

# THE HERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1851. VOLUME 22. NUMBER 4.

## Crie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.  
OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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**MURRAY WHALLON,**  
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Physician, Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one of a nature set. Curious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and dentures so as to leave the face of a perfect countenance. All work warranted.

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Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh Street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie, Pa.

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**FRESH** roasted coffee, a superior article, only four days from New York. My arrangements are made to receive an invoice twice per month. Customers will J. H. FULLERTON, Erie, Pa.—April.

## Select Poetry.

**LONG AGO.**  
There was a tree, an aged tree,  
That once I loved to climb,  
And through upon its branches there,  
To rock them all the time;  
To laugh and shout about of fears,  
And swing me to and fro—  
But ah! 'twas in my childhood years,  
That passed me long ago!  
I've led a merry troupe of boys,  
Through tangled woods and lanes,  
Too hoarse in our reckless noise,  
To heed the bramble pains,  
Who never cared for parents' fears,  
As hours the rest would wear;  
And we'd go to stay and moan,  
In childhood long ago!  
I often think the early days  
Were fairer days to me,  
That childhood days enchanted rays  
Which manhood cannot see.  
For care and years together come,  
In one unguessed flow,  
And aged voices all are dumb,  
That sobbed us long ago.  
So long ago, the distant past  
Is like a picture dim,  
But on the future side is fast  
A warm and sunny gleam—  
A gleam of sunshine ever bright,  
To show the path below,  
And wake anew the faithful light,  
That led us long ago.

## Choice Miscellany.

### THE UNTIMELY JEST.

MORDAUNT ORMSBY had been the acknowledged lover of Cecilia Davanant for some months, and their union was so desirable, and he was very great, so pecuniary matters were of no weight with them. One evening he accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which gave him some painful doubts as to their future happiness. They had just returned from a walk, and as they seated themselves on the piazza, near the window, where he was reading, Cecilia exclaimed in a half-petulant tone:  
"Really, Mordaunt, you have grown so stupid and dull lately, that you are absolutely tiresome; what is the matter with you?"  
"I am sorry, you even indulge such a wish as that," said he, gravely, "as you well know it is one which can never be gratified. I love to see you gay, but certainly never expect to possess such a frivolous spirit myself."  
"I declare I am absolutely afraid to talk to you," she once heard you called the night of the refusal countenance, and I really believe you deserve that title."  
This was touching Mordaunt in the tenderest point. His dread of ridicule rendered him tremblingly alive to such a remark.  
"Pray who was witty enough to bestow such an appellation upon me?" inquired he in a tone of pique.  
"There," said she, laughing, "didn't I tell you that you took everything too seriously; now you are vexed about that harmless jest?"  
"Will you be so kind as to inform me the name of the person?" asked he, in the same tone of vexation.  
"Oh, I forgot," answered the headstrong girl. "Not Willoughby, I believe."  
"I was about to start forward and repel the false accusation, when Mordaunt replied:  
"No, Cecilia, that I cannot credit; whoever it might be, I know it was not Edward. He has too much regard for me to wound my feelings by unmerited ridicule. It can easily be that woman's affections are governed by caprice, but with man's nature I am better acquainted. You may be amused by a senseless jest, even when I am the subject of it; but Edward Willoughby would never have ridiculed upon his friend."  
He spoke this in a tone of the deepest mortification, but she only laughed still more heartily! He rose hastily.  
"Cecilia," said he, "I am not just now in the humor for merriment. If you will trouble yourself to recollect that on the coming Sabbath I am to preach my first sermon, you will probably understand the reason of my gravity. Allow me also to remind you that you have in your possession a manuscript which I wish to make use of on that occasion. As you probably have been too much occupied to peruse it, will you be kind enough to return it to me?"  
"Oh, I cannot go for it now," said she, carelessly. "I suppose it will be time enough to-morrow. I don't say you know it by heart already."  
"I know somewhat too much by heart," muttered he. "I will send for it to-morrow. And before she could reply, he had her good-bay and departed.  
As soon as he was out of sight, Edward from my retreat.  
"For Heaven's sake, Cecilia," said I, "take care what you are doing. I have overheard all your conversation; and believe me, you are trifling with Mordaunt in a manner which you will repent."  
She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.  
"Why, really, sir, I thank you for your advice, but I have seen him in such a humor fifty times. He will come to-morrow, and beg pardon for his ill-humor. I will point a little while and then forgive him, and we shall be as good friends as ever."  
"I vainly remonstrated with her. The thoughtless girl had too often seen the power of her charms to doubt her. And I left her with a painful presentiment of evil upon my mind.  
The next day was Saturday, and Mordaunt, who was deeply impressed with the importance of the task he had undertaken, shot himself in his room, and begged I would not interrupt him."  
"I shall go to Mr. Wilson's this evening?" said I.  
"No," replied he hastily, "Cecilia's gaiety is too oppressive, sometimes. I have reflected upon the duty which I have to perform to-morrow and I am satisfied even for society. My feelings are not in unison with her light and cheerful spirit."  
In the evening I was admitted to his apartment and found him despatching a note to Cecilia, requesting the return of his manuscript. The messenger was delayed a long time, and finally returned without it, saying, "Miss Davanant was engaged with company, but would send the manuscript in the morning." Mordaunt bit his lip, and the flush of anger passed over his pale cheek, as he dismissed his servant.  
"Edward," he said, "I sometimes do not know what to think of Cecilia. She is so intractably volatile that frequently fancy we never can be happy together. Last week I gave her the sermon which I intended preaching to-morrow, with a request that she would read it and give her opinion of it. Perhaps I asked too much from a gay and giddy girl; but she might at least have tried to comply with my wishes. I have in vain endeavored to ob-

