

FREMONT FREEMAN.

J. S. FOLKE, Editor and Publisher. The Freeman is published every Saturday morning...

TERMS. Single mail subscribers, per year, \$1.50. Clubs of five and upwards, to one address...

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square—12 lines—first insertion, \$0.50. Do—Do—Do—second insertion, 25.

Business Directory. FREMONT FREEMAN JOB PRINTING OFFICE: We are now prepared to execute in order...

JOB PRINTING; SUCH AS: Business Cards, Circulars, Labels, Headers, Brochures, Catalogues, Receipts, Drafts, Orders, Bills, Checks, Receipts, Labels, Ball Tickets, etc., etc.

PEASE & ROBERTS, MANUFACTURERS OF: Copper, Tin, and Sheet-Iron Ware, Stoves, Hoop, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags, Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c.

T. H. ROBERTSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio.

EDWARD F. DICKINSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Fremont, Ohio.

RALPH F. BUCKLAND, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Fremont, Ohio.

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CHESTER EDGENTON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Fremont, Ohio.

B. J. BARTLETT, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Fremont, Ohio.

LA Q. RAWSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—North side of the Tusculum, nearly opposite the Post Office.

PIERRE BEAUGRAND, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity.

DR. J. CHAMBERLIN, Botanic Physician. Respectfully announces to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, that he has returned and permanently located in this place...

PORTAGE COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Company. E. P. BUCKLAND, Agent. FREMONT, OHIO.

A. F. & F. VANDERCOOK, MERCHANTS AND DEALERS. In all kinds of Produce; At the Old Stand. Formerly occupied by Dickenson & V. Doren. FREMONT, OHIO.

SOCIAL HALL. The subscriber is prepared to furnish Social Halls, in Buckland's Brick Block, for Cotton Parties, Series, Lectures, &c., on reasonable terms...

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store. FREMONT, OHIO.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—Second story of Pease & Roberts' Tin Shop. November 9, 1850—ly.

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SADDLERY.

New Arrangement! PRICES REDUCED! JOSEPH COHLE, Respectfully announces to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity...

NEW GROCERY AND SALOON: JUST OPENED IN: Buckland's New Brick Building: J. F. R. SEBRING, Respectfully informs his Old Customers and the Public generally...

Stocks of Groceries! This stock consists in part of: Sugars, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Pepper, Raisins, Tobacco, Segars, &c., &c.

CANDIES: The best ever opened in Fremont, the assortment of "boxes" dealers in this article to the contrary notwithstanding.

FRUITS AND PRESERVES: Of the rarest kinds, will be found at my store. Lemonade, Mead, Crank and Beer, can be had at my store's notice.

Fresh Baked Bread, Cake, Pies, and Biscuits always kept on hand. Families wishing to be supplied with Bread can at all times be accommodated with a superior article...

Geo. M. Tillotson, Respectfully announces to the citizens of Sandusky and adjoining counties, that he has just replenished his Grocery with a large and complete stock...

CANFIELD & MITCHELL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN: HARDWARE, NAILS AND IRON, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH & BRUSHES.

FREMONT HOUSE; AND GENERAL STAGE OFFICE: FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O. WM. KESSLER, Proprietor.

MR. KESSLER, announces to the Traveling Public that he has returned to the above well known and popular establishment...

GIDEON HATCH, Tailor; WOULD Dismiss his friend and the public, that he has taken rooms at Ballville, where he intends carrying on the above business...

FASHIONABLE TAILORING. PHILIP MAXWELL, WOULD respectfully announce that he has removed his Shop, one door South of Leppelman's Jewelry Shop...

NEW FIRM: THE Subscribers respectfully inform the public that they have entered into a partnership, for the purpose of carrying on the Batching business...

Poetry.

Who is the poet of the Zanesville Courier? We have read the following from that paper with a very bland, good-natured expression of countenance...

"JUGS HAS HIS." Oh! you ought to hear Sam Jones relate 'Bout the good old times in our native State! When almost every gushing rill In the Buckeye State could boast its still!

Now Billy! just wipe 'em tears from your eye, And pint me to one Distillery! Dark rousie he scattered here and there, When once our large Distillery was here...

O Crockery! the joy good Rum will inspire, When a ring is made round the tavern fire! Ah! what can compare with the Beer-room seat, When the jugs are round, and the song and treat!

I keeps my jug in the Cool-hole below, But there it's a cool and trouble you know; Every time I get dry I must go to the cellar, And the wimmen folks play sich tricks on a fellow!

