

FREMONT WEEKLY FREEMAN.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, JUNE 8, 1850.

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VOLUME II.

FREMONT FREEMAN.

J. S. FOUKE, Editor and Publisher.

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TERMS.
Single copies, per year, \$1.50.
Three months, per year, \$1.25.
Six months, per year, \$1.00.
One year, per year, \$0.75.
When the money is not paid in advance, as above specified, two dollars will be charged in advance for the year, if not paid until after the expiration of the year. Two Dollars and Fifty cents will be charged for the year, if not paid until after the expiration of the year. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

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Business Directory.

FREMONT FREEMAN JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

We are prepared to execute in the most neat and expeditious manner, and upon the fairest terms, all kinds of printing.

JOB PRINTING SUCH AS:

- Business Cards, Circulars, Catalogues, Show Bills, Business Receipts, Labels, Stationery, Envelopes, Memoranda, and all kinds of printing.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

From STEPHEN DAVISON, No. 432—Stated meetings, every Tuesday evening at the Division Room in the Old North Church.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

From STEPHEN DAVISON, No. 432, stated meetings, every Thursday evening in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

ROBERTS, HUBBARD & CO.

Copper, Tin, and Sheet-Iron Ware, Stoves, Wood, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags, Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c.

STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.

Drugs, Medicines, Patins, Dye-Stuffs, Books, Stationery, &c., &c.

WALTER F. BUCKLAND.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office—Second story of Tyler's Block.

JOHN E. GREENE.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office—At the Court House.

CHESTER EDGERTON.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

B. J. BARTLETT.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

PIERRE BEAUGRAND.

Physician and Surgeon, Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

PORTAGE COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

POST OFFICE HOURS.

The regular Post Office hours, until further notice will be as follows:

GENERAL FARMS, near Fremont, and conveyed to the Territory, BY RENT.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

FREMONT HOUSE.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

STAGE OFFICE.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

WARRANT, Mortgage, and Quit Claim.

Office—Over Oppenheimer's Store.

Poetry.

THE OLD CLOCK.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine.
It seems to come with hope and joy and mingled too
Each tick upon my heart it strikes its well remembered tone
When rose-wreathed hours went hasting by, thy bell
Thy old familiar face I see, the same I saw when young
When rose-wreathed hours went hasting by, thy bell
Thy old familiar face I see, the same I saw when young
When rose-wreathed hours went hasting by, thy bell
Thy old familiar face I see, the same I saw when young

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

When I was a child I saw a picture on the wall
Which told me of a voyage to a distant land
I thought it was a tale of some heroic deed
Which some great man had done in some far land
I thought it was a tale of some heroic deed
Which some great man had done in some far land

Miscellaneous.

The Yankee Schoolmaster.

Written by THAT INDIVIDUAL HIMSELF.
In the course of my wanderings, when seeking for employment, an advertisement in the *Ontario Gazette*, Connecticut, informed me that the school committee of that literary town were in want of a teacher. Candidates for this important office were directed to make application to Squire Zephaniah Giles, the chairman, at whose house the examination of the matter was to take place. I was seized with a sudden ambition to fill the throne of office, and accordingly presented myself to the school committee, with whom I found a tall, raw-boned Yankee, from Vermont, Squire Giles, Deacon Simpson, the store-keeper, and Mr. Gregory, a village lawyer, rose to receive me graciously. The raw-boned Vermont, whose name I found was Increase Pease, and a rival candidate, retained his seat and eyed me suspiciously.

Shaker Bible.

We had glimpsed a day or two since of a Shaker Bible—a book not often allowed to be seen by "the world's people." It is entitled "A Holy, Sacred and Divine Roll, from the Lord God of Heaven, to the inhabitants of the earth, revealed in the Society at New Lebanon, County Columbia, State of New York, United States America." This edition was published seven years since at the Shaker establishment at Canterbury, N. H. and the publisher says that they have no regular printer among them, "the mechanical execution may not be perfect in all its parts." We imagine, however, that some printer had a hand in it, from its neatness and accuracy—unless it was printed by inspiration. It pretends to be a Revelation, and the testimony of eleven mighty angels is given, who attended the writing of the roll. One of the angels named Con-Sole-ter-Jah-mon-sa-re-ne, and another Pre-line-f-n-n-a-ten-sa-re-ne. According to the angelic injunction, the book must be printed and bound by the Shakers themselves, to prevent its sacredness from being polluted by profane hands. The printing was done at Canterbury, but it was found so far necessary to deviate from the divine command as to go to Concord to have the volume bound—there being no book-binders at the establishments. It is bound in yellow—according to contain some passages from Scripture, altered and enlarged, and some passages with original additions or improvements, as they are probably deemed necessary, to suit the peculiar notions of the disciples of Anne Lee. It is a very curious volume—even more remarkable, though of less pretended antiquity, than the Mormon Bible. A copy is ordered to be sent to every King or Potentate in Christendom—and one sent to the Governor of Canada some time since, was returned or refused.

