

LOVE.—BY SHAKESPEARE.
"Let me not to the marriage of true minds,
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
That alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh! no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempest and is never shaken:
It is the star of every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown although its height
be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE MINIATURE; OR, PRIDE AND PIQUE.

BY MISS MARY DUNLAP.

"So you are going with the Misses Scotts and their party to-night?" said Charles Hereford, as with hat in hand he stood taking leave of his affianced bride, Mary Beaufort. "To be sure," she said, with pretty positiveness.

The Misses Scotts were not favourites with Hereford. But especially he disliked several gentlemen with whom they were most intimate, and who he knew would accompany them on the party which had been made up for that evening, to go upon the water. Mary had been invited to the party, but as Hereford's engagement with her had not yet been made public, and as he had always shunned the acquaintance of the Misses Scotts he was not one of those asked. Afraid, however, that if he objected too positively to Mary's going she might attribute his opposition to the neglect, or might fancy him jealous of the gentleman who was to attend her, he was unwilling to tell the reason why he did not wish her to go. And Mary was unwilling to give up a pleasant party for what she thought a mere whim on his part. "If he has a reason," she said to herself, "he ought to tell me; and if he can't do that I will go, just to punish him."

Hereford was an exacting lover. He worshipped Mary with his whole soul; but, to own the truth, he required, as a proof of her love, that she should yield to his slightest wish, merely because it was his wish. He was bitterly disappointed when he found that she intended going with this party after his intimation of disapproval. He remained silent, looking on the floor. Mary, too, said nothing. Hereford was hurt; the beauty was piqued; and both were proud.

"I have a favour to ask, Mary," said he, looking up at length, though with some constraint. "Will you go with me to Riddal's to-night?"

"You forget that I am engaged with the Misses Scotts," she replied, a little angry.

"But you will break that?"

"I cannot."

"Not for me?"

"Not for you. It was a prior engagement!" she added, seeing that Hereford changed colour.

"But consider our relations," said he, with a little haughtiness.

"Indeed!" said Mary, "you would play the tyrant!"

"That is soon remedied," said Hereford advancing to the door. He was about to pass out without further word, but he seemed to alter his mind; he stopped, and holding the knob in his hand, looked back. A flush of haughty pride overspread Mary's face.

"You will not go to-night?" he said.

"Certainly I will, sir," she replied. Then the blood ebbed from her cheeks, for Hereford had closed the door and disappeared. She stood a moment trembling violently. All her pride had vanished. Hereford was gone, gone in anger, and she had refused his offer of peace. She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

The door opened softly and a well-known step entered the room. Starting from her seat, she turned her back to the light, and haughtily confronted the intruder, for a sudden revulsion had come over her feelings. Shame crimsoned her cheeks at the mere thought that Hereford had seen her weakness. Proud, proud Mary, how much that haughty bosom wars with your peace! Hereford, who thought in the hall he heard a sob, started back at the indignant Juno who now confronted him, her cheeks burning, bosom heaving, her whole bearing indicative of haughty anger.

"Let me understand you," he said at length, rallying himself from his embarrassment. "Are you serious in saying you will go to-night?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"Then I have nothing more to say."

"Very well, sir."

"Mary," said he, again looking back.

"Sir?"

"At that cold reply—so haughty, so stinging to his pride—Hereford felt his proud cheek burn, and turning quickly on his heel he strode from the apartment. The next moment Mary heard the hall door clanging behind him.

In spite of her anger, that sound struck coldly to her bosom, for she knew how high-spirited Hereford was, and her heart misgave her that she would never see him again. She tried, however, to shake this feeling off; and began humming a gay tune. But it would not do: her voice choked, her eyes filled with tears, and leaning against the mantel-piece she wept uncontrollably.

As for Hereford he left the house in a whirlwind of passion. Nothing, he thought, could have been more galling than Mary's manner, when she rejected his last overture. He forgot that, after the tone he had assumed, a proud woman like Mary could not be expected to reply otherwise to his almost imperious demand. Never again, he resolved would he cross the threshold of her house.

