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Eric Weekly Observer.

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

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Poetry and Miscellany.

From the Western Literary Messenger.
TO A BEREAVED ONE.
"The heart's a house to us, a house."
BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

Mourner! whose bitter tears are shed
For him that's loved, so quickly flown,
Desem not, while thou bewail'st the dead,
That none have sorrows like thine own!
Though sad the blow, and hard the fate,
That thou art called so soon to bear,
And life itself be desolate,
And thou the image of despair,—
Yet while thou think'st of what thou'st borne,
Think, too, of that intense grief
Whose pain none know, save those who mourn
Without the hope to find relief.
For he who gently by thy side
So brief a space through life had trod,
Like some fair flower has blossomed and died,
A dear child, known and loved of God.
And then hast laid him in the tomb,
Knowing that he is safe, at last,
From those dread shocks of earthly doom,
Through which thy feet have barely passed;
Passed and escaped,—while others fall,
Or only live to bear the scorn
Of those who say,—"alas! too well."
"I were better had they ne'er been born!"
Some in the mad delirium die,
Blething with their impious breath,
And some, by public justice tried,
Their deeds of guilt have sealed with death.
Yet, all like him whom thou dost mourn,
Had once as fond and fair a fate,
Ere youth the sins of age had worn,
Or truth and love had turned to hate.
Repine not, then,—for though thy lot
Seems more than thou deserv'st to bear,
Deem it a mercy that thou'st not
Giv'st eyes to a worse despair!
For there are yet to be
And hearts that still must break in vain,
While he whom thou hast laid to sleep,
Thou hopest yet to meet again!

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

"You are mistaken. I would sooner die than wed a mere country beauty!"
"But Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry—tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by adulation—a guileless, simple, loving creature?"
"Aye!" said Fred laughing, "a choice cluster of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always sweet, and guileless, and simple, so are country cows. N! I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still off-killed in music and literature, with no soul above churning and knitting needles, I would marry her for a fortune."
"Is she, then, laughing Helen Irving! but it was a very pensive smile, away down in the corner of her musical little face. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet, only of the egress."
Another moment, the young man came within sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered in a visible trepidation, "do you think she heard?"
"No!" rejoined the other half audibly—"she shows no sentiment; she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe, she could not have heard you—but what an angel she is!"
Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining, on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid her book aside, and began to twine a half finished wreath of wild roses.
Leaning on one white arm, the garlanded oak trunk a back ground, flowers strewn around her, peeping from her bright locks, and scattered over her white dress—she sat quite at her ease, apparently unaware that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.
Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where a Mr. Irving lived.
With an innocent smile the beauty looked up.—"Mr. Irving! the only Mr. Irving in the village is my father," she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "has a high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery—that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once—that a sort of select school isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.
He replied with another graceful bow.
"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow." He will remember me—Frederick Lane at your service."
"Yes sir, I'll tell him word for word," replied Helen, tucking her sleeve round her pretty arm, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then catching up her book and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried towards home.
"Now father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "as true as you and I live, that Mr. Lane who you all talk about so much is in the village. He will call here to-morrow—the first proper specimen of a city beau; (as, of course, he will be,) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in looks, and spotless in diction—important and as self-assured as one of that ilk can possibly be.
"Promise me, all of you, that you'll not slip a word about music, reading, or writing, in my presence—because, because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, only give him a newspaper. Aunt Maudie never talks—I mean in company, and mother will be too glad to see her churn butter and mend stockings. Sis, your little of a tongue is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet and ask me no questions, I will give you that work-box you have coveted so long."
"Sis, you are not quite respectful," said her father, gravely.
"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were folded about his neck, "I always mean well—"

