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MISCELLANY.

A TURKISH REVOLUTION.

In the year 1065 of the Hegira, on the second day of the feast of Belram, a large group of Mussulmen were assembled in a circle before the mosque of St. Sophia. Some were standing, and others were sitting cross-legged on mats or carpets spread upon the sand. By degrees the group was increased, as the Mussulmen came from the temple, and as passers-by, prompted by curiosity, remained to see what was going on. Every eye was turned toward one point, with a look of expectation, but a cloud of bluish smoke slowly rising in the air proved that the gratification of their curiosity was not the only pleasure which these Mussulmen enjoyed.

In the midst of this crowd of smokers a young man of remarkably handsome features, though somewhat bronzed by an Asiatic sun, was seated before a small table, which was covered with a white cloth and a brass bowl. He was dressed in a kind of close jacket of green silk, admirably adapted to set off his light and graceful figure, a giraffe of antelope skin, on which some mysterious characters were inscribed in silver, confined a pair of loose trousers, which were drawn in close at the ankle.

This light and attractive dress was completed by a Phrygian cap, from the top of which hung a small musical bell. By this costume, at once graceful and fantastic, it was easy to recognize one of those jugglers whom the feasts of Belram drew every year to Stamboul, and to whom was erroneously given the name of Zingari.

The spectators soon became so numerous, that many found it difficult to get even a glimpse of the juggler's tricks. The brass balls, glittering in the sun, were being rolled by his head with amazing rapidity, and forming every variety of figure at his pleasure. The ease and grace with which the zingari performed these wonders, gave promise of still greater.

At length, allowing the balls to drop one after the other into a resounding vase at his feet, he armed himself with a yatagan. Seizing the brilliant hilt, he drew the blade from its scabbard, and, desirously whirling it over his head, made as if it were a thousand flashes of lightning sparkle around him. The Mussulmen slowly bowed their heads in token of approbation, much after the manner of those Chinese boys, that make salutations to each other.

The zingari continued his exploits without appearing to notice the admiration he excited. He next took a pigeon's egg from a small moss basket, and placing it upright on the table, he struck it with the edge of his sword, without injuring its fragile covering. An incredulous bystander took the egg to examine it, but the slight pressure of his fingers served to destroy the frail object which had resisted the blow of the cimeter. Then taking off his Phrygian cap the juggler disclosed a large clear forehead, shaded by locks of jetty black hair.

Placing upon his bare head a pyramid of sand, which he had first substituted to the circle he inspected, he made the curved wavy on his head with such fearful velocity, that he appeared for a moment to be enveloped within the luminous circles it described. Presently the sand appeared to deviate, and formed the hair of the intrepid young man. Some Europeans present turned pale, and closed their eyes against the dreaded sight, but the juggler's hand was sure. The yatagan, which had spared the pigeon's egg, had swerved in two the pyramid of sand.

This act of dexterity was followed by many others no less perilous. The boldness of the zingari terrified the usually impassive Turk; and, what was yet more surprising, he even smiled when he saw the amazing stories he related. Persons of his profession in Asia were generally silent, and their only powers of amusement lay in their finger's ends; but this man possessed the varied qualities of an Indian juggler and an Arabian story-teller. He passed between almost every trick to continue a tale, again to be interrupted by fresh displays of his power; thus by turns delighting the eyes and the ears of his audience. During the more dangerous of his performances even the smokers held their breath, and not a sound was to be heard but the quivering of the steel and the tinkling of the bell.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the zingari was a man apparently about forty years of age, whose carpet was placed in the first circle, and whose dress denoted him to be of superior rank. This was the bostangi-bassa, superintendent of the gardens, and keeper of the privy purse to the grand signior. The juggler having at length completed his tricks, the people remained to hear the conclusion of the story, which had been so often interrupted. He then continued his narration, which was one of the wild fictions of the East, in pronouncing the last words of which, a melancholy expression passed over his countenance. He was aroused by the voice of the bostangi.

"Since you are such a magician," said the bostangi-bassa, "will you tell me which is the Sultan's favorite flower?"

"The poppy of Aleppo," it is red," replied the juggler, without a moment's hesitation.

"At what time does the Sultan sleep?" resumed the bostangi, after a few moments' reflection, expecting to puzzle him by this question.

"Never!" said the juggler.

The bassa started and looked anxiously around him, fearing lest other ears than his own had heard this answer. He slowly arose and beckoned the zingari to approach him; then lowering his voice—"Can you tell me," said he, "the name of his favorite wife?"

"Yes," replied the juggler, in a satirical tone, "it is Assarah."

The bostangi put his finger on the juggler's lips.

"Follow me," said he; and as he moved to depart, the crowd respectfully opened a passage before him.

The young man took up his yatagan, and leaving the remainder of his baggage to be carried by a slave, he followed the steps of his guide toward the great door of the palace.

The history of the successors of Mohammed often present little beyond the melancholy spectacle of a throne at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Mahmud was not the first of his race who sought to free the seraglio from those formidable guardians. Soliman III. had formed this perilous design before him, but he was put to death by the janizaries, led by Mustapha, his uncle, who came from the Morea for the ostensible purpose of defending the emperor, but in reality to seize upon his throne. The Sultan Mustapha, who had commenced his reign in such a tragic manner, experienced all the anxiety and uneasiness which most ever attend the acts of a usurper and a tyrant. Sordid, suspicious, and perfidious, he broke through every promise he had made to the janizaries, whose creature nevertheless he was. Instead of doubling their pay, he diminished it; instead of lessening the taxes, he doubled them. He lived buried in the depths of his palace, the care of which he had confided to the Greek soldiers, notwithstanding the murmurs of the legitimate guards. The mutes, dwarfs, and buffoons at the palace could alone obtain access to his presence.

At the time the zingari was amusing the Greek subjects of his highness, Mustapha was seated cross-legged on his divan in an inner apartment of the palace, seeking to drive away his ennui in watching the columns of fragrant smoke as they slowly rose from the long tube of his narghile. A slave stood beside him, holding a feathered fan of varied colors.

The buffoons of the palace had vainly tried to extort one smile from their master. The impossibility of the grand signior gave them to understand that their time was ill chosen, and that mirth would be dangerous; they had therefore, one after the other, quitted the apartment, waiting to re-enter at the good pleasure of the prince.

One among them, however, the favorite dwarf, and the most deformed of all the inmates of the palace, wished to make another attempt. He entered unobserved, and, seating himself near the musing Sultan, he took up one of the tubes of the narghile, and putting it to his lips, he imitated the looks and posture of his master.

When the latter perceived that the intention of the buffoon was to parody his sacred person, he gave the unfortunate courtier a most violent push with his foot, and resumed his reverie.

The head of the dwarf hit against the marble fountain, and blood flowed from the wound. The hapless eunuch, whose only fault lay in endeavoring to amuse his master, felt the agonizing pain with tears glittering in his eyes, and soon not a sound was to be heard throughout the immense palace but the voice of the muzzling summoned to the duties of the mosque.

Shortly afterward the hangings opposite the divan were gently raised, and a man stood in a respectful attitude before Mustapha.

"What wouldst thou?" said the Sultan.

The bostangi-bassa, for it was he, replied briefly, according to the custom of the seraglio—"A juggler stands without; he might amuse you with his highness."

The Sultan made a sign in the negative.

"This man," continued the bostangi, "knows strange things; he can read the future."

"Let him come in!"

The bostangi bowed profoundly and retired.

Black slaves, armed with drawn and glittering cimeters, surrounded the imperial sofa when the zingari was introduced.

After a slight salutation, the young man leaned gracefully upon his yatagan, awaiting the orders of the emperor.

"Thy name?" demanded Mustapha.

"Mehalle."

"Thy country?"

"Jugglers have no country."

"Thine age?"

"I was five years old when you first girded on the sword of Osman."

"Whence comest thou?"

"From the Morea, signior," replied the zingari, pronouncing the words with emphasis.

The Sultan remained silent for a moment, but soon added, gayly, "Since you can read the future, I will put your knowledge to the proof. When people know the future, they ought to know the past."

"You say right, signior; he who sees the evening star rise in the horizon has but to view the last rays of the setting sun."

