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THE KANSAS EMIGRANT'S SONG.

BY J. C. WHITTIER.
Air—Auld Lang Syne.
We cross the prairies as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The home-land of the free.
Chorus—The home-land of the free, my boys,
The home-land of the free,
To make the West, as they the East,
The home-land of the free.
We go to rear a wall of men,
On Freedom's Southern line
And plant beside the cotton tree,
The rugged Northern pine!
The rugged Northern pine, &c.
We're flowing from our native hills,
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our mother-land
Is on us as we go.
We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbath of the wild,
The music of her bells.
The music of her bells, &c.
Ephemeral is the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.
Against the fraud of man, &c.
Napoleon, nor rest, save where the streams
Thee feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim fondness
Shall float the setting sun,
Shall float the setting sun, &c.
We'll sweep the prairies, as of old
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The home-land of the free!
The home-land of the free, &c.

SQUANDO, THE INDIAN SACHEM.

A True Historical Sketch.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Clear-sighted and impartial history will one day do justice to the original red men of this country. And when our great future historians shall arise and give to the world a history of the red man and the white, since the latter found a foothold upon these shores, he will find the provocations for quarrels and hostilities, in a large majority of cases, came from the whites. It is not our purpose now to enter at all into the proof of this position; we are only about to glance at a single incident as an illustration of our remark.

When Philip, the bold and heroic chief of the Wampanoag, was endeavoring to carry into execution his great design of exterminating all the whites by a general attack from the very numerous tribes throughout New-England, there was a formidable tribe residing about the mouth of the Saco river, in Maine, governed by a sachem, or chief, whose name was Squando. This chief had always lived on terms of friendly intercourse with the English settlers in the neighborhood, and when the emissaries of Philip visited the eastern tribes and endeavored to draw them into his plans, they could make no impression whatever upon Squando. He turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, coldly rejected their overtures, and bade them tell Philip the hatchet had been buried on the banks of the Saco, and no war-whoop should be allowed to disturb the quiet valley.

"The white man is my brother," said Squando; "we hunt in the same woods, and paddle our canoes on the same waters. I sit down at his table and eat with him, side by side, and he comes to my wigwam and smokes his pipe of peace without fear. I carry him venison for food, and soft beaver-skin for clothing, and he gives me blankets and hatchets, and whatever I want. Why should I raise my tomahawk against my white brother? The tree of peace is grown above our heads; let it flourish and no blight come upon it forever. If Philip is a great chief, so is Squando; and let him beware how he crosses Squando's path. The tribes of Saco, and the Presumpscot, and the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec; all look up to Squando with fear and respect, and will not draw the bow while the arrows of Squando remain quiet in his quiver."

Year after year the messengers of Philip returned with the same answer from Squando—"the white man is my friend; I will not take up the hatchet against him."
Squando was not only a powerful sachem, but he exercised also the office of priest, or pow-wow, and the mystic rites and ceremonies he practiced helped to give him great influence over the neighboring tribes. Several years had passed, and the restless spirit of Philip had driven on his great enterprise with untiring assiduity. Many chiefs had joined his league, frequent acts of hostilities had been committed, and a dark and portentous cloud hung over the whole of New-England, which threatened entire destruction to the white inhabitants. Still Squando remained the faithful friend of the whites, and kept the tribes around him in a peaceful attitude, till a cruel and unprovoked aggression upon his domestic happiness roused him to vengeance.

On a bright summer day in 1675, Lindoyah, the wife of Squando, paddled her light birch canoe on the bright waters of the Saco. Her infant, but a few months old, was sleeping in soft skins on the bottom of the canoe, under a light screen of green boughs, arched above it, sheltered from the warm rays of the sun. He breathed sweetly in the open and free air of heaven, and gently rolled to the slight rocking of the boat, as the careful paddle of the mother, with regular motion, touched the water. The joyous eyes of Lindoyah rested on her infant with all a mother's devotion; and in a clear, soft voice, she sang:

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Breathe the breath of morning;
Drink fragrance from the fresh-blown flower
Thy gentle brow adorning.
Sleep, baby, sleep;
Rocked by the flowing river,
While for thy gentle spirit-gift
Lindoyah thanks the giver.
Sleep, baby, sleep;
Sweet be thy rosy dreaming,
While'er the dowerly spirit land
Thy blessed eyes are gleaming.
Sleep, baby, sleep;
No danger here is hiding,
While soft along the green-wood bank
The light canoe is gliding.

