

LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

VOLUME I.

LOWER SANDUSKY, OCTOBER 13, 1849.

NUMBER 31.

The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

TERMS.
Payments advanced..... \$1.50
Do. within the year..... 2.00
Do. after the expiration of the year..... 2.50
A failure to notify us of a desire to discontinue, is understood as wishing to continue the subscription, and the paper will be sent accordingly, but all orders to discontinue, when arrangements are made, will be faithfully attended to.

Law of Newspapers.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
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How to stop a paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; next, if you are the master of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher under his hand, [as he is authorized to do] of your wish to discontinue.

Business Directory.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Division, No. 432.—Stated meetings, every Tuesday evening at the Division Room in the old Northern Exchange.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Section, No. 102.—meets every Thursday evening in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

I. O. O. F.
Crown Lodge, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows Hall, in Morehouse's building, every Saturday evening.

C. E. McCULLOCH. [1849.]
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS,
BOOKS, STATIONARY, &c.
Lower Sandusky, Ohio.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, will attend to all 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, Ohio, will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.
Office at the Court House.

CHESTER EDGERTON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office—At the Court House,
Lower Sandusky, O. No. 1.

Fox & Beauregard,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS:
RESPECTFULLY tender their professional services to the citizens of Lower Sandusky and vicinity.
Office—One door south of McCulloch's Drug store.

LA Q. RAWSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOWER SANDUSKY OHIO.
May 26, 1849.

Millinery and Dressmaking.
MISS L. E. LENOX,
WOULD inform the Ladies of Lower Sandusky, and vicinity, that she is prepared to do work in the most neat manner and in the fashion.
RESIDENCE, nearly opposite the Methodist Church.
May 26, '49. 14:3m.

PORTAGE COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.
LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Wanted at this Office,
10 CORDS good Hickory and Ash wood. To those who have promised us Wood we say, we want it now. Freeman Office, L. Sandusky, May 26.

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 5 P. M.
Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M. and from 4 to 5 P. M.
W. M. STARK, P. M.

BELL & SHEETS,
Physicians and Surgeons,
LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
OFFICE—Second Story of Knapp's Building,
July 7, 1849. 21

B. J. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
WILL give his undivided attention to professional business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties.
Lower Sandusky, Feb. 27, '49.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.
DRS. SHEETS & BELL,
HAVING entered into a partnership in the Drug Store owned by Dr. Sheets, in Tyler's Building, where they now offer a full assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Paints,
and a great variety of fancy articles, such as cologne, hair oil, indelible ink, pen knives, combs, brushes of all kinds, with a full assortment of
PATENT MEDICINES,
for every disease that afflicts mankind; which we offer at very low prices for Cash, Beeswax Ginseng, Sassafras Bark from the root and Paper Rags. Low Prices, and Ready Pay in something,
is our motto forever.
SHEETS & BELL,
Lower Sandusky July 14, 1849. 21

TOLEDO HOUSE,
LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
ESTER VANDERCOOK respectfully announces that he has taken the above well known stand in Lower Sandusky, and has thoroughly refitted and furnished it with all the new furniture, carpets, &c. &c. necessary, and now solicits the attention and patronage of his friends and the public at large.

HIS TABLE.
Will always be liberally supplied with the best of the market affords, as he enjoys the best facilities for obtaining great quantities of choice meats, House, game, and yards are spacious and commodious, and he relies with certainty upon a very liberal share of public patronage.
Lower Sandusky, April 14, '49.

Poetry.

From the Boston Advertiser.

ST. PETER AND THE THREE SPIRITS.

A Legend—From the German.

Once a spirit from Rome came up to the portals of Heaven,
Knocked very hard, and hallooed "quick, open the door here!"
Peter then, turning his key, half opened the wicket and peeped through;
"Who in the name of wonder," he asked, "is making this noise here?"
Haughtily answered the spirit, and high did he hold up the Pope's shirt:
"I, a Catholic Christian, whose hope is the only salvation."
"Sit thee down on the bench," said Peter re-locked, "and wait there!"

