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Trials of an Editor.

BY KATE NEVILLE.

How often we think when reading the news,
An editor could please if he chose—
But such a paper as this, why all must agree
That a thing of less interest never did see.
But, Sir Editor, reflect ere you make a noise on,
That one man's nest is another man's poison,
And, lest you persist in your steady devious,
We'll give you a few of an editor's trials.

First, a pretty young lady, sprightly and fair,
With a paper in hand, waits up to a chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She shows it aside with a muttered "pshaw!"
No marriages here—
When there's ever so many,
They don't publish any.

Here's poetry, And battles,
Sketches, And selges,
And tales, And law suits,
Without ending, A pending,
But no plumes, or concerts, or parties for me,
Such trash on paper I never did see.

Then, a nice young man, with a cane and moustache,
Who certainly thinks he is writing a dash,
Looks over the list of plays and sores,
As if vainly trying his fancy to please,
In theatres, In races,
Circuses, And chases,
Operas, And banquets,
Balls, And calls,
And finally wonders what editors mean
By printing a paper not fit to be seen.

Sentimental young lady next picks up the paper,
And reads by the light of a dim burning taper,
And wonders if lines here addressed to Miss Aels,
Were not written to her by some clever young fellow,
Who's pretty and witty, and learned and wise;
But she stops in alarm at the "dark hazel eyes,"
For hers are deep blue,
What a pity 'tis true,
And now, Mr. Editor,
'Tis all blamed on you.

What speeches, And lawing,
And sermons, And jawing,
And news, And claving,
By dispatch, To metch;
But no sketches or tales that I can see—
What kind of a man must the editor be?

Next a grave politician who with dignity glows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads
Of breeches, Of senate,
And speeches, Of howe,
And foreign, Of railways,
Reports, And courts,
And says, as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people these editors are,
These rhymes and these love stories to print,
If 'twould do any good I would give them a hint.

Now a prim old maid the paper espies,
And holding it carefully off her eyes,
And frequently muttering "It is!" and "do tell!"
She manages some way to read very well
The marriages, The robberies,
Accidents, And murders
Suicides, All in
Deaths, A breath,
And finishing, wonders what sort of a blunder,
The whole of the community is under,
To support a paper whose print is so small,
She wonders how some people read it at all.

Next, an angry contributor, eager for fame,
I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success is o'er,
So many mistakes were so'er heard of before,
Look hereat this "Sonnet Addressed to my Lady,"
You've made it "A Sonnet and Dress for my Baby,"
Don't talk of my writing, and say it was that—
You're an editor, sir, but no gent—'tis the flat.

The farmer complains that his crops are neglected,
While so much time is spent in guessing who'll be
selected.

The minister says it should be more sedate,
And not so much wasted on matters of State;
And thousands of other complaints are made known,
Which the editor's back has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is, they all join in saying
Such a paper as this he can print without paying.

Miscellaneous Reading.

[Written for the Cincinnati Times.

Influence of a Good Newspaper.

OR

WHAT FARMER SMITH ACCOMPLISHED BY STOPPING HIS SUBSCRIPTION.

BY INVINCIBLE GREEN, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

"Turn to the Press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big rib the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths and weddings, forgeries, fires and wrecks,
Barnages and ballstones, brains and broken necks."
It was a happy evening in the farm house of
farmer Smith. John, the youngest son, had
returned from the village, and as he neared
the house, waved a copy of the Dollar—
high above his head, to indicate that the mail
was punctual, and had brought the ever wel-
come weekly messenger to its subscribers.—
Farmer Smith immediately bade his sons cease
their labor, and repair to the house.

"Now that the paper has come," he said,
"your mother and sisters will hurry to prepare
supper, that we may have a long evening to
enjoy the news."

The sons did not need further urging, and
in a few minutes the family were seated around
the supper table, dispatching the meal with
more haste than good health warranted.

"Did you look into the paper, John?" asked
the father after he had taken a sip of tea.
"Yes sir, I read the telegraphic news."
"Well, what was in it? Let us hear."

