FREMONT WEEKLY FREEMAN.

VOLUME II. FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1850. NUMBER 27.

FREMONT FREEMAN:

J. S. FOUKE, Editor and Publisher.

The Freeman, is published every Saturday morning—Office In Buckland's Brick Building—third story; Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio.

TERMS.

Single mail subscribers, per year,	$1 50
Clubs of ten and upwards, to one address	1 37½
Clubs of fifteen " "	1 25

Town subscribers will be charged $1 75. The difference in the terms between the price on papers delivered in town and those sent by mail, is occasioned by the expense of carrying.

When the money is not paid in advance, as above specified, Two Dollars will be charged if paid within the year, if not paid until after the expiration of the year, Two Dollars and Fifty cents will be charged. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

How to Stop a Paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the Post Master of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher, under his frank, (as he is authorized to do) of your wish to discontinue.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square—13 lines—first insertion	$0 50
Do each additional insertion	25
Do Three months	2 00
Do Six months	3 50
Do One year	5 00
Two squares Six months	6 00
Do One year	10 00
Half column One year	18 00
One column One year	30 00

Business Directory.

FREMONT FREEMAN JOB PRINTING OFFICE:

We are now prepared to execute to order, in a neat and expeditious manner, and upon the fairest terms; almost all descriptions of

JOB PRINTING;

SUCH AS

Business Cards,	Bill Heads,
Circulars,	Bills of Lading,
Handbills,	Certificates,
Catalogues,	Drafts,
Show Bills,	Bills,
Justices' Blanks,	Bank Checks,
Lawyers' Blanks,	Law Cases,
Manifests,	Ball Tickets, etc., etc.

We would say to those of our friends who are in want of such work, you need not go abroad to get it done, when it can be done just as good at home.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Fort Stephenson Division, No. 432.—Stated meetings, every Tuesday evening at the Division Room in the old Northern Exchange.

I. O. O. F.

Croghan Lodge, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Buckland's Brick Building, every Saturday evening.

ROBERTS, HUBBARD & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Copper, Tin, and Sheet-iron Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

Stoves, Wool, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags,

Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c.:

ALSO, ALL SORTS OF GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS

Pease's Brick Block, No. 1.

FREMONT, OHIO. 32

STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, Books, Stationnay, &c.:

FREMONT, OHIO.

EDWARD F. DICKINSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law:

FREMONT, OHIO.

Office—One door south of A. B. Taylor's store, up stairs. Aug. 31, 1850.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND:

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

And Solicitor in Chancery, will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story of Buckland's Block.

FREMONT, OHIO.

JOHN L. GREENE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

And Prosecuting Attorney, for Sandusky county, will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.

Office—In the second story of Buckland's Block.

FREMONT, OHIO.

CHESTER EDGERTON:

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

And Solicitor in Chancery, will carefully attend to all professional business left in his charge. He will also attend to the collection of claims &c., in this and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story Buckland's Block.

FREMOMT, OHIO. 1

B. J. BARTLETT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Will give his undivided attention to professional business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

FREMONT, OHIO. 1

DR. M DANA,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Fremont and adjacent country.

Office—One door north of E. Leppelman's Jewelry Store, where he will cheerfully attend to any calls, except when absent on professional duty.

June 24, 1850.

L. Q. BAWSON:

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office—North side of the Turnpike, nearly opposite the Post Office.

FREMONT, OHIO. 14

PIERRE BEAUGRAND:

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity.

Office—One door north of E. N. Cook's Store.

PORTAGE COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent:

FREMONT, OHIO.

POST OFFICE HOURS.

The regular Post Office hours, until further notice will be as follows:

From 7 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 8 P. M.
Sundays from 8 to 9 A M, and from 4 to 5 P M.

W. M. STARK, P. M.

Farms to Let!

Several Farms, near Fremont, and convenient to the Turnpike, ☞ TO RENT. ☜ Some of these have Eighty to Ninety acres cleared thereon, with comfortable Houses, Barns &c.

Enquire of SAML. CROWELL,
General Land Agent.

Muskalunge, March 2, 1850—51-5

A. F. & F. VANDERCOOK:

MERCHANTS AND DEALERS

In all kinds of Produce;

At the Old Stand

Formerly occupied by Dickenson & V. Doren.

