THE ERIE OBSERVER

B. F. [illegible]

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The Weekly Observer

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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

[illegible]

By mail, or at the office, in advance, [illegible]

[illegible] of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.

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[illegible]

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HENRY CADWELL, Importer, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, [illegible] Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa. [illegible] Springs and a general assortment of [illegible]

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W. H. KNOWLTON & SON, Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Piano Fortes, [illegible] Ware, Jewelry, [illegible] Articles, Keystone Buildings, four doors below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.

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[illegible] Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.

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[illegible] Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, [illegible]

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[illegible] Drafts, certificates of Deposit, [illegible]

Attorney at Law, Cleveland [illegible] in Atwater's Block [illegible] Law School, [illegible] fer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT, Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, [illegible]

[illegible] Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

J. ROSENZWEIG & Co. Wholesale and Retail dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, [illegible] ing Block, State street, Erie.

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A. H. HITCHCOCK, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors [illegible]

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KELSO & LOOMIS, General Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.

[illegible] General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware house east of the Public bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & CO. [illegible] Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

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[illegible] east corner of 8th and State streets, Erie.

D. S. CLARK, [illegible]

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[illegible] JACKSON.

BLACK, Brown Green and [illegible] Cloths at all prices for sale at [illegible] JACKSON.

GREEN, Black, Moraine [illegible] French Mareno, for sale [illegible]

BLACK, Blue, Plaid, Striped and other Fancy Cassimeres for [illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible] cheap at the store of [illegible]

ALAPACA [illegible]

[illegible]

Oct. [illegible]

Poetry and Miscellany.

[illegible] scholars at the interesting exhibition given by the Universalist Sunday School on Christmas and New Year's nights. They refer to the death of Miss Anny E. McDowell, one of the scholars, who died on the [illegible] day of last September. By publishing them in your [illegible]

THE DEPARTED SISTER.

[illegible]
With kind blue eyes and blooming cheeks,
And soft and silken hair;
Who ever came among us,
[illegible]
And joined her sweet young voice with ours—
[illegible]
Where is our sister gone?

O, Gentle was our sister,
And tender was her heart;
[illegible] could love her more than we!
Then why did she depart?
Our voices since she left us,
Have had a sadder tone,
[illegible] once more were here!—
Where is our sister gone?

[illegible]
[illegible] willows wave,
One morn in early Autumn time
They dug a little grave,
Not very long they made it,
Not wide; but O, how deep!
[illegible] must be
[illegible] to sleep.

But weeping voices told me
[illegible] should fade,
[illegible] grave.
Our sister would be laid.
That a fair and smiling angel,
Had come and closed her eyes,
And sent her spirit in a kiss,
[illegible] to the skies.

As I wept, a sad procession
Came moving slowly on;
[illegible] little grave,
They lowered a coffin down.
And men their heads uncovered,
While [illegible] a solemn prayer,
[illegible]
[illegible] the living spirit
[illegible]
Though she is hidden away,
Can never, never die!
For there's a bright world, father
Than ever bird hath flown,
[illegible]

THE FATHER AND SON.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

One night last Winter, while pursuing my way along one of the most obscure streets in Boston, I was aroused from the revery in which I was indulging, by hearing footsteps close by my side. Turning quickly, I beheld a young girl, apparently not more than twelve years old following as if she was anxious to speak to me; and when, I observed by the dim light of a neighboring lamp, that she was poorly clad, trembling, thin and pale, I asked her, in a tone of kindness, what she wanted.

"If you please, sir, [illegible]

[illegible]

I did so, and found myself in a humble apartment, [illegible] scanty furniture which I found to consist of a few chairs, [illegible]

The girl stepped along before me, and pointed to the [illegible]

"Come this way, sir, if you please," she whispered. [illegible] to approach the bedside of the sufferer [illegible] presence, [illegible] pallid cheeks, and [illegible] with weeping, caused to start through my eyelids.

