

# THE HERALD OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

FORWARD.

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## Crie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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

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By mail, or in advance, for three months from the date of publication, two dollars will be charged.  
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Coal, Shill, Plaster and White Wash, constantly for sale.  
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**JOHN ZIMMERLY,**  
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**SMITH JACKSON,**  
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**WILLIAM RIBLET,**  
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For further particulars, apply to W. W. Loomis, Esq., Erie, Pa.

**WALKER & COOK,**  
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**G. LOOMIS & Co.,**  
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, ready opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.  
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Resident Dentist, Office and dwelling in the Beech Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Accurately and with great ease, and restored to the natural color. A team cleaned with instruments and Descriptive as to leave them in a perfect condition. All work warranted.

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Dealers in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.  
**BUTTER WANTED—**200 Gallons good Dairy Butter wanted in exchange for Cash or Goods. J. H. FULLERTON.  
**200 BOXES PALM LEAF HATS** at wholesale; also, a large assortment of Leghorn and Panama hats, just received by J. H. FULLERTON.

## Poetry and Miscellany.

### SONG—A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

BY MRS. SARAH T. DOLAN.

A lesson in itself sublime,  
A lesson worth enshrining,  
Is this: "I take no note of time  
Save when the sun is shining."  
These motto words a dial bore,  
And wisdom never preaches  
To human hearts a better lore  
Than this short sentence teaches:  
As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Let us forget its pain and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on Earth's broad chart  
But has some bird to cheer it;  
No bough hangs out in every heart,  
Although we may not hear it;  
And if to-day the heavy wing  
Of sorrow is oppressing,  
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring  
The weary heart a blessing:

For life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Then let's forget its toil and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments glaze,  
And then forget their glitter;  
We take the cup of life and taste  
No portion left the bitter;  
But we should teach our hearts to deem  
How sweet the moments are,  
How sweet the moments are,  
How sweet the moments are.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Let us forget its pain and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night  
Are but before the coming light;  
Then let us wait the coming light,  
And while we wait the coming light,  
Let us not forget the coming light,  
And while we wait the coming light,  
Let us not forget the coming light,  
And while we wait the coming light,

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"Sachem," panted forth the exhausted fugitive—"dost thou not!—the foe is hard upon my track—the avenger of blood is behind me—my arms are useless and mine enemies a host!"

"Has the pale chief taken the life of a warrior of his tribe, that his people hunt him like a wolf from the clearing? Let my brother be just, and give his blood for the blood he has spilled."

"Not so, Sachem," interrupted the other, with an eagerness far different from the deliberate and almost scornful manner of the chieftain—"in fair combat—in self-preservation have I slain the persecutor of my father's house! It was my life or his, and praise be to the God of Battles, that gave strength to my arm, the carnal and self-seeking oppressor of his people has been sent to his just account, by the hand of him whom he made an orphan."

"It is very good—my white brother is a great brave—he has taken the scalp of a mighty warrior of his color."

While he was yet speaking, a faint echo from the distant forest, and again the youth was starting in his hopeless race, when the red warrior again arrested the movement by the touch of his powerful arm.

"The deer," he said—"happens very far, yet the dogs of the hunters overtake him; but the cunning fox escapes the snare!—Is my brother a bird to fly through the brush, and leave no trail behind, or are his enemies blind that they should not follow it? See?" and he pointed to the deep footprints on the bank of the muddy rivulet—"the women of the pale faces might run, when the young brave of their tribe has gone before! Let my brother travel in a blind path, and the eyes of those that chase him shall be in a cloud. Let him take the moccasins of Manitowish, and go up the windings of the 'crooked river,' till the two waters make one: let him lie in the 'hollow stone,' and after the sun is gone, to Narragansett will meet him in council."

As he spoke he had divested his feet of their ornamental moccasins, and was encumbering them in the heavy boots of the fugitive, when the cry of the pursuer rose so clearly on the air, that it seemed but a few rods distant from the spot where they stood. "Now let the paleface go," he said, pointing with his musket towards the source of the stream.

"They will slay thee, Sachem," cried the astonished youth—"even if I escape, they will slay thee for the deed."