FREMONT, OHIO.

December 13, 1849

The choicest Liquors and Wines for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes for sale at

Buckland's.

Poetry.

A Swarm of Bees worth having.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matter subservient to mind.
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few,
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn,
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust.
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure;
B dependent, B Christ-like and you'll B secure.

Miscellaneous.

Too Good Credit.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Let me show you one of the cheapest pieces of cloth I have seen for six months,' said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from a clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

'Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards,' replied the customer. 'The silk and buttons are all I want.'

'Oh no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs—no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods,' said the storekeeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. 'There,' he added, as he unfolded the glossy broad cloth, and slapped his hand upon it self complacently, 'there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and worth six, every cent of it. I bought it at auction yesterday, at a great bargain.'

'It's cheap enough certainly,' remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth; 'but I've no money to spare just now.'

'Don't want any money,' replied Edwards. 'At least not from such men as you.'

Jacobs looked up into the man's face in some doubt as to his meaning.

'Your credit is good,' said Edwards, smiling. 'Credit! I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life,' returned the customer.

'I'll trust you to half that is in my store,' was answered.

'Thank you,' said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this. 'But I've no wants in the dry goods line to that extent.—A skein of silk and a dozen of buttons for my wife, are all that I require at present.'

'You want a new coat,' replied the persevering storekeeper, and laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacobs' coat and examined it closely. 'This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some regard to his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I wont send in your bill for six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat! Think of that! Bargains of this kind don't grow on every tree.'

While Edwards talked thus, he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a way to let the rich glossy surface catch the best points of light, and his quick eyes soon told him that his customer was becoming tempted.

'I'll cut you off a coat pattern,' said he, taking up his yard stick, 'I know you want it.—Don't hesitate about the matter.'

Jacobs did not say 'no,' although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the piece.

'There it is,' came in a satisfied, half triumphant tone from the store keeper's lips.—'And the greatest bargain you ever had.—You will want trimmings, of course.'

As he spoke, he turned to the shelves for pading, linings, silk, &c., and while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece and another, until the coat trimings were all nicely laid out. This done Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight, and said—

'You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course.'

'My vest is a little shabby,' remarked Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

'If that's the best one you have it will never do to go with a new coat,' said Edwards, in a decided tone. 'Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin.'

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaloons in addition to the coat. After that, he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself with an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six months.

'Cant you think of anything else?' enquired Edwards. 'I shall be happy to supply whatever you want in my line.'

'Nothing more, I believe,' answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

'But you will want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Never mind about the money. Your credit is good with me for any amount.'

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife of what he had done, she, unreflecting woman was delighted.

'I wish you had taken a piece of muslin,' said she. 'We want sheets and pillow cases badly.'

'You can get a piece,' replied Jacobs. 'We won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay it then.'

'Oh yes, easy enough,' responded the wife; confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But, things did not stop here. A credit account is too often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that want had found a supply source, want became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls! that an alarmingly heavy debt was accumulating against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he had found it necessasy to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order to make both ends meet. Somewhat independent in his, feelings, he had never asked credit of any one with whom he dealt, and, no one offering it, previous to the tempting inducement held out by Edwards, he had regulated his out goes by his actual income. By this means he had managed to keep even with the world, though not to gain any advantage on the side of fortune. Let us see if his 'good credit' has been of any real benefit to him.

It was so very pleasant to have things comfortable or for a little display, without feeling that the indulgence drained the purse too heavily. And a weak vanity on the part of Jacobs, was gratified by the flattering opinion of his honesty entertained by Edwards, the storekeeper. His 'credit was good,' and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reconing was approaching, and at last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing, when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things, the purchase of which would have been omitted, but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the store keeper's hands, and tempted needless expendtiture.

As the end of the six months' credit period approached, the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill, he was in some uncertainty; but he thought that it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed, at times, as if it would almost suffocate him.

One evening he came home, feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of little else all day besides his bill at the store. On meeting his wife he saw that something was wrong.

'What ails you, Jane?' said he kindly.—'Are you sick?'

'No,' was the simple reply. But her eyes drooped as she made it, and her husband saw that her lips slightly quivered.

'Something is wrong, Jane,' said the husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath her half closed lids—the bosom labored with the weight of some pressure.

