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☞ We do not think that it is pleasing to our young ladies to see gentlemen under the influence of liquor in the ball-room. In the following lines we find that the lady in question, at least, did not approve of it, and we think that the gentlemen in this city would please their fair partners to a much greater extent if they would forego *that pleasure* while in their company:—

"She wore a satin slipper,
A pair of silvery shoon,
And seemed the prettiest tripper
In all the gay saloon—
Her dress of pink was covered
With richest Limerick lace,
And sweet good humor hovered
Around her dimpling face.

Her hair was brown, or golden,—
It changed as will the light—
Her bodice scarce could hold in
Her bosom's heaving white:
Her eyes were gay and merry
As a fountain in the shade,
And her voice was sweet and cheery
As the thought that it conveyed.

She bent as ivy slowly
When the morning breezes glide
Adown the upland lowly,
To the river's rippling side;
She waltzed and as on floating
Her robes and ringlets streamed
I could not keep from noting
How fairy like she seemed.

But when with heightened color
She ceased the whirling dance,
A strange and panting pallor
Came o'er her countenance—
I asked her—'Oh! forgive me—
Can I serve you?' 'Nay—I will—
My fears do not deceive me,
You are—you must be ill!'

Then she, with timid glances,
From lips as sweet as thyme
Replied—'Those [illegible]
Brunt our [illegible]
Could [illegible] might receive me'—
Love, upon the [illegible]
'A glass of water give me,
But put no brandy in't!'"

Written for the Oregon Spectator.

WILLIAM STUART:

—OR—

THE VOLUNTEER.

A STORY OF THE CAYUSE WAR.

BY A WESTERN PIONEER.

"As sunlight falls on crystal streams,
That first reflect the day,
On youthful hearts, so kindly gleams
Love's fresh inspiring ray.
An envious cloud the sky deforms,
And crystal streams flow dark—
So fares the heart, when wayward storms,
Extinguish love's pure spark."

"Now rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.—*Campbell.*

CHAPTER III.

On the banks of the foaming Des Chutes, about the first day of February, an army of volunteers was encamped. On one side rolled the angry stream, on the other, only a short distance back, leaving a very narrow valley, rose the lofty hills through which this river cuts its devious course. Above and below these hills projected into the stream, so that the spot described was a low small bottom, about two or three hundred yards in width, by a half mile in length. Toward its upper end was a band of tired looking, travel worn horses, rolling and grazing on the green grass that covered the ground luxuriantly. A strong guard was stationed around them, and their galled backs and foaming flanks showed they had just been liberated to cool and rest.

In the camp the brush fires burned brightly, and the bustling bands around them evinced that the repast for the evening was occupying a goodly share of attention.—From the body of a horse which had just been butchered, busy hand were bringing pieces to the fire, where some were broiling it on the coals, others preparing it in different ways. Small groups were already seated in some parts of the camp on the turf, eating; while the jesting and loud laugh, proved they had not yet lost their spirits or been frightened out of their wits.

But alas! on the sunny side of an awning made of blankets, lay [illegible] evidences that something more serious than we have yet seen, had been occupying them. Several badly wounded and bleeding soldiers were stretched upon blankets spread upon the ground, and the extraction of bullets and arrow points, going on among them, was assurance unmistakable, that not long before, they had met their savage enemy.

Our readers need not be informed, we suppose, that this is the Oregon Rifle Regiment, [illegible] history of the raising of which we have already given. They are now in the enemy's country, and had this day met a large party, and scattered them like wolves before their daring charge. Posting themselves on a high bluff the Indians had rained their arrows on the heads of our devoted band. Huge loose stones were hurled down the rugged declivity, threatening even a more formidable danger than their arms, while their demoniac yells mingled with the sharp crack of the rifle, made up a scene that might have appalled the stoutest heart. But those who had gone there to avenge the murder of innocent women and children did not quail before the storm. Leaving their horses they rushed up the hill, and before they [illegible] with the havoc they were making, their enemies had dispersed and fled. Regaining their horses they pressed with speed on the rear of the retreating foe, who were also mounted. For several miles they chased the flying footsteps [illegible], but the condition of some of their [illegible] of their exhausted horses, [illegible] rapidly, and they had halted at the place described.

