

# THE CADIZ DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

VOLUME 20, NO. 40.

CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, 1854.

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## WHAT A MAN SAVED

### By Stopping His Newspaper.

Not many years ago, a farmer who lived two or three hundred miles from the seaboard, became impressed with the idea that unless he adopted a close cutting system of retrenchment, he would certainly go to the wall. Wheat, during the preceding season, had been at a high price; but, unluckily for him, he had only a small portion of his land in wheat. Of corn and potatoes he had raised more than the usual quantity; but the price of corn was down, and potatoes were low. This year he had sown double the wheat he had ever sown before, and instead of raising a thousand bushels of potatoes as he had generally done, only planted about an acre in that vegetable, the product of which was about one hundred and fifty bushels.

Unluckily for Mr. Ashburn, his calculations did not turn out well. After his wheat was harvested, and his potatoes nearly ready to dig, the price of the former fell to ninety cents per bushel, and the price of the latter rose to one dollar. Every where the wheat crop had been abundant, and almost everywhere the potato crop promised to be light. "I shall be ruined," he said at home, and carried a long face when abroad. When his wife and daughters asked for money with which to get their fall and winter clothing, he grumbled sadly, gave them half what they wanted, and said they must retrench. A day or two afterwards the collector of the "Sentinel" came along and presented his bill.

Ashburn paid it in a slow reluctant manner, and then said—

"I wish you to have the paper stopped, Mr. Collector."

"Oh, no; don't say that, Mr. Ashburn, you are one of the oldest subscribers, and we can't think of parting with you."

"Sorry to give up the paper, but must do so," returned the farmer.

"Isn't it as good as ever? You used to say you'd rather give up a dinner a week than the 'Sentinel.'"

"Oh, yes, it's as good as ever, and sometimes I think much better than it was. It's a great pleasure to read it. But I must retrench at every point; and then I don't see how I'm to get along. Wheat's down to ninety cents, and falling daily."

"But the paper is only one fifty a year, Mr. Ashburn."

"I know. But one dollar and fifty cents is one dollar and fifty cents. However, it's no use to talk, Mr. Collector; the 'Sentinel' must be stopped. If I have better luck next year, I will subscribe for it again."

This left the collector nothing to urge, and he withdrew. In his next letter to the publisher he ordered the paper to be discontinued, which was accordingly done.

Of this little act of retrenchment Jane, Margaret and Phebe knew nothing at the time, and the farmer was rather loth to tell them. When the fact did become known, as it must soon, he expected a buzzing in the hive, and the anticipation of this made him half repent what he had done, and wish that the collector would forget to notify the office of his wish to have the paper stopped.

But the collector was a prompt man. On the second Thursday morning, Ashburn went to the post office as usual. The postmaster handed him a letter, saying, as he did so—

"I can't find any paper or you to-day. They have made a mistake in not mailing it this week."

"No," replied Ashburn, "I have stopped it."

"Indeed! The 'Sentinel' is an excellent paper. What other one do you intend to take?"

"I shall not take any newspaper this year," replied Ashburn.

"Not take a newspaper, Mr. Ashburn," said the postmaster, with a look and a tone of surprise.

"No, I must retrench. I must cut off all superfluous expenses. And I believe I can do without a newspaper as well as anything else. It's a mere luxury, though a very pleasant one, I own; but still dispensable."

"Not a luxury, but a necessity, I say, and indispensable," returned the postmaster. "I don't know what I wouldn't rather do without than a newspaper. What in the world is Phebe, Jane, and Margaret going to do?"

"They will have to do without. There is no help for it."

"If they don't raise a storm about your ears that you will be glad to allay, even at the cost of a half a dozen newspapers, I am mistaken," said the postmaster, laughing.

He replied as he turned to walk away, that he thought he could face all such storms as that without flinching.

"Give me the 'Sentinel,' papa," said Margaret, running to the door to meet her father, when she saw him coming.

"I haven't got it," replied Mr. Ashburn, feeling rather uncomfortable.

"Why? Hasn't it come?"

"No; it hasn't come."

Margaret looked very much disappointed.

