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(BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.)

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### The West.

BY MISS. LOIS B. ADAMS.

Tell me of a brighter land;  
Where everlasting Summer smiles;  
Scents by Southern breezes fan'd,  
Exhaling bright and sunny isles,  
Oh! the West, the charming West,  
Every lively drest;  
Lively Spring, with fleet train,  
Hummed sad with waving grain;  
Wintry storms and Summer showers,  
Beauty of its wild wood bowers,  
Rolling rivers, proud and free,  
More than magic charms for me.  
  
Tell me of a fairer sky,  
Where cloudless sunshine ever dwells,  
Many vales and mountains high,  
Of dashing rills and flowery dells,  
Oh! I love these charming skies,  
Where stormy clouds incessant rise,  
Their gorgeous shapes so wildly free,  
Are more majestic charms for me,  
Can glories that unchanging lie,  
Fair Italia's glowing sky;  
And Flora's flowery plains of pride,  
More lovely than the mountain's side,  
And for the dells so warm and low,  
Where streams with ceaseless music flow—  
Give me the loved and lovely West,  
With ever varying lively drest.  
  
Know that olden tales have sung  
A charm around the eastern world,  
Where erst the early poets sung  
Where Freedom first her flag unfur'd,  
And spell-bound memory lingers yet,  
Round many a mouldering parapet,  
And o'er those crumbling walls to mourn,  
All oft with weeping Fancy turn:  
Repeat, methinks, that Fancy's tear  
Should warmer flow o'er ruins here;  
For not when fell the warrior brave,  
His marble marked his lowly grave;  
His followers laid the chief to rest,  
In some lone valley of the West;  
To records on the list of fame,  
To us may tell his deeds or name;  
Nought but the simple mounds arise,  
To point us where the warrior lies.  
I tell me not that Eastern themes  
Alone can minister art inspire;  
Know that here a poet's dream  
Are often warmed by holy fire.  
What! know ye not a theme for song  
Born by every breeze along;  
Though not amid Castilian groves,  
Where still poetic Fancy roves;  
Though not round lone Parnassus' hill,  
Where classic learning lingers still,  
Where Ionian isles are sung  
Like emeralds on the restless wave,  
Where western winds have never sung  
A dirge o'er Genius' hallowed grave:  
They tell of forests dark and deep,  
Where many a daring deed was done,  
Whose chiefs now in dreamless sleep,  
Who erst have victories lost and won—  
Linger round the mouldering walls  
Of ruined cities in the West,  
Where thousands from their crumbling halls  
In shades of dark oblivion rest;  
Should the muse's poet's ear  
Peruse such sad'ning sounds to hear,  
They'd instantly change the mournful theme,  
And wake to life a brighter dream.  
The dark-eyed Indian maid shall come  
More to view her woodland home,  
As she pours her welcome song,  
And breeze shall bear its notes along.  
All tell of wealth, and pride, and power,  
Where exchanged in wild-wood bowers,  
Where warriors pledged their truth till death,  
And blessed their fate with dying breath,  
And the bounding deer shall roam  
O'er flowery prairie wild and free;  
And the red man's forest home  
Unfettered Freedom's home shall be.  
Seek not then the classic lore  
Alone, for minstrel art and fire;  
Not that gift in deeds of yore  
Which Western scenes may well inspire:  
Yet Fancy here delighted roves,  
And near could poets be more pleased  
In wandering 'mid the bowing groves,  
That crown our loved and lovely West,  
Constantin, Michigan.

### Suggestions by Steam.

BY TOX WOOD

When woman is in rage, and poor,  
And sorrow, cold and hunger tease her,  
Men would only listen more  
To that small voice that crieth—'Easo her.'  
About the guidance of a friend,  
Though legal sharks and screws attack her,  
Men would only more attend  
To that small voice that crieth—'Back her!'  
It would not be his fate  
To witness some despairing dropper  
Thence its tide end, come to late  
To that small voice that crieth—'Stop her!'

