

# WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

A Family Paper, devoted to State Intelligence, the News of the World, Political Information, Southern Rights, Agriculture, Literature, and Miscellany.

BY JOHN J. PALMER, JR.  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

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In Advance.

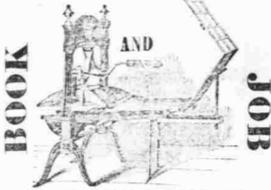
Office on Main Street,  
ONE DOOR SOUTH OF SADLER'S HOTEL.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1856.

NEW SERIES { VOLUME 4.  
NUMBER 39.

OFFICE  
OF THE  
**Western Democrat**

TERMS OF THE PAPER:  
Two Dollars a year, in Advance.



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Having recently visited New-York, and selected from the old and elegant Foundry of Geo. Bruce, Esq., A QUANTITY OF

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We are now prepared to Execute  
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At his old stand, in Spings' Corner Building,  
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of Every Description.

His friends are respectfully invited to call and supply themselves, as every article in his line will be offered on the most reasonable terms.

REPAIRING done at the shortest notice  
with neatness and dispatch.  
Charlotte, Feb. 29, 1856.—

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**CHARLOTTE BOOK STORE.**

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Life.

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from the Chinese, Turkish, and German, and  
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Rev. A. B. Gush.

LOWRIE & ENXISS,  
Book-Sellers,  
Charlotte, March 4, 1856.

Stock for Sale.

25 OR 30 SHARES of Charlotte and  
South-Carolina Rail-Road Stock, for sale  
by S. A. HARRIS, Agent,  
Charlotte, Feb. 29, 1856.—

## A Professional Card.

HAVING located in Charlotte permanently,  
with the view of practicing Medicine, I  
would respectfully tender my services to the public.  
C. A. HENDERSON, M. D.  
Office at the American Hotel,  
April 8, 1856.—

**ROBERT GIBBON, M. D.**  
OFFERS his professional services to the public,  
in the practice of SURGERY, in all  
its various departments.

Dr. GIBBON will operate, treat, or give advice  
in all cases that may require his attention.  
Office No. 5, Granite Range, Charlotte,  
Feb. 19, 1856.—

**ROBERT P. WARING,**  
Attorney at Law,  
(Office in building attached to the American Hotel,  
Main street.)  
Charlotte, N. C.  
Jan. 29, 1856.—

**S. W. DAVIS,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
Jan. 1, 1856.—

**Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road.**  
OFFICE R. & G. R. CO.,  
Raleigh, March 29, 1856.



**Schedule for Mail Train,**  
On and after Tuesday, the first  
day of April, 1856.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY NEXT,  
the Mail Train, leaving the North Carolina  
Railroad Depot, on the arrival of the Cars  
from the West, at 5.47, A. M. (as at present,  
will stop at the Northern (or old) Depot, in  
this City, until 7 o'clock, allowing ample time  
for passengers from that Road to take breakfast  
at the hotels in Raleigh, to and from which  
they will be conveyed by the proprietors, free  
of charge.

Leaving at 7 o'clock, the Train will arrive  
ateldon at 11.40, A. M., in full time for all  
Trains going North, and also for the Wil-  
mington Train going South. Returning—  
will leave Weldon at 2 P. M., after the arrival  
of the Petersburg, Portsmouth, and Wil-  
mington Trains, and will reach Raleigh at 6.45,  
P. M.

R. A. HAMILTON, President.  
April 8.—

**RALEIGH & GASTON RAIL-ROAD.**

**Raleigh & Gaston R. R. Office,**  
Raleigh, Feb. 8, 1856.

AS THE NORTH CAROLINA RAIL-  
ROAD is now completed to Charlotte, no  
further notice is hereby given, that

**Goods and Produce**

Brought down that Road, intended for transportation  
over the Raleigh & Gaston Rail-Road, will  
be received by this Company at the North-Carolina  
Rail-Road Depot in Raleigh (owned jointly  
by these Companies) and will be transported  
thence without delay or extra charge; and goods  
designed for the Western Merchants and others  
along that Road, will likewise be delivered at  
the same point.

All dues for freight must be paid at Petersburg  
or Portsmouth, except on way freight, which  
must be paid in advance or on delivery of the  
goods.

