

# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors.

ONWARD.

3150 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 22.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1851.

NUMBER 9.

## Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. T. BLOOM, Editor.

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

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## Select Poetry.

THE SHIP IN PORT.

Safe, once again in port,  
O' vessel freighted with our hopes and fears,  
Shattered and reat each spar and sail apprais'd—  
Too long of storms the sport!  
Upon the angry wave,  
Far out at sea we saw thee madly toss,  
Fearing each moment we must see thee lost,  
Without the power to save.  
To view the safe again,  
Our sorrow-stricken hearts with joy it cheers,  
Though still the winds that roused our anxious fears,  
Are brooding o'er the main.  
Cling to the sheltering shore,  
The storm that vexed thee is not wholly past;  
Still in the distance, barely leaped at last,  
The breakers loudly roar.  
Trust not the pilot now,  
Whose reckless hand again upon the wave  
Of wild commotion, sure to be thy grave,  
Would steer thy sheltered port.  
Brand the vile mutineer,  
Whose viper tongue, and thy loyal crew,  
The foul strife and discord would renew,  
That late has cost thee dear.  
Rest thee in peace a while,  
Within the haven safe at anchor ride,  
Till storms are hushed, and aggy waves subside,  
And skies serenely smile.  
Then, with the sail unfurled,  
Thy mast erect, thy proud flag at its head,  
Go forth, the fruits of liberty to spread,  
O'er an expectant world!—*Lucifer's Journal.*

## Choice Miscellany.

THE JEWELLED WATCH.

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Capt. Dutton of the regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portly daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions or rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of house-keeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nurses, baby-linen, doctors, and all the necessaries pertaining to the introduction and support of the baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurous named Smith, with whom Capt. Dutton became especially acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit lamp, which Smith assured the captain would when once known, supersede the use of the candles and oil lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him decant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "olive of the lamp," or in other words ready money, to set the invention a going; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. It is Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled title, of which each belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Swedish, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this pretence of a name, the lamp as the odor it exhales in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so very abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble of his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cost per cent profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L—, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up; Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpropitious lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair, and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before entrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this spirit lamp had been his own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engaging in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needles; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of disposing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of gentlemen.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and—how did she work till midnight at tarning his coat and darning his linen, that she might appear as usual among her equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriended him, and solicit their interest

## OGONITZ! WHAT—WHO IS OGONITZ?

From the Standard Mirror.

The name Ogonitz has frequently excited puzzled remarks in the town of Lake Erie. There is a propeller called, and when the vessel was first reported in Cleveland, the Plaindealer, we believe, was prompted to exclaim, "Phubus, what a name!" The craft hailed from Sandusky, and her crew are familiar with the frequent recurrence of the appellation. A Company of frequent answer to the name of Ogonitz, and we notice that Mr. E. Riker has just demolished his new establishment on Wayne street, between Market and Water, the Ogonitz Hotel. Of course, the term has an explanation or history, which we propose to give.

About the middle of the last century some Jesuit Missionaries, who were exploring the upper lakes on a voyage of curiosity and duty, came into possession of a bright Indian lad. It is not known whether he was a captive or a wanderer; but, at any rate, his French patron took him to Quebec, baptized him by the name of Ogonitz, and resolved to make a missionary of their little keen-eyed school. For that purpose he was placed in a mission school, taught the French and English languages, and justified, by his intelligence and docility, the kindness of which he was the subject. He grew to man's estate, and re-visited the North West, no longer the wild orphan boy, but a shrewd, sagacious, cultivated man, as much as the earthly advantages of that period and his own intractable blood would allow. He was assigned by some ecclesiastical authority, to a tribe of Ottawa Indians, who dwelt upon the eastern shore of Lake Huron, and became identified with them. It is probable that the monk was soon lost in the hunter, perhaps the warrior, for such was the usual career of those who, like Ogonitz, were restored to their native woods, and to the wild license of Indian life, with no other restraint than the fading memory of a few homely maxims in a missionary school.

These particulars have reached us so imperfectly that we can give no dates, and few details of these remote events. It is an Indian tradition that the Six Nations of New York had long before exterminated the Erie, a tribe which occupied the South shore of the Lake near bearing their name. Indeed, those wandering bands were the conquerors of Ohio, and the tribes which were found here by the early settlers were mostly immigrants at no remote day previously, from other regions of the country. The Delaware, Tuscarawas, and Seneca were colonies from New York, while the Shawnee came from the extreme South, even from Florida. The Wyandots seem to have been more indigenous, but their villages were far away from Lake Erie, in the county now bearing that name and thence extending to the head of Sandusky Bay. The Lake shore was left derelict, occasionally hunted over by straggling parties from the interior, but on the whole open to such occupancy as the fear of Iroquois incursions would permit. These restless rovers, after the French and English colonies became powerful, retired more and more within their eastern boundaries, ceased to be aggressive, no longer scourged the borders of the Western Lakes by their ruthless war parties. Consequently the Canadian Indians were tempted Southward, and we find the Ottawas squatting upon the island, Peninsula and shores of Lake Erie. About the period of the American Revolution, appear traditions and traditions of their settlement in those portions of Ohio and Michigan which extend from Vermilion river, 23 miles east of Sandusky, to the neighborhood of Monroe or Detroit. They were never very numerous, and were held in no very great respect by their haughty neighbors, the Wyandots. They were not disturbed in their new seats, however, since fishing was their habitual means of subsistence, and they kept closely along the Lake.