"It contains important news from the Crimea."
answered the intelligent lad. "After a hard
struggle, the Allies have succeeded in taking
Sevastopol."
"Have taken Sevastopol?" exclaimed half a
dozen.

"Yes sir," continued John, "but a great
sacrifice of life. Thousands were killed in the
assault."

Is it possible, remarked the old gentleman,
Well, I must acknowledge, that the news start-
les me. The Russians had so long baffled ev-
ery attempt of the Allies, to gain entrance in-
to the city, that I had made up my mind that
the French and English must retreat in shame
from the Crimea."

I thought differently, father, said Wash-
ington, the eldest son. In the last number of the
Dollar, the editor commented upon the
affairs in the Crimea, and showed conclusively
ly that, with good generalship, Sevastopol
must fall before the approach of another win-
ter. I formed my opinion from the facts he pre-
sented.

What a terrible destruction of life! ex-
claimed Mrs. Smith. It makes the heart shudder
to think of the thousands widowed or rendered
fatherless by this one battle alone. And how
many poor husbands and sons, among the
wounded, are now suffering more than death,
in the dreary and badly managed military hos-
pitals of the vicinity, with no mother to ad-
minister to their wants, or sister to cheer them
in their affliction.

But, thank heaven, remarked Sarah, the el-
dest daughter, they have a heroic Miss Night-
ingale to soothe their sufferings.

Bad enough! bad enough! exclaimed farmer
Smith, but we will speak farther of this after
supper. What is the latest commercial intel-
ligence, John?

The last steamer's news has had a favorable
effect on breadstuffs. In C— flour advanced
four shillings a barrel, in twenty four
hours.

Is it possible! How fortunate that our
wheat is still in the barn!

Indeed, it is, remarked Adeline, as she gave
her elder brother a merry glance,
A secret? asked the father, who was used
to interpreting such glances. You have not
sold the grain yet, Washington.

No, father, but I came plaguery near it.—
While you was down to the village yesterday,
Mr. Brown, the miller, came over, and endea-
vored to drive a bargain for the grain. He
offered a shade over the market price, and I
was about closing with him, when Ad. came
up. She seemed to suspect instantly that all
was not right, and persuaded me to wait until
we received the newspaper to day, and learned
the condition of the C— market, which you
know always affects our own. I told Mr.
Brown to call again to-day, but he has not
done so.

Allyes, I see into it, said farmer Smith.—
He has received the news in advance, by ex-
press, and wished to buy on speculation. It
was fortunate that Ad. thought of the news-
paper, which, by-the-by, has become almost
her bible. Experience ought to have taught
you, Washington, not to sell so near mail-day.
The Dollar—always gives us the latest in-
telligence, and through its information we can
form as correct an estimate of the value of our
products as the most shrewd speculator. Before
I became a subscriber to it, we were contin-
ually being victimized by those men; but now
none of them can get ahead of us. In this re-
spect alone I have saved fifty, yes a hundred
times more than my subscription money.

And that is not all, father, remarked Wash-
ington; in the agricultural department of the
paper, we every week obtain valuable infor-
mation relative to the management of the farm.
I candidly believe, that our savings in this re-
spect will amount to twenty per cent, as we
raise better stock, have better crops, and, by
systematizing our labor, have less hired help
than formerly. It is astonishing how much
useful agricultural information is imparted in
that newspaper. It appears to me that I could
not get along on the farm without it.

That is all true enough, brother Washington,
remarked John, but the paper is more inter-
esting to me in other respects. Its historical
sketches of our own and other countries, are
full of interest; and some of its many talented
contributors are sure to give us something to
instruct and please every week. It is a library
within itself.

I am sure, remarked Mrs. Smith, that the
paper is invaluable about the house. We
never fail to find in it useful recommenda-
tions relative to housekeeping. Before you be-
came a subscriber for the paper, my dear, she
remarked to her husband, much of my time

was employed in instructing the girls in the
kitchen. Now I refer them to the Dollar—

The late fashions, the sweet poetry, and
the charming stories, is what makes the paper
attractive to me, said Adeline, pertly casting
her eyes at her father.

