

ISAAC H. KEELER, Proprietor. The Journal is published every Friday morning...

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JOB PRINTING. Of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed...

DR. P. BEAUGRAND, has opened his office on the corner of the Tenth and...

SURGEON DENTIST. L. BELHARZ, of Toledo, has permanently located in Fremont...

PREMIER DENTIST! CONGER & SHAW, Dr. E. J. Conger and H. M. Shaw, having formed a partnership...

DR. M. A. RITTER, has removed his office to the first building west of the Old Catholic Church...

W. V. B. AMES, M. D., Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Office and Residence—Corner of High and Grand streets...

WM. ST. CLAIR, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, TENDERS his professional services to all who may be in want of medical aid...

DRs. Wilson & Stilwell, Fremont, Ohio, residence on Croghan Street...

R. S. RICE & SON, Physicians & Surgeons, FREMONT, O. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE on Arch Street...

CHAS. G. EATON, Physician and Surgeon, CLYDE, O. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE on Arch Street...

J. W. LUSE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE REMOVED to his Dwelling, CLYDE, O. September 9, 1859—34

Homoeopathy. Dr. J. W. PALMER, having established himself for the practice of medicine Homoeopathically...

J. R. BARTLETT, (Successor of H. J. Bartlett & Son.) Attorney at Law and Notary, WILL give special attention to all legal business...

J. L. GREENE & SON, Attorneys at Law, will attend to all business entrusted to their care...

Buckland & Everett, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery...

G. W. PAGE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENT, And Notary Public, CLYDE, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O.

Roberts & Sheldon, Manufacturers of Copper, Tin, and Sheet-Iron Ware...

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GEO. W. STEELE, Express, Life & Fire Insurance, and GENERAL AGENT, FREMONT, O.

KESSLER'S HOTEL, (Formerly the Fremont House.) WM. KESSLER, Proprietor, CORNER OF PINE AND FRONT STREETS, FREMONT, OHIO.

CENTRAL HOTEL, CLYDE, OHIO. J. M. JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR. Meals at all hours, day or night.

JOHN BRIGHTWELL, House and Sign Painter, Gilder, Grainer and Paper Hanger; Kalsomining done to order, on short notice.

Theodore Clapp, Manufacturer of Confectionery and Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Note, Fruits, Groceries, and Yankee Notions...

Teachers take Notice. EXAMINATIONS will be held at the Court House, Saturday P. M., at 7 o'clock...

THE highest cash price will be paid for Hides, and Leather, and in every desirable shape and pattern...

GLAZIER. JAMES CLAGHORN, Whose trade is to let the people of the country know that he is prepared to fill all orders for WINDOW GLASS...

CIGAR MANUFACTORY, FREMONT, OHIO. I HAVE now completed my arrangements, got my shop in operation...

TANNERY. THE undersigned will continue to carry on the Tannery business at all the branches...

No Better Leather can be Made! The highest cash price will be paid for Hides, and Leather...

DICKINSON, BOSTWICK & CO. FREMONT, Nov 4, 1859.

CROGHAN HOUSE, FREMONT, O. FRANK N. GURNEY, PROPRIETOR. The Croghan has been put in order and is now ready for guests.

Fremont Journal

VOL. VIII. FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO, APRIL 27, 1860. NO. 16.

LIFE INSURANCE, Secures independence and domestic comfort to the Widow and Orphan.

It provides a security to the family of every man who takes a Policy in a reliable Company. There is no certainty of leaving a patrimony for your Family in any other way.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is the Largest Association of the kind in the United States, with a Capital of \$2,700,000.

It is managed with economy, and no Company offers greater inducements as regards Security, Low Rates, and Prompt Payments.

It has paid since 1840, over one and a-half million dollars; leaving to a large number of Widows and Orphans a comfortable independence, and in very many cases WEALTH which was left them.

For particulars call at the Office of the Agent and get a Pamphlet, which shows the condition of the Company, its plans of operations, Tables of Premiums, &c. Office in Birchard Block.

R. W. B. McLELLAN, Agent. Fremont, Aug. 27, 1859. LIFE

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Connecticut. Capital \$2,700,000.

CHARTER OAK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Connecticut. Capital \$300,000.