"Well! tell me how I made my abillions yesterday."

The first with Canary wine, the second with wine of Cyprus, and the third with that of Chios."

"The chief of the believers" smiled and stroked his beard; he was indeed in the habit of derogating in this respect, as in many others, from the prescriptions of the Koran.

"Knowest thou," said the juggler, undauntedly, "as you did the Spanish merchant, who watered his wine before he sold it to you?"

Mustapha applauded the knowledge of the zingari. He hesitated, nevertheless, before he ventured to put the dreaded question that tyrants, who are ever superstitious, never fail to demand of astrologers—"how long have I to live?"

The grand signior assumed a persuasive tone, and even condescended to flatter the or-

gan of destiny, in hopes of obtaining a favorable answer.

"Thou art a wonderful youth," said he; "thou knowest things of which, besides thyself, the mutes only possess the secret: I have questioned many fakirs, marabouts, and celebrated dervises, who have three times visited the tomb of the prophet, but none of them were able to answer me as thou hast. I should wish to keep thee in my palace; I will make thee richer than all the merchants of Galata, if thou wilt tell me the year when I must die."

Mehalle then approached the emperor, and taking his hand, he appeared to study the lines of it with deep attention.

Having finished his examination, he went to the window, and fixed his eyes for some time upon the heavens.

"The fires of Belram are lighting up the cupola of the grand mosque," said he slowly; "night is at hand."

Mustapha anxiously awaited the answer of the astrologer. The latter continued in a mysterious manner: "The declining day still eclipses the light of the constellations. I will answer you, signior, when the evening star appears."

The Sultan made a movement of impatience; anger was depicted in his countenance and look which he darted on the mutes showed the zingari that he had incurred his highness' displeasure.

Curiosity, however, doubtless prevailed over every other feeling of the prince's mind; for, turning to Mehalle, he said, "I am tired of the accustomed wait; I will do so, however, if thou canst amuse me until the propitious hour arrives."

"Would your highness like to see some feats of jugglery?" said Mehalle, drawing his saber from the scabbard.

"No!" no!" exclaimed the Sultan, making the circle of slaves close in about him. "Leave these arms."

"Would you prefer a story signior?"

"Stories that tell an Arab to sleep under his tent!"

No, I must have something new. Of all known games there is but one I care for: I used to play it formerly, but now there is not a single person within my empire who understands a chessboard."

The zingari smiled, and taking an ebony box from a velvet bag, he presented it to the Sultan, whose wish he understood.

The words of Mustapha will require some explanation for the reader. The Sultan was passionately fond of the game of chess. At the commencement of his reign he easily found adversaries, and played for considerable sums. He possessed the secret of keeping fortune always at his side; when he lost, the happy conqueror was strangled. Those of his adherents whom he admitted to the honor of his imperial company, were compelled to submit either to their ruin, or, if they preferred it, to their death. In a short time, not a person could be found within the whole extent of the empire, who knew anything of the game of chess. Mehalle was not ignorant of these circumstances; nevertheless, it was a chessboard that he offered to the Sultan.

The stern countenance of the prince relaxed at the sight, and the board was immediately placed on the bowed back of a slave. Before commencing the game, however, the Sultan, after a moment's reflection, said:

"We are about to play; so far, good; but, shouldst thou lose, what shall I gain?"

"Since your highness does me the honor of playing against me, I will stake all that I possess, the cimeter and my liberty. But what if I win?" added the zingari, folding his arms.

"Shouldst thou win, I will give thee a slave."

"For a free man, the stake is not equal."

"I will add to it my finest courser."

"I need it not; my feet are swifter than those of an Arab steed."

"What wilt thou, then?"

"I have a fancy, sublime signior. Until this day I have been nothing but a poor wanderer, and have worn only the dress and the cap of a juggler. Were I to complain of this, I should be ungrateful, for this simple garb has ever seen me free and happy. I, however, renounce it; I become your slave; my mirth shall be for you alone; I will sing for you Indian songs, and, above all, I will divine for none but you. In return, I will ask but one thing: it is to allow me, if I win, to wear your royal mantle for ten minutes, to sit upon the divan surrounded by slaves, and to place upon my head that dreaded turban, whose fame has reached to the very ends of the earth."

The proposition of Mehalle was received with a burst of laughter from the Sultan. Had Mustapha not laughed, the zingari was a dead man.

"Thou wouldst sit upon the seat of the emperors! Dost thou not fear the weight of this turban upon thy silly head? A fine figure thou wouldst make under the pelisse of Osman!"

"I should like to see thee giving audience to the viziers and the pashas!"

"It is in your highness' power to afford yourself this pleasure."

"Well," exclaimed Mustapha, "I will agree to the stake. A juggler upon the throne! Such a sight was never seen in the East."

The game commenced; it was short. The Sultan lost, but he was in a pleasant vein, and he prepared to fulfill his engagement.

Mustapha loosened his girdle, took off his pelisse, and laid down his turban, while a slave assisted to invest Mehalle in the royal garments. These preparations completed, the Sultan, dressed only in loose silken trousers and a richly embroidered vest, approached a clock, and placing his finger on the dial plate—"When the hand shall mark the hour of eight," said he, "I shall have paid my debt, and then, signior, you will become my astrologer."

The juggler ascended the divan, and having placed his faithful cimeter at his side, he ordered the doors to be thrown open for the numerous courtiers who had been long awaiting the good pleasure of his highness. The apartment, which the dim light of evening rendered rather obscure, was immediately filled with a large assembly, among which were mingled the mutes, and the uleamas, the aga of the janizaries, the pashas from their different provinces, and the great officers of the Porte, the bostangi-bassa being of the number.

Seated apart upon velvet cushions, Mustapha was laughing in his sleeve at the surprise which awaited the assembly, and at the embarrassment which would doubtless be exhibited by the zingari.

At a sign from Mustapha, the flambeaux were lighted, and the room was brilliantly illuminated. Venetian mirrors reflected the jets of fire which fell in dazzling showers into basins of green marble. This enchanting scene was unnoticed by the assembly; all were bending respectfully before the Sultan's divan, and Mustapha, whose eyes were fixed on the zingari, began to look uneasy.

Mehalle stood with lofty bearing and majestic air. With one hand he grasped his yatagan, while with the other he motioned the assembly to rise.

Murmurs of admiration passed through the apartment; the young man received them with a smile, and, fixing more firmly on his head the green turban, shaded by a plume of scarlet feathers, he cried in a commanding tone, "Let the standard of the prophet be raised on the grand mosque! the people will salute it from afar at the fires of Belram!"

At these words an officer stepped forth to execute the order; but Mustapha rose to prevent him.

"Haggi Mohammed!" continued the zingari, with an imperious gesture, "obey!"

The aga bowed and retired. Mehalle added, "Let the inmates repair to the temple, and offer up petitions for the new Sultan!"

Cadilhac, having the tomb of Mustapha opened in Scutari, the city of the dead.

The Sultan tried to smile. "Keepers of the treasury," continued the juggler, "distribute among the poor of Stamboul the accumulated hoardings of the late emperor."

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed Mustapha, in an agitated voice, on seeing how readily his servants obeyed these strange orders. The plot became alarming.

"I still command," replied the zingari, with calm self-possession; "the clock has not yet struck the hour of eight. Art thou then so impatient to know the fate that awaits thee?"

The courtiers were at a loss to understand this mysterious scene. They looked with terror on this bold young man, invested with the insignia of power, and the bostangi was astonished to see his sanguinary master tremble before a strolling juggler.

"Mustapha," continued the juggler, "thou wouldst know the time of thy death? I am about to tell thee, for the evening star has risen! I will tell thee even, in order to be generous, what death thou shalt die. Mute advance!"

The president of the eunuchs came forward. The zingari proceeded: "You, who read each day the book of our prophet, and explain it to the people, sovereign judge of the empire, tell this man how availing and availing ought he to be punished; what penalty awaits him who shelters himself in retirement that he may break the laws, who intoxicates himself during the hours of purification, and who, stained with every crime, has never used his power but to oppress the weak, to spoil the rich, to ruin innocents, and to sacrifice virtue!"