It is well. That will be November. I will leave all to your good taste. 'Bear you, said Edwin, gratefully. 'Think in mind that price is no consideration with me in this matter; I give you carte blanche.

Edwin Wilson for that was the apprentice's name—had formed an acquaintance with the only daughter of a retired merchant residing in the next street, and an ardent and mutual attachment succeeded.

My, Ada, I am not unmindful of the preference you have indulged for young Wilson—the apprentice of Lockwood. What have you done—how are you committed to him?

'He is my only child.' 'Yes.' 'Am rich.' 'The world says so, father—but—' 'Hear me, Ada. The young man has not fifty pounds in the world. Would you wed a beggar?

'No, father! I would wed Edward Wilson, replied his daughter, innocently. 'No, my daughter; he is beneath your position, in every way; and I can consent to no such sacrifice.

'This was crushing intelligence to the tender-hearted Ada, who had not suspected such an answer, when she resolved to appeal to her father on this subject. But, though Mr. Elwyn was opposed to such a union, he had but the one objection to his daughter's suit, he could find no objection to his claims, save that the youth was penniless. Still he was inexorable.

Having thus contrived to throw his daughter into the deepest mental distress, he went over to his friend, the glider, and commenced to chide him for permitting the youth to have forced himself thus upon the affections of his child.

'He has nothing to support her with,' he said. 'He has an excellent trade, sir,' said his master. 'I care nothing for that,' replied the irritated parent.

'He is an accomplished workman—' 'He is nobody, sir! He has neither friends nor family connections, nor the more important of considerations in these matters, money. I have no fancy for a mechanic, and shall not submit that my only daughter shall suffer by such an unequal alliance.'

'Edwin will be one and twenty at Christmas time, sir. I think he would make your daughter a good husband, and would care well for her.'

'I don't believe it! He shan't marry her—he shan't, at least till he is able to take such care of her as her father has, hitherto.' And with this tart answer, Mr. Elwyn departed.

As he went hastily out of the glider's shop, he did not observe the movements of an old gentleman who had overheard his remarks, and who advanced as the man of wealth and high notions left.

'Of whom did he speak?' queried the gentleman of Edwin's employer. 'It is a trifling affair, sir,' said the master. 'Unfortunately, an apprentice of mine—a very worthy young man, now a matter of his business, by the way—has conceived a passion for this gentleman's daughter; and as the father is rich, he has interposed his authority, and refused to permit the youth's advances, on the score of his poverty.'

'If you do not consent, a union will undoubtedly occur between your daughter and this spurned mechanic. Here is the deed of this mansion—I am in earnest.'

'The father of Ada was perplexed; but in a few minutes he arose, and said: 'I accept your proposal, sir.' 'It is well, sir. I am glad you are so inclined. Wait a moment.'

'Show the gentleman hither from the east parlor,' said Mr. Worthen. 'My young friend is here, already,' continued the old man—and the next moment Edwin entered the drawing room.

'Edwin,' he said, 'I present you to the father of your future wife, Mr. Elwyn. You have met before—no apologies—no affection—no scenes now—it is all explained. This is your house, you are as rich as he is; shake hands, and be friends.'

Matters were quickly explained, to the entire satisfaction of all the parties, and the eccentric old gentleman pointed to the beautiful great mirrors at either end of the fine saloon, and added: 'There they are, my boy? Splendid work, that! Couldn't be finer, if you'd made them for your self, eh? Ha, ha! I like to see folks happy. They're yours, now—all yours, and Ada's. Her father agrees to the match, it is all fixed—except the day and hour—now such a time will you have. Come, sir! a glass of Burgundy with you.'

The wine was quaffed, and long life and happiness was proposed for the lovers. The first day of January saw Edwin and Ada united in marriage. Their ancient friend was a constant guest at their fine dwelling, and young Wilson was at once placed in a condition to live easily and creditably, without further toil, through the munificence of his eccentric and strangely found benefactor, who conceived so sudden and extraordinary a fancy for him.

The two mirrors still decorate his magnificent drawing room, his family associations are honorable and happy, his wife has proved a jewel to him, and he dwells at his ease; but he never forgets, even amid his prosperity and luxury, that he was once but a glider's apprentice.

The great event of laying the corner stone of the extension of the Capitol, has transpired. The day has been most propitious, and the occasion improved by thousands who have taken the opportunity of witnessing the august ceremony of laying the corner stone.