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

When Love was a child, and sweet idling roamed,
"Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One more in the valley a bowler he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.
O'er head, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath—
"Twas pleasure had hung up the flow'ret there;
Love knew it and jumped at the wreath.
But Love didn't know—and at his week years,
That sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmured below.
He caught at the wreath—with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.
This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears,
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.
Story of a Humorist.
Well I have seen your friend, and find him to be exactly what you described him as being—a humorist. He seems to have imparted much of that character to everything around him. His servants are all admirably disciplined to second his whims, and his very furniture is, for the most part, adapted to the same purpose. This put me upon my guard; and there was hardly anything in the room that I did not touch with apprehension. No trick, however, was practiced upon me; and, as I found subsequently, I was indebted for such indulgence to one which was reserved for me at night, and which was such as perhaps all my English phlegm would not have enabled me to bear with patience. I escaped, however, being put to the proof, by the merest accident—the arrival of a poor Scotch surgeon, who was thought a finer subject for the often repeated experiment.
The Scotchman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to everything to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute. The portions were suspended not until, and only while, the cloth was laying for supper, during and after which they were resumed with renovated energy. Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house. It was not so with the Scotch guest, who was, by this time, much further advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than *half sea over*.
In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that formed coeval with the building. I say coeval; for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Scotchman, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and had his body deposited in this place of repose. All the party then retired, wishing him a good night, and removing the candle for fear of accidents.
When the door was closed, I was, for the first time, acquainted with the structure of the bedstead, which our host considered as his masterpiece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley, that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the four posts, until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The spring of the Scotchman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper altitude.
The servants required no instructions how to act in one moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "fire! fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where poor Sawney slept. The landlord's widow was continually heard, exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Scotch gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!"
At this moment, we heard him fall, and bellow out. A sudden silence took place; every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Scotchman's voice could alone be heard, roaring out in the high dialect of his country, for assistance.
At length, two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if just aroused from their first sleep. They found him sprawling on the floor.
"O, dear, sir, what is the matter with you?"
"Matter!" says he; "why, isn't the house on fire?"
"Not at all, sir."
"What was the reason of the cries of fire, then?"
"Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honour and the whole family have been asleep these three hours."
The Scotchman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses.
"I must have been dreaming, indeed, and have hurt myself by falling out of the bed."
"Hurt yourself, sir!—not much, I hope, the bed is low;" and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level.
The poor Scotch was quite confounded; quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons, accompanied the servants to the door, closed it after them, and was some time left in the dark.
But the last act of the pantomime was not performed. The spring had been immediately touched upon closing the door; and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him groping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment. He easily found the bed-posts, but it was in vain he could endeavor to get in. He moved his hands up and down. His leg was often lifted by way of stepping in, but always encountered the floor upon its descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise not loud, but deep, far fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the possession of some evil spirit.
In short, when it was found, by his silence, that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had dispersed himself upon one of the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again, and in the morning Sawney could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark.—Extract of a letter written in 1799.

ONE OF THE MEAN MEN.

