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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. F. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Poetry and Miscellany.

THE OLD GREEN LAKE.

By ELIZA COOK.
'Twas the very merry summer time
That garlands, hills and dells,
And the south wind rang a fairy chime
Upon the fox glove bells.
The cuckoo stood on the lady birch
To bid her last good bye—
The lark sprang over the village church,
And whistled to the sky,
And we had come from the harvest sheaves
A blithe and lassy train,
And tracked our path with poppy leaves
Along the old green lake.

Love at First Sight.

"I always was," said the Major, slowly filling his glass, "what you might call a bashful man among the women. I am bold as a lion among the men, but some how when I find myself in the company of ladies, I feel my valor oozing out at my finger ends. It's a kind of constitutional weakness of mind decidedly provoking to myself, and troublesome to my friends, and what's worse, I don't get rid of it, and on this account, it was most likely, that I lived to be twenty-eight and had never made love to mortal woman."

How to Fill a Chair.

I was sitting at a public table in the city of Boston, where I supposed myself to be a stranger to the company. A gentleman opposite to me, however, appeared to know my face, and entered into conversation with me.

Two in Heaven.

"You have two children," said I.
"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth and two in heaven."
"How do you mean?" I asked.
"I mean," he replied, "that I have two children on earth, and two in heaven."

Growing Old.

So long as we may graze therein in wisdom and worth it is well, it is desirable to live, but no further. To my view, insanity is the darkest, the most appalling of earthly calamities, but how much better is an old age that drives and wanders, misunderstood and forgotten! When the soul shall have become checked and smothered by the ruins of its waste, falling habitation, I should prefer to inhabit that tenement no longer. I should not choose to stand shivering and trembling on the brink of the dark river, weakly drawing back from the chill of its sweeping flood, when Faith sees me that a new Eden stretches green and fair beyond it, and the baptism it invites will cleanse the soul of all that noxious clods, clouds, and weights it to the earth.

Young man!

"Young man!" said a stern voice behind me, "what are you saying to my wife?"
"I sprang to my feet in a moment, and saw the little meek man, standing black as a thunder cloud before me."
"Why?" I cried, turning to the lady, "I thought you were a widow?"
"This, she said sweetly, "is Mr. Triplet my second husband."
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Economizing out of the Poor.

M. is the widow of a respectable mechanic, with four little children dependent upon her labor. Grief and privations, to which she has not grown accustomed, have inspired her strength; but she must stand at the wash-tub, or her little ones starve. Her next room has lost, one by one, its relics of better days; her last bedstead has been turned into bread. "I couldn't help it," she said, "the children must be fed, and provisions are so high that all the little ones can earn goes no way." I found her the other day surrounded by an assortment of hewly ironed, snow white garments, the various articles of a lady's wardrobe, of the most refined textures and styles—indeed, I never saw under-clothes so laden with ruffles, laces and embroideries. I thought all this work a good sign, and told her so. M. lifted her head from the intricacy of plaits and edgings, with which she was busy, to answer me. "Yes, to be sure; I'm glad to have the washing, but then there's so much trimming on the things they get a great deal of time to get up." I remarked that this need not concern her, supposing she was paid proportionately; and then I learned that the lady had stipulated to pay one-third less than the established price for what she calls the plain things, and one-sixth less for the more elaborate. "I told her," M. continued, "what was the usual charge, but she said she never gave more, and that plenty of women would be glad to do it for the same." "But did you tell her of these hungry little boys, and of your great necessity?" "She knows it all—but half a loaf is better than none, and I was afraid of making her angry, and losing the work altogether. And she's the elegantest dressed lady—she must be very rich!" "Well, those shabby women, you get your full price for them?" "No, they belong to the two gentlemen at—Hotel. But they will only pay me five shillings a dozen, though the men in the next room here, whose wife is sick and can't do his washing, always gives me six." (A man of the poor woman's class, but seemingly better instructed than his superiors, in the golden rule of doing as we would be done unto.)

A Kentucky School.

We take the following from one of Willis's western letters, lately published in the Home Journal:
"I wanted Darley at my elbow to sketch the interior of the school. Unconsciousness makes beautiful pictures—the rudeness and grotesqueness of real life groupings rather adding than otherwise to their effect. While three or four of the girls just entering upon awkwardness, had their heels on the benches and sat with their chins on their knees, feeling of their toes, there were three or four of the younger ones, with grace and beauty enough to equip angels—the heaver they were leaving behind them still radiant in their delicious little faces. One I could have taken to my bosom with a hug and step (to adopt and add to the "Orion" belt of three), who form my constellation at home; a little fairy lying flat on her stomach on the top of a sloping desk, and with her heels in the air, and her cheek in her hand, too busy with her spelling book to notice our coming in. Her cheeks of curls were masses of brown tanned lighter at the curves and the russet red of her cheeks was beaming with tranquil health—eyes large and steady, hand plump and dirty, shoulders and back bare, and frock ragged. There she lay, learning to spell; and meantime more beautiful than she will be when the spelling is learned, and better worth admiring and loving than when her heels are kept down and her rags changed to the petticoat of womanhood. How out of time and place come the things we most want in this world! I am inclined to think that Eden is still around us. Its loveliness and happiness are only mislaid, mislabeled, and are unrecognized."

