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Poetry and Miscellany.

MINISTRING ANGELS.

BY EMILY S. CHESBROE.

Mother, has the dove that nestled
Leaving upon thy breast,
And in darks as gone to rest?
May the grave be dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there;
Hearts that are not in the grave,
Floating on the ambient air,
It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the whisper,
It looks up from every flower;
And when night's dark shadow fleeth,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then they angel like are there.

Maiden, has thy noble brother,
On whose duty form three eyes
Laid its trust in pride to linger,
Through all other hearts receive thee,
All proved hollow, all but true,
Whose protection, ever over thee,
Had thee from the cold world's sneer,
Has left thee here to struggle,
All unaided on thy way?
If he will can guide and guard thee,
But thy faltering steps can say,
Bill when danger hovers o'er thee,
When in grief thou'rt none to pity,
Yes, the angel, marks each tear.

Lover, is the light extinguished,
The gem that in thy heart
Hiddest, to thy being,
But thy faltering steps can say,
Bill when danger hovers o'er thee,
When in grief thou'rt none to pity,
Yes, the angel, marks each tear.

show himself in the neighborhood. The Penobscot have broken their treaty, and the whites have nothing now to restrain them from taking their just revenge, not only for the child's abduction, but for every other depredation on our property which none but that tribe could have committed.

"What's that? what's that?" cried the good dame, starting from her chair.
"Her son grasped his gun."
"There it is again."
"Oh! that's only the growl of a wolf," said George, carelessly, as he dropped his market into the place, and the conversation was resumed; George's father regretted that there was an end to the few years peace which they had enjoyed with their savage neighbors; but Ripley was of opinion that while an Indian lived there was no safety, and his eyes glanced wildly, and his brow contracted, as he thought of the desperate battles in which he had fought against them.

Crucel as this judgment may appear, it was not the least true; but the former remembered that the white men were the first aggressors—that they were growing powerful, and that the Indians saw that sooner or later they would be driven from their hunting grounds or be subject to the stronger party.

As the elder passed round the table became elated; then drew, and then they went to bed, and the fear of the savage was soon forgotten in a deep sleep; but all save dame Jones; she, poor woman, had but little rest; the thought of the red man being in the vicinity was sufficient to keep her awake, and the howling wolf or the screeching owl started her to her feet several times during the night.

When the morning dawned the same awake, not a little surprised that their fears had not been realized. Thus passed night after night, till their fears, if not their wrongs, were entirely effaced from their minds.

But now let us return to Estima, who, after he had parted from the Jones' by the way-side, proceeded to perform his melancholy task. The wretched mother saw from a glance at his countenance that he had for her no hope of the recovery of her lost one, yet she dreamed not of the condition of her husband, who would soon be brought home in a state of partial derangement, Estima brought her the task. The deep despair of the mother, the other wretchedness of her two boys, Albert and Henry, made him regret that he had ever undertaken it, and he went on trying to console her with the hope that Lucy would soon be returned in safety, till, calling a glance through the window, he saw the latter approaching at a distance, and he ventured to say, "Your husband will be here soon, he has been here."

These words dimmed the countenance of Mrs. Elliot, but that light was quickly dispelled by the news that Estima had not the courage to inform her that Elliot was no longer seen; the knowledge of which she gathered from his mournful ravings, and will learn when the name of Lucy is mentioned. The mother saw the necessity of great exertion to bear up under her accumulated sorrows; for her children were left to her; she must watch over her husband. She did watch, but her health failed. What mattered it if her husband was restored to reason. The neighbors were constant in their attentions, and Mrs. Elliot herself soon regained her wonted strength. Estima, who was a constant visitor, saw that a settled dependency hung over the once happy home, and every endeavor to improve the hope and cheerfulness. But, while he undertook the task of comforter to the afflicted, it was difficult to say which stood most in need of consolation. He had long all his former gaiety, he sought no society save the family of his little girl; while not with them his own cottage found him its only inhabitant.

