

ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DUBLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS.

\$1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 24.

ERIE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

NUMBER 31.

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Original Poetry.

For the Erie Observer.

Refresh Me with a Great Thought.

By HARRIS LINDSAY POOTER.

To refresh this languid day,
For my spirit wears a weary woe,
And I feel I am passing away,
I anxiously searched his to my heart,
And his words I read with a glad eye,
While angels filled his throbbing brain,
As he sang of his loved ones of pain,
And I felt what it was to die;
Yet ere he closed his weary eye,
For the sleep of the earth-chill tomb,
While his voice was whispering nigh,
I saw a gleam of glad surprise,
And I knew that the thought had come,
His quivering lips started to speak the word—
Too late! no voice nor sound I heard,
His spirit sped through the ether's air,
And I felt I was hurried away,
This thought to his Mansion Home!

Oh! give me a thought! in the student's prayer,
As he dwells in the mines of yore,
And the stars look down all anxiously,
And gaze on his features with pitying eye,
As he pines in the cold and dreary cell,
He heeds not the tolling bell,
Marching his steady tread,
And craves not that his hand be held,
With his mystic tongue a tale do tell,
Telling him to the death!

Oh! come thou cooling thought, and stay
The fever of his soul,
Come with thy blissful train, and soothe
The pang which his brain's fevered pain,
Pass him the healing balm!

Come at last—the meteor light
Is wandering, bathed in glory,
And I see the earth's glory,
For which he hath spent his day—
Alas! 'tis not the day to-night—
'Tis only a thought and a sad farewell,
And he is hurried away!

Oh! for a thought! come! break upon
The heart of the poet's soul,
Oh! for a thought! on every sigh
Heaved, while his answering eye
Turns towards the goal!

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foxy. Her large blue eyes were wandering rest-

lessly around while she sang, and before I had

time to retreat I met her full glare. Instead

of being alarmed at my intrusion, a sweet smile

parted her soft lips, and raising finger, she beck-

oned me to approach.

"You have waited long, beloved, but you have

come at last," she murmured in low and broken

tones, as she drew me to a seat beside her; then

she laid her hand on my forehead, and with her

finger, she traced a path of light across my

forehead, and with a look so full of solemn and ear-

nest tenderness, that my very soul thrilled be-

neath it.

I soon found that the fair girl's reason was en-

tirely obscured, and her insanity seemed to have

Bar her pure and beautiful instincts were as fresh

and powerful as if intellect were still their guide.

She was tender, gentle, and full of that con-

sciousness which knows no evil and suspects no

guile. Childlike in her frankness, womanly in

her sweet tenderness, and withal evincing by ev-

ery look the intuitive modesty and delicacy which

characterize the pure minded, she seemed the very

personification of all that was lovely in her

sex. The very wanderings of her imagination

were—

Like sunshine on the hill—
Though turned aside 'twas stainless still.

The beauty, the tenderness, the hopefulness of

this creature interested me exceedingly. My

sympathies were aroused to a degree positively

painful, and yet, as I listened to her incoherent

but sweet words, uttered by the moist lips that

ever lovelily kissed, I felt that had her soul been

awakened while her heart was thus pushing forth,

earth could have held for me no higher bliss.

When we parted, which I did with a mutual

promise of again meeting, I retired to my lodgings

in a state of excitement such as I had rarely

known, and my first care was to learn something

of her history. I found that she had been from

childhood dull and inert of intellect; that it

had been only with exceeding labor she had been

taught the elements of knowledge; and that her

mind seemed to become more obtuse as she grew

older, until a severe fit of sickness which befell

her, she had attained her eighteenth year, com-

pletely obscured her reason. Upon further in-

quiry I learned that she had been an affectionate

and depending creature, always looking for love

in every eye, and as far as I could learn, never

finding it. Her family were cold, phlegmatic,

and commonplace. The strict discipline of reason

was all they could exercise, and the child had

grown stupid in proportion as these means had

been exerted upon her. She had been for

three years in this state of imbecility, and they

had not lost all hope of her recovery.

The next day I again found her in the shrub-

bery, where she was allowed to spend much of

her time, as the absence of all close constraint

and vigilance had been found decidedly benefi-

cial. Her joy on seeing me was unbounded, and

thrusting herself on my knee, and resting her head

upon them in an attitude of child-like repose, re-

peatedly gazing with speechless tenderness upon

my face. She said little, but I could perceive

that she was filled with tumultuous emotion, and

as I beheld the workings of her heart, the idea

flashed through my brain that her soul might yet

be awakened. I remembered the story of her

constant tenderness in childhood, and of her un-

derstood to see Alice. She was frightfully changed.

Her eyes glared wildly, her hair tangled and dis-

heveled from her incessant restlessness, lung-

ing in unceasing about her face, and her appear-

ance that of one whose loss of reason had almost

brutalized. I could have cursed the blind reck-

lessness which so shattered me. At first she did

not recognize me, but my voice seemed to awa-

ken the vibration of some chord whose music was

familiar. She became calmer, her ravings had

ceased, she approached me, and at length seated

herself on a low stool at my feet with the quiet-

ude of a loving child. It was the first time she

had been so calm since we parted. From the

cold beings around her perceived the beneficial

effects of my presence, and from that moment I

was allowed to pursue my plan without molesta-

tion.

I now neglected all things else, and devoted

myself exclusively to the noble task of re-erect-

ing a human soul. I adopted no fixed and set-

tled system of enlightening, but, carefully ob-

servingly her moods of mind, governed them by

adaptation. I watched the current of her

thoughts, and when I found them broken or con-

fused, I sought to turn them into some deeper

channel, where they might flow more smoothly.

I cultivated her affectionateness of disposition,

while at the same time I checked all existing

sentiment. The tie between us I knew must be

one of abstractions, of attachment, not of pas-

sion. Beautiful was the slow development of

her child-like intellect beneath the influence of

womanly tenderness; and, oh! how exquisite

was the enjoyment which I found in thus look-

ing into a perfectly pure nature, as into the

depths of a crystal lake!

It seemed to me that I had been set apart for

a solemn task that accorded to my fellow men,

but I was thus permitted to fill with light the

darkened chambers of a human soul. A proud

feeling of power, a consciousness of my high dis-

tinguish, were ever present with me, and life was

to me a nobler aspect when I had found no nobler

task to fulfill. Yet even then did I recognize

the fearful price that I was destined to pay for

all this happiness; even then I found my soul

growing feebler in its energies. There were times

when the weakness of childhood overcame me,

and I was as impatient of my absence from Alice,

as if her sweet words and looks were the al-

ment of my existence. Cold hearts might have

deemed this passion. They remember it now as a

proof of my wild love; but how little they un-

derstand me! It was but the longing of my

soul to regain that which it had imparted to

another. It was the impatient seeking of the

bejeweled and spoiled spirit; it was no longer

sentiment for myself. Alice was necessary to

my being. Yet it was not love; it was not

something noble but something far less earthly.

How beautiful she was! how gloriously beau-

tiful, with those angelic eyes, and that pure that

of fresh youth on her rounded cheek! how grate-

ful was the sweet abandon of her attitude! how

touching the low tones of her musical voice!

Think, ye who find pleasure in watching the

growth of some frail flower, from its first ger-

mination to its perfect development in beauty and

fragrance; think what must be the joy of watch-

ing the unfolding of a soul—of seeing it expand