ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

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Office with Dr Fox, a few doors west of American Hotel, Erie, Pa.

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Importers and Retail dealers in China, Glass, Crockery, Japanned & Bohemian Ware, Lamps, Douses, Wicks, Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c. &c. China Hall, No. 6, Bonnel Block, Erie, Pa.

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For Sale.
ERIE CITY MILLS & WATER PRIVILEGE,
With the Land between the Railroad on State and Turnpike Streets.
THIS Mill is in the most perfect Flouring and Custom Mill west of Albany, (so acknowledged by experienced Millers,) and being located near the Railroad Depot, is well adapted for Merchant business. The undersigned will sell on terms of payment that will be advantageous to the purchaser. Erie, Sep. 24, 19. C. M'SPARREN

CLEMENS & CAUGHEY
(Successors to J. M. Smith & Co.,)
Wholesale Grocers, No. 7, Bonnell Block, Erie.
THE subscribers having taken the store formerly occupied by J. M. Smith & Co., have and are receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected
Stock of Groceries.
Our Goods were bought for Cash, and most of them previous to the late advance; we would therefore respectfully invite merchants and others wanting goods in our line to examine our stock before going to Buffalo or New York. We wish it to be understood that for CASH goods can be purchased as cheap here as in New York with the addition of freight.
The following will comprise some of the articles in our line:—N. O. Pulverised, Crushed and Granulated Muscovado P. R., Coffee Sugars; P. R. Muscavado, and N. O. Molasses, Steward's Syrup, Honey; Green and Black Teas of all grades: Rio, Laguaira and Java Coffee: Tobacco from 10c to 6s. per pound; Fruits, Nuts, Prunes, Pepper Pimento, Cassia, Nutmegs, Cloves, Indigo, Rice. White Fish, Mackarel, Cod, and Herrin; Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c. In addition to our Stock we have a large stock of
Pure Wines and Liquors,
Which will be sold at prices that will defy competition. London and Philadelphia Porter, Scotch Ale, &c. We are also Agents for Moffett's Buffalo Ale.
Please give us a call and we will satisfy you that there is no humbug in what we say.
CLEMENS & CAUGHEY

Books and Stationary, Very Cheap.
At No. 9 Brown's Block.
WE have just received our full stock of Books, Stationary, Blank Books, Writing fluid, Pens, Inkstands, and the thousand other articles belonging to our trade all of which we are anxious to sell, and for the cash they can be bought very cheap. Those in want will do well call. Don't forget the place, No. 9 Brown's Block.

Why Don't You Read?
JUST received the following excellent books at the Book Store No. 9, Brown's Block:
The Robbers Wife, The Mystic Vision, Allen De Vere, Rebel Scout, Miles Tremenhere, Jane Seton, A man in search of a Wife, Dare Devil Dick, Jack and his Bride, Captain Kyd, Jack Ogre, Lafitte, Modern Fortunes.
And numerous other good things, marvelous to relate and divine, which are offered cheap.

"It Saved His Life."
A YOUNG man was very much enamored of Miss Sarah and he lacked the courage to tell her his mind. He continued to sleep daily and hourly, until a kind friend whispered in her ear, whereupon he called at No. 9 Brown's Block, and purchased of those New Ready Made Clothing, a complete suit in two doses. Those who are in the same predicament, for he have a few more left of the same, should apply immediately. Also, Steel Pens, Paper, Ink, &c. &c. Cheap for cash, expressly for that purpose.