One evening when the last rays of the setting sun struggled through the lattice of the apartment where Estima sat, his eye wandered over the places where he had so lately seen little Lucy as merry and so happy a bird; tears ran down his cheek at the thought. He pondered upon the loneliness of his little brother, whose altered countenance and frequent sighs had made him mind the blossom that had faded and bloomed by his side; and, as he meditated, Henry glided through the half-open door, and stood before him. Seeing his friend in tears, the first question was—
"Are you crying for Lucy?"
Estima clasped the boy to his heart.
"Yes," he answered; "I am crying for Lucy, and for you, too. I don't like to see you look so pale and lonely."
"Lucy is likely to go, and she will be as good as come home to get her dress, or to me," replied Henry. "Why don't she come, Mr. Estima?"
"The good man could bear it no longer; she set the boy down from his knees, and, rising from his seat, he said, "She will come. I will fetch her to you, Henry," and, calling his only domestic, he bade her take to his chamber a chest containing an Indian dress complete and the prepare some corn-bread that he might have in the morning."
"When you can't fetch her, Albert says she is among the Indians. Will the Indians give her wholeheartedly and milk when they live?"
Estima could make no reply to these touching and simple questions, for the tears choked his utterance, and he left the room and went to his sleeping apartment, leaving little Henry at liberty to return home when he chose.

The chest was opened and every article examined by the friend of the afflicted girl orders to be called an early hour, and went to bed.

The first gray of the morning was scarcely visible when Estima went forth in the hoted habitations of the savages, with painted face and rifle on his shoulder, thoughtful of everything but the recovery of the child who had beguiled him of many a weary hour. Onward he went, his step and his heart's beating quickening, as he hoped that he should restore her to her family and friends.

But the quick step was mistaken for a stealthy tread, and the painted friend for the red fox, and the cry of "the Indian—the Indian is among us," arose from his retreat to the well-known faces of some of his kindred and neighbors led with rage, rushing towards him with bludgeons and axes and whatever weapons they could most conveniently lay hold of. However satisfactory the proof of the perfection of his disguise might have been, he could not but regret the necessity of doing this, for the object which he knew must follow could be once convince the villagers that he was not their foe.

The first movement, that of putting the muzzle of his rifle on the ground, testing both arms on the bed-end, and looking steadfastly at the first of his assailants, with a smile on his face, somewhat amused and disarmed them of their bad rage, for they could not kill even one of the Penobscots, who, with weapons in his hands, forbore to raise them in self-defense, and they paused and lowered their arms, which they had raised to strike the supposed savage to the earth; this gave him an opportunity to convince them of his identity, which he did by calling each by his name; his voice was recognized, his purpose made known, and after useless endeavors on the part of the relatives to make him desist from his dangerous undertaking, he resumed his way.

I shall not follow him through the numerous half-breed couples and other difficulties which he encountered. It is not sufficient that he did not succeed in his dangerous mission, and returned to destroy the hopes which the child's family had naturally entertained on his departure. Once returned, the first object of this disinterested being was to obviate the society of young Hen-

ry, in order to divert his attention as much as possible from the loss of Lucy. But here he undertook what he was not able to perform; the boy's attachment to his eldest brother had become so strong, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to remain at home without him for an hour at the time.

Months after month wore away, till a year and nearly another had gone, still no tidings of the lost one; hope was almost exhausted, when another shadow was thrown over the little peaceful settlement of Fryberg.

Albert and Henry had stirred one day to a certain degree nearly safe from the village. It was at the season when the corn was green, and Henry remained Albert, on a promise he had made to make him a cornstalk field, an instrument on which some of our New England boys produce notes that would rival those of Paganini's time-worn violin. Albert, ever ready to oblige Henry, selected two joints of the proper size of the green and highly-polished staves, and with a knife which he had for the purpose, split the delicate strings along the fibrous surface. Thus having got a bridge under them at that end, he brought a smile of joy to the lips of his young brother by his agreeable tones which he produced. Albert's eyes were radiant with joy to see this change in the face of Henry; but the smile of the latter soon gave way to an unusually deep look of sadness, as he said, "Lucy can't hear this; I will look it till she comes home, shall I?" Albert, touched by this new proof of affection, could not answer, but turned from his brother, and in his efforts to conceal his feelings, he drew the bow of his newly constructed instrument with so much force as to sever the strings, and a curse of fearful mingling burst from his lips upon the brutal savage who had destroyed the happiness of that innocent boy; at that moment a piercing shriek from his brother attracted his attention to see him pointing to some distant object as he fell to the earth.