Just then a spirit from Bern, came up to the portals of Heaven,
Knocking as hard as the first, and hallooing, "Open the door quick!"
Peter unbolted again and repeated the question, "Who art thou?"
"I, a Calvinist Christian, whose faith is the only salvation."
"There sit down on the bench!" And soon came a spirit from Frankfurt,
Knocking and calling "Unbolt." "Who art thou?" asked the disciple:
"I, a Lutheran Christian, whose faith is the only salvation."
"Down with thee on the bench!" he said, and again in the door locked.

There now sat they together, the three, in spite of their three creeds;
Sat together in peace, and beheld in mute admiration,
Sun and Moon and Stars, from seeming chaotic confusion,
Joined to harmonious dance, and heard the myriad choirs of Angels and blessed, in unison pour out their hearts' love,
One unending stream of sweet, soul-ravishing music—
All this saw and heard and breathed the perfumes of Heaven:
But not long till their hearts too full with the heavenly bliss,
Melt, and they all break forth into one unanimous chorus,
Shouting—"God is one, and all three, we believe in the one God!"

Then, on a sudden, behold! the portals of Heaven fly open,
"Moving harmonious sound," and the ether is golden with radiance,
There is Peter again. He smiles like a father, saying,
"Have ye not brought yourselves now, ye naughty children? Sit down thou!"

EMMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB.
Concord, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

True Greatness.

Let us thank Heaven, too, that there are other standards of greatness besides vastness of territory; and other forms of wealth besides mineral deposits or agricultural exuberance. Though every hill were a Potosi, though every valley, like that of the Nile, were rank with fitness, yet might a nation be poor in the most desperate sense;—benighted in the darkness of barbarism, and judgment-stricken of Heaven for its sins. A state has local boundaries which it cannot rightfully transcend; but the realm of intelligence, the sphere of charity, the moral domain in which the soul can expand and expiate, are illimitable,—vast and boundless as the omnipresence of the Being that created them. Worldly treasure is of a nature that rust may corrupt, or the moth destroy, or thieves steal; but, even upon the earth, there are mental treasures which are unapproachable by fraud, impregnable to violence, and whose value does not perish, but is redoubled with the using. A state, then, is not necessarily fated to insignificance, because its numbers are narrow, nor doomed to obscurity and powerlessness because its numbers are few. Athens was small; yet, low as were her moral aims, she lighted up the whole earth as a lamp lights up a temple. Judea was small; but her prophets and her teachers were, and will continue to be, the guides of the world. The narrow strip of half-cultivated land, that lies between her eastern and western boundaries is not Massachusetts; but her noble and incorruptible men, her pure and exalted women, the children in all her schools, whose daily lessons are the prelude and rehearsal of the great duties of life and the prophecies of future eminence,—these are the State. [Horace Mann.]

Wise Council.

The Home Journal gives the following extract from an address of the venerable Dr. Not, President of Union College, N. Y.
"I have been young, and am now old; and in review of the past, and the prospect of the future, I declare unto you beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would by the help of God, from the very outset I would favor virtue; and lend my influence to advance whatever would exalt and adorn human nature, alleviate human misery, and contribute to render the world I lived in, like the Heaven to which I aspire, the abode of innocence and felicity. Yes, though I were to exist no longer than the ephemera that sport away their hour in the sunbeams of the morning; even during that brief period I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than creep the earth and lick the dust with the reptile, and, having done so, bed my body with my memory in the gutter."
The life of Dr. Not has been a daily illustration of the value of the sentiments he so handsomely expresses. He is now a patriarch of seventy six years and has presided over Union College for forty-five years, preserving in his old age that fire of genius and kindness of heart which have made him the idol of all who have ever enjoyed his instruction.

A Scotch minister, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage in the Psalms:—"I said in my haste all men are liars." "Ay," premised his reverence, by way of introduction, "ye said in your haste Dawid, did ye? Gin you had been here, ye might ha said it at your leisure mon."

Dull, stupid people have an instinctive abhorrence of mimicry and wit. The cause is obvious; they are afraid of being made the butts of these pleasant qualities. Blockheads are exceedingly afraid of being quizzed, and cannot tolerate the slightest joke at their own expense.

The Knickerbocker.

For good humor, pleasantry, and social fire-side qualities, give us the Knickerbocker. All its pages are colloquial. It holds you by the button until you hear all its jokes and good humor. The editorials, book-table, and club-chat are the best in the country. We copy the following from that popular magazine:

Herr Smash.

