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The Peoples Press.

BY L. V. BLUM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Miscellaneous.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

A PICTURE OF PIONEER LIFE.

The scene of the present sketch is in the western part of Pennsylvania—the time, early in the year 1822.

At that period, land in that section, the incursions of the Indians had become extremely harassing and destructive, and their war, woman or child was safe for a single instant. The most brutal murders were every day committed, and almost every night witnessed the destruction of life and property.

The following is one of the many thrilling scenes which occurred at that period.

A small but substantially built log cabin was situated in the wilderness some distance from any settlement, and in fact from any other habitation. The little place was occupied by a pioneer settler named Joshua Kendrick, his wife Mary, and their son John, a bold, fearless youth about 21 or 22 years of age.

A peculiar scene passed in the wilderness, and accounted for all three of those persons to every danger, suffering and trouble incidental to such an "out of the way" and exposed life; consequently they were always more or less prepared for any sudden emergency, and bold and brave enough to encounter it with an unflinching front.

About dusk one evening Mrs. Kendrick was standing in the doorway of the cabin intently scanning the surrounding forest in every direction. She gazed about her with an anxious, longing look, and at length expressed her thoughts aloud:

"It's getting dark fast," she said, "and both Joshua and John should be back by this time. They promised to be home by sunset, and it's now nearly night. There's nothing to keep them away, neither, less they've fallen in, with some of the red warms, and I expect some day they'll loose their skulps, and that'll be the end on 'em. I don't like to think about it, but I suppose that's what I must look for, sooner or later. Well, the Lord be with them, and preserve them as long as possible. After a moment's pause the good woman added, "It's getting darker and darker, and afore long the forest'll be as black as a crow. I wish to gracious they'd come home, for I feel kind of nervous to night—jest as if somethin' was goin' to happen."

At that moment a man suddenly made his appearance a few hundred feet off, running directly toward the cabin as hard as he could tear.

"There's Joshua now!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendrick; "somebody's runnin' jest as if for his life. Somebody's wrong, I know!"

Mr. Kendrick dashed forward at a desperate rate. When still about fifty yards from the cabin, he stopped, and with the top of his head, broke from the thick forest in the rear of the settler.

"There, I know it!" exclaimed Mrs. K., fairly jumping with the excitement of her feelings. "Hurry, Joshua, hurry!" she added, calling loudly to her husband.

Kendrick was now not more than a dozen yards from the cabin, and as that moment the Indian stopped, threw up his rifle, and took aim at the flying man. Mrs. Kendrick uttered a scream, and her husband halted instantly. At the same moment the report of a rifle rang out, and with a yell the Indian fell dead to the ground.

Instantaneously another person made his appearance from the thick forest upon one side of the cabin.

"Why, it's John, sure as I live!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendrick. "Bless the boy, he's saved his father's life!"

The next moment Kendrick and his son came up.

"I war jest in the nick o' time, dad," said the boy, grasping his father's outstretched hand.

"Sartin, Jack," responded the old man, as he pressed his son's hand in return. "I'd run too far an' fast to have fit the bloody red skin, an' should have got the west of it, as it war, for you?"

"Well, for my part, I'm right glad to think you're safe on your own side," said Mrs. Kendrick, warmly embracing her son.

for you this time. Come in to supper, now, if you can't wait. You'll have to eat what's left of the dinner, but that's all right. 'Noddy' war a good name, no boy!" responded the old settler, as he came home. In course, they were out for a bit, an' a bit as I war I could n't help gratifyin' the ugly devils. I took to a cover at wunst, an' fit 'em fur sum time from tree to tree; but at last I had to take to my heels, tho' not afore I had made holes in a brace on 'em. Fur awhile abn' Dink party followed me, but the ole man war too tough an' s'pey fur 'em as at last they all dropped off but the feller you forgot down, an' he w'as determined to have my skulps. Cuss 'em! I wish their war a way o' teachin' 'em better manners! At this rate there won't be no livin' in the forest at all."