Albert turned in the direction indicated by his brother, and beheld a savage coming with the speed of the wind, his tomahawk uplifted about to bury it in his own brain; he grasped his knife instinctively, and, holding it parallel with his arm, when the Indian was near enough he sprang forward, and, quickly turning it upward, as if to ward off the blow, presented the sharp edge of the knife, which, coming in contact with the wrist of the Indian, severed the tendons, released the tomahawk, which was afterwards found several yards from the spot, the blade-edge buried ten inches deep in the trunk of a tree; the savage grasped with his left hand at his own knife, but before he had time to draw it from his belt, another thrust from his antagonist had pierced his heart, and he dropped with a hideous yell at Albert's feet; who, having conquered his foe, turned to look for Henry. The brave boy, stupid with surprise, gazed on the spot where he had seen him fall; with the earth opened and received him, had the assassin slain him? or had he escaped? were questions which rapidly succeeded one another in the mind of Albert. He searched in vain—no sign of living thing was there—save a slight ruffling amid the corn. With the knife still advanced from the blood of the Indian in his hand, he advanced cautiously to the place, and found it was occasioned by a cow, which amidst all the struggle that had just taken place, was grazing upon the young and tender ears.

With a hope that Henry had escaped, after casting a glance at the related features of his fallen foe, he hurried towards his home, musing upon this sudden attack. When he had reached his dwelling, he found that he should be obliged to be contented with three sanguinary savages! Albert knew of none, yet he was firm in his belief that the abduction of his sister, as well as the late attempt on himself, was in retaliation for some injury inflicted by some one of his ancestors, or of his present family, for he well knew that the savages never forgot any act of cruelty or kindness shown to any of their kindred, and that these acts were handed down from generation to generation with their traditions, till opportunity offered to return the like; could he ascertain the offence he then might be more certain of the fate of Lucy. Many were the conjectures he formed concerning her, and as many were set to the winds as idle and speculative.

In this state of mind he reached the house, anxious, yet fearing to ask if Henry had returned; his doubts were soon set at rest at that point by the mother's answering what he came home alone; and his was the dreadful necessity of informing her that only one son remained to comfort her now.

The stern spread rapidly, for no one doubted, from the daring of the deed, that others of the savages were in the neighborhood, and in less than two hours nearly all the villagers who were capable of bearing arms assembled on the green. There were divided into squads, and went in search of the Indians. At dusk they returned, having discovered trails in various directions which indicated the number of the foe to be greater than was at first suspected.

That night, sentinels were posted at convenient distances, and a portion of the armed villagers camped on the green for the night, in readiness, if their services were required during the night.

But the morning came without an attack, and recruits were sent out to reconnoitre. News was brought about noon that the Indians, in great numbers, were encamped about two leagues from Fryberg; and from a prisoner who had escaped, they learned that the savages intended to set fire to the village that night.

When this intelligence was spread abroad, there was a certainty for all to look to; and, therefore, measures were adopted for a vigorous resistance. Before, it was hoped that they were not numerous enough to attempt the destruction of the place. The drum beat to call the people together, and one-half of them were furnished with proper arms. Scythes, axes, pitchforks, and everything that could be used on the occasion, were brought by the brave fellows; even the plough was broken, and the shares stripped the pieces of swords, to be wielded by the strong arm.

Among the last, though not the least, of those that came to Fryberg Corner, was the village parson. He was dressed in a suit of cloth which, in the days of his youth, had undoubtedly been black, but now it had grown gray in the old man's service. Around his waist was tucked a belt of raw hide, to which was attached a huge rusty sword, the bright edge of which showed evidently that it had already been at war with the grinds-floes. He was above the middle height, his figure well made, and as straight as an arrow. He was beloved by the flock, and when he came to the place where the ill-disciplined soldiers were assembled, every hat was raised, a path cleared, and the old man requested to address the people from the top of a hog-pen, put there for the purpose.