After the corner stone had been laid in an impressive manner, by the south wing of the extended Capitol, by Mr. Fillmore, assisted by the Masonic Fraternity of the District, a ceremony which was witnessed by more than 10,000 people, and performed in the presence of the principal functionaries of the Government, the scene of interest was changed to the east front of the Capitol, where were assembled the most distinguished men in Washington belonging to the civil service; the Army, the Navy, and every department of the General Government.

Mr. French the Masonic Grand Master, made a very appropriate address upon the occasion. George Washington, he said, laid the foundation of the old Capitol, fifty-eight years ago. The identical gravel which Washington used, had been used to-day in laying the corner stone of the new edifice. When the corner stone was laid in 1793 the country did not contain four millions, now it exceeds twenty three. Washington, upon the first occasion, invoked God's benediction upon the country. He expressed the hope that the Almighty would consecrate the liberties and happiness of the American people, and from his day down to the time in which the office of the President of the United States was filled by its present occupant—filled with a man of such high integrity, dignity and success that commanded general acknowledgements, these blessings of liberty had been perpetuated among us.

der these circumstances? 'This is a very different case, you perceive, Mr. Worthen—Worthen, I mean—' replied the aristocrat, deeply embarrassed. 'I will consider the proposal, and if—' 'If you do not consent, a union will undoubtedly occur between your daughter and this spurned mechanic. Here is the deed of this mansion—I am in earnest.'

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Mr. French did not forget to tell his hearers what every man here believes, (whatever others may say or think elsewhere,) that the country, during the year past, had been rescued from the greatest peril. The men who had contributed to the end of peace and compromise, were such men as Clay, Webster, Cass, Foote, Dickinson, Houston, and others of eminent note. All of these, Mr. Webster excepted, Mr. French said were Masons, and brethren of the mystic tie.

Mr. WEBSTER'S ORATION.—Mr. Webster rose with an intense sun falling upon his head, and kept his post for about two hours, his oration covering 84 manuscript pages.—He was received with the uplifted voices of the throng around him, end with every possible demonstration of respect. The President's associates of the Cabinet, the Generals, and officers of the Army in their uniforms, the officers of the navy, the subordinate civil officers of the Government, and a great body of volunteer military from the District and neighborhood, were among his auditors, beside the thousand from the ranks of the people who had assembled in the city. Though complaining of fatigue, his whole manner indicated a physical strength not much inferior to the intellectual powers of the distinguished orator.

We take pleasure in seconding the choice of the Whig State Convention by raising the banner of Hero of Chippewa and Land's Lane, General WEBSTER SCOTT, for the Presidency in 1852. He is the favorite of a majority—yes, near the universal first choice—of the Whigs of Ohio, and we entertain no doubt that the election of 1852, will show him largely in the ascendant in this State, and the triumphant choice of the Union. He was our first choice in 1844 and 1848, and we shall take unalloyed pleasure in sustaining him to the best of our ability henceforth until the battle shall be fought and won.

A school boy being asked to repent twenty-six words, beginning successively with letters of the alphabet, in one sentence said, "A boy cannot dig easily for gold hence, if just keeping lead melted needs oxygen, put quicksilver, rapidly saturated, timely under vitrol, when zebedy zeun zeolities."

WINNING A HEART.

It was not long ago that I was chatting with my blue-eyed cousin Adele, about a story writing when she gave me the following extracts from letters that she had received from an intimate acquaintance, saying to me as she gave them, that perhaps they would excite in me a smile, but that a woman's heart would understand them.

I took the extracts from her and read the following: 'Adele—I am here in my little room, overlooking the stream upon whose bank you and I have lain for many a sweet hour. It plays the same old tune, and it glides just as fast as it used to do. And flowers overhang its banks and tremble upon its bosom.'

'The trees are all blossoming, for to day is May-day, and the children are wild with joy. I am alone now as the sun is setting, and I wish you were here. There is a new comer in our little village. A week ago to day, a young man by the name of Henry Davenport engaged rooms for the season at the village hotel. Uncle William was introduced to him in New York last winter. But knows nothing more of him. He invited him to Agatha's party, and we girls had him presented to us. He is very handsome, and what is better has a noble soul. There is, however, a look of defiance upon his face, and not a little pride in his heart. This has been the origin of a party of conspirators among us girls, and we are bound to conquer his heart. Our names are written in due order, and we are each to take our regular turn at trying to win his heart, and report progress to the band. Now, we are only in sport, but I guess we will show Mr. Davenport that he is not as independent as he thinks he is. Mary Bliss is first on the list and I am next.'

