ERIE WEEKLY OBSEREVR.

BURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 26. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1855. NUMBER 7.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

EMPIRE STORES

STARK & PAYNE

DICKINSON RETURNED

STARK & METCALF

KENNEDY & REYNOLDS,

J. L. STEWART,

W. B. RUSHMORE,

Oliphant, Walkley & Johnson,

H. B. HAVERSTICK,

A. CO. DENTISTS

E. T. STERRETT & CO.

EMPENS & CAUGHEY,

SHELLER & WARREN,

R. ABELL,

W. WOLDS

HERRON,

D. EDWARDS

WALKER & CO.

GRAHAM,

AUSTIN,

JARECKI,

GUNNISON

H & STEWART,

KEPLER & CO

M'CRATH,

GRAY,

LANE,

STANFORD & CO

STUART,

REED

BULLEE,

KELLOGG,

BROTHER

STANLEY,

CLARK & CO.

MORTON

MARSHALL,

HAYES & CO.

JACKSON & SON

THORNTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

O. L. ELLIOTT,

DOUGLASS,

FINNEY & MAGILL,

B. WRIGHT & CO.,

WILLIAM THAYER,

GALBRAITH,

STRAW HATS, 87½c.

No. 6 Brown's Block.

Select Poetry.

THE SLAVE DREAM.

BY PROFESSOR H. W. LONGFELLOW

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the midst and shadow of sleep
He saw his native land.

Whole groves of palm and balm,
Not a breeze disturbed the balm
Not a breeze disturbed the palm
When he was here before
Couched under the tamarind tree,
Patient of toil, serene and free,
Dreaming of home and liberty
Of wife and child, those three.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his darkeyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his eyes,
They held him by the hand—
A hand that touched neither chain nor scourge
Nor the slave's degrading brand!

And he stood upon the sand
A free man, free as the free wind
Along the Niger's bank;
His fetters fallen, the chains
And with a musical clank,
Falling from his limbs, the galling chains
Fell at his feet, broken and rent and
Of no more use than the dust
Beneath the feet of passers-by
Or the rust on the sickle and the axe
Left in the fields at night, when dew
Falls on the reaper's plain
Falls on the reaper's plain
Falls on the reaper's plain
Falls on the reaper's plain

Then with a cry he rose and fled
Through the night and the wood
Through the night and the wood
Through the night and the wood
Through the night and the wood
Through the night and the wood
Through the night and the wood