Lindoyah in her morning excursion had called at one of the white settlements. Her babe had been admired, caressed, and praised, and she was returning home with a light heart. She had but about half a mile further to go to reach the wigwam of Squando, which stood but a few rods from the river. Her eye, as she was passing, caught a beautiful cluster of wild flowers, a little way up the bank.

"I will gather them," said Lindoyah to herself, as she turned her little bark canoe to the shore, "and carry them to Squando. He has by this time returned from his morning hunt. Squando is a gentle, loving spirit, and the sight of the flowers will make his heart glad."
She drew the canoe gently up till it rested on the sloping grass, and with a light step ascended the bank. While she was gathering the flowers, a couple of giddy, thoughtless sailors, wandering along the river shore, came to the canoe.

"Hallo, Jack," said he that was foremost, "see that little Indian toad lying there in the canoe."
"Yes," said Jack, "and I saw its mother just now a few rods up the bank."
"Come, let's tip the canoe over," said Jim, "and see the little rat swim."
"See it drowned, more like," said Jack.

"No," said Jim, "I'll bet you a quid of tobacco it'll swim first rate. All young animals swim naturally; and I'll bet a young Indian will swim like a young duck. I'll try it anyhow."
With that he gave the light canoe a whirl, and tipped the child into the river. At that instant, Lindoyah, who had heard the sound of their voices, came with a shriek, rushing down the bank, her eyes wild with terror, and her long hair streaming in the wind, and sprang eagerly towards the water. Jim caught her by the arm and held her back with great coolness, determined to take sufficient time to give his excitement a fair trial. Lindoyah shrieked and struggled, and pressed toward the water, but the iron gripe of the sailor held her fast.

The infant rested for a moment, motionless, with its face in the water; and then with a few convulsive movements of its limbs began to sink. "But it was not till it had entirely disappeared under the surface that Jim released his hold on the arm of Lindoyah. The frantic mother leapt into the flood, and plunged after her child. She missed it; passed beyond it; and coming again to the surface, looked around with the wildness of despair.

"A little further down the stream," said Jim; "there is the wake of it; try again; may be you'll fetch it next time."

Lindoyah plunged again, and in half a minute more came up with the infant in her arms. She swam with it to the shore, and ran out upon the bank, looking into its face with the most painful earnestness. It had neither breath nor motion. The sailors, who had not intended to drown the child, now came toward her to offer her assistance and try to resuscitate it; but Lindoyah instinctively fled from them and ran farther up the bank. Here she sat down upon the bank, and rubbed and chafed the babe for some minutes, and at last it showed signs of life. It breathed; it opened its eyes, and looked its mother in the face. It was not till now that Lindoyah's fountain of tears was unsealed. She hugged the child to her bosom, wept aloud, and kissed it over and over again. She continued chafing it tenderly till animation seemed sufficiently restored, and then sought her canoe and ascended the river to her dwelling.

Squando met her at the landing, with his gun in his hand, and a brace of ducks hanging over his shoulder. An expression of painful anxiety passed over his face as he beheld the condition of his wife and child; but no word escaped his lips. He took the babe in his arms and walked slowly into the wigwam. Lindoyah followed, and seated herself by his side. When she had related to him the circumstance of the outrage, Squando started from his seat and seized his rifle, and thrust his tomahawk and scalping knife into his girdle.

"The white wolves shall die," said Squando, with an expression of bitter indignation resting upon his features. He rushed out of the door of his wigwam. In a moment he returned again, and stood for the space of a minute and looked in the face of his child. The babe looked exhausted and feeble, and his breathing was short and distressed.

"They shall die," muttered Squando, as he again left the cabin, and walked thoughtfully to the river. He stepped into his canoe, took his strong paddle, and drove the light shallop rapidly down the tide to the spot where Lindoyah had met the sailors. His fierce glance pierced the woods in every direction, but no person was in sight. He stepped ashore. His keen eye showed him where the canoe had rested against the land; he traced the steps of Lindoyah where she had gathered the flowers, and where she had run in terror down the bank to rescue the babe. He saw and carefully measured the tracks of the two sailors where they had loitered around the canoe, and tracked their footsteps, through the grass and bushes, till he came into the opening of the garrison house of Major Philips, near the falls.