"But, if that war more on 'em, dad, it's likely they're hot fur off, an' we'd better git under cover!" suddenly exclaimed young Kendrick, at the same time running his quick eyes over the scene.

"True enough, Jack!" responded the old man; "an' so a moment, but I'm all right now."

Meanwhile Mrs. Kendrick had moved off a little distance, and was bending down to the ground fling her apron with sticks.

"Call yer mother!" added Kendrick, as he turned toward the cabin door.

The youth complied at once, and Mrs. Kendrick, having nearly filled her apron, straightened up and took a step toward the cabin. It was but one step, however, for at that moment the still air reverberated with the loud report of several rifles, and with a shriek the poor woman dropped to the ground.

"Merciful God!" yelled the father and son in one breath.

Instantaneously with the exclamation four red skins burst from the thick forest, and with loud yells came quinning out toward the cabin.

Maddened by the scene before them, Kendrick and his son heeded not the oncoming savages, but with a simultaneous movement dashed toward the spot where Mrs. K. had fallen, and to which they were in much closer proximity than the barchering Indians.

No rapid were their movements that they were but a moment in reaching the spot. Kendrick nimbly picked up his wife, and turning his face toward the cabin, called to his son to come on.

"I'll follow you, dad!" responded the youth; "but, I must keep behind a little, to fit the red skins off if they git too close. Quick! fur the pass an' loadin' agin!"

True enough, the Indians had stopped and were rapidly reloading their rifles.

With the speed of desperation, and without looking behind him at all, Kendrick dashed on toward the cabin, his son closely following him, but not without repeatedly glancing back at the busy savages.

"Oh, dad, on!" cried the fearless boy, as he took another look behind him.

The old man reached the door of his cabin just as the red skins elevated their rifles. The next moment the Indians discharged their weapons, and with fierce yells dashed forward. Almost instantaneously with the report, however, the older Kendrick was out of sight in the cabin, and the son dropped to the ground. Instantly following the discharge of the weapons, and just as the savages dashed forward, young Kendrick leaped to his feet, and with a couple of muscular bounds landed himself almost inside of the house. Another moment and the door was closed and barred.

For some time the Indians rushed hither and thither around the house, uttering the fiercest and most diabolical yells.

After closing and barring the door young Kendrick turned to where his father was bent down over the corpse of his mother.

"Is she dead, dad?" he inquired, in low and trembling tones.

"Dead forever, me boy!" was the old man's broken reply.

"Cuss the bloody monsters!" cried the exasperated youth, clinching his brawny hands. "I've a mind to rush out among 'em, either kill them or be skulped in the attempt!"

"Wait!" responded the old man, rising slowly to his feet. "Wait a bit, me boy. Be cool an' calm; yer see I am!"

The old settler was indeed calm, but it was a terrible sort of calmness—a mere holding down of the fiercest passions that ever swayed the human heart.

Meanwhile the four savages outside were ranting and raving, and tearing in a manner entirely indescribable.

Deliberately old Mr. Kendrick walked up to a loop hole in the front wall, and removed the well secured plug. Placing his eye to the aperture he as deliberately surveyed the scene outside.

Meantime his son had removed the plug from another loop hole, and was also regarding the movements of the whooping savages.

"That's only four on 'em, dad, an' we oughter be able to wallop them," said young Kendrick.

"So we oughter, me boy!" responded his father; "but would it be half so good a fee if we war to shute a couple on 'em afore we walloped 'em?"

"But, his war what the twis'n devils through these little holes?" inquired the youth.

"Well, for my part, I'm right glad to think you're safe on your own side," said Mrs. Kendrick, warmly embracing her son.

thar red hides, if any one on 'em, except as I shan't live in peace."

"Not I, neither, dad!" rejoined young Kendrick, fiercely. "They're robbin' us of a good mother, blast 'em, an' they won't must pay for it afore we're done."

"Cuss that bloody piece!" hissed the old man, setting his teeth, and clenching his brown, bony hands.

Kendrick and his son again looked forth—a full, bright moon lit up the scene, rendering every object perfectly distinct, and then drawing back simultaneously, placed the muzzles of their rifles in the loop holes. The next moment they pulled triggers, but the report of their weapons was only answered by a derisive shout.

