

# THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1855.

NO. 24.

## Business Cards, &c.

**R. P. WARING,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office in Longwell's Brick Building, 2nd floor.  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**THOMAS TROTTER & SON**  
HAVE just opened a splendid stock of WATCHES and JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE and FANCY GOODS of all kinds. No. 5, Granite Row. Oct. 27, 1854. 14f

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
SOLE LEATHER, GOLF SKINS,  
LINING AND BINDING SKINS,  
SHOE TOOLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
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Oct. 20, 1854. 1y

**ELMS & JOHNSON.**  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.  
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W. W. ELMS. C. JOHNSON.  
June 23, '64. 45f.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Corner of Richardson and Laurel Streets,  
COLUMBIA, S. C.  
June 9, 1854. 1y

**T. STENHOUSE & Co.,**  
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
No. 2 Blythe Street,  
CHARLESTON S. C.

REFER TO  
Hand, Williams & Wilcox, (Charleston, S. C.)  
R. Polin,  
J. K. Harrison & Co., (Charlotte, N. C.)  
Williams, Dixon & Co., (Charlotte, N. C.)  
B. Chandler, Chattanooga. Aug. 11, '54—6m

**RHETT & ROBSON,**  
FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Nos. 1 and 2 Atlantic Wharf,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Liberal advances made on Consignments.  
Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn, &c., and from a long experience in the business, we feel confident of giving satisfaction.  
March 17, 1854. 34-ly

**Dry Goods in Charleston, So. Ca.**  
**BROWNING & LEMAN,**  
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS,  
Nos. 208 and 211 King street, corner of Market Street,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Plantation Wools, Blankets, &c., Carpets and  
Curtain Materials, Silks and Rich Dress Goods, Cloaks,  
Mantillas and Shawls. Terms Cash. One Price Only.  
March 17, 1854. 34-ly

**CAROLINA INN,**  
BY JENNINGS & KERR.  
Charlotte, N. C.  
January 28, 1853. 28f

**WINDOW SHADES,**  
**CURTAIN GOODS, MATRASSES**  
**Paper Hangings,**  
AT GREAT BARGAINS.

THE subscriber has in store, of his own manufacture and importation an enormous stock of WINDOW SHADES, Gilt Cornices, Paper Hangings, Matresses, Satin Delaines, Damasks, Lace and Muslin Curtains, Travels, Loups, &c. All of which are offered at prices that are appreciated by all discerning and economical householders.  
H. W. KINSMAN, 177 King st.  
Mar 24, '54 1y Charlotte, S. C.

**"Mining Machinery,"**  
CORNISH PUMPS, Lifting and Forcing, Cornish  
Crushers, Stamps, Steam Engines, and general  
Mining work, made by the subscribers at short notice.  
LANG, COOK & CO.,  
Hudson Machine Works,  
Hudson, N. Y.  
Refer to  
Jas. J. Hodge, Esq., New-York.  
June 2, 1854. 43-y

**Norris Works,**  
Norristown, Penn.

THE subscribers manufacture Mining Machinery, as  
follows, viz: THE CORNISH PUMP ENGINE, high and  
low pressure Pumping, Stamping and Hoisting  
Machinery, Cornish Engines, Steam Engines, Steam  
Wheels, Iron Blocks, Pulleys of all sizes, and every  
variety of Machinery for Mining purposes.  
THOMAS, CORSON & WEST,  
June 2, 1854. 45-ly

**MEDICAL NOTICE.**  
DR. P. C. CALDWELL has associated his son, Dr.  
J. JOSEPH W. CALDWELL, with him in the Prac-  
tice of Medicine. Office, 2nd story in Elms' new brick  
building, near the Courthouse.  
March 24, 1854. 35-4f

N. B.—All persons indebted to me by accounts are  
requested to settle the same at an early day.  
Mar 24 P. C. CALDWELL.

**The American Hotel,**  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and  
present patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the  
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next.  
After which time, the entire property will be thorough-  
ly repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first  
class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasant-  
ly situated, rendering it a desirable house for travellers  
and families.  
Dec 10, 1853. 22t C. M. RAY.

**MARCH & SHARP,**  
AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
COLUMBIA, S. C.

WILL attend to the sale of all kinds of Merchandise,  
Produce, &c. Also, Real and Personal Property.  
Or purchase and sell Slaves, &c., on Commission.  
Sales Room—No. 123 Richardson street, and immedi-  
ately opposite the United States Hotel.  
Feb 9, 1854 THOS. H. MARCH. J. M. E. SHARP.