"It has never missed before," she said, looking earnestly at her father.

No suspicion of the truth was in her mind; but, to the eyes of her father, her countenance was full of suspicion. Still he had not the courage to confess what he had done.

Informed to Mr. Ashburn that he heard but little else, while in the house during the whole day, but the failure of the newspaper. When night came, even he, as he sat with nothing to do but to think about the low price of wheat for an hour before bed-time, raised his old friend with the welcome face, that had so often amused, instructed and interested him.

On Saturday morning the girls were very urgent for their father to ride over to the post office, and see if the paper hadn't come; but of course the farmer was "too busy" for that. On Monday and Tuesday the same urgency was made. On Wednesday, Margaret asked a neighbor who was going by the office, to tell the newspaper for them. Towards evening Mr. Markland, the neighbor, was seen riding down the road and Jane and Margaret ran down eagerly to the gate for the newspaper.

"Did you get the paper for us?" asked Margaret, showing two smiling rows of milk white teeth, while her eyes danced with anticipated pleasure.

Mr. Markland shook his head.

"Why?" asked both the girls at once. "The postmaster says it has been stopped."

"Stopped?" How changed were their faces and tones of voice.

"Yes, he says your father directed it to be stopped."

"That must be a mistake," said Margaret—"he would have told us."

Mr. Markland rode on, and the girls ran back into the house.

"Father, the postmaster says you have stopped the newspaper!" said his daughters, breaking in upon Mr. Ashburn's no very pleasant reflections on the low price of wheat, and the difference in return he would receive at ninety cents a bushel than what he would have realized at the last year's price of a dollar and twenty-five.

"It's true," he replied, trenching himself behind in a firm, decided manner.

"But why did you stop it, father?" inquired the girls.

"Because I can't afford to take it. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get enough to eat and wear this year."

Mr. Ashburn's manner was decided, and his voice had a repelling tone.

Margaret and Phebe could say no more; but they did not leave their father's presence without giving his eyes the benefit of seeing a free gush of tears. It would be doing injustice to Mr. Ashburn's state of mind to say that he felt very comfortable, or had done so since stopping the "Sentinel," an act for which he had sundry times more than half repented. But, as it had been done, he could not think of recalling it.

Very sober were the faces that surrounded the supper table that evening; and but few words were spoken. Mr. Ashburn felt depressed, and also fretted to think that his daughters should both make themselves and him unhappy about the trifle of a newspaper, when he had such serious trouble to bear.

On the next Saturday, as Mr. Ashburn was walking over his farm, he saw a man sitting on one of his fences, dressed in a jockey cap, and wearing a short hair-cut. He had a rifle over his shoulder, and carried a powder flask, shot and bird bags. In fact he was a fancy sportsman, a somewhat *racier avis* in those days.

"What's that lazy fellow doing here?" said Ashburn to himself. "I wonder where he comes from?"

"Good morning, neighbor," spoke out the stranger, in a familiar way, as the farmer came within speaking distance. "Is there any good game about here? Any wild turkeys, or pheasants?"

"There are plenty of squirrels," returned Ashburn, a little sarcastically, "and the woods are full of robins."

"Squirrels make a first rate pie. But I needn't tell you that, friend. Every farmer knows the taste of squirrels," said the sportsman, with great good humor. "Still, I want to try my hand at a wild turkey—I've come out here into the country to have a crack at game better worth the shooting than we have in the neighborhood of Cadiz."

"You are from Cadiz, then," said the farmer.

"Yes, I live in Cadiz."

"When did you leave there?"

"Four or five weeks ago."

"Then you don't know what wheat is selling for now?"

"What? No, I think it was ninety-five, or a dollar, I don't remember when, when I left."

"Ninety is all it is selling for here."

"Ninety! I should like to buy some at that."

"I have no doubt you can be accommodated," replied the farmer.

"That is exceedingly low for wheat. If it was not for having a week's sport among your wild turkeys, and the hope of being able to kill a deer I'd stop and buy up a lot of wheat on speculation."

"I will sell you five hundred bushels at ninety-two," said the farmer, half hoping that his green customer might be tempted to buy at this advance on the regular rates.