Ogonitz at length emigrated to Northern Ohio, and we find him as late as 1806 an influential person, from his knowledge of languages and superiority of character and education. He was interpreter of the tribe, but held no official station. It is not known whether he relinquished to headmanship, but he had long succeeded his office. He availed himself of the advantages of his early training, but omitted the mission which it contemplated. The Ottawas held him in reverence as a great medicine, while the chief of the tribe entertained a bitter but secret jealousy of his growing influence. The name of that chief is now forgotten, nor is it known whether his sway extended over the tribe which still remained in Canada, or was confined to the scanty remnant who had wandered away to the Southern shore of Lake Erie. The last was probably the case.

About this time, our information rests more on testimony and less on tradition. Among the earliest settlers of the Erie Lands (it will be remembered that what is now Huron and Erie counties, was granted by Connecticut to the sufferers in the town destroyed by fire during the British invasion of the State in '79) was a fader named Wolcott, who first landed at the mouth of Huron River, about ten miles east of Sandusky. The date of his arrival was near 1808. He found a predecessor in traffic at the mouth of Huron, a Frenchman named Fleming, usually pronounced Fleming, who had passed his life on the Lake frontier—half-voyager, half trader, and was then dealing out "wet damper" to the Ottawas, and receiving in exchange the skins which abounded along the Erie archipelago. On the very day that Wolcott landed, there was a harvest dance—some great festival or other—and the woods were resonant with the shouts of the Indians, as their sports, stimulated by Fleming's whiskey, went forward. In the trader's shanty the head men were gathered, and the chief of the tribe, blind with jealousy and drink, was pushing the forbearance of Ogonitz to the utmost. The latter was sober, grave and undisposed to quarrel; but it availed him not. The hatred of his superior was unassuaged by his paragon of intoxication, and at length he assailed Ogonitz with blows. The latter, driven to self-defence, slow his assailant, and, without an effort to escape, walked forth among the excited groups of Indians, with his arms bearing and impressive countenance for which his race is so remarkable in an emergency. As night approached, Wolcott remarked to Fleming that no means were taken to imprison or fetter Ogonitz, and that he would be likely to flee from the justice of his tribe. "Not he," replied the trader. "He knows well enough that if he shows the least disposition to escape, his doom is sealed. There will be a grand council to-morrow, and Ogonitz will appear for trial then, just as surely as the sun rises." And so it proved. He told his tale—it was confirmed by others—he was unanimously acquitted, and, in the next instant proclaimed chief in the place of the dead Indian, with the hearty acclamations. His wisdom, knowledge and bravery all concurred to suggest the choice of Ogonitz.

The next incident has still more the air of romance. The deceased chief had an only son, a mere lad, Ogonitz was his father, perhaps he had retained the sobriety engendered upon the Catholic priesthood; and he generously gave the young orphan the shelter of his own lodge. He magnanimously adopted the boy whom he had rendered fatherless. Wolcott, who afterwards opened a store on the peninsula which separates Lake Erie from Sandusky Bay, is the authority for these statements, and our informant received them from his own lips. Ogonitz lived on what is now the site of Sandusky City—within a stone's throw from the Ogonitz Hotel—and the name of this locality first known to the dwellers on Lake Erie was Ogonitz Town. At that early day, the peninsula was more settled than the southern border of the bay, and Ogonitz was accustomed to procure or send to Wolcott for goods. His messenger, when he did not go in per-

## THE WIFE'S NIGHT CAP.

Mr. —, who does not live more than a mile from the Post-Office in this city, met some "Northern friends with Southern" principles the other evening, and in extending to them the hospitalities of the "Crescent City," visited so many of our princely saloons and "marble halls," imbuing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he, decidedly fell, that he had a "brick in his hat." Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, and finds but one fault with him. That is, his too frequent visits to the palace where these "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr. — paused a moment took his bearings, and having shaped a course, of the principal that continual angles made, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened to find his worthy lady sitting up for him, "the always does. She smiled when he came in. That she always does. "How are you, dear E.?" said she, "you staid out so late, that I feared you had been taken sick." "I'm a little tight!" "A very little, perhaps, my dear—but that is nothing you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while!" "Wife, you're too good—the truth is, I'm d-d drunk!" "Oh, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now, suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap-dear!" "You are to kind, my d-dear, by half—I know I'm d-d drunk!" "Oh, no—only a julep to much, love—that's all!" "Yes—juleps—McMasters make such stuff!" "Well, take a glass of ale at any rate—it can't hurt you, dear; I want one before I retire." The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with the foaming ale, she handed one to her husband. "Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass—raised it to his lips—then hesitated. "Dear, w-won't you just taste mine, to make it sweet-sweeter?" said he. "Certainly, love!" replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was careful not to swallow. Suspicion vanished; and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After sitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a log-tub of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to feel, and wanted to retire. "Wait only a few minutes, dear," said his loving spouse, "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in my pocket." A few minutes more elapsed, and then—and then, oh ye gods and Dan's! the lake, what a time. The husband was placed in the easy chair. He began to understand why the tub was placed there, he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is death on lemonade! He loves his wife better than ever.

