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Written for the Oregon Spectator.

## WILLIAM STUART.

### THE VOLUNTEER.

A STORY OF THE CAYUSE WAR.

BY A WESTERN PIONEER.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"The white man's shout, the Indian's cry,  
Are mingling in the battle strife."

It was some three days before Col. Gilliam and his party returned. When Stuart was missed by them, he had been given up for lost. All agreed that in his search he had fallen in with Indians, and had been killed. Great was their surprise, therefore, when they arrived in camp to find their lost comrade, although his condition was such as to give little hope of his ever being able to strike his horse in battle or service again. He had arrived in a completely exhausted state. The rigidity of his limbs was such that he had to be lifted from his saddle, and his whole system had been so overstrained by excessive heat, that there was scarcely vitality left to maintain the operations of the functions of life. A heavy fever set in immediately. Language and consciousness of what was passing around him, Stuart lay for many days, attended day and night by the faithful Raymond. "I feel a watchful care and I am going on, as months ago I restored him to duty, although he had grown paler, and his hair from black became still thinner. Thoughtful and gloomy, ever since he had been in the army, he took less and less interest in the gayeties of the camp, and day by day grew more inaccessible and taciturn. He took of little of temper, compared with days gone by, when his friend was the heart of the joyous circle, passed not unnoted by Raymond, and if he guessed a cause he wisely kept his own counsel, though that he knew something was wrong would appear in the distance as far as he was of suspecting its real cause. Soon after Stuart's restoration to duty, the army took up its march for Waldport or Whitman's station, the command the revolting cruelties which opened hostilities. We have not time to follow it minutely, with narrations of its course and actions, and numerous engagements with the Indians, in which our brave men were fighting and exploit, seen to none in that array of valiant hearts. Of the lightest knowledges on the march we will not say, circumstantially, but of the battle of the Umatilla, as it was called, the most obstinate and decisive of them all, we will detail. The ranks while we describe it a little more in detail. This was the first battle our brave boys had fought with the savages who committed the murders, which occasioned the war, and they soon found they were of very different metal from the cowardly Indians of the Des-Chutes and Columbia.

The battle-ground was smooth and slightly rolling, offering no impediment to the free maneuvering of cavalry.

The Indians changed different points at a time, in squadrons of fifty or eighty, their beautiful horses led on all the glancing tread of Indian fury, their well braced arms almost dazzling the sight. They had donned their war dress, studded and bedazzled with all the ornaments and gewgaws that the wild fancy of the Indian can invent; and the perfect grace of their horsemanship, the skillful regularity with which they executed all their movements, nearly equaled the strict discipline of civilized cavalry tactics, and even provoked the admiration of their enemies.

For a while the conflict was well sustained and both sides charged with daring and valor, it equally courageous opponent. The thrilling shout, the piercing scream, the roar of guns, and the thunder of horses' feet, which seemed almost to shake the solid earth beneath, invaded the senses with sounds that drowned all else. At length the attacks of the Indians became less frequent and confident. The smoke and dust of the combat blew over, and they left the whites masters of the field.

The green vale, through which wound between wood-fringed banks, over-backed by the sturdy balmy trees, the pure waters of the Umatilla lay spread out beneath the scene of battle. The volunteers now took their thirst from this limpid stream, the stream, from which the savages had vowed they should never drink. One hour more, and the blazing heat and the lightnings of the distant Indian, the extent of the scene

gloom, it had provoked; and many an Indian heart, courageous and strong before, quailed as he gazed on a dying fugitive, upon their long smoke, that rose over the ruins of his savage home.

Thus were our brave volunteers teaching the murderers and brutal Cayuses, that Americans were neither to be murdered nor insulted with impunity. I cannot stand their pursuit of their march to Whitman's station, where they built a fort, and established the headquarters of the army.

While Stuart is winning gallant fame in the western campaign of our volunteers, we will assume the reader's privilege of changing the scene to our narrative, and turn to the quiet vale where lives the heroine of our history—the amiable and patriotic Mary. The following number remembers how and when we left her, and has not his interest in her story from him some wifely glance at the coming column, hoping to see her lovely image restored to its rightful place.

