

# M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

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Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office three doors West of the Post Office.  
Feb. 9, 1855. 24

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January 20, 1854.—17.

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July 8, '53.—17.

**MILTON L. CLARK, JOHN P. FLYNN**  
**CLARK AND FLYNN,**  
Attorneys at Law.  
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Will practice in partnership in Vinton County. Office, four doors east of Sisson & Hulbert's Hotel.  
Feb. 21, 1854. 19.

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February 17, '54.—17.

**E. A. BRATTON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
McARTHUR, OHIO.  
Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office, one door east of the Blue Corner.

We cannot help but dedicate the following  
**To Our Subscribers.**  
Written by PRIMO HOWE, editor of the Pine Knot. It is capital:  
'Twas on a cold, autumnal night,  
A dismal one to view;  
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus' light,  
And not a star appeared in sight,  
As the thick fog through  
Muggins—as usual—"big."  
Bent forward, "tacking" left and right;  
When all at once he "brought up" right  
Against an old dead yet,  
At which he "rounded to,"  
And "squaring off" as it to fight,  
Said with an oath I shan't indite,  
Infernal scoundrel you!  
Lighten I'll lick you, black or white!"  
Just then above him flew  
An owl, which on a branch did light,  
A left foot above the booby night,  
And then commenced to—"To who—  
To who—to who—to who!"  
Quoth Muggins—"Don't you think to fight  
A fellow of my weight and height  
With your Tea who—TEA who,  
You cured lappdog!  
As if you'd beezebub, it's quite  
Unnecessary you should fight—  
For Muggins ain't your "dud!"  
For money matters are all right!  
THE FUTURE'S PAID—HONOR BRING!"  
Thereat the owl whistled,  
And Muggins muzzled too,  
But there are other claps who might  
Be caught out late some dismal night,  
WHO HAVEN'T PAID WHAT'S DUE!  
THEY KNOW—TO WHO—TO WHO!

**MEN WITH TAILS!**  
*Authentic De-Tails*, translated from the October number of the *Gazette Hebdomadaire*, by John W. Green, M. D.—Dr. Hubach, Hospital Physician at Constantinople, has addressed a letter on the subject of *Men with Tails*, which adds many interesting details of those already received from travelers. We will briefly lay before our readers the information, more or less positive, which we possess on the existence of this curious variety of the human species, and of which the earliest indication dates back as far as 1675.—*N. Y. Medical Times*.

**MR. EDITOR**—At this time, when attention seems to be concentrated on the subject of a tail-bearing race called *Niam-Niams*, it gives me much pleasure to be able to add some observations which I have had occasion to make at Constantinople.

In 1852, I saw for the first time one of this race, a negress; struck by this phenomenon, I interrogated her master, a slave merchant. I was informed by him that there existed, in Nigritia, Africa, a tribe called *Niam-Niams*; that all the members of this tribe bear the caudal appendix; and, as exaggeration is a necessity to the Oriental imagination, he assured me that he had seen tails two feet in length. The one observed by me was smooth, and without hair, and without hair, was two inches in length, and terminated in a point. The negress was black as ebony; her hair was crisped; the teeth were white, thick, and inserted upon the alveolar processes, strongly inclining outward. The four canines were filed; her eyes were injected with blood. She ate raw meat with much relish; clothes were disagreeable to her.

Her master had offered her for sale for six months, at an exceedingly low price, but was unable to sell her. The horror which she inspired not residing in her tail, but in her taste (which she took no pains to conceal) for human flesh.

Her tribe eat the flesh of prisoners taken in battles with the neighboring nations with whom they are constantly at war.

When any of them die, the relatives, instead of interring the body, eat it, from this cause there are no cemeteries in the country.

They do not all lead a wandering life, many of them construct huts with the branches of trees; they manufacture the implements of war and of agriculture, cultivating maize, grain, &c.—Cattle are also bred by them.

One of his ancestors presented the same anomaly. These phenomena are generally regarded in the East as a sign of brute force.