"Let the paleface go!" was the calm reply, though the fierce gleam of scorn and hate that flashed across his dark features belied the quiet tone in which he spoke. "Manitowish is a great chief—his heart is very hard, and the grass grows not under his feet."

A short yet nearer than the last, and the approaching tread of armed men, operated more powerfully on the mind of the young European than all the arguments of his red ally. With recruited strength and invigorated spirits, he darted away on the indicated course, and was intercepted from the view of the Sachem by the first winding of the rugged dale, before he dreamt of consulting for his own safety. Hastily but deliberately covering the prints of their feet on the place where they had left their brief conference, with dry brush and withered leaves—just as the foremost enemy was rustling in the opposite brake—the Indian bounded off, leaving a track as obvious as possible to the less perfect vision of the "Yankee runners," with a speed but little inferior to that of the hunted stag, and ere long had the hue and cry of the pursuit far in his rear.

After an hour of flight, sustained with unexhausted power, the warrior paused, where the luxuriant vegetation and fall of foam of the forest—in which his loaded feet sunk almost ankle deep—were exchanged for a hard and hungry sand, bearing a stunted pine, which indicated by their meagre foliage the poverty of the soil from which they sprung. Halting a few seconds to mark the progress of the chase, he drew the deceitful bushes from his limbs, and with unflinching breath, and a step that left no trace behind, he sped on his way to the appointed council.

Edmund De Rossey—the youth so generously preserved by the friendship of the heroic Indian—was the son of one of those self-constituted judges who pronounced sentences upon that false-hearted monarch, who, though perhaps deserving rather contempt for his follies, than punishment for his faults, has been almost unanimously pronounced unfit to govern, if not unfit to live. Shortly after the unworthy son of that unworthy sovereign had been restored to the dominion of his ancestors, the veteran De Rossey was compelled to fly, in order to save his life from the vengeance of the youthful king; and ere many years had elapsed, by the united influence of his wealth and talents, had become the patriarchal ruler of one among the many settlements which were at that period fast rising on the "wild New England shore."

For a time the youthful colonies were not deemed worthy of royal notice or interference; but, at length, as they increased in power and prosperity, a governor was sent to preside over the new state, and to assert the prerogative of his master's crown. Haughty and vindictive himself, the minister was not long in learning the secret cause of De Rossey's alienation from the land of his fathers, and backed by a royal mandate, proceeded to enforce the statute for the seizure of the outlawed regicide. The stern old Puritan, confident that strenuous resistance would be lent to the executive by his ancient comrades and present neighbors, resisted the officers of the law with the same weapon which had glittered of yore at Nessey and Danbar, and fell by the hand of the proud official, who was almost the instant victim to the earth by the indignant son of Cromwell's veteran.

This bold, though meretricious violence was a characteristic of the latter monarch. The avenger of his father's blood was overlooked, the avenger of a father to the law, and a price set upon his defenceless head. Edmund De Rossey fled to the wilderness as a last resource; and worn out with labor and privation, broken in spirit, and desperate of human aid, must soon have fallen a prey to his insatiable foes, had not his good fortune thrown him upon the mercy of the noble Sachem, of the Narragansetts—who, as yet unpossessed of fraud, and too powerful for open hostility, hunted and feasted with his tribes, around those upstart settlements, which were so soon to drive the red men from the shores of the salt lake and the graves of their fathers.

The shades of night had already closed in, when the great chief of the Narragansetts stood before the "hollow stone." It was a wild and romantic spot in which, according to the simple phraseology of the natives, "the two waters made one," the "hollow stone" forming the point at which they met. The right brook was a noisy-brawling torrent, leaping from rock to rock down the side of the mountain, from which it severed the caverned mass of granite, that named the place; the course of the other rivulet was of a far more gloomy aspect; its dark and turbid waters crept along, thick with decayed vegetation, in a current scarcely perceptible, making its way through matted weeds and fallen trees, the haunt of aquatic birds, and loathsome reptiles; between the uniting streams the gray grass rose tall and lowering towards the heaven.

