

Other struggles have had their eulogists, and the pen of the novelist, and the poet, have been enlisted to immortalize their heroes, but the writer can safely affirm that in none, was there less regard for self-interest, and more true heroism and bravery displayed than during the dark and gloomy period of the Cayuse war in Oregon.

We know not whether we shall be accounted to succeed, but hope that any failure in the attempt may be overlooked, in the laudableness of the object proposed.

CHAPTER I.

The autumn and winter of 1847-8 will long be remembered by the pioneer settlers of Oregon. The excitement produced by the arrival of an unexpectedly large immigration, and the joy occasioned among the earlier adventurers to the west—the scattered occupants of its beautiful valleys—by meeting so many of their former friends, and hearing again from the dear old home, that lay far towards the rising sun—is to this day recalled by many, as the most pleasing event of our early history.

Dear and long tried friends exchanged congratulations who never expected to meet again, when they bade each other adieu, in a distant land.

Prolific indeed is the arrival of the immigration, with sudden and joyful greetings, but in those days every immigrant, whether friend or stranger, found a cordial welcome. Natives and neighbors were everywhere, and the primitive hospitality of our land had not been drawn into, and swallowed up by the present mammon-worshipping, money-making, speculating spirit. Hearts and hands were ready to relieve distress—whether did they stop to calculate the profits, before they bestowed their charities. How widely they deviate from such a course now!

But we will not stop to preach a homily upon modern degeneracy—such would be more fitly the duty of the casuist, than of one who writes for instructive amusement.

Mr. David Raymond an old resident of the State of Ohio, had become so captivated with the glowing descriptions, which he had seen, of the distant land of Oregon, that in the spring of the year which leads the opening of this chapter, he announced his intention of making it his future home.

In due time he made his way across the gloomy sand-wastes of the American Desert, and found himself in the hospitable valley, for which he had so long toiled, over the sun-parched and sterile plains.

Guided by the generous advice of an earlier pioneer, Mr. Raymond located himself in a fine district of country in the county, and was well pleased with his new home. We should here mention that Mr. Raymond had a wife, and two children: A daughter—about seventeen years of age; Job, a little more than a year her junior, and a younger daughter some four or five years old.

They were of the most refined and elevated class, in the popular society of their native State, and though in bidding adieu to their long-loved home, they felt they must leave behind them many advantages, and many of the venerated customs peculiar to the land of their origin, they were not so egotistic as to suppose they were going among heathens and barbarians—as some eastern people ignorantly imagine, whose narrow souls and provincial education prevent them from taking a more liberal view of the settlers of the far west, when they turn their steps to search for a home among them.

Mary Raymond—our heroine, kind reader, if you please—was now in the bloom of maidenhood. A complexion almost transparently clear, a mild yet expressive countenance, raven hair, and dark spiritual hazel eyes, constituted a beauty of the highest order. She was obliging and amiable in disposition, refined in manners, and her mind had been carefully and brilliantly educated; though she exhibited none of that ostentation so common to the one, and none of the jealousy with which feminine vanity too often renders high accomplishments ridiculous.

The advent of this new beauty among the many back-bosoms of the neighborhood, was an occurrence of great interest to that unluxurious class; and was the occasion of many an hour being spent strolling rusty noons, fitting Sunday moccasins, and arranging other parts of a bachelor's neglected toilet, by at least a half dozen individuals of the aforementioned sex. A few miles from Mr. Raymond's was a young man—a bachelor of course—of rather modest and retiring manners, by the name of Stuart. He immigrated from one of the Blue States of the west, and had been several years. His associations and habits had been entirely of the primitive kind, and his means of acquisition had been much restricted, yet he distinguished him with a capacity of no ordinary order, and rising above his colonial position, the most elegant society would have been ornamented by such a man. He was a frankness of soul, so characteristic of the named inhabitants of his native land, while he was far above that rudeness of manners, which in that country, often obscures the noblest feelings.

Stuart did not possess the collegiate polish, and modern refined gentlemanly finish which other advantages and other society than he had ever lived in would have given him, but his manly elevated manners, and a sort of amiable frankness, without the usually accompanying ingredient of too much familiarity won him the respect of the refined and intellectual, and the confidence of all. As a man he was elevated and honest in principle, bold and firm in purpose, warm and impulsive in temperament and feeling. In appearance he was tall and graceful, and he rode to a dignified carriage and commanding mien, a dark, brilliant animated eye. His hair black and waving surmounted a noble forehead and expressive face, and although lady critics would not have called him handsome, the most fastidious would have admitted he was "good looking."

He was twenty-four—the age for social and genial conviviality.