### Legend of the Lake.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

About one mile and a half West from the village of Jamesville, in the county of Onondaga, is perhaps one of the most singularly located bodies of water in Western New York. It is situated as it were in a vast natural well or cavern, and is usually called "Green Pond" or "Green Lake." The banks are composed of different strata of limestone. The Southern and Western portions are nearly perpendicular, and in many places project several feet over the waters beneath. The Northern portion is not as steep, but is too much so to be easily accessible. These banks are over two hundred feet high from the surface of the water, and are richly decked upon all sides with evergreen shrubs, the forms of which are beautifully reflected from the soft, green, mirror-like surface of the waters which they surround. The shape of this lake is circular, and about fifty rods in diameter. It has no outlet, but upon the Eastern side is a low marshy ground through which water might flow, but does not. From the brink of the lake the shore in many places seems to be shelving beneath, and every where it is extremely abrupt. The interior of this vast basin is lined with a greenish white marl; the trees which have fallen into it are whitened thereby. In several places near the centre, a lead has been lowered by one hundred yards of line, without reaching bottom, and within fifty feet of the shore the water is a hundred and fifty feet deep. The waters towards the bottom are said to be highly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen, and are usually at an even temperature of about 48° F. Although the waters at the surface have no very disagreeable taste, yet when drawn from a considerable depth they are scarcely endurable. In ancient times the path leading from Onondaga to Oneida, the one used as the principle highway of the Indians, passed close along the Southern bank of this lake. With this distinguished locality is connected a singular Indian tradition, the cause of which gave rise to the name still retained by the Onondagas, and may be worth preserving. An abler hand might give it a dress and coloring as any of Roman, Grecian or Scottish fiction. Sometimes the strictest, closest adherence to truth, in the relation of a story, furnishes the strangest theme imaginable for contemplation, and excites our greatest wonder and astonishment. Again, a description of scenes really enacted frequently becomes so racked and distorted that the face of truth would blush at the recital.  
Of the truth of the tale about to be related we do not pretend to vouch.— But that it is a tradition which has been handed down from generation to generation among a portion at least of the Onondagas is true, and that it has been so transmitted for a long series of years, and is even now superstitiously believed by them, is equally true. It has been related in substance as follows:—  
Upon a certain day in the seventh moon of a year long since passed away and forgotten, at that delightful season when the ears begin to form upon the growing corn, after the days have attained their utmost length, and the sun pours his scorching rays most powerfully upon the earth, an Indian woman set out from the castle of the Oneidas, whither she had been on a visit to her friends, to go to her own home at Onondaga. It was indeed to her a toilsome and wearisome journey, for in addition to a considerable burden, she was necessarily incumbered with her first-born, a beautiful and exceedingly interesting child of about eight months old. La-que was one who could boast of her descent from one of the most influential chiefs of the confederacy—and her dress and that of the darling one betokened the wealth as well as the rank of the possessors. She had pursued her lonely walk, bearing her precious charge, through the heat of the day, which had been oppressive. As the sun lowered toward the Western horizon, and the welcome shade of evening made its approach, she arrived at the bank of the lake. Being very much fatigued with her day's journey, and the moss-covered rock, presenting so inviting a place for rest, she almost involuntarily yielded to the temptation of enjoying it. She loosened the band (to which was attached her burden), from her forehead, and her child carefully slid from her shoulders. She placed it as it was, lashed firmly to its board, against the root of a tall wide-

spread elm. La-que moved a few steps; she turned and gazed in ecstasy upon the object of her care, quietly sat down, and in a reclining posture, eased her weary limbs.

Her head rested gracefully upon her hand, and her elbow upon a moss-covered rock. She listlessly mused upon the charming appearance of the placid waters of the lake below, and on the gladness her husband would manifest at meeting her again, and his joy to see and fondle the pledge of their mutual love, and at their safe return. While these things revolved in her mind her darling one seemed to partake of its mother's feelings and happiness, for it smiled playfully as it caught the watchful eye of its doting parent. She fondly caressed it and again relapsed into her previous mood of contemplation.— After a while she became refreshed by her resting, and had partially solved in her mind to resume her journey, when a slight rustling in the adjoining bushes, and a sharp cracking of the dry brush wood, roused her from her reverie.— She suddenly started from her couch and cast her eyes wildly around her, to discover from whence the sounds proceeded. She feared they might proceed from some ferocious animal of the forest, seeking an opportunity to destroy her harmless offspring. Her alarm speedily subsided when she observed standing at a short distance from her a beautiful woman, richly habited in the most splendid and gorgeous attire. She stood in the path upon which La-que had come, and looked wistfully at her. La-que at once became exceedingly interested in the fascinating appearance of the stranger, and she felt a thrill of satisfaction as she kindly welcomed the stranger to her presence.