One of the [illegible] presented on a large [illegible] the [illegible] of the band, he left hand holding a bow that was tied around the neck of a beautiful bright bay horse [illegible] by his side—his [illegible] rode. A single glance [illegible] intelligent eyes, and noble [illegible] and one would have [illegible] Wm. Stuart. And a [illegible] father would have [illegible] was none the [illegible] that he had [illegible]. The [illegible] so hopefully [illegible] which [illegible] his cheek of its bloom and covering it with the pale mantle of a settled melancholy; and his [illegible] formerly so full and rich, was wan and thin, and his countenance wore a somber shade, strange indeed, to one who had [illegible] a few months before.

'To [illegible] the flame [illegible] raven hand,
To dance [illegible] mountain sand,'
Than
'By [illegible] to conquer love.'

So sang one whose knowledge of human nature the world has long honored, and Stuart was a full exemplification of the truth of th[illegible].

Let [illegible] sentimental reader [illegible] way [illegible]. We [illegible] those [illegible] all others [illegible] torture of hopeless [illegible] heart. That torture, that [illegible] was in the camp, among the [illegible] lonely round of [illegible] present with him.

Each [illegible] each grassy knoll and [illegible] brought back the day [illegible] full of hope [illegible] between them, when [illegible] over every scene, and the passing ones of sorrow, hopelessness and misery.

The relief guard now arriving, Stuart walked into camp. Just as he was entering it, he met the captain of his company, passed a few words with him, and was soon after seated at a meal of soup and horse beef, and apparently lost to all else except the savory dish before him.

In a few minutes Capt. Thompson, just mentioned, drew himself up before the fire of the commander in chief, Col. Gilliam, who was sitting on his inverted saddle, smoking the stump of what had once been a white clay pipe, supplementary to his dinner of hot water and horse beef.

'Quite a brush we had to-day, Colonel' began the captain.

'Yes sir. Those yellow-skinned scoundrels obtained rather the advantage in the choice of position, I think.'

'Indeed, I think they did,' replied the captain. 'Bullets and arrows I care but little for, but when it comes to fighting a hill-side of rolling stones, I declare the matter gets a little over the serious.'

'But,' said Col. Gilliam, 'we need not despise bullets and arrows because we don't see them coming, for just see here,'—rising up and taking off his old slouched beaver hat. An arrow had passed through the brim 'and here, I have another remembrancer,' taking up a legging. It was pierced by a bullet.

'Well Colonel, they must have had some intention to help you out of the trouble of killing any more of them, but it seems they were only successful enough to leave you the honors without the wounds. But the wounded are unable to travel, what is to be done now?'

'Leave them behind, and make chase with a single company till we catch the Indians, if they run to Klamath Lake!' rejoined the Colonel sententiously.

'I had heard those were the orders.—Does my company remain?'

'I shall take Capt. Maxon's, they're the best horses.'

'Yes,' replied the captain, 'I think you will need the best horses, for if they travel at the speed they did this forenoon, you will not catch them much this side of the point indicated in your remark. I have just been asked, Colonel, by one of my men to request permission of you to allow him to go in the pursuit. He is one of my best men, has a good horse, and is well armed.'

'And who is it?' asked the Colonel in surprise.

'It is Mr. Stuart, sir.'

'That tall, pale fellow who acted with such cool intrepidity, to-day?'

'He is the man, sir.'

'Very well sir, send him along; we'll take him as a supernumerary, and I only wish we had a few more such in place of some we have.'

'Thank you, Colonel, for the permission to go—for the compliment, too, if I thought it merited,' interposed Stuart's frank voice, for supposing from the length of the colloquy between the officers, that he was not likely to gain the wished for leave, he had come in person to urge his request, and arrived just in time to hear it granted to his captain.

