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Eric Weekly Observer.

Poetry and Miscellany.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.
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THE WORLD AS IT IS.

The world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it;
For if we so will and feel all day,
From dawn till dusk till even,
This world will be our friend to man,
A far more kind of heaven.
This world's in truth as good a world
As ever was known to yet—
Who have not been another yet—
And these are very many;
And if the men and women too
Have plenty of employment,
There surely must be hard to please
Who cannot find employment.
This world is quite a clever world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
Nor seek to hurt the kindly bond
By love and peace cemented,
And learn the best of lessons yet,
To always be contented.
Then were the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant things were in it,
This day would pass most pleasantly
To those who thus began it;
And all the needless grievances
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A series of empty bubbles.

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TO-MORROW.

Did you but know what lies beyond
This strange, mysterious path we tread,
How would our souls depend,
Our eyes the light of sorrow shed!
But God, who knows what lies best to do,
Who sees from his starry throne;
He wisely hid from our view
That which his best remaineth.
We walk to-day a hazardous path,
And find the way of hope on high,
But all to-morrow from our side
Some cruel way may carry us die;
Some flower that was our morning pride,
Some star that shone in our eyes,
May fall, and die the evening ray,
May trampled be, and laid in dust.
Youth dreams of many beaming things
As in his life of pleasure's track;
Each day some new-borne promise brings,
He trusts an eye of sorrow bring,
His eyes on some dear star are set,
Life is to him a sunny shore,
He'll learn it has its shadows yet,
To-morrow in its secret shade
He'll know what lies for us;
I may be with my fatherland,
Or struck on some distant shore,
But far beyond life's boundary lives
The everlasting day bright,
And He alone who takes or gives
Can guide my wandering steps aright.
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CODICIL.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Table of the Early Settlement of New England.

BY M. P. WILLIAMS.

[CONTINUED.]

On the following day, old Meg's cottage, which had always been opened as a cheerful resting place to the weary traveler, was turned to a house of mourning; Jack Brewer had left upon the previous evening with light heart, and embarked on board of his little craft. Notwithstanding a torrid day was blowing at the time, Jack, after taking his customary survey of the heavens, concluded it had reached its height, and ventured into the offing. But...

changed the conversation, and addressing his valet in an under tone, said: "Did you observe what a beautiful child that was?" "I did sir, and heavens the cold hag must have stolen it, for such a lovely creature could never have been raised in a miserable hovel like this." "How closely she guards it, too!" continued the merchant, earnestly. "I observed," replied the valet. "Perhaps it would be well to question her upon the subject; the offer of money may tempt her to disclose it." The speaker had barely ceased, when Meg entered the room, with little Flora tugging at her side. The strangers had by this time finished their repast, and set back leisurely picking their teeth. "Good dame," said the merchant, looking old Meg squarely in the face, "you seem in trouble this morning; may I be so bold as to inquire the cause, and as my means are ample, perhaps I can render you assistance?" Meg looked at him scrutinizingly; his countenance seemed to fall by her reluctance to be capable of deception, and she reflected upon the probability of his being a special messenger, sent by Providence in that particular line of merit. Her first impulse was to withhold him the whole affair, and strike his side; but she was a royalist, and all private she regarded as inhuman; tyrant—how could she hope for relief from such a source? Alas! she said, "Yes, and alas, I am in trouble, but I fear you can be of no assistance to me. My sad story would be of little interest to you." And her eyes wandered toward little Flora.

CHAPTER VIII.

And ever gentle victim—whose most fearful fate darkens earth and heaven—what that now art, I know not, but if it is what I am, I think thou wouldst forgive me when I say I may overcome—may be our soul's friend.

Let us leave the winking docks of Liverpool, and after bidding our way through the dark, bustling streets, we may witness a scene of elegance and instruction in the magnificent Park, we have before us a moving flood of health and beauty of the great mart. Here the retired merchant rolls along with the splendid equipage; gaily dressed ladies fly by, like gaudy butterflies sipping nectar from the surrounding flowers; fashionable youth and maid are out in quest of pleasure. No signs of poverty or want are visible here! The princely residence, the snow-white walls, the velvet lawns, the luxuriant shrubbery, the sparkling fountains, are all that met our gaze, save the gray thorn that passes before us like a beautiful panorama of fashionable life. If all these are only the fruits gathered from the dingy streets and muddy docks which we have just left. These are the true sources of wealth—these only the outlets!