'Tell me Jane,' urged Jacobs, 'if any thing is wrong. Your manner alarms me. Are any of the children sick?'

'Oh, no, no. Nothing of that,' was quickly answered. 'But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill.

'That was to be expected, of course,' said Jacobs, with forced calmness. 'The credit was for only six months. But, how much is the bill?'

His voice was unsteady as he asked the question.

'A hundred and twenty dollars.' And poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

'Impossible!' exclaimed the startled husband. 'Impossible? There is some mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars! Never!

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

'So much for a good credit,' he said, at length, taking a long breath. 'What a fool I have been! That cunning fellow, Edwards has gone to the winward of me completely.—He knew that if he got me on his books, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get on the cash-down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months! Ah, me! Are we happier, now, for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit! Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But has all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?'

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came, but neither husband nor wife could do much more than taste food.—That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke sober minded, and little inclined for conversation. But one thought was in the mind of Jacobs—the bill of Edwards; and one feeling in the mind of his wife—self-reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

'What will you do?' said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glittering eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house.

'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the young man, gloomily. 'I shall have to see Edwards, I suppose, and ask him to wait. But, I'm sure I'd rather take a horse whipping. Good credit! He'll sing a different song now.'

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other. Then, as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards,—but he now avoided the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

'How am I to pay this bill?' murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, and gave his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

'Well, my young friend,' said he, kindly, 'how are you getting along?'

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful as he replied—

'Pretty well, sir.' But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

'Let me see,' remarked the employer after a pause: 'your regular year is up to-day, is it not?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Jacobs, his heart sinking more heavily in his bosom, for, the question suggested a discharge from his place—business having been dull for some time.

'I was looking at your account yesterday,' resumed the employer, 'and find that it is drawn up close. Have you nothing ahead?'

'Not a dollar, I am sorry to say,' returned Jacobs. 'Living is expensive; and I have five mouths to feed.'

'That being the case,' said the employer, 'as you have been faithful to us, and your services are valuable, we must add some thing to your salary. You now receive seven hundred dollars?'

'Yes, sir.'

'We will call it eight hundred and fifty dollars.'

A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk; seeing which, the employer, already blessed in blessing another, added—

'And it shall be for the last year as well as for the coming. I will fill out a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, as the balance due you up to this day.'

The feelings of Jacobs were too much agitated for him to trust himself with oral thanks as he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up; but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterwards, the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face.

'I have come to settle your bill,' said young Jacobs.

'You needn't have troubled yourself about that,' replied the storekeeper, 'though money is always acceptable.'

The money was paid and the bill receipted, when Edwards, rubbing his hands, an action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind said—

'And now what shall I show you?

'Nothing,' was the young man's grave reply.

'Nothing! Don't say that,' replied Edwards.

'I have just got in a beautiful lot of spring goods.

'I have no money to spare,' answered Jacobs.

'That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount.'

'A world too good, I find,' said Jacobs, beginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who has lost his pocket book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

'How so? What do you mean?' asked the storekeeper.

'My good credit has got one hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket,' replied Jacobs.

'I don't understand you,' said Edwards, looking serious.

'Its a plain case—very,' answered Jacobs. 'This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise have bought.—That has taken sixty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent under temptation, because it was in the purse instead of being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now do you understaud me?'

The storekeeper was silent.

'Good morning, Mr. Edwards, said Jacobs. 'When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you; but no more book account to me.'

Wise will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate incomes, and should never, under any pretence be opened.

Incombustible Structures.

That every passenger boat ship or other vessel might and should be committed to the water *absolutely fire-proof* is among our decided convictions, with regard to which we have troubled our readers somewhat, and mean to worry them still more unless silenced by success. Every time we hear of some score of human lives lost by the burning of a steamboat or packet we say 'Here is wholesale manslaughter, with immense suffering and destruction of property, which might have been avoided if government but had done its duty.' Yes, if our own government would but say, 'No vessel hereafter launched shall be permitted to carry passengers unless it has been rendered thoroughly fire-proof,' that single enactment, vigilently adhered to, would save five hundred lives per annum, at a small cost; for it need cost very little to render the frame of a vessel, its floors, paint, furniture, &c., incombustible, leaving nothing, but its stores and its ropes (perhaps not even these) liable to distruation by fire. The only reason why it is not now generally done is, simply that it never has been. The constructor of to-day don't see why he should spend hundreds of dollars in doing that which has not been done before and which (he presumes) nobody will appreciate if he done it. So capitalists continue to build fire-ships, which the carelessness or ill-luck of any one among their hundreds of inmates may in five minutes transform into charnel-houses, replete with unutterable anguish and horror.

