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The subscriber is now receiving a very large stock of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c., &c., which were purchased at lower prices than goods were obtained for a few weeks since. The subscriber feels confident that those who may favor him with their custom will find it to their interest to continue. He invites his new and old customers, and all intending to purchase articles in his line, to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Erie, June 17, 1854.—3 JAMES HUGHES.

As I am desirous of closing up the Liquor business I offer for sale the largest and purest assortment of Brandies, Wines, &c. to be found in the city. T. J. ROBINSON.

Select Poetry.

ONE YEAR AGO

BY H. T. HARRIS

One year ago, one year ago!—
How swiftly have those moments fled
And oh! how noiseless Time's swift wing
Has flung its shadows o'er my head
Before my sight sad changes rise,
And fill my heart with wild surprise

One year ago, one year ago!—
How short those buried moments seem!
They dwell upon the soul—like form
That come to us in thought and dream
And haunt us with a weird spell,
Our trusting hearts will love them well

One year ago, one year ago!—
'Tis but a breath—a narrow span,
Thrown in between the gloomy grave
And gala day of erring man.
Yet, oh! how few have paused to think
Upon the grave's unsated brink!

One year ago, one year ago—
Ah! many a hope was new and bright
Whose star is set forever, and
Gone down in deep and cheerless night
And Time will never bring it back
To blossom on Life's dreary track

One year ago, one year ago,
Full many a heart that's pulseless now
Was heaving quick with raptured though
And pledging Love's eternal vow
Ah, yes! that heart is cold and still,
And throbs no more at music's thrill!

One year ago, one year ago,
Full many a dream of future bliss
Was swelling deep within my heart,
And thrilling like Love's fondest kiss
But ah! it died on airy wings,
And broke my heart! harm [illegible]

One year ago, one year ago!
Oh, could that broken heart return
And pour its golden promises
Within my heart—unsullied urn,
I then would love this dreary earth,
And bless the hour that gave it birth!

Greensburg, Ky., 1854.

Choice Miscellany.

STOOPING TO CONQUER.

On a fashionable-looking morning, some years past, a gay group, consisting of three ladies and gentlemen, came out of a cake shop in the main street of an Irish spa-town, chatted awhile beyond the door-step, and then parted: the latter turning up the gentlemen down street, as in the country phrase. At the moment a young man in mourning, with a frank, fine countenance, darkened by what looked to be unusual sternness, was walking rapidly up the street towards them:

"Good-mo'nin', Checkley."

"How k'ye do, Checkley."

"What's in the wind, John, that [illegible]" cried the three gentlemen at once.

"How d'ye do, gentlemen?" responded the young man addressed, passing the speakers as if opposed to further parley.

"That's a match," said one.

"Who? Checkley and Jane Delmege."

"Yes."

"No, I say; an old fox is not trapped so easily,—Report says all is not right over there."

"By Jove," cried the first speaker, recalling back, "she's distanced him already, or he's taken himself off. Her fortune would [illegible] be."

"It won't do, depend upon it, if it were what which I know nothing," was the rejoinder.

The ladies had made a little more preparatory to the pause to speak, and looked blankly at another as Mr Checkley raised his hat and passed on—abruptly rather than hurriedly, as if he lacked the inclination rather than the time to stay.

"What on earth ails him?" exclaimed the eldest of the three.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered the second.

"Nor do I," was expressed in the countenance of the youngest, but she did not speak. She watched the young man's progress until his turning round the corner into a street off the main one took him out of sight; and when, after a moment, as she and her companions turned in the same direction, she saw him go by her door without a glance toward the house, an expression of both pique and perplexity gathered round her parted lips and soft brown eyes. When she reached home, she entered as if scarcely seeing which way she was going. She walked into a parlor, sat down on a sofa, and remained for some minutes pulling at the ends of her sash absently, as if her thoughts had got into a crossknot which she was endeavoring to disentangle. A knock at the hall-door startled her out of her reverie, she rose, and moved toward a large bow-window, as she reached it, the subject of her thoughts walked into the room.

"You are alone?" said he.

"Yes," she replied, "I am, Mr Checkley."