"We've missed 'em, dad!" exclaimed young Kendrick, in tones of bitter disappointment.

"Try agin, me boy!" was the old man's firm reply.

The beleaguered settlers took another glance at their savage foes, and once more went through the operation of firing; the result being the same as before, the lightning like movements of the Indians preventing them from getting anything like an aim.

"It's no use, dad!" said young Kendrick, as his father and himself withdrew from the loop holes after several further failures. "We must either rush out an' charge the red devils, or let 'em seape us in the end."

At that moment a louder shout than usual rose up from the outside, and both father and son quickly sprang back to the loop holes. They soon discovered the cause. Six more Indians had arrived on the ground, as old Mr. Kendrick ascertained by actual count.

"That settles the business, me boy!" said the old man, in deep tones; "that's too many on 'em now, sartin, to think o' makin' a dash."

"An' must the murderers us my poor mother seape us at last!" cried the youth, with passionate earnestness.

"Not if I kin prevent it, me boy!" responded the old man in low, deep, and resolute tones. "I feel as much as man kin feel, with the dead body of my wife lyin' thar; but I want to make our vengeance sartin, which would be the case if we war rash enough to leave the cabin now. But I've not an' gun, an' I'll tell yer what it is."

The old settler entered into an explanation with his son, and then the two prepared to execute some plan. A desperate resolution was stamped on each awaiting face.

Arming themselves with light hatchets they specially took up their stations on either side of the door.

"We've got the advantage, me boy, us bein' on the dark side!" said the old man confidently. "We kin see them afore they spy us."

His son assented, of course.

"We must strike quick and sure, though, me boy, or we'll get the west of it!" added the old man. "Thar's five us them to one of us, yer know!"

"I don't care if that war fifty on 'em, dad!" was the reply of young Kendrick. "Fur I feel like a giant, I think us mother and ferug numbers."

"That's right, me boy! but, don't forget that yer must fit as yer never fit afore!" the old man quietly took down the bag, and the next moment pushed the door back against the wall. With uplifted hatchets the two awaited what they knew must be the inevitable result.

Meantime, the savages were still rushing around the cabin in all directions. Three or four happened to be in front of the door, however, just as it was opened, and with a loud yell they dashed forward. The others repeated the sound and hastened after their companions.

On reaching the cabin door those in advance dashed inside, but only to have their brains knocked out by the quick and certain blows of Kendrick and his son. A shout on the threshold, and before they had a thought of what was coming, the savages were brains. With lightning like rapidity fell the fatal and unerring blows, and in the deepest silence the settler and his son performed their deadly work.

The savages rushed at the door of the cabin one after the other, the swiftest being first, and from that favorable circumstance the Kendrick were enabled to make way with one before another came up, and the bodies of half a dozen lay piled up inside the door before the red skins were as all able to turn upon the hidden slayers.

Of course, all the incidents of this desperate encounter passed with the rapidity of thought.

The last four savages, however, came up in a body; and with a simultaneous rush succeeded in effecting an entrance into the cabin. The instant they got inside their quick eyes discovered Kendrick and his son, and with a yell of rage they dashed at the resolute pair. The fight was brief, but of the fiercest character. Kendrick encouraged his son—the son, his father—the Indians whooped and yelled, and the blows fell fast and furious. The upper and energy of the Kendrick, however, seemed wholly irresistible; and though they fought like wild beasts of prey, the four remaining red skins were no match for their white opponents. In a few moments the last of the savages uttered his dying shriek and tumbled over.

Wounded and bleeding, Kendrick and his son fell down exhausted. Strong, and

brave, and resolute as they were, they could not have held out much longer.

"We've licked 'em, dad!" cried the son, exultingly, though he was scarcely able to speak.

"That's a hard life, me boy, but you an' I struck fur vengeance!" responded the panting old man.

"That we did, dad!" exclaimed young Kendrick, between his set teeth, "as from this night I swar never to show a sad man any mercy."