"Will you?" interjected the stranger.

"Yes, I'm half-tempted to take you up. I really believe I—no!—must knock over some wild turkeys first. It won't do to come this far without bagging rarer game than wheat. I believe I must decline friend."

"What would you say to ninety-one?" The farmer had heard a rumor a day or two before of a fall of two or three cents in wheat, and if he could get off five hundred bushels upon this sportsman, who had let the breast of his fly open far enough to give a glimpse of a large thick pocket-book, at ninety-one, it would be quite a desirable operation.

"Ninety-one—ninety one," said the stranger to himself. "That is a temptation! I can turn a penny on that. But the wild turkeys, I must have a crack at a wild turkey or a deer. I think friend" he added, speaking louder; "that I shall have some sport for a few days first. Then, may be, I will buy up for five thousand bushels of wheat, if the prices haven't gone up."

"I shouldn't wonder if the prices advanced a little," said the farmer.

"Wouldn't you?" And the stranger looked into the farmer's face with a very innocent expression.

"I can't go much lower." If there should be any change, it would doubtless be an improvement.

"How much wheat have you?" asked the sportsman.

"I've about a thousand bushels left. Ninety hundred dollars—I'll tell you what, friend, since talking to you has put me into the notion of trying my hand at a speculation on wheat, I'll just make you an offer, which you may accept or not, just as you please. I'll give you ninety cash for all you have, one half payable now, and the other half on the delivery of the wheat at the canal, provided that you get extra force and deliver it immediately."

Ashburn stood thoughtful for a moment or two, and then replied—

"Very well, sir, it's a bargain."

"Which, to save time, we will close immediately. I will go with you to your house and pay five hundred dollars on the whole bill for a thousand bushels."

The farmer had no objection to this course, and invited the stranger to go to his house with him, where the five hundred dollars were soon counted out. For this amount

of money he wrote a receipt and handed it to the stranger, who after reading it, said—

"I would prefer your making out a bill for a thousand bushels, and writing on it, 'Received on account five hundred dollars.'"

"It may overran that quantity," said Ashburn.

"No matter, a new bill can be made out for that. I'll take all you have."

The farmer saw no objection to the form proposed by the stranger, and therefore tore up the receipt he had written, and made a bill out in the desired form.

"Will you commence delivering to-day?" inquired the sportsman, who all at once began to manifest a marked degree of interest in the business.

"Yes," replied the farmer.

"How many wagons have you?"

"Two."

"As it is down hill all the way to the canal, they can easily take a hundred bushels each."

"Oh yes."

"Very well. They can make two loads apiece to-day; by starting early, three loads apiece on Monday, which will transfer the whole thousand bushels to the canal. I will go down immediately and see that a boat is ready to commence loading. You can go to work at once."

By extra efforts the wheat was all delivered by Monday afternoon; and the balance of the purchase money paid. As Mr. Ashburn was riding home, a neighbor who had noticed his wagons going past his house an act for which he had sundry times more than half repented. But, as it had been done, he could not think of recalling it.

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## Later News From California.

New York, Jan. 21.—The Northern Light arrived this morning, and brings upwards of 300 passengers and \$247,321 in specie on freight, and San Francisco dates to the 31st, together with a large independent mail.

The mail steamer Oregon left San Francisco on the 31st, with 100 passengers and \$400,000 on freight.

Dates from Escondido, Lower California, are to the 16th. The accounts relative to the filibusters are contradictory. The town was besieged from the 5th to the 14th, when during the night the filibusters attacked the besiegers, when the latter fled, leaving their arms, horses, &c. The reinforcements for the Anita were not received, but were spoken off San Redo on the 21st, and probably arrived at Escondido on the 25th, when an immediate attack would be made on San Tomas.

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## The State of Europe—England Preparing for War.

The news by the Baltic; in its leading features, is more and more warlike, and in reference to the policy of England, is of the highest moment. The return of Lord Palmerston to the Cabinet, it is understood, is equivalent to a deliberate determination to prepare for a war with Russia. His counsels are held to be indispensable to decisive and united action. The majority of the Commons will doubtless be with the war party of the Ministry, for the public sentiment of England is unquestionably in favor of armed intervention for the preservation of Turkey.