CHAPTER IX.

With us enter a spacious mansion, the entire front of which is composed of pure white marble. Thread (glide) the foot fall gently upon the soft, rich tapestry, which covers the floor before you! Although gorgeous vestiture decks the room, yet it is the chamber of death. Not a sound disturbs the awful stillness, save the low, soft breathing of the dying man, and the soft sough that gently rustles the golden tresses and heavy drapery, as it steals in by the open window, richly freighted with the odors of the full-blown garden. All are wrapped in moody silence, and every countenance betokens the deepest anxiety. For some hours the invalid had been in distress; his eyes rolled fearfully, and his whole frame trembled, as if startled by some frightful specter. But for the last few moments he had laid in quiet, covered with a damp sweat, and the physician was washing the forehead of the patient with cold water. At length he softly approached the bedside; for an instant he held his ear near the lips of his patient to ascertain if vitality still remained, and then gently pressed his pulse. The feeble man opened his eyes, and glanced wildly around the room as if seeking some object which had been occupying his thoughts—then, starting tremulously, he ejaculated in a hoarse, broken whisper— "She is not here!"

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Ol' Ball's New Colony in Pennsylvania.

A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer gives a very interesting description of a visit to the new colony of Ol' Ball in Lancaster, Pa. The site of the settlement is in the wooded, rich and heavily timbered lands in the Southern part of the County. A large clearing had slowly been made, and a hotel commenced by the former proprietors of the site, but for what reason it was abandoned is not stated. Ol' Ball's purchase consists of between 100,000 and 200,000 acres of land, situated about midway between the New York and Erie Railroads, the North, and the contemplated route of the Susquehanna and Erie Railroad to the South. By the opening of these great lines of intercourse, it is in a most easy access to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The writer says: "It is his intention to have this tract of country surveyed and laid out in small farms, which will be disposed of to the purchasers at prices which shall cover cost, making the terms of payment so easy that each one can become an independent landholder in his own right. That each town shall have its church where they can worship, according to the dictates of their consciences, and each district its school-house, where the children can be taught the English language and receive a suitable education, to enable them to become intelligent and useful citizens. Before leaving New York, Mr. Ball arranged with a number of his countrymen, among whom were carpenters, joiners, masons, and other artisans, to follow him, and to erect at a place called Augusta, this being the point at which he proposed to commence his colony. At the invitation of Mr. Ball I joined his party, and accompanied him to the above named place, some fifteen miles distant, where he expected to meet his Norwegian friends. Augusta is situated about the center of a tract containing nearly twenty thousand acres of goodly rolling table land, heavily timbered with hard wood. "The morning had arrived before an and supposing that this was the end of their journey, had prepared to pitch their tent, and had saved their flag, which they had made before leaving New York. It was a beautiful day. The crew of Norway in the center, surrounded by the Blue and Red Stripes of the United States. As soon as Ol' Ball approached in sight, his immigrants commenced the most enthusiastic cheering, which we answered by waving up our own flags, waving our handkerchiefs and singing our own songs. Ol' Ball could not wait for the slow motion of the horses, but leaped from the wagon and ran to embrace them. Such enthusiasm and manifestations of delight are seldom witnessed. After the first greetings were over, Mr. Ball addressed them, saying that after many months in examining different sections of the United States he had at length found a piece where his loved Norwegians could have a home, where the climate was as beautiful as their own Norway, the soil capable of supplying all their wants, and where they could enjoy perfect liberty, protected by wise and wholesome laws, which would guarantee to them every right and privilege so long as they remained good citizens. With tears in their eyes they answered him with shouts and embraces. "After the transports of joy had in a measure subsided, we partook of a hearty repast of cold meat and bread, and afterwards the horses again to the wagon, started for the place selected by Ol' Ball for the commencement of operations, which we reached about seven o'clock that evening. Early on the morning of the 6th, the carpenters commenced working on the new hotel—lots were selected on which to build a blacksmith's shop, barn, store-house, &c., &c., and Ol' Ball was busy with his engineer, taking a survey of the whole country for several miles around the settlement. About ten o'clock wagon loads with stores, provisions, &c., arrived from Conspicuity; which Mr. Ball had engaged to follow the immigrants, also, a party of working men, and a fine lot of stock, which had been sent from Lancaster and taken care of. After dinner, Ol' Ball selected a site for a house for himself, and also sites for some twenty-five other houses, which he set up immediately, by accommodating his Norwegian emigrants as fast as they arrived. Following the creek down about a mile we found a island containing about twenty-five acres of excellent land. This Mr. Ball instantly selected for the garden; where necessary for every kind of fruit trees, suitable to the climate, will be commenced, and the raising of seed will be carried on in a skillful and scientific manner. "While Mr. Ball was engaged in this way, some of us