But time brought better reflections, and when his anger had a little cooled he saw that Mary was not wholly to blame. "I was hasty and exacting," he said. "She will be sorry for what she said, and make a tacit apology for not going to-night. Then, to-morrow, I will call on her and all will be well."

But he little knew how a proud woman can act. Even though her heart should break, Mary resolved to go on the party, for she foresaw that her remaining at home would be considered by Hereford an apology.

And she went. Mary Beaufort was, on that evening, the gayest of the gay. Her smile was ever ready, her wit flashed keenest, the joyousness of her spirit seemed to defy all bounds. But little did her fascinated listeners dream of the pent-up agony within her heart. She might have been compared to a ruin decked in flowers, or midnight waters, glittering on the surface but dark within.

Hereford, when he heard of her going, had no longer any doubt that her injustice was wanton and premeditated. His returning softness passed away. He regarded himself as trifled with, and unwilling to remain where his mortification would be the subject of remark, he left the city the ensuing day, without even a word of explanation to Mary on a long and perilous journey.

A proud heart may conquer its passion if the object is unworthy or it has been slighted without cause; but if its own perversity has brought about the separation, sooner or later it will melt into tenderness for the absent object. It was so with Mary now. On hearing of Hereford's departure, she resolved to cast him forever from her heart; but in a few days her purpose began to waver, for she recollected that he had not been wholly to blame, and so she gradually began to nourish a wish and then a hope that he would return. "Surely," she thought, "he will not carry his anger to extremities." But days elapsed and still he was absent. She repented now that she had gone on the party. She blamed herself for her hasty words, for her self-will, for her indomitable pride. Still no Hereford came. Weeks passed, and then months. Summer became autumn, and autumn winter; and as the flowers drooped so did Mary; for her pride was now completely subdued, and she spent hours alone weeping vain tears of regret over her lover's absence.

At length she fell sick. Her illness was long, and for a while her life was despaired of; but when almost at the gates of death a favourable change occurred in her disease, and she gradually recovered. She arose from that sick-bed a different being. Indomitable pride had been the great fault of her character, but that was now wholly eradicated. She had been purified in the furnace of affliction, and no one now was more gentle and lovable than Mary. Her affection for Hereford, however, still remained. In the wildest assaults of delirium his image had been present to her mind, upbraiding her for pride and heartlessness; and now that she had recovered she found a sad pleasure in going away by herself and brooding over the memories of the past. Her favourite spot on such occasions was a little arbour in the garden; and there would she sit for hours gazing on a miniature of Hereford, the only memento of him that remained to her.

But where was he? For more than a year no tidings had been received of him even by his own family, except a hasty letter dated from Malta, and containing the intelligence that he was about to set forth for Egypt and Syria. For Hereford sought in travel to drown the bitter remembrances of happy days now gone forever. From Cairo he passed to Jerusalem, and thence over the desert to Bagdad. Wherever excitement could be found there was he; and month after month he braved the dangers of a Bedouin's wandering life, hoping to discover that Lethe for which so many have sought in vain. He stood by the ruins of Babylon, he slaked his thirst in the broad Tigris, he passed through many a peril, and beheld many a strange land, but he could not shake from his mind the thought of Mary. There are some men who may love a dozen women; there are others of a more earnest mould who can never worship but one. Hereford belonged to this latter class. The deep fountains of his heart had been broken up, and the golden cistern thereafter was never to be at rest.

At length he resolved to return to his native land. Not that he hoped for happiness there; but an indefinable yearning came over him to tread once more its soil. Nor did he dream that Mary loved him still; yet, like a fascinated bird, he longed to hear of her, though uncared for, to be near her though unseen. With him to resolve was to execute, and by the most rapid conveyances he reached home just as summer was opening.