REMOVAL AND CHANGE.
Immense and Attractive Stock.
CHRIST HALLOWELL & Co. of Philadelphia, Having moved into their splendid new Warehouse, entrances No. 147 Market, and No. 31 North Fourth street, are opening for the Spring trade an assortment of Silk and Fancy Goods, that for extent and variety will surpass any stock ever offered in that market. Entering into their new store, which is
One of the Largest in America,
with a business of an unusual amount already established, and intending largely to increase it, especially with those who buy for cash, and believing that the fairest system in jobbing goods is to have uniform prices, they will be complete to sell at a much smaller profit than cash possibly be afforded where long credits are given. Under their cash and short credit system the necessity for charging large profits does not exist, while selling their goods at a very small advance on the foreign cost, they seem to make it the interest of every judge of goods to purchase the following.
TERMS:
Cash buyers will receive a discount of six per cent. of the money be paid in par funds, within 10 days from date of bill. Uncurrent money will only be taken at its market value on the day it is tendered. To approved city acceptances, a discount of six months will be allowed. Where money is tendered in advance of maturity a discount of one per cent. per annum will be allowed. Those who from time to time visiting the Eastern cities, the advantage of examining the stock, being satisfied that they will be convinced that it is for their interest to buy the large profits they are enabled to make, those who give long credits.
M. L. Hartshorne, J. L. Hallowell, J. W. Sweeny, James Fraguair, A. W. Little, E. R. Hollingsworth.

FRAUD!
ALL who want Axes of the real Collins & Co. pattern, are particularly to notice the stamps, as there are two counterfeits and imitations stamped Collins & Co. in the market, which are fraudulently sold in some parts of the country as the manufacture. They are inferior quality. The genuine Collins & Co. axes have the name of Collins & Co. Hartford, with my signature. It is now in vain for other manufacturers to attempt to deceive the public, since we commenced the business with Collins & Co. Hartford, and I do not know of any other manufacturer of Collins & Co. axes. N. S. JENNINGS.
Sept. 10, 1853. 1017

Home Manufactures.
STOCKTON & FLINT, Manufacturers of Silver Spoons, Forks, Pitchers, Goblets, and every article of Silver Ware, as cheap as can be had in Western New York.
A large stock of Ready Made Ware always constantly on hand.
Engraving done in the neatest manner. Having a complete shop and two good workmen, one of whom can't be excelled on the side of Philadelphia, we are confident we can give satisfaction to all. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Please call and see how we do.
Park Row, a few doors east of Brown's Hotel.
March 11, 1854.

Hurra For the Six Foot Track!!
TO THE POWERS THAT BE
SINCE the agitation of the public mind on the subject of the extension of gauge has subsided, the undersigned, proud in the consciousness of rectitude of motive, in not suffering our vocations with the unfounded clamor and fostering the aggressive spirit of monopoly, have drop work on short notice, and within the short space of two weeks again with renewed energy, and in a more satisfactory manner, we have at greatly reduced rates, in prospect of the good time coming, and though ready and willing to do battle in defence of the interests of our adopted city, as when our services were called for we have found at home in great demand, with such articles and furnish them with those requisites to domestic comfort which constitute our assortment.
We have STOVES of every style for Parlor, Office and Kitchen, TIN WARE, in endless variety. Eastern Pumps and Lead Pipe, Lead Pipe and Brass, Kettles, Coal Hods and Shovels, Tea Scoops and Coal Shovels, Shovels and Tongs and Brass candlesticks, Britania Ware and childrens' Toys, Pork Barrels and patent strainers, and a variety of utensils usually found in a tin department, and can always be found at the House furnishing establishment of TANNER & MAGILL.
Erie, 17.-31 Beatty's Block, near the Court House, Erie, Pa.

Sugar and Molasses.
CONSTANTLY on hand, direct from New Orleans, for sale in Hogshead or Bbl., at New York prices. Merchants are requested to call and examine samples. G. J. MORTON.
Erie, March 11, 1854. Public Dock.

150 Hogsheads and Barrels, all grades New Orleans, Porto Rico, and Muscovado Sugar for sale at a slight advance from New York prices at STERRETT & GRAY'S

100 Barrels Powdered, Crushed, Granulated, White and Yellow Coffee Sugar, for sale by STERRETT & GRAY
Nov. 26.

Gold Band China, Glass Nest Eggs, Table Cutlery, and Fancy Mirrors just received at China Hall, No. 6, Bonnel Block.
Erie, Jan. 14, 1854. 35

LIGHT LIGHT.—Camphene, Burning Fluid, carbon Oil, Lard Sperm, Whale and Elephant Oil, Sperm and Star Candles. Dec. 24.—26. J. H. BURTON & Co.