'May 10th.—Mary is not successful—or at least has given up her attempt. And now I am to try. What if in gaining his heart I should lose my own. Never fear?'

'12th.—Yesterday was a beautiful day, Adele. If you will listen to me, I will talk to you of yesterday. Early in the morning I sauntered out carelessly, took in hand, for a stroll in the public garden. It was a very sweet morning, and the birds sang merrily, and I was merry too, for I do not walk in the garden without purpose. I was merry, and so tripped carelessly along the gravel walks, until I came to a bower where the spring is hidden among the shrubbery that surrounds it; and who should I meet but Harry! I uttered an apology for my intrusion, but he arose and asked me to sit down on the bench in the bower. I don't know why—but I blushed—' I who came to lay a snare for him, felt very much like being snared myself. There was something in his dark, passionate eye that makes my heart throb faster than when I am alone in my chamber.'

'He was reading 'St. Agnes' Eve,' he said 'that exquisite poem of poor Keats,' and he promised that if I would meet him to-morrow, here, he would read it to me. And I have promised to meet him here to-morrow—do not fear for me, I guess I don't love him yet, dear Adele—I guess I don't love him yet!'

'15th.—Four days have passed away since I wrote you last, I told you that I had promised to meet Henry in the bower, to hear him read 'St. Agnes' Eve.' I met him there before the dew was off the grass. The brooklet murmured sweetly, and the flowers smiled, and the little birds twittered and chirped away happily—and I will confess it—I was happy. With his rich melodious voice he read that delicious poem, and I found that I had never known the half of the beauties it contains. I wish you could hear him read it, Adele, for his voice brings to the surface every hidden beauty.'

'When he had finished he timidly glanced at me—for you know such sweet things leave a something in the heart that makes one timorous—but I will not tell you how I contrived to fly away from my awkward situation. That night I was obliged to report to the band—I am afraid I deceived some of them.'

'20th.—Can I help it? For I commenced telling you of my wild adventures of charming, but I was but a moment and I will tell you all my dear and long tried friend. Yesterday, as I sat by Henry's side in the bower, he gave me a rose bud. I knew its language, and the secret, and the secret of my soul ran foolishly from my heart to his face. My deep blushes, he said, embolden him, and he knelt before me and told me that he loved me, and asked me if I could love him. What could I do, Adele, frightened as I was, but murmur 'yes' and lay my head upon his bosom? When I heard the beating of his noble heart, then, if never before, I knew that I loved him. You never did hear the birds sing as they did then, and the little brooklet flowed ever so gleefully. I am happy! I need not tell you so, for you will know it without. This world is a bright one, for all that the misanthropes say. I guess that they never sing for them, for if they did they couldn't call this earth a mournful place.'

'To-night I have engaged to report to the band, and what shall I do? They do not dream that the charmer is charmed! I must deceive them for this once, and I will pretend to give up after now. Good night.'

'21st.—Adele! I am alone in my little room. The music of the little brook is sad to me now. The birds are all mocking my poor heart—Adele! oh, my Adele! my eyes wet this sheet when I tell you that I am very sad. The sun is gone out to me and it is so dark that I wish to lean upon you—will you let me, Adele?'

'But a few hours ago I was happier than my ownary bird. This morning Charlie brought me a little note from Henry. Here it is. 'Mary—Yesterday a friend of mine told me to be careful how I gave my heart to your keeping, for you had been selected by a party of girls to win my heart in sport. I would not could not believe him—when he offered me a chance to hear from your own lips a confession of the fact, I did—no matter how—heard you say last night to a company of giddy girls that you would humble me after a while.'

'If you knew, Mary, the poignancy of my grief, you would never again trifle with so sacred a thing as a heart. 'Leave this place before you will receive this, and you can never know whether I am gone. 'HENRY.'

'Need I tell you, Adele, how like a stroke of lightning this came to my heart? I confess to you with hot tears blinding my eyes, that I did wrong in telling the girls what I did, but I did it to conceal my love for Henry. I have been to the place where he first told me that he loved me, and everything said to me, 'He is gone!'

'Adele, may I lean upon you? I have just a wealth of courage and strength, with a few hours, and I wish something to lean upon something.'

I laid down the note book; 'Cousin Adele,' said I, 'have you heard nothing from Henry?'

'Nothing.' 'And Mary, where is she?'

'She went to the place where he and I were, and the other pointed to the sky and said, with a tear dropping from her eyes, 'Do you understand me?'

'Ay, I understood her.'

