

# THE HERIE OBSERVER.

D. F. SLOAN, Editor.

FORWARD.

\$1.50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1856.

NUMBER 10.

## Crie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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By mail, in advance, \$1.50 per annum.  
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Wanted in exchange for Cash or Goods. J. H. FULLERTON.

## Poetry and Miscellany.

### LEXINGTON.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,  
Brighton the dewy buds glistened the sun,  
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,  
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.  
Raising his golden veil  
Over the silent dawn,  
Bitter looked the morning on cottage and spire;  
Hushed was his panting sigh,  
White from his noble eye  
Flashed the last sparks of liberty's fire.  
On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,  
Clinging the first born of glory have met;  
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!  
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!  
Faint is the feeble breath,  
Murmuring low in death,  
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"  
Nervous the iron hand,  
Raised for the native land,  
Lies by the weapon that gleams at his side.  
Over the hill-side the wild knell is tolling,  
From their far haunts the visionary come,  
As though the storm-clouds the thunder burst rolling,  
Circles the heat of the musing dream,  
Fast on the soldier's path  
Darken the waves of wrath,  
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;  
Red glows the musket's flash,  
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,  
Brazing and clanging from the thicket and wall.  
Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,  
Never to shadow his cold sword again;  
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,  
Reckless and pausing he now drops the rein;  
Falls the by the beam,  
Volunteer the trumpet horn,  
Torn is the silken fringed red cross on high;  
Many a pelted breast  
Lies low on the turf and heave,  
Ere the dark humors the lead have passed by.  
Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,  
Rocks where the weary flocks murmur and wait,  
Wails where the fern by the furrow is waving,  
Reeled with the echoes that roared on the gate;  
Far as the tempest thrills  
O'er the darkened hills,  
Far as the sunshine streams o'er the plain;  
Roused by the granite hand,  
Girded for battle from mountain to main,  
Green to the graves where their martyrs are lying!  
Shrouded and countless they shrink to their rest;  
While o'er their heads the starry flags are flying  
Wraps the proud eagle play roused from their nest.  
Borne on her northern pine,  
Long o'er the bounding lane,  
Spread her broad banner to glory and to sin;  
Heaven keep her ever free,  
Wide o'er the land and sea,  
Till the fair emblem her heroes have won.

### JARED PARKER.

A Story of Strife and Revenge.

BY LUCIUS HARKMAN.

On one of the most fertile glades of the Scioto valley there settled some twenty years ago two worthy families, from the interior of Pennsylvania. The hope of these families and the pride of the neighborhood, were two boys, verging upon manhood, who were first at log rollings, cabin raisings, and corn huskings, as well as foremost in all the rustic sports which holiday festivities and moonlight evenings were beset with.  
In all games and labors these youths were competitors, but Jared Parker, by one year the elder of Herbert Williams, was commonly the victor. He was more athletic, but he was less passionate, more self-possessed and less impetuous. Jared was of a pleasant, genial nature, and bore his honors meekly. Herbert was vexed to the heart's core when vanquished, and bitter feelings were stirred when his companions laughed merrily with Jared or complimented him upon his agility and dexterity. Jared knew no rivalry, but Herbert dwelt on one which, with evil thoughts, he determined should eventually be decided in his favor.  
The "Rose of the Valley" was Anne Beverly, a true country beauty, with an artless grace of manner, speaking beauty of face, symmetry of person and ardent affection, which gushed for all nature, had won the hearts of acquaintances who met her at the green-sward dance, or at the winter party. Jared loved Anne, so did Herbert. Anne loved, but it was with the love which had never settled its own preferences and swells up whenever admiration is excited or sympathy enlisted.  
The silver moonlight fell upon the opening blossoms of choice fruit trees, and a gentle May wind wafted odorous perfumes which came with glad welcome to a maiden who had seen the bloom of sixteen spring-times, as she leaned against a rustic seat which had been placed where the select fruit blossoms dropped, picking slowly to pieces a wild flower that had grown at her feet.  
"I want you to be a friend, Herbert—I like you when you are kind, but I do not love you as you ask, because I know you are cruel and wicked sometimes."  
So said Anne Beverly, when Herbert Williams had poured a tale of tender love into her ear with that bright moonlight shining about them; the spring blossoms falling and the perfumes wafting.  
"They have told you tales, Anne."  
"Who, Herbert?"  
"Jared and his friends."  
"You wrong him, Herbert. Jared always speaks well of you. I told him you were cruel and would be revengeful, but he said I did not understand you. You know, Herbert, when I wanted you yesterday to put up the bird's nest which fell from the apple tree, you tore it to pieces and threw it over the fence. I did not like that, Jared would not have done so."  
These were bitter words to the dark spirit of Herbert Williams, but he bit his lips sternly and struggled with his rising anger, till the veins of his neck corrugated. He had love and rivalry to assist in self-control.  
"But I was in sport, Anne, when I tore the bird's nest, because it was an old one."  
"And Anne gave Herbert her hand so freely as if he had never grieved her. The lover took it with a nervous grasp, which had it expressed the feelings of the young man's heart, would have wrung the slender arm from the fair shoulder.  
A voice reached the young couple, and Anne said:  
"Mother calls me. Good night, Herbert, remember we will always be friends." And the open-hearted girl bounded to answer her mother's summons.  
There was a heavy frown upon Herbert's brow—his teeth were set, his fists were clenched, and his step was heavy. As he strode homeward—"I'll be revenged," he was sternly muttering.  
When Anne Beverly was alone in her little chamber Herbert's conversation was vivid in her mind, and her calm judgment contradicted the truths she had told him. Then there came contrasts: actions, characters and thoughts were reviewed. Jared Parker was not an indifferent actor in the little heart-drama, performed in the