With the attractions we have before spoken of it is not at all surprising that we find William Stuart regarding Miss Mary Raymond with something more than common attentions, after a little acquaintance. Neither do we think it would afford a subject for great amazement, if in about the same time, we announced, that this interest was somewhat flattered, by a manner not altogether unkind on the part of the fair maiden. But be this as it may, in a short time he seemed so likely to carry off the prize, that all other suitors to the fair Mary gave up in despair, and left the field to him. Mary, in fact, looked upon him with an eye of favor. She beheld in him excellencies of mind and heart, such as she had never known in any other. The objections which most ladies of high accomplishments would have made to him, that he had not been highly refined, she waived entirely. With a man of his brilliant intellect and noble soul, a fair exterior polish was unnecessary. But Mary thought she saw in the plain and easy manners of Stuart, aside from their respectful dignity, honesty, and sincerity, which it is the best boast of modern refined etiquette, that it can only imitate, without being able to produce them. His bright though unadorned genius she could not admire in the land from whence she came, she had seen so many stupid dolts who applied the talismanic term genius to themselves—the principal justification for the assumption, being that they had stumbled over the rocks on the hill-side of science, following the glow-worm light of leaders as stupid as themselves, through a five years drill collegiate, which, in a general way, only served to render their natural obtusity still more intolerable, with the additional injury of making them conceited and egotistic—that it was really a relief to turn aside from their stale flippancy, and gaze on a bright, untutored genius, that had never had its native brilliancy dimmed by the milder of a sickly mental atmosphere.

She pictured in beautiful contrast, his frank affability with the stiff formality, and demure hypocrisy, of the school of her early years; and by the time she became thoroughly acquainted with him—she had made up his excellencies and attractions—she was loving him with all the warm heart.

Stuart gladly reciprocated the tender feelings which she manifested towards him.

It is not to be supposed that he could appreciate real beauty, and was not discriminating, to mistake a common known young ladies, whom the world called beautiful and accomplished, and whose favor it would have pronounced him fortunate in obtaining, but judging by a different standard, than that which society usually prescribes, not one of them had even drawn a sigh from his bosom, or raised a flutter in his heart.

In his imagination he had reared a model of female perfection, and he had in vain as yet, looked abroad upon society, upon amphitretes of assembled beauty, for the one, whose attractions were to cover the gilded portrait, he had set in the portal of his heart.

He had himself come to the conclusion that it contained a unity of perfections too strict, to find a reflex in human qualities.—But in Mary he found his most perfect ideal realized—a girl that his fancy had ever painted, his reason formed, or his heart craved, before, Mary in reality seemed to him.

If the beauty of the most exalted kind, he required the sweetest disposition, Mary's ever pleasant smile alone, would have assured him of it.

Dear reader we cannot describe it—in vain do we search for a simile, to convey its ravishing ineffable influence; when one was playing over her countenance, 'twas more like the lambent glories that play around the sinking orb of a summer's day, and in the rich tint and rapturous globe of twilight, gilding with happiness every object within the circle of their influence, than anything we can compare it to.

If he required an intelligent mind, educated and refined, he found in her a fully stored and cultivated intellect, that which fully canceled the requisition; and if to all she must add the flowing embellishment of woman's character—true modesty—Mary's happy blending of the social and the affable, the respectfully pleasant, with the unassumingly familiar, seemed to even more than all the strictly stiff list of requirements.

To all this Stuart was of course not long insensible. A strangely exquisite sensation when in her presence, soon found its way into his bosom, and such is ever the infatuation of lovers—he rather cultivated than suppressed it.

He felt in bestowing his heart upon Mary, he was giving it to one every way worthy of it—one who could comprehend the depth and fervor of his affection; the pulsations of whose heart could vibrate in unison with the ever-deepening tones of his own.

Dear reader, we fancy we already hear you grumbling at this half narrative, half-characterization. "Confound your posing, get along with your story a little faster" say you.

But have patience my anxious friend.—Take a chew of tobacco and a drink of cold water, lay in a good supply of Job's cardinal virtue, and prepare in all good humor for a long voyage, for our bark will pass many a well and fall in the sea of narration, with many changes of wind and tide, before we reach our final destination.

But to return. Stuart and Mary were in each others company much. Together they walked and talked, and laughed and roared, and days and weeks flew quickly by, "nor noted by them were the lagging hours only as they kept them sunnier."

Mr. Raymond's residence was in a beautiful little valley, nearly surrounded by high grassy hills, their sides covered with large spreading oaks. Near his dwelling rose one of those magnificent hills, overlooking the country round, and its lofty summit

Editorial for the Oregon Spectator.
WILLIAM STUART:
—OR—
THE VOLUNTEER.
A STORY OF THE CAYUSE WAR.
BY A WESTERN PIONEER.

INTRODUCTION.—The following story was suggested to the pen of the writer, by the perusal of the number of the Oregon Spectator, which had been published in the time embraced in the tale. And to that faithful chronicle of those days he mainly indebted for the facts employed below.

Last some night, without sufficient warrant, wish to apply some things personally, the writer deems it not improper to state that the two principal characters are entirely fictitious; though a most of the occurrences described in the career of Stuart, as a volunteer, are actual facts, as also, the main leading features of the story, in that part of it.

The incidents of the tale are so varied, that no one story could be expected to please all, no matter how judiciously of romance it might be mingled with the facts, or how much it is in excess.

It has been the object of the author to blend the sentimental, the romantic and the descriptive, as much as possible, that each class of readers could have a share devoted to their peculiar tastes, and he wishes those who are disposed to criticize his humble production, to bear in mind, as an apology for the defects in its style, that he is by no means a professional author. The principal aim has been, to recall from the past, one of the most interesting periods in the history of our yet youthful territory.