**Livery and Sales Stable,**  
BY S. H. REA,  
AT the stand formerly occupied by R. Morrison, in  
Charlotte. Horses fed, hired and sold. Good ac-  
commodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends  
and the public generally solicited.  
February 17, 1854. 30-y

## True Words Better than Tears.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"What could I say? To offer consolation would have been a waste of words. Nothing was left for me but to weep with my poor friend."

"Nothing?" was the calmly spoken reply.  
"There are griefs so deep as to demand only our tears," was replied.

"Yet the physician, no matter how virulent the disease, will tell you that while there is life, there is hope. Is it not the same in mental diseases?"

"What medication can reach this case?" was asked.  
"There is only one remedy to be applied in all cases of mental pain."

"What is that?"  
"The truth."

"The first speaker, a lady, looked doubtfully into the face of her friend.  
"To sit down and weep with those who are in trouble or affliction, may do for a brief season; but to make tears a substitute for consoling words, is to say that earth has a sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

"But what could I say that her own heart would not suggest?"  
"Much. There is usually a selfishness in sorrow that obscures the perception of truth. The grieving one narrows down all things to a little circle, in the centre of which she sits weeping. Darkness obscures her mind. She forgets the great truth that all sorrow is for purification; and that while she is in the furnace of affliction, the Refiner and Purifier is sitting near, and will see that only the dross of self-love is consumed. Far better would it be to say, 'It is good for us to be afflicted,' thus throwing a truth into the mind—thus merely to mingle tears with the child of sorrow."

"In her state, she would reject the sentiment," said the lady friend.  
"A marked symptom of diseased mental action," was answered, "that imperatively calls for skillful treatment."

"But, if she reject the truth, how can she be healed?"  
"A wise physician will use his utmost skill in the selection of a remedy that will not be rejected."

"I am neither wise nor skilful, so far as my unhappy friend is concerned."  
"Say not so. If we desire to be instruments of good, He, who is seeking the good of all His creatures, will show us the way of accomplishment."

"Do you not think that some merely selfish considerations are seriously aggravating this trouble of Mrs. Edwards?"  
"I am sure of it. Dearly cherished ends of her own have been utterly destroyed. Blending with her fears of her child are mortification and wounded love. While she sees no promise of happiness for Lucy, in the future, her sympathy for the erring one is swallowed up in an almost maddening course of filial disobedience."

"Why not seek to awaken her mind to this perception? Until she sees her error, she cannot rise above it."  
"But how is this possible? She will not bear to have Lucy's name mentioned!"  
"Another marked symptom of a malady that calls for better remedies than sympathetic tears. She must be told the truth."

"Who will speak the words?"  
"You if you are sincerely her friend," was the firm answer.  
"She will be offended."

"No matter. The truth will be seen after the blinding excitement of anger has departed. If you truly love her, you will brave even the risk of offending for the sake of doing her good."

The lady who was thus reminded of her duty in the case of a friend in great trouble—a friend with whom she had mingled her tears, but failed to speak words of consolation in which was a healing vitality—went thoughtfully to her home, brooding over what she had heard. It was an easy thing to weep with the weeper; but to speak words of truth that would hurt, and might offend was a duty from which she shrank with instinctive reluctance. But she now saw the case in clearer light, and a genuine regard for Mrs. Edwards led her to act the part of a wise rather than a weak friend.

An hour for calm reflection was permitted to elapse, and then the lady went to the suffering one, with her mind clear and her purpose strong.—R. delecton had thrown a light upon her way, and she saw the true path in which she must walk, clearly.

The pale weeper was still sitting under the shadow of her great life-sorrow, when her friend came back to her darkened chamber, in which reigned an almost death-like stillness. A hand was laid in that of Mrs. Edwards'—only a feeble pressure was returned, and the tears of the grieving one flowed afresh. But the friend gave no answering tears. She had not come to weep with her sorrowing sister, but to offer words of consolation in which lay the power of healing.

"I am going to speak to you about Lucy," she said.  
"If you love me, name her not," replied Mrs. Edwards, almost sternly.

"It is because I love you that I speak of her," answered the friend, with as much firmness as she could assume. "Lucy is not all to blame for the unwise step she has taken."

"Who is, then?" was the natural inquiry.  
"You and her father may be quite as much to blame as your unhappy child."

A sudden flush came into the pale face of Mrs. Edwards. There were few who did not think just as the friend had spoken; but she alone had ventured to utter the truth where, of all things, its utterance was most needed.

"Who to blame?"  
"A curve of indignation was on the lip of Mrs. Edwards.  
"If you were sure this were the case, would it not greatly soften your feelings towards Lucy?"  
"But I am not sure of it," said the lady, whose tears had already ceased to flow.

