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Erie Weekly Observer.

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H. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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A POEM:
Dedicated, with kind wishes for their Prosperity,
TO THE PATRONS OF
THE ERIE OBSERVER.

JANUARY, 1, 1852.

The New Year comes, the Old Year ends;
Once more the Carrier greets his friends;
And sure he is that if they knew
The labor which he must go through,
Before his puzzled brain he make
The rhyme he asks those friends to take,
They'd hand him out a silver quarter,
A glass of punch, and "nothing shorter."
Poor Pegasus is getting old,
Apollo cross—the muses cold,
Without their aid a simple fellow
Can make no rhyme however he bellow,
And, if he'd try to speak in prose,
A sinner would cart each noodle's nose,
Who though himself could do no better,
Must criticize the poor typesetter.
And what to say in this lame manner,
Excepting the "Star Spangled Banner,"
Appears another source of ill
To one who surely has his fill.
The past year shows, of course, great changes,
From heart affairs to kitchen ranges;
Fires have happened, people married,
Engagements "flattered," loves miscarried.
Births have occurred, and deaths beside,
Balls, Parties, Dances, one sleigh ride,
Turkies have suffered, geese been stuffed,
Venison eaten, donkeys puffed.
We've got a Rail Road, City Charter,
A Mayor than any other smarter;
Two Councils to control each other,
Like young John Dowdle and his Brother.
Planks have been laid for parades;
Beneath the country's spreading trees,
While in the City's central street
The mad attacks each passer's feet,
All for his good—so sure we know
We learn by suffering here below.
Society has not been slow,
Just now the "Bachelors" are so,
Who furnish food for witty satire,
And for the small-talk subject matter.
The Medicos try to teach us,
But who will hear their cross-grained speeches?
We'd rather die than let them bother,
Our heads with all their well-meant bother,
Our Christmas Presents too are fancy,
Of from some unknown Nancy,
And left in baskets at our door-post,
Perhaps to make some infant's roast.
Beyond the town, our country vast,
Claims countless wonders in the past.
First Junny, with her silver voice,
Caused all who listened to rejoice,
Then Catherine Hays, the sweetest of them,
Aunt Abigail, and the rest of them.
The Black Swan also (pious your eyes
And use cognize,) most sweetly cries:
Then Lola Montez—she so kind,
Seeks too, some Yankee good to find.
And last, Kossuth, the great, the good,
Willing for truth to shed his blood,
Comes, as a Patriot, making speeches,
To get us to try Russian "breaches,"
To give men, arms, and also some "tin,"
And tell the Bear "You can't come in."
And how, my friends, I'll stop my dilly,
When for my purse you show some pity,
I'll spare all patriotic fire,
Nor string again my loosened Lyre,
Nor yet one word shall come from me
Of Freedom, Plymouth, Boston Tea,
Nor yet of that old British Lion,
Who has so many years been dying.
The "Stars and Stripes, long may they wave,"
Will not compel your bard to rave.
E'en the Bald Eagle's self may be
Unhindered in the storky sky;
No "Bird of Freedom"—"Bird of Jove"
Shall make me stop in stanzas rove.
And just to give my rapid pen,
I wish you now and once again,
A Happy New Year, and may you find
Many friends, like me, as true.
All that I ask for this great boon,
Is "Quarter," "Quarter"—very soon,
And then in leaving you, no farther,
We'll prove your humble friend,
The Carrier.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, December 30, 1851.
Mr. Editor—We are in the midst of the holidays and need hardly say that party is one scene of jollification from morning till night. Everybody is seeking to be as happy as he can, and if we may judge from the tortuous footpaths of the men and the number of the "bricks" evidently deposited in many of their hats, we should say that everybody has been tolerably successful.

New Year's Day, you must know, however, is our important Festival Day. Christmas, we keep up in a respectably joyous sort of manner, and we generally have picnics, New Year's, and new means of public amusement gotten up for the juveniles about that time. But on New Year's Day, every one is expected to visit every lady with whom he desires to keep up an acquaintance during the ensuing year, and every lady is bound to stay in the house, in order to receive the gentlemen who may call and introduce their friends, and thus obtain a perfect register of all whom she may consider her most acquaintances for the time. It is an odd custom, but we rightly maintain it. The next day is Ladies' Day, and the fair sex take their turn out and visit all their lady acquaintances. Next Thursday promises, on this account, to be a very lively period. We wish it could be attended with less drinking and we are glad to see that many ladies set out, nothing but coffee instead of wine for their treat. This habit of drinking health, a custom much "more honored in the breach than the observance." Kossuth is now in Baltimore, but all his speeches are telegraphed to the press here and keep up an excitement. This, with the great fire in Philadelphia on Sunday, by which \$100,000 in property was destroyed, and the great fire here, on Saturday, in which as much more was wasted, keeps us quite in a state of feverish agitation.