Great excitement now prevailed, and Mustapha, pale, and deprived of all self-possession, sought the hilt of his dagger.

The mute replied in a low and grave tone, "The least of these crimes is deserving of death."

"Thou hearest, Mustapha, it is the prophet who condemns thee!" As he said this, he beckoned to the mutes; Mustapha tried to rush to the divan, but he was seized by the slaves, who passed the cord around his neck.

"Yes, this hour is come," pursued the juggler; "the lives of so many victims must be paid for by thy death; I am at length come to avenge them."

"And who art thou?"

"It needs not that I should tell thee, for thou knowest me! On this day, fifteen years ago, a man fell, pierced with wounds by the hands of the soldiers, on the very spot where, within this hour, thou shalt die. Thou didst seize on his possessions, thou didst invest thyself with his turban, but it wanted then those feathers dyed in his blood. That man was my father; he was the caliph. Yes! I am the son of Soliman. Thou hast massacred my family. Thou hast confounded the son of thy master with the child of the slave. I am the evening star—I am the Sultan Amurath!"

As he thus spoke, the young prince made a step forward. His lofty brow, his features, his voice, the almost supernatural majesty of his countenance, inspired a deep emotion in the assembly. All the courtiers prostrated themselves upon the marble floor. They thought they saw again the young and glorious Soliman, in one of those audiences when he made the rebellious pashas quail before him.

After a moment of respectful silence, the cry of "Long live Amurath!" shook the roof of the seraglio, and was echoed in the distance by the crowd who were thronging toward Saint Sophia. At the same moment the body of Mustapha fell lifeless to the ground. The time-piece slowly struck the hour, and the muezzin, in a solemn voice, repeated from the cupola, "It is eight o'clock!"

Misfortune is a filter which separates sincere friends from the scum.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

The Slave-Trade in New York.

It has often been said that the slave trade was still carried on in New York. What as the charge has been of a vague and general character, it has attracted little attention. We are beginning to get light on the matter. There is now lying in the Tombs in this city, a man who has been tried and found guilty of being in the slave trade. This is said to be the first conviction ever obtained under the law by which it was made piracy. The testimony in the case was ample. And though he protests against his condemnation, on the ground that he is a foreigner, and not amenable to the laws of the United States, he does not deny the fact of his share in the business. He speaks of it freely, and relates with unreserved exultation the particulars of his wild and desperate career.

We have chance to see and talk with this noted captain in his prison. What he told us was not communicated in confidence, for he never saw us before, and did not know who we were. He spoke to us in a strange manner. All our conversation was through the grating door of his cell. We made no attempt to gain his confidence, or to draw out the secret history of his life. He told his own story, not like a criminal making a confession, but rather with the freedom and pride of an old soldier relating his battles. Nor did he intimate a wish that what we said should be kept private. Indeed, he had boasted to others of his deeds on the African coast. His disclosures, therefore, are public property. Some of these are so curious as to be worth making known. Whether he tells the truth, the world must judge. It is not very probable that a man would make up a story which implicated him in a capital crime. Besides, his account is consistent with itself; it agrees with what was proved on the trial, and with the descriptions in Capt. Cane's book. We believe, therefore, that he has let out the truth.

"New York," says Capt. Smith, "is the chief port in the world for the slave trade." He repeated two or three times, "it is the greatest place in the universe for it." Neither in Cuba nor in the Brazils is it carried on so extensively. Ships that convey slaves to the West Indies and South America, are fitted out from the United States. Now and then one sails from Philadelphia; more from Baltimore; but most of all from New York. This is our headquarters. My vessel was the brig Julia Moulton. I got her in Boston and brought her here, and sailed from this port direct to the coast of Africa."

"But do you mean to say that this business is going on now?"

"Yes! all the while. Not so many vessels have been sent out this year—perhaps over twenty. But last year there were probably thirty-five."

"Are there large shipping-houses engaged in it?"

"Yes! I can go down to South St. and go into a number of houses that help to fit out ships for the business. I don't know how far they own the vessels or receive the profits of the cargoes. I had rather not have American owners; I prefer Spanish or Portuguese. But these houses know all about it. They know me. They see me sail out of port with a ship, and come back a passenger."

They sometimes ask me, "Captain, where is your ship?"

They know what has become of her. When a cargo of slaves is landed, the vessel is often destroyed, not to be a witness against her officers and crew."

"But how do you manage to get away without exciting suspicion?"

"Why, you see, we keep close, and get everything aboard, and do not ask for our papers until we are just ready to sail. Then we go to the Custom House, and take out papers for Rio Janeiro, St. Helena, Cape de Verde Island, or any port you please—it don't matter where—and instantly clear."

"But if you were seized at that moment, could the officers tell, by searching the ship, that she was a slave?"

"Oh, yes! they couldn't help knowing. Besides, they must suspect something from seeing such an almighty crew."

My little brig carried but 200 tons, and could be manned by four men. But I had fourteen before the mast. The moment of leaving port is the one of danger. But we don't lose time.

A steamer is kept ready, and we get under way immediately. Often two or three slaves leave at once. We steam down the bay, and then the wide ocean heaves up before us, and we then set our course for any quarter we please."

"But when you reach the African coast, are you not in great danger from British ships-of-war?"

"Oh, no, we don't care for the English squadron. We run up the American flag, and if they come on board, all we have to do is show our American papers, and they have no right to search us. So they growl and go off again."

"That may do very well when you are going in empty. But suppose you are coming out with a cargo of slaves on board?"

"Even then we can get along well enough if the niggers will keep quiet. We put them all below deck and nail down our hatches, and then present our papers. The officers have no right to go below. The only danger in this case is, that they will stay on board too long."

They often suspect the truth, and hang about for an hour or two. By this time the niggers are stifled, and begin to make some noise. Then the thing is out, and they seize the ship."

"After that I suppose you are punished?"

"Oh, no; we generally get off. You see as we are Americans, they must bring us to an American port to be tried. But if they run the ship into port along the coast, they get one pound a head for every recaptured slave."

So they prefer to let us go, and get their prize money."

"How many slaves could you carry on your vessel?"

"We took on board 664. We might have stowed away 800. If she had been going to the Brazils we should have taken that number. She would carry 750 with pleasure. The boys and women we kept on the upper deck."

All the strong men—those giant Africans that might make us trouble—we put below on the slave deck."

"Did you chain them, or did you put on handcuffs?"

"No, never, they would die."

"Are you very severe with them?"

"We have to be pretty strict at first—for a week or so—to make them feel that we are masters. Then we lighten up for the rest of the voyage."

"How do you pack them at night?"

They lie down upon the deck, on their sides body to body. There would not be room enough for all of them to lie on their backs."

"Did many die on the passage?"

"Yes; I lost a good many the last cruise—more than ever before. Sometimes we find them dead when we go below in the morning. Then we throw them overboard."

"Are the profits of the trade very large."

"My brig cost \$13,000 to fit her out, completely."

My last cargo to Cuba was worth \$22,000. But it was seized by the late Captain General Pezuela. He did more to break up the slave trade than any one else. If he had remained in office he would have stopped it. But now Cane is back again, and it goes on as ever."

"But I thought Cane was the great enemy of the slave trade?"

"So he is—in words. He talks a great deal, but Pezuela acted. From time immemorial, the planter's estate has been sacred. But Pezuela respected nothing. He seized the negroes wherever he could find them, even on the plantations. By this he incurred the enmity of the planters; and he would probably have been assassinated if he had not been recalled."

"Did you ever have fights with the English ships?"

"Yes; once a ship-of-war chased two of us. We knocked the sticks out of her. We didn't stop to look after the dead."

At another time I was captured. It was in a dead calm, and there was no chance to get away. When I saw that we were gone, I went below and stove every cask of water but one. The other ship was short, too. So we had both of us to put into the land to get put on board of us a Lieutenant and crew. But he did not know the coast, and, as we drew toward land, he had to make me pilot, threatening, at the same time, to shoot me if I ran her on shore. I took the helm and ran her into an inlet. No sooner had we passed the mouth, than we saw on the barracoons of the slave factors. They all knew me, and boats put off from the shore. The Lieutenant hailed them in English, and told them to keep off. At the same time I hailed them in Spanish, and told them the vessel was a prize."

