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ADDRESS Of the Carrier of the "Carroll Free Press," JANUARY, 1853.

An Egg, Supposed to be a "Lay of the Last Minstrel"

I come, I come, in my weary round,
O'er the slippery pave and the frozen ground,
My greetings to join in the merry sound
Of "a health to the New born year."
How stealthy and rapid Time's flight hath been!
The Father but glanced at his infant kin,
When as FIFTY THREE in her cradle came in,
FIFTY TWO went out on his tier.

In the night, while we were sleeping, silently the year kept creeping
To his exit, and to join the many weary long ones past and gone:
Sleepers heard no death knell pealing, while the life was slowly stealing
From the wan, gaunt, wrinkled, reeling, kneeling form of the dying one;
And so faithful watcher but the melancholy moon looked on
The unattended dying one.

'Twas not unkind old age that killed the one whose meek of days was filled
At midnight hour, last night, when man and bird and beast in deep sleep lay:
His merriment is a gay and smiling, laughter-loving, care beguiling,
Radiant lass, that all are styling "Happy, joyous New Year's Day!"
That old and young, and high and low, and rich and poor, and grave and gay,
Are calling "Happy New Year's Day."

Since last we saw her smiling face,
The world has moved with rapid pace;
The worlds of science, art and letters,
Have broken all their shackles, fetters
Which bound them to the slow-paced past,
And restraint on all their motions cast.
But now they strut and stride as will
The seer's foretellings to fulfil.

Through mud and snow, through heat and storm,
On each succeeding Friday morn
At breakfast time—sometimes before—
I have gone bounding to your door,
And on the step, or in the hall,
Left the "Press," containing all
The latest news;
While the carrier of the "Penny one,"
Until the Sun had told high noon,
Enjoyed his snooze.

I've told you how the Iron Horse
In new by-paths had found a course,
And puffing,
And snuffing,
And snoring and sporting,
And whizzing and frizzing,
And jumping and stamping and bumping,
And cramping and stamping and champing,
And steaming and screaming, and banging and leering,
And rumbling and jangling and, stumbling and tumbling,
O'er bridges
And culverts,
And hollows
And ridges
And gutters
And splutters
On his iron laid way,
With a snort and a neigh,
To the utter dismay
Of the countryman, who, for the first time in his life,
With some chickens that flutter,
And a few pounds of butter,
Thinks it quite wily
To go to the city
And trade for some sick-nack for his children and wife.

Since last we met, the great event,
Has been the choice of President:
The Lucas chose a lawyer-dandy,
Whose hobby was a stick of candy,
And of full military name.
"Old Fuss," who had his country served,
And who from duty never swerved,
A gallant warrior, patriot, sage,
Unmatched in any time or age,
And of full military fame!
Was chosen by the Whigs in convention,
With full desire and hearty intention
Of making him President,
But instead of gaining that station—
The first in the gift of the nation—
Up Salt River he's sent,
Now we, with Burns, may sing again,
"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gargle and agley!"
All our labor, toil and pains,
Result in losses, not in gains,
And on our backs we lay,
But we'll ne'er consent to quit the fight,
Though a darker day than darkest night,
Upon our prospects hover,
We know that truth is strong, and that it must
At last prevail, and so we trust
In four years to recover,
I've told you 'bout the Filibusters,
Gathered here and there in clusters,
Ready marshalled, booted, spurred,
To march to Cuba at a word,
To aid the slaves, of liberty bereft,
And give them freedom, "o'er the left."
Kossuth came to raise a fuss,
And Kinkelin, the loud,
Did his best to make a muss,
But both have fizzled out.

Now among the sheeted number—those who in their last sleep slumber,—
Are two, who, when I sang my former happy, joyous New Year's Ode,
Like bright stars in summer's morning, shining brightly, brightly burning,
Lingering yet, the day adorning,—all in these hearts, above the sod—

Still in the nation's throbbing, weeping, heart of hearts, have an abode—
Have a sacred, dear abode—
Of in the course of the nation, where each had a lofty station,
Did their words of eloquence and power shed light o'er all the land,
When the Union wide seemed reeling, evil to our homes portending,
Then these men, their voices bleeding, bade us firmly united stand;
Not on a section—North nor South—but on the whole country stand,
All the States united heart and hand!
But they have gone, leaving traces, that the honorable places
Which they filled, were filled with credit to themselves, and honor to the State;
And while their absence we are grieving, hope whispers they are both receiving
Rewards prepared for the believing, the wise, and those in goodness great,
Who humbly, patiently,—with him to enter through the golden gate,
The Saviour's coming wait.

