

THE FREEMAN.

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FREMONT FREEMAN:

J. S. FOUKE, Editor and Publisher.

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FOR TEMPERANCE SECTION, No. 102, meets every Thursday evening in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

I. O. O. F.

CHRONIC LODGE, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Morehouse's Building, every Saturday evening.

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RALPH P. BUCKLAND,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office—Second story of Tyler's Block.

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—At the Court House.

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Attorney and Counselor 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—Over Sarah Richards's office.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law, will give his undivided attention to professional business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties. Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

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PORTAGE COUNTY

Natural Fire Insurance Company.

B. P. BUCKLAND, Agent, FREMONT, OHIO.

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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 8 P. M.
W. M. STARK, P. M.

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SEVERAL FARMS, near Fremont, and convenient to the Turnpike, TO RENT. A few of these have Eighty to Ninety acres clear of timber, with comfortable Houses, Barns, &c. Enquire of SAM'L CROWELL, General Land Agent, Muskegon, March 2, 1850—51-5.

FREMONT HOUSE,

AND GENERAL STAGE OFFICE: FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O. W. H. KESSLER, Proprietor.

MR. KESSLER, answers to the Traveling Public, and has the honor to return to the above well known stand and is now prepared to accommodate in the best manner, all who may favor him with their patronage.

No efforts will be spared to promote the comfort and convenience of Guests.

UP Good Stables and careful Ostriches in attendance.

Fremont, November 24, 1849—50

WARRANTY, Mortgage, and Quit Claim Deeds for sale at the FREEMAN OFFICE.

Poetry.

From the Boston Post.

THE MINER'S DREAM.

The day was done—he swallowed a crust
The last he had in his locker—
He placed his head on a bag of dust,
And his hands on the pick and rooker.

And there, by the Yuba's lonely stream,
His tent by the lonely sky,
He dreamed the most serious dream—
Alas! that 'twas all in his eye.

Alas! the noble palace of gold,
Which the ancient Spaniards sought,
The dome of gold was lofty and bold,
And the pillars with gold inwrought.

On a glittering throne the Inca sat,
His golden crown (he had build)—
"His mutton was served on a golden plate,
And his gingerbread was gilded."

And the guards wore golden plumes to tell—
And their helmets shone like suns—
And they stood at a mark with golden balls,
Which were cast for their golden guns.

The golden rod waved in every breeze,
And the gold-thread grew in the brake—
And the gold-wire in all its trees,
And gold-fish swam in the lake.

"I give thee all," the Inca cried,
"My guard, my palace, my throne—
And the river's bed and the mountain's side,
Their treasures are thine alone."

Now over his dream a change hath come:
The fields are rocky and bare;
He dreams of his old New England home,
And the memories clustered there.

He walks by the run at Seaman's pond,
Where he hauled the pickerel in,
Ah! the grapes of which he was so fond,
In the former age of his.

Hurrah! Point Rocks! The ocean's shore,
And the marching tide departs,
With the same wild rush and the same wild roar
That thrilled him when a boy.

Now the school-house red, with its copper roof,
And its dust, and noise, and fan,
And the fella's whist and sharp reproof,
And the shout when school was done.

And he dreams of the Sabbath day,
And the Sabbath bell doth toll,
And serious faces through the way,
And serious thoughts the soul.

And when in dreams he ceased to roam,
And waked by the Yuba river,
He thought of his wife and his child and his home,
And of God, the perfect Giver.

Why change the treasures of the heart,
For glittering things like these?
So across his path he took a start,
And came home by way of Chere.

P. S.—He brought the lumps with him.

Miscellaneous.

The Brave Boy.

I was sitting by the window in the second story of one of the large boarding houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"O yes; that's capital! so we will come on now, there's William Hale. Come on, William, we're going to have a ride on the Circular Railway."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"O, O! so must run and ask your ma—Great baby, run along to your ma! Aint you ashamed? I did not ask my mother." Nor I.

"Nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William, cried the first voice, come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward as long as you live. Don't you see we are all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter at that moment. His flushed eye, compressed lip and changing check all told the word command was ringing in his breast. "Will he prove himself indeed one by yielding to them?" thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer, for I feared that the evil principle in his heart would be stronger than the good. But no.

"I will not go without I ask mother!" said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion, "and I am no coward either. I promised her I would not go from the house without her permission, and I should be a base coward, if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

I saw him in the evening among the gathered crowd in the parlor. He was walking by his mother's side, a stately matron, clad in widow's weeds. Her gentle and polished manners, and the rich fall tones of her sweet voice betrayed a southern birth. It was with evident pride, she looked on her graceful boy whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Well might she be proud of such a son, one who could dare to do right, when all were tempting to do wrong. I shall probably never see the brave, beautiful boy again, but my heart breathed a prayer that his spirit might not be sullied by worldliness and sin, never, in coming years, be tempted by the multitude to evil. Then will he be indeed a boy to the widow's heart—a pride and an ornament to his native land. Our country needs such stout brave hearts, that can stand fast when the whirlwind of temptation gathers thick and strong around them—she needs men, who from infancy upward, have scorned to be false and untrue to duty.

Would you, little boy, be a brave man and a blessing to your country, be truthful now. Never tell a lie, or deceive in any manner, and then, if God spares your life, you will be a stout brave, a strong and fearless champion of the truth.

[Youth's Companion.]

Energy and Enterprise.

There are at this time no less than eighteen ocean steamships—contracted for and on the ways, or receiving their machinery at this port. Setting down their average value of each at \$275,000, we find that there is here invested, or is in process of investment, an aggregate capital of \$4,900,000, equal to nearly five millions of dollars! New York's ocean steam marine will soon flourish every ocean.

According to our figures, something like thirty-five have already been built or contracted for.

[Our Commerce.]

A wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned.—This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities. [Jefferson.]

"Seated proposals," as the chap said when he kissed his sweet heart.

English and American Statesmen.

Richard Cobden and John Bright recently made speeches in Manchester, England, in favor of free trade and reform, in which they scouted the idea of "hereditary Statesmen."

"We will take another case to show that after all, these hereditary statesmen have no great reason to plume themselves. We will go to another country. In the year of 1775, England had very extensive colonies on the other side of the Atlantic. Ten years afterwards these were colonies no longer, but they stood forth before the world as an independent and a growing Republic. Now, I would like to know where America got her statesmen from. It is quite clear that up to 1775 people in this country—I mean Lord North and the statesmen of that day—never supposed for a moment that there were any statesmen in the colonies of America; but yet, somehow or other, they found statesmen—

There was a man named George Washington. (Loud cheers.) Now George Washington was a sort of a neighbor of ours, because his family emigrated from Cheshire, in his own country he would not have been a statesman—that is very certain. (Hear, hear and laughter.) And if you will go down through the whole list of American Presidents, from George Washington, their first, to Zachary Taylor, their present President, I should not like to ask whether, if you take the whole list of them, they do not equal in character, in sagacity, in patriotism, and in having acquired and deserved an enduring fame, as that of any prime minister we have had from Lord North to Lord John Russell. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

Well, in this country, it is thought necessary to have very distinguished men—men of great and high birth—adequately to represent the British nation at foreign courts—with about \$10,000 a year. (Cheers and laughter.)

The Americans had an ambassador once, named Franklin—and he is a man that will be thought of long, even after a great many English ambassadors have been forgotten.—(Cheers.)

Lately, in this country, we had Mr. Bancroft, ambassador from the United States—a man who has written one of the most, perhaps the most admirable history of his own country—a man qualified in every respect to represent the true worth and dignity of the Republic to which he belongs. Well, I want to know a better, if you trace all the American ambassadors from Franklin to Bancroft, they are not fit to stand side by side in the page of history with the aristocratic ambassadors which this country has sent out to foreign courts? (Cheers.)