That night they came off in force and recaptured her. We put the Lieutenant and his men into a boat, and sent them adrift, while I went down the coast, and took in a cargo of slaves, and carried them safely across the ocean."

"Why, captain, this must be exciting business."

His eyes flashed fire as he replied, "It's splendid. It makes a man jump to think of it. To be cutting away at the rate of eleven knots an hour, with a ship in chase, and walking right away from her!"

"That instant we saw in the prisoner the rover of the seas, again standing on his deck, with the huge hull of a ship-of-war looming above the horizon."

"But how did you get caught at last?"

The mate betrayed me. I never liked the man. He was scared. He had no heart. You see it takes a man of a particular constitution to engage in our business. When once at sea with a slave cargo we are in free bottom. We belong to no country. We are under the protection of no law. We must defend ourselves. A man must have a great deal of nerve in such a situation, when he is liable to be chased by ships of war, or perhaps, finds himself suddenly in the midst of a whole fleet."

The mate once served me a trick for which I should have been perfectly justified in shooting him dead. We were running in between the islands Martinique and Dominica, when suddenly there shot out from behind the land an English steamer. The mate thought it was a ship-of-war, and so did I. He was frightened to death, and instantly turned the vessel off her course. That was the very moment to bring down the enemy in chase. I saw the danger and flew to the helm, and put her back again, and we passed by in safety."

How to put down the Know-Nothings.

Some of our readers may possibly have heard of the anecdote, too new yet to have found its way into the jest-books, of the gentleman with a short memory, who, anxious to relieve a friend suffering extreme physical pain, favored him with a prescription. In the course of the conversation he forgot the rest of the pain and prescribed a plaster on the stomach for a fit of the tooth-ache. The newspaper organ of the administration at Washington follows, we perceive, a similar rule of therapeutics. It combats the party of the Know-Nothings with arguments labelled against the illiberality and injustice of denying to persons of foreign birth, and of the Catholic religion, an equality of political rights with the rest of our citizens.

It is amusing to observe with what gravity the Washington Union repeats these arguments, forgetting that they have no application to the case. Not a third part of those who in the late elections gave their votes for the Know-Nothing candidates did so with a desire to abridge the political rights of any class of our citizens. They have nothing to object to the arguments of the Union except that they are not to the purpose—that the plaster is put on the stomach when the pain is in the teeth.

They adopted the Know-Nothing nomination simply because they were dissatisfied with the present administration, and were determined to deprive it of its power of mischief by the readiest means at hand. Those who voted for Mr. Pierce in 1852 find, in the Know-Nothing party, a party without a platform, a party with no definite policy, a party which connects themselves without incurring the charge of joining the whigs, and they seize the opportunity it gives them of sending to Congress a set of men who, while they owe no allegiance to the whig party, will yet act as a check upon the administration.

We spoke the other day of the popular distrust of Mr. Pierce and those by whom councils he acts. On that head there is much more to be said. The great natural interest of this country at present is peace. The nations of the old world are cutting each others' throats; thousands of busy hands are withdrawn from its agriculture. It is for us to send them supplies of grain and meat, and to bring back their gold and such products of their industry we have occasion for. All that unimpaired commercial and seafaring class which inhabit our Atlantic coast desire peace. The farmer of the northern states and the planter of the southern have no other interest than peace, and in these three classes the great body of our people is comprised. Yet the country has been perpetually agitated with fears that we shall be engaged, by the rashness or the wickedness of those who are in power, in some foolish quarrel, which will make us a partner in the wars of Europe. No man, to whatever party he may belong, has the least confidence that this will not be the result, if the advisers of Mr. Pierce are allowed to have their way. From time to time we hear rumors that these men are brooding over new projects inconsistent with a state of peace—rumors often doubtless premature and sometimes invented for the occasion—yet such is the estimation in which Mr. Pierce and his associates are held, that no body can say that they are not true. They have the effect intended; they make the people uneasy, and they affect the state of the market. Hence arises the general desire which is felt to hedge in Mr. Pierce by a hostile majority in Congress.

But although the method taken by the organ of Mr. Pierce and his friends is, of not the least use in weakening the army of the Know-Nothings, there is a way of putting them down which, if adopted, will be sure of the effect. A wise administration at Washington is all that is required for this purpose. Let our concerns at home be conscientiously and intelligently managed, and our dealings with foreign governments be just, equitable and prudent—let the people be convinced that such is the case, and the Know-Nothing party will disappear. To the popular conviction that the administration has no certain principle of action, that party owes all its strength. Our sure method with the Know-Nothings is quite at the service of the present administration, and we shall be glad to see it republished in the Washington Union, even though that journal should not give us credit for first making it public. [N. Y. Post.]

OPENING OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.—At the Ethnological Society, London, March 15, a paper was read by Mr. J. Kennedy, "On the probable origin of the American Indians, with particular reference to the Caribs." The writer showed that the Americans were of the same race, evidently, as the Mongolians, and therefore that they had undoubtedly come from Asia, and only comparatively recently, after Asia and the Asiatic Islands had become fully peopled. He judged this might have been two thousand years before the Spanish conquest, and quoted an opinion of Aconit to the same effect. He then combated the opinion of Robertson, Dr. Latham, and others, who had held the theory of particular localities, through which they had passed from Asia to different parts of America, at different times, and in different stages of semi-civilization and barbarism. He showed that the Indians inhabited the parts of America on the east, now forming the United States and the British provinces came from Tartary and Siberia, and those on the western side from the eastern and southern shores of Asia. The inhabitants of South America he thought clearly traceable to the Polynesians. The semi-civilization of Mexico and Peru he thought to have been derived from Southern Asia, but the ancient civilization of Yucatan and Central America to have been distinct, and of probably Phœnician origin, on which he pronounced his opinion with less hesitation, as having personally inspected some of the ruined cities of those countries. He fully admitted the fact historically, not only of the Northmen having visited America many years previously to Columbus, but that various struggles might have reached the new world, in accordance with the Welsh and Irish traditions. He had no doubt of Phœnician having done so, from the notice scattered through ancient writers of lands on the other side of the ocean. Finally he contended that even African tribes had crossed over, and especially the Caribs from whose physical and moral characteristics, manners, customs, and language, he showed a number of

strong analogies in support of his arguments. He concluded by denouncing the doctrine of a distinct creation of the human species in America, as being inconsistent with experience, and therefore, as being unphilosophical, as well as contrary to the sacred records.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, Mo. DECEMBER 29, 1854.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
NOAH PRINCE.

THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents strictly in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents within six months; two dollars at the end of the year. Twelve fifty cents will be added for every year which payment is delayed.

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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Old Fusion Predictions.

The time for the meeting of the next Legislature is now close at hand. On Wednesday next—the 3rd day of January the members will assemble, at the Capitol, to perform the duties assigned them by the Constitution. Our old Fusion friends composed of the straightwhigs and Nationalists who elect Whig Governors by "regular" Democratic votes; and Democratic Union officers by whig votes—who fail to extend slavery and repeal freedom compromises and who disorganize and subvert parties and principles to install political "regularity," are now and have been, ever since election engaged in all sorts of predictions, all sorts of denunciations, all sorts of surmises and all sorts of tales. They assert that those who have voted the Morrill ticket are the rabble—politicians without politics, demagogues, rascals, traitors, have lived on County perquisites, are after the pickings of the land office, and all such like beautiful expressions which can only issue from a set of ferociously peevish, and scrupulously innocent politicians. We have quite recently had a taste of the superciliousness of the people which they manifest on certain occasions, as in Piscataway, where, in the election of Treasurer, four towns are allowed their vote and sixteen are disfranchised.

These old fusionists—the authors and originators of Fusionism have no confidence in the people. The very language they use towards them—the true democratic Republicans of the State—shows that they hold them in utter contempt. It shows that they have worked themselves into a lowering passion, because the people will not approve of their disorganizing, pledge-breaking and subversive course. Although nearly half the voters in the State have gone to the polls and expressed the wish that Mr. Morrill shall be Governor; yet they do not respect their wishes or acquiesce in their decision. They are still disposed to murmur at the judgment of the true and sovereign will of the State.