[illegible] bent over the sick man, and laying her cheek close to his, while her arms encircled his neck whispered something in his ear. A moment, after, she [illegible] chair at the bedside, begged me to [illegible]

Seating myself in the chair she placed for me, I took the hand of the invalid, and gazed for the first time full upon his face. Although much emaciated, his features betrayed a spirit of pride in the midst of poverty, of resolution in adversity, and of the stern endurance, during his moments of agony, which dwelt within his breast. [illegible] to address him, when he cut me short by [illegible]

"You find me in a bad condition, sir," said he, with a [illegible] rather bitter. "I can't deny that I am actually crushed by sickness and misfortune; this you will readily believe, or I could never have stooped to ask assistance of any one, had I not been perfectly helpless. [illegible] the broken-hearted girl who conducted you hither."

I cannot describe my sensations on hearing those [illegible] finest order. It was owing to those peculiar circumstances [illegible] ing his eye.

"Who spoke? What voice is that?" demanded the invalid, [illegible] called her, [illegible] her body and divert her mind to [illegible]

Hetty had scarcely left the house, [illegible]

The sick man said that the [illegible] part of the house was not occupied, and requested me to see who was at the door.

Carrying the lamp in my hand, I proceeded down the stairs. I found a well dressed man at the door, who seemed surprised at seeing me in such a place.

"Does Mr. Farley reside here?" he asked.

"I don't know that he does," I replied.

"Well, then, is there no more than one family living in the house?"

"There is only one family, I believe."

"And you do not know whether the name of the family is Farley or not?" said the stranger with a smile.

I saw the drift of his remark, and replied that I was not acquainted in the house, never having been there before.

"The name of the family may be Farley," said I, "but I have not heard it. All I know is, there is an old man and his daughter, and he calls the girl Hetty."

"The same," said the stranger—"he is the man I would see."

Hoping he might bring relief to my new acquaintance, I readily conducted him up stairs, and into the apartment I had left.

On approaching the bedside, I found that Mr. Farley had fallen asleep during my absence from the room.

"Let me sit here," said the stranger, quietly seating himself at the foot of the bed, and shading his brow which I observed betrayed some emotion—"and do not tell the old man I am here. It is the girl I would see; and I will wait here until she returns."

Scarcely was the stranger seated, when, as I approached the bedside, the invalid awoke.

"You must know," said he, continuing the subject of his history in a manner which showed that his slumber had been light, "you must know that I have not always been in the condition of poverty you see me now in. I was once in excellent circumstances, and enjoyed a high standing in society."

"How did you become reduced?"

"By a series of misfortunes, of which I need not tell you. By degrees I lost, until I became quite fortuneless, quite friendless!"

"Is the girl who brought me here your only child?" I inquired.

"Ah, it is of that I would speak," sighed the sick man, pressing my hand—"I had another child—a son—"

"And is he dead?"

"No—but he is dead to me. I lost him through my pride—my worse than folly!"

"Where is he now?"

"Alas, I know not."

"Has he deserted you?"

"No—I drove him from my door. It was in my days of pride and affluence that I disowned him, and cast him off penniless. The old man pressed his feeble hand upon his breast, as if to still its throbbing, and closed his eyes with a suppressed groan. "I loved my son, he was my only son, and was proud of him, too; but even he could not change the firmness of my will—it is that which has estranged us."

"What was the cause?"

"Can you guess? Had you known Edward, you would have discovered that this—His generous soul, so unlike my own, was totally free from the family pride and prejudice to which I owe my ruin. He had no idea of the aristocracy of wealth; and when he found among the laboring classes a maiden whom he thought might make him happy, he cared not for her humble condition, but resolved to win her heart and hand."

"And you opposed him?"

"Firmly, bitterly, blindly opposed him!" exclaimed the old man. "He was a man; and I could not enforce my commands, but I threatened, little thinking my threats were in vain. I told him in a moment of calmness that the hour which saw him united to the poor girl [illegible] But his [illegible] it scorned the allurements of wealth. He believed that toil and poverty were honorable, [illegible] He trusted that he had found a priceless jewel in the person of the humble girl he loved, and so boldly, unhesitatingly, [illegible] her husband, although he knew I would disinherit him."

"[illegible] married her?"

"Yes—and from that time I have never seen him. He provided a house for himself and wife in Boston, and wrote me a letter. In that he begged me to excuse—he did not say forgive—his acting against my wishes, but said not a word—not a syllable about being received once more as my son and heir. He ended by inviting me to visit him in his new humble abode, and expressing a desire that we might live on friendly terms. I was too proud to visit him, and the letter [illegible] threshold again."