'The fact is' said the captain breaking into a sardonic laugh, 'Will has a sweetheart in the valley, and he has been half dead ever since he left her; so he is going to distinguish himself, get a furlough and go home to his fair dulcinea, and live upon his reputation.'

'Well no difference' said the Colonel good naturedly, 'we'll hope to restore him to her soon, though I think he will be apt to put that privilege out of our power, if he persists in exposing himself often as he did to-day.'

Stuart to turn the discourse said: 'Colonel, I believe I heard you say you would like a few more such as myself with you.'

'Yes sir,' said the officer, 'do you think you can introduce me to such another?'

'Very easy sir. One of my messmates asked me if I received permission, to request you to allow him to go also. It's Job Raymond, a lively, boyish chap you may have noticed round camp.'

'That young dare-devil, that acted the madcap so in the charge?'

'The same.'

'Well sir, we'll take all such.'

As we have never formally introduced the lively Job, to our public, we know of no more favorable time than the present, to give him a passing notice.

He was now about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and his appearance and manners were still youthful and boyish, especially when neither were held in control by the presence of those whose years or eminence, demanded more reserve. He was of quick and active temperament, naturally shrewd and intelligent, with considerable intellectual cultivation—enough so to make him pass well—a lively fancy, sparkling wit, and a jovial social disposition, that made him an especial favorite among his acquaintances in the army, and was possessed of an energy and self-reliance which few, at his age can boast. He was, in a few words, one of those useful, lively, cheerful young fellows, who will win golden opinions from all with whom he mingles, and uniting the courage of years, to the imprudent daring of impetuous youth, his adventurous bravery, elicited the plaudits of the whole army. Though as indicated by the Colonel's remark, his bravery betrayed a recklessness, which happy it would have been for him, had he been tempered with more discretion. Arriving in the country at his early age, he became assimilated to the peculiarities of the people, and by thus adopting the manners, which older and less impressible minds would have rejected as abominable, he was as popular with the old Oregonian, of five years residence, as with the new emigrant, like himself. Particularly, he was a good horseman. Now there never was a people who delighted more in skillful horsemanship, than the early settlers of Oregon.—The skillful rider always found business in his line, and admirers, who would loudly applaud his feats, in his exciting and dangerous exercise, and to be a superior horseman, was perhaps an attainment to which no Californian, Mexican or Bedouin, ever aspired more zealously, than did the adolescent, and even some of the older population of Oregon. Job was an excellent one—mounted on his firey spanish horse, with all the provincial trappings of jingling bits and ringing spurs, none sat more beautifully to the critical eye of an Oregon horseman, or managed him with more adroitness and precision than Job.

Stuart and Job having been accidentally thrown into the same mess, soon contracted a liking for each other, and time and the braving of difficulties together, served to draw them still closer, by a growing and mutual regard. Stuart's manliness—his nobleness of soul, and a determined and unyielding firmness, which displayed itself in all his trials, was the admiration of the impulsive Raymond, and it was as much that he might not be separated from Stuart, as for any other reason, that Job had desired leave to go, also, in the pursuit.

An hour after this time, the chosen band fully equipped for their duty, mounted their horses, in front of their camp. The Col. occupied a few moments in giving orders to the officer left in command, the company waiting his orders to move. The boys were exchanging jocular 'good-byes' and 'take care of yourselves now,' when they received the word to march. With three cheers for those they left behind, they spurred their impatient steeds into a lively gallop, and soon swept out of sight, round the point of a jutting ridge, as they drew their way up a steep and winding table-land.

They had no sooner reached the elevated plain above the stream, than they discovered the Indians had also been resting, but so closely had the movements of our men been watched, that no advantage could be taken of their delay.

They were again upon the route, and the speed at which they rode, seemed almost to defy pursuit. Col. Gilliam urged the men forward, or rather they urged themselves, with all possible speed, and one would have been reminded by the spectacle, of Milton's account of the flight of Satan's terrified hosts, before the victorious legions of Heaven.