waking and sleeping dream of the free thinking and generous-hearted young girl that night.  
The spring blossoms had fallen, the perfume of the opening buds and flowers had died away, the fruits had grown, and the fragrance of the ripening orchard products was gladdening the hearts of the farmers.  
Anne Beverly had the same seat at which we saw her with Herbert Williams.  
"Herbert is wicked," said she to Jared, "he looks darkly at me and frowns when he meets me. I sometimes fear him, Jared, but I shall not interfere with my love for you."  
"Jared Parker is pardoned—he will be home to-morrow—there are strange stories about my son."  
For several moments the young man's glazed eyes were fixed with an unceasing start upon his parent's countenance, one hand twitched the bed clothes convulsively the other grasped his mother's wrist.  
"Mother, I am a villain," gasped Herbert Williams; "I've a load home, mother," and he pressed his hand upon his heart until his breath was almost stopped—"A load, mother; I have wasted away for years. Mrs. Brown is dead, or I'd make her tell it—she was perjured; Jared is innocent—I put the torch to our barn, mother did it, mother, for revenge—revenge. I can die now."  
His lips continued to move, but no sound came from them; the mother bent over her son—his feelings were not attempted to depict—in a few minutes his lips were closed, his brow was clammy, the dew of death were upon it.  
The mother had a struggle to reveal the confession which exposed her son's deep guilt, but circumstances required it.  
This confession came to Jared Parker and family with a welcome that did much to soothe their sorrows.  
"You forgive Herbert?" said Anne.  
He caused me twelve years of deep suffering; I never harmed him. I would have thought him a friend—but I forgive him, and I hope God will forgive him also," returned the husband.  
We have changed names in this story, but the circumstances are actual occurrences. We had the facts from the Governor who granted the pardon. He was much censured by partisans, for the abuse of the pardoning power, but they knew not the influences that actuated his humanity.  
This tale teaches an important lesson—be not deceived by appearances, and judge not too hastily.  
KAREY PARMESSE.—We have often been shocked at the reckless disregard which many persons manifest for the fulfillment of their promises. They are ever ready to make engagements for the future, but when the time arrives for their fulfillment, they seem to have forgotten it entirely—or at least to treat them as though they involved no obligation whatever.  
Such conduct is highly injurious in its influence on society, inasmuch as it necessarily tends to destroy the confidence of man in man which is essential to the happiness of community. It is especially detrimental to the interests of the individual himself who is guilty of it, as he thereby forfeits the confidence and respect of his fellows. His word, accordingly, is not relied upon, and he is obliged to suffer all the unhappy consequences.  
This singular and injurious habit is one of the most inexcusable of which any one can be guilty. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there is no absolute necessity whatever, for any one to break his word.  
No one should ever make a promise unless he looks well into the circumstances beforehand, and has every reason to believe it will be in his power to fulfill his promise. And whenever a promise has once been made it should be his fixed determination to keep it; and with a particular reference to this, his subsequent conduct should be shaped.  
Were this course faithfully pursued, not only would the serious evils resulting from a disregard to one's word, be avoided, but also the confidence of those around speedily gained and enjoyed, and a character thereby eventually established that will be of more value than "or-mine, gold, or princely diadem."  
A SLAP AT THE LAWYERS, BY ONE OF THEM.—A very respectable, honorable set of fellows are the lawyers in the main, and not all the out-and-out rascals which they are sometimes represented to be. So far as our knowledge goes, they are much like other men—neither better nor worse as a class—but undoubtedly subjected to certain temptations peculiar to their professions, from which other men in their callings are exempt. To an Attorney, a nice little quarrel, in a legal way, has the same sort of interest that a compound fracture of a leg or arm has to his neighbor, the surgeon. The physician loves "fees," and the lawyer loves "costs," a passion which, when kept within moderate bounds, is at the worst only a sort of "amiable weakness," that ought not to be judged with severity. But sometimes the love of "costs" becomes so extravagant and engrossing in the minds of mere pettifoggers, as to form the "one idea" of their cogitations and pursuit. It was by this sort of animal that old Counsellor Stowser, of Essex county, N. Y., made one day in court, the following observation:—"They are incapable of conceiving of Heaven but as a court instituted for the especial benefit of the profession, and of which Christ is but the clerk of records; and who in saying the Lord's Prayer, make a characteristic interpretation, and read—'Give us this day our daily bread, WITH COSTS.'"  
Arkansas Break Down.  
A friend of ours went over in Arkansas a few weeks ago to attend a "break down"—that is a dance. The ladies, upon the occasion, were arrayed in their best, with all the gay colors which an uncalculated taste could suggest. The gentlemen were dressed in homespun clothes, and none but our friend had broadcloth upon his back. During the evening, sweet potations of an enormous size, roasted in the ashes, were handed round to the company, together with a handful of salt for each guest. A beautiful young lady became smitten with our friend, (perhaps with his magnificent moustaches), and resolved to dance with him. She thereupon turned to a friend and addressed her in these words:—"Sal, hold my friend while I try to find with that nice fellow what's got on those clothes." Our young friend was clinched accordingly; he could not extricate himself from the grips of the rustic beauty, and was obliged to "rot round" after her for one mortal long hour before he could obtain a respite from his labors. He made his escape the first opportunity, regretted that he never again would go to an Arkansas break down.