Yes, you little rogue, responded the sire,
your heart and your tongue are full of senti-
mentality. You can't milk a cow with out
talking to her of the latest styles, or turn a
corner without rehearsing a poetical extract.—
Indeed I cannot imagine what will become of
you.

Why I will tell you, father, was Adeline's re-
ply, all this will result in my becoming a
thoress, and a contributor to the Dollar—
I know you will love that.

Ah, you little rogue, I see you are deter-
mined to distinguish yourself, said the father
to his pet, and I suppose I must let you have
your own way.

After supper, the family gathered in a circle,
and one being chosen for the reader, spent the
evening in listening to, and discussing the
news. It was a happy sight, to see an entire
family, united by intelligence and love, thus
enriching their minds, from the proudest gift
of the age—the family newspaper.

CHAPTER II.

"In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and bluish stain;
To our own stronger errors blind."

One week after the above day, farmer Smith
visited the village for the purpose of attending
to some little matters of business, and with the
intention of calling at the post office on his way
and receiving the number of his newspaper
that day due. At "Jones' corner," he met Mr.
Black, the leading attorney of the village;
and after the usual salutation farmer Smith en-
quired:

Has the mail arrived?
Oh, yes, replied attorney Black.
And has brought our paper of course.
The Dollar—?

Certainly. We take no other newspaper in
this vicinity.

You are zealous. When you see this week's
number, I am inclined to think you will alter
your opinion, somewhat.

Indeed why, what's the matter? asked
farmer Smith in astonishment.

Why the editor comes down on our candi-
dates, and condemns our new political move-
ment with great severity.

Is it possible? Well, I must acknowledge
that I am surprised. Does he give any reasons
for this unaccountable step?

"Reasons! Can he give any? Knowing
that many of the supporters of our movement
were subscribers to his paper, it was his duty,
if he could not sustain us, to remain silent on
the question."

Yes he ought to have done that.
"But I think I can see through it all. The
opposition to our movement, I am confident,
does not arise from honest motives."

"I suspect that myself," said Farmer Smith,
his feelings become somewhat excited.
"The truth is," continued the attorney, "the
editor has been bought. That is the conclu-
sion we have all come to, and we have deter-
mined to apply our only remedy—to stop our
subscriptions forthwith!"

That is right, responded the farmer; we
must not sustain a newspaper that will not sup-
port our principles.

Then you will unite with us?
Certainly. I authorize you to stop my pa-
per immediately. I will not touch it again.

Good for you, I was certain that would be
your decision, and now I am confident that by
the next mail we can send Mr. Editor a docu-
ment that will make him stare. I hope that
every subscriber at this post-office will stop his
subscription.

So do I. But then we will have some diffi-
culty in getting all to consent to it. It is such
a good newspaper that—

I never could see anything so extraordinarily
good about it, interrupted the lawyer. It may
suit women and children, but it never was the
paper for a man of business.

I differ with you there, neighbor Black,
responded the farmer. I have never met a pa-
per like it. It has exerted a most beneficial
influence in my family, uniting more firmly the
happy ties of the domestic circle, and saving me
in the management of my affairs hundreds of
dollars. Indeed I do not know how I can
get along without it now, and—

You are disposed to relent, then, and still
lend your money & influence to the support of a
newspaper, which opposes your candidates for
office?

No, no, you are mistaken neighbor Black.
While I acknowledge that the paper is inval-
uable to me, I am determined to stop my sub-
scription. I have authorized you to act for me,
and you can do so, without further parley. The
course of the editor seems to me an outrage,
and we must bring him to his senses, by with-
holding our support. Without patrons, he can
do us but little harm.

Good! I am glad you are so independent. With
a little exertion we will break the concern
down, in less than a month.