His address, which abounded in good sense, was followed by a short prayer most devoutly for the safety of the two children whose loss the brave people were going to atone. The old parson was a picture which all present seemed to contemplate with interest and amazement with reverence. His long silver hair was lightly touched by the summer breeze around his thin, pale features, while, with his mild blue eyes glistened in his eyes, he prayed that those who were to go forth to battle might go with God in their hearts, and pray for the little that had been heard were the words of truth; and, at the command of Lowell, who had been for many years

their general, they divided themselves into parties: each of which chose a leader. The young men separated from the aged, and, without a moment's hesitation, simultaneously elected Albert to lead them wherever he would. He would have declined the honor on account of his extreme youth, for most of his division were older than himself; but the generality of "none but Albert," compelled him to take the command, which he did with a bounding pride and confidence. The father then stepped forward, and thanked them for the honor they had conferred on him through his son. His words were, "that he looked upon him as the only child now left to him; that God guide and protect him; may he never shrink from the duty you have chosen him to!" Here he was interrupted by Foolish Joe, as he was commonly called, who advanced from behind a group, where he had observed the whole proceedings, and, stripping off his tow-dress, exclaimed, "He thinks! Why, with that same knife that slew the Indian, he killed the she-bear while her teeth was in his leg! He thinks! No! Who kill the wolf in her own hole? Albert and Albert never shrink from bear, panther, or wolf!" His comrades already knew what poor Joe had told them, and it was that which in all probability decided them so unanimously in the election of Albert. Lowell now proceeded to give instructions, after which the little army were dismissed till the next day.

From the green the soldiers diverged to their own homes to assist the women, who were seen driving to the church, filled with consternation and terror, where it was deemed prudent that they should remain with their most valuable property, to be guarded by the men during the night. They presented a sad picture: their dejected faces were more gloomy than the starless night, the moon closed around. In the evening the soldier-parson, in his military array, read a chapter from the Bible by the light of the burning pine knot; and, after exhorting them to bear up under their trials, he offered up a prayer for their temporal and spiritual welfare. Next followed a heart-rending scene of husbands embracing their wives, and children their parents, each fearing that they might never meet again. After this painful scene was over, the doors and windows of the church were barricaded, and the sentinels being posted for the night, most of the little army laid down upon the grass, close to the church, with their arms in their hands.

While the soldiers slept, the two captains were to be seen a little apart from their men, in earnest conversation; the younger was giving instructions from the elder for the anticipated attack. Captain Lowell was well acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare; and, after developing his plan, he impressed upon Albert the necessity of the greatest caution in dealing with the enemy, who were as cunning as they were courageous.

"Two arrows you had for the hour you could ram them upon the savage horde, and he begged Lowell to permit him to lead his followers in search of them; but the captain, stopping short, and grasping Albert firmly by the arm, replied, "Young man, you know not what you ask! Should you venture into yonder grove before the daylight dawns, not one of you would escape. I have fought the Mishawke, and lived with the Narragansetts—they are all treacherous. I tell you, Albert, be not rash; the Indians are two to one of us; they would lure you on till a sudden they would rise from the bushes on every side, and every soul of you would be butchered."

Albert had been among them after the church was closed, it would have made your eyes glisten to have heard the earnestness with which they wished for action—they cannot bear restraint!"

Before Albert had finished the last sentence, Lowell was lying with his ear close to the ground, where he remained for a few minutes, when he suddenly started to his feet, and grasped his rifle. Albert saw in this sudden evolution—acquainted as he was with such movements—enough to convince him that little time was to be lost, and, had not the captain held him by force, he would have rushed to his brave boys to have made them ready.

"Keep cool—keep cool!" repeated Lowell; "we shall have quiet on the outside when I cry near at hand. I know their come, but I have placed trusty fellows at those points at which I rightly supposed they would attack us. Now I tell you not to let one under your command move till the guns of the sentinels are heard—Yet, I would have them all awake and ready, and, when the signal is given, rise and meet the foe; therefore, go carefully to each man, and impress upon him the necessity of a strict observance of this order. I need not tell you that every gun that is not already loaded, must be, and each as were loaded over night should be reprimed." This our young soldier had previously impressed upon his followers.

Captain Lowell then took the hand of Albert and pressing it affectionately, said, "You are chosen by nearly half of my little force to be their leader. I trust you will prove yourself worthy of your father, by whose side I fought the Narragansetts. He was as brave as a lion, and the idol of his country." Here Lowell again applied his hand to the ground, and informed Albert that the last words, numerous, and not more than a half mile distant. Then, taking from his addressed leather belt one of his trusty pistols, he presented it to the young man, saying, "This was your grandfather's. Go, Albert; bear in mind by whose hand that grandfather died. Remember your brother and sister! and should I perish do not forget me!"