Every effort will be made by the Officers and  
Agents of the Company to facilitate the  
transportation of Goods and Produce.

Owners and shippers of Goods are requested to  
have them distinctly marked, so that their destination  
may be known.  
R. A. HAMILTON, President.  
[Feb. 19.—]

**Wait For**



**THE WAGON!**

Why is it Jenkins & Taylor sell Stoves  
so cheap? Because they buy them  
from the Manufacturers.

**JENKINS & TAYLOR**  
WOULD respectfully announce to the inhabi-  
tants of Charlotte and vicinity, that they  
have removed from their Old Stand, to one  
door West of Elms & Spratt's Grocery Store,  
where they have now an exhibition, just received  
from the North, one of the most

**EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENTS OF  
STOVES**

Ever offered in North Carolina, among which  
will be found the celebrated

**Iron With Cooking Stove!**

Which has gained such a famous reputation  
in the Southern Country for the last eight  
months. This Stove we warrant superior to  
any Cooking Stove now in use. It is simple  
in its arrangements, consumes less fuel, and  
does more work in a given time, than any  
other Stove now in use. We will put out  
beside any other Stove of the same size in the  
United States, and if it does not do more work  
in any given time, we will forfeit the price of  
the Stove, and quit selling and go our death  
for the better one.

**All Kinds of Parlour and Box  
STOVES.**

We have, and constantly keep an extensive  
and varied stock of

*Tins and Sheet Iron, Japan and Britannia  
Ware, Brass Kettles, Cast Iron Bed-  
Stoves, Hot Racks, Cradles, &c.*

All of which will be sold Wholesale and Retail,  
cheaper than has ever been before of-  
fered in this vicinity.

We would return our thanks to our friends  
and customers for the very liberal patronage  
they have bestowed upon us, and they may  
rest assured, that we shall endeavor, by close  
attention to business, together with a determina-  
tion to please, to merit a continuance  
of the same.

**Our Motto is "Quick Sales and  
Small Profits."**

Ladies and Gentlemen are particularly  
invited to call and examine our Stock.

**ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK**  
Attended to with dispatch.

N. B.—We will tell you why we had our  
advertisement "Wait for the Wagon,"—it  
is because we have three wagons constantly  
traveling through the country with Stoves.  
All orders will be faithfully and promptly  
attended to.  
Charlotte, Sept. 29, '55.—

## News of the Day.

### MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

The New York papers contain an ac-  
count of the suicide of Cornelius C. McAu-  
liffe, who was the proprietor of a book store  
in the Astor House there. He was formerly  
an extensive auctioneer in Limerick Is-  
land, and was a man of fine literary attain-  
ments, being very popular in the literary  
circles of New York. He ended his life on  
Friday night by taking a coil of bitter almonds.  
The following is a letter left by him, and  
directed to the coroner, dated seven days  
before the commission of the fatal act:

Dear Sir:—Believing that a man has a  
right of disposing of his own as he may  
deem proper, provided he does so without  
injury to others, and when he has no one  
for whom he is bound to provide, I have de-  
termined to retire from this world, and this  
communication is to prevent any misapprehen-  
sion as to the cause of my death. No one  
is aware of my intentions. He through  
whom I have procured the poison, I have  
deceived; he is, therefore, altogether in-  
nocent. The reason of my determination  
is simply this, that some years ago I formed  
an attachment, unfortunately "loving  
not wisely, but too well." The object of my  
idolatry proved unworthy of my affections,  
but this could not alter me, nor weaken the  
spell that bound me to her. I have used  
every exertion in my power to obliterate  
her image, but in vain; I find after change  
of scene, &c., nothing can effect the pur-  
pose, and that it is altogether out of the  
question that I could love another woman.

I am rendered desolate. No home, nor  
any thing resembling it. The four walls of  
a bedroom when I retire at night. What  
object then, to toil away? Fruitless, un-  
prospective, what good am I to myself or  
society? None. Only in somebody's way;  
therefore I shall retire. I well know how  
many worthy friends will be horrified at this  
step, as they will regard it in the light of  
"flying in the face of Providence!" "un-  
called and unseemly." I respect their ideas,  
although I don't coincide with them. The  
Great Creator of the universe knows the  
secrets of all hearts, and—

Sees as equal Lord of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

I desire to be buried in the plainest man-  
ner and at as little cost as possible. I can-  
not conclude without expressing the deep  
sense of obligation I am under to Messrs.  
Coleman and Stetson, of the Astor House,  
for their very great kindness to me; and  
my grateful acknowledgments are due and  
are hereby freely given to all the employ-  
ees of that establishment. Since I first  
entered it I have received nothing but  
kindness.