To all this, we say let these old fusionists—these execrable honest politicians—who have sold office till the burden has "crushed out" their vitality—to all this we say let them murmur, fret, call names, denounce, signatize and abuse. Let them see from what they will gain by it.

But what will these predictions, denunciations, false accusations and abuse amount to? They should amount to just this: union, harmony, co-operation.

They should act as a perpetual monitor to guard the weaknesses and foster the noble impulses of Republican freemen. The great principles on which the people rallied round the Hon. Anson P. Morrill—the principles of freedom and self-government—of obedience to law and State rights are of far more consequence than the distribution of the spoils or the success or defeat of individuals. Principles first, men last.

Those, therefore, whom the people have elected to the Legislature, about to assemble and who belong to the true Republican family should not forget. They should unite their councils, and pursue their objects with unanimity. This is the only course that can result in usefulness, honor or success. It is the only course that will baffle the wiles and the predictions of the factions which compose the opposition. Externality should be the motto in a word, fuse in imitation of the illustrious examples of the straightwhigs, at Augusta and Washington.

What becomes of the Specie?

There is just at this time a great dearth of the precious metals; and the inquiry is quite general, what becomes of it? It is known that great quantities of these metals are constantly pouring into the Atlantic States; and that there is no diminution of it from that quarter. It is known, likewise, that no larger quantities are exported to Europe than usual. What becomes of it?

Some answer this question by saying that we owe enormous debts in Europe, London, Paris and Hamburg—and the specie goes there to pay these debts or the interest on them. Others say that the low tariff of '46 invites speculations in foreign goods; and that the specie is sent abroad to pay for them. Some say it is imported into England and hoarded in her Exchequer. But the truth is, the interest on Foreign debts has not required any increase of specie beyond the common and constant demand. The tariff of '46 has not likewise increased the importation of goods beyond the usual amount. And as to the amount being absorbed in the Bank of England, the Bank statements show that the amount deposited there is less by 80 thousand pounds than usual.

What then becomes of it? The probability is that it is retained in the hands of private individuals. Its scarcity in the public markets, affords no foundation for the assertion that there is not as much in the country as formerly. The true reason must be found in the fact that the people who are in possession of the precious metals distrust the soundness of the Banks; and therefore choose to hoard it up. It is for this reason the Banks reduce their discounts and money becomes

scarce. This fact was illustrated in '37 when the Banks suspended specie payments after a diminution of their deposits; although it was known and generally conceded that the amount of specie in the country was undiminished.

The present pressure in the money market is unquestionably the result of the Banking system. It is inherent in the institution. When a scarcity of the precious metals occurs, let the true cause be what has been stated, the Banks and the specie are the only substantial basis of all currency. They desire the substance—the intrinsic value—and not the representative.

For this reason, it is highly essential that the precious metals should enter as largely as possible into the common circulation. Gold and silver should be the currency of the people so that all could possess a small amount without trouble or expense. To effect this purpose the substitution of gold and silver coin for small Bank Bills would be the first preliminary step. In this way the people would possess, at all times, what now they only possess when they lose confidence in the Banks. Then amidst the fluctuations of trade we should have no occasion to ask what becomes of the specie?

The sixth Congressional District.

Under this head, the Kennebec Journal gives some facts of no slight importance in relation to the settlement of the claims of Messrs. Fuller and Milliken. We submit the remarks of the Journal together with the minority, simply adding that our own desire in a matter of this kind, is that the laws in relation to the ballot should be strictly recognized and administered, and that right between these parties should be done.

From the Kennebec Journal.
"It will be seen by the official count of votes in another column, that the Governor and Council have given the certificates to Mr. Fuller, contrary to public expectation and much to our regret. As they allowed the return, the votes for Fuller and Milliken were as follows:

Fuller,	4,713
Milliken,	4,507
	406

The Calais votes for Mr. Milliken were rejected because the blundering clerk of that city omitted the letter A from his name, when the voters actually voted for James A. Milliken. There were also 23 votes thrown in Millbridge for James Milliken. Adding these to Milliken's vote as above, and it will give him 4,632.

Adding to Mr. Fuller's vote the 28 votes thrown for T. D. & T. J. Fuller, and he will have 4,741. There is included in that sum the vote of Hancock Plantation, 153. This vote ought to have been rejected, as we think for these reasons:

It was proved that there was no record of any meeting for the choice of plantation officers, or of the September election, although the meetings were held. There were therefore no plantation officers legally authorized to certify a return. In the next place, every return by the constitution and the laws of the State is a copy of the record, and if, as in this case, there was no record, there could be no copy of course. And the return itself contained scarcely a single fact essential to a valid return. It simply stated that at a legal meeting of the qualified voters of that plantation, held at the Barracks, on the second Monday of September, the whole number of votes thrown for members of Congress from the 6th district, was 101 in figures.

That Thomas J. D. Fuller had 153

And Noah Smith, Jr., 26

It contained no allegation that the votes were received, sorted, counted and delivered in open plantation meeting, or that the assessors presided and in the presence of the clerk, or that the clerk made a record thereof. Nor were "the number of votes for each person written in words at length against his name." All these particulars are absolutely required by the law, in which the blank form for a return is given.

If these 153 votes had been thrown out and the Calais and Millbridge votes allowed, Milliken would have had 76 plurality.

The liberality of the Governor and Council in allowing this return, presents a striking contrast to the strict construction of the democratic Governor and Council in 1844, when they counted out that excellent whig, the Hon. Thomas Robinson, in the same district. The following is an extract from their adopted report in that case:

"The votes from the town of Beddington were rejected, the return from the same being signed by one selectman only. The votes from the town of Marion were rejected, that same appearing by the return thereof, that the same were given in to the selectmen, or in their presence, or that they presided at the meeting. The votes from the Plantations of Presque Isle, Salmon Brook, and No. 9, Range 4 were rejected, the returns from the two first bearing the signature of but one assessor, and the last none."

Had the same strictness prevailed in this instance, Mr. Milliken would now have his certificate. It seems a little singular that so very rigid a construction should be applied to the Calais and Millbridge returns, by which Mr. Milliken was deprived of 375 votes (the unpardonable ignorance and blunder of the Calais city clerk, while a very liberal construction is applied to the Hancock and other plantation returns, which favored Mr. Fuller. It is a little difficult to perceive why the accidental omission of the middle letter in a candidate's name, should be considered of so much greater importance than a legal and constitutional provision.

But the most conclusive ground on which Mr. Milliken's case rested, was that presented by the following report of the minority of the committee of the council. This fatal objection applies to all the returns from election plantations, and would reduce Mr. Fuller's vote about eleven hundred. This report presents the whole point in as clear and brief language as can be done, and makes the argument conclusive, so we give it in their own words and leave it.

IN CONCERT, Nov. 18, 1854.

"The undersigned, a minority of the committee of the whole council, to which was referred the votes for members of Congress, report:

"That they have been unable to coincide with the majority of the committee in the re-

sult at which they have arrived, so far as it relates to the Sixth Congressional District. By the act in relation to elections approved Oct. 2, 1840, provisions are made, whereby unincorporated places may be organized for election purposes. By Sec. 3 of said Act, which regulates the proceedings at elections and designates the manner in which returns shall be made, it is provided that 'the clerk shall make out fair copies of the list of voters, and names of voters to be attested by the assessors and the clerk, and be sealed up in open plantation meeting, and cause the same to be delivered, within the time required by the constitution, to the respective authorities, whose duty it may be to receive the same.'—In none of the plantations, organized within the District, does it appear that such a list of the names of voters had been returned with the votes. The undersigned are of opinion that this requirement of law is imperative, and that without such a list the votes should not be allowed. The provision was obviously intended to check and prevent fraudulent and illegal voting. The limits of these organizations frequently change, sometimes the inhabitants of a portion of the territory of one plantation separating from that uniting with another, or forming themselves into a separate plantation, so that there is now considerable confusion in regard to their boundaries. Inasmuch as this organization is for a special purpose, it is believed by the undersigned that the safeguards which the Legislature has provided against an abuse of the privilege conferred by the Act aforesaid, should not be disregarded.