Albert stood for a moment struggling with emotion, then, placing the trusty pistol in his belt, he pressed the hand of his commander, and hastened to prepare the young volunteers for the momentarily expected attack. A deep silence succeeded the interview of the two officers, which was only broken by the click of the pans as the soldiers shut them on the fresh priming.

The winds were hushed, and the vast forests of majestic pines stood in a still silence, as if breathlessly expecting a fearful conflict. Presently a sound as if a breeze was lightly stirring the distant foliage, was heard approaching nearer and nearer, till those who were not aware from that proceeded, looked up, expecting to see the secret tree-tops waving to and fro; but the flash and report of muskets at the outpost, told that it was the savage horde that came almost with the speed of the wind upon the encampment, expecting to surprise the white-utering the war-whoop and the most fearful yell. But the whites, instead of being found sleeping and in confusion, were fully prepared for the encounter, and repulsed them with steady valor. It was about two o'clock when the attack commenced; the clouds that had spread such universal gloom over the camp in the early part of the night had now separated, leaving the light of the stars to fall on the scene of carnage. Although it was so far preferable to the whites as to show them more plainly, yet it discovered the painted savages, who before would have been invisible.

For a long time it seemed doubtful which should conquer. Albert and his enthusiastic followers fought bravely, they rushed impetuously on the foe, striving the ground with dead wherever they went. The brave boy, elated with the success of his little band, and seeing the chief of the Indians, spring forward with his comrades at his heels, and, with about a dozen others was surrounded. They soon discovered their predicament—Aware that no quarter would be given, were they disposed to ask it, they piled their weapons with almost desperate strength; but they must inevitably have been overpowered by the superior numbers of the savages, had not some of the strongest of the villagers come to the rescue, wielding their heavy plowshares with both hands, and falling three or four of the enemy at a time.

The savages, seeing the power of the assailants, began to give way, till at length the whole body retreated into the deep shadow of the lofty wood, where they had great advantage over the whites, whose pale faces showed them in the unerring aim of the Indian rifle or their gleaming tomahawks.

It was not the policy of the veteran Lowell to follow the retreating foe; but the sanguine spirits of Albert's band led the way, and there was no alternative but for the more prudent to assist them or see them perish.

The first was of course adopted, but the villagers soon found that they were fighting to a great disadvantage, and were about to propose withdrawing their suffering army, when Foolish Joe came with the fleetness of a deer, bearing a lighted torch, which he applied to the dry underbrush. The blaze spread like wild-fire, the flames shot up the tall pines, bathing the forest and the foe, the mountain and the sky, in one lurid glare.

Our brave fellows were once more inspired with hope, and some one of Albert's followers crying aloud the names Henry and Lucy ad enthusiastically, they were at once adopted as an universal watchword—a wild spirit of revenge awakened the latent energies of the assailants; the consequence of which was that the Indians were driven across a deep stream, where they could only maintain the fight with fire-arms and stones. By this time, day had begun to dawn, and many of the mortally and rifles had become so foul as to be rendered useless. Among those of the whites who retired from the scene of action, a little down the brook, to chase their fire-arms, was Albert. In descending the bank to the edge of the stream, he was accosted by the chief of the savages, who, in the coolest manner possible, bade him to "get your gun washed first, you shoot me—me get your wash first, I shoot you." Lists, indeed, was a case of life and death, and for his bid they work—the hour for one or both had come; the rifles were washed, loaded, and aimed simultaneously. But by the dispensation of Providence, Albert, was destined to be the victor. The ball from his rifle struck the guard of the chief's, mangled the hand, and entering the brain, he fell a lifeless corpse on the sand.

Albert again joined his men. The news of the death of the Penobscot leader, while it put new hopes into the hearts of the whites, filled the savages with doubt; yet they fought bravely, and the action might still have continued some hours, had not an honest and grateful friend of Albert's taken an axe from one of his dead comrades and felled a couple of trees across the stream, some way above where the conflict was in its full fury, by which means he enabled a division, headed by the zealous parson, to cross the rivulet, and attack the Indians in the rear, most of whom were slain; a few who took to flight were pursued about a mile from the brook, and cut down by the huge sword of the parson, before he could accomplish his purpose.

The good old man cut the thongs with which the prisoner was bound, and took him to Albert, and, presenting his young prize with one hand, and his sword with the other, he said, "Victory is ours, and I resign my commission." The young captain, unheeding the priest's sword, caught the deer by his ears, pressed him to his heart, while the tears of joy and gratitude rolled down his cheeks for the mercy of God in restoring to him his half-famished brother. Some of the young men bore Henry in their arms, while the rest of the living gathered up the dead, and returned triumphant to the church.