Jack and Jim had seen Squando's canoe descending the river, and fearful of the consequences of his resentment, they had fled to the garrison, where they were secreted. Squando went to the garrison and demanded of Major Philips to know if the two sailors were there. The Major put him off and evaded his inquiries. Squando related his grievances with a stern and haughty indignation. The Major endeavored to pacify him; told him Jack and Jim were to blame, had done wrong, and when he should see them again he would reprimand them severely. Squando was far from being satisfied; but he left the garrison and returned toward his own cabin. As his canoe swept round the little bend in the river, he saw a white maiden standing on the bank. It was Elizabeth Wakely; a kind-hearted, gentle creature of sixteen, daughter of Mr. John Wakely, whose humble dwelling was within half a mile of the wigwam of Squando. She beckoned to him, and he turned his canoe to land.

"Carry this little bunch of flowers to the papoose," said the maiden, as she placed them in his hand. A sad smile lit up the face of Squando, as he placed them in his belt.
"I will do as the maiden bids me," said the chief; "but the papoose is too ill to hold the flowers, and Squando is afraid before to-morrow's sun goes down he will go with the fading flowers far away into the spirit-land."

"I will come round and see him directly," said the maiden, as the canoe shot away from the shore.

When Squando reached his landing, he hastened into the wigwam, and fastened his eager gaze upon the features of his child. It had evidently filtered during his absence. Lindoyah had nursed it tenderly, and done everything in her power to revive it; but the shock had been too great; the energies of life had been too severely taxed, and nature was giving way in the conflict. Squando was in some degree a medicine man himself, and he applied such remedies as his skill

and experience suggested; and he called in the regular medicine man of the tribe; but all the applications were of no avail; the child continued distressed, its breathing became more difficult, and its strength declined.

Elizabeth Wakely, agreeably to her promise, had arrived at the wigwam soon after Squando's return, and had mingled her sympathies with those of the distressed parents. She watched over the child; she carried it about in her arms, and administered to it all the comforts that kindness could suggest, or circumstances could supply. Perceiving it to grow worse at night, she refused to leave it, but staid and watched with the parents till morning. Through the first of the night the little sufferer seemed much more quiet and feeble, and gradually sunk away till about sunrise, when it ceased to breathe. Lindoyah hid her face and wept most piteously; while Squando paced his cabin floor in silence, but evidently in deep agitation. The deepest sorrow and the highest indignation were mingled in the expression of his features, and showed that passions of fearful power were rousing his spirit to action.

When all was over, Elizabeth Wakely took her leave. Squando stood at his cabin door and watched her as she returned homeward till he lost sight of her among the trees of the forest.

When the simple ceremony of the burial was over, Squando summoned three of his stoutest warriors before him.

"Go to the fort," said he, "and demand of Major Philips, and the white people there, to send Jim and Jack to me, or they will not see Squando again as the friend of the white men."

The warriors departed, and Squando walked his cabin in solitude and silence, waiting their return. At last, as he looked from his cabin door, he saw them coming up from the river, but they had no prisoners with them. Squando's brow grew darker, and his soul was ready for the conflict.

"Where are the white wolves I sent you after?" said Squando sternly, as they entered the cabin.
"We could not find them," said the warriors; "Major Philips and the white people say Squando must come there, and they will settle it all with him, and be friends and brothers."
"Yes," said the chief with a terrific laugh of indignant scorn, "Squando will go there and settle it with them. Go, you," he continued, pointing to one of the warriors, "and summon every man of our tribe to meet at the council fire to-night by the going down of the sun. And you," pointing to another, "go to Casco, and you to Presumpscot, and bring the warriors of their tribes to our council fires by the hour of midnight."

Major Philips and those residing in the fort, or block-house, hearing nothing more of Squando in the course of the afternoon, began to grow alarmed. Apprehensive that he might be meditating an attack, they sent round just before night to the several houses in the settlement, advising the inhabitants all to come into the block-house before dark. They also dispatched a messenger to Winterville, and another to Casco Bay, with a caution to the people of those settlements to be on their guard.

About sunset Squando sent four trusty warriors to guard the house of John Wakely, with strict orders that no person should be allowed to leave the house, and that none should enter it before morning. Just as they arrived, the family were preparing to go to the block-house; but being warned by the warriors, who took their stations at the four corners of the house, that if they stepped a foot out of doors before morning they would be shot down, they remained within doors, passing a sleepless and anxious night.