## THE UNTIMELY JEST.

tain possession of it since, and I dare not trust myself in the pulpit without it; for although I am perfectly familiar with every line, yet I know my self-possession will fail me, when I am compelled to address a large audience."  
I saw that Mordaunt's feelings were deeply wounded, and I in vain endeavored to soothe them. Though it was rather late, I went to Mr. Wilson's house in the hope of getting the manuscript, but Miss Davanant had retired to her apartment, and I returned unsuccessful.  
The next morning as soon as I thought Mordaunt would admit me, I sought his chamber. He was exceedingly pale, and I could easily discover that he was very much excited. About an hour before church service the manuscript arrived. Mordaunt opened it, and after reading the first few pages, said:  
"I have no time to overlook it now. I believe I must trust my memory."  
We went to church together. An unusually large audience was assembled; and seated in the front pew directly below the pulpit, was the gay and beautiful Cecilia. Mordaunt read the psalm in a sweet low voice, which like the air, rather fell than heard, seemed to pervade every part of the building. The prayer which followed was one of the most affecting appeals to heaven that ever issued from the lips of mortal. When it was finished he sat with his face bent down between his hands, as if to recover strength for the more important task which now awaited him. At length he rose. His voice was exceedingly tremulous, as he repeated the text he had chosen, but in a few minutes his self-possession seemed to return, and his manner, so firm, so dignified, and so impressive, gave new force to the truths which his eloquence had adorned. The attention of the audience was intently fixed upon the preacher, as he proceeded to explain the disputed points of his subject, and he was gradually approaching that part of the discourse which is usually designated the practical application, when he suddenly paused. A deep silence and almost breathless attention denoted the interest of his hearers. Still the pause was broken. I looked at Mordaunt—his face was crimsoned with emotion. He appeared highly torn over the leaves of his manuscript as if in search of some connecting link which had been wanting. His search seemed in vain. His brow grew almost black with suppressed anger. A slight effort began to be heard among the younger part of the audience. Mordaunt was still silent. At length a laugh was distinctly heard from the pew which Cecilia occupied. Mordaunt bent over the pulpit and for a moment fixed a stern and wild gaze upon her. He in vain endeavored to speak—words seemed to rattle in his throat, but he could not form an articulate sound. He sat down. The more serious part of the audience remained in mute amazement, while the laugh had become almost universal among the young people. After the lapse of several minutes Mordaunt again rose, and in a low and hurried voice, muttered something about the loss of a part of his sermon, and hastily apologizing to the audience, he abruptly left the church. The confusion which followed can scarcely be conceived. I made my way to Cecilia as soon as possible. Her immoderate mirth convulsed me that she knew more than any one else of the mystery. But I could get no information from her, and, disgusted at her heartlessness, I left her and hastened to Mordaunt. In vain I knocked at his door and implored to be admitted. He refused to allow me to see him. I could hear him pacing his apartment with steps which betrayed his agitation. But it was not until some hours had passed that I was allowed entrance. His face was dreadfully pale, his eye blood-shot, and his whole appearance was that of a man just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. The mystery was soon explained. In the anticipation of a frolic, Cecilia had cut out a leaf of the sermon. Taken by surprise, Mordaunt entirely lost his self-possession. In vain he sought to regain the thread of his discourse. Overwhelmed by mortification and anguish, (for he well knew that it could be ascribed to no hand but Cecilia's) he was unable to frame a connecting link for his ideas, and the consequence was utter humiliation.  
After a long agitating conversation between us, he rose to see Cecilia.  
"I am sorry," said she, "but remember I must see her alone."  
When we arrived at the house, I took a seat on the piazza with Mary, while he, having requested a private interview with Miss Davanant, retired to the drawing-room.  