Intent on his own thoughts, he did not seem to notice the coldness of her manner. He took her unoffered hand, dropped it, and turning to the window, looked thence for some minutes before he spoke again. Then he said, slowly,

"I came to bid you good-by." The lady's countenance changed, and changed again. She looked relieved rather than otherwise when he added: "I am going to emigrate. Not to America," he continued, following her eyes to a large map hung upon the wall; "nor to Australia. I am going further from you, Jane. I am going to do what will divide us more widely, more finally. I am going to quit the position, and not the place which I was born in. After this week, you can no longer give me your acquaintance—I can no longer accept it. I came to see you once more, upon the footing of old times—happy times to me. I come to make a parting request to you—that you will hear me for a few minutes, and without reply. This morning all I possessed was swept from me—at a blow. I was left but the bare means of maintaining my orphan brothers, by entering at once upon a servile employment. I have made up my mind to do so. But I had my heart too, to—I could not reconcile that to my debased position. I cannot meet you upon an equal footing, I would not meet you upon any other. But I leave you forever, I come to tell you, in words, that I love you; that I sought you with the hope of winning you; that I only wanted to feel it would not be presumptuous in me to expect your preference. Remember that I loved you fondly and frankly, as long as I dare ask you to become my wife; I tell you so now, solely as an avowal due to you, not for my own sake.—When I entreat your silence, you cannot misconceive my motive. You could answer me now in one way only, and I do not need to be rejected.—Give me your hand once more, for old time. You could not hold acquaintance with a carrier? No words!—God bless you! Good by, Jane—good by."

This strange monologue was spoken without pause, although deliberately. The speaker had quitted the house before the lady, whose breath he had taken away by the surprise, could have spoken, had she wished it. She was disappointed, bewildered, pained. She had been awakened, and found the treasure-trove of her dreams gone. The mystery that had hung like a golden gossamer between two young lives and the world was withdrawn. The unspoken confidence had been explained away. That pleasant relation, so familiar, yet so distant, so fond and yet so fearful, was to be no more.

And he was to be a carrier!

And what could she do! What could one do in whom the genteel instincts, tastes and sympathies, loves, hates and aspirations of three county families were interwoven and bound up closely as the three strands of the broad auburn plait wound round that fair and puzzled head? What could Jane Blackeneye Dawson Delmege say to a declaration from a carrier? Nothing. And she could not be sorry that confusion had been beforehand with reflection in preserving silence. For a long time she stood still where he had left her—no eyes lived over the way to watch her. Spring Lane was a one sided, semi-rural street, stretching toward the country, like a fashionable forefinger extended by the town to the neighboring rusticities. Its upper windows looked into the deer park of the manor; the lower ones upon the blank dead wall. At last she moved away, went up stairs, put away her gloves and bonnet with a sigh, as though something else was laid aside with them in the wardrobe. She walked into the drawing-room, opened the windows wider—she felt as if the room required more air; sat down with her hand under her head; and glancing along the soft green grass and shadowy trees, so well known to both herself and him, her mind ran over that strange interview; then further back to other conversations, other mornings, till a mist came over both. For a moment she could not see quite clearly; but it passed away in the twinkling of an eye; and as Sir Harry's carriage rolled by to a call next door but one, she could distinguish every member of the party. She closed her invitation by resolving to say nothing to her family of what had occured—to let John Checkley's course disclose itself. It was enough that his heart was wrung, poor fellow!—it would ill become her to bare it to the world. Then came Jerusalem's knock, and as a first step to her part, she retired out of the way of question as to which she had met since breakfast. On coming down to dinner, she found that some passing town topic had diverted all probability of embarrassing inquiry. It was not till the same hour next day [illegible] of the change in John Checkley's prospects came coherently before her. He had "run" the constable in the report of his own misfortunes.

"He should have kept matters quide for a little," said a guest at table. "He might have bolstered up the property with some pretty girl's fortune."

"That could but break his fall and give him a new companion in it," replied Mr Delmege. "But that he *might* have done so, I have very little doubt." Jane's cheeks burned; but her father avoided looking toward her side of the table. "That he *might*, and did not, should increase his friends' esteem for him. Checkley is a strising fellow—a thorough-bred gentleman, be his station what it may."