When we shall have once brought the public mind up to the work of requiring that all passenger vessels shall be fire-proof, it will be but little further to require that all buildings standing in blocks, or in dangerous proximity to others, shall be in like manner shielded from sudden destruction.

[New York Tribune.

Incombustible Rope-Important discovery.

We believe the asbestos has been discovered at last—or at all events a process still more useful, by which all kinds of cordage, fabrics and manufactures of every kind made from a vegetable material can be rendered impervious to the action of fire. It is to the genius and scientific research of Dr. J. H. Johnson, of New Orleans, that the honor of this discovery is due. We yesterday witnessed some experiments at the Doctor's room at the Clinton hotel which perfectly satisfied us that the discovery is in reality all that is claimed for it. A common rope, of the size of a ratline, only partially saturated with the preparation, owing to the want of facilities for performing the operation on a large scale, was subjected to the action of a flame for a long time without suffering the slightest injury.

The fibre was smoked by condensing the flames into lampblack upon the surface of the rope, but upon being wiped with a cloth, it was as clean and sound as ever.

In short, the experiment prove conclusively that rope thus prepared becomes, without losing any of its suppleness or strength, (indeed, the strength of the fibre is considerably increased,) absolutely impervious to the action of fire—or, to speak more scientifically, the organic substance (hemp) of which the rope is composed is rendered inorganic by the abstraction of the oxygen, and will no longer support combustion.

The process by which this is accomplished is the discoverer's secret; but as he has taken the necessary steps to guard his interests in the premises, both in this county and Europe, he has explained it to us in a clear and perspicuous manner showing that the discovery is not the result of accident, but is the legitimate result of a careful and logical course of scientific and philosophic research.

The great western railroad from Niagara Falls to Detroit, is put under contract and will be immediatly commenced. The grade is almost a perfect level, and in one place there is a straight run of fifty miles.

Uncle Bill--A Sketch about Love and Gold Dust.

Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Bill as he was commonly called, with an irreverant disregard of his patronymic, did not retire from the ship chandlery business till he was worth something more than a plum. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all his tenderness and care upon his daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, thou wert as unlike thy papa, as a Canary bird is like a bull dog. His face was hard as a Dutch nut-cracker, thine as soft as a rose leaf. He was the veriest miser in creation—thou didst spend thy pocket-money as liberally as the prince of Wales. In his household management Uncle Bill was a consumate skinflint;—tradition said he used to soak the backlogs in the cistern and water the lamp oil, and he was aided and abetted in all his niggardly domestic schemes by a vinegar-faced old housekeeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good cheer, and stinted from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty Mary had no reason to complain of her father's penuriousness, as far as she was concerned. He sent her to the best schools, and gave her a *carte blanch* on the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street of Sunday, there was no more gaily bedecked damsel to be seen from Cornhill to Essex street.

Of course some very nice young men, in varnished leather and white kids fell over head and ears in love with her, and there was a larger number of whiskers collected outside of the meeting she attended on Sunday than darkened the doorsteps of any other metropolitan church.

Yet cold was the maid, and though legions advanced,
All drilled in Ovidian art:
Though they languished and ogled, protested and danced,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanced,
From the pure polished ice of the heart.

Besides, old Uncle Bill was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the inexpressibles of Tom Bikins, when he came a serenading with a cracked guitar? Didn't he threaten to kick Towle for leaving a valentine at his door?

Wasn't he capable of perpetrating unheard of atrocities? The suitors of pretty Mery were all frightened off of course by her ogre of a father, except a steady young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Bittles, and who was addicted to book-keeping in a wholesale grocery store on Commercial street. The old gentleman really liked Bittles; he was so staid, so quiet, and so full of information. He was a regular price currant and no man on change was better acquainted with the value of stocks. Why Mary liked him it is more difficult to conjecture, for he was very deficient in small talk that young ladies are so fond of, was averse to moustaches, disliked the opera, thought the ballet immoral and considered waltzing indelicate.

