

VOLUME 20,

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1850.

NUMBER 48.

Crie Weekly Observer.

Poetry and Miscellany.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.
One dollar per year in advance...

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

- C. SIEMEL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Fruit, &c.
J. W. WETMORE, Attorney at Law.
J. H. WATSON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

GONE AWAY.

Here, where now are muddy cities,
Once the Indians' wigwags stood
Once their council fire illumined,
Far and near, the tangled wood,

A STEAMBOAT RACE.

OR LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

There is a certain bold bluff in the State of Illinois,
which commands one of the most beautiful prospects on
the globe. It stands up in the form of a nearly perpendicular
wall from the water's edge of "the great river."

in the straightest possible course down stream, many persons on board thought the rate of velocity unusually rapid, and congratulated one another on the prospect of a speedy trip; but presently it was noticed that extraordinary excitement reigned among the officers and crew.

This officer, a fine specimen of Louisiana chivalry, with the eye of an eagle, and mouth as rigid as marble, where unbecomingly had set its seat, graciously responded to the committee on behalf of the ladies, that he would pledge his own life for their safety; and remarked, moreover, that they had even a stronger security than his oath in the presence of his wife and children then on board.

Such is the passion of competition, the master impulse of the souls of savage and civilized man alike! Such is the insatiable appetite for hazard in the human breast always developing itself in some one of its Protean forms.
But talk not of the excitement of a horse race, where steeds contend swift as the wind. Away with the stimulus of corda, dice and chess! What are such paltry amusements as these compared to the fire race of thundering steamboats? It is the nature of all emotion to expand, and thus accommodate itself to the grandeur of the agents which arouse it, and to the sphere in which it operates.

Heaven's! the smoke boils! The furnace is red hot, seven times heated! The tubes whiz to the touch of the Engineer! The wheels fly and the imprisoned steam mounds like a fiend in torture, uttering occasionally a sort of thrilling wail, as if to warn his masters not to urge too far.

Then the captain of the Fairy Queen venturated on a desperate expedient. He ordered barrels of oil and turpentine to be broken open and used to feed the fires. The strategy succeeded. The new and beautiful boat shot ahead of the Henry Clay and soon left her some distance in the rear.

At this moment William Grey was seated near the open door of the ladies' cabin, ostensibly reading some ordinary book, but really, (if the truth must be owned,) stealing sidelong glances at the extraordinary beauty of Helen Harrison, who sat a few feet from him, employed in writing a letter, conscious, without turning her head, that soft eyes were asking for her own. Such ravellations of the heart were made by intuition.

Black columns of cloud, broken and fragmentary, like the scattered troops of a defeated army, scudded before the moon, mostly veiling her radiant face, but occasionally, through rifts, letting out her magic light, which, however, only served to render more deep the succeeding darkness.

It could not be otherwise than that two persons, who looked, the one with disdain and the other with sorrow and tears, on the intoxicated circle around them, should especially observe one another, stationed as they both were on a serene eminence, above the passionate tumult of the hour.

LIXING AND DISLIKING.

You who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instead of
Pleading a heart to like—like not—
All the more captivated we will
Turn by what had but large
Our impressions first are led
Into liking or disliking—
Or before a word is said:

PETER CHANCERY, ESQ., AND HIS FIVE DOLLARS.

"Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this bill to-day," said, for the twentieth time, a half-grown boy in a dirty jacket to a lawyer in his office.

"Well, my boy, I'm sorry you must come to-morrow. I can't help you unless I feel my coat off my back, or pawn my silken wigs. Natchally pay me!"

and I got several articles at the store, expecting to get money of you as I went along home. We haven't in the house an hour, nor a tea, nor—"

"Here, sir, is five dollars Mr. Furnace owes you. He says when he told you he couldn't pay your bill to-day he didn't expect some money that came in after you left his shop."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Conway," said the store-keeper peering into his money drawer; "I've not five shillings here—and your bill is five dollars and nine pence."

"You're an impudent boy," said the lawyer, who had been following the poor woman for a moment, and who had now followed her into the lawyer's office, and who had now followed her into the lawyer's office, and who had now followed her into the lawyer's office.