"Well, I think he might have done better for himself, and for others too," rejoined the guest. "A fellow of decent family cannot sink alone. A man owes it to his connections to hold his head up [illegible] Checkley ought to have [illegible] to get a commission."

"Live horse, and you'll get grass!" quoted Mr Delmege, with an expressive shrug.

"So!" replied the guest, smiling. "I only hope prospects may be willing to do as much for him."

Here the conversation dropped. The heroism of John Checkley's resolution—time, and place, and circumstances considered—was tacitly recognized in the present; but every one had a motive, the high-principle or prudence, for not choosing to comment on it just then.

Nearly one year before, John Checkley entered into possession of a middle interest, old style, in a large tract of land in "good Queen Elizabeth, and favorably located. It brought with it the freedom, or as he would rather say, the privilege, of providing for two brothers, twins; and many years younger than himself. As playthings and darlings to him and his bride elect, he looked forward to raising and training them, to setting them in professions, or dividing with them, in due season, a property trebled in value by his care and skill and the "good time coming"—the millennium of the farming interest. He saw nothing to prevent his completing all his schemes, realizing all his dreams. He planned and experimented, studied and worked; and through all he lived. Absorbed in the small pleasures and trials of his daily life, sun and wind, meeting and parting, took his time and thoughts from the one serious circumstance most likely to affect him. In the distance, like a rain cloud far away, but so lying that a single change may bring it down, there was a danger he had scarcely looked to—a bond guaranteed by his father for a sum extravagantly beyond his means to meet. John Checkley, seniority, had the satisfaction of rescuing the county mortgage from the hands of a prudent, well principled plebeian; and so went to rest with his fathers. His aristocratic friend, the treasurer, "robbed Peter to pay Paul"—it was so he drank claret. He used the county funds for his own immediate purposes, fully bent on making his tenants pay up to the grand jury; but, meantime he died. The heir came into possession, but considered that his own debts should take precedence of his father's; rather that, being yet uncontracted, there was no obligation whatsoever to discharge them. It was a mere extension of the common law of honor. He shut his ears and his pocket on the creditors; and down came the county upon poor John Checkley. In an hour his all was seized—crops, stock, furniture—everything except two horses and two carts purchased by himself. It was, indeed, rather to foil the bailiffs, so far, than to serve their master, that these, were claimed and kept for him by his workmen; so worthless were they in comparison with what the law had laid fast hold on.

Then John Checkley looked around him. It was easy to estimate his resource. He had relatives; but through them nothing could be gained without delay, perhaps not more even with it; and he could not afford time for the trial. He put that chance out of sight. In fact, he possessed nothing but those carts and horses; he could count on no other reality for support of his orphan brothers. On these, then, he was to speculate.

When he had quitted the presence of Miss Delmege, he returned to his own home, only to yield it up to strangers. He gave up his accounts with his lands to a receiver, and then resolutely turned his back upon Monally, and, so far as was possible, on all associated with it. He took lodgings for his brothers and himself, and by the week's end had disrated himself from the genteel company of a ten miles wide circuit around Fountainstown by means of advertisement, that "John Checkley, carrier, solicited public custom for the conveyance of goods, etc." By being his own "guide" he would himself have all the profit of his undertaking, and he had no desire to avoid that office. His pride was of the proudest sort—that when down, will second circumstances in sinking itself further; and, progress being the law of events, strike the bottom to make sure of an uprise. From Fountainstown to the next seaport, twenty miles distant, carriage paid ten shillings per ton. He could accomplish the journey twice in six days, and thuse average at the outset £2 5s. per week—£117 a year. And when his horses were fed and stabled, there would still remain sufficient for a young man and two boys to live on.

Coals were the steadiest articles of import; to these, after a trial, he confined himself; and "John Checkley solicited the public of Fountainstown to try his coals." Of his former associates some dealt with him for their convenience; others gave him their custom through good nature; and others, again, patronised him through impertinence. The money of all went into the same purse, and that purse was filling; John Checkley was prospering beyond his hopes. Not a few of his old companions met him almost as a familiarly as ever—when they saw him; for his frieze coat and felt hat could easily pass unobserved *as his*, and the distance from the footway to the middle of the street, where he walked after his cars, might as well be miles as inches to those who did not chance to look across. He had had, too, invitations to some parties—of bachelors;—but as steady and good humored refusals following each, they ceased. The feeling that dictated them was neither gratified nor offended, it died away quietly like most good easy things.