It was a beautiful day in June, and the flowers were out in all their loveliness and perfume, when led by an irresistible impulse he rode out into the country, intending to pass by the country residence of Mary's father, where together they had once spent so many happy days. As he approached the house his heart beat with quicker pulsations, for he recognized familiar objects on every hand. The dwelling appeared to be closed, as if the family had not yet removed to it for the summer; and alighting from his saddle, he tied his horse to a palling of the fence, opened the gate and entered. Before him was the broad carriage-walk where he had often caught the first sight of Mary as she came to welcome him on his visits; there was the lawn where they had sauntered arm in arm; and hard by was the clump of chestnut trees under whose magnificent boughs they were wont to seek shelter in the sultry noonday. He walked on, his heart melted by the recollections these scenes called up, and listlessly turned into the garden.

Hereford had arrived from abroad but the day before, consequently he possessed no information respecting Mary. He had not ventured to ask whether she was married or not. He did not know, therefore, that on account of her health she had preceded the rest of the family into the country, and was now residing here alone, with the exception of the servants. But suddenly he came upon a little arbour of trellis-work, which

had been a favourite resort of Mary and himself in other days. It was completely sheltered in thick vines, which he was about to put aside in order to enter, when he was arrested by the voice of some one apparently occupying it. He drew back and the voice began the prelude to a song. Every tone was full of pathos—like yet unlike those of Mary. His heart beat violently, and he leaned against a tree for support. And now his doubts no longer perplexed him, for he fully recognized the voice of Mary, as in a tone of melting sadness she sang these lines of Moore:—

"As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in coldness and darkness below;
So the face may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while,
One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing brighter nor darker can bring,
For which joy hath no balm and affliction no sting."

The voice of the singer trembled as she proceeded, and became choked with tears as she finished the last line. Hereford put aside the vines and gazed stealthily on her. Oh! how pale was that sad, sweet face! And could it be, he asked himself, that she had suffered all this for him. She drew forth a miniature from her bosom, at this instant, and gazed earnestly upon it. From where he stood the face was plainly visible, and his brain grew dizzy with happiness as he saw it was his own. In that moment all his proud resolutions faded away, everything was forgotten but that pale, wan face, and the consciousness of Mary's love, long treasured in despite of absence and neglect. He sprang forward and fell at her feet.

"Will you forgive me?" he said. "Can you overlook my hasty anger and continued neglect? But, oh! believe me, Mary, it has cost me unremitting agony."

Startled, confused, yet still sensible of her sudden happiness, Mary could only extend her hand to her lover and murmur his name, before she fell fainting into his arms.

You may well suppose, fair reader, they never quarrelled again; and though they have now been married for years, neither Mary nor Hereford has yet exchanged a harsh word. They made an agreement before they were united that both should not be angry at the same time, and the contract has been religiously kept in spite of PRIDE AND PIQUE.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF TURKISH ETIQUETTE.—The following circumstance may be mentioned in proof of the rigid severity of the law which forbids men to look upon the unveiled faces of women, or even to enter the harem of their nearest connections. Emin Bey, colonel of engineers, and Derwish Effendi, professor of natural philosophy at Galata Serai, both studied in Europe and principally in England, where they laid the foundation for those acquirements that will probably raise them to high distinction in their respective departments. These two young men married two sisters, both girls of good education, daughters of the Hekin Bashy. The two husbands not being over rich, and their young wives not having any immediate dowry, the brothers-in-law determined to inhabit the same house and to share expenses. This proposition being agreed to by the families, a good house was selected, containing two commodious suits of apartments. Here the two couples settled themselves and placed their establishment under the superintendence of the professor's widowed mother. Now, it might be supposed that two such near connections, living under the same roof, uniting purses, and having almost all interests in common, would join together in domestic sociality, and form as it were one family. But this is not the case. The two sisters inhabit the same sitting-room in the harem, and the two men divide the same apartment in the salamyk; but each wife has her distinct chambers, into which the husband of the other never enters, so that Derwish Effendi has never set eyes on the unveiled face of his sister-in-law, and Emin Bey has never looked upon the uncovered features of his brother-in-law's wife. Thus the two ladies are as complete strangers to their respective brothers-in-law as if they were living under distinct roofs.—*Domestic manners of the Turks in 1844.*