But now we will go to the American Senate. It is considered low on this side of the country to go into detail in this matter. It is not considered quite discreet, seeing that we live under our glorious Constitution. (Hear, hear.) Now the American Senate answers in some respects, but in a very slight degree indeed, to our House of Lords; that is, it is called "the upper house;" it is a representative assembly, and it consists of two members from every State in the Union. It consists now, I believe, of sixty members. Bear in mind it is an elective Assembly.

It dare oppose the will of the House of Representatives; it exerts as great an influence over public opinion in America as the House of Representatives, and perhaps greater influence. There can be no doubt that the existence of that Senate has been one of the main causes of the consolidation of the great American confederation, and of the very wise and just policy which, on the whole, that confederation has observed—look at that House of Representatives. Bills in that house are not passed by one-fourth of its members; they do not come down in their white waistcoats at half past 11 o'clock, and vote they know not how and care not how, so that they follow the particular man whom they suppose to be the leader of their party. There is an infinitely better attendance in the American House of Representatives than there is in the House of Commons in this country, and an infinitely better and more real attention to the interests and to the wants of the constituents.

"Now, look, this republic has existed for 70 years—people said it would not exist 70 months. It has had in all that time, about 4 years of war. It has no national debt. (Hear, hear.) There is just now some four or five millions of existing deficiency, means of paying of which are about to be provided. They do not incur a debt without taking steps to pay it off again. But from 1792 to 1815, a period of no more than 25 years, under your glorious constitution, with your hereditary House of Lords, with the commons representing the lords and not the people; (cheers) we have added to our national debt more than 580 millions pounds sterling. (Shame, shame.)

In America they have few taxes compared with what we have; they have not the interest of that enormous debt to pay; and have not an enormous standing army and a fleet to scour every sea, and to bully and insult on every coast.—(Cheers.) They have an army no greater than we pay for in Canada at this moment; and therefore, they are free from the interest of that debt, and free from the vast amount of 17 or 18 millions, which we pay annually for our peace armaments. And bear in mind, that although in America eight or ten millions per annum are not entrusted to a favored sect for the purpose of instructing the people in morality and religion—there is no evidence to show that the people of the United States of America are not at least as moral and religious, and much better educated than the people of this country are. (Cheers.)

And they have less pauperism, and less crime than we have; and they have less of that which is a standing disgrace to the constitution of England—they have less of insurrection.

"No class of men in America ever met together, to denounce the government and the constitution and to say that they are not fairly treated by the House of Representatives or the Senate of the United States. They feel—all of them feel—that they are as one before the law; that their government and the law are just, equal, and paternal to them. I speak of course of the free states of America, where slavery does not prevail. But exclusively of slavery, and slavery is an evil which America will overcome.—(cheers)—exclusive of slavery, and speaking of the free states, I say that they afford a spectacle to the world of which history has no parallel, and which it would be a happy thing for the population of this country if we were only at some rapid and sensible pace approaching to. (Cheers.)

Mr. Bright proceeded. His allusion to California and its Constitution, shows how deep is the impression which this new State has already made on the world. He remarked:

"Now you have heard of California. (Cheers and laughter.) The population of California has just dropped down there. They were not born there; some of them may have been—were possibly in this room last year; they have gone to California from almost every part of the globe, and they are not perhaps, the most satisfactory kind of population; for the very fact of their going there shows that they were discontented somewhere else, and are of a restless and locomotive character. But these California people sit down to make a constitution. They have a convention; they agree upon certain propositions; they go to a general election: there electing a governor and senate, and a house of representatives; they form themselves, in fact, into a state.—The propositions of their constitution you have read, no doubt, to some extent, published as they have been in the English papers.