Many instances have been cited of meanness, and several persons have been held up as examples, possessing that quality in the superlative degree. One of the most " eminent men " of this class that we ever knew was a " bass carpenter," who lived not far away from Massachusetts. He had, of course, a young apprentice, on whom his meanness was concentrated, like the rays of the sun converged by a burning glass.
The boy, whom we will call Joe, and who was very shrewd and cunning without, was obliged to submit to much rigor as regarded the severity of his labors and the scantiness of his clothing and food. One evening, Joe was sipping on the fragments of a repast that had been set before some guests—the good wife had "had company" that afternoon—and he committed the enormity of applying a lump of butter that was left on his plate to a chunk of gingerbread which he was about to swallow. Alas, for Joe! his master opened the kitchen door just as he was opening his mouth, and before he could swallow the delicious morsel his crime was detected.
The indignant master was struck aghast, at first, by this specimen of juvenile turpitude, but he seized the young epicure by the hair of his head and gave him an unmerciful beating.
Joe went to bed sorrowing, but comforted himself with the reflection that he was fourteen years old, and he had "but seven years more to be flogged for eating buttered gingerbread."
Joe was ingenious, and before he had composed himself to sleep that night, he had formed a plan of revenge upon his master.
According to this plan, he arose early the next morning, and as he was hurrying on his clothes, he muttered—
"I'll fix a story on the old fellow—I'll raise a laugh again him—I'll learn him to lick me so lake blazes."
As soon as Joe was dressed, he rushed into the streets, and ran toward the principal hotel, bawling loudly, and simulating the most clamorous grief. As he tore along the street, following like a yelping bull, and rubbing his eyes with a dingy pocket handkerchief, he naturally attracted the attention of every person within sight or hearing. By the time he had reached the front of the hotel, quite a crowd was ready to intercept him, as he made a feint to rush by.
"What's the matter?" cried a dozen voices.
"O, dear! O, dear! it's so dreadful!" bellowed Joe, bawling his countenance into the similitude of a baked apple.
"What's so dreadful?"
"O, my master's dead—died such an awful death, too—O, dear, dear!"
"Your master dead! awful death! How did it happen? Stop your confounded bawling and tell us about it."
"O, dear," said Joe, his voice broken with counterfeit sob, "you know what a small soul my master had—what an old fellow (sob) he was for money (sob). Wal it 'pears that somebody (sob) had authin agin him (sob) and went last night—O, dear it's so awful!"
"Look here, young man, stop that crying and tell the story."
"Wal, my master he used to sleep with his mouth wide open, a-snooring (sob) and somebody went last night and baited a steel-trap with a fougense, and set it on his pillow, and *retched his soul forf' mornin'* and left his body in the bed. *Don-hoo how? O, dear!*"
And with this, Joe made a break through the astonished crowd, and disappeared round a corner, while the welkin was ringing with shouts of laughter.
Joe's master did not bear the least of this awful disease for a long time, and those who know him best declare that Joe's story was no myth, and that the longer his body walks about, clutching greedily every thing that "the law allows him," the stronger evidence it gives that he is troubled by no such incombustible as a soul.
THE SCIENCE OF CANDLES BURNING.—Before you put your candle out, look at it. It has been burning some time unannounced, and gives little or no light; the wick is long, and is topped by a heavy black clot, a lump of unburned carbon; take the candlestick in your hand, and move it gently from side to side: the superfluous wick burns away, and the candle is again bright. When you ask yourself why this is, you learn that flame is hollow, and it admits no oxygen, which is necessary for combustion; the wick which it surrounds remains unburned, and diminishes the light. When the flame, by motion, leaves the wick exposed at intervals to the oxygen of the atmosphere, it speedily burns away. Note the valuable deduction from this fact; the formation of a wick which constantly turns outward and reaches the exterior air, and so gives us a candle requiring no snuffing. There is much philosophy in the burning of a candle. The wick, you may think, is intended to burn and give light; but this is not exactly the fact. The wick is simply to bring the melted tallow, or oil in a lamp, into that finely divided state in which it is best fitted for combustion. The heat applied to "light" the candle decomposes into its constituents the small quantity of tallow next the wick; heat and light are produced in the operation, and the heat so produced carries on the decomposition.—The Builder.

SHERRIDAN KNOWLES.

A new anecdote of this dramatist is in circulation: "I wish," said a lady to him on one occasion, "I could speak in behalf of my sex, and thank you as you deserve, for the way in which you have drawn us." What else could I have done my dear madam?" said Knowles, in his own hearty way; "God bless you, I painted them as I found them." Indeed, the great theme of Mr. Knowles's dramas is the nobleness and constancy of woman.
An Irishman was asked whether he would take some apple pie.
"Is it houlmore?" inquired Teddy.
"To be sure it is. Why isn't it?"
"Deuce," said Teddy, "I once had an uncle that was killed with the apple pie, and I thought it might be something of the same sort."
A lady in New York advertised, under the head of "Wanted," a gentleman for breakfast and tea!
"In the world," said M., "there are three sorts of friends; your friends who like you, your friends who do not care for you—and your friends who hate you."