"Long as I live, me boy, count upon findin' me at your side!" rejoined the old settler, hoarsely.

And they kept their word—day and night, for many long years pursuing the remorseless red men to the bloody death.

From the N. C. Christian Advocate.

TO THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

FELLOW CITIZENS—The seminary disaster by which Greensboro' Female College now lies in ashes, is known to you. The press has borne the sad intelligence to almost every quarter of the State. The high character and long standing of the College, its great efficiency in the public cause of education, and its increasing catalogue of students in the presence of the present time, render the destruction thereof do not confine its public calamity to the members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this State alone, but to the friends of education generally.

The public voice demands that the College be rebuilt as soon as possible. The people of Greensboro', irrespective of denominational association, demand it, and but one opinion has come to me from all parts of the State, and that opinion is—"Let the building go up at once."

There are several strong reasons why the College should be rebuilt now:

First, the educational wants of the Confederate army are in the war, and the male schools are shut, but all the female schools in operation are full to overflowing. The country cannot afford to lose one efficient female school from the number.

Secondly, pressed as we are by the public enemy, many of our girls are refugees, and being driven away from the schools in the enemy's lines, we must afford a home and a school for them.

Thirdly, we had an insurance of \$10,000 on the buildings, not one cent has been paid, and the buildings, pianos and libraries, besides most of the doors, windows and floors were saved. These will, with the brick saved, greatly assist in the completion of the College. To defer building would result in the loss of much that was saved.

Fourthly, the expense of building now is very heavy. It must cost four or five times what it would before the war, but money was never so abundant, and thank God, North Carolinians were never more liberal than now.

With what we have saved, added to the liberality of our friends, it can be done now better than at any other period.

With these facts before us, I confidently appeal to the generous liberality of the friends of education in North Carolina, for the funds to rebuild the College, as soon as possible.

We shall therefore address ourselves to the work of collecting funds for that purpose immediately.

The matter admits of no delay. I have not time now to visit every portion of the State, and I will endeavor to call on every one who intimates an intention to aid me. I therefore propose, that gentlemen and ladies in all parts of the State, inclined to help us, will address me by letter to this city, to the care of Rev. Wm. E. Poll, Editor of the N. C. Christian Advocate, stating the amount they will give for rebuilding the College, and when they will pay the amount. Cash contributions or notes payable in three, six, eight and twelve months, will be thankfully received. We beg our friends not to send us any cash by mail. Send us checks or promissory notes, or state what you will give, and I will either visit the parties, or make arrangements for collecting.

Give me not 1000 profits in the State who will give me \$1000 each for that object. Several have offered to be the gift of \$1000. A hundred to give that sum. One gentleman proposes to give me \$10,000. I hear of several who will give \$5,000, and still there are 160 who will give \$500—many who will give \$400, \$300, \$200 and \$100 each. A multitude I trust that are, who will give me \$100 or less. An acknowledgment will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

Let me hear from you, fellow citizens, at once. Let us have such indication of public favor immediately, as will justify a Trustees of the College in proceeding at once to rebuild. And may your ready contributions be such as will secure the favor and blessings of that God who loves a cheerful giver.

Wm. GLOSS, Agent of Greensboro' Female College, Raleigh, N. C., August 14, 1863.

THE REBELS AND THEIR LEADER

(From the New York Times, 12th August.)

Bad as Jeff. Davis is, he has served the rebels well, and they have no right to complain of him. He was made what he is by the necessities of the situation. They had no other choice, and he has shown that he could not do better than either his family, or his own determination of his principles. It is the judgment of the whole world that they were not mistaken. They could have found no man within their borders so conscientiously qualified for their leadership. God reserved, therefore, his noblest tool of no man. Ever cautious, yet never rash; inflexible in his purpose, yet sensible in the means of its execution; a man of general powers, and of the most unflinching attachment of the great rebel idea of a temper of cool incapability of undue exultation or despondency; of tireless industry, and of first-rate executive ability; he was well fitted to be the chief of the rebellion.

He was a man of a high order of intelligence, and a man of a high order of courage.

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