Before I close I think I should
Write our Congressman a word,
Dear Mr. Cable, you and I
Have travel'd through the mud together,
And kept unharmed our friendship's tie,
Through every change of Fortune's sky,
Her pleasant and her rainy weather.
Full fifteen times since first we met,
Our New-Year's sun has risen and set;
And time has cut the wrinkles now
Of Julius Caesar on your brow;
And proudly would old Caesar claim
Companionship with Cable's name—
His peer in pug-nose and in fame,
Both eloquent, and learned, and brave,
Born to command, and skilled to rule,
One made the constant a slave,
The other makes him more—a fool.
The Caesar, an imperial crown,
His slaves' made gill, refused to wear;
The Cable put his cap on,
And found it fitted to a hair.

But let that pass. As I have said,
There's naught, save laurels, on your head,
And time has changed your clustering hair,
And scattered snow-flakes thickly there;
And our lives so far have been
As different as their different scene—
Mine more renowned for rhymes than riches,
Yours less for scholarship than speeches,
I know that you are modest—know
That when you hear your merit's praise,
Your cheek's quick blush come and go
Like mists on our bridal days,
And if there be a fault to cloud
The brightness of your clear good sense,
It is, and be the fact allowed,
Your only failing—Diffidence.
An amiable weakness—given
To justify the sad reflection,
That in this vale of tears, not even
A Cæsar is perfection.—
A most romantic delusion,
Of power and place, and pay and ration,
True, "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
"Is born to blush unseen,"
But you, although you blush, are not
The flower the poets mean.
In vain you would a lowlier lot,
In vain you clipped your eagle wings;
Talents like yours are not forgot
And buried with earth's common things.
An anxious district sought and found you,
In a best day of joy and pride,
Scriptured your nervous hand, and crowned you,
Her legislation's worthy guide,
With what delight the eyes of all
Gaze on you seated in your hall—
The Congress hall—where authority
Consists in two words—a majority.
Where on your legislative nose,
In colors of the rainbow, linger,
Like sunset hues on Alpine snows,
The print-marks of your thumb and finger.
But soon, as often 'twas before,
Your seat must be vacated,
Then to be filled, if possible,
By one more empty pated,
And now, dear friend, before we part,
A single question I would ask;
You will not take it much to heart,
Nor deem the answering much a task:
Why did you, to the Printer send
A letter with your name,
For Governor! and then pretend
That it from another source it came?

And now I've sung my New-Year's lay—
My sweetest and my last:
I hope you'll live to hear me sing
When another year is past.
I wish you all, both short and tall,
A Happy New-Year's Day!
Of fun and cake, may all partake,
And drive dull care away.
The year that's past has been the last
That we have lived to see,—
May she who now has made her bow,
To us so pleasant be.

I'm bidding you a year's farewell,
My patrons kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, gen'rous ones,
In the spring I'm going to
Take upon the "biss" and dimes
Which you give me for my rhymes.

Shortly after Mrs. Judson left Calcutta, on
her return home, she found herself almost
overcome by a sense of her loneliness and her
recollections of the past through which she had
passed. On one occasion, while in her cabin
weeping, a soft little hand touched her arm, and
a very sweet voice said, "Mamma, though I
take the wings of the morning and dwell in the
utmost parts of the sea, even there shall thy
hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold
me." Is that true, Mamma? The bearer of
these timely and precious words of hope was
her little son, a boy of six years, who had crept
into the cabin unobserved.—Zon's Herald.

A PRINTER'S WIT.—The N. York Star emits
the following:
A correspondent entered an office and accus-
ed the compositor of not having punctuated
his communication, when the typo earnestly re-
plied, "I'm not a pointer, I'm a setter."