After some further conversation, the two
parted, both fully determined to do their ut-
most in destroying the Dollar— Farmer
Smith, afterwards saw a copy of the paper, and
read the obnoxious article, and became so ex-
cited that he declared he would not have the pa-
per, if it was printed with gold and furnished
him gratuitously. He returned home that even-
ing in rather a crabbed mood, and his
feelings were still further excited by the uni-
versal regret in the family, that the paper had
been stopped. Mrs. Smith became fretful,
Adeline wept, while the sons saddled their hor-
ses and rode to town to overcome their disap-
pointment. Death could not have shed a
greater gloom over the family circle of farmer
Smith, but it only served to make the head of

the family more determined in his course.

Several months rolled away, and there was
a great change in neighbor Smith's family.—
The sons had acquired the habit of running to
town to learn the news, and were neglectful of
their duties on the farm. The daughters find
homes less attractive than formerly, now sought
delight in gossiping visits to the neighbors, and
were continually getting into trouble. The
mother, worried by the change in the habits
in her children, became fretful and ill-humored,
and farmer Smith himself was forced to com-
plain that the world was running wild and
getting worse and worse every day. He had
not only experienced, even in so short a time,
a disagreeable change in his family, but had
what he called bad luck in disposing of his
products, just at a time when the prices began
to rise. He knew full well the cause of this
great change, but he had consoled himself with
the recollection that he had vindicated his prin-
ciples, by stopping his subscription to the Dol-
lar—, and had no doubt ruined the edi-
tor and the paper, who had dared to oppose
what he believed was right. It is true that on
several occasions, when, in sober reflection, he
partially regretted the absence of his once fa-
vorite newspaper, and might have been "con-
strained to renew his subscription; if he had
been confident that it had died for the want of
patronage. Not a copy of it came to his post
office, and he was sure that it was dead, and
that he had helped kill it.

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, 'twas moonlight night,
The little dog gazed upon;
And though he barked with dread affright
Yet still the moon shone on."

A few more months rolled on and there was
no change in farmer Smith's household. An-
other crop had been gathered, but from in-
attention to the farm, it fell far short of the one
of the year previous. Farmer Smith's trou-
bles increased, and time was fast making its
sure impress upon his countenance. One evening,
he was sitting at the door of his farm house,
when a young man drove up in a buggy.

Farmer Smith, I believe, said the young
man, addressing him.

That is what I am called, replied the far-
mer.

I understand that you have a large quantity
of potatoes on hand.

About a thousand bushels, I believe.
Do you wish to sell them?
Well, yes, if I can get my price.
What do you ask for them?

I believe they are giving sixty cents a bushel
down in the village, and I wouldn't like to
take less.

Suppose I take the whole lot, just as they
lay?

You can't have them for a cent less.
I'll give you fifty-five cents a bushel, and
pay you the cash down.

Not a cent less than sixty. I'll let them rot
first.

You are too hard. But I want the potatoes
to fulfill a contract, and must have them.
Shall we close the bargain at sixty?

Just as you please.

After the potatoes had been examined, the
bargain was accordingly closed, and Farmer
Smith received the money and gave a receipt.

What contract have you to fulfill? asked
the farmer of the stranger.

Well, I must acknowledge, was the reply,
that I have deceived you in that respect, I
have been stopping several days at the village,
and when the mail came in to-day, I learned
that potatoes had raised fifty cents a bushel in
C—, during the last three days.

"Fifty cents a bushel!" exclaimed farmer
Smith, in astonishment.

Yes, fifty cents, and still going up. I knew
that you had a large lot on hand, and presum-
ing that you was not a subscriber for a news-
paper and would not be likely to get the news
soon. I came out immediately. I can return
to the village and get one dollar a bushel for
your potatoes without touching them. Some
thing of a speculation, farmer Smith, he said,
slapping him on the shoulder, and laughing in
his face, but then you know it is not your fault,
as you don't take the papers.

Leaving the farmer almost transfixed with
astonishment, the young man jumped into his
buggy, and was about leaving for town, when
Mr. Smith awakened from his reverie, and
asked—

Say, sir, what paper did you get that news
in?