Perhaps his good looks compensated for other deficiencies, or perhaps a horror of dying in a state of single blessedness induced her to countenance the only young man Uncle Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening Bittles screwed up his courage to the task of addressing the old man on the subject nearest to his heart.

'Mr. Griffin,' said he, 'I have had something here for a long time,' and he made a horrible face, and placed his hand some where near his heart.

'Dyspepsia?' asked the old man.

'Your daughter,' gasped the young bookkeeper.

'Well, what about her?' asked Uncle Bill, sharpishly.

'I am in love with her,' said the unhappy clerk.

'Humbug!' said Uncle Bill.

'Fact!' rejoined Bittles.

'What is your income?' inquired Uncle Bill Griffin.

'Eight hundred,' answered the suppicant.

'It won't do, my boy,' said Griffin shaking his grim locks. 'No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston; and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to begin with, you may come and talk to me.

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that Miss Mary Griffin received the following letter with an endorsement of Uncle Sam. acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It runs thus:

San Francisco, California, 1849.

Dearest Mary:—Enclosed you will find a specimen of California gold, which please hand your father and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston. Please inform your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall (wind and weather permitting) soon call upon him to talk over that matter and arrange the terms of partnership. Yours to command,

Sampson Bittles

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed.

Some weeks elapsed and the return of the steamer to New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the *qui vive* to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met with a Californian who came home in the same ship.

'Where is Bittles?' he inquired.

'Oh, ho! you'll see him before a great while,' replied he.

'Has he been lucky?'

'Yes—fifty thousand at the lowest figure—But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he has been robbed of all his gold on the way home, to see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness—to see whether you'd give your daughter to him—gold or no gold.'

'Sly boy!' chuckled old Griffin. 'I'm much obliged to you for the hint. I'll act accordingly. Good morning,

Now it happened the Californian was a good friend of Bittles, and that the story of Bittles' fortune was absolutely true, he having been robbed of every ounce of hard earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lubrious and woe-begone air.

'My dear boy,' said Uncle Bill, 'I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the duce is the matter with you?'

'Alas! sir,' said Bittles, 'I am the most unfortunate man living. I made fifty thousand dollars at the mines—'

'Very hard luck!' interrupted the old gentleman, chuckling.

But on my way home I was robbed of every ounce—and now how can I claim your daughter's hand?'

'Sampson Bittles,' said Uncle Bill very cunningly, if you havn't got fifty thousand dollars you deserve to have it—you worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night.

In anticipation af your return, I have had you published. And while your're talking with Mary, I'll draw a check for $50,000, so that you may go into partnership with a sufficiant capital.'

'But, sir, I'm a beggar.'

'So much the better—you'll work harder to increase your fortune.

'My dear sir how can I thank you!'

'By making my girl a good husband. There—go—go—and tell Mary the news.

Bittles did tell her the news, and they were married.

He went into business on the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-in-law, and was so extraordinarially prosperous, that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was a regular Munchasen. Once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always cut it short with—

'I know all about it. Had it put in the papers, too, eh? Oh it was a terrible affair!—Lost your all! Poor fellow!

Well, I made it up—and now I won't hear another word about it.

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his immense property was found to be equally divided between his daughter and son-in-law, the testator bequeathing to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California.

The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

Statistics of the Tribune Office.

In a recent article, the N. Y. Tribune gives the following particulars in relation to different departments of this journal:

The Tribune is now in its tenth year. It was originally started by Mr. Greely, as a penny paper, and was for some months conducted by him alone, except the commercial department. It now gives employment to twelve editors and reporters, thirty seven printers, two proof readers, thirteen pressmen, four engineers, and other persons in the pressroom four permanent correspondents in Euorpe, three regular correspondents at Washington, two in Canada, two in California, one in Mexico, one in Havana, one in Central America, one in Philadelphia, one in Boston, one in Baltimore, &c., &c., four wrapper writers, four clerks, sixteen hands in the mailing department, three errand boys, twenty-eight carriers in the city and vicinity, in all, above 130 persons. The issues of the Tribune are in round numbers 18,600 daily 14,400 weekly 1,700 semi-weekly, 3,300 for California, 500 for Europe, making in all 160,200 sheets weekly, and 8,330,400 annually. Taking the ratio of increase since April last, as a basis, the circulation of the Tribune in April 1851 will be about 35,000 daily, 45,000 weekly, and the aggregate annual circulation will be 10,000,000 copies. The paper employs about one ton and a half of type, and consumes weekly, seven and a half tons of paper, and 350 pounds of ink. The printing is done on one of Hoe's four cylinder presses, which is driven by a ten horse power steam engine. The weekly expenditure of the establishment is $2,800, which is at the rate of $145,000 per annum.