One scathed and storm-blacked oak, springing from a fissure of the cliff rock, shot its gigantic stem almost horizontally from the face of the cliff, bearing its lifeless branches the immemorial rest of the bald-headed eagle, the feathered tyrant of the transatlantic wilderness. Beneath the shelter of the mossy trunk, and almost concealed by it, lay the narrow entrance of the deep cavern that had given the rock the appellation by which it was known among the tribes of the Atlantic shore. Here the warrior passed from his hard race, although

some time had elapsed during the severe exertion and miles had passed away with minutes, not a single sob betokened fatigue, nor did a drop of moisture hang upon his shaven brow. Not so the paleface, who leaned, overcome with fatigue, and wept down by anxiety, against the appointed; so utter was the exhaustion of his frame and the despondency of his spirit, that he scarcely raised his head to receive a dignified salutation of his preserver—"My brother is welcome!" uttered as carelessly as though an hour of pleasure, instead of a chase for life and death, had intervened since their last meeting—"my brother is very welcome—his people are not against him, but he has saved his scalp."

"Thanks to thee, Sachem, thanks to thee, but how didst thou escape them, they must have been close upon thy heels by their clamor?"

Not a word did the stern warrior speak in reply for many minutes; he had seated himself beside the junction of the waters, and was inhaling the smoke through the hollow stem of his tomahawk, as if the question had escaped his ears. After a long interval—"Go!" he said—"your young men are boasters—they talk with many tongues, but their limbs are slower than the sluggish tortoise. Manitowish is a mighty chief, he leaves the Yengeese behind him, as the oak outstrips the laxy birch."

"Can I then rest in safety here," asked the weary fugitive, "or must I fly further into the wilderness, before I find an ark of refuge for my feet?"

"The great father of the palefaces," replied the chief, after the customary pause—"he that dwells beyond the shores of the salt lake, is very angry with his young warriors! when the sun is above the treetops his runners will be in the woods!" This fearful intelligence was delivered with perfect nonchalance, yet when the stoic of the wilderness beheld the head of his guest sink under his broad, hopeless anguish, he resumed his discourse, though fully narrating at such a display of weakness, in whom he knew of old to be a cunning hunter, and an undaunted brave.

"My pale brother is yet sad; he is not an actor, to know the paths in the forest, nor a pigeon that his flight shall never tire. But the great chief of the Narragansetts will hide him in a cunning place, till the great white father shall look pleasantly on his young brave."

"Will thou indeed do this, Sachem?" cried the eager listener. "Will thou indeed conceal me until this tyranny be overpast? Then do, I promise to thee wealth such as no warrior of the wilderness has ever known before, when I shall be restored to the home of my fathers. Arms—powder—land—and gold."

"Go!" returned the other, unmoved by offers of all that the red natives deemed most worthy of acceptance. "The Narragansetts is a great chief—his wigwam is never empty; the deer cannot escape the sound of his thunder—his young men are very brave and happy! Manitowish is rich—he is master of his own heart, and he is content! But let the paleface promise that he will never show the cunning place of Manitowish to the men of his color—let him put his hand upon his heart, and speak very loud, that the Great Spirit of my white fathers may hear his words."

"I swear to thee, chief, by all my prospects here, and all my hopes hereafter, that never by word or deed, by the breath of my lips or the guidance of my hand will I betray the secret to mortal man, and—turning his eyes and hands to the starry firmament above—"may He whom I serve, so deal with me, as I shall keep my pledged vow!"