Notwithstanding the previous usage has been to receive and count the votes of these plantations, when unaccompanied by the names of the voters, we are still of opinion that precedents should not be permitted to override what we deem to be a plain provision of law, and that the votes should not be counted, unless the Supreme Court should first determine that the Legislature did not intend to make this a matter essential to the validity of the return. No penalty is imposed upon the plantation officers for the breach of duty, and if the return be equally valid with or without the list of voters, then the provision by which it is required is simply nugatory. We should prefer, therefore, that the Governor request the opinion of the court upon the matter, and inasmuch as the certificate of election should be given to James A. Milliken, (provided the votes above referred to are rejected) the certificate be withheld from Mr. Fuller, until the opinion of the court be first obtained.

All which is respectfully submitted,
THEO. C. WOODMAN,
GIDEON TUCKER."

A SAN FID. Horace Greeley recently delivered an address before the Franklin County Agricultural Society, and, by request, furnished the editor of the Chambersburg Repository and Whig with a manuscript copy or publication. Poor fellow! He soon found himself in a sad fix; he couldn't read it. He thus states his case:

"We immediately went to work to decipher the ten pages before us, and, with the aid of a magnifying glass, three dictionaries, several agricultural periodicals, a history of eminent agriculturists, a standard work on chemistry, another on hydraulics, a large street committee, several Know Nothings, and out composition on unintelligible copy, we mastered the first three lines in the first half day. We were happy within the first hour to ascertain when we had the manuscript right side up—for it looks as much like writing one way as another. It is now in the hands of a competent committee to decide in what language it is written, and if it is ascertained that it is neither Hebrew or Greek, we must infer that it was intended for English, and shall proceed to decipher it."

DEMAND FOR HIGHER WAGES.

Senator Butler has made a speech urging the passage of a bill allowing an increase of 50 per cent to members of Congress and Justices of the Supreme Court. This would give a member of Congress \$16 per diem, and a Judge of the Supreme Court about \$10,000 per annum. We clip the following item in relation to congressional compensation for the correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.

The history of the legislation on this matter of Congressional compensation is this: By the act of the 22d September, 1789, the pay of a member of Congress was fixed at six dollars a day, and six dollars for every twenty miles of travel, the act to continue in force till the 4th of March, 1795, after which the compensation was to be seven dollars a day, and seven for every twenty miles. The latter rate was limited to the 4th of March, 1796. On the 10th of the same month a resolution was made to the rate fixed in 1789. By the act of the 19th of March, 1816, a change was effected from a daily to an annual compensation, the presiding officer of each branch receiving \$3,000, and each member \$1,500, the mileage system remaining as before. The unpopularity of this measure secured its repeal on the 6th February, 1817, the act of repeal to take place after the close of that session of Congress. By the act of the 22d January, 1818, the rate now observed was established, of eight dollars a day, and eight dollars for every twenty miles of travel between the members residence and the capital, the President pro tem. of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, receiving each eight dollars a day additional.

Great Attraction at South Paris.

FAIR OF THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF FREEDOM! This new and enterprising order will hold a general fair at South Paris, on the 9th and 10th of Jan., 1855, when the delegates of about thirty societies will be present. Several distinguished speakers have been invited to be present, among whom are Hon. Gerrit Smith, Hon. Cassius M. Clay, Rev. Dr. Nevins and Rev. W. H. Brewster, of Mass., Miss Watkins of Baltimore and Mrs. Duggett of Maine.

There will be a grand entertainment of vocal and instrumental music, confectionary, refreshments, &c.

A great variety of valuable goods, and fancy articles will be exhibited and for sale, and among other interesting things, will be shown an article brought to this country in the famed "May Flower," by our Puritan Fathers.

The fair will be opened each day at 10 o'clock, A. M. Admission 12 1-2 cents.

Par order of Committee

South Paris, Dec. 29, 1854.

Strike, but Hear.

In publishing the communication, last week, signed "Vox Populi," it was our intention to have accompanied it with a few brief remarks. Not having an opportunity to do it then, we take occasion to do it now.—That communication assumes to express and to represent the sense, the feeling, and the heart of the people of Oxford County, in relation to the inhabitants of Paris Hill. And it was not because we wished to lessen the force of any of its facts, or detract one iota from its evidence of outrage and disobedience of law, that we objected to either its facts or conclusions; but from certain expressions there, we felt that an erroneous impression might be formed; and that for this reason, the inhabitants generally of Paris Hill deserved a hearing.

The resistance of law, the abuse of magistracy, the burning of dwelling houses, the hanging of officers in effigy, the audacious attempt at murder, by firing into a private dwelling, can receive no apology from a good citizen at any time, in any place, or under any combination of circumstances. These things are wrong in themselves. No plea of necessity can justify such conduct. It stands in naked, bold opposition to all right, without palliation or excuse. The people of the County, or those who attempt to speak for them have a right, a full, complete and undoubted right, to complain of these wrongs, and to seek such remedies as may be deemed most judicious.

But can it be said with propriety that the people of Paris Hill—the general mass of the citizens of this place, approve these wrongs, and uphold such conduct? Can it be said that a majority, or even a small minority, are in favor of violence and mob law? Can it be said with truth that they, or even a small portion of them, would harbor among them, if known, the assassin, and those who would deliberately fire pistols into the dwellings of private citizens? If the people of Oxford County, or those who would speak for them, are laboring under any such impression as this, it is necessary that it should be corrected. Because these things have happened at Paris Hill, in the midst of her inhabitants—most of them on public occasions, when many persons were here from abroad—it is not certain, and hardly probable, that any of her citizens have committed these worst deeds; that even a small minority approve them.

We are willing to hear testimony to the good character and lawful disposition, of the great body of the inhabitants of Paris Hill. We have known them long and intimately. If there are a few who would disobey the laws of the State, who declare they would resist a legal officer in the discharge of his duty, who would screen those guilty of crime, and who rejoice that violence and crime have been committed, their number is believed to be small, in comparison to the mass of the community. The great body of Paris Hill citizens, will compare with those in any other region or village, in point of intelligence, enterprise, decorum and liberality. We bear cheerful witness to their general sobriety, love of order, and obedience to law. If violence or wrong occurs among them, it is no more reasonable to ascribe it to them, as a whole, than it would be to charge the entire people of Ellsworth, Bangor, Bath, Franklin, Portland and Augusta, with riot and murder, because such offences have been committed in those places.

"Vox Populi" would be happy to hear "extraneous circumstances," in relation to this matter. We put in the foregoing as extraneous, so far as the great body of the people of Paris Hill are concerned. If they have not moved with sufficient promptitude and power in relation to that most terrible outrage, the firing a pistol into a private dwelling—the reason must be looked for, not in their want of courage, not in their disposition to acquiesce in wrong, but it may be found in the shocking and unparalleled character of a transaction new to this community; and which was calculated to paralyze with astonishment, by its atrocity. We think it may be said with truth, that there is not one in twenty of this whole community, who would approve or apologize for these lawless transactions.

But there is still something more, which is extending on the part of the inhabitants of Paris Hill. Vox Populi will remember, while he discourses in behalf of the people of the County, that the County buildings and public offices are situated on Paris Hill, and that the occupants of those offices form a part of the society in this place; and that whether those officers reside at the County seat or not, they will stamp their character and sentiments, both moral and political, upon a greater or less number of its inhabitants. The people of the County, "Vox Populi," among the rest, are therefore responsible, in a high degree, for the moral and civil condition of Paris Hill. If they have provided men for these official stations, who are temperate in action, thought and word, who counsel obedience to all laws, whether they approve of them or not; and who, as their agents, have quietly attended to their duties, then there is no fault living at their door.—But if on the contrary, they have placed official trusts in the hands of men who encourage resistance to law, who openly assert that they will not obey certain provisions of law, who claim that buying, selling and drinking strong drink, is a divine institution, exempt from legislation and above the reach of statute law, then, the people of Oxford County, and "Vox Populi," cannot censure the inhabitants of Paris Hill, without passing a similar judgment upon themselves. There are men in the community, who always pay great deference to those in power, and the character of any particular locality, is often an index, in a greater or less degree, to the principles of those who have been, or now are in authority.