Well, I am bound to say that I believe the leading features of that constitution approach more to what I would call the true morality of government than is to be found in the glorious constitution of this country or any other country of Europe. (cheers.) And when you look at the U. S. of America, do not forget this great fact, that that great confederation consists of 30 distinct and independent States, and in every one of those states these principles of popular government have prevailed for a long series of years, and have been found to work with perfect success and to maintain the security of person and property, and the tranquility of the community. Now, I have no intention whatever in bringing these facts before this meeting, to argue against a monarchy. I would not have that all the beneficial results which have been attained by the government of the United States might not be gained in this country by the maintenance of monarchical institutions. (Cheers.) But they never can be gained so long as that great branch of the Legislature which your constitution in theory says belongs to you, does not belong to you, but belongs to the hereditary branch of the Legislature, which in its own house is paramount and predominant, and which has no right whatever to exert an influence through the Commons House of parliament. (Cheers.)

A Mother's Love.

The Indianapolis State Sentinel relates the following:

We do not know when we were more affected than on Saturday last, at seeing an aged widow, apparently about sixty years of age, who came in the stage from Logansport, and who had travelled some four hundred miles alone, bringing with her the petition of Judge Chamberlain, and the Associate Judges of the Porter Circuit Court, with a large number of the citizens of Du Page county, Illinois, (the county in which the old lady resided) to Gov. Wright for the pardon of her son, now in the State Prison, who was in the spring of the year 1848, in the Porter Circuit Court sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the State Prison for larceny, having served already two years and more.

The son in prison is the father of two children, now dependent upon the mother and this grandmother for support, who are represented by the petitioners to be poor. This old lady has made two trips from Illinois alone to Indiana, and it seems from her story, corroborated by Judge Chamberlain, that amidst all her troubles, she has never despaired; that at the end of a year from his imprisonment she endeavored to obtain the aid of the court, for his pardon: this failed. At the end of the second year, true, to a mother's love, she again started and has now travelled more than seven hundred miles for the pardon of her son.

We wished at the moment, that we had the power to hand the pardon to this aged and dejected female, and we would have felt some what indignant at the Governor (as much respect as we have for him) if he had refused to pardon the son of this old lady. But we must confess that when we saw the Governor take this old lady to his house, and keep her over the Sabbath on Monday morning accompanying her to cars and hand the pardon to her for her son, and see the glad tears start in the widow's eye, we were glad in our heart, that Wright was the Governor of Indiana; and though he may have erred in this acting, (which we do not believe) it was an error on the right side. No father, brother, or sister could have shown the deep solicitude, as did this mother for her son, and we now believe with all our heart, that the sweetest word in the English vocabulary is mother.

Canadian Parliament—State of Parties.

The Toronto Examiner gives the following classification of the members of the Parliament just convened:

Ministerialists, 34; Clear Grits, 22; Tories, 20; Annexationists, 7; majority against Ministers, when they don't behave themselves, 15.

We have given to Ministers, Messrs. Chateau, Duchesney and Savineau, though from their known and habitual independence, they might as well have been placed among the Clear Grits. Besides them is Scott, of Two Mountains, who has already upset two administrations, and it is therefore difficult to say what he may not do. On the other hand, we have named Mr. Smith, of Durham, as a Clear Grit, though it must be confessed his views, on some of the questions that divide parties, are not fully known. We repeat, that our classification will be found to be substantially correct.

The Wood-Chopper.

The Cincinnati Gazette says:

The Locofoco papers have commenced sneering at the Whig candidate for Governor. The people have heretofore responded to the like contemptuous jeers. Gen'l Harrison was the object of Locofoco railings—he lived in a "log cabin," and drank "hard cider." And Gen'l Taylor was ridiculed for having slept forty years under a tent, and nicknamed "Old Whitey." The people appreciated these sneers, and they will be following:

"Booby Bill, as he is freely termed, is a middle aged man of over six feet in his stockings; and a good wood chopper, was spelt when he was made a Judge."