Herr Smash, the pianist, made his debut before a Bunkum audience last night. That there was such a being in all existence in any quarter of the globe was unknown to us until about a year ago, when a puff from the Manchester Courier was sent out for publication all through the United States, declaring his great triumph in the town-hall of said place. This kind of sharp-edged curiosity, and we first heard the question asked, "who was Herr Smash? Also with reference to his laurels. (And speaking of laurels, we have a few cedar posts to be disposed of cheap.) Then came a small pamphlet, left at the doors of Bunkum, headed in German characters, Herr Smash, and that he was now on his way, which investigated inquiry to the highest pitch, but no Herr Smash yet. Soon after his plenipotentiary agent appeared for the purpose of hiring rooms, and bespeaking him a sufficient benefit from our fellow citizens cordially responded to: after which, with a good head of steam, the Caledonia steamer brought up the monster to the wharf at Boston, last week, soon after which, the bills were printed at this office, and he last night appeared at his debut, which was enthusiastic to a degree.

The instrument was an extremely massive one, of the kind called grand, which, when the curtain drawn up, we perceived was secured to the floor by traverse timber from the lumber yard of Boardman and Brothers, also by a side-long piece of iron, hammered down with tenpenny nails (patent heads) and screws. Herr Smash soon entered with a bust of unanimous applause. His appearance was excentric. A bushy head like a bushel, and a smear of mustashes onto his upper lip, otherwise frock coat and sundries. He also carried a cambric handkerchief perfumed with musk. We smell it. He took his position, planting himself firm, while two upholsters tucked his coat tails with little brass studs, also secured his body with ropes. His audience were by this time at the highest point of the key-note, and time they was. He took of his gloves, hurried his eyes all round the theater, looking grim, held his wrists about three feet above the key board, letting the ends of his fingers hang down, his hair stood right up, and we knew that eminent jayward was a-coming. So held them for three minutes, while all the whole audience was nigh out of breath, and while he was so, down he came with his ten finger nails. After this he looked round with a smile, and the enthusiasm of the audience, unable to hold out any longer, broke through all bounds. Before this was over he lifted up his fingers and down he came again, inasmuch that the brass plate of the piano was wrenched off, and one leg thrown pretty much across the room. Unmindful of this, he now began galloping with his fingers from end to end of the instrument, turning head over heels between a quaver and a semi-quaver, and all right again and no, before anybody would know that there was any time lost. He first played Yankee Doodle, out of compliment, smothering it up with the blanket of ornament, and tucking it in, that when the poor Yankee did peep out with its face we hadly known it. Says we to ourself, "can this be Yankee Doodle come to town, Yankee Doodle Dandy?" After this, however, unloosing his musical bark from the wharf of patriotism, he began to play the Battle of Prague, the Battle of the Nile, the Battle of the Pyramids, Battle of Wagram, Battle of Austerlitz, and Battle of Bunker Hill, all concerted into one grand junction cannonade, which after the third volley ripped off his coat tails, tore up the brass nails, and threw the lid of the piano clean across the room, while the sensation of the audience was unmitigated in the extreme. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and children at the breast bawled aloud, while some friends of ours were so foolish as to boo-hoo out of mere enthusiasm. We can only state the effect produced, as our musical critic has drawn up a scientific account. We, the editor of the Flag Staff, stood our ground, screwed up our eye-glass; bowed our nose with our pocket handkercher; ran our fingers through our hair; sucked our cane; cast our eyes round unmolested; smoothed down our hat, buttoned our risbands; hitched up our pantaloons; applauded very slightly with our thumb nails; thought over our next leader in our next Flag Staff, when just as we were doing this, Herr come to the finale, when by such as you think it all done, horns, fiddles, cymbals, gong, and kettle drum with a bang; bang; bang; tiddle de tiddle de idle; bang, bang, bang, tiddle de dum de idle; BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG; then a slow measured bang; BANG, BANG; then at it again with a fiddle de idle de idle crash! crash! smash! and with that, legs, keys, iron, wire, sank down on the floor in one mass of heterogeneous chaos, and Herr smash, with his hair on end; his coat tails ripped off; his eyes flashing fire; his mustaches looking thunder; fists clenched; mouth foaming, ran right off the stage.

Powers' Greek Slave.