SWEARING.—Whatever may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man who made a fortune by swearing. It often happens that men pay for swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced in dignity because he is expert in profane swearing? Low must be the character which such impertinence will exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason or passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups; the lecher his mistress; the satirist his revenge; the ambitious man his preferment; the miser his gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he sells his soul for naught, and drudges in the service of the devil gratis.—Swearing is void of all plea; it is not the offspring of the soul, not interwoven with the texture of the body; nor any how allied to our frame. For, as Tillotson expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution."

The Naval and Military Gazette says that an experimental squadron of ten English ships of war will very soon, on being *manned and equipped for war*, and with full five months' provisions, make a "demonstration towards the shores of America;" and concludes by saying that this demonstration "will not be for the purpose of offensive or even ostentatious display, but for the objects of exercise and experience, and for showing the world that England is still a naval power, and means to vindicate herself as such."

ALL ABOUT 'HER.'—BY REQUEST.

Yes, she was lovely she was fair,
As mild as summer even;
An angel form, a smile bright,
A star that dropped from heaven.
Well she was.

And O that bright and lustrous orb,
That gleamed with holy fire;
Those sunburn curls, that lovely brow,
None, none, could but admire.
Well they could not.

And O that light and graceful form,
So like a beautiful fairy—
(Perhaps we'd best leave out the "I"
And then it would be airy.)
Well it would.

I knelt before her, and I swore
I'd have one burning kiss;
She said: "Go wash your face before
You can enjoy such bliss!"
Well she did.

I swore she was an angel too,
Who'd fallen from the sky;
She cried:—"O for a pair of wings
Once more to soar on high."
I vow she did.

"What, what!" I cried, "and would you thus
A lover trust desert?"
"O, heavens!" she cried—"the clothes 'line's
broke."
There goes my brother's shirt!
Well she did—*Asa!*

LIFE IN THE WEST.

Geographical differences are material in defining age; and if one could move about judiciously, he might, perhaps, continue young until the end of his time. Here in the east, we are young folks—sort of young—as long probably as we choose to behave young, on the principle of handsome is that handsome does; but in some sections of the west, it appears to be different. A travelling companion of ours once was rather astonished on being told that he, "the old man"—some thirty or thirty-five, at that period—might sleep there, the best accommodations being required for his advanced stage of existence; and we now see that an Iowa journal records the death of one of the "oldest and most respectable inhabitants" of Iowa city, what think you, reader?—at the venerable age of twenty-nine!—Old, we presume, in comparison with Iowa city; but scarcely a patriarch in any other view, unless indeed our Iowa city friends live faster than other people and get over a large expanse of experience in an amazingly brief space of time. Some people do it here; but "so wise so young they say, do ne'er live long." Yet if life is to be measured by events—by the march of civilization, the upspringing of cities and the formation of states—then the stirring inhabitant of the west lives as much in his year as the crawling man of European practice does in a century.—*Neal's Saturday Gazette.*

TOLERABLY IMPROPER.—The Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker has the following morceux:

A young gentleman, a member of our college, was expelled for drawing young ladies up to his room at night and letting them down in the morning, by means of rope and basket, arranged from his window. Of course a great deal of gossiping conversation was the consequence. The following colloquy occurred between two young ladies: "Jane, do you really think that students draw girls up to their rooms?" "Certainly, my dear; more than that, I know that they do." "How?" "Well, I was going by the college one morning; it was just before light; 'twas very early in the morning, and I heard a noise in the direction of one of the college buildings. I looked that way and as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket, about half way from a three story window from the ground; and just then the rope broke, and down I came!" Oh! Jane!