Shall I follow thee? No, I will not; and yet I have a lingering curiosity to look on the scene of wretchedness which met our eyes on the most triumphant victory. It had been said there is no shade without light; and the joy that beamed in the hearts of those, and the friends of those, that returned in safety, presented a brilliant contrast to the mourned and mourning beneath the roof of the village church. Yet that contrast was to be enhanced, and a mother's breast to heave, with emotion too strong to be controlled; even now her eyes were strained to see some one afar off. How eagerly she watched! She stanced amid an hundred, yet it was not one of them! Her stances, mind, feeling, life—all, all save her earthly frame, are centered in that form borne in the arms of him who approaches the church door; she tries in vain to move forward; at length the lost Lucy is clasped in the arms of her mother, who sighs in the agony of joy upon the floor. Albert, Henry, and Estima, are all here, with many others whose sympathies are intensely interested in the ray of sunlight among the clouds of sorrow.

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AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Related to the Author by one of the Penobscot tribe in the year 1848.

"THAT" Estima coming down the road," said an old man to his companion; "let's slip and see what he has to say upon the theft committed on old Smith's property." And the two seated themselves on the grassward to await till he came near.

"He seems unconsciously thoughtful for one that has nothing to trouble him. With plenty of money and no family, he is thought to be the merriest fellow in the village."

"Perhaps he has lost."

"Estima who had come within hearing distance, interrupted the speaker by saying indignantly—"Yes, I have lost, and that too, which cannot be replaced very easily."

"What is it? You are not bankrupt, I hope?"

"Not in purse, but in spirit; I have lost my merry little playmate, a child I loved with my father's love, and lost. Stolen by the Indians yesterday afternoon while gathering strawberries just at the back of her father's house."

"What! you don't mean that they have dared to take one of our children?—and one, too, so much beloved as she is by all the villagers?"

"Yes, the dear little innocent, whose sweet face has cheered me in my loneliness, was borne away by a party of the Penobscots to the 'knotted oak,' from which, with a number of others who went in pursuit, I arrived, just in time to see them take her to their dances and paddles down the swift current of the Bay. It was horrible to see the father when he beheld them reaching across the bay, the screams of the child. He stood upon the bank of the river with arms and eyes streaming 'after but I saw him now, with pained lips and pale face, as he fell forward into the stream."

"He was not drowned?"

"No; Simpson and Buckley sprang in after him; and brought him up where more dead than alive. After a time he was restored sufficiently to be brought home in a litter. But I must not stop here; it is my painful task to prepare the old and feeble father for his loss. It was horrible to see the father when he beheld them reaching across the bay, the screams of the child. He stood upon the bank of the river with arms and eyes streaming 'after but I saw him now, with pained lips and pale face, as he fell forward into the stream."

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show himself in the neighborhood. The Penobscot have broken their treaty, and the whites have nothing now to restrain them from taking their just revenge, not only for the child's abduction, but for every other depredation on our property which none but that tribe could have committed.

"What's that? what's that?" cried the good dame, starting from her chair.
"Her son grasped his gun."
"There it is again."
"Oh! that's only the growl of a wolf," said George, carelessly, as he dropped his market into the place, and the conversation was resumed; George's father regretted that there was an end to the few years peace which they had enjoyed with their savage neighbors; but Ripley was of opinion that while an Indian lived there was no safety, and his eyes glanced wildly, and his brow contracted, as he thought of the desperate battles in which he had fought against them.

Crucel as this judgment may appear, it was not the least true; but the former remembered that the white men were the first aggressors—that they were growing powerful, and that the Indians saw that sooner or later they would be driven from their hunting grounds or be subject to the stronger party.

As the elder passed round the table became elated; then drew, and then they went to bed, and the fear of the savage was soon forgotten in a deep sleep; but all save dame Jones; she, poor woman, had but little rest; the thought of the red man being in the vicinity was sufficient to keep her awake, and the howling wolf or the screeching owl started her to her feet several times during the night.

When the morning dawned the same awake, not a little surprised that their fears had not been realized. Thus passed night after night, till their fears, if not their wrongs, were entirely effaced from their minds.