In the Dollar—, to be sure.
The Dollar—! exclaimed the farmer, in
the height of astonishment, is that paper still
published?

Certainly it is. Why do you ask that?
Merely on me! I stopped my subscription a
year ago, and I was sure it had killed the pa-
per.

Ha! ha! well you are green, and deserve to
get only half price for your potatoes. The Dol-
lar— seems to have more subscribers now
than ever.

have only to add, that now farmer Smith's
family again feels the happy influence of a
good newspaper.

From the Ohio Journal of Education.

Reading a Prerequisite to Voting.

Under the above caption we see announced
in the newspapers the passage of an amend-
ment to the Constitution of the State of Con-
necticut, which is as follows: "That every
person shall be able to read any article of the
Constitution, or any section of the statutes of
the State, before being admitted as an elector."

This is announced by the papers of our State,
it is true, and accompanied, perhaps, with the
remarks of some Connecticut paper, but in no
instance have I seen it editorially indorsed.—
The reason is evident; many, shall I say most
of our editors, are candidates for some office,
and fear lest the votes of the ignorant may thus
be lost. Policy speaks louder than conscience.

The right of suffrage is often and truly prized
as the dearest right of a freeman, but when ex-
ercised by incompetent, unqualified persons,
becomes an instrument of oppression.

The above amendment expresses my opin-
ions exactly, and I do hope the day is not far
distant when such an amendment will be made
to our Constitution. No person should be per-
mitted to vote unless he can read, and for sev-
eral reasons weighty and important to the pa-
rity of our government. They are too numer-
ous to be considered minutely or discussed fully.

One is, that the elector unable to read,
knows not for whom he casts his vote. He is
forced, from his ignorance, to rely upon the
representations and interpretations of others,
which may be true or false. Such a person
can be, and frequently, if not generally, is taken
advantage of by unprincipled demagogues,
who scruple to use no means which will ac-
complish their ends. I could cite cases, were
it necessary, but do not wish to name political
parties. The voter comes to the polls, two
tickets are placed in his hands of the same color,
size and form, but bearing different names
upon their faces. He desires to vote for the
candidates of a certain party, but of his own
personal knowledge is unable to decide which
to place in the ballot box. This, of itself, is, or
ought to be, sufficient to disqualify him.

Again, it is well known that political intel-
ligence—discussions, measures, platforms, etc.,
are heralded to the people almost entirely by
the medium of the press. The little that stump
speakers effect in their noisy manner, will per-
mit of no comparison with the quiet, yet giantic
deeds of the press. But from his ignorance,
the man who is unable to read is shut out
from this light, and is incapable of forming
such judgments as every voter is supposed to
be able to form. He is placed, (not men-
tally, but) politically, upon the same footing
as drunkards and idiots. But we will not enu-
merate farther.

Then, this is no partial law, in favor of any
party or class. There is no person so old or
so young, so rich or so poor, so weak and
decrepit, so noble or so base, who is unable to
learn to read. Not one. Not one, we repeat,
who cannot with a little difficulty and common
diligence, learn to read the laws of the land.—
There can be no exception to the above, but
the blind. It is the misfortune of no one, but
only negligence, or worse still, crime, in not
improving the advantages around him.

Again, we say, amend the Constitution so
that no one can vote who cannot read the Eng-
lish language.

T. WELLS STANLEY

A Spirited Bride.

A couple were going to be married, and had
proceeded as far as the church door, the gen-
tlemen then stopped his intended bride and
thus unexpectedly addressed her:

"My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have
told you most of my mind, but I have not told
you the whole; when we are married I shall
insist on three conditions."

"What are they?" asked the lady.

"In the first place," said he, "I shall sleep
alone, and I shall eat alone, and shall find fault
when there is no occasion. Can you submit to
these conditions?"

"Oh, yes, very easily," was the reply, "for if
you sleep alone, I shall not if you eat alone I
shall eat, first, and as to your finding fault
without occasion, that I think may be prevent-
ed, for I will take care you shall never want
occasion."