"What passed during the time they remained together I never heard. Mary and myself were completely engrossed in the discussion of the painful circumstances in which a thoughtless jest had placed both. I remarked with some surprise that Mary seemed much agitated, and spoke of her cousin with a degree of severity very foreign to her usual sweetness and gentleness. For a moment I suspected that Mordaunt might have found a more congenial spirit in her, crossed my mind, but the recollection of her uniform tranquility during the progress of his love affair with Cecilia, entirely destroyed the probability of it.  
In a few minutes we heard a confused murmur from the room. The low and tremulous tones of Mordaunt's voice were distinctly heard, followed by the accents of depression and entreaty from the lips of Cecilia. By degrees the voices were raised. We heard Mordaunt utter the following words:  
"I have loved you as few men can love, as few women deserve to be loved; but in proportion to the strength of my affection is now my hatred. I know that Christian charity would condemn me for this, but I cannot help it. You have humbled me to the very dust, trampled upon my feelings, ruined my prospects, and crushed my spirit beneath a weight of humiliation which can never be shaken off, and at this moment the poisoned arrow is low in my heart, and I see the rain and coldness being who could sacrifice her best affections to a senseless jest. Farewell!"  
In an instant he issued from the room, and hastening down the steps of the piazza, scarcely allowed me time to overtake him before he arrived at his own apartment. The next morning a note was handed me from Mordaunt, stating that he had left the country forever. I hastened to his lodgings, but he had left them at day-break, taking with him all his baggage, and none knew his destination. What were the feelings of Cecilia at this untimely event, I never knew. She loved Mordaunt as well as such a gossamer spirit could love, but she probably soon forgot her loss and her folly. She immediately left Princeton, and a few months afterward I heard of her marriage to a southern planter.  
Five years passed away, during which time, being deeply engaged in professional duties, I heard nothing of my early friends. One afternoon, conversing with a gentleman from England, the discourse turned upon the popular preachers of the day. He mentioned one who had for some years, he said, attracted the largest audience in London.  
"One of our own countrymen, too, educated, I believe, at Princeton," he added.  
Feeling a vague sort of interest in his account, I asked the name of the popular preacher.  
"His name is Ormsby."  
Scarcely believing my own ears, I eagerly questioned him concerning his private history, and was told that he had taken up his abode in London about the year since, had soon become very popular, had accepted a valuable gift of a nobleman who was very much attached to him, and through whose means he had risen to the highest dignities of the Church; that he had been married about six years to an American lady whom he had met with in London, and finally, that he was living in great splendor, as much beloved for his virtues as honored for his talents.  
As I was on the point of visiting England myself, I obtained Ormsby's address, and my first visit after I arrived in London was to him. He received me with the warm affection, and introduced me with a smile to his wife, the identical Mary Wilson, who with her father, was traveling in search of that health which a hopeless love for Mordaunt had destroyed. He had by that time learned more of human nature, and he could not long remain blind to Mary's partial regard. He offered his hand, and never had cause for one moment to repent his generosity. Though not warmly attached to her when he married, her sweetness of temper and tenderness had won his most devoted affections, and they were now completely happy. I ventured to ask about Cecilia. He smiled sadly.  
"She is a widow, the mother of two destitute children," said he. "Her husband squandered away her fortune, treated her with the utmost harshness, and finally died of intemperance, leaving her without a friend or a shilling in the world. She is now an inmate of my house. Mary sent for her as soon as she heard of her misfortunes, and for the last two years she and her children have been members of my family."  
The next day I dined with him and saw Cecilia. Her sunken eyes and pallid cheek told a melancholy tale. Her spirits were entirely gone, and when I contrasted the blooming appearance of the happy Mary with the faded countenance of her once brilliant cousin, I could not but feel that Cecilia had paid dearly for an utterly false.