We went to see this chef doozer in plaster, it having been brought to Bunkum last week. We had understood it was an exposure, and we wished to be satisfied on our own account. Figure then, reader, or let us figure for you, an adult she-staeb without any frock. We were at first dismayed and pained. We said to our warm-hearted friend, Mr. Thomas, "Give us our hat. We wish to put our head in our hat." We subsequently came to a different state of feeling, having been a little prejudiced at first, we confess, by learning the plaster it was made of was brought from Paris. Now, then, if you want to know what we think of it, reader, its the greatest piece of whittlin' in the world, and we don't see how he done it. No jack-knife could cut a shaving or shingle slicker we doo think. It's so smooth and round that it shines like a little lump of loaf sugar, the light seems to but up ag'in it, and then back right out. There was silence in the room like the Egyptian desert when the harp of Memon has got the floor. A deep, solemn whisper of "Very fine!" was all which pervaded the ear, save every now and then could be heard the undertones of the exhibitor, who was turning the statoo about on a pivot, that the whole effect of the whittlin' might be perceived. "Slower John; to the right to the left; that'll do, there now, hold on, and so forth," which we wished he'd keep to himself, as he broke in on our reflections. One don't like to have the sacred ess of his reflections decomposed when the very light of heaven seem to steal in.

You can Take my Hat.

BY UNCLE TOM.

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington city to Baltimore, when we observed a peculiar sort of a man sitting hard by—a tall, slim good-natured fellow, but one who somehow seemed to bear the impress of a person who lived by his wits written upon his face. A friend who was with me answered my inquiry as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my attention and himself, lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said he knew him, but did not wish to recognize him there.

"That is Beau H—," said he, "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city—always ready to borrow of, or drink with you. He never has any money, however, and I'm curious to know how he will get over the road without paying, for he'll do it in some way."
"Probably he has got a ticket—borrowed the money to buy it with, or something of that sort," said I.
"Not he. Beau always travels free, and boards in the same way. He never pays money when wit or trick will pass current in its place," said my friend confidently.
What a shocking bad hat he has got on, said I, observing the dilapidated condition of his beaver. "It's some trick of his doubtless, for the rest of his dress, you observe, is quite genteel."
My friend went on to tell me how Beau had done his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last bill, and his landlady at his last boarding place, and also various other little specimens of his ingenuity and wit. "He owes me ten dollars," said my friend, "but in attempting to collect of him one day, I'll be hanged if he didn't get ten more out of me; so I think I shall let the matter rest there for fear of doubling the sum once more."

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them, as is often the practice with travelers who are frequently called upon on populous routes to show their tickets, had placed theirs in the bands of their hats, so that the conductor could see that they were all right, and not trouble them to take them from their pockets at each stopping place. As the conductor drew nearer, Beau thrust his head out of the car window, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for his ticket—there was no answer.
"Ticket sir," said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulder.
Beau sprang back into the car, knocking his hat into the road, and leaving it in a moment, nearly a mile behind. He looked first at the conductor, then out of the window after his hat, and in a seeming fit of rage exclaimed—
"What the d— do you strike a man in that way for? Is that your business? Is that what the company hire you for?"
"I beg your pardon, sir, I only want your ticket," replied the conductor, meekly.
"Ticket! O, yes, it's all very well for you to want my ticket, but I want my hat!" replied Beau bristling up.
"Very sorry, sir, really. I barely desired to call your attention, and I took the only means in my power," said the conductor.
"You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention, and hit him over the head with it, if he happens to be looking the other way!" replied the indignant Beau.
"Well, sir, I am ready to apologise to you again, if you wish. I have done so already once," said the now disconcerted official.
"Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property; that's gone."
"Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer, I'll take your ticket if you please, said the conductor.
"Ticket! hadn't you just knocked it out the window, hat and all! Do you want to add insult to injury?"
"O, your ticket was in your hat-band?" suggested the conductor.
"Suppose you stop the train and go back and see," said the hatless Beau, with indignant scorn depicted on his face.
"Well sir, you shall pass over the road free, then," replied the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty.
"The price of a ticket," said Beau, is one dollar; my beaver cost me a V. Your good sense will at once show you there is a balance of \$4 in my favor at any rate."