Fanny Fern on Matrimony.

Should I like to make a bargain of all the "Hints to young ladies." "Married woman's friend," &c., and throw in the authors after them. I have a little neighbor who believes all they tell her is gospel truth, and lives up to it. The minute she sees her husband coming up street, she makes for the door, as if she had an immortal minute to live, stands in the entry with her teeth chattering in her head and her hands all her coat and mufflers, and over above, and what do call—muffs off, then chases round like a cat-in-a-hat, after the husband; warms his slippers, and puts 'em on, and disobeys her wrist carving at the table for fear it will slip. Poor little innocent fool! she imagines that's the way to preserve his affections. Preserve a fidelity! The consequence is, he's sick of the sight of her; sends her when she asks him a question, and after he has eaten her good dinners takes himself off as soon as possible, leaving in mind the old proverb "that too much of a good thing is good for nothing." "Now the truth is just this, and I wish all women on earth had but one ear in common, so that I could put this little bit of gospel into it—Just so long as a man isn't quite so sure as he's sure certain whether another on earth could ever disturb your affection for him, be his your heart's servant, or his the very second he finds out (as I think he does) that he has possession of every inch of your heart, and no neutral territory—he will turn on his heel, and march off whistling Yankee Doodle! "Now if you use to take your pocket handkerchief and go sailing round the house with a pink nose and red eyes; not a bit of it! If you have made the interesting discovery that you were married (I'm not of upper-pretent, or lower-pretent, just fill that place and no other, keep your temper, keep all things straight, and buttons and straps on, and then keep him at a distance as a housekeeper should—them's my sentiments! I have seen one or two men in a way who could bear to be loved (by a woman with a soul) without being spoiled (by a woman with a soul) or converted into a tyrant—but they are rare birds and should be caught, stuffed and sent to Barnum. Now, as the ministers say, "I'll close with an interesting incident that came under my observation." "Mr. Fern came some day when I had such a crushing headache that I couldn't have told whether I was married or single, and threw an old coat into my lap to mend. Well, I tied a wet handkerchief on my forehead, "left all flying," and set down to it—he might as well asked me to make him a new one; however I liked the letters, mended 'em the button holes, and sewed on new buttons down the front, and all over the coat tails—when finally it occurred to me (I believe it was a suggestion of Satan, that the pocket might not mend; so I turned it inside out, and what do you think I found? A love-letter from him to my dressmaker! I dropped the coat, I dropped the work-basket, I dropped the buttons, I dropped the baby, it was a female and I thought it just as well to put her out of existence; and then I hopped up into a chair front of the looking glass, and remarked to the young woman I saw there, "Fanny Fern, if you—ask—ever—again—be—conspicuous—root—again"—and I sprang!"—Olive Branch.

Ladies who Musk.—Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and doors closed, eight in a side, limited, of course to six, and among that number two women covered with musk? "Drive," said a Frenchman, "let me come out of here or I am suffocated! Have you got your call now? You are not in an omnibus! You've no perfume on you—ask—ever—again—be—conspicuous—root—again"—and I sprang!"—Olive Branch.