250 Gay State, Empire State and Waterviews, all wool plaid and two faced Long Shawls from $2 50 to $6 50.
Oct. 25.—24. TIBBALS & HAYES

CASH! CASH!!
WE will pay cash and the highest price for corn delivered at J. H. Smith & Co., Starch Factory on Whitney.
Jan. 27, 1854. TIBBALS & HAYES

Philadelphia Goods.
THE Empires are on hand on the broad gauge principle with a choice lot of new goods direct from H. Caldwell, who is now in Philadelphia purchasing goods. The Quaker City is the place to buy goods cheap. New York prices are not compared with her. We are positive the Empires sell goods for cash so low that any one that has the real desire to buy will avail themselves of the first opportunity. Don't fail to come at once. March 18.—44. CADWELL & BENNETT

For Sale.
A VERY desirable house and lot, corner of Sassafras and Myrtle streets, one of the best locations in the city. Also, two lots on Peach street above Raspberry street. Also, one lot on State street above Duncan street and 5 lots on Short street, all of which will be sold cheap and payments made easy.
March 18, 1854—44.

BUTCHERS Knives, Saw Blades, Cleavers, Knives and Steels, at the cheap Hardware store of RUFUS REED

THE NEW LIQUOR LAW of Vermont, as it now stands, with all its amendments, is more stringent than the original Maine law, and will, no doubt, operate well for the suppression of the traffic, whenever promptly enforced. Persons in business in the liquor line can find at CHAS A HALL, a kind of Bar, Egg, Ale and Wine Tumblers.
Erie, Feb. 17, 1854. 30

TOILET articles. Those who wish to see the largest assortment, and greatest variety, at low prices, of Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, will call at CARTER & BROTHER.
Erie, Sept. 10, 1853. 17

House Keeping Goods.
JNO. BELL ROBINSON & CO.
81 North Third street between Market and Arch Sts. Phil'a
COUNTRY Merchants will please call at our establishment and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
LOOKING GLASSES AND CLOCKS
Pa. and Eastern Wooden Ware. Tin Ware.
Window Shades. Willow ware.
Brushes of all kinds. Corn & Hickory Brooms.
Rope, tie yarn. Carpet Bags, Mats, &c.
March 25th, 1854—3m45.

Notice to Farmers and Gardeners.
CARTER & BROTHER have received direct from the "American Seed Store" at Rochester, a good assortment of Garden, Field, Flower and Garden Seeds, put up in fancy quarts and pound packages, and to be had at the proprietors' prices. Persons requiring seeds the coming season that better call early, examine our list and obtain their supply. Feb. 25, 1854—41

COLEMAN'S Anne can be bought for 6c, and warranted, at Oct. 28. TIBBALS & HAYES

Select Poetry.

A LONGING FOR SPRING.

From the Knickerbocker.

When for a sunnier land than ours
Will come the gentle Spring again?
With verdant fields and glowing flowers,
And song and beauty in her train?

When will the sunshine, glad warm,
Set the imprisoned waters free,
And smile upon the frowning storm,
And calm the icy, foaming sea?

Within these narrow walls I pine
Out 'mid the sunny hills to go,
Where wild flowers and the sunny vine,
And the green grass are wont to grow.

I love to tread those fields alone,
Where gliding streams, with voices mild,
Murmur for aye the quiet tune,
That thrilled me even when a child.

I love to roam the pathless woods,
Where all day long the shadows lie
Dreaming within their solitudes,
And hear the fainting echoes die.

Or lie upon some rocky steep,
And linger in the shiny sun
Long hours within the valley deep,
To hear the laughing waters run.

But more than all, I long to guide
The plough-share in the fragrant soil,
And feel once more the joy and pride,
The jocund health of peaceful toil.

I heed the Summer's beauteous bloom,
And Autumn's gorgeous offering,
And Winter pale, with storm and gloom,
But most I love the gentle Spring.

Choice Miscellany.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

THE SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

BY MISS S. HALE GOODWIN

CONCLUDED

Unwilling to leave the city where Lilian dwelt, Madeline, securing to her self some lucrative employment, permitted her love to smother her ambition. The scheme, suggested to her by her latest friend, was laid aside for the present, though not wholly resigned. Strong-minded and self-sacrificing, she was willing to endure contempt, and bold enough to look forward to the end, for her reward. It would come late, but it would come. She felt sure of this, something whispered in her heart and convinced it of her future happiness. "There is time enough still," thought she. "Lilian is young, and youth is full of temptation and trial. I will wait till her weakest years go by, and then leave it and strive for myself."