"And he continued to reside in Boston—in the same city with you, his father?"

"Yes, for a time; but he was poor, and could not bear, I presume, the sight of his old associates who ceased to know him when he was no longer able to live in style. He scorned them, it is true, but he hated the sight of them, and therefore removed from the city."

"And he never came to you, or wrote to you after-wards?" said I.

"Never. The last I heard of him he was in New-York, and in tolerable circumstances. O, what a triumph it would be to him could he see me thus reduced—shorn of my pride and wealth!

"You see I am now left alone in this unfriendly world, with the child who brought you hither. As my riches failed me, being swept away by misfortunes, my cold friends dropped off one by one; and now sickness has reduced me to the helpless, miserable condition in which you behold me. There is not an individual living who cares for me and mine! You have already shown some kindness to us—for which heaven reward you!—but you are the only one—only one."

The sick man turned his eyes upward, then closed them with a sigh.

At this moment I observed that the stranger, who at first appeared to take no interest in the old man's story, had at length drawn his chair closer to the bedside, as if to listen.

"My pride is humbled now," resumed the invalid, after a long pause. "I think I might be brought to ask relief of the very son I have disowned. O, God, how just has been my punishment; to think that he whom I cast off is now, very probably, able to laugh at my fall in the midst of his growing prosperity. But think you he would do it? Think you my Edward, who was once my joy and pride, would have the heart to triumph over me [illegible] approach the bedside. As the light fell [illegible] ing in his eye.

"Who spoke? What voice is that?" demanded the invalid, turning on his pillow.

[illegible]

God! that it should come [illegible] my father."

"Edward! my son Edward!" sobbed [illegible] my injured—my noble [illegible]

The old man's voice [illegible] feeble arms he drew [illegible]

I turned to dash away the tears that came unbidden to my eyes, dimming their sight; and when I looked again near a minute after, I beheld the father and son still locked in each other's arms. As I contemplated that silent, heartfelt embrace, I felt my eyes filling again with tears, and my bosom to heave with sympathy.

"O, my son," murmured the invalid at length, "what a good angel has brought you hither? I am no longer what I once was—but a humble miserable wretch. Adversity has taught me a deep and holy lesson, and it is now with joy and not with pain that I ask you to forgive me."

"Father! father!" interrupted the young man in a voice of agony, "speak not of that! Let us forgive and forget. Both of us may have been to fault, but the days of our estrangement are passed, now, and we are father and son once more."

"God bless you, my child!" murmured the old man, "God bless you!"

"I am come," resumed Edward, "to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you."

"The debt of gratitude!"

"Yes—for what does [illegible] owe to his father—especially to such a father as you were once to me? My mother was taken away when I was young, and Hetty but an infant; but you filled her place—you educated me—you did everything in your power to make me happy. Now I am come to repay the debt as freely. I have a dear and happy home in New York, to which I will remove you and Hetty, as soon as you are able to leave your bed. Till then, I will see that you are made comfortable here. I thank Heaven for putting it in my heart to come back to Boston and search you out."

The old man strove to reply to those words of kindness, but could not speak for sobbing. He wept like a child.

My situation during this interview was painful; it was a relief to hear footsteps ascending the stairs, and to see little Hetty enter a moment after.

Seeing two strangers in the room with her father, she started back surprised, for she was far from recognizing her brother. The old man saw her, and called her to his side.

Edward uttered not a word, but stood regarding her in silence.

"My child," said the old man, "do you remember your brother Edward?"

"O, yes," replied the girl, quickly, "I remember him—he was always so kind to me! Do you wish he was here now, father?"

"My child, he is here!" exclaimed the old man. "This is your brother Edward!"

The girl turned, and when she saw her brother regarding her tenderly, and kindly, [illegible] her, she flew to his bosom [illegible] about his neck.

At this moment, my friend, [illegible] gone for, having followed [illegible] at the door, and I hastened to conduct him up the stairs.

He gave the sick man encouragement of affording him immediate relief, and having prepared some medicines for his use, took his departure.