The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a gentleman to one not perfectly posted in the human face; he was well-dressed, and in his indignation appeared most honest.
"I'll see you after I have collected the tickets," replied the conductor, passing on through the car.
Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at every body until the conductor returned, and came and sat down by his side. Beau then in an earnest under tone, that we could only overhear occasionally, talked to the conductor "like a father," and we saw the crest-fallen man of tickets pay the hatless passenger four dollars.
The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine at the Monument House, Beau told us he was hard up, hadn't a dollar, picked up an old hat at Gadsby's Hotel in Washington, clapped his cap in his pocket, and resolved that the hat should carry him to Baltimore—and it did, with four dollars into the bargain! [Flag of our Union.]

"I DID NOT THINK."—The Portsmouth Journal says that two boys went into a store in that town, and looked at some knives; when they left, a knife was missing. The thoughtless boy had some salutary reflection before the next morning as is shown by the fact that the knife was thrown into the store by a boy who passed so rapidly that he could not be recognised. With the knife was a billet which ran thus: "Mr. Abbey, I did not think a moment last night, when I took this knife from your store. Please forgive me."
"Your father would not have punished you, my child, if you had not used profane language and swore."
"Well father has been."
"I know he has been in the habit of it, but he leaves off now."
"It's a pity he hadn't done it before he taught Bill and me to swear, and then we should have been saved many darn'd lickens."

A Way-side Story about Honesty.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it and gave half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages to support me, and you must be hungry; I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, who told you to love me as you used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more, for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you my boy; but eat it, I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food which is not necessary to support our mortal bodies?"
The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours! I know not as yet to whom it belongs; but probably, it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire. Run! 'Beau, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and—"
"I will not listen to you, my boy. I bought the loaf, but did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, oh! let us share, also, his goodness and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust in God, and walk in his ways and you shall never be put to shame. Now, run to the baker and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother-workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it mine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and—"
"Silence, my child; and put me not to shame, by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and the gold which lay glittering on the green turf. Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor David, the flax-dresser, spoke the truth when he said, thou wert the honestest man in our town."
"Now I shall tell thee about the gold: A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply or give it away, to the honestest poor man I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; as thou knowest, for the last piece in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and, serres, it is not small!—it is thine, and God grant thee a blessing with it! The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hand about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame." [Edinburgh Chm. Mag.]

Mistakes of the Rich.

The Egyptian King who, swollen with grandeur, ordered a colossal staircase built to his new palace, discovered to his chagrin when it was completed, that it required a ladder to get from one step to the other. He had forgotten that a King's legs, after all were as short as a beggar's. Agrandizance as we may, the limits of our senses check us miserably at every moment. And you call yourself proprietor! Houses and pictures outlive you, and after taking your will of them for a short time, you are carried out of your own door, feet foremost, never again to enter it. "Proprietors" you were, perhaps, of farms and castles, and mountains;—but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground six feet by two!
The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it, enjoys it more than you. You are rich enough to dine twenty-four times a day, but you must eat sparingly even once. Your cellar is full of exquisite wine, but you can only drink one bottle yourself; and to help you use your store, you are obliged to call around your friends relatives, parasites—a little world who, instead of being grateful, are likely to make you a return in envy. You have thirty horses in your stable; you can mount but one—ride after but two or four.
To be rich one should have stomachs in proportion to the number of dinners he could afford, senses excluded according to stock in bank, sextuple vigor and sensibility to concentrate and return all the love he could propitiate with gifts.
At the close of his life, the richest man has hardly spent more upon his own employment than the poor man. He has eaten twice a day, slept in a bed alone or with one wife; and the poor man can do as much, and he, the proprietor, scarcely more.
Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor news-paper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset nor add one ray to the magnificence of the night.—The same air swells all lungs—the same kind of blood fills all veins. Each one possess ses, really, only his own thro's and his own senses. Soul and body—these are all the property which a man completely owns. [Home Journal.]

Thomas Jefferson remarked, that he never heard any man complain, that he had eaten too little, whilst he had often heard them say that they had eaten too much.

Remains of Whitefield.

Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns writes to the Newburyport Herald, that it has been well known "that one of the principle bones of Whitefield's arms has been missing from among the remains of that eminent saint, deposited in the vault under the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church in this town." The bone was in possession of a person in London. Mr. Stearns states further that he recently received a package, containing the stolen relic, with Mr. Stearn's remarks thereupon.