CONWAY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Conway, Massachusetts. Capital \$250,000.

Home Insurance Company. Located in the City of New York. The Home Insurance Company has appointed for their Agent in this vicinity

R. W. B. McLELLAN, of Fremont, Who is prepared to insure property in this responsible Company, at the lowest rates.

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co. No. 69, Wall Street, New York. INCORPORATED 1817.

Cash Capital and Surplus, \$400,000. ANDREW L. SMITH, Secy.

Irving Fire Insurance Company. No. 9, Wall Street, New York. Cash Capital and Surplus, \$255,000.

MARTIN L. CROVELL, Secy.

Humboldt Fire Insurance Comp. No. 10, Wall Street, New York. Cash Capital and Surplus, \$242,000.

WM. McLELLAN, Secy.

Lorillard Fire Insurance Comp. No. 31, Wall Street, New York. Cash Capital and Surplus, \$294,000.

GEORGE D. GRABY, Secy.

West & McDougal, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 23 Walnut Street, CINCINNATI, O.

FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF, Choice Western Reserve Butter, in Firlins, Kegs and Fancy Boxes.

Western Reserve Butter in Barrels, solid packed, and family packed in cloth.

Western Reserve Durham Farm imitation of English dairy and Northern Cheese.

Dried Peaches, peared and in halves. Brown and green Apples, and great variety of styles manufactured expressly for our trade and warranted to be pure.

Clover Seed in large quantities, Timothy and Wax Seeds, Coffee, Rice, Sugar, Lead, Powder, Cracked and Clarified Sugar.

New Orleans and sugar house molasses and syrups. Coffee, Rice, Starch, Sarsaparilla, Soda, and Lard. Hams, Beef, Canned, Eggs, Flour, Potatoes and Peas.

And all kinds of groceries, produce and manufactured articles.

Particular attention given to the forwarding business. Mark all goods for sale with owner's initials, and a W&M&C All packages to be forwarded, Care W. & M. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Sept. 29, 1859—47.

CONFECTIONERY! I AM now daily manufacturing at my Confectionery, on the corner of Front and Third Streets, in Fremont, Ohio, and in every desirable shape and pattern.

All Confectionery sold by me is manufactured from the finest White Sugar, and not from the common N. Orleans sugar as that used only for the purpose of coloring and flavoring the confectionery.

Orders for any amount less than \$5.00 cannot be filled. THEODORE CLAPP, Fremont, June 24, 1859.

GLAZIER. JAMES CLAGHORN, Whose trade is to let the people of the country know that he is prepared to fill all orders for WINDOW GLASS, painted and the glass ready set.

Persons in the country will find it to their advantage to call on me and thereby save themselves much trouble and expense.

Eight by Ten sash with glass set, can be got at my shop at any time. Call at my shop on Croghan Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, in Fremont, Ohio. My Glass Cutting done to order. Fremont, May 13, 1859—60.

CIGAR MANUFACTORY, FREMONT, OHIO. I HAVE now completed my arrangements, got my shop in operation, and an manufacturing Cigars from the very best of SPANISH TOBACCO—Havana, Trinidad and Cuba. All persons who wish to purchase are invited to call and examine my stock and see that I use only the best articles. Wholesale or Retail, at lower prices than the same quality can be bought elsewhere. My kind of CIGARS and SMOKING TOBACCO kept on hand.

Rice on the west side of Front Street, one door north of Valley's Flour Store. Fremont, April 30, 1859

TANNERY. THE undersigned will continue to carry on the Tannery business at all the branches. The reputation of this establishment is well established by all who have patronized it.

No Better Leather can be Made! The highest cash price will be paid for Hides, and Leather, and in every desirable shape and pattern.

DICKINSON, BOSTWICK & CO. FREMONT, Nov 4, 1859.

CROGHAN HOUSE, FREMONT, O. FRANK N. GURNEY, PROPRIETOR. The Croghan has been put in order and is now ready for guests.

From the New York Saturday Press. BLACK AND BLUE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER. "And to look on a pair of bright black eyes is the life of a pair of blue ones."—GIBBER.

Here's a health to the lassie with merry black eyes! Here's a health to the laddie with blue ones! And here's to first love as it sparkles and flies!