Time passing. The sun had set behind the western mountains, and the delightful soil was illumined in the shade of its surrounding hills. The air was soft with the perfume of early spring, and the joyous notes of birds, and the sweet melody of all the soft-sounding birds of harmony. All nature seemed to speak the glory of the day, and to rejoice in the tranquil beauty that brightened the view over the enchanting scene.

On the little mount perch sat Mary, and her mother. They were watching the deepening line of twilight, as they were to find time into the thick blue color of the twilight sky, by turning gaze towards the west, where the sun had just set, more than a mile. The mother's face was troubled and anxious, and exhaled sighs, the appearance which gave such an intensity to her gaze, on the distant windings of the road.

Mary's countenance, though still lovely, was far paler than when we left her, and a peculiar soft melancholy gleamed in her eyes.

The glimmering of twilight had become nearly dark, and the deepening darkness, and the cool, almost icy breeze, when Mary suddenly exclaimed:

"Mother, I see him now—he's coming!"

As she spoke a horseman appeared in sight, and in a few moments the family met the husband and father, Mr. Raymond, at the gate.

Simultaneously the station burst from the lips of the mother and daughter:

"Any news from John?" "Any news from brother?"

"O yes," replied the old gentleman, "there are a couple of things to tell you, mother and myself, and one for Mary. Here is the Oregon Spectator, too, it contains some general news from the army, which you will perhaps like to read, handing it to his daughter."

Mr. Raymond had been to Oregon City, and his visit will account for the interest manifested in the army.

Mary immediately turned to her little brother, that she might be alone, and has by lighting a candle, to read the seal of her letter. It was a kind and affectionate epistle, in which warm love and kind wishes were expressed, and she learned that he was in good health, and had passed unscathed through all his encounters with the enemy.

But she could not read further, why is it that the joyous and liberal, but in tone of sadness? Why do I long to see and to see, now and then escape to a bosom? Why do those trembling eyes fill with warm glowing tears that chase each other rapidly down her pallid cheeks?

The paragraph in the letter ran as follows:

"You know what a pleasant social fellow Stuart used to be. He has lately changed since coming into the army. I am confident some thing has gone wrong with him—something of which I am ignorant is weighing on his mind, for he is quite reserved and distant, though thoughtful. His health has failed and he is weary. The shadow of what he was three months ago, and I believe it is in consequence of some misfortune, or sorrow of the heart, with which we are unacquainted. I say this, however, without other foundation than conjecture. I would give much to see him restored to his wonted buoyant spirits and gaiety, for a braver heart never beat. He dares danger apparently without a thought of its casualties, and is always found in the thickest and hottest of the battle. He has won the highest encomiums of the old Colonel, and notwithstanding his mossy temper, all respect him as a brother. He impresses all with his kindness, generosity and nobleness of soul. To know him as I have to respect him as I do, and I think you have followed the path of his noble heart."

This unexpected language of her brother had broken out at such words in her heart, which time the great remedy—alone had the power to heal. In his innocence he had never guessed the truth, and supposed he was only speaking of a friend which she regarded with perfect indifference, as regarded love.

No! although by her own fiat she had driven him from her as though his presence were poison, still she loved him, and in that love was unchangeable. Each day since he had left her, his mournful countenance was carried up before her in reproach for that hated day, when he had uttered that bitter harsh

ness. She now thought of him as broken-hearted and aimless—ruined in feeling and desolated in his affections forever—his eloquent eye sparkling with the light of genius dimmed of its lustre, and his noble countenance forever shaded by the sombre hue of sorrow. Thoughts such as these agitated the bosom of the weeping girl. Could she have said, "O! forgive, and accept a love that never, even for a moment, wandered" she might have felt for the present, some consolation in the hope of the future; but this privilege was denied her, for Stuart was far away, believing still that she hated him.