DIFFERENT COLORS OF MOURNING.—In Europe black is worn, because it represents darkness, which death is like unto. In China white is used, because they hope that the dead are in heaven. In Egypt yellow is used, because it represents the decaying of trees and flowers. In Ethiopia brown is used, because it denotes the color of the earth from whence we came, and to which we return. In some parts of Turkey blue is used, because it represents the sky, where they hope the dead have gone; but in other parts purple and violet because being a mixture of black and blue, it represents, as it were sorrow on the one side and hope on the other.

FLOWERS.—"What is the use of flowers?" exclaims a thrifty house-keeper, meanwhile polishing her fire-irons. "What is the use of bright fire-irons, say we, in reply, or of any fire irons at all; could not you make a fire on two stoves, that would keep you quite as warm? What's the use of handsome table cloths and bed spreads? one might eat on a board, and sleep under a buffalo skin, and not really starve either!"

When you see a house standing all alone, bare of shrub or flower, except perhaps some volunteer bunches of thistle and pigweed, what do you infer of its inmates? And when you have passed even a log cabin, where the sweetbrier is carefully trained around the door, while veils of morning glories and of scarlet beans, shaded the windows, did you not immediately think of the dwellers there, their neat, cheerful and agreeable?

This is more especially the case in regard to the homes of the poor. The credit of the rich man's ground may belong to his gardener, but they who keep no garden, and whose simple flower garden springs out of moments stolen from necessary labor, possess a genuine and cordial love for the beautiful, to render even an humble dwelling so fragrant and fair.

QUICK MOTION.—As an accompaniment to cheap postage a scheme is in progress of forwarding the whole mail at the rate of sixty miles per hour. Experiments are soon to be made which the Journal of Commerce says will demonstrate its entire feasibility. It will be cheaper than the present mode and superior to the English Atmospheric Railway. Verily we live in an age of improvement.

Orders have been given to all the fortresses on the Eastern coasts, to have all the cannon in the forts mounted immediately. "Clear the decks for action!"

Snow.—The Argus, of Monday last, says that snow fell on the previous day, (24th May,) on the Heilderbergs, in the vicinity of Albany, and that their tops were still white with it, in the afternoon.

The work of building a Marine Hospital at Cleveland has been commenced.

Three British war steamers are building at Kingston, Canada.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas in and for Putnam County, Ohio, at their May Term, A. D. 1845, we will offer for sale at the door of the Court House in said County, on the first day of July, A. D. 1845 between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and two o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described Real Estate, situate in said County, to-wit:—
"The west half of the south east quarter of section number twenty, of Township one north of Range six east; containing eighty acres of land—the north west quarter of the south east quarter of section number twenty, of Township one north of Range six east; containing forty acres of land—the north west quarter of section number twenty-one, of Township one north of Range six east; containing one hundred and sixty acres of land—the north half of the north east quarter of section number twenty, of Township one north of Range six east; containing eighty acres of land."
The terms of payment will be made known on the day of sale.
JAMES CROW,
SARAH CROW,
Adm'rs of the Estate of Abraham Crow, dec'd.
JOHN J. ACKERMAN, Atty. for Pet.
May 24, 1845. 4w293

ATTENTION.

THE commissioned officers of the second Ohio Regiment, Third Brigade, seventeenth Division, Ohio Militia, are hereby notified to meet at the house of Capt. Fruechy at Columbus Grove, on Saturday, June 21st proximo, at 10 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing one Colonel for said Regiment, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Gillett.
S. BELL, Brig. Genl.
By M. C. Adams, Esq. Lt. Col. of said Regt.
Friday, May 30, 1845. 3w293

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Alexander Hardin } Judgment in Common Pleas Hancock
vs. } county.
Henry Emmons, }
By virtue of a writ of vendi, ex parte me directed from the Court of common pleas of Hancock county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at the door of the court house in Kallida on Tuesday the 1st day of July 1845, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M., the following described tracts of land to-wit:
The north-east fraction of the south-west quarter, containing fifty acres, and also the south part of the north-east quarter of the north-west quarter twenty-five (25) acres, and the south-east corner of the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter four (4) acres, and the north-east corner of the south-west quarter of the north-west quarter two (2) acres, and the south-east quarter of the north-west quarter of forty (40) acres all in section twenty-nine (29) township one (1) north of range eight (8) east, containing one hundred and twenty-one (121) acres. Taken as the property of Henry Emmons to satisfy an execution in favor of Alexander Hardin.
T. B. McCLURE, Sheriff.
May 30th, A. D. 1845. 5w293