Thus speaks the Locofoco Zanesville Aurora. So Judge Johnston was once a wood chopper, and a good one too, was he? Well, we opine that these silk-stocking "democrats" will find, that he is still a good Wood-chopper.

Last week a Mrs. Crozer died in Halifax, Vt., at the advanced age of one hundred and seven years.

Mr. Winthrop on the Constitution.

We commend to every reader the following, which we believe will find a cordial response in thousands of patriotic hearts:

"For myself, I acknowledge my allegiance to the whole constitution of the United States, and I am willing to unite in fulfilling and enforcing, in all reasonable and proper modes, every one of its provisions. I recognize, indeed, a power above all human law-makers, and a code above all earthly constitutions.—And whenever I perceive a plain conflict of jurisdiction and authority between the constitution of my country and the laws of my office, whatever it may be, and renounce all connection with public service of any sort.—Never, never, will I put myself under the necessity of calling upon God to witness my promise to support a constitution, any part of which I consider to be inconsistent with His commands.

"But it is a libel upon the constitution of the United States—and, what is worse, sir, it is a libel upon the great and good man who framed, adopted and ratified it; it is a libel upon Washington and Franklin, and Hamilton and Madison, upon John Adams and John Jay and Rufus King; it is a libel upon them all, and upon the whole American people of 1789 who sustained them in their noble work, and upon all who, from that time to this, generation, after generation, in any capacity, national, municipal or state, have pledged their hands to the government of their country; it is a gross libel upon every one of them to assert or insinuate that there is any such inconsistency! Let us not do any such dishonor to the fathers of the Republic, the framers of the constitution. It is a favorite policy, I know of some of the ultraists in my own part of the country to stigmatize the constitution of the United States as a pro-slavery compact. I deny it sir. I hold, on the other hand, that it is a pro-liberty compact—the most effective pro-liberty compact the world has ever seen, Magna Charta not excepted—and one which every friend of liberty, human liberty, or political liberty, ought steadfastly to maintain and support, to secure the blessings to ourselves and our posterity." This was the grand climax in that enumeration of its objects which constitutes its well-remembered preamble. This was the object for which it was avowedly, and for which it was really framed; and this is the object which it has, in fact, beyond all other instruments, advanced and promoted.

Just and forcible, too, are the following remarks, presenting a view of the matter under controversy which deserves to be well considered:

"Sir, the constitution is to be considered and judged of as a whole. The provisions which relate to the same subject-matter certainly are to be examined together, and compared with each other, in order to obtain a just interpretation of its real character and intent.—Let this clause then be taken in connection with that which has authorized and effected the abolition of the African slave trade, as a lawful trade from any part of this vast American Union. Let the few cases in which individual fugitives may be remanded to their captivity in conformity with one of these provisions, be compared with the countless instances in which whole ship loads of freemen would have been torn from their native soil and ported into slavery but for the other, and then tell me what is the just designation of the compact which contains them both. Suppose, sir, for a moment, that the framers of the constitution had resolved to ignore the existence of slavery altogether; suppose that the idea, which I have sometimes heard suggested as a desirable one, had been adopted by them at the outset, and that all the pre-existing rights of the states in regard to slavery, and all its incidents had been left unrestricted and unaltered, would that have better subverted the great cause of human liberty? We should have had, indeed, no fugitive slave clause.—But for every slave who made his escape we should have had a hundred slaves, freshly brought over from Africa, Brazil or the West Indies, as long as there was a foot of soil on which they could be profitably employed; and every one of them must have been counted, not as three-fifths, but as a whole man, to swell the basis of that representation, by which the slave interest would have been rendered predominant forever in our land.