New Legal Authorities.

In a case which was tried yesterday in one of our justices' courts, some rather novel authorities were brought forward by one of the learned counsel.
"The court will observe," said he, "that in the case of *Shylock vs. Antonio*, though judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff, the circumstances prevented the execution which had issued from being carried into effect."
"What case did the court understand the gentleman to refer to?" asked the magistrate, slightly puzzled.
"Shylock vs. Antonio, 2 Shaks, p. 235 Johnson's edition. The next authority is of rather more ancient date. It is the case of the King vs. Shadrach et al. 1st Daniel's Reports, p. 155. The learned counsel went on to apply the cases to that of his client, but whether the court considered the authority sufficient we have not yet learned. (N. Y. E.)

A Distressed Agriculturist.

"A farmer dropped in here on Wednesday last, to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times. On entering the office, he told his landlord that times being so bad, he couldn't raise the money required, and dashing a bundle of bank notes on the table, "There," said he, "that's all I can pay." The money was taken up and counted by Mr. ———, the landlord, who quickly said, "Why, this is twice as much as you owe me!" "Dang it, give it to me again," said the farmer; "I'm darn'd if I didn't take it out the wrong pocket!"

Fuss at Elres—A Good Hit.

An exchange paper furnishes the following directions to people who make themselves "generally useful" at fires:
"The moment you hear an alarm, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way except the right way, for the farthest way round is always the nearest road of the fire. If you happen to run on top of a wood-pile, so much the better; you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks out on the view, 'break' for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump into a bow-window.—Keep yelling all the time; and if you can't make high enough, enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across and set them yelling too. "Will help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a powerful auxiliary." When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. "Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; if you can't do that, throw salt on a rat's tail and make him run up. The effect will be about the same.—If both be found impracticable, a few buckets full of water judiciously applied, will answer almost as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump handle, and pound down the chimney. Don't forget to yell all the time, as it has a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. You might sweat a little too if you can do it scientifically. The better the better of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity, the more the effect of doing it is brown. Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man smoke that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit trees in the lot out them down to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell!—Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse—he'll be alive and kicking—and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs—let them save their own bacon or smother for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the first floor share the same fate. Should the 'devouring element' still pursue the 'even tenor of its way,' you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers and tumble out the tumbler. Yell all the time!—If you find a baby aged, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way, but let the kitten down carefully in a work-bag. Then draw out the bureau drawers and empty them out of the back window, telling somebody below to upset the slop-barrel and the rain-water hoghead at the same time. Of course, you will attend to the mirror. The farther it can be thrown the more pieces will be made. If any body objects, smash it over his head. Keep yelling!—Do not, under any circumstances, drop the logs down from the second story—the fall will break its legs and render the poor thing a cripple for life; set it straddle of your shoulders and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed-clothes on the floor, and show the spectators a chance to breathe—'if this work goes on much longer, if I don't have to give up, I can't stand it, by all that's holy, Holloo, Squire, for I can't," said the animal as he infernally bent on grabbing my leg.—Good Lord, he liked to have had me that time! Try, Haines, yourself—do that's a good fellow! That animal after you ain't a ste one, but mine I know, by its being so infernally artful. Ugh! you b—h!" said the boss, shaking his fist at the one as was after him, as she stood on her hind legs, grabbing at him round the tree, with her head half way round, to see exactly where he was. "Can't we change trees?" asked Haines, "for I've got tired of running round one way, and the cursed brute won't alter the track. 'Hey! hollo! hey!' sung out the boss for me; 'ho, hoop, ha!' and by gosh, while he turned up his eyes as if to holler louder, the bear gave him a dig with her paw in the seat of his pantaloons, and carried away drawers and all. 'Oh!' said the boss, and he put one hand behind to see what damage was done, and darted round 't'other side quicker. 'Curse me if I keep something!' said the boss to himself, for there was no use talking to Haines; he hadn't time to answer; "I think I could keep this up somewhat longer, but without something strengthening I must knock under, that's a fact. No editor of flesh and blood could do it, and what's more, curse me if I do!" He went on getting wrathful. "Look here, Haines! I tell you what, this can't last much longer without coming to some pass or other. 'Too, Katy,' replied Haines; 'but may I never taste anything stronger than water if I don't think we've come to a pretty considerable pass already. Here I am, scouting round this infernal tree, first on one side and then on 't'other, dodging here and there, heading off and chasing round, making myself a cursed jenny-apinner, dry as —, and as hot as tunder, and you yelling out to me to get you out of just such a fix as I am in myself. 'Curse the b—h, why don't you—ah! why don't you memorize her?'—But what's any use to get them wrathful; the bears didn't give them time to get in a passion, for it takes the boss and Haines ten minutes to fix up a strong when they talk politics; and as they were at that time, they didn't get even a minute to think. Well, after I had looked out for about fifteen minutes or so, and seen the boss begin to get desperately frightened, and looking all-fired tired, I thought I heard a gun bark north some time ago; I guess I'll try and hunt up that fellow, and get him to come and shoot one of these varmints, so as to get our boss out of the scrape. So back I went and in half an hour found old Bullet popping around among a pair of gorse and furze, looking after a partridge he had killed when I heard his gun go off. As soon as I told him how matters stood with the boss and Haines, he loaded right up, and started away like a fire engine under a full head of steam, and made tracks straight ahead, without steering clear of any thing.—Bullet drove on so fast, that when we came up where the old 'uns were, I was so all-fired blown that I hadn't wind enough left to laugh. There they was, just as I had left them, dodging and sliding round, and the bears growling and snapping like all natur. Old Haines had got so warm that he had pulled off his cravat, coat and waistcoat, and had one buttoned his shirt at the neck and wristbands; awaiting a chance to duck his head and get that off too. I verily believe, that fat as he is, he did think of climbing the tree, just to vary the amusement. As for the boss, he was jerking his head from one side to the other, just like that Dutch figure on cousin Sally's mantelpiece; and I do believe, if he had kept on for about an hour more, he wouldn't have had a hair left on his scalp. He's a little bald on the top as it is. As soon as we got near enough I hollered out to old Haines, so as he

