## THE ERIE 0BSERVER.


B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR. OFFICE, CONAER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC

 BUSUNESS DDREOTORY.



















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| Funtry mat 7 (ivirltany. |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| [For tho Eric obererer.] SONG. |  |
| Eonly hath the evening twilight |  |
|  | Now the moon-yon Ileaven'o shy-light, |
| Nevermpre sucliscenes of gladness, <br> Sball a charm about ve cast- <br> Darkling comes the hour of sadiness, <br> When the dream of faney's past. |  |
| When we part forever more! |  |
| No! nh, no! that tear-Urop starting, <br> Telleth me we cannot part.- <br> Bid adicu to thoughts of parting <br> Come! let me clasp thee to my heart: |  |
| Now onty to some lone bower Where the moonlight shineth dito. There ive'll pass the bliasful hour. Llsting to the night-bird's hymn |  |
| And we'll sing those songs so olden,- <br> Of the days long gone and past; <br> Time hath made their memory gotlen, And their lustre ay, will last. <br> And their luske ay, will has. |  |
|  | And we'll sing them till ench ereature Of the night hath sunk to rest Draming ay, upon the filure. And the jopes that warm cach breast. Pa, April, 1850. |

THE MAGICMIRROR













SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1850.