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Chairman, there are provisions in the constitution which involve us in painful obligations, and from which some of us would rejoice to be relieved, and this is one of them. But there is none, in my judgment, which involves any conscientious or religious difficulty. I know no reservation, equivocation or evasion in the oath which I have so often taken to support that constitution; and when, after every measure is proposed to me for fulfilling or enforcing any one of its clear obligations or express stipulations, I shall give to every degree of attention, consideration and support which the justice, the wisdom, the propriety and the practicability of its peculiar provisions may demand or warrant. In legislating, however, for the restoration of southern slaves, I shall not forget the security of northern freemen. Nor, in testifying my allegiance to what has been termed the extrajudicial clause of the constitution, shall I overlook those great fundamental principles of free governments—the habeas corpus and the trial by jury."

Pheria, Ill., 15.

MONDAY.—On Monday, while Bishop Janson Bishop of the Sweden colony, Bishop's Hill was standing in the court house during the adjournment of the court, with some four or five lawyers, Root, a man who had some former difficulty with the Bishop in relation to his wife, entered the court room and shot the former dead at the first fire of his pistol.—Root was immediately arrested, did not exhibit the least symptom of excitement and before the coroner's jury had risen from holding the inquest over Bishop Janson, the grand jury which was in session at the time, indicted Root, who is now in custody. His trial was continued to the next term. [St. Louis Union.]

Force of Habit.

We should like to have seen Bishop Doane when the following dialogue came off:

The Right Reverend Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, we are informed, mentions a laughable anecdote of himself, which is somewhat to the following purport:

He was traveling in the cars, between New York and Bordentown, and having occasion to leave his seat for a moment, found on his return that it was occupied by another person, who pertinaciously refused to surrender it.

No sir: he had paid for a seat, and should sit where he pleased. After a little further remonstrance the Bishop observed: "Do you know who I am sir? I am Bishop Doane of New Jersey." "You are?" exclaimed the obstinate passenger; "are you that?—A Pass-yite. You can't have this seat Bishop Doane!"

A young man at Burlington, N. J. ate a piece of honey comb, in which a bee was concealed. While in the act of swallowing it the bee stung him in the throat, which swelled so as to occasion within half an hour, his death by suffocation.

Green peas are selling at 62 1/2 cents per peck, at Norfolk, and strawberries at 37 1/2 cents per quart.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

Or, the Misfortune of Growing too Big Corn.

Some forty years ago; in one of the mountainous towns of Massachusetts, bordering on this State, lived an old man named Sewell.—His location was on a stony, fifty acre lot of land, from the proceeds of which he had contrived to subsist and bring up a large family, mostly boys. Among them was one named Jacob; a tall curly-headed, good-looking denizen of the forest, as a grenadier recruiting officer would wish to look at. He had received a common school education, and had read of a fairer world than his home of rocks and stones, and frosts and snows. Jacob made up his mind to turn over a new leaf in the account book of life; and one fine spring morning, as the time arrived for looking out good sites to plant hills of corn among the fields and granite of his native hills, he slipped through the old man's fingers and was missing.

The old father could not comprehend what it meant. It was a new phase in his parental system—rebellion against his authority—that could not exist in his imagination. He looked in the well, in the barn and up garret, and would not give it up, that he could not possibly leave such a comfortable home, until he was informed by one of Jake's friends, that he was going to sea. Now Jake had gone to sea—but not to the deep, rolling, blue sea—the great deep—but to seek if there was not some far-off country, less fertile and some-hearted than his home on the mountain—some country where they did not shoot the axe into the ground among the stones with a market, and grind the sheep's noses to a point, to allow them to pick out the herbage.

Jake trudged along his weary journey, with his bundle on his back; sometimes working his passage, and sometimes for pay, until he found himself on the rich bottom lands of the Wash-bash, in the employ of the owner of a large plantation. Jake knew his value and got great wages, and he was worth the price. The forest melted before his axe and handspike, and the way he made the corn and wheat grow was a caution to the idle hunting and fishing Suckers and Hoosiers of that region.

In a year or two Jake began to feel his oats. The rigid economy and indomitable industry in which he was educated, stuck to him like a poor cousin to a rich relation; he could not shake his habits off he would. He had money and saved it. He dressed well, and held his head up as if