Thinking it best to leave the now united family alone, I shortly after arose to depart. The old man and his son thanked me warmly for the interest I had taken in their affairs, and the little girl, as she conducted me to the door and bade me good night, besought me with tears in her eyes, to visit them again.

That night I went home a better man than when I left a few hours before. What I had seen had a [illegible] effect upon my mind, teaching me [illegible] folly of family pride or the pride of wealth, [illegible] vine beauty and sweetness of forgiveness.

When I visited the house again, I found [illegible] door, and being admitted by [illegible] in the hall, dressed ready for [illegible]

The little creature flew to welcome me, and [illegible] wept for joy.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"O," said she, "father and I are going to New York with brother Edward. Father has got almost well, so that he can travel. We are going to live with brother, and we shall be so happy!"

At this moment Edward and his father came down stairs, being ready for a start. Although the old man was leaning on the arm of his son, when he saw me, he sprang forward to grasp my hand. Edward did the same, while Hetty stood by, laughing and weeping by turns, from joy.

I saw them depart; and once more I retraced my steps homeward, filled with admiration of the old man's proud, stern, but generous spirit, the candor, beauty, and single-heartedness of the child, but above all the young man's nobleness of soul and his spirit of christian benevolence and forgiveness.

LEGAL ABSURDITIES.—What can be more absurd than many of the forms of law in use in our Courts. Take, for instance, the wording of the Indictment in Prof. Webster's case. It contains four counts, the first of which alleges that the killing was effected by a stab with a knife, which the murderer held in his *right* hand, and with which he inflicted a stab on the *left* breast one inch in length and *three* inches in depth. The second says that the mortal wound was inflicted on the head with a hammer, which the slayer held in *both* hands. The third makes out that the manner of the murder was an immense number of blows and kicks, inflicted on the head, breast, belly, sides and other parts of the body, which struck the slain man to the floor, where he received many other blows, kicks, strokes, wounds, and bruises, so that he *instantly* died. And the fourth has this general form—with means, weapons and instruments unknown.

This indictment asserts at least three distinct lies, for Dr. Parkman could not have been killed more than once, while the indictment kill him four times. And by what evidence does it say, Professor Webster killed Dr. P. with a knife held in his *right* hand? How was it ascertained that he died *instantly* when it is still a matter of doubt if he be dead at all—and still more a doubt if Professor Webster killed him? Is it not a disgrace to the common sense of the age that such nonsense is tolerated in the statute book.—*New York Sun.*

LARD AND OIL MANUFACTURE.—We learn from the Cincinnati papers, that there are upwards of thirty large establishments in that city, employed in the manufacture of lard oil, which is accomplished by dividing the lard of one of its constituent parts—stearine. [illegible] these, whose operations are probably more extensive than any other in the United States, has heretofore used heretofore into lard oil and stearine 150,000 pounds monthly, all the year round, and the great increase of hogs for the present season, will [illegible] due oil, say about 21,000 barrels of 45 gallons each.

[illegible] with that of the olive.

[illegible] Territorial [illegible] New Mexico, Deseret, and probably Jacinto, without the "Wilmot Proviso." [illegible]

A shivering child and winter's night,
(The snow was deep, and cold the blast)
[illegible] ragged mother tight,
"Mother," exclaimed, "we're home at last!"
And as she spake, poor little one,
A tender hut she stood before,
Silence, ever since the morning sun,
[illegible] to her from door to door.
[illegible] at the [illegible]
All is so [illegible] cold within;
The adder here might lurk and hiss,
[illegible] poisonous web the spider spin.
But there's no fire to warm, no light,
And crevices are yawning wide,
Through which the storm, this freezing night,
May lay you stiffened side by side.
And yet this wayward child has been
By many a gorgeous house and past,
Where minstrel music cheer the scene,
Not envies—for she's a human heart,
[illegible] may the heart be trained below!
To love the cot wherein was cast
Its fare of poverty and wo,
Like her's who cried—"we're home at last!"

POST-MORTEM PEEPS AT THE WORLD;

BY A SEEKER OF POPULARITY.