in the improving country, secured.  
In a mansion of pride and elegance for a new country where the forests were not yet cleared nor all the fields in blooming cultivation, by a window that looked out upon the storehouse of the Williams' farm, on the rain of twelve summers had not yet been, reclined a young man upon a couch, from which he never was to rise—for year after year his health had wasted—it was well high spent.  
An elderly lady bent over him.  
"What did you say, mother?"  
"Jared Parker is pardoned—he will be home to-morrow—there are strange stories about my son."  
For several moments the young man's glazed eyes were fixed with an unceasing start upon his parent's countenance, one hand twitched the bed clothes convulsively the other grasped his mother's wrist.  
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### GLANCES AT CONGRESS—No. XII.

From the Pennsylvania.

General Taylor is quite a pedestrian, but unlike most of the "earlier Presidents," he prefers the publicity of the Avenue to the open country; and almost daily he may be seen tramping along, "the observed of all observers." Mr. Polk was singularly averse to all parade, and though naturally of a social disposition, the very cares of his weighty office, and the anxiety to commune with his own thoughts, led him to select the most retired spots for his exercise in the morning and evening. Gen. Jackson was a great walker, and Mr. Van Buren was fond of sauntering along the environs of the Capital. John Q. Adams had a passion for bathing in the Potomac, even in cold weather. General Taylor, however, has such a band of Gallopins to carry, that they would sink him beyond peradventure, and so he wisely adheres to dry land.  
The last New Year's Day at the White House, prior to the retirement of Mr. Polk from the Presidency, was a display of dazzling brilliancy. Never shall we forget it. The day was favorable, and the assembly large, almost beyond precedent. Every body seemed to be there. The foreign diplomats were there in full force. The army and navy had present their gallant and memorable representatives. The great men of the nation were there. All the members of the renowned cabinet, which, for nearly four years had reflected lustre upon our history, were among the dense crowd. The loveliest ladies of an unusually gay winter, had come to pay a visit to Mrs. Polk—who, with queenly dignity and grace, and ineffable charms so rarely seen, and so hard to imitate, and that beaming welcome, the sunshine of the heart—knew so well how to adorn the position she occupied. What a day was that for Mr. Polk! He stood on that threshold of the year, like a conqueror on some lonely eminence, reviewing the eventful scenes he had passed, and the triumphs he had achieved. Upon this historical landscape his memory's eye might rest with proud pleasure. The less than four years that had known his presidency, had seen events originated and concluded, each of which would alone have illuminated and immortalized a century. Around him were the living witnesses of his triumphs. There stood the representatives of Texas in both branches of Congress, the State brought into the Union by the moral force of the majority that elected him. In his presence were some of the leaders of the armies that had fought all the battles in Mexico while almost at his side stood the Mexican Minister, who had been sent, after Panto was conquered, with amicable offers from a government that had rashly precipitated war. Many of those who had laughed at his political policy, were present to applaud it; and those who still doubted, envied the man who had been so fortunate in his administration, and so equal to all its duties and difficulties. Mr. Polk is now among the departed; but the memory of his public services will enshrine his name in the imperishable affections of future generations. On the occasion alluded to, the New Year's Eve presented a rare assemblage of Congressional notables. Edward A. Hare, of Indiana, was one of these—a form of medium height, a pleasing countenance, a flashing eye, and an agreeable address. Nowhere is there to be found an abler or more ready public speaker, or a man better calculated to win upon the popular affections. He is now living on his farm at Corington, Indiana, in quiet retirement. The gentleman with grey hair, healthy countenance, and playful conversation with Hare, was his best friend, John J. Crittenden, now