"Brave, sincere and noble heart, how could I so unfeelingly treat you, whom at the time, I knew I loved as I love my own soul. May angels guard you amid the perils of the soldier, and conduct you once more to the one who will never cease to love you, that it may obtain your forgiveness for the wrongs inflicted, if nothing more. Nothing's so soliloquized no philosophy of life is so cold and unfeeling, as that formed by the bitter experience of unmerited wrongs; and the heart which has once bestowed its whole wealth of love, is frozen into the icy hardness of a calculating, cold, prudential wisdom, by the consciousness that its passion has been made the heartless pastime of the object of its affection. He thinks, no doubt, that I trifled coquettishly with him. He must have known that I was aware of his love for me, and can he think otherwise than that I encouraged him to give his whole heart to me, with its pure and holy affection, but that I might gratify my vanity by securing its homage, and then return it wounded and bleeding to his bosom again. No! he never will, he never can love me again."

Giving way to thoughts like these, she let fall the letter, and glancing listlessly over the little stand on which stood the candle, her eye rested upon the "Spectator" which her father had given her to read, and which she had thrown aside until she perused the letter.

The first she noticed was a dispatch from Col. Gilliam, which had been published, relating to the skirmishes, &c. upon the Des-Chutes; and she read eagerly the history of Stuart's adventures and escape, recorded in our last chapter, accompanied by some editorial comments.

The tears burst afresh from Mary's full heart, and throwing herself upon her couch prayed an earnest prayer that through no recklessness inspired by any misfortune of which she was the cause, might be endangered in life, the loss of which would have been the crowning misery to that stream of bitterness, which for the last few months had made desolate the happy life of a noble girl, whose only fault had been an active and decided temperament.

Lovers, remember this example, and never permit a passion of the hour, based upon mere assumption, to lead you into the commission of any act which might mingle your future joys with the bitter alloy of unavailing regret.

We return once more to the incidents of the war. Part of the army is in its cantonment at Fort Waters, the newly erected fort at Whitman's station, and two companies numbering one hundred and twenty-eight men, are again on the march.

About seventy-five miles from the fort was a stream called the Tucuman, where it was reported the Indians, since their discomfiture at the battle of the Umatilla, had established themselves with their families and stock.

Anxious to do everything that would hasten the close of the war, Col. Gilliam resolved to proceed immediately to their vicinity.

Accordingly on the morning of the tenth of March, we find him and his little army, encamped within a few miles of their expected destination.

Being within the precincts of the Nez-perce Indians, with whom we were on relations of peace, it was desired that no cause of offence be given that people, by molesting any persons, except those who were known to be the Cayuse murderers, or any property belonging to others than them.

In the spirit of the little command proceeded over the rolling hills, in the direction of their camp. They reached it, and found all things as they had been reported, with the difference that the Indians who were there represented themselves to be Nez-perces, and that the Cayuse band had just left.

There were several hundred Indians here, and they were all painted and armed, and their whole behavior indicated what the army more than suspected—that they were the identical Indians sought for. But to their vehement protestations that they were not, they were at length compelled to give credence, and content themselves with driving off a large quantity of stock, pointed out by the Indians, as the property of the Cayuses.

This was their deception, for they were the Cayuse Indians themselves but they wished first to encumber our men with the stock, and then attack at a point of their own choosing.

Such was the successful, strategic trickery, with which the volunteers had on this occasion, to contend.

They had traveled but a short distance with their troublesome but valuable booty of fine beef cattle, when their rear was sweepingly assailed by about four hundred mounted Indians—the same they had lately left. Immediately abandoning the stock, they made such an intrepid and brave resistance, that the Indians soon fell back.

The skirmish began near a mile from a considerable stream, known as the Tucie. This stream, in common with all others of this region, ran through precipitous bluffs of rock with very narrow bottoms intervening between the bluffs, and its banks were heavily fringed with swamp willow. To this creek there was but one crossing, and which ever party now gained it, and entrenched itself on the bluffs, and among the willows, could hold the other completely at bay, or compel it to pass through a murderous fire, from hidden and secure foes.