The night proved rather dark, and the sentinels at the block-house could neither see nor hear the least sign of any one approaching, when suddenly, about two o'clock in the morning, the stillest and darkest hour of the night, the whole welkin at once rung with the wildest and most terrific war-whoop that ever broke the stillness of the forest. It seemed to rise from a hundred voices at the same instant from every corner and every side of the block-house, and was echoed by every cliff and every hill for a mile around. At the same moment with the war-cry a furious onset was made on every part of the fort.

The outer gate was besieged with every species of force that the rude mode of savage warfare could apply, and attempts were made on all sides at the same moment to scale the walls. Though the people in the fort, apprehending an attack, had made every preparation for defense in their power, yet the onset was so sudden, and the savage war-cry so appalling, that they were thrown into confusion, and very narrowly escaped a general massacre.

With the exception of the few who were placed on guard, the men were lying down to rest, and many of them were asleep, when the wild and shrill whoop from without, followed by the painful shrieks of the women and children within, came like a dagger to their hearts. They sprang to their feet and seized their arms, and ran back and forth, too much bewildered at first for any efficient movement or any concert of action. Several of the savages had gained the top of the wall, and were beaten back, or shot down by the sentinels; and in turn, several of the sentinels had fallen by the bullets or the arrows of the savages. Fresh forces were clambering up upon long poles which they had reared for the purpose, when the men within began to recover from their panic, and rallied themselves stoutly and vigorously to defend the fort.

The outer gate proved to be too strongly barricaded to yield to the forces applied against it, and the muskets from all parts of the fort poured such a destructive fire upon the enemy, that in course of half an hour they began to give way, and presently were lost in the silence and darkness of the night. The Indians had suffered the most severely in the contest, though a number of the besieged had been killed and many more wounded. Expecting every minute that the enemy would return and renew the attack, they left the wounded to the care of the women in the inmost apartments of the block-house, while they continued to stand by their arms and make the best preparation they could for defense. In about a quarter of an hour a light from a short distance was seen to gleam through the darkness. It increased in size, and flickered high in the air. It was the saw-mill of Major Philips enveloped in flames. Presently another light arose from a point a little further down the river. It was the conflagration of a corn-mill belonging also to Major Philips. And now, a little space from it, up the bank, a dwelling-house was seen wrapped in flames. In a few minutes more, and in another direction, another burning dwelling flashed its red light upon the surrounding darkness. And then another, and then another, and by the time the light of the morning returned, the people of the fort had watched the burning of the whole settlement.

About sunrise, Squando made his appearance at the dwelling of John Wakely, that had been spared and guarded through the night agreeably to his directions. At his summons Wakely came to the door.

"Give these to the young maiden," said Squando, handing him the little bunch of withered flowers that Elizabeth had culled two days before for her lost child; "she brought them to the cabin of Squando for the papoose; but the papoose has gone to the spirit-land, and the sight of them now makes the heart of Squando sad. Give them to the maiden, and tell her to have no fears, for the red man will never harm her."
"But I am afraid, Squando," said Wakely, with a look of intense anxiety, "that my daughter has gone to the spirit-land too."
Squando started—"Why do you say that?"

"Because," said Wakely, "she went yesterday afternoon away down to her cousin Allen's, and we have not heard of her since."

The residence of Allen was one of the most remote in the settlement; and Squando knew that some of the remote families had not got into the fort, for his men had brought in several scalps, and told him that the Presumpscot and Casco Indians had carried away a number of prisoners. Squando spoke not a word; but motioning to two of his warriors to follow, he started at full speed for Allen's opening. When they reached the spot the smouldering ruins of the house still sent up a sickly smoke, that at once convinced Squando that human flesh was burning. He hastened to scrutinize the embers.—There was one skeleton, and but one, still broiling in the ashes. The flesh was nearly consumed, and the experienced eye of Squando told him the bones were too large for the maiden he was seeking. They were probably the bones of Mr. Allen, who might have been killed and scalped in the onset, and perhaps his wife, with her cousin Elizabeth, had been carried away captive.

