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Will give prompt attention to the practice of

MEDICINE AND SURGERY

in Fremont and vicinity.

Office—Over Leach & Cole's Store.

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L. D. Parker, Surgeon Dentist,

RESPECTFULLY TENDERS professional services

to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all operations relating to the preservation and beauty of the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth, on pivot, gold or silver plate, done in the neatest manner. He is in possession of the latest improvements now in use, consequently he flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to those who may desire his aid in any branch of the profession.

Lethian Ether administered, and teeth extracted without pain, if desired.

Office in Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr. Rice's office.

Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

PORTAGE COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.

FREMONT, OHIO.

DR. R. S. RICE.

Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont and adjacent country.

Office, as formerly, on Frontstreet, opposite Deat's new building.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

WAGON ROADS.

BY

J. W. BUCHHEIT,

NORWALK, OHIO.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OCTOBER 8, 1853.

NUMBER 37.

Poetry.

License Victims.

BY MR. L. B. ADAMS.

Within a half obscure and lone
Was heard a woman's plaintive moan,
A low, sad, agonizing prayer
Rang out upon the midnight air.

Unminded of the midnight storm,
Beneath the eaves a crouching form
Struck in the gloom, as if 'twere sin
To let that pleading voice within.

A pale young mother knelt to pray
For him who should have been her stay,
Whose broken vows and blighted name
Were now her heritage of shame.

Her lips had lost their rosy hue,
Her soft eyes once so bright and blue,
Were dim with tears; and in her soul
Was grief that would not brook control.

Now by the lightning's fatal gleam,
As in some ghastly, haunting dream,
That shrieking, guilty one might see
Those thin hands clasped in agony.

He heard that prayer; for him, for him!
For his dear sake those eyes were dim!
And he who cursed at morning there,
Now wept to hear her midnight prayer!

So strong, so pleadingly it rose,
Forgetful of all selfish woes,
It seemed to reach the Father's throne,
For him, for him, the abandoned one!

Beside her starving babes she bent,
Their tremulous with tears bespent,
Their ashens lips and cheeks so white,
He saw them by the lightning's light.

Yes, even a drunkard's heart may melt!
One moment more, and he be knelt
Beside the kneeling mother there,
And joined with hers his midnight prayer!

How bright the bow's expanding form
That rises o'er the buried storm!
How pure hope's kindling watch-fires burn,
To hail the lost one's long return!

On night of hope! O day of joy!
One hour can end his life's destroy,
Long as the faithful tempter stands
With "License" in his impious hands!

License to brand that manly face
With shame at manhood's deep disgrace!
License to tinge that blush of shame
With infancy's undying flame!

License the frenzied mind to scourge,
To tortured reason's utmost verge!
License to O God! thus name fair,
To blast and stamp the demon there!

Another midnight hour, behold!
The mother sleeps, her babes are cold,
No more they claim a father's care—
Forever still her pleading prayer!

For ever still? No, God of Heaven!
While yet to woman's heart is given
A voice, O God! thus name fair,
That prayer shall seek thy throne above!

Pity the drunkard as he stinks
With blood upon his guilty hands,
The fiend who held the tempting bowl,
His blood upon his guilty hands!

O, midnight prayers are rising yet
From breaking hearts; and pale cheeks wet
With hopeless tears, are nightly pressed
On pillows, sleep hath seldom blessed!

When shall this cry of anguish be
Heard and avenged, O Lord, by thee?
Before thy throne we plead our wrong—
"How long, O Lord! how long, how long?"

Amos, ch. vi., 1853.

Miscellaneous.

The Fate of a Drunkard.

BY DICKENS.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the court, and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose and looked around him; the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; everything was just as he remembered to have seen it last, and there was no sign of any one, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers and of the neighbors; but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face, among the crowd that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to the garret when night came on desolate and dreary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no traces of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reach- ed his ears. At last he gave up the pursuit as hopeless, and long thought of the possibility of her leaving him, and endeavoring to earn her bread in quiet and elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her.