And here's to the hearts that are true ones! O yes! to the hearts that are tender and true! With affection that nothing can smother!

To the eyes of the one, that are brilliant and blue, And the merry black eyes of the other!

Now mind you, my laddie whose eyes are blue, That, however the Grasses twine you, There is nothing for you in this world that will do!

But a pair of black eyes to delight you! And mind you, my lassie whose eyes are black, In a pair of blue eyes to discover

*That light of affection you never should lack, And you'll always be true to your love!

Long, long shall your eyes sparkle back with a kiss To the eyes that live but to behold you!

Long, long shall the charm of your mutual bliss In a heaven of splendor unfold you!

For this is the thought of a poet true, Of a poet whose thoughts are true ones, That to look on a pair of merry black eyes Is the life of a pair of blue ones!

An Original Story. The Brother's Revenge.

Written for the "Fremont Journal," by Lelia. (Continued from last week.) CHAPTER VII.

Nell came, and in a little rosewood box found the letter, where all neglected and forgotten it had lain since the memorable day on which Minnie had received it.

Nell had happened to see it lying on the floor beside her young mistress as they were raising her from it and supporting her to the bed, and picking it up she saw that it was from the Colonel, and that was for her a sufficient reason why it should be laid aside and kept invisible. Mrs. Ashberton did not notice it in the excitement, and Frank wholly forgot it in his anxiety for his sister's restoration to health.

So that no one of the family save Minnie, knew aught of its contents, else Col. Lincoln had not spent so many hours beside the poor sufferer's sick couch during those terrible days of weary anxiety and alternate hopes and fears.

Minnie says as Frank takes the letter from Nell's hand: "Lay me down you and Nell, before you read it. I am tired."

But in reality the sight of that ill-omened messenger again made her heart grow faint, and she knew she must lie down to hide the deep pain she felt, else her strength would again give way, and she could not endure—and perhaps all that sad, fearful reality would have to be lived over in sterner reality than dreams.

For her own sake she had not thought but for her family, those loved ones. She mourned for them and dreaded the coming future, for well she knew what was bringing in its train hours of bitter anguish, of heart-felt sorrow to her sunny home, and the dear ones who loved her next to life itself.

Aye, full well she knew that her days were numbered, and that Minnie would in a little time more be sleeping the last, long sleep that knows no waking, and that on her grave tears of deepest grief would water the little violet there, and the mourning sigh of stricken, broken hearts mingle with the soft evening breeze that kissed the dew-drops glistening 'neath the moon's pale light, o'er the rose-buds Frank's own hand would plant above her head.

These thoughts brought to her saddened spirits something more of pleasure than pain. 'But for those I leave, there I shall forget this bitter, bitter woe, and there I shall not sorrow, even though he is another's.'

After Frank had helped to lay her down and had arranged the pillows comfortably, she said she was resting, and now he might read. He opened the letter and ran his eye hastily over the contents, and as he proceeded his dark eye flashed, his lip whitened and compressed, and every now and then a muttered "Curse him!" "The wretch!" "Curse the black-hearted villain!" "I'll tear his vile heart out!" is heard, and Minnie tremblingly looks up, and is more than distressed, is very much alarmed indeed, to witness her brother's agitated, distracted and agonized appearance.

When he had finished the letter he crumpled it in his hand, and then dashing it to the floor, stamping it beneath his feet, and kicking it across the room, he exclaimed: "Would it were thee, vile miscreant! Aye, this I cannot hold thee and me. I'll—"

"Oh Frank!" pleads Minnie, "come and sit down here. Don't let it worry you so—Oh dear! I know it. This is what I so dreaded. Oh! now I wish I had died before I came back to this terrible waking! If I had died and left all in ignorance, it would have been better."

"This brings Frank's scattered senses back, and as he turns and sees that sad, pale face, instantly the expression of his countenance changes. Sitting down beside her he takes her hand, and passes one of his o'er her smooth, white brow, then kissing her cheek with a brother's pure, warm love, he whispers: "Darling, darling Minnie. Poor, poor child! 'Twas enough to kill thee, poor little snowbird. I never dreamed who it was that so wounded thee. My own, my dearest; never mind, poor birdie. He shall harm thee nevermore." He goes on soothingly, as he notes the quivering lip and the tearful eyes. No, my darling sister, thy brother's arm is strong, and he can and will protect thee. There, there, hush little one."