Squando soon found the trail of the Presumpscot warriors, and followed them through the woods. After a rapid journey of six or seven miles, on ascending a small hill, he discovered them in the valley before him, where they had made a halt to rest and refresh themselves, and rejoice over the achievements of the night. They had made a large fire of brush, and were dancing round it, and singing a wild song, which Squando at

once recognized as the usual song preceding the offering of a human sacrifice to the spirit of fire, and he knew that a captive was about to be committed to the flames. He rushed down the hill like a leaping torrent, and dashed into the circle of the warriors. A captive was lying before him, bound hand and foot, and two stout warriors were just laying hands upon her to cast her into the flames. The first glance told Squando the captive was the maiden, whom he sought. He sprang between her and the fire, and raising his tomahawk, commanded the warriors to leave the captive. The warriors, supposing it to be some sudden spiritual movement of Squando, released their hold. He cut the bands that bound her, raised her to her feet, and conducted her in safety back to her father's dwelling.

It only remains to be added here, that Squando continued the inveterate enemy of the whites till a general peace was effected with the tribes the following year. The settlement at Saco Falls, in the meantime, was entirely broken up; the people at the fort fearing to remain in the neighborhood of Squando, removed immediately and joined the settlement at Winterville Harbor.

POOR FELLOW.

A few evenings since as we were passing along one of the principal streets of the city, we met a poor trembling, bloated individual, whom we had known in better days. Once an honored business man, the centre of an increasing circle of sincere and trusting friends—now a shattered wreck, drifting down the fatal stream to a dishonored tomb. Once as lovely a woman as ever God gave to man called him by the endearing name of husband, who now with her fatherless children has fled to a parent's home, for food and shelter. His blasted, starved, and scathed frame staggered before us and we paused. His woe-stricken eyes fixed themselves upon us with a half idiotic stare, and stretching forth his fevered and trembling hand he grasped ours, and in a drunkard's drivelled address said: "How are you, Cary? God bless you, my dear friend." Without waiting for a response, he continued, "Ah, Cary, I know what you are thinking about, and what you would say, but it is too late. Oh! if I had taken your advice six years ago, I might be a man, but I am undone." We made an effort to speak, but he interrupted: "It is no use to talk to me, go on, God bless you, Cary, you will save others, but poor John is beyond your reach." The drooping drunkard shed the drunkard's tears profusely; conscious of his galling chains and assuring us that he loved us more than any man on earth, staggered away.

Noble, generous-hearted, comprehensible fellow, we pity, we pray for you; but while villains stand ready to hasten you on the road to perdition, there is no hope of salvation. God's curse rest upon the wretches who, with deliberate and premeditated malice, are robbing society of an ornament and draining a soul.—*National Temperance Organ.*

VIOLETTA AND ALLENDORF—A one horse, Nord—Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear-branched eyes wildly upon the speaker, for to her there seemed some thing new in those low, rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness; hers gleaming with wild uncertainty.

"Violetta!"
"Allendorf!"
And the beautiful girl sank, from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with the pure, holy, delicious love of other days. Allen (her true tender) over her, and bathed her pure, white temples, with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued joy. While doing this, Violetta's father, Kap Van Noort, was seen approaching the lovers with a fiend-like glare. He was the aged patriarch, and with one mighty leap cleared the banisters and rushed down stairs. But Van Noort was not to be thus "done." He put after the flying Allendorf, and just as he was turning the corner of the red barn, gave him a lift with the flail that placed him on the "other side of Jordan." Violetta, driven to distraction, threw herself upon the grass, and for a long, long hour, was deaf to every consolation.—*(To be continued.)—N. Y. Dutchman.*

THE STARS AND STRIPES AT QUEBEC.—The workmen employed on the Plains of Abraham preparing for the approaching Agricultural Exhibition there were desirous to manifest their loyalty, and at the same time pay a compliment to Gov. Elgin, on his way to open the Canadian Parliament. For that purpose they hoisted a flag, immediately on the approach of his Lordship's carriage. All parties were surprised to find the American flag floating at the mast-head, and that the British Governor passed under its shadow on his way to represent the Queen. It seems the ominous flag had been brought down with others, from Montreal for the exhibition, and that in the hurry of the moment, the workmen had run up the stars and stripes.

Tom Hood defines public sentiment to be the "average prejudice of the mind." Tom had seen a thing or two.

He who learns, and makes no use of his learning, is a beast of burden with a load of books.