Wonderful Phenomenon.

M. Corne, in a paper submitted to the Davis Academy of Sciences, says:

"Having determined on investigating the question whether the employment of liquid sulphurous acid for moistering the hands would produce a sensation of coldness when they are immersed in the melted metal. I immersed my hands, previously moistened with sulphurous acid, in the melted lead, and experienced a sensation of decided cold. I repeated the experiment of immersing the hand in melted lead and in fused cast iron. Before experimenting with the melted iron, I placed a stick, previously moistened with water, in the stream of liquid metal and on withdrawing it, found it to be almost as wet as it was before—scarcely any of the moisture was evaporated. The moment a dry piece of wood was placed in contact with the heated metal, combustion took place. M. Covlet and I then dipped our hands into the vessels of the liquid metal, and passed our fingers several times backward and forward through a stream of metal flowing from the furnace, the heat from the radiation of the fused metal being at the same time almost unbearable. We varied these experiments upwards of two hours; and Madame Covlet who assisted at these experiments permitted her child, a girl of nine years of age, to dip her hand in a crucible of of red hot metal with impunity.

We experimented on the melted iron both with water, alcohol, and ether. The same results were obtained as with melted lead, and each of us experienced a sensation of cold when employing sulphurous acids."

The Waves of the Atlantic.—At a late meeting of the British Association, an important paper was read by Rev. Dr. Scoresby, on the subject of the magnitude of Atlantic waves, their velocity and phenomena. In this paper, Dr. Scoresby, who is a veteran sailor as well as a sound divine, gave a vivid description of a storm which he had witnessed on the Atlantic waves; and stated that the result of his observations on that occasion was, that he had discovered that the height of the waves, from the trough to the chest was 43 feet, and that their average velocity was 32 and a fraction miles per hour. This, it was stated, confirmed the observations made on the velocity of waves reported to the association in 1845 by Mr. Scott Russell, who set down their velocity at from 30 to 31 miles an hour.

Jenny Lind's Liberality.

One of our merchants, just returned from New York, relates the following instance of the pure philantropy which has always characterised the public and private life of the unrivalled songstress. [Toledo Blade.

As she was driving from the steamer Atlantic, the carriage, through the thoughtlessness of the coachman, ran over the foot of a gentlemen who swept the crossing in Broadway, seriously injuring the same. Md'lle Lind at once arrested the course of the vehicle, inquired the extent of the damage, which, by the way, was merely a laceration of the cuticle of the small toe, and directed her Secretary to bestow upon the sufferer seven hundred thousand dollars, and a pension to the wife of ten thousand dollars if she survived him.—Such liberality speak volumes, and our close-fisted gentry should tremble in their boots, and imitate the same.

The Texas Question---Proposed new plan of Compromise.

If there was ever bravado heartily and scornfully laughed at, it must have been some such bravado as that now attempted by the state of Texas—or rather, let us do Texas the justice to say, by the governor and a portion of her people. Threats of rebellion, and deliberate preparations for treason may be very heroic; but they can hardly be regarded as such—made under circumstances so evincive of utter impotence and distress as Texas is now placed in, ravaged and outraged as her borders are by savages whom she is incapable of either punishing or driving away. There is something inexpressibly ludicrous, as well as painful, in hearing Texas crying to the United States for succor, while at the same moment, impudently declaring her intention—and of course, ability—to whip the United States out of New Mexico. 'It is evident,' sobs the Western Texan, as quoted by us yesterday, that the whole of our western frontier is infested with the savages. The whole country is being laid waste, and repine and murder seem to be the order of the day. The farmers are forced to leave their crops and they go to waste and ruin. Their stock is neglected and is either killed or diven off. How long are these things to be permitted? When will congress afford us relief.'