## THE UNTIMELY JEST.

Easy Virtue, or Rich and Poor.  
The author of a new English book, called Social Station, which is strongly democratic in its tone, speaks in this wise:  
"It is very easy for you, O respectable citizen, seated in your easy chair, with your feet on the fender, to hold forth on the misconduct of the people; very easy for you to censure their extravagant and vicious habits; very easy for you to be a pattern of frugality, of rectitude, of sobriety. What else should you be? Here you are surrounded by comforts, possessing multiplied sources of lawful happiness, with a reputation to maintain, an ambition to fulfill, and a prospect of a competency for your old age. A shame indeed would it be with these advantages if you were not well regulated in your behavior. You have a cheerful home, are warmly and cleanly clad, and fare, if not sumptuously every day, at any rate abundantly. For your hours of relaxation there are amusements. A newspaper arrives regularly to satisfy your curiosity; if your tastes are literary, books may be had in plenty; and there is a place, if you like music, you can afford to entertain your friends, and are entertained in return. There are lectures and concerts, and exhibitions, accessible if you are inclined to them. You may have a holiday when you choose to take one, and can spare money for an annual trip to the seaside.  
"And enjoying all these privileges, you take credit to yourself for being a well conducted man! Small praise to you for it! If you do not contract dissipated habits, where is the merit! You have few incentives to do so, it is no honor to you that you do not spend your evenings in sensual gratification; you have pleasure enough without. But what would you do if placed in the position of the laborer? How would those virtues of yours stand the wear and tear of poverty? Where would your prodigalities and self-denial be if you were deprived of all the hopes which now stimulate you; if you had no better prospects than that of the Derwentshire farm steved, with 7s. a week, or that of the perpetually straitened stocking-weaver, or that of the mill hand with his periodical suspensions of work? Let us see you tied to an arduous employment from dawn to dusk; fed on meagre food, and scarcely enough of that; married to a factory girl, ignorant of domestic management; deprived of the enjoyments which education opens up, with no place of recreation but the pot-house, and then let us see whether you would be steady as you are. Suppose your earnings had not to be made, not as now, out of surplus income but as every day at present find it. Conceive yourself one of a despised class, contemptuously termed the great unwashed; stigmatized as brutish, stupid, vicious; suspected of harboring wicked designs; excluded from the dignity of citizenship; and then say whether the desire to be respectable would be as practically operative on you as now. Lately, imagine that seeing your capacities were not ordinary, your education next to nothing, and your competitors innumerable, you despaired of ever attaining to a higher station; and then think whether the incentives to perseverance and forethought would be as strong to your existing ones. Realize these circumstances. O comfortable citizen, and then answer whether the reckless, disorderly habits of the people are inexorable."  
There is a story—and which I believe is the fact—of two boys going to a jockey's nest from a hole under the belly window of the tower of the All Saints' Church, Derby, England. As it was impossible to reach that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window, while the heavier boy secured his balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and finding in it five fledged young birds, announced it to his companion.  
"Five, are there?" replied he; then I'll have three.  
"Nay," exclaimed the other indignantly, "I ran all the danger, and I'll have three."  
"Yes, shall not," still maintained the boy inside; "you shall not. Promise me three, or I'll drop you."  
"Drop me, if you please," replied the little fellow; "I'll promise you no more than two," upon which his feet slipped off the plank.  
Up flung the end, and down went the boy upward of a hundred feet from the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by the legs, three in one hand and two in the other; and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a carter's frock secured around the neck, which falling from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground, when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion:—"Now you shall have none!" and the away sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.—American Beacon.

## THE UNTIMELY JEST.

A Word to Little Girls.  
Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy who needs it, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty, who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless, smile on the sad and dejected, sympathize with those in trouble. Be sure everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