Governor of Kentucky, and former Senator in Congress—one of the best orators and one of the leading intellects of the country. Conspiring with Governor Hare, might have been seen the then Attorney General of Mr. Polk, Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, successor of Nathan Clifford, previously appointed Minister to Mexico, the position at present held by Mr. Letcher. Mr. Toucey is a tall, straight, and active figure; dark complexion, fine eyes, and thoughtful face. He speaks in slow and measured tones, and is unquestionably a man of profound experience and ability. John Y. Mason, the Secretary of the Navy, was also present—a stout, active man, with a broad laughing face, scrupulously careful in his dress, and dignified in his deportment. There was also Charles Brown, the late courageous Democratic member from the 11th Congressional district, in this country;—A man of medium size, long, iron-grey hair, pleasing countenance, quick in his actions, rapid in his elocution, prompt in his answers, and national in all his sympathies. Among the same throng was Richard Broadhead, then the Representative in Congress from the 13th district in this State—also one of the truest and most consistent advocates of the Constitution in the National Legislature. A tall form, pale face, dark hair and cordial manners, will recall this excellent member to his hosts of friends. Let us not forget S. A. Bridges, of the Bucks and Lehigh district, the predecessor of Mr. Hare, and one of the steadiest and ablest defenders of the national Democracy, in our delegation. Mr. Bridges has a youthful appearance, even with his greyish hair, and is a courteous and accomplished gentleman. Nay, can we pass over another character at this same levee—Lewis C. Levin, the National Representative from the 1st district in this country—well known as a polished orator, but too well known as an unscrupulous partisan. He is a person of medium height, has a neat figure, pale face, a black prominent eye, and a prepossessing address. A combined effort, on the part of the Democrats in October, will redeem the district, and give Mr. Levin an opportunity to attend to his profession of the law. Among the military, we noticed Gen. Harney, the "bold dragon," whose charge at the head of his division at Cerro Gordo, and whose efficient valor in "the valley," have been repeatedly gazetted. He is a man of almost gigantic size—six feet six at least, and admirably proportioned. Light hair, a pleasing face, and a soldier's bearing, distinguish one who deserves well of his country. Recalling his familiar features, it is impossible to avoid an allusion to General Quitman, now Governor of Mississippi; a hero in the same war, whose grey moustaches, fine face, and military air, so well become the school of war, and whose warm and generous impulses are always on the side of the oppressed. How can we forget, in the same connection, the frank old soldier Twigg, the survivor of a family of brave men, whose blood was poured out in Mexico—the impetuous leader who, from Palo Alto to Monterrey, and from Vera Cruz to Mexico, wrote with his sword an undying record of his valor. We see him now, as with his long, white dervish beard and moustache, and war-worn face, he received the greeting of his country when the flag was over. Like figures in a glass, others rise in the mind's eye; and the next we see is General Paroiss, F. Smith, the hero of many conflicts, and the accomplished gentleman in private life. His appearance is that of a mild and even-tempered man; light complexion and light hair; a form above the ordinary height, and a courteous deportment under all circumstances. Can we ever forget the youthful hero Walker, who fell at last after a myriad of half-breed scalps, struck down the coward foe? We saw him often, after his return from the Rio Grande, and before his campaign in the Valley. He was almost a boy in appearance. His fresh complexion, light figure, and buoyant spirit, showed how well he had withstood the trying scenes he had participated in. The next is General G. J. Pillow, of Tennessee, the best abashed man of his day, but a war in all respects, nevertheless—a soldier whose bravery is beyond all question—a lawyer whose ability is everywhere conceded. His size is a little below the middle height; his face impressive and cheerful; his conversation full of interest, and his manners popular and prepossessing.