I died on August 14th, 1830; and, if my reader will take the trouble to go to the parish-church of Wilmer, ask the sexton for the key, and having procured admission, walk up the right-hand side aisle, he will see on the wall, just over the very spot where I sat regularly every Sunday, a handsome white marble monument, representing a female figure in the attitude of weeping over an urn, with the following inscription:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BROWN,
OF BROWNLOW HALL,
Who departed this life
On the 14th of August, 1830,
The integrity of his conduct, and the amiability of his temper
Endeared him
To a wide circle of friends;
He has left an inconsolable widow,
And by her
This Monument is erected.

By the above, the reader will at once see the position I held in life, and my earnest endeavour was to become popular. I succeeded in effecting this to a great degree; but strangely enough, I was anxious to witness the popularity after the termination of my life [illegible] seen to see the tears that would [illegible] mingle with the [illegible] death! I wanted to watch my own weepers, not at my own [illegible] [illegible] never be divulged, suffice it to say that I attained [illegible] over the door. My own [illegible] deepest crape, and wore the deepest hems that ever were seen. The depth of her despondency was truly gratifying. Her cap was most conscientiously hideous, and [illegible] smelling-bottle, and [illegible] ing directions about my monument, and putting her [illegible] be (and is) represented, bending over [illegible] [illegible] Close to it I saw "Hits for ever!" printed in letters equally as large, and much [illegible] parliamentary [illegible] as my own. This was cheering; my constituents had not deserted my principles—more than that, I could not [illegible] The "Brown" [illegible] representative "for ever!" [illegible] my resting-place under the family pew in the church of Wilmer, quite satisfied that, at the expiration of ten years, I should take my second peep at equally gratifying, though rather softened evidences of my popularity.

Ten years! What a brief period to look back upon! What an age in perspective! How little do we dream that which is certain not to befall us for ten years! Yet how swiftly to all [illegible] will ten years show! [illegible] changes, too, will ten years bring to all! You schoolboy often, with his toys and his noise, will be the lover of twenty. The man now in the prime of life will in ten years see Time's snow mingling with his dark and glossy curls! And they who are now old—the kind, the cheerful-looking, as we say, so much younger than they really are,—what will ten years bring to them!

The ten years of my sepulchral slumber passed away, and the day arrived for my second and last peep at my disconsolate widow and wide circle of affectionate friends.

The monument already mentioned opened its ponderous and marble jaws, for the last time, and I invisibly glided to the gates of my old domain. The Doric lodge had been pulled down, and a new Gothic one (a thatch and [illegible] poles, little windows and [illegible] sort of cottage gone mad) had been erected in its stead. I entered, and could not find my way to my own house: the road had been turned; old trees had been felled, and new plantations made; ponds had been filled up, and lakes had been dug; my own little "Temple of [illegible] [illegible] god, had been erected in a conspicuous situation. [illegible] I thought [illegible] were playing cricket; they mourned me not—and [illegible] of that, a boy will skip in the four of his grandmother's funeral. On a dead wall I read "Brown's for ever." "For ever," thought I, "is a long time to talk about." [illegible] So entirely was the park changed that I did not arrive [illegible] at the [illegible] until the hour of dinner. [illegible]

[illegible] bered me in their calm and cheerful [illegible]

At the head of my widowed wi[illegible]

[illegible] ness, [illegible] stouter. [illegible]

[illegible] children?"

[illegible] pleasant [illegible]

[illegible] Come, my friends, the health of Mr. and Mrs. M[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Brown could not bear them to be [illegible]

[illegible] ces. "Do you [illegible]

[illegible] at the same time taking snuff from a gold bo[illegible]

[illegible] would be removed! In what period of comin[illegible]

[illegible] twice a day, slept in bed alone or with [illegible]

[illegible] poor man can do [illegible]

DURATION OF ETERNITY.—Various illustrations have been suggested to convey to the mind some conception of its duration. It has been said, [illegible]

It has been said, suppose that this vast globe upon which we tread were composed of [illegible] finest sand, and [illegible] end of every [illegible] would be gone. [illegible] morning [illegible]

[illegible] The insect [illegible] scope cannot discover [illegible] almost endless journey. After millions of years [illegible] would be removed! In what period of comin[illegible]

[illegible] the St. Mark's, at Newport. [illegible] the Wacissa river, as one of the natural curios[illegible]

[illegible] the canal proposed, and it will not only be unfailing [illegible] opinion that more [illegible]