The relation that he himself had prescribed existed unvaried between him and Miss Delmege. They avoided each other so cautiously that accident had all the credit of keeping them from meeting. If reliance on her sympathy had had any part in his motives or expectations, he was disappointed; she had accepted in full his renunciation of their acquaintanceship, but she had gone no further; she had not fulfilled his better prediction "that she would marry into the next marching regiment, to do away with all remembrance of her courtship with a carrier."—Two years from their parting interview passed by, and such a marriage, if not any marriage, was seemingly as far as ever from her prospects.

At the close of that time an accountantship in the Fountainstown Bank became vacant. The manager, a stranger in the town, who had taken a fancy to John Checkley's mode of doing his own business, offered him a place. The twins then conducted the home business during Bank hours, still, by a little management, not omitting a fair share of school duty; and the eldest brother's salary was added to the common stock.—After six months more, there came another change. John Checkley quitted Fountainstown, for report said, a situation of more ease and trust in England. One of the twins succeeded to the place in the bank. "The interest in Mr John Checkley's store, a large quantity of coals, a number of horses, cars, &c.," were "cried" and sold, and the proceeds lodged for the second of the twins, who earnestly desired to attain a profession hereditary in the family. The lad himself departed with full light heart to enter on his new pursuit. The twin accountant soon followed in his eldest brother's steps to England and a higher post; and the Checkleys were lost sight of in Fountainstown for a time, seldom even named, except that, at the club meetings, if the fox ran toward Monally, some passer-by conjectured that, when the debts were cleared off—yet a distant prospect—some member of the family would repossess the old place.

John Checkley returned as manager long before anybody looked to see him back. His thorough knowledge of the complicated relationships and connections of the neighboring gentry, was of no small commercial value in troublous and changeful times; it secured him the place of his now superannuated friend. It appeared to be the same season, and nearly at the very hour, that saw him part with Jane Delmege some summers gone, that he now re-entered Fountainstown, but he felt this forenoon much more than on that well remembered one, which threw such a chill upon his recollections. His heart opened to the old places, and the old people—to his neighbors.

That Miss Delmege was still single, was a fact that made itself known to him, unasked, during the first hour's exercise of his new duties. Mr Delmege had engaged in milling, and to spare the time of a confidential clerk, and avoid the risk of trusting other parties, Jane sometimes walked to the bank, to lodge or draw any considerable sum. Here her old lover once more entered her. Hearing her name called out, he turned round and found her standing before him. Her hand was extended with a check; but he could not do less, for old acquaintance sake, than offer to take both together.

"You've returned here," observed she, with some embarrassment of manner.

"Yes;" he refrained from adding, "as manager." She could perceive that fact—and continued: "And I am not sorry to find myself once more at home."

Some indifferent remarks followed reciprocal inquiries for Mr and Mrs Delmege, and the twins. His years of absence lay, bridge-like, between their past and present; it was ground on which both stood at ease.

"May I thank you to look at that," said the lady at length, glancing at the check. "I am rather in haste."

"Certainly—excuse my detaining you so long," replied the gentleman, as he took up the fluttering bit of paper. Then adding, "one moment—pray pardon me; I am still new here," he moved toward his own office, reaching, as he passed, the check to an accountant. Miss Delmege saw, or thought she saw, his countenance changing, meantime, to the official dubiousness of "account overdrawn." It was with a proud swell of the heart she felt she had come to claim money, not to ask credit. She could expect no tender remembrance of the past from the young manager, and she looked for none in transacting business with him. And yet she misjudged somewhat the feelings that she canvassed; they leaned over the counter for more than she supposed. Never had John Checkly been so little disposed to quarrel with her conduct as at the moment when she was questioning herself of its necessity or even its dignity. He *had* condemned her weakness before he had had opportunity to estimate his own. It was with a thrill of the heart he remembered that his old avowal was to that hour unretracted and unrejected—that he was, in fact, her suitor still, if he desired to appear in that relation. It was this returning love that had swept across her path and ebbed away with changing circumstances years before, which now said to itself: "It might perhaps serve her better than in aiding her father's projects, if—" Here a great letter D cut short supposition. A fair balance in the book before him showed that the Delmeges in no wise needed friendly aid. They were yet well to do—remarkably well for these overwhelming times. The paying of the customary parting compliments was all needed at his hands just then; as he returned, feeling himself a little put aback, though why he would have found it hard to say. While the teller and Miss Delmege counted and recounted the money, he filled up the time for himself with vague and rather careless expression of "having proposed to inquire for Mrs. Delmege as soon as business would permit." Whether it was that through obviously increased coldness of his manner, Miss Delmege saw something of what really had been passing through his mind, or that she was prompted by the habit of hospitality, she thought proper to reply that mamma would be very happy to see him.