But we might run out the list for columns, and still omit many entitled to notice. It is only a few years since, at one of these New Year Levees, we saw the lamented George Dromgool, of Virginia whose skill in parliamentary law, and whose amazing quickness in debate, have passed into proverb—daily proved the more invaluable as he has left no equal behind him. He wore green spectacles, was a great snuff-taker, and had a commanding voice. We have seen him get many a Congressional tyro into a dilemma, and then coolly extricate him to the infinite amusement of the House. He was of great importance to the Democratic party, and if now alive, and in the present Congress, would be of immense service to the South, in case they are seriously resolved to take issue with the North on the California bill. At the same Levee we saw the handsome face of Felix Grundy, M'Connell, whose curly, auburn hair, fine figure and social talents, made him the sort of many a circle in Washington. Alas, poor Felix! he fell, as many a brilliant intellect has fallen before him! Powerful in debate, agreeable in society, fascinating in manners, he could not resist the destroyer. Even in his hours of excitement he was an object of interest. Had he withstood the tempter, he would now be one of the ornaments of Congress and of Alabama. But we must bring this hasty sketch to a close.  
And here we terminate the series; promising, however, if the subject warrants it, occasionally to publish a fugitive "glance" at the procession of great or prominent men of our own country, as it moves on to the bourne whence no traveller e'er returns. Dashed off with a free pen, and drawn without rancor to fee, or partiality to friend, we ought to feel as we do feel, flattered at the manner in which, in all quarters, they have been republished—sometimes with praise, and never (what they doubtless often deserved), with censure.  
AFRICA.  
What a wonderful continent is this round, smooth shored Africa, known from the earliest dawn of time yet so unknown; the granary of nations, yet sterile and fruitless as the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes with its vast tract of glittering sand! North America, first seen but the other day, has been probed from end to end; its gallant and respective Philipps, Tecumshes, and Montezumas, have been bridled and broken by the white man; but Africa has seen no Cortes, or even a De Soto or La Salle, "wringing far from fate." Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Burckhardt alone has tried to reach the secret of the mother of civilization, the gray haired Africa.  
If we seek a land of romance and mystery, what quarter of the globe compares with that which holds the pyramids; the giant Theban Temples, one roof clustering a modern village; the solemn hewn mountain cliff of a sphinx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile with its hidden sources; the Niger with its unknown outlet; and heaven-bounding Atlas; the dimly seen mountains of the moon?  
There, tender, the slave rose romantically to the ruler of millions, there Moses floated in his cradle, is saved by a king's daughter, and like the hero of some earlier chivalry, breaks the bonds of his people, and founds a new and mighty nation. There was the home of Dido, of Hannibal, the scene of Scipio's triumph and Jugurtha's crime; there lived Tertullian, Augustine, and Augustine; the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of Louis of France was drawn there.  
Africa is the home of the leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the giraffe, the elephant, the ant-eater, the crocodile, the hippopotamus, the lion, the all-conquering buffalo. It is the home of the mysterious negro races, yet lying dormant in the germinal development to rule the earth when our proud Anglo Saxon blood is so corrupt as that of the descendants of Ham and Pharaoh.  