The Turks have known for a long time this race of men, and are very much astonished that scientific Europe seems to ignore their existence at this late day.  
**HUBSCH.**

**Schuyler the Stained Banker**—A Peep Behind the Scenes.  
From the Baltimore American Jan. 27.  
A New York writer makes the following comments upon the fallen fortunes of the celebrated Robert Schuyler:

I passed the other day the splendid mansion of Mr. Schuyler, whose stupendous frauds are so well known. It was closed and apparently solitary, though his family still reside there.—What a contrast a few months has apparently made in that family! Its glory is dim. Crowds no longer assemble in the spacious parlors; the coaches of the splendid and gay do not line the sidewalks; the brilliant lights and the dashing company no longer allure the crowd to herd around the curb stones—all is solitude. But what a lesson does this event teach.

Mr. Schuyler had two characters.—In business, on "Change, at his rooms, in the Astor, he was known as the high-minded, honorable, successful, pure-minded man, one of whom we delighted to honor. Now come with me into one of the least pretending streets in New York. This house is as unpromising as the street. Mr. Spicer lives here. Let us enter. Mrs. Spicer and a family of children from 19 years and under compose the household. It is said to be a singular family. Mr. Spicer is a singular man.—No one ever sees him. The butcher, the milkman, the landlord don't know him. Mrs. Spicer does all the business. Mr. Spicer comes in late; he goes away early in the morning.

He is a business man, he has so much business that he is never seen in his family. Remain there day and night, and you will never see Mr. Spicer. The daughters become young ladies. They are all well educated.—They go out into society, but no one knows their father. Mr. Spicer's name is not in the business directory. So have his family lived for twenty years in the heart of New York! At length the elder Miss Spicer is engaged to a most worthy man. It is needful to gain the consent of Mr. Spicer that the marriage may take place.

A time is appointed and the expectant son-in-law is placed face to face with Mr. Spicer. He is told by the father himself that his name is not Spicer, but is Mr. Schuyler; that the mother of his daughter is not his wife; but if the daughter is taken in marriage the mother shall be wedded.—The double act is consummated; the veil is removed, New York is agitated for a moment by the disclosures; an elegant house is taken on Twenty-second street, and the family is launched on the wave of fashionable life. All the world knows the sequel. With so rotten a foundation, how could the superstructure stand.

**A Scoundrel.**  
We cut the following from an Eastern exchange, and ask every body to read it. It is one of the best comments upon a certain style of charity which we have ever seen. If it hits any body in this latitude, it is just as well; if not, no one will have any cause for annoyance. Only read it:  
**SYMPATHY.**—"What is the matter, my poor little dear?" said old Miserly to a little girl whom he saw in the street, poorly clad, and weeping.  
"Oh, sir!" said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "mother is sick, and we have no bread to eat, nor fire to keep us warm."  
"Poor, dear thing!" exclaimed old Miserly; "don't cry, my child; it's very cold, I know; but have patience; you'll get used to it before spring, and then it won't come so hard."  
The old heathen shrugged his shoulders and passed on; for he was in a hurry to see his lawyer, and direct him to turn out widow Smith and her sick daughter into the street because they could not pay their rent.

**God's other Vicegerent.**  
A Constantinople letter gives, as from a Russian prisoner, the following explanation of the origin of the present war:  
"The Turks massacred the Russian Bishop and several Russian priests at Jerusalem. God, in his wrath, sent a squadron of angels to carry away the tomb of Christ, which remains at this moment suspended in the heavens, and he commissioned the Czar to avenge the Pagan sacrileges. When the Emperor Nicholas shall enter Jerusalem a conqueror, as, by the aid of heaven he certainly will do, Christ's tomb will be restored to its place. The phalanx of angels will line the road along which the conquering Russian army will pass, and will present arms to them. Then the Czar will be master of the whole world, which will renounce its errors, and become converted to the orthodox faith."  
This story is implicitly believed by the Russian serfs.

Rainy Sundays are rather popular with church-goers. It enables them to examine their registers without compromising their reputations for piety and piety.

## LAY SERMON—No. 2.

BY SOLOMON SIMPLE.

"Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte."  
Beloved CHRISTIANS! hearken! Out of pure regard to the tenderness of your toes, and your consciences, I omit the preceding context of this portion of scripture, fearing that were I to quote it, "without note or comment," you might consider me personal, and disposed to make an application of the words of Christ, instead of leaving it for you to do.