Without another word the Sachem rose, shook out the ashes from his extinguished pipe, replaced the hatchet in his war-club, and casting his musket into the hollow of his left arm, signed the youth to follow, as he turned along the margin of the left hand brook, with the air of a prince to his obsequious courtier. As they proceeded on their pilgrimage, the way grew more difficult and gloomy; their feet sank deep into the tenuous mire, and the tangled brush of the swamp, seeming impervious to the eye, yielded a laborious passage to the place of safety. After keeping the course of the stream for more than a mile, of which each step was fraught with increasing toil, they reached the margin of a vast sheet of black morass, occupying the whole bottom of a vast basin between the dense and tangled mountains, by which it was enveloped. Thousands of acres lay flooded before their eyes, in dark and stagnant water—though the floating trunks and scattered remains of innumerable giant trees, showed that the drowned morass had once been clothed with the dark verdure of the cedar, till the outlet of its springs had been choked, and the moisture which had fostered their growth, became the source of desolation to the noblest scenes of the forest. The only signs of vegetable life, that remained on this once fertile track, were the broad leaves and cup-like blossoms of the water lily, which floated by thousands on the liquid surface. Far in the middle of the quagmire loomed a few scattered islands—if those might be called islands, which showed solid surface of loess or loiter soil than the surrounding marsh—of white and asplend cedars, which though life had long since departed from their roots, retained the semblance if not the nature of trees; and stood the skeleton of their ancient loveliness, in bare and blasted deformity above the poisoned waters, which had destroyed their vital principle. No human eye could have discerned a path through the deep gulf of boiling mire; no mind could have conceived a possibility of access to these islands of the swamp, save for the dark cranes which flapped from stump to stump, or the ducks which wheeled in screaming flocks, above the scene of desolation; nor, in truth, would access have been practicable at any point save that to which the Indian led his trusting suppliant.

A gigantic oak, the only tree which flourished in close vicinity to that loathsome pool, afforded the key to the labyrinth; beneath its shadow lay a small expanse of clear water, previous to the limbs of the swimmer; and into this, followed by the European friend, the warrior plunged in silence, holding his horn and rifle high above his head he struggled to the opposite margin, where a simple turf of rushes furnished a clue to his further progress. From thence a dangerous and visible path, formed partly by nature, though improved by art, led the explorer to the central trunks of cedars, by the trunks of fallen trees here moored beneath the slimy surface, and there at rare intervals, floating on the bosom of the marsh. Never, save at the dead hour of night, did the Sachem, to whom alone, with his immediate successor, the hereditary secret was confined, venture to his solitary fortress, and then never, save in moments of the utmost peril and necessity. One false step from his perilous causeway must have precipitated the wretch, who the swimmer's art, and too unstable for the trend of the liquid water, the practiced foot might travel in perfect safety to its isolated refuge. The spot, at which they arrived at length, was a full mile distant from the solid shore, was so thickly covered with the white and withered saplings of the ancient forest, that it was no easy matter to penetrate to its secluded center. There, at the expense of almost endless labor, a solid floor of trunks had been constructed, and covered with soft brought from the distant shore, afforded a safe though narrow retreat from the most ingenious of mortal malice; and here, in perfect safety, did De Rossey linger, furnished with food and raiment by his firm and faithful friend, while the woods were alive with his enemies, and not a secret cavern, or sequestered glen, was left unsearched by the white enemy, and their red allies. In time the irritation passed away—the satellites of the monarch were withdrawn from a country odious to their refugee and cowardly no-

tion—the settlements of the portians were left in a measure to their own control, and ere long the young De Rossey sat unmolested in the seat of his forefathers.

Years passed away to the power of the new settlers increased, and with their power their rapacity and their injustice. The Indian who had been loved as their protectors, and respected as the original possessor of the soil, was now deemed as an intruder, where he once reigned supreme. Now treated with open violence as foes, or deceived by show of treacherous amity as suspected friends, the Narragansetts tribes were cheated of their ancient dominions, or butchered in their blazing villages, according as the spirit of the white governor was warlike, or pacific, treacherous or cruel. Not tamely, however, did the red warrior submit to the caprices of the European; the tomahawk was unbarred, and deeply did the paleface suffer by the indomitable valor, and well nigh superhuman sagacity, of the savage.

The bright curls of De Rossey were already sprinkled with the tinge of grey; the light agility of boyhood had been exchanged for the iron strength and inflexible demeanor of manhood, when in an evil hour,—evil for himself, and all who loved him, he was appointed governor of his native town, and its adjoining province.

Some petty hostility of the Narragansetts, or, more properly, some slight retaliation for the unprovoked aggression of the portians, demanded chastisement. The military array of the State was summoned to the field, the rival tribes of the Mohicans were invited to join in the destruction of the blood-thirsty heathen, as it was the fashion of the day to term the no-least race of uncivilized mankind, that swam the flood or roamed the forest. A fierce and sanguinary strife ensued, the warriors of the Narragansetts fell fast by the musketry of the European, the tomahawk and the scal