Let public laws be what they may, or let the supposed grievances of citizens under them be what they may, every class should submit to them; and seek remedies and indemnity in a lawful manner. The laws are made for the observance of all, the rich and the poor, the great and the small, the just and the unjust, the young and the old; and each and all of these classes are equally bound—however degrading and humiliating, or however disagreeable it may be, to yield implicit obedience to its sovereign, stern, yet impartial behests. Let any number of the community, however few, claim immunity from

this wholesome rule, and set themselves up in opposition to any law, defying its power—and civil society, and the safeguards of justice, morality and liberty, are more or less imperilled.

Some persons entertain the idea, that the execution of certain laws produces disturbances, discontent, quarrelling and the like; and if such persons are opposed to such law, they often rejoice at its violation; and instead of advocating obedience to it, they by such conduct, bring into dispute, not only that law, but the efficacy and sovereignty of all laws. A good citizen therefore, must of necessity obey every law, whether it meets his approbation or not. Let every man do this, let him abide fully by the letter and spirit of the law in all cases, and it is impossible that any disturbance, quarrelling or discontent should arise. Where the laws are made by the people as they are in this Republic, State, and at every great expense, it is incumbent on every man to respect and regard them, or he may advocate its repeal subsequently, while at the same time he complies with its provisions; but he who counsels disobedience, encourages resistance, or violates its spirit and sets at defiance its authority, endangers the public peace, and aims a fatal blow at the foundation of Representative government.

Now if "Vox Populi" is not satisfied that the mass of the people of Paris Hill, are opposed to the abuse of magistracy, to disobedience of laws, and to attempts at murder, and if he is not satisfied that the suggestions here made are such as to extenuate some of his allegations, then we are willing that he, in behalf of "hundreds," should continue his explanations. We repeat, that the great body of the citizens of Paris Hill are a law and order loving people; and that, as a whole, they will compare favorably with the inhabitants of any other community in the County or State; and if outrages have been committed in their midst, probably the worst cases can and will be traced to persons residing out of this village; and to those whose precepts and examples were not what they should have been. What has occurred here of an unlawful character, we submit, is the legitimate fruit of that council which announces—"I will resist the officer of the law at all hazards." The people of Paris Hill, as a body, are willing to bear their own burdens and the consequences of their own misconduct; but they are not willing to bear the sins of others, or of those at home or abroad, who by precept or example, encourage resistance to the laws of the State.

ANECDOTE BY GEN. CASS. There is now a bill before Congress to "establish a court for the investigation of claims against the United States." Speaking of the "impulsive feeling," which sometimes controls the judgments of Commissioners and Committees, Gen. Cass related the following anecdote:—"This, sir, is all I have to say on this bill, and I think it is all I shall say during its progress; but before I take my seat, I will mention an instance to show the singular operation of the influence to which I have referred, on officers in the Treasury Department. Toward the close of the year 1812, the army on the northwestern frontier was almost destitute of provisions, the roads were impassable, and we did not know what could be done. Among other things proposed to remove the pressure upon us, a scheme was directed to be purchased and sent up to Lake Huron, to catch whitefish. The quartermaster purchased a seine, and the whitefish were caught abundantly, which was a matter of vast importance to the soldiers. The account was sent on; and what do you think was the decision on it by the accounting officer? It was, that whitefish did not run in the month of November, and therefore, that the United States had been cheated. [Laughter.] The good officer had lived all his life upon the Potomac, and had heard of shad, which run only in April and May, and he thought that no shad could run in November. [Laughter.]

ALTERATION OF TONE. The National associations, who have shown great affection for Nebraska, and slave sovereignty, have recently undergone a change.

Before the election of Delegate to Congress from Kansas, these men boldly asserted that slavery could not go to that territory, but that it would be a free State.

Since that election, which resulted in the choice of the pro slavery candidate, they say that "in all probability"—and "most probably"—and "quite certainly," Kansas will "eventually" be a free State. This is an admission that it is now a slave territory, else why "eventually" free?

The tone of these presses is every day lowering step by step on freedom; and soon they will announce the great fact boldly, that slavery exists in the State of Kansas by popular sovereignty.

PAPAL CONSPIRACY EXPOSED, and Protestantism defended, in the light of Reason, History and Scripture, by Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., published by Stearns & Co., Boston.

The name of Reverend Edward Beecher is a tower of strength, and it is a guarantee that whatever he undertakes will be well done. The above work is characterized by great comprehensiveness of statement, soundness of argument and critical analysis. It is one of the best on the subjects on which it relates.

Mr. Walter Murray is sole agent for this County. He is now canvassing the County for subscribers, and both he and the work deserve a generous patronage.

We insert the following testimonial from Rev. F. A. Crafts:

"Having examined Dr. Beecher's work on Romanism, entitled 'Papal conspiracy exposed,' I am happy to recommend it as an able and interesting analysis of the great controversy now waged between the advocates of truth and the emissaries of fraud. I am confident that the circulation of such a work must greatly advance the interests of Protestantism, and help to guard our institutions, by enlightening the public mind.

F. A. CRAFTS.

South Paris, Dec. 23, 1854.

Dr. Howe, his wife and daughter, of Shelburne, N. H. have been held to bail at Concord, to answer to the charge of robbing the mails. The daughter is but 14.

SEBASTOPOL NOT TAKEN. The American arrived at Halifax Dec. 23. She brings the latest news from Europe. She sailed from Liverpool on the 9th.

There is little of interest from the seat of war, but negotiations are becoming most complicated and critical.

The following important news would not have reached here by the Washington and Sarah Sands, viz: that on Dec. 24 a treaty of alliance was signed at Vienna, between Austria, France and England, the exact terms not known, but it is surmised; firstly, that Austria regards violation of Turkish territory as war against herself. Secondly, that Austria will augment her force in principalities to enable the Turks to resume offensive operations. Thirdly, that on demand of France and England, 20,000 Austrians will be sent to Crimea. Fourthly, France and England guarantee that territorial possessions of Austria shall, under all circumstances remain undiminished. Fifthly is secret. Sixthly, that Prussia will be invited to join the alliance. Seventhly, the treaty to come into operation on terms of Austria, if Russia does not come to port before Jan. 24. There is also published a letter from Count Nesselrode, setting forth the terms on which the Czar will assent to peace.

First—A joint warrant by the two powers, of the whole christian population, and of Turkey, securing a joint protectorate of five powers in the principalities, subject to existing Prussian treaties. Thirdly—revision of treaty of 1841, to which Russia will assent, if the Sultan will. Fourthly the free navigation of the Danube.

THE WAR. The affairs before Sebastopol are unchanged. There has been some fighting, although not important. The garrisons continue to make sorties.

During the night of the 14th, in hurricane of rain and wind, the Russians from the city, attacked the French camp, but were repulsed.

RUSSIAN MOVEMENTS. The Russian guards and grenadiers are advancing into Poland. The whole of the first infantry corps, under General Sievers, is being concentrated on the left bank of the Vistula. Sixty battalions of sharpshooters are being enrolled from the peasantry. The state of siege at St. Petersburg is suspended. A Greek conspiracy has been discovered in Bulgaria and Roumelia.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE. Vienna, Dec. 9th. Adverses from Sebastopol of the 27th Nov. have been received here. The siege was seriously continued. Reinforcements to the number of 9,000 men had reached the Crimea. The Duke of Cambridge was expected at Constantinople.

Dec. First. The remainder of the French troops have been ordered to the Crimea. Five hundred French have gone to Bucharest and Ibraila.

LECTURE OF MR. PITRAT. The second Lecture of the series of Lyceum Lectures at Norway, was delivered by Mr. Pitrat on Wednesday last. Subject—the French Revolution of 1848.

The propositions on which his lecture was founded were: 1st, The causes of the Revolution; 2d, The Revolution itself; and 3d, The causes of the present dynasty. His grand aim was to show the influence of the Pope in European politics; and especially in the politics of France. He asserted that Louis Philippe was placed on the throne of France by taking a double oath—one to support the Republican principles of Lafayette, and the other to preserve the principles of the Catholics and Legitimists; and that he made himself most obnoxious to the French people by devoting the public funds to the erection of Catholic Churches, Universities and Palaces. The Revolution of '48 was the consequence.