## ADVICE TO MEN WHO WORK.

There is no good reason why a man who works for his living should not occupy the most elevated social position. There is no reason why a respectable man should not be respected, or why an honorable man should not be honored; and if any man in this country is looked down upon and despised, it is his own fault as well as his misfortune.  
The richest man in New York gets only his beard and clothing for taking care of his property. A man who works for a dollar a day may eat as wholesome food, wear as comfortable clothes, and sleep in as clean a bed. The same sun and stars shine for both, the same breezes blow, the same water dunes in the light, the same flowers shed their perfume. Nature is kind to all her children.  
But if a man voluntarily makes himself a blackguard, an outcast, a filthy wretch, he cannot expect to be treated as if he were a gentleman. Men get their deserts; and it is well to understand this, and stop complaining uselessly and unjustly. It does no good, but much harm.  
The first requisite for a gentleman is intelligence, and this is in the reach of every man who has the common sense of brains. There is no man, I care not how hard his labor, who cannot spend one hour every day, and generally one day in every week, in study.—And this in a few years will furnish any man with a vast store of intelligence.  
But this is not enough. For a learned man may be wholly unfit for society. Attention to personal decency, manners, and morals, are necessary to respectability. No man can respect himself who neglects these, and self-respect is the basis of respectability.  
I must be plain. No person of any refinement can endure a man who is uncleanly in his person and habits. Let no man talk about respectability who does not keep his whole person sweet and clean. A sensitive lady smells a foul man as soon as he enters a room, or gets into an omnibus, or even passes her in the street, and she turns her nose away from him in disgust. I know that there are men who wear fine broadcloths, and women who flaunt in satins, who are disgusting savages in their uncleanliness; but such persons cannot be respected by others, and must have a contempt for themselves.  
The temperance societies have done much to reform habits of drunkenness; but they have left untouched a vice almost as injurious, and quite as disgusting. Men satisfy their senses, destroy their health, and make themselves loathsome, by the use of tobacco. It is an accursed habit—nauseating, filthy, spendthrift, and in every way unworthy, not to say ungentlemanly. It was first learned of savages—it is still only worthy of them. It is a habit every parent should guard his children against, and every man should avoid or abandon. No man should dare to pollute the air breathed by refined ladies with the odors of the poisonous and filthy weed. There are many who cannot endure it, and who will not tolerate the company of those who use it.  
What it costs any man for tobacco, who uses it, is sufficient, if added to the present cost of his clothing, to dress him with elegance. Ah! how cheap and simple is this elegance! A few more shillings a yard for cloth, the work of a tasterful tailor, a decent regard for the prevailing mode, and a certain neatness and simplicity, is all! Elegance is never gaudy, never ultra, never out of fashion nor in the extreme of fashion. It allows of the ornaments, and so studied display. The difference of a single dollar in an article of dress may make the whole distinction between elegance and vulgarity. A single tawdry ornament may spoil the effect of the best tailor's workmanship. The slightest eccentricity of cut betrays the laborer's rowdy.  
And manners—where is the working man to learn them? He may be clean; he may be dressed with propriety; he may have a certain degree of intelligence; but manners make the man, and he must have manners. Well, how does any body learn manners? It is easy to speak plain English and avoid slang. It is easy not to swear or use vulgar expressions. It is easy not to pick teeth with a fork, or laugh and talk loud and boisterously, or spit, or do anything vulgar, offensive, or ridiculous. What a man must do then is to avoid all unseemly things. Manners are, in a great degree, negative. They consist in not doing what is offensive. "Cause to do evil—learn to do well." Break off all bad habits, cultivate good ones.  
Why is it that the manners of working men are, to such a degree, coarse, offensive, and even brutal? Why should they deliberately uncivilize themselves? They wish to be respected—they have the capacity and the desire for social enjoyment—they might cultivate the graces and amenities of life; but they prefer a brutality which probably conduces to immorality, forgetting that the noblest and bravest spirits the world ever saw were kind and gentle and delicate in their deportment.  
Benevolence or kindness is the foundation of good manners. Politeness is being kind gracefully. A well meaning, thoughtful person can seldom go amiss. Try to be of service to every one, and to injure the feelings of no one; to be just and kind to all; and you have the essence of the most courtly breeding.  
As to the mode of entering a room, and making a bow, you cannot wait for models. These things are easily learned by imitating others. The only rule is to avoid display—to do what is quiet, plain, simple, and unassuming; and to attempt display, which is always ridiculous. If you have doubts at any time as to what you should do, you are only to observe how those who are esteemed well bred, and to follow their example.  
All these things are very easy—much easier than learning a trade. It is easy to sit with a fan instead of a knife to drink from a cup instead of a saucer; to precede a lady up and down the stairs; to pick up a fan or handkerchief; to apologize again when you make a blunder, and to beg pardon when you offend.  
Manners are easy to learn, to every one who wishes to be agreeable. A pure life and unspotted honor may belong to the laborer, as well as to the prince. The cultivation of the intellect is every man's right and duty. As long as working men are vulgar, ignorant, coarse, unclean, and brutal, they will be despised and oppressed. Just as soon as they show that they respect themselves, they and their rights will be respected.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

A New's Wisn.—Southey, in his "Osmia" relates the following:—when I was first in Lisbon, a man made her acquaintance from a nursery. The first thing which she requested when she reached the house where she was to be accorated, was a looking glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face.

"Ma," said Withelmias, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."  
"Why, my dear?" said the astonished man.  
"Because he slept with his fathers; and I think that if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."  
"A woman was giving evidence in a case where she was asked by the lawyer—  
"Was the young woman virtuous previous to this affair?"  
"Yes, was she?"  
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