I have written a statement of my affairs  
as well as my excited state will permit, and  
I doubt not but my assets will produce  
more than my debts of mine in this country  
will amount to. This statement I shall ad-  
dress to Mr. Butler, but I don't wish it to  
be published; it could only satisfy idle cu-  
riosity, for I presume this letter will answer  
all the ends of public justice in reference  
to the cause of my death, &c.

In conclusion, I beg to say that I am "at  
peace with all mankind," and if I have any  
enemies I freely forgive them, and hope I  
shall be forgiven by those I may have in-  
jured. I never did a deliberate wrong that  
I am aware of, although I am well aware  
what a weak fellow I have been—wanting  
firmness to say "No." Wishing you every  
happiness, and asking nothing of the world  
but the charity of its silence, I am, dear  
sir, respectfully,

C. C. MCAULIFFE.

The deceased was 36 years of age, and  
was the centre of a large circle of friends.

### A HARDENED VILLAIN.

John Fitzgerald, who deliberately mur-  
dered his own father, his mother, and his  
brother, some months ago, was hung at  
Auburn, New York, on Saturday the 29th  
ult., during a snow storm. The Auburn  
American says he passed the previous night  
in profound slumber, and on Saturday  
morning dressed himself with scrupulous  
care. For a time before leaving his cell he  
laughed heartily at the crowd on the out-  
side who were exposed to the snow storm.  
The American further says: One said to  
him: "John, if the Governor should com-  
mune in now and commute your sentence to im-  
prisonment for life, would you like it?"  
"No, sir," he replied: "I would step right  
out and pull hemp in preference. I had  
rather be hung than go to prison for life!"  
A doctor present asked him if he had any  
objection to giving up his body to be dis-  
sected? We were shocked at the inquiry,  
but he replied with a loud laugh! "No, sir;  
You would look pretty cutting up my body!"  
It was announced to him then that a clergy-  
man wished to see him. He replied—"If  
he comes in here he'll get my fist—that's all!"  
What good can he do me now? I don't want  
him." An earnest appeal was made to him  
to forgive his brother who was a witness  
against him at his trial. He replied—"That  
he had kind words only for those who had  
been kind to him since he had been in  
prison." He utterly refused to forgive his  
brother! Said he—"Go ahead! You can  
kill me—that's all you can do! Cant you  
arrange the hanging so that I can touch it  
myself? I want to die; I'm tired of jail

life, any way." The prisoner entered the  
corridor arrayed in a gown of white, which  
covered him from head to feet. He had on  
a pair of dark pantaloons and gaiter boots.  
He was placed under the noose amid pro-  
found silence. He was apparently cool,  
firm, and bore himself bravely at that dread-  
ful moment. While a deputy was adjusting  
the rope about his neck he took umbrage  
at something that was done, and exclaimed:  
"Gentlemen, don't torture me; hang me, if  
you want to!" And then he added, to some  
one near him, "I'm a pretty hard boy." He  
turned to Mr. Morgan and asked if chloro-  
form could be administered to him. The  
reply, of course, was in the negative. He  
never spoke again. The white cap was  
drawn over his head, the rope was put  
around his neck, and at six minutes  
past 3 o'clock, he was swung off. In less  
than six minutes the physicians declared  
him dead, and after hanging the required  
time he was cut down and his body given  
over to the charge of his friends. The  
heartless recklessness of the prisoner was  
preserved almost to the very last moment,  
and his firmness never deserted him. During  
the morning he danced and sang in his cell,  
and no one would have dreamed that he  
knew he was within a few hours of eternity.

### AN ALARMED ABOLITIONIST.

The following amusing and admirable epistle  
appeared in a late number of the Boston  
Liberator, of which Garrison is the editor.  
The writer has a decidedly elevated opinion  
of the Southern people generally, and par-  
ticularly of his travelling acquaintance,  
Edmondson. We suspect "Lud" must have  
been experimenting on the old fellow's  
sensibilities, and no doubt enjoyed his  
trepidation hugely.—[Atlanta (Geo.) In-  
telligencer.