"You are not the only sufferer in this case."  
"Who else suffers?"  
"Your unhappy child."

"She deserves to suffer. What else could she expect, in such a union, but a life of suffering?" Mrs. Edwards spoke severely.  
"Why do you so object to the marriage?"

"He is not the man to make her happy. In all respects, they are unsuited to each other."  
"Can you imagine a sadder life than that which a woman must lead, who broadly errs in the choice of a married partner?"  
"None."

"Pity your child, then. If such a lot is to be hers, let your love make softer the pillow on which her poor head must lie. Oh! my friend, do not fill it with thorns!"  
"Fifty spouses were these words, and they found a lodging place in the mind of Mrs. Edwards; yet she answered—  
"She deceived us! She broke her solemn promise not to marry this man."

"Had you any right to extort such a promise?" calmly asked the friend.  
"Was she not our child?"  
"Yours to love, guard, guide, and educate for Heaven, while a child. And yours to advise and lead into right ways, when a woman. But not yours, after the child became the woman, to extort promises in violation of that freedom to love which is the heart's God-given prerogative. The attempt to constrain in this direction was the very way to thwart your own wishes. Are you a woman, and ignorant on this head? Commune with your own heart, my friend, and you will see that you have erred. Pardon me when I say that you had no right to bring your child into the agonizing strait of choosing between her parents and the man she loved, no matter how you might estimate him; no, not even if he were utterly unworthy of her, which I will not believe to be so. For the breach of a promise to yourselves you are more to blame than she; for you forced her to make a promise that she could not keep; and the necessity of the case absolves her."

"Her father will never forgive her," said Mrs. Edwards, her voice subdued from its recent sternness. "This fact has separated him forever from his child."

A step was heard in the passage, at this moment. The ladies glanced towards the door, and saw Mr. Edwards. There was a dark shadow on his face. He nodded coldly to the visitor, who said to him, speaking from the moment's impulse—  
"This cannot be true."

"What?" he enquired.  
"That you will never forgive Lucy for the step she has taken?"  
The shadow on his face grew darker, as he answered—  
"She was forewarned of the consequences."

"But you will relent and forgive."  
"Never!"  
"You have a father?" said the visitor, impressively.

Mr. Edwards looked with a half-doubting, half-startled air into the face of his interrogator.  
"A Father in Heaven!" and a finger, slowly raised, was pointed upward.

"Madam!"  
The voice of Mr. Edwards was far from being steady.  
"Have you never offended—never acted in disobedience to the will of that Father? What if He were to say, 'I will neither relent nor forgive'?"

"Pardon this freedom of speech in one who claims to be a true friend," added the lady, in a changed and lower tone of voice. "Then rising, she passed from the room ere they could prevent her departure."

They were true words, spoken resolutely, and at a fitting moment—and they sunk deeply and disturbingly into the hearts of Mr. Edwards and his wife, awakening doubts and questionings which they vainly tried to thrust aside. Had they ever lived in obedience to the will and word of their Heavenly Father? Had they nothing to be forgiven, that they so resolutely refused to forgive?

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were in a calmer frame of mind, as they sat alone on the evening that followed this day—calmer for the words of truth which had found a lodgment in their minds. To see and acknowledge the duty of forgiveness was to soften their hearts towards their erring child. And now the mother's spirit began to have a realizing perception of the unhappy life that awaited her daughter, united as she was to one who possessed not, in her estimation, a single attribute of genuine manhood. Yearning love followed the motions of pity. Forgiveness became spontaneous. And when she spoke to her husband, it was in entreaty for the absent one. He received her words in silence; but his heart did not reject them.

How changed was all! From the lips of Mr. Edwards fell no harsh and denunciatory language such as his brow had passed the deep lines of stern anger or fiery indignation. And tears no longer filled the eyes or glistened on the cheeks of Mrs. Edwards—in her tranquil face the anguish of a hopeless sorrow was not seen. Truthful words, though harshly sounding, had been far better for them than weak sympathy or idle tears.

And now they were in a better state to meet the great sorrow and disappointment of their lives, and to extract from the cup both they and their child would be called to drink whatsoever of sweetness yet mingled in the bitter portion.

The marriage of Lucy was not a wise one. It involved so many incongruous elements that happiness, in her new relation, was a thing impossible. Yet, in the forgiveness of her parents and in their tender sympathies, she found a strength to endure and bravery to meet her life-duties, from which, but for this, she would have fainted and fallen by the way.