Thus, for a whole year she remained unknown. Long or short as that period may have seemed, it brought changes.

Was her's the only true heart in the world?—[illegible] midnight, as when the air was warm and balmy, prosperous?

Once it had been necessary for her to go some distance from her home. She was returning rapidly and nervously, when she passed a face too faithfully remembered to be mistaken now. It was Leonard Neal, and there was a light, girlish figure moving at his side. She listened, followed them a short distance—heard Lilian's voice—and stopped. It was but an instant but, in that instant, it seemed to her that her life blood was dragging from her heart its [illegible] kept hope. Another moment and she was retracing her way with a cold, steady lip, and a smooth resolute brow.

Twice several times she met them thus; three several times wrestled with herself and was strong. Then a long week went by. At length, when she believed herself from discovery, a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and the troubled voice of Neal was calling her by name.

"Madeline! Madeline—won't you speak to me?"

There was only a wild look in her eyes to answer him, and he noticed how thin her hand was when she raised it to her forehead, as though there was some dreadful suffering going on there.

"You are not well," said he quickly. "Oh, that I had known you were here! I could have assisted, befriended you. Oh Madeline, poor child!"

"Don't," said she in a faint whisper, which froze his heart. "Don't speak kindly to me I can't bear it."

"But I am your friend, Madeline. I would service anything—everything, to see you happy. I am your true, dearest friend, and Oh, how much—"

"I had rather you would strike me to the ground than speak so gently," said she in the same voice as before, and with an unnatural gaze. "I don't understand you, I can't quite believe you, if I try. You had better not talk with me any more; what will it profit you or me? Let us go home."

"And so we will," said he soothingly, and wholly overcome by the strange grief of her face. "I will go with you. It is a dark night, too dark for you to be alone. Madeline, will you trust me?" There was a softer look about her lips, as he drew her hand in his own, and bent his head to hear her speak.

"Yes, yes," said she eagerly; "and let us walk fast—very fast. It is a long way."

Her wandering words, her emotion at sight of him, the trembling of her hand, as they walked along all struck painfully in his mind. What could he think but that the poor girl loved him?

Had he not a right to believe so, when he himself loved her?

But then her poverty—her position—the world—Oh, here was the trial.

He thought of everything, but could make up his mind to nothing. Thoughts were confusion; and he left her with a few, restless words, which had no meaning. The next night, Madeline, whose eyes were heavy and dull, bound up her long, dark hair, and sat down calmly to her work. She thought how lonely, and yet how sweet it was to hear the rain, dripping down, and breaking on the windows. It seemed almost like a companion, and, yet one who made her feel more utterly forsaken, for it talked to her in a childish, complaining tone, and pattered with a broken, silvery tongue. She thought how sweet it was to feel, as she now felt, tranquil and subdued, to see earth and its vast trouble, whirling like dust in the shining breath of the Almighty, and His hand, pointing her to a great universe of love. She could seem to hear, as her thoughts went on, a rush of angels up the sky and the unfurling of a silken banner. She could seem to see them throwing it out in long, shadowy folds, and smiling on the same bright "Love," woven in a thread of flame, by one touch of the magician. Then again she heard the lonely rain, and knew that life was creeping slowly on.

Somebody was in the room besides herself.—Turning round, she saw a man standing with his forehead covered, with a heavy cloak crossed over his arms.

"Why are you here—why do you come to visit Madeline?" she said quickly.

"If you let me stay," said he, "I will tell you. I can find no comfort elsewhere; let me stay here." She mentioned him to a seat, and throwing off his cap and cloak, he seated himself by her side. "Madeline," said he seriously, "you are not like the rest of the world. Ever since I first saw you, even since I have been absent from you, I have known this. I am not afraid to tell you, last night I resolved to do so."