AGUSTA, GA., February 6.

Friend Garrison: It is my misfortune to  
be once more in this slavery-cursed region.  
Yesterday, in the cars, soon after leaving  
Macon for this place, it was reported that  
Banks was elected Speaker in Congress.  
I expressed my gratification, and was at-  
tacked by a vile scoundrel, whose name I  
ascertained to be Edmondson, from Atlanta,  
Georgia. He threatened my life; and with  
the most villainous oaths that it was possi-  
ble for the language of Billingsgate to  
invent, swore that nothing but my age pre-  
vented his cutting my head off. A friend  
who sat near him exclaimed: "Kill the G—  
d—d abolitionist! Never mind his age!"  
Edmondson said he was suckled and nursed  
by a nigger when a child, and now he was  
a nigger man, and would like to murder  
every man, woman and child from any of  
the free States who dared to show their  
heads in Georgia. His language was the  
most abusive and profane I ever heard. He  
left the cars at Milan for Milledgeville, and  
on leaving, threatened to drag me to a  
tree, and make a nigger give me a hundred  
lashes. His threat, however, he did not  
fulfill. I listened with calmness to his abuse,  
but most own I felt frightened when I saw  
him feel for a large knife, the handle of  
which I could see partly concealed beneath  
his vest. On his leaving, he left a pool of  
tobacco juice not quite large enough to  
drown himself in.

I think it would be impossible to find a  
more degraded, vile, and polluted set of  
men on the face of the earth than can be  
met with in these slave States. There are  
exceptions, but they are rare. The whites  
are more degraded than the blacks—less  
polite, equally filthy, and more vulgar.—  
Their common food is tobacco, their com-  
mon drink whiskey, and their common  
language profanity. If they can escape the  
damnation of hell, I think the rest of man-  
kind are safe.

I am collecting many facts in reference  
to the accursed slave system, which I shall  
not fail to make known if my life is spared  
to New England. Work on, dear friend!  
This horrible system must be abolished.—  
Truth and justice demand it, and God will  
accomplish it.

### BORN TO A FEARFUL INHERIT- ANCE.

The Wilmington Journal, alluding to the  
"noise in the world" about the birth of an  
another Bonaparte, says:  
"Poor little fellow! how amazed he would  
be, if he were capable of amazement, to  
notice the excitement his arrival has occasioned.  
There he is, a little eight" or nine  
pounder, with only a sort of animal instinct  
prompting him to seek the "maternal fount,"  
and round black eyes "in fine phrensy  
rolling" when he sees a candle—and that  
little spot of a creature is King of Algeria  
and elsewhere. This, we suppose, is what  
people mean when they talk about being  
born with a silver spoon in his mouth. And  
all around the world, where floats the proud  
craign of France, over her legions or her  
fleets, the roar of cannon announces the  
birth of a "Son of France." This is the  
opening scene. Who can foretell the close?  
Can that cold and silent man at the Tuil-  
leries, in the ordinary course of events  
can hardly expect to live to see his son  
grown to man's estate!—and no boy can  
hold the reins of government in France.—  
The ruler there must be a man in the fullest  
sense of the word. The history of mon-  
archy in France for the last seventy years  
is a painful one, and augurs little for peace-  
ful successions; for, even before the out-

break of actual revolution, poor Louis the  
Sixteenth occupied a miserable position;  
yet few will question that his end, tragical  
as it was, was preferable to that of the  
Great Napoleon, fretting like a chained  
eagle on the lone rock of St. Helena. The  
Bourbons came back but to be ejected, and  
leave their miserable remnants rotting out  
till even the name passes away like that  
of the English Stuarts.

### WAKE SUPERIOR COURT.

At the term of the Superior Court held  
here last week, Judge Person presiding,  
there was one capital case, that of the  
State vs. John Locklear, free negro, charged  
with breaking open the store of E. Ros-  
enthal, of this City. The Attorney General  
for the State, and Messrs. Fowle, T. B.  
Venable, and Ed. G. Haywood for the pris-  
oner. The Jury were out for some time,  
but rendered a verdict of guilty of burglary.  
He was sentenced to be hung on the 16th  
of May. He was recommended to the mer-  
cy of the Governor by the Jury and the  
members of the Bar.