The surface of the country was open and generally level. Nothing more like a forest, than an occasional patch of wild sage brush, shaded their path; or a hill, than a low mound, now and then, obstructed the open view of the broad plain. On the west the lofty and rugged Cascades terminated it, while far to the east, the Blue Mountains dimly seen through the hazy distance, seemed like the background, and shadows, on a landscape picture, intended to produce a contrast, and formed for beauty only.

The plain was covered with bunch grass, and at a distance, looked smooth as a meadow; but the ground had a rough and stony exterior, which much belied its appearance, of gently rolling smoothness.

This much retarded the progress of the belligerents, although the incessant clanging of their horses' hoofs, showed both their impatience and their eagerness to get forward. Deep chasms too, through which the streams of this region invariably run, also impeded their progress.

The traveler in this region, without seeing any previous indications of a stream, suddenly finds himself stopped short, by one of those chasms crossing his path. The sides are as perpendicular as the walls of Tartarus, with seldom a slope to admit a crossing of the deep, dark, gloomy abyss. The turbulent roar of their dashing waters, lends to them an oppression and awful sublimity, which in no other place save the depths of a lowly cavern, have I ever felt. The passage of these presented an exciting scene at the time we describe them.

As the Indians would be rising on one side, our men would be descending on the other; and the almost frantic efforts, the one party made to escape, and the others to overtake, exhibiting a stiking and exciting scene. The Indians particularly, formed a picturesque band. Their beautiful horses, their fantastic costume, of which blankets of ever gay color, loose and floating in the wind, formed no little portion, their long hair streaming full length behind, made them an object well worthy the interest of an admiring spectator.

For four hours the race had been held, without a perceptible advantage to either party. Thirty miles had been passed, and still each had about preserved its distance.

None of that ardor which glowed in the breasts of the volunteers at starting, had suffered abatement. Still on, and on they plied the whip and spur, and the Indians yet kept their distance. Still on they hurried, hoping as now and then they picked up an exhausted horse, that had been left behind, that on the next hill, or the next again, their tired foe would halt and make a last effort of desperation. But still the Indians fled on, and as the volunteers rose the appointed eminence, trembling with anxious hope to meet the foe, it was only to be disappointed by seeing them still far ahead, and thundering on at the same rapid rate as before.

Their panting and foaming animals began at length to show such weariness, that as there was no probability they would be able to overtake them, and as they began to draw near where the Des Chutes issues from the mountains, the eastern declivity being covered with scattering pine timber, extending far down into the plain; and not wishing to enter the forest, of which they knew nothing, so late in the day they resigned the hurried chase, for a gait better suited to their exhausted animals, till they could gain a place to rest for the night.

Upon the banks of a small stream that came tumbling from the Cascades only a few miles distant, and running through a yawning crack, which seemed to have been opened in the rock-bound earth, by some terrible volcanic action, they found a resting place for the night.

A narrow strip of bottom intervened between the almost vertical bluffs, and upon this they encamped and turned their tired horses.

Thus ended the first day's chase, and Stuart as he took his station on guard that night, was not the only one who felt the fruitlessness of their desperate toil.

Knowing however, it was useless to grumble at the decrees of fate, which he could neither fathom nor alter, and yielding himself up to the silent influences of the hour, he gloated on the lovely moon, the deep cerulean sky beyond, spangled with its ten thousand shining stars, and thought of things and scenes far away from the dismal and lonely hollow, of which he was a sleepless tenant.

O! what a time for thought are the lone hours of night. The stirring passions that till and agitate the bosom, during the day, sink to rest with the setting sun, and he who is often too impatient to indulge in a moment's meditation, while its rays cross his path, finds many a tender thought and soft affection rising from his heart, when night's sable curtain mantles all that can disturb and distract.

With all his scrutinizing and reasoning he could not decide in his own mind, what were the causes of Mary Raymond's estrangement, and of her rude and passionate rejection of his hand, after he had supposed from her conduct towards him, that she faithfully loved him.

Every possible cause was revolved in his mind, and still he could arrive at no conclusion. Every thing his fertile invention could suggest, passed the review before his mind, and was in turn examined and discarded.