The Forest divorce case, now on trial here, has taken an immense hold upon the public mind. Both sides have contrived to blacken each other's character very effectively, and it is likely that the jury in consequence, will be able to agree. We shall be surprised, however, if it ends here. There has been some ill-feeling engendered by the trial and its sordid details, for they were filthy, that is not unlike a number of private quarrels will be added to the disturbance before the matter can be settled. One thing is clear. They made a disgusting place of Mr. Forest's home whenever he was absent, and whatever may be said in favor of Mrs. F. it is evident that the gentleman who visited her raised her sister, and debauched her own female servant in her own parlor. Shocking business.

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"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."

From Peterson's Magazine, for January, 1852.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA ATKERSON," "THE VALLEY FARM," &c.
I.
It was a miserable garret, black with age and damp. A mean bedstead, a solitary chair, and an old bureau, constituted the entire furniture of the apartment. The wind howled without, and the rain drove through the broken panes; for it was a stormy night in autumn; yet no fire was in the room, though two persons occupied it.

And one was a mother, still pale and feeble, the other an infant but four weeks old.

The first was thinly clad in a light summer dress, but calculated for the night or season. Yet she seemed to have forgotten her own sufferings in concern for those of her boy, who was crying with loud and hoarse sobs.

"Hush, baby, dear," sang the miserable parent, amid her tears, pressing him closer to her bosom, as she rocked on the edge of the bed; "the wind blows, the rain beats, but mother will protect her darling. There, hush one, sleep," she continued, as the babe ceased its plaint. "Better times may come for both of us, to-morrow, and then you shall cry no more with cold and hunger."

As if consoled by her voice the infant gradually sank into a quiet slumber, which the mother watched with a sad tenderness inexpressibly pathetic to see. Her eyes beamed with the joy with which a wife looks on her sleeping babe; for love was mingled with agony; the boy was the child of shame.

Yet not wholly satisfied had been poor Ellen Warren. Born to better days, she had been compelled by an early orphanage, to seek her livelihood in a great city; and what the perils and privations of that destiny are need not be told. But against long days of exhausting toil; against cold, sickness, and, worse than all, utter friendlessness, she had borne up until, in an evil time, chance made her acquainted with a young lawyer, far above her own station in life.

Howard Stanley, alas! had many idle hours on his hands that winter, and Ellen had a susceptible heart. The result may be guessed.

It is an old tale. Had the poor girl had a parental home, or a mother to warn her, or brothers and sisters to love, she would not with all her poverty, have fallen in the yearning of a desolate heart for affection, the instant her sex to pour out its treasures of tenderness somewhere, that led her to ruin. She beguiled herself, as thousands have done before and since, with the hope that her betrayer loved her too well to abandon her, and that, in the end, he would give her wealth and station by marriage.

But Howard Stanley dared not do this, even if he had wished. His family was wealthy and expected him to wear a wealthy bride. It had come also of an old Parian stock, and having numbered many eminent fathers in the church, was proud of its traditional propriety. To have betrayed his crime, or married his penniless victim, would have made him an alien and outcast from his home. And he did wish to marry Ellen. He was ambitious, and began already to look to take an interest in the unprotected orphan. He pitied her, indeed, but, as he said to his conscience, "it was too late now to moralize." To extricate himself from his dilemma, he sailed for Europe, resolved never to see Ellen again, but concealing this intention, and telling her he went on imperative business.

When the consequences of her weakness became apparent, the terrible expiation of Ellen began. She was driven from her lodgings, she was deprived of her work. How she subsisted she could scarcely herself tell. The miserable garret, where we find her, had been her last refuge; there her child was born; and there she now sat weeping.

Yet she had endured all with comparative serenity, for she attributed it entirely to her lover's absence. "When he returns from Europe," she would say to herself, "he will acknowledge his sin and marry me; and then how happy, oh! how happy we shall be!" And she would strain her infant to her bosom with tears.

With these hopes she had watched the arrival of every packet, and, at last, had been blessed with seeing her lover's name among the list of passengers. Within a few hours a letter, blotted with her sufferings, was despatched, containing the narrative of her sufferings and imploring the father's blessing on their baby.

For the answer to this missive, which had been written the day before, Ellen was now waiting. Her hopes were not so bright as they had been, for her lover's delay was unacceptable.

Suddenly the latch of the garret door was lifted. The poor girl started to her feet with a beating heart, expecting to behold her lover. But only a slipshod servant appeared.

"Here's a letter, marm, as was left with the mistress," said the intruder. "There's no answer."

The blood went back to Ellen's heart, and she stood stony and speechless, holding the envelope till the servant had disappeared. Then, with a convulsive movement she turned, deposited her sleeping child on its bed, and drawing near to the chair which burned her solitary pillow, candle, broke the seal.