"Some years ago a brother clergyman was requested to obtain an original letter of the dear and honored Whitefield for me which he thought he could easily do. He failed however, in the attempt but to my great surprise and mortification sent me what he called a precious relic of the holy man of God, one of his bones! and precious it is but it was of too sacred a nature to expose to the public eye, and I have preserved it hoping to restore it to its proper place with my own hands.—This I must now entrust to you, and I shall be happy to learn from you that it has been done."
The trust thus committed to me, I am happy to say, has been discharged. The venerable relic was conveyed to the vault where its kindred remains lie; and in the presence of the session of the church and the parish committee, restored to its place yesterday.—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

As it seems not proper that names should be mentioned in this matter, I would only beg leave to add, that the gentleman by whom the restoration has been made, is known by reputation to me and others in this community, and the worth of his character is a sufficient guarantee that the transaction is genuine, and the motives which have influenced his course honorable and sincere.
JONATHAN F. STEARNS.
Newburyport, Sept. 28, 1849.

UNSTUDIED ELOQUENCE.—A Catawba warrior in 1842, named Peter Harris, made known his wants to the Legislature of South Carolina in the following language:
I am one of the lingering survivors of an almost extinguished race. Our graves will soon be our only habitations. I am one of the few stalks that still remain in the field where the tempest of the revolution passed. I have fought against the British for your sake. The British have disappeared and you are free; yet from me have the British taken nothing, nor have I gained anything by their defeat. I pursued the deer for subsistence—the deer are disappearing, I must starve. God ordained me for the forest, and my ambition is the shade. But the strength of my arm decays and my feet fails me in the chase. The hand that fought for your liberties is now open for your relief. In my youth I bled in battle that you might be independent—let not my heart in old age bleed for want of your commiseration."

Here is a fair bit at the style of 'Lady Alice.' "M," mistakes us. What we meant by 'upholstery description,' is not the 'painting of a true artist,' but the elaborate putting down of 'every thing there happens to be in the house,' as Marryat said of a certain dish known to the French cuisine.—Here is a specimen of this kind of painting, which is just the thing in a Yankee kitchen, but in a parlor finished in the renaissance style would probably be deemed a little over-done, except by the admirers of the author of 'Alice, or the Second Una.'—

'Zekiel crept up, unbeknown,
And pecked in through the window,
And there sat Hully, all alone,
With no one by to hinder.
Ag'in the chimney crook necks hung,
And in amongst 'em, rusted,
The old queen's-arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord, but sturd'
This is natural and vigorous, and worth all the diluted upholstery that James, or our small copyist of small novels, ever drew."

LYRENSISTKA.—The last Yankee notion is elastic doll-heads, made of canvas and painted in oil colors that will bear any amount of bites and falls, and soap and water to cleanse their faces without detriment to their beauty, while in finish they are fully equal to the wax. Will not the nineteenth century be big in the history of the world? [Springfield Rep.]

Franklin is reported to have said, in answer to a question put to him on the discovery of "acrostation," or balloon ascent.—"What's its use?" "Of what use is the new born infant?"
Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. 'I'll nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

A law student, who is preparing for his examination, has discovered that the only way to avoid being hauled over the coals is to stick to Cozz.
"Were you wounded in the wars?" asked a man of a little drummer. "Oh yes, badly," replied he. "In what part were you shot?" "Oh, sir, I was shot in the drum.

"I can't take pleasure in you when you get in one of your snappish ways," as the rat said to the trap.
"Which is the next coach?" asked a person of a boy of the old country. "Och," replied he, "it's just gone."

The following question would furnish a good subject for a Debating Society.—Which is the most dangerous to a community, an ignorant Physician, an illiterate Schoolmaster, or a knavish Lawyer?

The Jews abstain from trading during sixty-six days of the years as follows, viz:—Fifty-two Saturdays; two days New Year; four days Passover; one day Black Fast; two days Pentecost; four days, Tabernacle; one day, White Fast.
Gravity of manners is thought by some to be a mark of wisdom—yet the gravest beast is an ass the gravest bird is an owl,—the gravest fish is an oyster—and the gravest man is usually a fool.