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY order of the Court of Common Pleas for Warren County, Ohio, dated May 14, 1845, I shall offer at public sale at the Court House in the town of Kallida and county of Putnam on Wednesday, the 22nd day of June next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. of said day, the following property, to-wit:
Lot No. 58 in the town of Kallida, Putnam county.
Also, the undivided half of the northwest fraction of the south half of section No. 24, town two south of range five east in the county of Putnam, containing 80 acres, with a mill thereon.
Lot No. 58 in Kallida appraised at \$90.
The undivided half of the 58 acre tract, with the mill thereon, appraised at \$350. Both tracts are free from dower.
One third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the day of sale, one third thereof in nine months thereafter, and the residue in eighteen months from the day of sale. To be secured by mortgage upon the premises respectively. The notes bearing interest from the day of sale.
DEMAS ADAMS, Jun., Adm'r
Estate of T. B. Van Horn, dec'd.
May 22, 1845. 6w292

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

DAVID J. CORY, Administrator of Daniel Wait, deceased, vs. HENRY COMMON FLEAS. PETITION TO SELL LANDS.

The above Defendants are hereby informed that, on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1845, said Administrator filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Henry County, Ohio, the object and prayer of which petition is, to obtain an order, &c. at the next term of said Court, for the sale of the following real estate, of which the said Daniel Wait died seized to-wit: The east half of the south west quarter and the west half of the south east quarter of section No. 11 eleven; township No. 4 four, north of range No. 6 six east, in the Plena Land District, in the county of Henry and State of Ohio, and containing one hundred and sixty acres more or less.

DAVID J. CORY, Administrator of Daniel Wait, deceased. J. G. HALY, Sol'r for Petitioner. Dat'd May 13th, 1845. 222dw

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Thomas J. Anderson, deceased, late of Tully township, Van Wert county, Ohio. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment; and all those having equitable claims against said estate are desired to present them, legally authenticated, for settlement, within one year.
MICHAEL ANDERSON, Adm'r.
June 1, 1845. 224dw

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator de bonis non, of the estate of Allen C. McClure, late of Putnam County, deceased, and has qualified as such administrator. On the 19th day of June 1845.
CALVIN T. POMEROY, Adm'r de bonis non.
225cw

REPRINT.

OF CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL, published at the Albion office 3 Barclay street, N. York. The first year of our reprint of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal being about to expire, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to say, that it has received a support commensurate with the intrinsic merit of the work, and that its continued republication is therefore established on firm basis. We shall feel indebted to subscribers who will make the Journal known in their respective neighborhoods, as well as give currency to the annexed terms of publication.

In order to put this work within the reach of all classes of the public, we have determined to issue it at the very low price of one dollar and a half per annum; and also to furnish it to agents at a discount from this price, of thirty-three and a third per cent. And in order to disseminate the publication still more extensively, we have determined to give individuals or companies of individuals who may order five copies the advantages possessed by agents, and to extend to them also the benefit of the discount. A remittance of five dollars, then, provided it be in funds at par in the city of New York, or not more than five per cent, discount, will command five annual copies. The publication is weekly, contains eight pages, and is printed in the quarto form, with neat type and on good paper. It is scarcely necessary to state that the low price at which we offer the work, will oblige us to adhere to the cash system without any deviation whatever.

Editors throughout the country inserting this Prospectus four successive weeks, and sending a copy containing it to the Albion office, will be entitled to a free copy for one year.

BLANK SUBPENAS, for Justices, just printed, and for sale at this office.