"Ye compass sea and land"—but you have invented a way of doing it at a less cost of personal effort, and self-denial, than the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees of eighteen hundred years ago.—Live in an age of improvement; and, by the aid of all sorts of sectarian machinery, you can sit still, and do by proxy what could be done in that day only by dint of actual labor, and a liberal outlay of "mint, annis, and commin," and by paying tythe of all they possessed. But the way of doing an act does not determine its quality; and hence you are entitled to all praise bestowed upon those old Pharisees, although you generally contrive to do an immense amount of business on a very small capital of grace. You are at least their equals in zeal, if not their superiors in pride and hypocrisy. And while you cheerfully give of your substance, to convert the heathen, provided the sum bestowed can be set opposite your names in the newspapers, you every day "pass by on the other side," to avoid coming in contact with real objects of charity.

In the world's bible there is a passage, which I comment to your serious and prayerful consideration. It teaches us that charity should begin at home— which, being interpreted, means that instead of trying to save the souls of the heathen, we should, in the first place, have due regard for the sorrows, sins, vices, misfortunes, wants, woes and afflictions of those nearer home. The habit of turning up our eyes and noses, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to see that everything goes right in the upper world, is apt to cause a culpable neglect of earthly things. And yet, it has been shrewdly suspected, by those as wise and as good as you are, that the most acceptable service which we can render God, is to take good care of God's children, here on earth.

But, while I am preaching to you about charity, I perceive that you know precious little of the nature of it.—You seem to think that this sadly neglected virtue consists in giving cold victuals, and cast-off clothing, to those who make a business of begging, or at best, in giving a few dollars to some benevolent institution with a long-waisted name. This may be charity, or it may be something else—for pride sometimes puts on the attire of humility, and parsimony becomes ostentation. But charity, in the broad gospel sense of the word, is love—a principle quite different from a close-fisted and calculating generosity, and infinitely more comprehensive, both as regards the sphere of its action, and the overwhelming tenderness of its solicitude for the sinful and unfortunate, than that miserable substitute for justice which deals in broken bread, rags, and cold buck-wheat cakes.

True charity, let me tell you, O ye of little faith, is that divine principle which caused God to pity, and a Jesus to die—which flows forth from the eternal Throne in perpetual streams of compassion, fertilizing a world, otherwise barren, hopeless and accursed; not to those who deserve—but to those who need them.

Around you, my beloved, are not only the poor, but the victims of sin, vice, temptation, and misfortune. In your own town, the young of both sexes, and all conditions, are being led away from their path of virtue, piety, and peace, and enticed into the broad road which leadeth to destruction. Young men, with willing ears, are listening to the siren song of what fools call pleasure—and young women, with hearts of sensibility, and affections made to convert the world into a paradise, are taught to regard uselessness as a virtue, frivolity as an accomplishment, and fashion as the "higher law" of existence; while you, pretending to be the followers of Him who made a disciple of one woman with seven devils, and saved another from being stoned, are disposed to "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," while you neglect a thousand opportunities to render immense service to the fallen and sinful who are within the reach of your influence!

Set about it—or it will be entirely too late! Go, straightway, to that young man who needs your counsel, and speak to him kindly. Go to that young woman who has fallen, and raise her up! Bind up those broken hearts—wipe away those scalding tears—pour oil into those bleeding wounds—that your acts may do good to the afflicted, and serve as examples, to be imitated by others. Amen.

The model lady puts her child out to nurse and tends lapdogs;—lies in bed till noon—wears paper soled shoes—pinches her waist—gives the piano fits— forgets to pay her milliner—cuts her poor relations—goes to church when she has a new bonnet—turns a cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friends"—never saw a thimble—don't know a darned needle from a crow-bar—wonders where puddings grow—eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's wing in public—runs mad after the last new fashions—dotes on Byron—and when asked the age of her youngest child replies:—"Don't know indeed—ask Petty!"

## William Medill.

A Know Nothing editor at Ironton, having "imbibed" and "expressed" the hard-cider "spirit" of John Greiner, touching Gov. Medill, he is well answered by our friend LEARN of the Ironton Times. A more honest and capable officer than Wm. MEDILL was never connected with the public service, and his administration has fully vindicated the intelligence of the people of Ohio, who elected him by such an unprecedented majority.—*Statesman*.