He pots her fondly, trying to quiet her as a mother would a weeping, sick child.—And she having learned to hide in the deep recesses of her own sad heart every trace of that great sorrow which was so fast eating into the pure, bright, joyous young life away, lay there quiet, calm and composed, now, her thin, white face upturned to his, wearied a sweet, and smile waiting for a moment of something like his wonted cheerfulness and composure to return to him, when she might talk to him a little, and tell him somewhat of her determination. But she waited in vain, for neither on that day, nor

the two next, was Frank anything like his former self. Though for Minnie's sake—he who was all the world to him, almost—he controlled and governed himself, and as she did, hid deep the sorrow of his soul, still the iron which had entered there, rankled sore. Stern and bitter were the resolves he formed as he strode along the old, familiar walks around his father's domain, where he and Minnie had so often sported in their pleasant childhood days. How visibly now all these things came back, and how dear the old associations; how bright the picture of that happy child-life—with the darling snow-bird like some bright angel Heaven had sent here for a little time, flitting ever near him with her merry songs, and gentleness and love.

"Oh God!" he murmured, "what he, Col. Lincoln, could do this wicked thing. I see, I see. She is going. Fear little Minnie! Of course she could not bear that! What! tell her he loved another better. Oh! it were not half so cruel to have killed her outright. Poor, poor girl! And now like a hero she would bear it all alone, yea, and without one sigh or tear were it possible.—But she must not die for him. No! her life were of more value than ten thousand such as his. 'Til take her away to a sanitarium, and 'mid his beautiful and changing scenes perhaps there'll come to thee sweet forgetfulness, and perhaps for some nobler heart you may still live on!"

Whenever this bright hope came to soothe his aching heart, for a little time it would beat with something akin to joy; but for the most part he was wretched and suffering, seemingly, almost or quite as acutely as Minnie did; though each, with their usual selfishness and generous love strove to keep from the other how much of happiness the stunning, crushing blow had left them. Of their tell-tale faces kept not their secret quite so well, and there they each could read what no word ever uttered. Frank saw but too plainly, how fast it was undermining and wearing away Minnie's feeble strength; that she was rapidly sinking, and though he strove hard to look on the bright side, this dark cloud seemed ever to intercept his vision, and something constantly occurred—almost hourly, as it were, to keep it constantly looming o'er the darkened horizon.

For some few days after Frank had read the letter, there was nothing further said of it. But one morning Mr. and Mrs. Ashberton were sitting with Minnie for a little time, and they too, made the same inquiries Frank had, relative to Col. Lincoln not coming over now she was getting so well again, and remarked that the 'tenth of June' was near at hand; and Mr. A. playfully said: "Do you think that you can wear those nice flaxen Minnie, by that time? Let's see, 'tis only three days more. Zounds! Close by, ain't it?"

"Yes, papa, too close to get all the arrangements for my wedding and bridal tour. I'm sorry; but a few days will not make a great deal of difference, anyhow. Hurry up, Minnie, and get well, and we'll have it all go off right, yet."

"Yes, papa, I'll do my best at getting well," answers Minnie.

And with a great effort she keeps down appearance of sadness. But oh, what a trial, and she questions: "How shall I break it to them? Oh! if this were only over!" Her father still goes on with his pleasant railing, and every now and then says something by which Minnie is almost wholly overwhelmed, and only escapes discovery by his ascribing her alternate blushes and paleness to feminine delicacy or girlish caprice, and continues his fun making every such on the principle of 'the boys and the girls.' Soon, however, Frank's coming in, places Minnie in a more favorable position, for he, understanding all Minnie's feelings, gradually draws his father's attention to other subjects, and that, for the time being is forgotten, and afterwards Minnie begs of Frank to tell her parents. As soon as practicable, he did so, and it was well for Minnie that she was too far away to hear the thunder of the fearful storm which raged in terrifying violence for a little time in her father's library, as he in a burning passion hurled anathemas, hisses and dread curses upon the head of the vile offender who had dared to wreck his daughter's health and happiness, and who had trampled upon the fair fame of his house and family. After a little time Frank whispered: "Father, for Minnie's sake you know, you must bear it silently!"