They parted—the lady to go home, and make a very observable miscount in her transfer of cash received; the gentleman to go through his books with a brain not altogether clear. Through debts and credits flitted many strange items. Hopes, fears, doubts, took the place of pounds, shillings and pence; ranging themselves down the double columns, mingling and changing, till at length the manager brought them to a check.

"Why not to-day?" said he, shutting up the book. "It is not I who should be backward if she is willing to recall old times; and if not, the sooner I know her mind the better for my own." This settled, he was able to give all his attention, if not all his heart, to the interests of the worthy governor and directors to whom he was indebted for the means to press his own just claim. This very thought was enough to make a hopeful lover a zealous, earnest man of business; and the new manager gained the top of the wheel in the rapid revolution of genteel opinion that day in Fountainstown. Long headed vice chairmen of poor-law boards, starched J. P's, and affronted forty-fifth cousins affiliated with as kindred genius, or hailed as the triumphant and irrepressable aspiring of thorough breeding, what the manager set down to a simple, honest instinct, favoring circumstances, and perhaps one little incident that he would not return on to analyze. The county club talked of the height of his forehead; he in his inmost soul thanked Providence. When the clock struck three he sprang like a school-boy from his seat, oversaw the closing arrangements, and hurried away once more to the old house in Spring Lane.

The ladies were at home. Checkley began something to the younger of "fears he might be even more occupied the next day," but her mother's welcome and inquiries cut short an explanation that was not much needed. Jane scarcely spoke. Mrs. Delmege invited him "to stay, without ceremony, for the day, believing that he was free from home engagements." He confirmed her suppositions, then paused, and looked at Jane. Jane looked out of the window, she remembered he was now manager. He, too, remembered the same fact, and it prompted acceptance of the invitation, even though she would not second it. He laid by his hat, and with it the remnant of constraint that had hung about him previously. Conversation was resumed and kept up between him and the elder lady; the younger sat in the window, listening or thinking as might be—Checkley wondered which. Yet when, on the entrance of a second guest to Mrs. Delmege, an opportunity of ascertaining offered, he would not use it. Mr Delmege was expected home to dinner; and the manager desired to make sure that, taking one thing with another, he would be acceptable as a son-in-law. He was not wholly sanguine of the result. Far from it, he had attained a full sense of the stupidity of "labor," and could look with ease—without envy or contempt—on those who had not had an opportunity to make a like acquisition. He could make ample allowance for the ways of people that, save on a point only, [illegible] give him no chance. He appreciated [illegible] was just starting enough to make an interest. *Difficult.* Meantime he could be passing [illegible] agreeable to Mrs. Delmege and her friend, and meaning to [illegible] the window and [illegible] perhaps recollection [illegible] color of the pictures on the [illegible] pink wall, w[illegible]

Mr Delmege arrived [illegible] "Come to our new [illegible] my dear," was both hearty and [illegible] he was just one more to make [illegible] The manager [illegible] He might have [illegible] as old friend [illegible] before his mind's eye [illegible] been.

"Take your wine, Checkley." He [illegible] health, and further promotion." [illegible] when the ladies had passed away [illegible] room.