Dick Crisp tells the following story about
snoring: Says he, my Uncle P—was an aw-
ful snorer. He could be heard further than a
blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so ac-
customed to it, it soothed her to repose. They
were a very domestic couple—never slept apart
for many years. At length my uncle was com-
pelled to attend court for some distance. The
first night after his departure, my aunt never
slept a wink—she missed the snoring. The
second night passed away in the same way,
without sleep. She was getting in a bad way,
and probably would have died, had it not been
for the ingenuity of the servant girl—the took
the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber, and
ground her to sleep at once.

A merchant not overly conversant with
geography, on hearing that one of his vessels
was in jeopardy, exclaimed, "Jeopardy! Jeop-
ardy! where's that?"

Who are your Compan- ions!

He that walketh with wise
men shall be wise; but a com-
panion of fools shall be destroyed.
It is said to be a property of
the tree-frog that it acquires the
color of whatever it adheres to
for a short time. Thus when
found on growing corn, it is com-
monly of a very dark green. If
found on the white oak, it has
the color peculiar to that tree.
Just so it is with men. Tell me
whom you choose and prefer as
companions, and I certainly can
tell you who you are. Do you
love the society of the vulgar?
Then you are already debased in
your sentiments. Do you seek
to be with the profane? In your
heart you are like them. Are
jesters and buffoons your
choicest friends? He, who loves
to laugh at folly, is himself a
fool, and probably a very stupid
one too. Do you love and seek
the society of the "wise and
good"? Is this your habit?—
Would you rather take the low-
est seat among such than the
highest seat among others? Then
you have already learned to
be wise and good too. You
may not have made much pro-
gress, but even a good beginning
if not to be despised. Hold on
your way, and seek to be the com-
panion of all that fear God. So
you shall be wise for yourself,
wise for eternity.

We heard a little anecdote
while drinking tea a few months
since, at the table of a friend,
who prided himself upon his
preserved pears, and his fund of
stories. Just as we were elevat-
ing a small delicious pear from
our plate by the stem, he ex-
claimed, "Is that a pear?"
"Certainly," we answered;
"why?" "Because," he re-
plied, "I was sitting at the table of
a very excellent lady who had
stewed pears on the table. A
gentleman sitting beside me took
up one of them, just as you are
doing, and clapping it in his
mouth, pulled at the stem to get
it out and leave the pear in his
mouth, but it was no go. After
twisting at it two or three times
he gave it up in despair and drop-
ping it upon his plate remarked
that the stem was put to rights.
On examination however he
found the pear to be nothing
more nor less than a mouse which
had unfortunately got drowned
in the preserve just! You had bet-
ter be sure that it is a pear
before you eat it." It is needless
to say that we had enough of
pear-attractions.—Detroit Trib-
une

The Four Ages of Maids.

A German writer, M. G. Saphir, says, maids
have four ages, viz: the golden from 16 to 21,
the silver from 21 to 23, the plated from 23 to
25, and the iron from 25 to the end. In the
golden age everything is golden; golden lock-
ets, golden dresses, golden hopes, golden thoughts.
The voice sounds like virgin gold, the
heart is pure gold, and the affections are pure
gold.—The fact is they have five bars of splen-
did gold. No. 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20; but
also! but few of them carry them to the limit
of reason to have them coined.
When a girl is once three times seven years
the glistering gold is gone. Her early youth,
the de dejeuner a la fourchette, of nature is
gone, girls of that age are no longer kept like
golden medals in morocco boxes, but commence
like silver to circulate among the people. The
years from 21 to 23 are employed in an incessant
war upon the brutes, who but too frequen-
tly imitate the example of Frederick the Great,
and wear the assault behind encochements.—
Girls are most interesting at that age. Instead
of imitating the Larks, in soaring so high that
but few may hear them, they take their flight
nearer the earth, like swallows in rainy weather.
In that age they are the most amiable, and
have the best opinions of men; of course they
are on that account most easily caged.
The plated age is from 23 to 35. Gold and
silver are gone, and they resort to the various
processes of gilding, silvering and plating.
They are less piquant and more piqued. They
look upon men, with a considerable mixture of
contempt and hatred. They become again re-
served and proud. If they have affections,
they are at best plaid; they may endure, if of
good workmanship! but they have not the value
of either gold or silver.
The iron age is the universal death of senti-
ment. The thirty fifth year is the equator of
human life, which divides it into the Southern
and Northern hemisphere. They now write
their far-well letters to all hopes and wishes
They conform to the iron tooth of time, await-
ing the day when gold, silver and iron, will
have no sound, and ought but the soul!—ever
young and fresh—shall rise from its iron case-
ment.