The Kalamazoo Hunt.

The April number of Bentley's Magazine contains a capital story under this title. It is an imitative bit of American humor, and seems to please the John Bulls mightily—if we may judge from the universal commendation it receives at the hands of the English journalists. We make room for the following extract:
"So we tramped along down the edge of the swamp till we came to a track, when we turned in again, and kept on about a mile or so, climbing over stumps, wading through mud-holes, tearing through cut-briars, and stumbling over logs, and at last found ourselves in an open piece about a pole across, which was perfectly dry, with two large oak trees standing some ten feet apart. 'Hold on, Haines,' says the boss, 'let's pull up here and take some grub. You ain't had any break-jack for a week, and we'll eat and rest a bit.' 'Agreed,' said Haines. 'There ain't much use of going too fast, and we might as well pull up a bit here as not.' Squire's s'pose we hup up?"
"Well, old Haines and the boss sat down and I fixed the things for them, not forgetting to leave the bottle; and, thinks I to myself, 'I'll start on a piece and look after some of the boys.' So on I goes for about about a two or three miles, without seeing any of them; and beginning to feel tired, I turned round and put back again. Well, when I got, as I thought, about where I left the boss and Haines, I heard a kind of growling and rustling, as if there were pigs hunting after acorns. Holloo, says I to myself, what's this? I'll just peep into the brush and see what it is.—So I turns in out of the track, and by gosh! there was the boss behind one tree, and old Haines behind another, each dodging a bear! Holloo, says I, this is a fix! What's to be done now? So I hides behind a thick ivy bush, and looks on a spell; but I had to laugh. There stood the boss behind a tree, with his legs one side and his head 't'other, and when the bear would make a pass at him round one way, he dodged round the other; while old Haines kept his head a-going from one side to the other, and danced round and back just as if he weighed one stone in the place of eighteen. 'Curse me!' said old Haines to the boss, when his bear kept him a moment, and old Haines behind another, each dodging a bear! Holloo, says I, this is a fix! What's to be done now? So I hides behind a thick ivy bush, and looks on a spell; but I had to laugh. There stood the boss behind a tree, with his legs one side and his head 't'other, and when the bear would make a pass at him round one way, he dodged round the other; while old Haines kept his head a-going from one side to the other, and danced round and back just as if he weighed one stone in the place of eighteen. 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