We copy a portion of the article of the Times:  
"If we accept that other definition, which allows him to be truly great, who adequately and faithfully discharges the duties of every station, however humble, that may be assigned to him, then is Governor Medill a great man.—In every position to which he has been elevated by the partiality of his fellow-citizens, he has fully sustained himself. In 1838, when barely eligible, he was chosen a Representative to the Ohio Legislature. On taking his seat, he was elected Speaker of that body. In 1835, he was elected "go up higher." He was elected to the twenty-sixth Congress by an overwhelming majority over the late lamented John M. Creel. It may be said that the district was a Democratic stronghold, and that party discipline could effect for Medill what personal merit could not have done.

"Yet here a simple fact is suggested. His opponent was a most estimable man, a staunch Whig, universally beloved, and still he fell behind his ticket in every county in the district, while Medill was proportionally ahead of the Democratic ticket. In 1850, his constituents testified their approval of his conduct by re-electing him to congress. Of the eight Democratic members from Ohio who outvoted the Whig whirlwind of that never-to-be-forgotten year, he received by far the heaviest majority. The journals of the XXVth and the XXVIth Congress show what he did. He was always at the right spot at the right time. His votes on every measure of vital public interest are recorded. He voted for the Independent Treasury. He voted against the bankrupt law.—His votes are recorded against the two United States Bank bills, forced through Congress in violation of repeated pledges, and which were vetoed by Mr. Tyler. He voted against each and all those scoundrelly bills which pretend to foster labor by taxing it. His record is frank, bold, and manly—a very different one from that of his pro-bred opponents of 1855, who are so utterly dead to every brave and noble impulse as to exult in secrecy, in darkness, and in *Know Nothingism*.

"The Register, with that total disregard for truth which runs through the article, insinuates that Governor Medill is a 'betwixt and between sort of a man, in general.' We have reached a period in the political career of Governor Medill, when he made a nobler sacrifice for Right, than ever entered into the conception of all the *Stimson tribes*, from the days of Noah until now. During the Congressional canvass of 1843, he deliberately impeded his re-election to Congress by avowing himself a hard money man. He was defeated, and had he made the slightest concession on the currency question, his election would have been doubly sure. Such a creature as the editor of the "Register" should be silent concerning men like Medill.—They are above his sphere.

"In 1845, Colonel Medill was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Polk. His bitterest enemies—even the woe-begone wight of the "Register"—can not deny that he filled that important post with credit and usefulness. In 1850, he was, without personal solicitation, chosen a delegate to the Ohio Constitutional Convention. When that assembly—the ablest ever convened in the State—met, he was called to preside over its deliberations. How he conducted himself during its long and stormy session—how his services were esteemed by those to whom they were rendered, and who could best appreciate their value, Mr. Stimson may learn from the very full Reports, published officially—especially from the reported proceedings of the last day of the session. We presume that he, at present, knows nothing about it.

"In 1851, Colonel Medill was chosen Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, by a majority of 30,000 votes. In 1853, he was elected Governor by a plurality, that bewildered friend and foe. [We have an indistinct recollection that Mr. Stimson—who hates office-seekers so much—was at that time a candidate for the Ohio Senate, in a district reliably Whig by more than 1,000 majority, and was beaten by Lewis Anderson to the tune of 570 votes! "Tell it not Gath," &c., &c., Oh, how ungrateful these *sic* Republics are!]

"And as the Executive of Ohio, Gov. Medill has conducted himself with a degree of prudence and firmness that show him to be emphatically a *wise ruler*. We challenge Rodney M. Stimson, with all his malignity, to point to one official transaction of Gov. Medill that does not fully comport with the station he fills, and the upright, honorable man.

"Mr. Stimson has something to say about politicians. The style with which he has clothed his ideas, shows that they are clear as mud. There are two sorts of politicians—the self-sacrificing, public-spirited man, and the trimmer. But for the philanthropic labors of the former, mankind had still been barbarians. But for all-corrupting influence of the latter, the Utopian dream of Sir Thomas Moore would, long since, have become a reality. The Governor Medill is one of those who engage in political pursuits for the sake of pecuniary gain, is absolutely not true, as the whole tenor of his life demonstrates.