A Good Joke.

The following story of Neil McKinnon, a N.
York wag, surpasses in impudence any thing
which our recollection. Read and speak for
yourself, gentle reader.
When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson"
was British Minister in this country, he resided
in New York, and occupied a house in Broad
way. Neil, one night, at a late hour, in com-
pany with a bevy of rough riders, while passing
the house, noticed it was brilliantly illumined,
and that several carriages stood at the door.
"Hallo!" said our wag, "what's going on at
Jackson's?"
One of the party remarked that Jackson had
a party that evening.
"What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a
party and I not invited? I must see to that."
So stepping up to the door, he gave a ring
which brought the servant to the door.
"I want to see the British Minister," said Neil.
"You must call some other time," said the
servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of
whist, and must not be disturbed."
"Don't talk to me in that way," said McKin-
non, "but go directly and tell the British Min-
ister that I must see him immediately on special
business."
The servant obeyed, and delivered his mes-
sage in so impressive a style as to bring Mr.
Jackson to the door forthwith.
"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your
business with me at this time of night which
so very urgent?"
"Are you Mr. Jackson," said Neil.
"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson."
"The British Minister?"
"Yes, sir."
"You have a party here to night, I perceive,
Mr. Jackson?"
"Yes, sir, I have a party."
"A large party I presume?"
"Yes, sir, a large party."
"Playing cards, I understand?"
"Yes, sir, playing cards."
"Oh, well," said Neil, "as I was passing I
merely called to inquire whose's trumps?"
The universal law of divine economy, is,
that evil shall react upon itself for its own cor-
rection.

A Story with a Moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bunge &
Co., was one of the remarkable money-making
men whose uninterrupted success in trade had
been the wonder, and afforded the material for
the gossip of the town for seven years. Being
of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently
interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave
as the secret of his success, that he minded his
own business.
A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assen-
sack bridge. He was going intently on the
dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the
dam. He was evidently in a brown study.
Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.
"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand
dollars."
Mr. Bones continued looking intently into
the water. At last he ventured a reply.
"Do you see that dam, my friend?"
"Certainly do."
"Well, here you may learn the secret of mak-
ing money. That water would waste away
and be of no profitable use to anybody but the
dam. That dam turns it to a good account,
makes it perform some useful purpose, and then
suffers it to pass along. That large paper-mill
is kept in constant motion by this simple econ-
omy. Many mouths are fed in the manufac-
ture of the article of paper, and intelligence is
scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets
that are daily turned out; and in the different
processes through which it passes, money is
made. So it is in the living hundreds of peo-
ple. They get enough money. It passes
through their hands every day, and at the year's
end they are no better off. What's the reason?
They want a dam. Their expenditures are in-
creasing and no practical good is attained.
They want them dammed up, so that nothing
will pass through their hands without bringing
something back—without accomplishing some
useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and
you'll soon have enough to occasionally spare
a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my
friend!"—True American.