But now let us return to Estima, who, after he had parted from the Jones' by the way-side, proceeded to perform his melancholy task. The wretched mother saw from a glance at his countenance that he had for her no hope of the recovery of her lost one, yet she dreamed not of the condition of her husband, who would soon be brought home in a state of partial derangement, Estima brought her the task. The deep despair of the mother, the other wretchedness of her two boys, Albert and Henry, made him regret that he had ever undertaken it, and he went on trying to console her with the hope that Lucy would soon be returned in safety, till, calling a glance through the window, he saw the latter approaching at a distance, and he ventured to say, "Your husband will be here soon, he has been here."

These words dimmed the countenance of Mrs. Elliot, but that light was quickly dispelled by the news that Estima had not the courage to inform her that Elliot was no longer seen; the knowledge of which she gathered from his mournful ravings, and will learn when the name of Lucy is mentioned. The mother saw the necessity of great exertion to bear up under her accumulated sorrows; for her children were left to her; she must watch over her husband. She did watch, but her health failed. What mattered it if her husband was restored to reason. The neighbors were constant in their attentions, and Mrs. Elliot herself soon regained her wonted strength. Estima, who was a constant visitor, saw that a settled dependency hung over the once happy home, and every endeavor to improve the hope and cheerfulness. But, while he undertook the task of comforter to the afflicted, it was difficult to say which stood most in need of consolation. He had long all his former gaiety, he sought no society save the family of his little girl; while not with them his own cottage found him its only inhabitant.

One evening when the last rays of the setting sun struggled through the lattice of the apartment where Estima sat, his eye wandered over the places where he had so lately seen little Lucy as merry and so happy a bird; tears ran down his cheek at the thought. He pondered upon the loneliness of his little brother, whose altered countenance and frequent sighs had made him mind the blossom that had faded and bloomed by his side; and, as he meditated, Henry glided through the half-open door, and stood before him. Seeing his friend in tears, the first question was—
"Are you crying for Lucy?"
Estima clasped the boy to his heart.
"Yes," he answered; "I am crying for Lucy, and for you, too. I don't like to see you look so pale and lonely."
"Lucy is likely to go, and she will be as good as come home to get her dress, or to me," replied Henry. "Why don't she come, Mr. Estima?"
"The good man could bear it no longer; she set the boy down from his knees, and, rising from his seat, he said, "She will come. I will fetch her to you, Henry," and, calling his only domestic, he bade her take to his chamber a chest containing an Indian dress complete and the prepare some corn-bread that he might have in the morning."
"When you can't fetch her, Albert says she is among the Indians. Will the Indians give her wholeheartedly and milk when they live?"
Estima could make no reply to these touching and simple questions, for the tears choked his utterance, and he left the room and went to his sleeping apartment, leaving little Henry at liberty to return home when he chose.

The chest was opened and every article examined by the friend of the afflicted girl orders to be called an early hour, and went to bed.

The first gray of the morning was scarcely visible when Estima went forth in the hoted habitations of the savages, with painted face and rifle on his shoulder, thoughtful of everything but the recovery of the child who had beguiled him of many a weary hour. Onward he went, his step and his heart's beating quickening, as he hoped that he should restore her to her family and friends.

But the quick step was mistaken for a stealthy tread, and the painted friend for the red fox, and the cry of "the Indian—the Indian is among us," arose from his retreat to the well-known faces of some of his kindred and neighbors led with rage, rushing towards him with bludgeons and axes and whatever weapons they could most conveniently lay hold of. However satisfactory the proof of the perfection of his disguise might have been, he could not but regret the necessity of doing this, for the object which he knew must follow could be once convince the villagers that he was not their foe.

The first movement, that of putting the muzzle of his rifle on the ground, testing both arms on the bed-end, and looking steadfastly at the first of his assailants, with a smile on his face, somewhat amused and disarmed them of their bad rage, for they could not kill even one of the Penobscots, who, with weapons in his hands, forbore to raise them in self-defense, and they paused and lowered their arms, which they had raised to strike the supposed savage to the earth; this gave him an opportunity to convince them of his identity, which he did by calling each by his name; his voice was recognized, his purpose made known, and after useless endeavors on the part of the relatives to make him desist from his dangerous undertaking, he resumed his way.