He said the Catholics secured the little Napoleon on his throne, and that the peasants—farmers—voted for him because they could not realize that the first Napoleon was dead; and because they "really thought they were voting for the Uncle." The lecture on the whole was highly interesting, and was listened to by the large audience with great satisfaction.

The next Lecture will be given by T. H. Talbot Esq., on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th.

A man named Patrick Gill was curiously identified as one of a party of burglars in Albany, a few days since. Upon the sill of the window by which the robbers effected an entrance, was found a button with the eye torn out. The missing eye of the button was found on Gill's pantaloons, still hanging by the thread with which it was sewed on.

The Queen of England has given great offence to the friends of the Sabbath by having the French band of the Guards play on Sunday afternoon at Windsor Castle.

WOMEN'S ACCEPTANCE OF "PIECES OF SILVER." The Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post, says that some of the military companies who guarded the court-house during the trial

which reference may be had to said record, to secure the payment of a certain note, specified in said mortgage. And whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, I claim to foreclose the same pursuant to the laws for such cases made and provided.

FREELAND HOLMES.
By his Attorney, E. R. HOLMES.
Oxford, Dec. 26, 1854. 47

WM. CUTLER,
SAMUEL POOR,
BENJAMIN POOR,
DAVID KIMBALL.

December 6, 1854. 54

So. Paris, October 19, 1854. 37

of PIGS, two months old, part SUFFOLK,
and two or three Shaws for sale.
DARIUS FORBES.
So. Paris, Oct. 18, 1894. 37



Medical Discovery
OF THE AGE.
MR. KENNEDY of Roxbury, has discovered
in one of our cities a cure for every kind of
the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.
He has tried it on over eleven hundred cases, and
never failed - except in two. He has obtained
in possession of the Government certificates of its val-
ue, and it is now being sold in bottles at
all within twenty miles of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a purring
mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind
of pimples on the face.
Two or three bottles will clear the system of bile.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst
kind of canker in the mouth and throat.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure
the worst cases of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all ha-

Two bottles are warranted to cure running in the ears and blotches in the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure nose-pain and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure scaly eruptions of the skin.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most distressing cases of rheumatism.

Three to six bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Five to eight bottles cure the very worst cases of scurf.

Seven to ten is always expected from the first bottle, and perfect cures warranted when the above quantity is taken.

Nothing looks so improbable to those who have in vain tried all the wonderful medicines of the day, as that a common weed, growing on the pasture, and in the hedge-walls, should cure every humor; yet it is now a fixed fact. If you have a

know it has to start. There are no ifs, nor ands nor buts; curing some cases is not yours. He has peddled over a thousand bottles of it in the vicinity of New York, and has sold a great many of them. It has already done some of the greatest cures ever done in Massachusetts. He gave it to children a year old, to old people of sixty; and has seen poor, weary looking children, when flesh was thin and fleshly, restored to a perfect state of health by one bottle.

To those who are troubled with skin headwars, no battle will always cure it. It gives great relief in catarrh and dizziness. Some who have been cured of skin headwars, and who have been troubled by it. Where the body is sound it works quite easy, but where there is any derangement of the functions of nature, it will cause very singular feelings, last from one to four days in a week. There is never a bad result from it—on the contrary when

that it feeling is good, you will feel yourself like a new person. I heard some of the most extravagant enormities of it that man ever listened to.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get and enough of it.

Directions for use—Adults, one table spoonful per day—children of eight years, dessert spoonful from five to eight, teaspoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day.

H. H. HAY, Druggist, Fawcett, the only authorized agent for Maine.

W. H. HAY, Druggist, Paris Hill, W. V.

A. HEAR, M. D., St. Paris, E. Atwood & Co., Buckfield; Robert Noyes, Norway. 145

A CUR FOR ALL!




Holloway's Ointment.

Citizens of the Union.—

You have done me the honor as with one voice, from one end of the Union to the other, to stamp the character of my Ointment with your approbation. It is scarcely two years since I made it known among you, and already, it has obtained more celebrity than any other Medicine in so short

THOS. HOLLOWAY,
28, Cornhill, of Anna and Nassau Streets, New York
ASTONISHING CURE OF SORE LEGS AFTER NINE YEARS STANDING.
Copy of a Letter from Mr. W. J. Langley of Haverhill, Yates County, North Carolina, U. S., dated November 1st, 1852.

 READ HIS OWN WORD.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

SIR.—It is not my wish to become notorious; neither is this letter written for the mere sake of writing, but to say, that I have been cured of one of the most dreadful cutaneous diseases that flesh is heir to, and which was *consumed* by all who knew me, to be entirely beyond the reach of medicine. For nine years I was afflicted with one of the most loathsome diseases that man can be ever fell to the lot of man, and after trying every

believe I had ever heard of, I resigned in despair all hope of being cured, but a friend brought me a couple of large pills, and I was told to take them, and I gave them up to my legs to heal, and I entirely regained my health to my agreeable surprise and delight, and to the astonishment of my friends.

(Signed) W. J. LANGLEY.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF BAD BREAST, WHEN NEARLY AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. Dwyer, to Dr. Williams, November 30, 1853.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLANDAY, 28, Corner of Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

Dear Sir: It is with heartfelt gratitude I wish to inform you that by the use of your Ointment and Pills, the life of my wife has been saved. For seven years she had a breast, with two running sores, (not of the cancer kind), and I was told that she could not live here, as she then intended

For one your Ointment and Pills, when in the short space of three months, they effected a perfect cure on the attainment of which I was kneeling. We obtained a certificate from Messrs. Wright & Co. of Charles street, New Orleans. I used this from "Hotel du Prince," Paris, although I had written it at New Orleans, before we finally left at that time, not knowing your address. I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
R. DURANT.

The Pills should be used conjointly with Ointment in most of the following cases:

Rail Legs	Corns (Soft)	Rheumatism
Rail Breasts	Cancers	Scalds
Ringworms	Cutaneous	Sore Throats
Rumors	Stiff Joints	Sore-breasts
Bite of Mos-	Elephantiasis	Skin-diseases
chitoes and	Fistulas	Scum
Sand-Flies	Gout	Scurvy
Cancer	Glandula Sella-	Tumors
Chorea	gland	Ulcers

Chloridia Lumago Wounds
Chopped hands Piles Yaws

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar) London, and by all respectable Vendors of Merchandise throughout the British Empire, and of those of the United States, in Pats and Boxes, at 27 1-2 Cents, 87 Cents and \$1.50 each.

Wholesale by the Principal Drug Houses in the Union, and by Messrs. A. R. & J. D. Scaud, New York, and by J. S. Dugg & Co., Portland.

There is a very considerable saving in taking the *largest size*.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot or Box. (16)

Prepared by *JOHN D. BATES, Esq. Physician.*
W. A. RICE, M.D., South Paris.

FOR BOSTON.

DAILY, (SUNDAY AND SUNDAY) EXPERTS.

ON and after MONDAY, the 17th inst., the Fast and superior sea-going Steamers **ST. LAWRENCE**, (Capt. C. B. STURGEON), and **ATLANTIC** (Capt. Geo. KESTER), will receive passengers.

Leaving Atlantic Rail Road Wharf every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M.; and Central Wharf, Boston, on same days, at 7 o'clock P. M.

Cabin Passage	\$1.25
Food	1.00

Freight taken at low rates.

N. B.—Each Boat is furnished with a large number of State Rooms for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen, and travellers are reminded that by taking this Line, much saving of time and expense will be made; and that the inconvenience of arriving in Boston at late hours of the night will also be avoided.

The Boats arrive in season for the passengers to take the earliest trains out of the city.
L. BILLINGS Agent, Portland.
J. BROOKS Agent, Boston.
March 28, 1851. 71

Farm for Sale.
A FARM situated in the North part of the town and within one mile from the North Paris Station House. Said farm contains 225 acres of good land and well divided into tillage more ingood pasture, it is a good meadow which runs from eight to ten tons of hay; good orchard; a good House, Barn and Shed running from House to Barn and well fenced.
SAMUEL W. DUNHAM.
North Paris, Dec. 16, 1852.