"The astute editor of the "Register" ought to know that the devotion of time and talents to the public service does not include the idea of a trade. Adopting his pewter-shop notions, we may set down Fisher Ames, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Timothy Pitkin, John Marshall, Daniel Webster, and a host of illustrious men who shed imperishable glory around the Conservative party, as political tradesmen! It is likely Mr. Stimson is a stranger to the sentiment of patriotism—we suppose he is, he is so skeptical about it—but ought to have the generosity to accord to other those gifts of spirit which they possess, and which heaven withhold from him.

"The concluding paragraph of the article is a marvel in literature. It eclipses Judge Edmonds. That a dead man should write the epitaph of a living man—likely long to live—is really a new thing under the sun. As Mr. Stimson's friends cast him hastily into his grave, without erecting a stone to mark the spot, we shall kindly perform that last office for him. His epitaph:  
Erected to the hope of preserving the memory of  
**MR. CANDIDATE STIMSON.**  
Who was politically executed on the 11th of October, 1853.  
Reader, why need this tablet here told how he died? The place where his gallows stood, is overgrown with weeds, but lurking demons haunt the spot, for he fell by the hands of his friends."

**Death of King Kamehameha III.**  
The telegraph two days since told us of the death of the King of the Sandwich Islands on the 15th December.—The account received does not give the cause of his death, except that of a serious illness of five or six days. The Indian King was subject to severe attacks of that "white man's complaint," called *drunk*, and no doubt whisky on the brain carried off his "august Majesty." The King was 41 years and 9 months of age, and his death was announced by hoisting the Royal standard at half mast and firing minute guns from the Punch Bowl better. As soon as the news spread, the flags ashore and afloat were all set at half mast, business was suspended and the people assembled near the Palace in great crowds, testifying their grief by weeping and wailing. At 12 o'clock of the same day, the Governor, escorted by his guards, made the official announcement, proclaiming Prince Lihilo King of the Hawaiian Islands under the title of Kamehameha IV.

Upon this proclamation, being made at the corners of the principal streets of Honolulu, grief was instantly turned into joy, and shouts rent the air. Subjects of a King, and shouts rent the air. Subjects of a King are—  
—like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;  
And with his arms outstretched, as he would, Grasp in the comer.—  
The scheme of annexation is probably now "done for." The old King was enthusiastically in favor of it, but the new King is the Prince whose signature has been wanting to the treaty, and who "made himself scarce" for a long time, having sojourned on a neighboring island no doubt in anticipation that King Alcohol would soon make a subject of King Kamehameha III, when the throne would be his seat and a new order of things be established. The San Francisco Herald, in speaking of the new King, says:

"He is said to be a young man of more than ordinary abilities, well educated, his mind improved by travel, and familiar by personal observation with the power and resources of the United States, France and Great Britain. He is, without ambition, and pertinaciously covetous of the kingly title, that he may be enabled to offer a share of his throne to a young English lady, to whom he is attached. Love and ambition, therefore, combine to make him hold on to his power with a tenacious grasp. It is, therefore, too much to expect that he will continue the negotiations with the U. S. Commissioner commenced by his predecessor, the more from the fact that he is reported to be under English influence, which has increasingly been exerted to defeat the scheme of annexation."

The young King is scarcely 21 years of age, fond of amusement and dissipation, and it is very probable that in a change of ministry—which takes place of course—the American influence will be entirely overcome by British and French influence.

**IMPORTANT LAW SUIT AMONG SHOW-MEN.**—*Barnum vs. Spalding*.—We understand that Barnum has commenced suit against Dr. Spalding, for several thousand dollars damages, in consequence of the death of a giraffe on board the "Floating Palace," at New Orleans, some time since. Spalding, it seems, had hired the animal with the privilege of buying, but in transferring it to the "Palace," notwithstanding every precaution was used to guard against all accidents or injury, he was accidentally drowned. Barnum claims the accident occurred in consequence of negligence of Spalding, and claims damages for the value, about \$10,000. On the other hand, Spalding claims that every possible precaution and diligence were used, and as the animal was under the charge of a keeper appointed by Barnum, if there was any carelessness or negligence it was through the carelessness of such keeper that the death of the animal occurred, and that Barnum is liable for the damages and loss, estimated at \$20,000, suffered by Spalding. Both parties have the reputation of being rather shrewd in their way, and as both are well able to pay the lawyers, we hope they will both obtain justice, and get the worth of their money, they pay them.—*Albany Argus*.