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The Doctor and the Student.

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Give him a kick at every jump!

Economizing out of the Poor.

M. is the widow of a respectable mechanic, with four little children dependent upon her labor. Grief and privations, to which she has not grown accustomed, have inspired her strength; but she must stand at the wash-tub, or her little ones starve. Her next room has lost, one by one, its relics of better days; her last bedstead has been turned into bread. "I couldn't help it," she said, "the children must be fed, and provisions are so high that all the little ones can earn goes no way." I found her the other day surrounded by an assortment of hewly ironed, snow white garments, the various articles of a lady's wardrobe, of the most refined textures and styles—indeed, I never saw under-clothes so laden with ruffles, laces and embroideries. I thought all this work a good sign, and told her so. M. lifted her head from the intricacy of plaits and edgings, with which she was busy, to answer me. "Yes, to be sure; I'm glad to have the washing, but then there's so much trimming on the things they get a great deal of time to get up." I remarked that this need not concern her, supposing she was paid proportionately; and then I learned that the lady had stipulated to pay one-third less than the established price for what she calls the plain things, and one-sixth less for the more elaborate. "I told her," M. continued, "what was the usual charge, but she said she never gave more, and that plenty of women would be glad to do it for the same." "But did you tell her of these hungry little boys, and of your great necessity?" "She knows it all—but half a loaf is better than none, and I was afraid of making her angry, and losing the work altogether. And she's the elegantest dressed lady—she must be very rich!" "Well, those shabby women, you get your full price for them?" "No, they belong to the two gentlemen at—Hotel. But they will only pay me five shillings a dozen, though the men in the next room here, whose wife is sick and can't do his washing, always gives me six." (A man of the poor woman's class, but seemingly better instructed than his superiors, in the golden rule of doing as we would be done unto.)

A Kentucky School.

We take the following from one of Willis's western letters, lately published in the Home Journal:
"I wanted Darley at my elbow to sketch the interior of the school. Unconsciousness makes beautiful pictures—the rudeness and grotesqueness of real life groupings rather adding than otherwise to their effect. While three or four of the girls just entering upon awkwardness, had their heels on the benches and sat with their chins on their knees, feeling of their toes, there were three or four of the younger ones, with grace and beauty enough to equip angels—the heaver they were leaving behind them still radiant in their delicious little faces. One I could have taken to my bosom with a hug and step (to adopt and add to the "Orion" belt of three), who form my constellation at home; a little fairy lying flat on her stomach on the top of a sloping desk, and with her heels in the air, and her cheek in her hand, too busy with her spelling book to notice our coming in. Her cheeks of curls were masses of brown tanned lighter at the curves and the russet red of her cheeks was beaming with tranquil health—eyes large and steady, hand plump and dirty, shoulders and back bare, and frock ragged. There she lay, learning to spell; and meantime more beautiful than she will be when the spelling is learned, and better worth admiring and loving than when her heels are kept down and her rags changed to the petticoat of womanhood. How out of time and place come the things we most want in this world! I am inclined to think that Eden is still around us. Its loveliness and happiness are only mislaid, mislabeled, and are unrecognized."

Two in Heaven.

"You have two children," said I.
"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth and two in heaven."
"How do you mean?" I asked.
"I mean," he replied, "that I have two children on earth, and two in heaven."

Two in Heaven.

"Two in Heaven!"
"Safely housed from storm and tempest; no sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet: By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold."
"Two in Heaven!"
"Earth less attractive! eternity nearer! invisible chords drawing the material soul upwards. Bill small voices, ever whispering "come" to the world, weary spirit."
"I'm in Heaven!"
"Mother of angels! walk softly! holy eyes watch thy footsteps! cherub forms bend to listen. Keep thy spirit free from earthly taint; so shalt thou "go to them" though "they may not return to thee."—Olive Branch.

The Doctor and the Student.

A good story is told of a doctor, recently, who was somewhat of a wag. He met one day in the street the sexton, with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough.
"Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cough; how long have you had that?"
"Look here, Mr. —," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for interment?"
"Nine shillings," was the reply.
"Well," continued the doctor, "just come into my office and I will pay it. I don't want to have you round on anxious about my health."
The sexton was soon seen with him however.—Turning to the doctor, he replied—
"Ah! doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet—Business has never been so good as it has since you began to practice."
Since the above conversation, neither party has ventured a job at the expense of the other.