At length he gave up in despair. One conclusion alone, stood before him, with anything like plausibility. That was, that Mary had acted only the part of the capricious coquette, that her whole intimacy with him, was intended as a piece of girlish flirtation—that her manifest efforts to win his affection, were merely for the sake of gratifying a vanity, which can never feel the pure affection which fills the heart it wantonly causes to bleed, and that her pretended love for him, which she had spoken by actions, a thousand times, was all a piece of heartless coquetish deception.

What a sad feeling it awakens, to be compelled to believe that the one we loved and esteemed above all others, has proved unworthy of it!

What a bitterness corrodes the heart, when we feel that we have been betrayed, and the heart's priceless treasure—our dearest affections, unfeelingly played with.

How loth we are to adopt the belief, and even when constrained to do so, by proof which we scarce can doubt, how few words of pretended contrition, or justification, restore all confidence. Stuart felt all this, and after all his philosophizing he could have said, with the true lovers' generosity, Mary 'with all thy faults I love thee still.'

When morning broke Stuart's pale face was the stock for the jokes of the boys, who attributed it to his excessive exertion the day before, declaring that it looked 'like death on the pale horse.'

Again they started on their way, following slowly the trail of the Indians, that now wound dimly and deviously through the forest, in its invariable southern direction.

Now and then some little vale among the pine-covered hills, covered with green grass, and watered by purling brooks, broke the shade of the dark forest, and formed scenes of quiet and picturesque beauty.

It was even perceived that the Indians had been scattering off, right and left, and as it was supposed, that some such little valley as we have described, would afford them a rendezvous somewhere near, the utmost care had to be bestowed on the trail.

Stuart and Raymond, the *attaches* of the company, were ordered out as flank guards, and also to keep a close watch upon the side-trails, that were at every little distance, branching off from the main one.

Their orders were to keep near the main body, that they might be in reach of assistance if attacked—Stuart to take the left or eastern, and Raymond the right flank.

Early after starting, Stuart came upon the tracks of two or three Indians that diverging from the rest, struck off in an easterly direction. Wondering to what point they could be shaping their singular course, he followed on, musing upon its eccentricity.—The way soon became open, and fearing no danger from an ambuscade, and supposing his company could be joined by a few mile's westerly travel, he continued on till noon. Having up to this time ascertained nothing, he turned his face to the west, in search of his party, which he supposed was still keeping its southern direction.

Meantime the main trail, which the company was following, turned soon after Stuart left it, almost directly west.

Imagining the Indians were entering some little sequestered valley, about the foot of the mountains, where they hoped to be safe from pursuit, and where he might surprise them—Col. Gilliam ordered the men forward with all possible speed.

Stuart of course knew nothing of this, and after riding till late in the afternoon, without meeting either his company or their trail, had to turn to where he last saw them, intending from thence, to follow on. Late in the afternoon he arrived at the place, and after following them a short distance, he discovered that they had again, by the speed at which they had rode, got upon the scent. They had passed early in the day, and it was now near night. To attempt to follow while they were thus hot in chase, would have been perfect folly. The woods on every side was no doubt full of Indians, for their tracks evinced they had been separating and scattering off, even since they reached the timber country, and certainly the work of the whites would be closely watched, that any struggling volunteer who had lingered behind, from fatigue or accident, might not escape them.

Stuart saw his critical position. He surveyed his danger, and for a moment scarce knew what course to pursue. The sun was not more than hour high, and to attempt to follow his friends through an unknown region, in the night, with his path beset by enemies, was too great a recklessness for even our reckless hero to be guilty of. A minute he stood thoughtfully, and then spurred his bay charger towards the main army at camp Des Chutes. Every consideration of prudence, urged him to this. He was acquainted with the route, and by hard riding, could reach there by next morning, and his path be free, as he supposed, from the Indians, which would certainly waylay it, in the other direction.