Sojourner Truth. [This is the very expressive name of a colored woman who made a speech at the Woman's Convention at Akron, Ohio.] A condensation of said speech is going the rounds of the papers, and there are certainly in it one or two newly-put and most suggestive ideas:

'She said she was a woman, and had done as much work as any man there. She had heard much about the equality of the sexes, but would not argue that question. All she could say was if she had a pint of intellect, and can a quart with reasoners why we should not have our pint full. [Hours of laughter.] She said she could not read, but she could hear. She had heard the Bible read, and was told that even caused the fall of man. Well, if woman upsets the world, give her chance to do with bringing Jesus into the world, for God was his father, but woman's mother, Jesus respected woman and never turned her away. By woman's influence the seed was raised; for when Jesus died, Martha and Mary fell of faith and love, came to Jesus, and brought him to raise their brother to life. He did not turn them away, but Jesus wept, and Lazarus came forth. But women are coming up, blessed be God, and a few men are coming up with them; but they have a heavy burden to bear, for the slaves and the women look to them for redemption.'

It was 'too bad.' A lady, rather ignorant upon agricultural matter, sent a short dissertation to the country the other day for some nice milk which was carefully delivered to her by the hand of a friend who procured it. The lady very carefully placed it in her cellar in a nice open vessel, with the determination of having an extra nice breakfast on her rich milk. Breakfast came, and her husband looked it over for the anticipated luxury.

'Well, said he, 'where is that nice milk you were speaking of last night?'

'O dear, it is too bad!' she replied sorrowfully 'the milk this morning was all covered with a thick yellow scum, and I had to throw it away.'

Mrs. HOWITT AND THE ENGLISH.—Dr. Smith, the correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from London says:—'In the United States we all know who William and Mary Howitt are. They are the companions and library guest of every family in which the domestic virtues are cherished, and whose excellence is admitted to be the foundation of religious hope beyond the grave. At a large party in London, the other evening, Mrs. Howitt said: 'Now show me one of your American lions, if any are in the room.' Shortly after I discovered Horace Greeley, and leading him up, I took the liberty of saying: 'Madam, this is an American lion,' and turning to Mr. Greeley, 'this air is an English lioness.' And I left them cordially shaking paws.'

Humors of the Worlds Fair. A party fellow, with an eye glass pressed into the orbit, inquired of another, in the act of inspecting the properties of Mr. Clapp's very beautiful coach from Pittsfield, whether the Americans rode in carriages? 'Another sapient, with pumpanated hair, and carrying a gold headed stick, asked a visitor from the other side, 'if the Rocky Mountains could be seen from New York?'

Dear Sir! I hope a great lady, in a watered silk, have the goodness to inform me if there are any noblemen in the United States? 'Yes, my dear,' answered a full fed Jonathan, who was showing off the beauties of a cream freaser, 'and I am one of them.'

Profane—Almost. At a tea party in this city, at the house of a distinguished clergyman, a gentleman was present who was, at that time, giving a series of lectures to the scholars of Boston and Cambridge on the 'Fallacy of Poeta.' It happened that the next lecture was to be about 'Invidia's Infernal.' Except the lecturer and a lady and all the others present were elegantly dressed. The conversation turned on the lectures. 'And what do you give next?' inquired the host. 'Hell!' said the scholar, with strutting brevity. 'The Devil!' exclaimed the lady, with well-affected surprise. 'Yes,' returned the scholar, with a mock solemnity of utterance that 'set the table on a roar.' 'Hell and the devil!'

A correspondent of the New London Star writes that there is a man in East Hadam—a Mr. Emmons—who weighs five hundred and thirty nine pounds. This is about fifty pounds heavier than the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis was. The writer adds: 'He is of fine personal appearance, of elegant proportions, and said to be one of the best judges of horses in seventeen counties, besides being a great favorite of the ladies.'

To PARSNIPS, HAMS THROUGH SUMMER.—Make a number of cotton bags a little larger than your hams; after the hams are well smoked, place them in the bags; get the very best sweet made hay, cut it with a cutting box or knife, with your hands press it well around the ham in the bag, tie your bags with good strings, put on a card to show their age, and hang them up in your yard, or some dry place, and by word of it, if you let them hang for five years, they will be better than on the day you put them up. This method costs but little, as the bags will last for years. The only loss is the hay, and that the cattle will eat if given to them in the winter. The sweating of the hams will be taken up by the hay, and it will also impart a very fine flavor to the meat. [Genevieve Farmer.]