For a moment she gazed on the letter, without opening it, her features working convulsively; but finally, with what seemed a desperate effort, she unfolded the sheet. Several bank notes, as she did it, fluttered to the ground.

But she took no notice of them, for she was already devouring the words, as if, having once begun, she would know the worst as soon as possible.

We will not quote the letter. Howard Stanley, though he had almost forgotten Ellen, felt keen remorse on reading her pathetic narrative. His first impulse was to see her, but, as among other maxims to which he had been educated, he had been taught never to act in a matter of feeling, until he had slept on it, he deferred a decision till the next day. The result was a letter, in which he announced as tenderly as possible, that he could never see his victim again. He concluded by enclosing a considerable sum of money which he had obtained, that day, at great sacrifices to himself.

When Ellen had finished this epistle, she sat, for several minutes, like one bewildered. A single fell blow had shattered into ruins the edifice of her love, of her reputation, and of her hopes for her child; and, as yet, she could scarcely realize the life-long disaster. Her first thoughts were of her boy.

"He does not say a word of help," she muttered, at last. "He cares a little for me, but none for darling!" And at this thought she burst into a flood of tears. "Oh! precious, precious treasure!" she continued, hysterically, snatching it to her breast, and making it with her convulsive embraces, "he cares you off, he dooms you to shame. Better for both of us," she cried, with a sudden gasp of despair, "if we had not been born."

The babe, frightened, began to cry, and partly to soothe it, partly impelled by the tendering terms of endearment heaped on her child, now venting her despair, and now bitterly cursing her own past folly and the selfish cruelty of her betrayer. Gradually her demeanor became almost frantic.

"Money!" she said, at last, passing before the chair, and opening the notes that lay on the floor. "He sends

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Who has so many years been dying.
The "Stars and Stripes, long may they wave,"
Will not compel your bard to rave.
E'en the Bald Eagle's self may be
Unhindered in the storky sky;
No "Bird of Freedom"—"Bird of Jove"
Shall make me stop in stanzas rove.
And just to give my rapid pen,
I wish you now and once again,
A Happy New Year, and may you find
Many friends, like me, as true.
All that I ask for this great boon,
Is "Quarter," "Quarter"—very soon,
And then in leaving you, no farther,
We'll prove your humble friend,
The Carrier.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, December 30, 1851.
Mr. Editor—We are in the midst of the holidays and need hardly say that party is one scene of jollification from morning till night. Everybody is seeking to be as happy as he can, and if we may judge from the tortuous footpaths of the men and the number of the "bricks" evidently deposited in many of their hats, we should say that everybody has been tolerably successful.

New Year's Day, you must know, however, is our important Festival Day. Christmas, we keep up in a respectably joyous sort of manner, and we generally have picnics, New Year's, and new means of public amusement gotten up for the juveniles about that time. But on New Year's Day, every one is expected to visit every lady with whom he desires to keep up an acquaintance during the ensuing year, and every lady is bound to stay in the house, in order to receive the gentlemen who may call and introduce their friends, and thus obtain a perfect register of all whom she may consider her most acquaintances for the time. It is an odd custom, but we rightly maintain it. The next day is Ladies' Day, and the fair sex take their turn out and visit all their lady acquaintances. Next Thursday promises, on this account, to be a very lively period. We wish it could be attended with less drinking and we are glad to see that many ladies set out, nothing but coffee instead of wine for their treat. This habit of drinking health, a custom much "more honored in the breach than the observance." Kossuth is now in Baltimore, but all his speeches are telegraphed to the press here and keep up an excitement. This, with the great fire in Philadelphia on Sunday, by which \$100,000 in property was destroyed, and the great fire here, on Saturday, in which as much more was wasted, keeps us quite in a state of feverish agitation.

The Forest divorce case, now on trial here, has taken an immense hold upon the public mind. Both sides have contrived to blacken each other's character very effectively, and it is likely that the jury in consequence, will be able to agree. We shall be surprised, however, if it ends here. There has been some ill-feeling engendered by the trial and its sordid details, for they were filthy, that is not unlike a number of private quarrels will be added to the disturbance before the matter can be settled. One thing is clear. They made a disgusting place of Mr. Forest's home whenever he was absent, and whatever may be said in favor of Mrs. F. it is evident that the gentleman who visited her raised her sister, and debauched her own female servant in her own parlor. Shocking business.

Jenny Lind has had a misfortune. She received news yesterday of her mother's death, and in consequence is in great distress. She goes off to Sweden immediately, and spends or rather abandons all her concerns, although she was announced for to-night. She appeared at rehearsal yesterday in tears, and gave up all her engagements. And left in baskets at our door-post, Perhaps to make some infant's roast.

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