[CHAPTER III CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

FACE THE MUSIC.—To show the unreasonable and senseless vindictiveness of some people who are disposed to victimize a man because they think they can add a little to their own popularity, we make the following extract from the Journal of Captain Spaulding, of the ship Lausanne, in the year 1841, as reported in the public document; from which we copy:—

"Fort Vancouver is situated on the north side of the Columbia river, about ninety miles from Cape Disappointment, on a beautiful plain about one-fourth of a mile from the river. The stockade forms a quadrangle, and contains about twelve buildings, including ware houses, mechanics' shops, dwelling houses, &c., in the centre of which is the house, &c., occupied by Dr. M'Laughlin, chief agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, and who has charge of all their affairs in this part of the territory. He is a gentleman of pleasing address, possessing great urbanity of manners and unbounded hospitality, opening his house to all strangers who can furnish any recommendations, or who have any claim, as men of character, upon his hospitality; even the trappers and other desperate men from the Rocky mountains and from California, are not turned away, but are provided for outside the Fort.

Indeed, I received every civility, not only from the Doctor, but from all the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, especially from Mr. Barrit, in charge of Astoria, or Fort George, who kindly came on board at Baker's bay, and piloted the ship to the fort, (14 miles) and supplied all my large company with every refreshment the place afforded; also sent on board the best Indian pilot on the river; but, not even satisfied with this, he kindly accompanied me himself to Gray's bay, the most difficult part of the river, where I found the Hudson's Bay Company's ship Columbia waiting a wind to pass to Tongue Point channel. Capt. Humphries, of the Columbia, came on board, and rendered me every assistance in his power, and sent his first officer, Mr. Letty, up with me to Pillar rock, about fourteen miles from Gray's bay. The next morning, after getting under way, I was hailed by a canoe, which I found had been despatched by Dr. McLaughlin, who, hearing of my arrival, immediately sent on board the best pilot at the fort, to assist me, sending also a large tub of butter, and a bag of fresh bread. This civility and attention can only be appreciated when I state that I had no chart of the river that I could run ten miles by without getting aground; and that out of the company's service, there is no chart of the river of any value. That of Mr. Slacum is very good for the bar, but of no value afterwards. Arrowsmith's is of no use whatever.

On my arrival abreast Fort Vancouver, about 6 o'clock in the evening, I found the doctor on the bank ready to receive us. He immediately came on board, and invited all the ship's company, fifty-four in number, to take tea with him at the fort; I, with four of my passengers, accepted the invitation. The next day all the ship's company were provided with comfortable quarters and an abundant table at the fort; and this hospitality was continued till they were sent to their several destinations. One of the peculiar traits of the doctor's character is that he never tires in his benevolent acts. This I was told by those who have been intimate with him for years; and, so far as my experience goes, I can truly confirm all that was told me; for, while at Vancouver, I received from him every civility, and his kind offices followed me all the way down the river, and even out over the bar."

Editorial Courtesies.

At the late fire in Louisville, Prentice's Louisville Journal was burnt out. Most of the types were saved, and the presses and paper were lost.—The Louisville Democrat, between whom and the Journal there has always been a war of words, the next morning after the fire, offered all the facilities in their power to their neighbors in getting out their paper. "Our press," they say, "we vouch will put through good Wiggery in style, as it does good Democracy. Any slip-shod, half and half stuff may suffer. So let our neighbor go ahead, and turn out the genuine article. It don't matter how ugly he looks when he writes it." To understand the last hit, it must be remembered that the two editors talk a good deal of each other's beauty. They both, it is said, used to wear a veil so as not to frighten the women.

Prentice expresses the warmest thanks in reply, and says, "hereafter when we are about to cut them to the bone, the memory of their kindness will stay our arm, and we will only take off the skin. We fear, however, that if their press should get a taste of our good Whiggery, it would never let Democracy go through it again; as a man who has eaten Seckel pears, refuses ever after to swallow crab apples!"—*Alta.*

☞ The surest way to prevail on a young couple to marry is to oppose them. Tell them you would rather see them in their graves, and twelve months afterward their *baby* will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.

☞ A new iron yacht, of 6000 horse power is to be built for the use of Queen Victoria.