Congress, indeed! Congress help Texas, which defies congress! Texas expect congress to help her! This is curious indeed;—it is like Sylla when at extremity, and more than half defeated under the walls of Rome, scolding and praying to his god Apollo at one and the same instant. It is worse—it is Sylla asking his idol to save his life, and promising to break it to pieces immediately afterwards.

People will ask of Texas as Hercules did of the wagoner—why does she not help herself?

What has become of those 6,000 or 8,000 rampant volunteers, who are in readiness, on the first of September, to march to Santa Fe, headed by governor Bell—that piece of tinkling brass?

If they be in readiness for the enterprise, why not make themselves useful, and get their hands in beforehand, by trouncing the savages? Perhaps, however, it happens, as we have long ago suggested, that Texas, however numerous or fiercely disposed her volunteers may be, finds it impossible to move them, without some of Uncle Sam's money to pay for the supplies and transportations; and therefore, without such assistance, she is equally unable to employ them against New Nexico or the savages.

Under these circumstances, we do not know but that congress would be doing a wise and humane act by substituting for the Texas boundary bill a resolution to pay Texas $10,000,000 for whipping the Indians out of the Nueces district—to which the United States has a much better claim than Texas—with another resolution, providing that gov. Bell and the volunteers shall have their pockets full of sugar plums, on condition of *not driving* the U. States out of New Mexico. We think it highly desirable that the Indians should be disposed in some proper way; no one can doubt the propriety of rewarding the loyalty of gov. Bell and the patriotism of his volunteers.

A Model Free Democrat.

The following from Signal Taylor is about the richest specimen of free democracy we have witnessed. If this don't open some people's eyes, then they belong to that class that won't see. 'The utmost latitude' is to be allowed! 'Entire freedom of opinion' is to be permitted! Was there ever such toleration before?

Edward Smith.—This gentleman who was nominated for Governor by the Free Soilers who met at Cleveland on the 22d inst., was formerly a Methodist preacher. He is now a farmer in Morrow county. He is a native of Virginia. He possesses by nature one of the ablest minds in Ohio. As a stump speaker he has but very few equals. As one of the old Liberty Guard he was unceasing and unwearied in his labors in showing up the subserviency of the North to the slaveholders, until public opinion was aroused. His political opinions are those of Free Democracy. He was one of the most active and influential members from Ohio in the Buffalo convention.

We regret the adoption of the policy that caused his nomination at this time, and under the circumstances, because we are fearful that we shall not be able to secure as many members of the legislature and congress, of the genuine Free Democratic stamp, (and these are the important ends to be attained at present, it being comparatively a small matter who is Governor,) with a separate candidate in the field for Governor as we could without. Besides, under existing circumstances, his vote, respectable as it will be, is not likely to show anything like the strength of the free democracy of the state. But, it being determined that a nomination was to be made, no better man could have been selected than Edward Smith of Morrow.

In this district, by common consent, we think it is already decided that the most perfect toleration is to be allowed on the subject of Governor. The free democracy and the old line are united together in organization and principle. There is no bar to harmonious and successful action upon the vitally important questions of members of congress and members of the legislature, if entire freedom upon the question of Governor continues to be permitted.

Hay!—The editor of the Maryville Tribune, our old friend Hamilton, a member of the Convention, is in great tribulation for want of hay.

It will appear by the following from his last paper that his subscribers pay no attention to his repeated calls for hay, but they tell him like Nebuchednezzar that he may 'go to grass:'

"Two weeks have now passed since we requested our subscribers to bring us some hay—and not one straw has come. How much longer do you suppose our horse can starve and not die? Oats in sheaf, or treshed, would be gladly received. Come friends don't starve us. If we are to be starved to death we shall die 'a hollerin'—and we make a noise some of you won't like to hear." [Cin. Dispatch.

Soaring up some.—The Reading, Pa., correspondent of the Tribune, relieved himself of the following:

"Yesterday it rained all day, but to day, Aurora stretched out her rosy fingers and pulled the gray, gauzy, misty night-cap from the head of Mount Penn, washed her rosy face and snowy breast in trembling dew, and bathed her feet in the Schuylkill?

What did she wipe them with?