The first settlers in Maine found, besides the
red faced owner, an abundance of sources of annoy-
ance and danger.
The majestic forests which then covered
where now is heard the hum of business, and
where a thousand villages stand, were the homes
of innumerable wild and savage animals.
Often at night one of the men's flimsy
garments dived from the water without, which
did not mean any harm to the sheep, but
the property, or was laying violent hands upon
some multipy calf,—and others on cold winter
evening, did they roll a large log against the
door and wash beating horses drive close against
the fire, as the distant howl of the wolf echoed
through the woods.
The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty
and cowardly of all, and he was making his
less dignified appearance, and then he began
his victim with the utmost privacy. The
incident which I am about to relate, occur-
red in the early history of Bedford, Mass.
A man who then lived on the farm now oc-
cupied by Mr.—was, one autumn evening,
in falling trees at some distance from his house,
His little son, eight years old, was in the field,
while his mother was busy with household
duties, of ransacking out in the fields and woods
around the house, often going where the father
was at work. One day after tea from behind
the trees of their foliage, the father left home
and started for home. Just by the edge of
the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves—
without stopping to think what had made it, he
cautiously removed some of the leaves, when
what was his astonishment to find his son's
body lying there sound asleep! "Twas but
the work of a moment to take up the little sleep-
er, and put in his place a small log, carefully
to replace the leaves and conceal himself among
the nearest bushes, there to watch the return.
After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's
distant howl, quickly followed by another and
another, till the woods seemed alive with the
fearful sounds. The howls came nearer and
in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking
wolf leaped into the opening closely followed
by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly
upon the pile of leaves, in an instant arriv-
ing there in every direction. Sun as he
saw the deception, his look of fierceness and
confidence changed to that of the most abject
fear. He sprang back, covered to the ground
and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, im-
ported by the supposed cheat, fell upon him,
tore him in pieces and devoured him on the spot.
When they had finished their banquet
the whole pack, plunged into the forest
and disappeared; within five minutes from their
first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The
excited father pressed his child to his bosom
and thanked the kind Providence which led him
there to save his dear boy. The boy after
playing till he was weary had laid down and
fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had
found him and covered him with leaves till he
could bring his comrades to the feast; but him-
self furnished the report.—Bedford Journal.

EXCELLENT.—The Canal St. Switch man,
a contributor to the New York Times, writes the
following good story:
"As to advice, I doubt whether anybody—
newspaper editors excepted—get so much of it,
and care so little for it, as do publishers. Many
of them can tell good stories of their experi-
ence this way:
"A number of years ago a brace of very virtu-
ous and somewhat elderly ladies formed them-
selves into a Committee to remonstrate with a
prominent publisher respecting the character of
the books which he issued. Hulse's novels, if
I remember rightly, were the special objects
of their indignation. The worthy bibliophile
was at first taken aback by the vicinity of their
assault; but put in as a plea in mitigation, that
the greater portion of his publications were un-
exceptionable to even the severest criticism on
the score of moral character.
"The ladies looked dubiously over their spec-
acles. "Have you read this—or this—or this—
—or this?" he asked, pointing out the titles of
works on Theology, and History, and Biog-
raphy, and Poetry, and every department of lit-
erature which graced his extensive catalogue.
Not one of them had the committee perused.
Then, perhaps, hinted the publisher, "you are
not certain as to the character of the works you
object to; perhaps you have not read them."
"Yes, we have," answered the spoken woman;
"we know their character perfectly well; we
have read every word of them—why will you
publish such objectionable works?" "Madam,"
replied the sly bibliophile, with a low and a
smile worthy of Chesterfield, "we publish them
for ladies like yourself, who will never read
anything else!"
A rejoinder equal to that of Dr. Johnson to
the lady who said to him—Oh, Doctor, I am
glad that you have left all the naughty words
out of your dictionary." "Madam," replied
the gruff Lexicographer, "you have been look-
ing, I see, for them."

Very sly and snari is the following an-
ecdote, which we find unattributed to any par-
ticular source, in a religious journal of this city.
"Jonas Winslow was one of the early governors
of the Massachusetts colony. It is said that at
his funeral the Rev. Mr. Witherall of Scituate,
prayed that the governor's son might be half
equal to his father. The Rev. Dr. G. Hitch-
cock observed afterward, that the prayer was
so very reasonable, it might have been hoped
that God would grant it; but he did not."

A SETTLER.—I entered a log school-house
once, where a "Debatin' Society" was holding
forth upon the question: "If a man saw his
wife and mother in the water drowning, which
should he help out first?" The question was
considered with animation upon both sides for
a while when a "backwards" began to man-
ifest itself. The president desired debaters,
"if they had any thing to say, to continue on."
After a pause a peaked-looking man in the
back part of the house got up and said with con-
fidence and embarrassment, "Mr.
President, I think if a man saw his mother and
wife in the water drowning he ought to help
his mother out first; because, you see, if his
wife did get drowned, he could get another;
but he couldn't get another mother."
This settled the question and the
debate given.

Palehead could do but little mischief if it
did not gain the credit of truth.

Falshood could do but little mischief if it
did not gain the credit of truth.

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