hirelings who came here—thank  
heaven, unsuccessful!—to do a monarch's  
bidding.

Reader, while you drop a tear over the  
grave of a beloved relative or friend in  
Greenwood, shed one also for the com-  
patriots of Washington! and pray for the  
preservation of the Union which they so  
conspicuously and disinterestedly estab-  
lished by unresponsible acts of heroism.

What a Hod-man can do.

Many people, says a Philadelphia pa-  
per, turn up their noses at what they call  
"dirty work," as though all honest labor  
was not cleaner than many kid-gloved  
ways of swindling one's way through the  
world. Rather than owe our living to the  
latter, we would infinitely prefer to shake  
carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents  
per day. A day or two since we learned  
an instructive bit of history touching a  
door of "dirty work"—a hod-man. No  
matter where he was born, he was none  
the worse for being a Turkman or Irish-  
man. He came to this city about ten  
years ago, young, healthy and honest.—  
He could get no employment but hod-car-  
rying, and he carried so well as to earn  
at once his dollar a day. He procured  
cheap, but good board and lodging; spent  
some of his earnings in groceries or low  
places; attended church on the Sabbath;  
educated himself evenings; laid up mone-  
y, and at the end of five years bought a  
lot in the city, and built a pretty cottage.  
In one year more he found a good wife,  
and used the house he had before rented  
out. For these six years he had steadily  
carried the hod. He was noted worker,  
an acknowledged scholar, and a noble  
pattern of a man. On the opening of  
the eighth year his talents and integrity  
were called to a more profitable account.  
He embarked as partner in a business al-  
ready well established. This day he is  
worth at least \$100,000; has a lovely  
wife and two beautiful children; a home  
that is the centre of a brilliant, social and  
intelligent circle, and he is one of the  
happiest and most honored of men, as far  
as he is known. So much has become of  
a hod-man.

The revised code of the state of  
Iowa, provides that a bushel of wheat  
shall weigh sixty lbs.; shelled corn, 56;  
corn in the cob, 70; rye, 56; oats, 35;  
barley, 45; beans, 60; bran, 20; clover  
seed, 60; timothy seed, 45; fax seed, 50;  
hemp seed, 44; buckwheat, 52; blue grass  
seed, 14; castor beans, 40; dried peaches,  
33; dried apples 24; onions, 57; salt 50.

"Well, Mr. Brown, how much did  
your calf weigh, after it was dressed?"  
"Why, it didn't begin to weigh as much  
as I expected, and I always thought it  
wouldn't."

A Mermaid of the Revolution.  
Many will remember that, towards the  
close of the war, Colonel Tarleton passed  
through North Carolina. Owing to  
some cause not known, he spent two  
nights in Halifax county—one within the  
hospitable grove of Willie Jones near the  
town of Halifax, and the other higher up  
in the county, near "Quashey Chapel."  
Either because he was contented with  
provisions and horses, or from a military  
desire to destroy the property of inso-  
lent citizens who were opposed to the  
British, he sought all the houses, barns,  
logs, and open fields, that he could find  
by his men, and destroyed or appropri-  
ated them to his own use. The only old  
maid of the female inhabitants of the  
country fled from the approach of the  
British troops, and hid themselves in the  
crawps and forests adjacent; and while  
they passed the upper part of the county,  
while every one else left the premises  
on which she lived, Mrs. Powell (then  
Miss Bishop) "wood her ground," and hid  
herself in the barnyard. But it would be  
do; the work they hove and water, and  
among the former, a favorite party of his  
own, and drove them off to the stable,  
which was a mile distant. Young to do  
was, she determined to have her party re-  
gain, and as she most necessarily go to  
the British camp, go alone, if not would  
accompany her. And about the night,  
on foot, at night, and without any warn-  
ing of defense, and in due time arrived at  
the camp.

By what means she managed to get an  
audience with Tarleton is not known; but  
she appeared before him unannounced,  
and raising herself erect, said—

"I have come to you, to demand a  
restoration of my property, which your  
knaveish followers stole from my father's  
yard."

"Let me understand you, Miss," replied  
Tarleton, taken completely by sur-  
prise.