Aware of this, Col. Gilliam ordered a charge for the ford; but our tired animals were no matches for the fleet well-picked war-horses of the Cayuses, and they reached it in advance of the volunteers.

Their great superiority of numbers enabled them to block the ford in front with a considerable force, to line the willows along the creek, and still leave a large body in the rear, thus completely surrounding their enemies.

The sky was covered with dark silent clouds, and the morning was slightly cool. No wind was blowing, and the perfect stillness that reigned throughout all nature seemed as if intended to heighten the awfulness of the conflict soon to begin.

The sound of the horses' feet was like the tramp of a host on a hollow world.

Every word spoken by the combatants, sounded with a deep distinctness, almost startling, and a single shot awoke a thousand answering echoes that slowly after each other lingered into a reluctant silence.

Unwilling to abandon an advantage they had so fairly won, the Indians this time fought with an obstinacy they had never displayed before.

The ford was the principal scene of the conflict. There the polished steel of the well-tempered hatchet, and the war-knives glittering blade rang against each other, and then the incessant roar of fire-arms mingled with the savage shout, and white man's shout of vengeance, reverberating against the low mirky clouds, made it truly a horrid scene, of confusion and blood.

Twice had the van of our brave band closed the ford of their enemies, but owing to the lack of concert between them and the rear—some being engaged with those on the flanks, they twice retired before their friends.

The brave Stuart and his youthful but gallant friend Raymond, had borne the storm of balls and arrows which had been poured upon the front, side by side, with the most undaunted heroism. For the third time, they placed themselves in the front to lead the way across the stream. Seeing that a unity of effort and movement, was necessary to accomplish the main object of crossing the stream, their brave commander made a last appeal to the volunteers to concentrate their strength, and force the passage.

Stuart waving his cap in the air called to his friends to follow him. His example was sufficient, they needed no further encouragement, but spurred their horses into the ford.

The firing grew tremendous, the clamor was absolutely deafening. The roar of guns, the clash of side-arms, the piercing war-screams of the savages, united to their demonic appearance, the most hideous ever beheld by mortal, made up a scene of strife and horror, sufficient to have dismayed the bravest heart—but that brave band faltered not.

Man after man, they splashed into the stream, and gained the opposite bank, until some thirty had crossed. At this moment such an overwhelming charge was made by the Indians, that it threatened to hurl the devoted band back into the stream.

Their yells seemed to pierce the skies, the ground quaked beneath their horses' feet, and sweeping down like a whirlwind, annihilation seemed to be the portion of the daring hearts that faced their terrible charge. As they came on Stuart marked an Indian who seemed to be particularly active. When within a few paces, Stuart leveled his rifle, and his victim giving one loud whoop, tumbled to the earth and the next minute his rocking scalp was dangling from the muzzle of his victor's rifle.

A cry of dismay rose from the Indian ranks, as the scalp of their bravest chief was displayed to their horror-stricken gaze. It sent a chill to their courage, and the scale of fight turned, while the Indians retreated.

The victorious savage shout was no longer heard, and the mournful death song, slow and solemn, arose from their ranks, as they doggedly retired.

The battle had now ceased, with the exception of a few stray shots, from the Indians sheltered in the willows. With a view of driving these from their hiding place, a small number of volunteers, with Stuart and Raymond, the latter taking the lead, proceeded along down the bank.

Raymond passed a wounded Indian as he lay on the ground. The poor wounded devil begged for mercy with extended arms, and the pitying Raymond passed him without molestation. But he soon received the reward of his clemency. He had no sooner turned his back, in pursuit of another, than his fallen foe shot him through. He turned to Stuart, who was within a few paces, and exclaimed "that wretch I spared has killed me." With all the ire of courage boiling in his soul, Stuart leaped upon the prostrate murderer, knife in hand. Again he threw up his arms to beg, but the wrathful volunteer severed their sinews at a stroke.

and they fell powerless on his faithless breast, and then with a strength, rendered ungovernable by his rage, he buried his knife to the hilt, in his dastardly and ungrateful bosom.