As a most natural apropos [illegible] ments, came an avowal of the young [illegible] entire satisfaction in his present place [illegible] the position he had some time held in Fountainstown, formed no bar to his pressing an old unchanged attachment to Miss Delmege—"

"Not a bit of it," answered her father, interrupting him. "Am I not dabbling in trade myself now? A miller may shake hands with a tailor any day. Jesting apart, my dear Checkley, that thorough bred illness we Irish gentry used to pique ourselves upon is fast becoming obsolete—may all our woes go with it! If I may be pleased as I have very little doubt she will be, I know no one in whose hands I should hold her happiness more safe. I know, my dear fellow, and feel how handsomely you acted toward my family at a time when Jane's little fortune would have been a matter of some moment to you."

John Checkley sprang up stairs three steps at a time. The two elder ladies looked round in surprise to see a gentleman so soon in the sitting room; Jane kept gazing straight before her, till at a whisper of "Will you allow me to speak one moment with you there?" she rose and walked with him to the window.

"Do you remember, Jane," said he, "the last time we stood here together?"

"It was not here—it was down stairs," she replied with a blush and half smile.

"True: so it was indeed. That is a favorable omen. Will you reconsider now what I said to you then? On my side all is the same. I took your hand then without hope, or wish to keep it; there is mine now; will you take it?—'tis a hand with a heart in it."

"I did not expect you would ever think of me again," said Jane ingenuously.

"Do you suppose I ever ceased to think of you?"

"Not quite, perhaps. I did not deserve remembrance from you."

"I am not sure of that," said the young manager, frankly. "If you had made me at all less miserable then, I might be far less happy now."

One month after, John Checkley gave Jane Delmege a partner's right in the honors and emoluments of the "Bank-house." Across the river, in the distance, lives Monally, its old trees and grey walls fair in the sunshine of a pleasure yet to come.

A Great Shot.

The "best shot ever made," that we have heard of was that of an old hunter, who told us the story, but for the perfect accuracy of whose statements we will not vouch.

Our friend, the hunter, who was standing on the bank of the Miami river, rifle in hand, had spied on the opposite shore a noble deer, upon which he fired. At the instant he touched the trigger, an enormous fish leaped from the water and received the ball through the gills; the deer dropped dead in his tracks.

The hunter took a canoe, which, as fortune was in smiling mood, happened to be near, secured the fish, which had ceased to flounce and was floating with the current; and landed at the spot where his prize—the deer—had fallen. On examining the animal he found that the ball had passed through him, and looking in the direction it had taken, he discovered a dead deer also slain by the indomitable bullet, and presently saw that it had buried itself into an old poplar, and, from the hole it had pierced, gushed a stream of honey as bright as gold. He stopped to gather a stick to stop the waste of sweetness, and his hand rested on a rabbit, which he lifted and then dashed to the ground in anger, when lo! he smote a flock of quails, killing a number of them.

Thoroughly disgusted with the excess of success which had come upon him he took good care of his game, and, in due season, of the honey also.—*Cin. Commercial.*

A Horse Speculation.

Sam S—— is a horse-dealer of some eminence in Albany, New York. Last week he visited this city. In passing up Broadway, he discovered a half drunken man riding a bay horse that rather struck his fancy. He thus soliliquized:

"That's a fine beast and how much she looks like my "Bess." Had she one white foot, I would certainly swear it was her. I wonder what sort of a "dickey" I could strike up with the owner? As he is about half shaked I would not wonder if he were kindly disposed. For softening the heart a small quantity of gin works wonders."

"I say, old fellow, what do you ask for that horse?"

"Not half what she is worth. She cost $400. I will sell her however, for $250."

"Too much—I will give you $150. I want her for a match, or I'd offer $5 less."

"Can't take any such sum. Say $225 and the critter is yourn."

"After a half-hour's chafing, a bargain was finally agreed to; they "split the difference." Sam paid $137½, and the seller fobbed his money and retired to enjoy himself.

The next evening Sam started for Albany, with "a match for Bess," that he would not take "three hundred dollars for." On steping ashore, the first man Sam met was his hostler, who "opened up" as follows:

"Where did you get the mare?"

"In New York."

"Well how curious, I thought she was gone for good and all."

"Thought what was gone?"

"Why, Bess, the mare. She was stolen from the stable on Thursday night, and we all thought she had been run off to Canada."

"You don't say that mare is Bess?"

"I do, indeed."

"Where's her white foot?"

"Under a little black paint, I should think from the way the hair sticks out. Besides, there's the very head stall I made last Sunday with *my own blessed hands*. It's Bess and no mistak."