"Well, sir," said she, "your regular men  
in full coats came to my father's place  
about sundown and stole my party; and I  
have walked here alone and unprotected  
to claim and demand my; and sir, I mean  
and will have him. I fear not your men.  
They are base and unprincipled enough  
to dare to offer insult to an un-  
protected female; but their cowardly hearts  
will prevent them doing her any bodily  
injury. And just then, by the light of the  
camp fire, copying her own dear little pa-  
per at a little distance, she continued—  
"There, sir, is my horse. I shall mount  
him and ride peaceably home; and if you  
have any regard for their safety, you will  
see, sir, that I am not interrupted. But  
before I go, I wish to say to you that he  
who owns, and will not, prevent this base  
and cowardly stealing from his house,  
stable, and barn yards, is no better than  
the mean good-for-nothing, guilty wretch  
who do the dirty work with their own  
hands! Good night, sir."

And, without waiting further, she took  
her pony unintercepted and galloped  
safely home; for Tarleton was so much im-  
pressioned that he ordered that she should  
do as she chose.

Mrs. Powell died in her native county,  
in 1840, after she had obtained a green  
old age. One of her grandsons, Wm. B.  
Farber, volunteered in the Mexican war.  
Another, Richard B. Farber, is residing  
in Halifax county, N. C., a man estimable  
and worthy citizen. And a grand-  
daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Sledge, (wife of  
W. T. Sledge, and sister of the two first  
named gentlemen,) also lives in Halifax  
county, besides other relatives, who all,  
no doubt, do justice to her memory; but  
others should do likewise, for she was one  
of the noble spirits of 'the times that tried  
men's souls.'

INDIANA—NEGRO EXCLUSION.—Gov.  
Wright has issued his proclamation de-  
claring the New Constitution of Indiana  
adopted, and also that the additional clause  
prohibiting negroes from hereafter set-  
tling in the State, and for the collection  
of those now in the State, is part of the  
Constitution.

The following is the state of the vote in  
all the counties of the State but three,  
which have not been received: For Negro  
Exclusion, 111,804; against Negro Ex-  
clusion, 21,195. Majority for Negro Ex-  
clusion, 90,609.— Rochester Republican.

Remember that very few things  
are extremely injurious to the health.

## POETRY.

From the Waverly Magazine.

### LIFE.

Life has its sunshine; but the ray  
Which dashes on its stormy way  
Is but the beacon of decay—  
A meteor glimmering o'er the grave;  
And though its dawning hour be bright  
With fancy's geyser coloring,  
Yet o'er this cloud encumbered night  
Dark ruin flags her raven wing.

Life has its flowers, and what are they?  
The buds of early love and truth,  
Which spring and wither in a day—  
The gems of warm, confiding youth!  
Also: those buds decay and die  
Ere opened and matured in bloom;  
E'en in an hour behold them lie  
Upon the still and lonely tomb.

Life hath its pang of deepest thrill—  
Thy sting, relentless memory!  
Which wakes not, perches not, until  
The hour of joy has ceased to be  
Then, when the heart is in its pail,  
And cold afflictions gather o'er,  
Thy mournful anthem doth reveal,  
How which hath died to bloom no more.

Life hath its blessings; but the storm  
Sweeps like the desert wind in wrath,  
To sear and blight the lowliest fern  
Which sports on earth's desecrated path.  
Oh! soon the spirit-broken wail,  
No changed from youth's delightful tone,  
Floats mournfully upon the gale  
Where all is desolate and lone.

Life hath its hope—a matin dream,  
A cankered flower, a setting sun,  
Which waxes a transitory gleam  
Upon the evening clouds of dun.  
Fame up an hour—that dream hath fled,  
The flowers on earth forsaken lie;  
The sun hath set, when lustre shed  
A light upon the shaded sky!

Ladies are often annoyed by per-  
plexing questions from the male gender,  
and sometimes escape from a direct an-  
swer by a happy bon mot.

"What are you making, Miss Knapp?"  
inquired a familiar acquaintance of a  
young lady.

"A Knapp sack," was the satisfactory  
reply.

"Sire, one Word," said a soldier  
one day to Frederick the Great, when  
presenting to him a request of a  
brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two,"  
answered the Prince, "I will have you  
hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier.  
The monarch surprised at his presence  
of mind, immediately granted his request.

A Young Gentleman the other day  
asked a young lady what she thought of  
the marriage state in general. "Not  
knowing, I can't tell, was the reply, "but  
if you and I were to put our heads together  
I could soon give you a definite answer."