As she said nothing but still sat looking at him, he went on in a weak voice. "Since the day I lost you, I have been on a wild search for happiness. I have tried to fling off your memory, and in my own heart have called you false names that I might loathe you. I soon sickened of myself; and nothing could bring me any comfort. Madeline, God meant us to be companions. I feel it—I know it. Lay your poverty-worn hand in mine and make me rich, for of us both Madeline, I am the most wretched."

Nor yet did she answer him. She smiled, and from this he hoped. "Madeline," continued he softly, "will you be my wife?"

"No," said she rising and folding her arms, her pale lips trembling with their heavy smiles. "Not for worlds, not for worlds, would I marry you."

At that reply, he stood up too and a whole life-time of agony, shone from his eyes.

"Say it again, Madeline, that I may be sure—that I may drive on to ruin without a single hope; I heard you, but would be thrice certain. Say it over again."

She drew herself up, and her eyes burned on him, like twin-stars. She left him no uncertainty to rest upon, she gave him no reason to think her irresolute or coquetish. But with the proud hand she lifted to her breast, she seemed to smooth her heart, and show him how devoid it was of love for him.

"If you know of another heart than mine that will cherish you, go claim it. If you have seen the face that lights up at your approach, if you have marked the tremor of a rosy lip, go to that maiden and protect her. For I know that there is such a one, and not for worlds would I stand between her and happiness."

She paused, her features full of scorn, and he cowered beneath her stern gaze. She appeared to believe that if she left him the slightest ground of hope, he would pursue her still. She knew that only through despair and certainty of her indifference, he would forget her, and she said.

"Lest you should think me false in what I say, lest your vanity should lay hold on my words, and construe them into those of jealousy, I will say, that the time never was, when I thought of you with more tenderness than I do now. I was cold to you at the first; I am cold to you now."

Throughout she had spoken the truth; but she blinded his eyes and he saw no farther than her words. Her clear, discerning eye scanned him a little more, and then she said in a firm voice.

"But lately the maiden Lilian heard the same tale you've told me. What is your constancy worth or your honor? She is young and beautiful; and she trusted you. I, a beggar, refuse you both love and trust. Go, sir, I will listen to no more."

"Your scorn," said he sorrowfully, "is more than I deserve. I have been sincere with you, at least. It was enough for me to give up your love—you should not have denied me respect and pity."

She felt those words keenly, but her gaze was still open and defiant, her head raised proudly, and her smile fixed. What mattered it though she suffered? Yet her secret suffering was in wounding him. He looked at her once more steadfastly and mournfully, and then, taking a step forward, said,

"Do you remember the night when you first sung to me, Madeline?"

She bowed her head in acknowledgement—He little knew that she could not speak.

"That was the first night of my love,—I did not know it then. You were so strange and beautiful. Your eyes were sad, Madeline, or I should not have loved you so. Farewell!"

He moved to the door, and with quick, staggering motion, she followed him.

"You will not," said she, in a husky voice, "you will not forget Lilian? She loves you, if I cannot. I have been told—I have discovered it. You will remember her?"

"Why should you pity or care for the stranger?" said he, sadly smiling, and noting, as in a dream, the sudden earnestness of her countenance.

"It is enough that I do," replied the girl slowly, and she went back into the house. "When I heard the rain to-night," said she, "it seemed lonely and sad. O, it is music to me now! It seems to sound like God's tears, dropping on my own. I will sit all night and hear it beat."

In the midst of a crowd of bright faces, one was conspicuous. Lillian Neal sat by her husband, with her soft locks nestling upon her velvet cheeks, and with her cloudless gaze raised, and lips happy and smiling. Suddenly the house was ringing with a wild storm of applaus; and a majestic woman, with dark, even features, and wearing her hair in jetty bands over her forehead, crossed the stage, and stood in the full blaze of light, with her pale hands locked loosely together. Her dark, thrilling eyes wandered over the vast, moving sea of faces, and rested at last on that one, so childlike, so soft and sunny—the face of Lilian! The hands of the songstress trembled a moment, and then fell; but the haughty lip had grown as white as snow, and strove faintly to smile. Then, grasping the music, but without one glance at its dark lines and mixed characters, she lifted her face, and broke into song. Like sweet, rippling water—like a strong, summer cataract turned from its course—her voice flowed upward, till, with swelling, liquid lips, it seemed kissing the very strand of heaven, and melting along its shore.