"Silently! Great God! Silently! are you such a pusillanimous scamp as that? Silently!"

"Yes, yes; but, father—"

"Don't 'but father,' ma. You should have shot the vagabond long ere this, and were you an Ashberton, you would, too!"

"What! and kill my sister, too! No, father, the time is not yet!"

"Not yet! Oh Frank, I have had some hopes of you—"

"Why, father, do be calm. You would not have our Minnie die, would you?"

"No, no. Heaven knows I would sooner lose both my eyes. My God, my God!—But she will, I fear."

"I too, fear she will, unless—"

"Unless her father learns more self-control, as you say, Frank, for her sake. But—and the great veins swell almost to bursting on that father's manly brow, and the face assumes a livid hue, while from every pore start large drops of cold, damp perspiration from the mouth a white foam gurgles, as he presses his hand hard against the temples and with a deep, heavy groan falls forward to the floor. Frank attempts to save him but is unable, and in dread alarm rings for assistance. Then he raises his father's head and tries to place him in a more comfortable position, but finds his strength inadequate to move the heavy body, until members of the family, with frightened looks, are in the room, and they raise the prostrate man and convey him to a bed—"

The physician is called, but ere he arrives Mr. Ashberton is beyond the reach of medical aid. He is dead! With not another groan or a single motion, apparently he passed away. When he fell it was the rig-

id hand of death which had touched him; and beneath those icy fingers the eyelids close, the crimson current congeals, and the bounding pulse fails to move; and where life a few moments since was gliding joyfully, merrily on, bright glad and free, now all is hushed; is still, and never more can reveal 'mid the active scenes the heart so loves; never more can brighten the life journey for the dear ones, who all along have been cheered by his smiles and blessed by his presence. Ah! 'til the midst of life we are in death, and how suddenly oft-times the messenger makes his *entre* into our households, and how dear and dark he leaves the desolated hearth stone! Who can picture, who can portray the anguish he leaves! What words can tell the deep, deep grief which but just now has fallen like a sable mantle over this pleasant family circle, and covered it as with a dark pall, in a moment shutting out every sun ray, closing every avenue of joy, and taking away their staff, their supporter, their all!

How little they thought this morning, when they gathered around the breakfast table, and all were full of life and joy—none save Minnie looking aught but a candidate for long life—that ere the sun went down death would hold, locked in his cold embrace, one of the happy group, and that one their noble, kind and loving sire—"

"Twas a bitter cup from which they drank, and were it not for the sustaining hand of Him who chastens not unwisely, how could they have endured it!"

For some time after Mr. Ashberton's first attack, the house was all confusion; each and every one forgetful of self in their efforts to restore the dying man, and Minnie among the number flitted here and there, in and out; now beside her poor father chafing his hands and brow, and trying various means to call back life. Life, that he might look upon them once more; that he might once more hear the loved voices; that it was all in vain! He was gone; he had passed over the dark river of death ere she had entered the room. And now Dr. Mac coming in, sees at a glance how futile are his efforts. Knowing that it is taking from Minnie the feeble staff on which she leans, his first act was to lead her gently from the room, and tell she must not come back until he called her; he would do all for her father, possible, but it would not do for her to stand beside him now. "You must lie down," said he, and he returned to Mr. Ashberton, but there was no need.

"He is gone Frank," said he—"apoplexy—I can do nothing for him; I came too late, too late!"

"Oh my God, doctor, is my father dead?" And the wail of sorrow which rang the house was truly heart rending. But the 'grim monster' relented not, though well he knew he was taking from off this altar of affection one of its most sacred offerings. "Twas hard to see him bear it away, but he left in its stead that one bright hope which alone comforts and heals the murmuring, bleeding heart: 'We shall see him again.' In that house not made with hands he waits to welcome them and there be sovered never more."

Next morning 'Minnie' woke, and her first thought was, *this is the bridal morn!* "Twas bright, gloriously beautiful—one of June's most lovely. Such a sky! such a warm, balmy air! Such golden sun-light, and the perfumed breath of the sweetest flowers, and the merry chirpings of tiny songsters, all seeming so full of happiness for her to stand beside him now. 'You must lie down,' said he, and he returned to Mr. Ashberton, but there was no need.

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