I shall not follow him through the numerous half-breed couples and other difficulties which he encountered. It is not sufficient that he did not succeed in his dangerous mission, and returned to destroy the hopes which the child's family had naturally entertained on his departure. Once returned, the first object of this disinterested being was to obviate the society of young Hen-

ry, in order to divert his attention as much as possible from the loss of Lucy. But here he undertook what he was not able to perform; the boy's attachment to his eldest brother had become so strong, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to remain at home without him for an hour at the time.

Months after month wore away, till a year and nearly another had gone, still no tidings of the lost one; hope was almost exhausted, when another shadow was thrown over the little peaceful settlement of Fryberg.

Albert and Henry had stirred one day to a certain degree nearly safe from the village. It was at the season when the corn was green, and Henry remained Albert, on a promise he had made to make him a cornstalk field, an instrument on which some of our New England boys produce notes that would rival those of Paganini's time-worn violin. Albert, ever ready to oblige Henry, selected two joints of the proper size of the green and highly-polished staves, and with a knife which he had for the purpose, split the delicate strings along the fibrous surface. Thus having got a bridge under them at that end, he brought a smile of joy to the lips of his young brother by his agreeable tones which he produced. Albert's eyes were radiant with joy to see this change in the face of Henry; but the smile of the latter soon gave way to an unusually deep look of sadness, as he said, "Lucy can't hear this; I will look it till she comes home, shall I?" Albert, touched by this new proof of affection, could not answer, but turned from his brother, and in his efforts to conceal his feelings, he drew the bow of his newly constructed instrument with so much force as to sever the strings, and a curse of fearful mingling burst from his lips upon the brutal savage who had destroyed the happiness of that innocent boy; at that moment a piercing shriek from his brother attracted his attention to see him pointing to some distant object as he fell to the earth.

Albert turned in the direction indicated by his brother, and beheld a savage coming with the speed of the wind, his tomahawk uplifted about to bury it in his own brain; he grasped his knife instinctively, and, holding it parallel with his arm, when the Indian was near enough he sprang forward, and, quickly turning it upward, as if to ward off the blow, presented the sharp edge of the knife, which, coming in contact with the wrist of the Indian, severed the tendons, released the tomahawk, which was afterwards found several yards from the spot, the blade-edge buried ten inches deep in the trunk of a tree; the savage grasped with his left hand at his own knife, but before he had time to draw it from his belt, another thrust from his antagonist had pierced his heart, and he dropped with a hideous yell at Albert's feet; who, having conquered his foe, turned to look for Henry. The brave boy, stupid with surprise, gazed on the spot where he had seen him fall; with the earth opened and received him, had the assassin slain him? or had he escaped? were questions which rapidly succeeded one another in the mind of Albert. He searched in vain—no sign of living thing was there—save a slight ruffling amid the corn. With the knife still advanced from the blood of the Indian in his hand, he advanced cautiously to the place, and found it was occasioned by a cow, which amidst all the struggle that had just taken place, was grazing upon the young and tender ears.

With a hope that Henry had escaped, after casting a glance at the related features of his fallen foe, he hurried towards his home, musing upon this sudden attack. When he had reached his dwelling, he found that he should be obliged to be contented with three sanguinary savages! Albert knew of none, yet he was firm in his belief that the abduction of his sister, as well as the late attempt on himself, was in retaliation for some injury inflicted by some one of his ancestors, or of his present family, for he well knew that the savages never forgot any act of cruelty or kindness shown to any of their kindred, and that these acts were handed down from generation to generation with their traditions, till opportunity offered to return the like; could he ascertain the offence he then might be more certain of the fate of Lucy. Many were the conjectures he formed concerning her, and as many were set to the winds as idle and speculative.

In this state of mind he reached the house, anxious, yet fearing to ask if Henry had returned; his doubts were soon set at rest at that point by the mother's answering what he came home alone; and his was the dreadful necessity of informing her that only one son remained to comfort her now.

The stern spread rapidly, for no one doubted, from the daring of the deed, that others of the savages were in the neighborhood, and in less than two hours nearly all the villagers who were capable of bearing arms assembled on the green. There were divided into squads, and went in search of the Indians. At dusk they returned, having discovered trails in various directions which indicated the number of the foe to be greater than was at first suspected.

That night, sentinels were posted at convenient distances, and a portion of the armed villagers camped on the green for the night, in readiness, if their services were required during the night.

But the morning came without