The past, present, and future of Africa, are alike wrapped in mystery. Who can tell us of the childhood of dark brown Egypt, square shouldered and energetic? Carthage, the England of the old world's rulers, has not even a convincing Livy, still an unwearying Niebuhr, to explain her rise and untangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, what do we know more than the Punic Merchants, who, like or, dealt there, taking slaves, ivory and gold?  
What can we hope hereafter to see in these immense, unknown lands? God has enabled the European to drive the North American, step by step, toward extinction, and he has given a great potent the full development and trial of whatever permanent power the Caucasian race possesses; but Africa has preserved—for what? For future contest? For an imported foreign civilization, to be entered through Liberia and Cape Colonies? France and Britain are watching each other now along those burning sands, as they once watched by the icy rocks of Canada and Acadia; it is to end in the same subjugation of the aboriginal owners to one or both of these? Or does the dark continent, in all its varieties, possess a capacity of understanding and living on the deep meaning of the world's ruler, Christianity, as the offspring of the followers of Odin never did and never can, understand and act it.  
If the old Egyptian Sesostris had passed to contemplate the illiterate wanderers of Greece, to whom Cadmus was just striving to make known the letters of Phoenicia, would not Plato and Aristotle have seemed as impossible to him as the existence in Africa of a higher Christianity than has yet been seen to us? Would the present position of the Teutonic race have appeared equally incredible to the founder of the Parthenon, the loungers in the gardens of the academy?—Foreign Rev.  
Rich Sketch.  
A few days since, a gentleman and lady, fresh from Vermont, visited our city for the laudable purpose of getting "fixed for life," i.e. married. After the ceremony was duly performed, according to law and doctrine, the newly married couple repaired to one of our first class hotels, and took lodgings for the night. Instead of shutting off the gas, he blew out the light and went to bed. In a short time the disagreeable smell of the gas began to spread through the house, and the servants were dispatched in all directions to find out from whence it proceeded. After some search, they traced the odor to the room of the happy couple, and knocking at the door, which was locked, they asked him what was the matter.  
"Matter? nothing. What are you disturbing me for? Begone."  
"The smell of gas still increased, and at last the domestic burst upon the, and shut off the gas, the spouse all the time scolding like a good 'un."  
"Why did you not shut off your gas?" inquired one of the servants.  
"Gas? gas? what gas? I haven't seen no gas. I blew out the light, that's all."  
"Well, did you not smell something strange?"  
"Why, yes," replied the new husband, "but I supposed it was a natural consequence of getting married."—South Boston Gaz.  
Hints to Young Men.  
One of the disagreeable characters on earth is that of the grasping, avaricious, pious man. Generosity is perfectly compatible with economy; and the most noble-hearted, generous men, who do so much to benefit mankind, obtain means, not by close-fisted parsimony, but by economy. The distance is not greater beneath the zenith and the nadir, than the covetous and economical man—the first banishes every just and honorable feeling from his heart, while the latter fosters and ministers to them all.