After a little examination, Sam had to admit that "gin and sugar," had done him brown—that the mare was out $137, and all brought about by a desire to take an advantage of a green chap, who couldn't see through a forty-foot fence. Whether this will reform Sam's tactics remains to be seen.

"Married Yesterday."

Every day in our journal that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we read the little sentence:—"Married yesterday," [illegible] Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of the earth; a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the dim aisles of some holy temple, a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, the spring flowers upon life's pathway. To-day some new marriage crown is put on, and she who wears it, leaning upon him who seems to her brightest jewel set amidst its [illegible] from the "dear old home," [illegible] in the fairy cot where love's [illegible] has trained the honeysuckle over the latticed porch, and placed Æolian lyres in all the [illegible]

"MARRIED YESTERDAY"

Tears are pearls and gold shining now amid the newer fringe love's pathway, and stars [illegible] the handiwork in the firmament of [illegible] harps making now whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joy falling like a shower of amethyst upon [illegible] that yesterday were sad. Life now seems beautiful. The soul soars upwards from its dust like a dove loosed from its cage. There is melody in every place; yea, there are angels in every path with crowns for those who [illegible] pressing onward with song and prayer.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."

It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come and life loses its summer bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather's knee, they who were "married yesterday," may hap will turn back to the records of the past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon, gathering up their shrouds, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where will be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

A Military Pig.—During the late war with Great Britain, a very remarkable circumstance occurred in connection with the invasion of Canada. A company of Kentucky volunteers, destined for Shelby's army, had their rendezvous at Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and formed a sort of nucleus or raying point for the military recruits of that part of the country. When they marched from Harrodsburg, towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way, they noticed two pigs lounging, and delayed their march to see it out. After they had resumed their march the pig which had been the victor in the contest, was observed to follow them.

At night when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted also. The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus it marched every day and halted every night with the soldiers, or near them. When they came opposite Cincinnati, at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a ferryboat, the pig, on getting to the water's edge, promptly plunged in and swam across, and then waited on the other side until the whole cortege crossed over, and then resumed its post upon one side of the moving column. Thus the animal kept up with the troops till they crossed the State of Ohio, and reached Lake Erie. On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow soldier. What they had was still shared, and if the pig fared as scantily as the rest at times, it still grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in his own line as the bipeds it accompanied did in theirs. At the margin of the Lake she embarked with the troops, and went as far as Bass Island. But when offered a passage over into Canada, she obstinately refused to embark a second time. Some of the men attributed her conduct to constitutional scruples, and observed that she knew it was contrary to the constitution to force a militia pig over the line. She therefore had leave to remain.

After the campaign had closed, the troops recrossed the Lake, having left some of their horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed to the great surprise of the troops, there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume her march with the rest. By this the winter frosts had set in and the animal suffered greatly on the homeward march. She made out, however, to reach Maysville where the troops recrossed the Ohio river. There she gave out, and was placed in trusty hands by Governor Shelby, and finally taken to the Governor's home, where she passed the rest of her days in ease and indolence.

There are many in Kentucky, who can now attest the truth of this remarkable story.

☞ A young widow with $80,000 in New York, advertises for a husband not over five feet ten inches in height. Nothing is said about breadth.

A Great Swindle.

The following remarks of the Philadelphia *Argus* meet our views precisely:

Barnum's Life.—The autobiography of Barnum is eliciting from the press of the whole country, with only here and there an exception, the condemnation and censure which ought to follow a confession so shameless of a life so full of shame. It is issued in a better style than the Newgate Calendar, but, in all other respects, should be classed with that "Honesty is the best policy," has stood as a truthful maxim for ages; but Barnum thought differently—and so also do thieves, highwaymen and pick-pockets—and he now sends forth his shameless confessions, made for a love of money, to corrupt the minds of the young, by showing how successful a shameless liar and systematic swindler may become. The book should be driven from every honest fireside, and receive the execration of every father who would inculcate a principle of honesty in his sons.—If this last scheme of money making is successful, we may next expect Barnum to put to press in guilt and Turkey morocco, the confessions of wantons and women of the pave, for his present book is of that character solely. Its object is to guild a life of lying—to elev