The State vs. W. D. Haywood and others,  
Commissioners of the City of Raleigh,  
for failing to repair streets in Western Ward.  
The Attorney General and Mr. Battle for  
the State, and Mr. Cantwell for defendants.  
Verdict against the defendants—fine of \$5  
each; whereupon they appealed to the Su-  
preme Court.

The State vs. Kendrick Johnson, a Justice  
of the Peace, charged with partiality and  
malice in office. The Attorney General,  
and Messrs. Lewis and Battle for the State,  
and Messrs. Miller and Rogers for the de-  
fendant. Acquitted.—[Raleigh Standard.

THE PROGRESS OF ABOLITIONISM.—The  
New York Times thus taunts the South:  
"Politics are not any lower now than they  
were a quarter of a century ago, and as for  
the Union, it never stood in less danger of  
disruption than at this moment. It is only  
twenty years since every Southern member  
left the House of Representatives in high  
dudgeon because a Free Soil motion had  
been made by a Northern member, and now  
we see an avowed Free Soiler in the  
Speaker's chair, who was conducted to his  
seat by a South Carolinian!"

AN ORANG-OUTANG.—Three days ago  
a Portuguese officer passed through Lyons  
accompanied by an orang-outang, which  
he had captured in a forest of the Brazils.  
The height of this animal is nearly six  
English feet, and it walked upright without  
any appearance of discomfort. A large  
crowd followed this singular apparition,  
which was dressed in Nankin trousers and  
a straw hat.—[Galvani's Messenger.

HUNG IN SPIKE OF A REPRIEVE.—We  
see in the papers an account of the execu-  
tion of a convict, by the Sheriff of Franklin  
county, in this State, after the receipt by  
him of a respite from Gov. Winston. He  
is said to have pronounced the document a  
forgery. If the order of the Governor was  
formal, the hanging was murder; if it was  
not, the sheriff is not responsible.—[Mont-  
gomery (Ala.) Mail.

VOTING IN KANSAS.—The Cherokee  
Georgian says: "It would be well for those  
who favor law and order to remember that  
a residence of six months in the territory is  
requisite to entitle settlers to vote, and it  
will soon be too late for emigrants to vote  
legally at the October election."

CARRYING THE JOKE TOO FAR.—The  
Petersburg Express, states that a man in  
that City (of course not a gentleman) en-  
gaged himself to marry a young lady on the  
1st inst., but went fishing instead, leav-  
ing the intended bride and fifty guests to  
eat what good things had been provided.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—The suit brought by  
the Rev. James Naylor, a minister of the  
Presbyterian church, against Dr. J. T. Gar-  
den, in the Circuit Court of Charlotte coun-  
ty, Virginia, has just been decided in favor  
of the plaintiff, and damages to the amount  
of \$2,800 awarded.

THROUGH TICKETS.—We understand  
the President of the Charlotte Railroad has  
made arrangements to supply a through  
ticket to Goldsboro, on the Weldon road,  
for ten dollars.—[Columbia South Caroli-  
nian, 4th inst.

CALIFORNIA FOR BUCHANAN.—It is stated  
that California has elected a unanimous  
delegation in favor of Mr. Buchanan for the  
Presidency to the Cincinnati national Demo-  
cratic convention.

ABOUT TO ENTER THE MINISTRY.—Henry  
A. Wise, jr., son of the Governor, is about  
to be ordained as an Episcopal Min-  
ister.

HORSE MEAT FEASTS.—Feasts of horse  
meat, cooked in every conceivable way, are  
just now very fashionable in many parts of  
France.

Fifteen hundred thousand dollars  
have been expended upon the new Custom  
House, at New Orleans, and at the rate it  
is now progressing, it will probably cost as  
much more to finish it.