Readers, this is a truthful story. Profit by its moral. —N. O. Delta.

Work for Children.

There is no greater defect in educating children than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. The parents do not consider whether the child's work is necessary to the child. Nothing is more certain than that their future independence and comfort much depends on being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails on us. If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both body and mind—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the school room—and it tends more than anything else, to give them just views of life. Growing up in the world without a knowledge of its trials and cares, they view it through a false medium. They cannot appreciate the favors you bestow, as they do not know the trials they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are constantly exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach. The daughter probably becomes that pitiable helpless object, a novel-reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of your neglect, does it probably after his plans and stations for life are fixed and when knowledge, so far as one of its important objects is concerned, comes too late. No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to manual labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental training, a deduction must be made for their ignorance of that important chapter in the world's great book.

It is a cheap dose East has invented a machine to make pumpkin pies. It is driven by the force of circumstances.

## Arrest of Capital Punishment.

The Victim rescued from under the Gallies.—Passing up Orange street the other day, our attention was attracted to a boy who was climbing up a lamp post, endeavoring to pass the end of a rope, which was attached to the neck of a terring dog, over the horns on which the lamp lighter rests his ladder when lighting the lamp. There were some half dozen ragged urchins around cheering him. An old gentleman present, supposing foot play, asked the little fellow what he was going to do to the dog.

"Hang the sucker, he's bin a murderer," said the excited boy.

"Murdering what?" asked the old man.

"Why, Jackey Babcock's pet rat, wat he catched van they tore down the old blind."

"Oh, don't hang him for that," pleaded the old man. "It is his nature to kill rats; besides he looks like a good dog, if you wish to get rid of him I'll take him along with me."

"Oh! it can't be, daddy; he's a infernal secondral, and if they brought him in guilty, and he has got his sentence, and you can bet your life I'll hang him."

"Jury! what jury?"

"Why, our jury; them fellers there sitting on that cellar door. They tyeed him this mornin, and Bob Linker sentenced him to be hung. That's right, ain't it daddy? It was all on the square. I was the lawyer against the dog, and Joe Beecher was for him, but his arguments were knocked all to thunder when I brought the murdered body inter court. It took 'em all down.—They all giv in that I was rite. He ain't worth a rusty nail now, but as soon as he's dead he's worth fifty cents, 'cording to law, at the City Hall, and we will take the money for the 4th of July."

The old gent seemed surprised at the logic of the boy, but was about entering another plea for the condemned, when the scene was interrupted by the arrival of the owner of the dog, (a stout Irishman,) who soon dispersed jolly, jary, and executioner, and rescued the trembling culprit.—N. O. Picayune.

Matrimony Made Easy.

This very interesting event in a woman's life must be very trying to the nerves of some of our delicate young ladies. No doubt, your uxorious widow, who has buried her third husband, thinks it a very trifling affair; but she has lost the freshness of her feelings and is not to be spoken of in the same breath with a blooming maiden. As a result of much philosophical investigation, (for, like Washington Irving, we have speculated much about matrimony,) but have never experienced,) we incline to the opinion that a person can experience the sensation of getting married but once! However this may be, we are glad to be able to state to those who have serious thoughts of committing matrimony, that it is in our power to give them a valuable hint as to the best mode of getting thro' the ceremony. We have heard of getting married by steam, and by telegraph, but we have none to propose a more original plan, which may be called "matrimony made easy." We recently overheard two young ladies talking on this subject;—one said she was sure she should faint, but the other said, when she got married she intended to take Chloroform. This is decidedly better than the plan of the beautiful man, who wanted to slide into matrimony by degrees. A white handkerchief applied to the nose, a moment passed in a blissful dream, and you awake in the promised land! Getting married by chloroform will undoubtedly become very popular with unamiable young ladies.—Portland Transcript.

## THE YOUNG WIDOW, OR ONLY THIRTY-THREE.

A census taker going his round last fall, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours. He was received by a stiff, well dressed lady, who could be well recognized as a widow of some years standing. On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself into a working position, he inquired the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age madam?"

"My age sir," replied the lady with a piercing dignified look, "I conceive it's none of your business what my age might be—your's is inquisitive sir."

"The law compels me, madam to take the age of every person in the ward—it's my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No sir, it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen sir, just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, Mrs. Anna Seaphus, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five did you say madam?"

"Yes sir, is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say there is, but it is not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age."

About that time the census taker was observed hanging out of the house, closely pursued by a blunderbuss. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her exact age.

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Matrimony Made