The battle now ended. The Indians lost thirty or forty of their bravest warriors on this fatal stream, and several gallant spirits among our own little command, were no more. Here the gallant Taylor, the fearless McDonald, and the brave intrepid Dana offered up their lives, and here too the chivalrous and youthful Raymond, received that fatal wound, which finally ended his valorous and heroic career.

The Indians retired about a mile distant, where they employed themselves burying their dead. The lonely wail of the Indian dirge rose over the uncoffined bodies they committed to the tomb, and their mournful notes floated sorrowfully over the scene, where so late had rung the fierce discordant clang of bloody strife.

Hastily consigning to the grave their comrades who had fallen, our men departed from the dreadful scene. Litters were devised for the wounded, that they might travel with as much expedition as possible, as the command were now entirely without provisions.

Raymond was placed on a horse litter, and his friend Stuart led the animal. They proceeded in this way eight or ten miles, when a hard and cold rain, which finally ended in snow, arrested their progress and compelled them to camp.

In the meantime Raymond's condition grew rapidly worse, and to all it was apparent his end was fast approaching.

We cannot describe the feelings of Stuart, as he stood by the low pallet of the dying youth, and saw that in a short time, his best and dearest friend on earth, would pass soon away forever.

He had bestowed more than a brother's portion of his warm heart upon Raymond; and forbidden to cherish the purest affection that ever filled the bosom of man, for his sister woman, he felt then was now on the wide earth, would be left upon whom a heart formed for love, could repose—and that the only being who gave a zest to his life, would be called away to leave his heart desolate forever. If he could have taken the place of the dying youth, he would have welcomed his end with gladness. When peace was restored, and he returned to his home, he would be no father's pride, no mother's joy, and no gentle sister's delight and stay. Job would have been all of these, for he was the idol of father, mother, and sister.

For months, life for the good he might render others, had been barely supportable, and the release of the silent grave, was his only hope for repose.

O! could he but take the place of his dying friend, whose life had been unclouded by grief, and to whom the world gave blessings, and happiness.

O! why not permit those to fall who can go to the grave unregretted and forgotten. In indulging in these reflections, he was standing motionless, when Raymond in a low voice, asked him to take a seat by his side.

Stuart did so. "I have nothing of importance, Will," he began to impart to you; "but I feel that I am fast going, and I wish you, if you ever return to the valley, to go to my father and mother, and give them the history of my fall. They will wish to know all the particulars, and tell them I hope to meet them where no battle wounds can separate us—on the glad green plains of Heaven. Tell Mary, I have never forgotten my kind sweet sister, and though my body repose far from home, and her warm tears, and soft tread will never fall on my grave, I ask her not to forget me." Stuart promised.

"And now my dearest friend farewell, though I hope you will long remember me," and taking his hand now growing cold, Stuart pressed it for the last time, warmly, and retired.

It was a solemn duty that engaged the volunteers that night—the commission of the body of their young friend, to the lonely grave. In the silence of midnight, he was lowered to the tomb, and by the flickering light of the pine torch, his fellow soldiers took their last tearful view of his youthful features.

And while the cold cloth, as they fell over him, rung the knell of a departed spirit, the chilling blast sighed the soldier's mournful requiem.

Then sleep gallant youth, in thy bed of mold! Though thy lonely resting-place is far from home and friends, and though no weeping flowers, tended by loved one's gentle hands, bloom above thy grave, still thou art unforgetten.

Sleep noble heart, in your dreamless bed! The savage Indian may tread contemptuously on your tomb—the wild wolf's famishing howl resound above your solitary grave, and the cold winds play roughly around your head, but they will disturb not the peaceful sleep of the soldier's bloody grave.

"The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,  
No more disturbs his deep repose.  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose."

Years have passed since then, and though no drooping willow shades the distant spot, nor snow's marble gleams above his head, to tell his noble deeds, still in the hearts of the mothers and daughters of Oregon, their history is enshrined forever; and so long as

that gloomy period shall hold a place in their memories, their hearts will swell with gratitude, for the services which he so nobly yielded his life to perform.

#### CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

#### Dutchy Ahead.

An old plain-spoken Dutch farmer, from the vicinity of the Helderburgh, in the pursuit of dinner, the other day, dropped in at the Excelsior Dining Saloon, in Nassau st. Taking a seat alongside of a dandyissimo sort of a fellow—all perfume, moustachio, and standing collar—our honest Mynheer ordered up his dinner.

"What will it be, sir?" asked the white-apron.

"Got goat corned-beef, boy?" enquired Dutchy.

"Yes."

"Well, ye have got some sourkrout too, I s'pose."

"Oh yes."

"Well, gif me some of both."

"Off starts white apron on a keen jump, and presently returned with the desired fodder.

The sourkrout was smoking hot, and sent forth its peculiar flavor, evidently satisfactory to Mynheer's nasal organ, and vice versa to that of our dandy friend, who after the dish had been deposited on the table, and Mynheer was about commencing an attack on it exclaimed—

"I—a—say, my friend—a—are you going to eat that stuff?"

Mynheer turning slowly around, and gazing at his interrogator with surprise, answered—

"Eat it? Vy, of course I eat it."

"I would as lief devour a plate of guano!" said dandy.

"Ah, well," replied Mynheer, pitching in to the krout with an evident relish, "dat depends altogether on how one was brought up!"

Dandy looked kinder caved in, and we left with the opinion that Dutchy was one in advance.—Ez.

#### I Am Blind.

Three short words—significant words.—They are the "open sesame" of the heart.—As we look upon them printed upon a little piece of paper or painted like a doctor's sign upon a little piece of tin, suspended around the neck or tied to the hat; yet they are unlike the doctor's sign, for that proclaims, "here is one that heals," while this is a sign that the subject is past healing.

What a volume might be printed from this text—"I am blind." What if the poor object cannot open his eyes? We can. Let us do it, and look back beyond that little sign, into the life of him who wears it.—Come with us into the park. Do not shrink back and refuse to enter, because you see nothing but blackness where it was once green and fresh; where only a few weeks ago the scythe shaved off the luxuriant grass. It looks now just as it did then to him who simply says in his mute way, "I am blind!" True, he could hear—hear the click of the mowers' scythes, and the merry laugh of the hay-makers, and could smell the new mown hay. How sweet and fresh and exhilarating it was to him—how he strained his eyes to see those little children that he heard in their glee, running about, full of happiness, that would break out in shout and laugh, reminding him of by-gone years when he not only heard, but saw his own among the haycocks. Ah! he was not blind then.—N. Y. Trib.

Show us a lady's bonnet, and we'll tell you what sort of an institution she is. If it is showered with red ribbons, ruffles, bows, etc., she is as full of love and poetry, as a country inn of politicians and loafers.—If it goes in for the simple wrinkles, plain colors, and a couple of modest knots, she is a perfect jewel, sweet, sunny, mild, but as affectionate as a freshly nursed kitten. If it is "stuck all over" with a paradise of clover, three-story ostrich feathers, wax holly-hocks and juniper berries, put it square down that the callow is a single establishment, and will never see a fortieth birthday.

A traveler found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotel-keeper, who, on receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that a "thank you" is worth 25 cents, and "thank you kindly" was worth 37½ cents. Soon after the traveler called for dinner, etc. it, and asked the landlord what was to pay.—"Twenty-five cents," was the reply.—"Thank you kindly," said the traveler, and moved off. "Here, my good fellow, stand and take the change," remarked the landlord, throwing down a shilling; "your dinner was only 25 cents."

When the streets of Indianapolis were a perfect glare of ice, a lady pedestrian lost her balance and fell. A genuine son of the Green Isle, who, on assisting to raise the lady exclaimed—"Faith, ye must be a lovely good lady; for don't the Blessed Book teach us that it is the wicked that stand on slippery places."

A gentleman passing through a potato patch, observed an Irishman planting some potatoes. He inquired of him what kind they were. "Raw ones, to be sure," replied Pat; "if they were boiled ones they wouldn't grow."

A charge against the "purse is of more serious concern, with many, than a charge against the character.