"Hush! disturb me not!" said Neal, as his wife gently touched his arm with her jewelled fingers.

All that evening he sat, like one stupefied, gazing on the strange, strong-hearted woman, who stood facing him, with her lustrous eyes, so like what she had been, years ago, in her tatters and poverty.

"I said she would come to this," murmured he; "I knew the world would appreciate,—nay, worship her; and now look here!"

The stern splendor of her countenance, the grace of all her looks, sometimes even, the sad sweetness which shone from her eyes, had all been recognized and seen. Other hearts thrilled at her voice, other eyes admired, other lips praised her. There was a gloomy satisfaction in knowing this, and he watched her closely. She met his glance, and returned it with one as soft, and steady, and mournful as his own. What could it mean? The page of music dropped at her feet, and with her head bowed, her face still towards him, and her eyes shining in a sweet, fixed look, she moved slowly away from the great, glittering throng, and the light, like a thin, golden hand, slid off her midnight hair.

At the close of one of these concerts, as Leonard was waiting, with his wife, for the dense crowd to pass off, a female figure brushed against him, and a folded billet was thrust into his hand. It was a request, written in a bold, rapid hand, and without any sign of weakness or hesitation, for him to meet "Madeline," at her room, in —— street, on the next day at twilight.

When he entered her handsome rooms, at the time specified, she was standing, apparently, in anxious expectation of his coming, dressed in black, and with a pale haggard countenance. Her beautiful hair, drawn up from her polished throat, and thrust back from her face, left her features clear and distinct, and heightened the proud grace of her attitude. He was struck with the painful glow that spread across her cheek, as he came in, and with the weakness of her steps, as she advanced to meet him. There was a deep languor about her eyes in spite of their watchful anxiety, and a heavy suffering upon her face.

"I have but little to say," said she in a faint, hoarse voice, "I will say it quickly. Could you not know," she added, raising her eloquent eyes, and fixing them on his, "could you not guess I loved you? Was there need of weak words to make my weakness plain to you? Was it necessary that I should express myself in broad, bold phrase, ere you could understand it? You were blind, stone blind, or you would have seen that from the first my heart was yours." She paused, more from weakness than any other cause, and on her face.

"Why have you told me now—now, when it is so late?" said he. "Once it would have been well; once it would——"

"It matters not," rejoined the lady, with a cold wave of the hand, "I ask not a return of love; I will not have it; I never would have it; and why? Because the happiness of Lilian is more to me than my own. I saw you together; I feared that she loved you; I feared that should you turn from her to me, her peace would be destroyed. What though my heart burn within me in a fierce unrest! What though my own peace were eaten by the great torturing disappointment, which could never be smothered or hushed! What though every hope of my life be blackened! What though life itself stretch out—a great, ruined waste! Millions of times," continued she, with warm tears shining in her eyes, "millions of times have I exulted that I saved her all this,—all this desolation, and lack of love, and lack of interest in the world and its concerns, and loneliness unspeakable. Millions of times!"

It is impossible to express with what earnestness she said this, or how her eyes grew luminous with her great love and sorrow.

"How should you know Lilian? what was she to you?" said he eagerly; "she is my wife, and I claim the right to ask. Why were you her friend?"

She smiled,—a soft mysterious smile it was,—and laid her hand upon her breast.

"Tell me," repeated he. "Madeline, if you have ever loved me, tell me the cause of your deceit and cruelty. Tell me why you suffered that Lilian might be happy?"

Again she waited, and a look, deeper and holier, settled on her face. "Lilian was once a beggar with me," said she, in a slow, impressive tone; we were orphan children. Prize her the more for that, treat her the more tenderly."

She paused here, watching the effect of her words, and perhaps to give them greater emphasis.

"And was that all?" inquired he. "Were you only friends in childhood? In virtue of that early friendship, would you sacrifice everything as you have said?"

"I was her sister," she murmured, with a startling look.

"Her sister!"

"Yes, more; her twin-sister," said she again, clasping her hands, and stretching them forth, while the heavy tears broke them from her trembling lids.