He begged his bread from door to door.—Every half-penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under arches and in brick fields—anywhere where there was warmth enough, or shelter from the rain.—But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and homeless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time he had a home, a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and looked about him then, to rise from the grave, and stand about him—plain, so clear and distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that were long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death, sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for a moment. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty—the few passers-by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. The heavy chill again struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway and tried to sleep.

The Pestilence at Mobile.

Extracts from a private letter dated Mobile, Monday, Sept. 12, 1853:

The scourge that has so long and so fearfully desolated New Orleans this summer, has long since established itself here. Multitudes have been already swept to the grave, and a great deal of suffering has been felt, especially among the poor. The disease is everywhere; springing neither age, nor condition. Again and again have I found houses in which every single inhabitant was sick, and helpless. In one house I found seven sick, in another five, in another six, and in another eight.

Our citizens have organized themselves into societies and clubs to visit in the several districts, ascertain where sickness and suffering exist, and ensure timely relief. They have established three infirmaries—which are full—for the reception, care and cure of the sick. The city hospital is also full, and the marine hospital nearly so.

Sept. 13.—Several of the physicians have private hospitals, which are mostly quite full. The sickness is in every part of the city, and everywhere in the environs.

Spring Hill, distant about seven miles, a high sandy ridge, to which multitudes of our citizens retreat for safety in summer, is also infected. On Saturday last I buried a child, the daughter of one of my flock. It died on the Hill, of black vomit.

I was on the Hill last evening to visit some of the sick. One gentleman told me that his family, blacks and white, all included amount to under sixty; of these, twenty-three are sick, among them his daughter-in-law and two children of one of his daughters, and a daughter residing but a short distance from him was taken sick yesterday. To-day one of our chief physicians told me that there are above 30 cases at Spring Hill.

In the city you find sickness and suffering everywhere; out of a family of eight persons—a little below me on the same street—six are dead viz: both the parents, two grown up daughters, and two boys—two lads only are left! The youngest, about eight years of age, is out of danger; the other, about eleven is very low still; he has had the black vomit, and has bled a good deal at the mouth, but I begin to hope he may recover. Of another family of eight, only one is left a young child; a family of nine are all gone. Last Friday I buried from the house of his father-in-law, a young man married three months since; on Sunday I buried his wife's youngest brother.

The disease this year is very treacherous; a change takes place suddenly and the patient sinks rapidly. Last Sunday, Sept. 11; I had to attend four funerals, beside preaching in town that morning and at Spring Hill that evening; of the four so buried, three appeared only two days before, likely to recover.

There are usually stationed at Mobile three or four Methodist ministers, of these one Mr. Powell, died of the epidemic, and was buried two weeks ago last Sunday; another, Mr. Loveland, as I see stated in the paper, has lost his wife and child, and yesterday I stood by the dying bed of Rev. Mr. Hughes, of the same persuasion. He was buried this morning.

A MAN WITH TWENTY WIVES.—A man calling himself Dr. William Hunter, but whose real name is said to be Nathaniel J. Bird, is in jail at Camden, N. J., on a charge of bigamy and other charges. On Sunday, Elizabeth Harrington, a lady of Philadelphia, visited him in prison, and ascertained that he was the man to whom she was married on the 9th of July last. On the same day he was visited by another lady from Kensington, named Mary Thompson, to whom he was married in May last. It is also stated that he has a wife in Reading, another in Wilmington, Del., another yet in Philadelphia. The prisoner is only about 23 years of age, and it is stated, declares that he has twenty wives, a statement which may be true, as more than one-fourth of that number have been found within a few days. It is alleged, that he abandoned each wife soon after marriage, and that they never heard of him until his recent arrest. The affair creates the greatest excitement in Camden, and has induced an immense number of persons to seek admission for the purpose of seeing him.