The conditions being thus adjusted, they
proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was
performed.

MISTAKEN IN THE ARTICLE.—The Mountain
Democrat tells a good story of a poor Indian,
who stepped into a grocery store in Placer-
ville, and made himself at home by the side of
an open barrel of tar, which he mistook for
molasses. He had in his hand a loaf of bread,
for which he had paid his last quarter, and as
soon as the clerk's back was turned upon him,
he dipped it into the barrel, thoroughly coating
it with the liquid, and took a hasty leave. He
took but one mouthful, which he hastily spit
out, and throwing the loaf away, struck a trot
for home, having lost his loaf of bread by mak-
ing a slight mistake.

There are eighty persons in the con-
gregation of Rev. Dr. Emerson, of Salem,
Mass., who are over 70 years of age.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.—The great dimi-
nution taking place in the immigration to this
country is made apparent by the table which
follows, giving a comparative statement of the
arrivals at New York during 1853, 1854, and
the first ten months of 1855. The cause lies
mainly in the depreciation of labor from the
drain of former years, and from the demand
for men created by the war.

1853. 1854. 1855

January	4,901	15,841	1,485
February	11,958	4,446	6,183
March	9,685	3,708	2,069
April	23,283	31,148	10,196
May	30,212	64,078	14,177
June	45,578	85,807	10,427
July	21,898	25,247	15,716
August	33,632	36,416	9,180
September	30,298	25,769	11,706
October	23,297	33,378	13,342
November	31,485	20,276	—
December	17,824	25,396	—
	284,945	319,223	119,420

The proportion of Irish and Germans is
shown, by the following:

	1853	1854	1855
Germans	118,644	176,986	46,288
Irish	112,164	82,302	37,611
Less Irish	6,480	94,684	8,677

THE GEORGE LAW MURKETS.—We learn
from good authority that the Russian govern-
ment has purchased the above fire arms—
100,000 old U. S. Muskets, we believe—and
that the same are in process of alteration into
semi-Minnie rifles of Col's establishment, Hart-
ford, Conn. It is a singular fact that the
chief belligerent parties, in the present Euro-
pean war, have come to the city of Hartford,
Conn. to obtain their best arms, Messrs.
Robins & Lawrence are turning out over one
thousand rifles per month for the Sharp's Rifle
Co. of that place, on an English contract, be-
sides a quantity of other arms. Extensive ad-
ditions have been made to their works by the
erection of new buildings, and, if the war con-
tinues, further extensions will be made.—[Sci-
entific American.

ALLIED FORCES.—A circular printed at Vi-
enna, estimates the Turkish and Allied forces
at 300,000 men, without including the Turkish
army of 24,000 men on the banks of the Dan-
ube. These troops are distributed nearly as fol-
lows: At Batoum, under Omer Pacha, 45,
000 men; at Kars, under Vassif and Williams
18,000; at Erzeroum, under Vely and Hafz,
12,000; at Trebizond, under Salim, 8,000; in
the Crimea, the main body of the Allied army
on the two banks of the Tchernaya and on the
Tchouliou, 95,000. Eupatoria, under General
d'Altonville, 60,000, at Kerch, 16,000, at
Kinburn, 12,000 on their way to reinforce the
leading corps at the mouth of the Dnieper, 25,
000, at Sevastopol, 8,000, lastly the reserve
in the camp of Maslak, 10,000.

EXILED PROTESTANTS.—Near Springfield, Il-
linois, is settled a considerable number of Por-
tuguese, who were banished from the Island of
Medeira for becoming Protestants, a fact that
every Catholic should blush for. The St.
Louis Republican says of them; Crime is
not charged upon them. They are unobtru-
sive in their manners, strict in their attendance
at church, where they appear dressed with
scrupulous neatness. They do not interfere in
the politics of the country, believing that they
have not the knowledge of our institutions
which would justify the interference. They
feel that they are secure, and enjoy 'life, lib-
erty, and the pursuit of happiness'—and with
these, as far as government is concerned, they
are content."