She said this with her olden fondness, and as if she were grown up and Lilian still a child. It had always been thus.

"See this," said she, lifting the golden thread that encircled her neck, and drawing forth the picture of a child; "you cannot mistake this."

He looked at it, smiled through his tears, and kissed it.

"Thank God," said she, in a low, fervent voice, "that you can love her. Tell her, when I am gone,—you know I shall leave this place tomorrow,—tell her how well I, too loved her. Tell her I am happy—shall I not be?—and that I long and pray for her happiness and your's. But what is this to say? After so long a time, so weary an absence, what meaning does this have? O, Leonard, my heart is full. Will you not bring her to me?"

Who could have denied a face like that, raised from the dark wet hair against which she had hid her eyes? Who could have refused the granting of so true a prayer, offered in such a thrilling voice?

Early the next day Leonard hastened through the streets, with his young wife leaning on his arm. Her eyes were tearful, and her steps uncertain; but, now and then she smiled hopefully, and spoke to him in glad, sweet tones.

Madeline had given orders, and they were shown quickly up into a room, which was half darkened, and where she lay, in a loose, rich dress awaiting them. It was so dark, as they entered, that Lilian could not see her, nor, indeed, anything in the room, for the glare of morning had dazzled her eyes.

"Where is she? where is my sister Madeline?" said she, in a broken, joyful tone.

A voice, melodious and strong, rich with heart-music, answered her, and the next moment Madeline held her in her arms.

"My sister! O, my sister!" these were her only words; but God knows what her heart felt, ere it took flight from her bosom, and spread heavenward. She clasped Lilian fast in her arms,—she kissed her on her lips, and hands and forehead, and then smiled, and grew calm.

They had not looked for this; they had not known her weakness or her danger; but she herself had realized all.

"Madeline!" said Lilian. There came no reply. "Madeline! Madeline!"

Still a silence like that of death.

"Open the window, Leonard; throw them back, quick!" she gasped.

The sweet, soft light smiled in upon them, and they could see her face,—the face of Madeline. The heavy eyes did not unclose, the pale lips quivered with no word; the brow was dull and cold. The beautiful dark hair fell down across her arms and breast, and the summer breeze stole in and ruffled it.

Nothing ruffled her heart. O, how placid and still her look! Heaven's light had rolled in upon her soul, and earthly dreams and disappointments were at an end. Her life, which had been like a star, brilliant and pure, and had been lost from the fingers of God, was now reclaimed, and replaced, to burn upon his breast, a light to the feet of Lilian.

PRIDE IN PATCHES.—A little fellow from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trousers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grand-mamma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed:

"Grand ma must put one on t'other knee and two behind, like Eddy Smith's."

If that boy lives he will beat Gov. Marcy, two to one.

☞ The man who played once on the trump of fame, and the horn of dilemma, got his first idea of music on hearing a hay cock crow while he was tying a not in a cord of wood.

☞ The difference between an old woman and a young one, is said to be, that one happy and careless, and the other is crappy and hairless.

Governor's Veto

Of the bill for consolidating into one the several suits brought against the Pennsylvania railroad and the Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad, for violating the small note law.

A bill was passed near the close of the late session of the legislature, releasing certain railroad and canal companies from the penalties incurred under the law of 1850, prohibiting the circulation of notes of other states of a less denomination than five dollars. The Governor, however, refuses to give it his sanction and has written out his objections to it at length and filed them away with the bill, in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, with instructions to that officer to deliver both to the next Legislature immediately after its meeting. The following are his reasons:

The act of 1850 imposes upon every corporation that passes a foreign bank note of less denomination than five dollars a penalty of five hundred dollars, and upon every individual a penalty of twenty five dollars, to be sued for and recovered as other debts are recovered, one-half to the plaintiff, and the other to the use of the county where the offence is committed.