The decline in the French funds, on receipt of Palmerston's return to the Ministry, is a most significant interpretation of the movement. It is construed at the Bourse as foreshadowing the call of the continent to arms. There is no difficulty with Louis Napoleon—none with regard to the universal wishes of the French army and the people. France is ready and it is only waiting the favorable movements of her ally across the channel, so that, when the Cabinet of England begins to move in the same direction with the popular sentiment of England, France and the United States, the barometer of the Bourse gives warning of a hurricane.

The consent of the Sultan to detail a representative to the new conference of the Great Powers at Vienna, amounts to little or nothing, when he declares that the evacuation of the Principality, or a guarantee to that effect, is the *sine qua non* of Turkey for a pacification. Nor are the symptoms in Austria of an inclination to side with the Czar favorable to peace. Nor is the dubiety of the Prussian satisfaction. In fact, the prospect of a war by England and France against Russia must inevitably, at all hazards unite Austria with the cause of the Czar—otherwise Austria is immediately destroyed. As it is, her position is vastly more critical than that of Turkey.

From the revolutionary elements within the disintegrated Austrian dominions, she will, perhaps, in any alliance, only escape destruction in a general contest, from the saving intervention of England and France in the final treaty of peace.

The latest news from London, of the depression in the Stock Exchange, goes strongly to confirm the French interpretations of the recall of Palmerston. In a word, from the courage of the Sultan, the wrath of Nicholas, the warlike policy of France, and the pressure of public opinion, the British Cabinet are buckling up for a continental war. Such is the solution of the news by the Baltic.—*N. Y. Herald.*

CASS AND CLAYTON.—A correspondent of the Evening Post, writing from Washington on date of January 11th, says:

"Mr. Cass made his speech to-day in the Senate on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, in reference to Central America, in which it is said he bore down with some severity on Mr. Clayton, who is somewhat sensitive on this topic, as most people believe he permitted himself to be jockeyed by the English negotiator. In the mean time, we learn that the whole question is being settled in a much more satisfactory manner than it could have been done by diplomacy, by a party of donors, who have bought out the Mosquito magistracy, sovereignty, territory and all, and are proceeding to organize a government for themselves, after the fashion of the model republic."

"Do you know?"—We will have you all off safe!—The Scotch captain of the Three Bells, Creighton, who met the steamer San Francisco after the sea had swallowed up over an hundred of her passengers, and who uttered to the wrecked and despairing ones the brave words of cheer at the head of this article, was literally forced upon "Change, January 17th, in New York, and was greeted with three times three by the merchants thereof. This was not enough. The cry was, 'mount the stand—let us see you!'"

This he modestly resisted, "until he was taken to the stand, where he was mounted and bowed politely to the multitude, who again gave a shout of three additional cheers. The gallant captain seemed too much overcome for utterance, and again bowing in acknowledgment of the compliments paid him, retired from the stand in company with Col. Lee. There was a great rush to shake him by the hand. A dense crowd surrounded him, and were most happy to give his hand a cordial shake. Among others who approached him were some of the old respectable and retired sea merchants, or in other pursuits along shore, and gave his hand a grip which only sailors know how to give each other."

THE NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO.—The boundary line, under the new treaty with Mexico, it is said will be as follows:

Draw a line on the map from a point two miles north of El Paso, in a southwesterly direction to the interesting point of the 11th degree of longitude and the 31st degree of latitude—thence a west by north course to a point two miles above the bay of California; and the new boundary line will be exhibited proximate to the treaty stipulation. It gives to the United States part of the State of Sonora. This country is said to be abundant in mineral wealth, and its soil rich in agricultural resources.

By the provisions of the treaty receding the clause of the treaty of Guadalupe, touching frontier protection from the Indian tribes, it will hereafter be the duty of each government to defend its own frontiers, and drive the Indians to their strong holds in the interior.

"Aresonia" will probably, it is stated, be the name given to the new Territory and future State; the name being derived from the rich mineral mines embraced within it.

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