The sun had set, and twilight caused the surrounding objects to become still more beautiful to the eye than when seen in the strong light of day. "Come to me, my sister," said La-que, "it is pleasant in this sequestered spot to meet with a companion. You appear to be fatigued with this day's exertions. Take rest I pray you, and we will soon pursue our journey together; my home is not far distant; a generous welcome shall greet you at our humble cabin." The stranger cautiously advanced to where the smiling infant of La-que lay unconscious of harm. Her step was soft and noiseless. Her eyes seemed to charm by their bewitching glances, and her smiles were flattering and irresistible. She looked earnestly and inquiringly at the lovely infant against the tree, and then unbelted her own which had not before been observed by La-que; she placed it beside the other; and turning to La-que she said—"My friend, I have come a long and sorrowful journey from a country lying far to the South; my misfortunes have driven me hither. My strength has well nigh failed me. I am (she continued faintly) a princess, the only daughter of a rich and powerful king.

"But I have displeased my royal father. He continually seeks to destroy my darling child; his brave father in his wrath he hath slain. His anger is not abated, his revenge is not satisfied. Nothing can divert him from his purpose, or cool his passions but the blood of this innocent child. I find no rest—no peace for my soul. Hope has nearly expired within me. I am desolate and oppressed in spirit. I am an outcast from my country, my kindred and my home. For myself I care nothing. But for the safety of the precious treasure entrusted to my keeping my efforts are directed. I know not (she continued) but the spies of my father are upon my track. They may be even now listening to my voice, or have an eye upon my movements. I have hitherto exercised the utmost caution to escape their snares, and as yet, thanks be to the great spirit, I have escaped."

Her very voice possessed a charm and melody so sweet that La-que thought her still speaking after she had concluded. But speedily recovering herself, she expressed herself as one sincerely interested in the stranger's behalf. Her heart seemed to melt in sympathy for the sufferings of the wanderer as her mind dwelt upon the cause of her distress. "My friend," said the stranger, "you can, if you will, afford me great relief," and her countenance beamed with a placid smile, her eyes sparkled with delight and penetrated the inmost recesses of the heart of La-que, who replied—"Say on, my sister; nothing on my part shall be wanting to make you happy." "I am rejoiced," rejoined the stranger, "to find a friend so kind and obliging in this hour of my adversity. It soothes my sorrowing heart and cheers my drooping spirits. Your kindness al-

most invites me to accept the boon I am about to ask. The customs of our nations do not forbid the exchange of our children. Mine cannot long escape the vigilance of my persevering father if it remains with me. With you it would be safe. "Then take, I beseech you, my child and nurse it as your own. I am not afraid to entrust it with you, although an entire stranger. The emblem of our tribe is pictured on his breast. It will never fade—I will take you and return from whence I came. No malice can be brought to bear against it. It will be adopted as one of our tribe, and will be safe from harm. Do this and we shall both be happy. After my father's wrath has subsided, I will return and claim my own and restore yours to you. Think well of my words. Look yonder to our children as they stand lashed to their boards against the tree; yours is well formed and beautiful to look upon, its apparel is well arranged and elegant. Turn now to mine."

La-que drew near and beheld one of the most glittering sights she ever saw. The eyes of the stranger's infant sparkled like diamonds, its dress seemed covered with a profusion of the richest gems, and even the board upon which it was fastened seemed wrought with gold and precious stones, and the bow in front appeared like silver covered with the richest wampum. The dazzling raiment of the child, its beseeching looks, together with the sympathy which had already filled the heart of La-que, tempted her in an unguarded, unfortunate moment, to consent to the exchange. The natural affection of the mother was lost for the instant in the specious appearance of the stranger's child. "It is mine, then," said the stranger, and she kindly thanked her, saying "it shall always be well with your child—take no thought for its welfare—it will ever be happy." So saying, she twirled the child of La-que; it lighted upon her shoulders, she bade adieu, and was soon lost from sight in the darkness of the forest.

As she turned, La-que thought she discovered an uncommon harshness about her features. A fiendish smile escaped her, and a sort of triumphant step bore her from the view of La-que, who not till now realized her uncontrollable situation. A suppressed cry from her own loved one drew out all the tender feelings of the mother. But an attempt to restore things to their former situation was now too late. Being obliged to make a virtue of necessity, she sorrowfully raised the stranger child to her bosom. It seemed to be somewhat changed from its appearance when she first saw it. Still the unwary La-que suspected no artifice. She rather reluctantly placed the stranger burden upon her back, as was the custom of her people. She carefully wrapped the ample folds of her blanket around the object of her care, and commenced mournfully her journey homeward.