The bill now under consideration does not propose to repeal the law of 1850, nor is there anything in it from which it can be inferred that the General Assembly believed its influence to be evil. In my consideration of the subject, I start, therefore, with the assumption that the law forbidding the circulation of small notes from other states is a necessary and wholesome regulation, and that the penalty for its violation is required to give it force and effect. When the Legislature were dealing with the subject, if they had not supposed the act which they found in force, to be just and necessary, they would undoubtedly have repealed it at once and forever. But the bill before me not only contains no clause of repeal, but expressly provides against any inference which might impair its future force. Here, then, is a law, based on principles undeniably sound, containing provisions necessary to protect an interest so vitally important as to the currency, called for at the time of its adoption by public opinion, consistent with the true rules of public economy, passed by one Legislature, and after four years of experience solemnly sanctioned by another. Shall such a law be executed? To ask the question is to answer it. The affirmative must be the universal response.

This bill declares that "where several suits have been brought against railroad or canal companies, to recover penalties incurred by violating the 48th section of the act of 1850, the suits shall be consolidated into one, and judgment be given by the court for only one penalty, together with costs of all the actions to the time of the consolidation, and all other penalties heretofore incurred whether sued for or not, shall be remitted released and discharged."

This means simply to legalize all the offences which a railroad or canal company may have committed except one.

But why should one offence be reserved for punishment while the rest are remitted? If the law has been violated an hundred times, and each time under the same circumstances, the excuse which should free the party from ninety-nine penalties ought to be equally valid for the hundredth. If the law be right in one case, it is right in all, and if it be wrong in any it is sheer cruelty to let a person suffer under it at all.

"But the offences are not the same," between similar offences committed by the same corporation, but a still more unjust distinction is made between corporations of a particular class, and all other corporations, officers, brokers and citizens. None but railroad and canal companies are to be favored by the impunity which this bill provides. All other persons and bodies, public and private, natural and artificial, must take the consequences which their misconduct has drawn upon them. I am sensible of the importance and usefulness of railroad and canal companies, and I certainly have no inclination to prejudice them in the accomplishment of the legitimate ends for which they were created. But when we are dealing with them for an infraction of law, justice looking at the question of guilt or innocence, is blind to the difference between them and others. She is no respector of persons or corporations.

The penalties which it is proposed to remit were incurred (if incurred at all) by the infraction of a plain law of which the offenders had full notice; and I cannot resist the conclusion that it would be degrading and humiliating to the State to denounce a punishment for an offence, and then refuse to execute it while insisting that it is just. It does not consist with her dignity and honor to compromise with transgressors against her statutes. She has threatened and shall she not execute? She has promised and shall she not perform? If the statute in question were cruel, unjust or useless, there could be no objections to its total repeal, and a full remission of all penalties incurred under it. But the General Assembly themselves, who passed this bill, held a contrary opinion, and on this point I concur with them.

And again, the demoralizing influence of the precedent this bill would set should not be overlooked. If this kind of legislation be once begun where is it to end? The railroad and canal companies may violate the act of 1850 again and again, and with more confidence than ever expect to be again absolved by the legislature.—Other corporations will claim equal favor with quite as much justice. Individuals will have good cause to complain if they should be punished when corporations are not. If this bill be right I know not on what ground we can refuse to pass similar acts whenever applied for. How shall we extend so great indulgence and lenity to corporations and refuse like relief to the destitute individual who may be arraigned for passing the only note he had. It would be better to repeal the law than thus to trifle with and degrade it.

I object to this bill for another reason. Some of the penalties it proposes to remit are already sued for, and the suits are now pending. I am bound to infer this from the words of the bill.—All legislative interference with the regular administration of justice, it must be conceded, is wrong, and is calculated to exercise a most pernicious influence upon the morals of society. It has excited complaint wherever practised, and has generally produced great evil and no good. The legislative and judicial departments of the government must be kept separated, and each allowed to perform its functions without interference from the other. The one indeed is not fitted to do the duties assigned to the other. By this bill the Legislature would step in between a judicial tribunal and its suitors, and in substance say to the court—you may suspend your deliberations on this case—cease to examine the law, and stop the investigation of the facts, for we have determined to dictate the judgment without hearing the parties—without knowing the facts and without caring for the law. And this we do, not because we would change the law on which the suit is founded, for we think it wise and salutatory, and it shall not be repealed; and we interfere for this case alone, merely as a matter of special favor to the present defendants. I submit that such proce