A negro carpenter was lately sold in  
Adams county, Miss., for three thousand,  
seven hundred dollars.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

In the New Hampshire Patriot of last  
Wednesday's issue we find unofficial re-  
turns from every town in the State. Ac-  
cording to these returns the vote for gov-  
ernor foots up thus:  
Wells, Democrat ..... 32,067  
Metcalf, abolition and know-nothing, 32,075  
Goodwin, whig and scattering ..... 2,500

It will be seen from the above that Met-  
calf has a nominal majority of only eight  
votes over Wells. The Patriot says:  
"The recent election furnishes additional  
evidence that there cannot be, in this  
State or elsewhere, any permanent party  
except the democratic party. Other parties  
may spring up and flourish for a day,  
but they are sure to sink and be forgotten.  
Ours is really the only living party in the  
State. Sam is dead. Abolitionism is defunct,  
not so glorious as we could desire, has ef-  
fectually killed off the enemy, and the way  
is clear for us in subsequent contests. We  
have tolled the funeral knell of Hindoo abo-  
litionism. It is not in the power of our en-  
emies to make another respectable fight.—  
Our net gain of 8,000, made in a single  
year, by open day-light work, without any  
secret or unusual machinery, falls upon  
those who are arrayed against us with  
crushing force. Kansas has nearly had  
its run, and will soon cease to be an element  
in the politics of the country. It is thought  
that know-nothingism will very soon spile;  
in fact it is nearly degraded out of sight al-  
ready. Sectionalism cannot be tolerated  
in this country; and to what will our en-  
emies go, except it be to atoms? That is  
their destiny. They see it written upon  
the wall. Democrats, press forward; lift  
up your heads with rejoicing. Yours is the  
only living party in the land; others are in  
a fast race to ruin."

## ELECTION IN PORTSMOUTH.

The municipal election last week in  
Portsmouth, Virginia, resulted in the elec-  
tion of Hodges, Democrat, for Mayor and  
the whole ticket. One year ago, the  
Know Nothings of Portsmouth elected their  
ticket by about the same majority. Doctor  
Hodges, the Mayor elect, is only 24 years  
of age.

## MISCELLANY.

### IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt  
the father! What meanness, what inva-  
sions of self-respect, what cares, what  
double dealing! How, in due season, it  
will carve the frank, open face into wrin-  
kles; how, like a knife, it will stab the hon-  
est heart! How it has been known to  
change a goodly face into a mask of brass;  
how with the "damned custom" of debt, has  
the man become the callous trickster! A  
freedom of debt, and what nourishing sweet-  
ness may be found in cold water: what  
toothsomeness in dry crust; what ambro-  
sial nourishment in a hard egg. Be sure  
of it, he who dines out of debt, though his  
meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines in  
"the Apollon." And then for raiment—  
what warmth in a thread-bare coat, if the  
tailor's receipt be in your pocket! what  
Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the  
vest not owed for! How glossy the well-  
worn hat if it cover not the aching head of  
a debtor! Next the home sweets, the out-  
door recreation of the free man. The street  
door falls not a knell on the heart; the foot  
on the staircase, though he live on the third  
pair, sends no spasms through his anatomy;  
at the rap of his door he can crow forth  
"come in," and his pulse still beat health-  
fully, his heart sink not in his bowels. See  
him abroad. How he returns look for look  
with any passenger; how he saunters; how  
meeting an acquaintance, he stands and  
gossips!

But then, this man knows not debt—debt,  
that casts a frog into the richest wine;  
that makes the food of the gods unwhol-  
esome, indigestible; that sprinkles the ban-  
quet of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops  
soot into the soup of an Emperor; debt,  
that like the moth makes valueless furs and  
velvets—including the wearer in a festering  
prison; (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not  
paid for;) debt, that writes upon freestone  
the handwriting of the attorney; that  
puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that  
makes the heart quake at the haunted fire-  
side; debt, that invincible demon that walks  
abroad with a man, now quickening his  
steps, now making him look on all sides  
like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his  
face the ashy hue of death as the uncon-  
scious passenger looks glancingly upon him.  
Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may—and  
sometimes with advantage—be gulped  
down. Though the drinker make wry  
faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome  
bitterness in the cup. But debt, however  
courteously it be offered, is the cup of  
eyren, and the wine, spiced and delicious  
though it be, is poison. The man out of  
debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a  
crack in his shoe leather, and a hole in his  
hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the  
singing lark above him; but the debtor,  
though clothed in the utmost bravery, what  
is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave  
—to be reclaimed at any instant by his  
owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see  
the wine running spring, let thy mouth wa-  
ter at least a week's rool, think a thread-

bare coat the "only wear," and acknowledge  
a white washed garret the finest housing for