The cry of her own dear child rang piercingly without cessation in her ears. She had proceeded but a short distance, when she felt an unusual scratching, gnawing and tearing at her back; her blanket was drawn from her shoulders, her dress beneath was completely disordered, and her efforts to calm the disturber of her quiet were unavailing. Every movement more and more perplexed La-que and added to the sorrows of her heart. She still persevered and tried to maintain her equanimity. She finally could bear it no longer, and carefully laid down the burden upon the ground. The precious ornaments had all disappeared, and instead of the smiling, harmless infant, which she supposed she had embraced, and for which in a thoughtless moment she had exchanged her own dear one, lay a sickening, disgusting, almost unnameable object—a young alligator!

With an air of abhorrence La-que thrust the vile thing from her. In her effort to disengage herself and from fright, she fell exhausted and insensible to the ground. How long before she recovered herself and became sensible of her situation she could not tell.— But the stars shone brightly, and several hours must have passed away. After a return of consciousness, she looked wildly around for the hideous object she had cast off. But no vestige of it or its beautiful covering could be seen. She vacantly, and in the most desponding agony retraced her steps to the bank of the lake, and in wailing and moaning passed the remainder of the night, calling piteously in all the grief and desolation of a bereaved mother's heart for her darling. Often would she listen for minutes at a time, with the most intense anxiety, to catch the sound

of the cry of her lost and beloved little one. At times she fancied she heard its wailing voice—when brightening up, and silently listening to be assured of the truth, no sound could be heard—her very soul became lost in the agony of despair—it almost died within her; and what added to the acuteness of her feelings, she had no one to reproach but herself.

"She paced the bare rock in all the gloom of settled melancholy till the rising sun gilded with its mellow rays the dark forest around her. She sat piteously and mournfully down, her cheeks bedewed with tears, she clasped her head between her hands, and in sighs and sobs gave vent to her sorrows. No sound of living thing could she hear but herself. No sigh but the soft echo and the gentle breeze. The dark deep gulf below would have been appalling to a rational mind, but to her it seemed pleasant and inviting. Her own child had been snatched from her by treachery and deceit, and she was inconsolable at the loss. She could make no atonement to her husband, and no satisfactory excuse could she render to herself or friends. As a last resort for the calming of her sorrows, she leaned over the yawning chasm and gazed wildly into the abyss below. The slightest move would have precipitated her into the fathomless waters beneath. As her arms were raised ready to take the fatal leap, she turned her eyes imploringly toward heaven's high arch and asked forgiveness of the Indian's God for the rash act she was about to commit. A soft voice, as of a ministering angel, gently wooed her ear and bade her "LIVE."

She eagerly cast her eyes about to see from whence the sound, but all was still. Receiving this as a command from the Great Spirit, she relinquished the unhallowed design of destroying herself, and at once determined to wend her cheerless way toward home. Though the distance was comparatively short, to her it seemed almost interminable. She revolved the circumstances of the preceding day and night over and over again in her mind, and still no bright spot lighted her dreary prospect. There appeared but one way, to address the subject of her calamities to her friends, and that she resolved to do with boldness. Summoning all her resolution as she approached the door of her cabin, with a trembling hand she lifted the latch and passed in. She could no longer control her agonized feelings, but burst at once into a flood of tears. Her husband, not observing the child, immediately guessed at the cause of her distress. Becoming touched with her grief his feelings readily assimilated with hers, and he used his earnest endeavors to console her and quiet her agitated mind. She finally resumed her usual equanimity and complacency, and related minutely the circumstances of her bereavement as they had transpired. He kindly listened, and instead of charging her with the least blame, most tenderly excused her and reconciled her by declaring his belief that it truly all must be the work of the wicked spirit, and that the good prophet of their tribe could tell them what means could be resorted to to recover the lost child.

A ray of hope instantly shot across the bereaved mother's mind, and in the transport of the moment, she thought she could realize the child restored.—No time was lost in consulting the oracle of the nation—the aged, the illustrious prophet. Said he, "await with patience three days, I will then tell you what to do." The three days wore heavily and slowly away. They seemed to them, as it were, an age. The grief of the disconsolate ones was expressed by continued moans. They perseveringly refused all proffered comfort and consolation. At the expiration of the allotted time, the anxious pair were waiting at the door of the prophet.