WATER SPOUTS ON THE LAKE.—Several of these remarkable phenomena have recently been seen upon Lake Ontario, two of which were visible atodus Point. They are dense conical-shaped columns, and formed a continuous line from the Lake to the clouds. One of them the largest, [which was nearly thirty feet in diameter], was precipitated against the bluffs and broke with a deafening noise upon the rocks below, causing so great a commotion of the waters that a large quantity of logs and lumber were torn from their moorings and washed far out into the Lake. The smaller of the two pursued its terrific and onward course as far as the eye could reach, filling the beholders with wonder and astonishment, and awaking such a feeling of grandeur and sublimity they stood almost dumb and statue-like, until the sound of this gigantic column of water died far away in the distance. A portion of the pier of the light-house was swept away by the elements, and considerable damage was done to the light-house.—Wayne Democrat.

CYLINDER TELEGRAPH.—A company is now being formed with a capital of \$500,000, for the purpose of constructing a line of telegraph from Boston to New York, having a cylinder two feet in diameter, by means of which it is believed that packages may be transmitted from one city to the other in fifteen minutes. It has been objected by some that the power required to exhaust the tube for so great a distance, would be so great no reasonable number of pumps would be able to accomplish it. But this objection is answered by the fact, that it is not proposed by the plan of Mr. R. to exhaust the air through the whole length of the tube at once; but as a portion of the air is exhausted and the plunger rushes through the tube, the air is cut off behind it, and a new column of air commences to act upon it. The scheme is attracting favor.—Boston Transfer.

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

—A company of individuals unite themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The Blacksmith comes and says:—

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of this association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well, come in, Mr. Blacksmith."

The Mason applies for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in—we can't do without you."

Along comes the Shoemaker, and says: "I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker,—we must have you."

So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes, and wants to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a Rumseller."

"A Rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails and prisons and poor houses."

"And is that all?"

"No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor houses with paupers."

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cries the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

[From a recent work on Turkey, by Dr. De Kay.]

Turkish Proverbs.

"He that speaketh truth must have one foot in the stirrup."

"The friend looks at the head, the enemy at the foot,"—the one to admire the projector, the other to detect his failures.

He that falls into the sea, takes hold of the serpent to be saved.

To him of good judgment the sound of a gnat signifies, to him who lacks it the noise of an orchestra availeth not."

The kettle calleth the saucepan smutty.

The teeth of a horse of which a present has been made are not observed.

After the carriage is broken, many offer themselves to show the road.

The nest of a blind bird is made by God.

Although the tongue has no bones, it breaks bones.

A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

More flies are caught with a drop of honey than by a hoghead of vinegar.

Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.

He who knows everything, is often deceived.

A friend is more valuable than a relative."

LOSS AND GAIN.

—According to Lucy Stone the legal advantages and disadvantages of married women are as follows:

1. The right of protection (?)
2. The right to be maintained (?)
3. The right of having her debts paid.

1. The custody of her person,
2. The right of her personal property,
3. The enjoyment of her real estate,
4. The advantage of her own earnings,
5. The power to make a will,
6. The control of her children.

Let the candidate for matrimony cipher carefully on the above table, and act accordingly.

KEEN RETORT.

—At one of our hotels, a young and fully mounted dandy, from Philadelphia, was seated at the tea table at rather a late hour, when the bar-keeper came in and took a seat opposite. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back in his chair and gazing at the bar-keeper exclaimed:

"Feller! Does the help up with gentlemen in this house?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"What are you not bar-keeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a bar-keeper is help as much as a scrub girl."

"True," replied him of the toddy-stick, "but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and saw that there was not a gentleman at the table."

Here the conversation ended. Moustache was "fixed."

A gentleman espying a number of little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard without "leave or license," bawled out very lustily:

"What are you about there, you rascals?"

"About going," said one, as he seized his hat and scampered off at double quick time.

Some genius down in Bellefontaine, moved by a potato-patch affection, thus discourses to his "gal":

The holly-husk has faded, Polly,

The sun-flower lost its hue,

Yet surely as I live, by golly,

I see no change in you.

The summer now is gone, Polly,

And with it all the roses,

The frost is coming soon, Polly,

To make us blow our noses.

'Tis hard that one cant sing, Polly,

Of love or rony dawn