They were bade to sit down and listen attentively to his words. Said he, "It was the wicked spirit O-nees-hoo-hugh-noon in the disguise of a beautiful woman who has deceived you and taken away your child. But the Great Spirit who rules and directs all things has heard its cry and deprived the wicked one of his power over it. He saw the anguish of the mother's heart. He has sheltered her child from harm.— He has taken it to the bosom of the lake—there you can seek it, but there it must remain. It is now guarded by an enormous serpent placed there by the Great Spirit, who continually has his eye upon it. No harm can at present come near it—it is safe. Go, and upon the high bank attentively listen, you will hear its cries at the centre of the waters. They will faintly echo

through the trees and quietly die upon your ears. Believe me, and my words will prove true. Nothing can turn the eye or the attention of the serpent from the child unless you attempt to reclaim it. Think not to get it back; the first effort you make toward recovering it, your lives will pay for your temerity.

"If you faithfully do as I have told you and strictly follow my directions, your child will always live. It will soon cease its cries and enter straitway upon a life of joy and pleasure. It will ever enjoy richly the favor of the Great Spirit and be happy. Again I charge you remember my words. The Good Spirit "Ha-wah-ne-ngh" requires you yearly to offer a quantity of good tobacco as an oblation and satisfaction for his guardian care. Stand upon the bare shelf-rock above and cast the savory offering into the sparkling waters below. The first time you do this (and it must be soon) the great serpent will retire and be no more seen. But if you, or your children after you, refuse or neglect to comply with this requirement in any succeeding year at this season when the leaves begin to fall, the wicked one will return and your child will be destroyed. Go, and as you regard my saying, so will you prosper."

Faithful to the counsels of the prophet they proceeded directly to the lake, and certainly as he had predicted they beheld an enormous monster coiled up in a most threatening attitude. His huge spiral folds as they enlarged from the centre covered an area of several rods. His eye was not diverted by their approach from the centre of the lake. They cautiously advanced, and turned a listening ear to the silver-like waters. Judge of their joy as the well known voice of their own darling child greeted their ears. In the transport of the moment La-que suddenly urged her steps towards the awful precipice, forgetting for the instant the warning voice of the prophet. She thought only of rushing unbidden to embrace the peculiar object of her affection. Scarcely had her purpose manifested itself before the monster raised his head in anger.

He hissed violently in his rage, and madly thrashed the surrounding earth. The very air seemed heated with his breath, and smoke and fire issued from his open mouth in terrific fury. They turned away horror-stricken and amazed. Their very souls shuddered within them—shame and regret for a moment filled their awe-stricken hearts, and they willingly hastened to do the simple bidding of the prophet. A large bundle of tobacco with which they had provided themselves was ceremoniously cast into the lake. It seemed to spread itself slowly over the whole surface of the waters, whose colors gradually assumed a dark green appearance. The beholders looked intently and with astonishment while the operation proceeded. They felt a consciousness that the whole had been devised by the Great Spirit, and was the work and operation of his hand. They were on the point of retiring, when looking to the place where the serpent had lain, he was no where to be seen. He had unobservedly disappeared, but the print of his place for a long time afterward was plainly to be seen.

After these events La-que and her husband returned to their homes happy and contented, and many a year after this they regularly visited this remarkable spot and presented their annual oblation of tobacco, from which circumstance this lake derives its name—"Hai-yah-koooh"—signifying—"Satisfied with tobacco." In after years the children and relatives of these favored individuals were charged with the important trust of continuing this singular practice and of solemnly transmitting the sacred rite to their posterity forever. The custom was religiously observed to the time when the whites came to settle upon the lands in the vicinity, since which it has been discontinued. But the story of La-que and her child will not soon be lost from the traditions of the Onondagas.

A GOOD EXCUSE.—"John—said a Pedagogue the other day—what's detained you, how came you so late to school?"  
"Well Sir; I had hot soup for dinner, and had to wait for it to cool."  
"Take your seat, your excuse is sufficient."

FEMALE EMIGRATION.—We notice the advertisement of a Bachelor of Green Bay, J. M. W. for "sleeping partners" to come out there, and "enter into agreeable co-partnership with the young gentlemen of that ilk." Eastern papers, says the advertisement, are requested to copy.