Anger towards the erring and the disobedient springs from a selfish feeling—forgiveness is the God-like spirit that loves out of itself, and blesses all upon whom it desires a blessing.

Good Advice.—The Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker says: The best cure for hard times is economy. A shilling's worth of white beans will do as much feeding as fifty cents' worth of potatoes, while six cents' worth of Indian meal will make as much bread as fourteen cents' worth of flour. Besides this it is twice as wholesome. Almost every family in town could cut down their expenses one-half if they only chose to do so.

A gentleman, popping his head through a tailor shop window, in order to obtain a full view of the fair operatives, exclaimed:  
"What o'clock is it?"  
Upon which the tailor lifted his lap board, and struck him a blow on the head, answering:  
"It has just struck one."

## Novels—Their Meaning and Mission.

We have some gleanings—and valuable ones we think them—from an article on this subject in Putnam's Magazine. Almost every one who finds any delight in literature intersperses graver studies with novel reading—but few reflect upon the meaning and mission of novels. Nor are those who raise an outcry against them always aware of what they are denouncing. The author from whom we quote says:

Nothing is more easy or gratuitous than the vituperative condemnation and contempt that have so often been lavished on novels and novel writing. They are "trash," "yellow covered literature," "wicky-washy," "nearly-pamphletism," &c., &c. The guardian makes it a point to keep his word as carefully from a novel as from the measles, and would as lief that she would dose herself with ratbane as devour a romance. Our venerated ancestor (peace to his names), who, in early manhood, was so annoyed by the flirtations of his gay younger sister, which seemed always to succeed profound and long continued brooding over the pages of the novels sent her from London, had, one should say, some reason for cautioning us, among his last words of advice, to "Beware of novels."

Uncle Greybeard, too, imagines that he has completely annihilated the whole tribe when he utters a "Pshaw!" and something about "vapid sentimentality," and "man-millinerism." True, O grave Greybeard, those which chiefly filled the shelves of your village library were most deserving of the epithets, and even at the present day many a heated press labors day and night to satiate the public appetite for just such "trash."

The truth, however, is, that the domain of romance composition has been so materially extended within the last quarter of a century, the fields of thought and feeling commented upon so altered, and the style of popular novels fifty years ago, is totally at variance with the style of the present. We have now no desire for the extravagancies of sentiment and action that, with a few brilliant exceptions, characterized English novels of former times. On the other hand, we are disgusted with such productions, and covet, above all, the natural in thought and feeling. What is wanted to constitute a good modern novel, is not a monstrous assemblage of grotesquely illustrated pictures of life and nature, interlarded with inconceivable sentiments, unheard-of adventures, and impossible exploits. Not at all. We demand that they be veritable and veracious segments of the great life-drama, displacing Nature and Man as they are, sentiments as they are felt, and deeds as they are done. Novels are judged as Art products, and as little sympathy is felt with the bizarreries that are heaped together, for the gratification of very weak brains, as for the fantastic adornments of a Dutch house, or the architectural proportions of a Chinese pagoda.

The domain of the novel ranges over the entire field of the real and the ideal, and thus touches at every point of man's consciousness—in the evolution of individual character, and the development of human life and nature, in the actual phases. And in these points, it is co-ordinate and co-existent, at once, with poetry and the drama. With poetry, in being a veritable poesis—an art-creation; and with the drama, in its plan or plot—in the evolution of circumstances, character, and passion, and the evolution from the complexity of these life-and-death commingling scenes of grand vital results and important practical lessons. Thus, novels, especially those that are the transcendent productions of the imagination, take hold of everything that is in rapport with the infinite in man. The artist who created them

"Baudied better than he knew,"  
for, in displaying the phenomenal, an enticing hint has, at times, been thrown out, that led us on with win-smiles to the home of the real; one touch of the human harp-chord, the Infinite, has set a thrilling of the "Eternal Melodies." For so it is, that everything in life has a relation at once to the me and the not-me; and while the obverse carries the relative, the reverse bears the stamp of the absolute.

The characteristic and the glory of the new school of novelists is, without doubt, its vigor and earnest veracity. As we before observed, a quarter of a century has had the effect of completely revolutionizing this department of literature. By some this happy movement is referred to the influence of one writer, and by others to another. Some say Godwin's "Caleb Williams" led the way; others make Fielding its great prototype; and so on. But the true secret of the new impulse is with greater probability to be sought for in the more profoundly earnest spirit of the age.

So much for the meaning of novels. Their mission, we think, is palpable enough. We spoke, in the introduction, of every desire and proclivity of the mind being the prediction of its satisfaction in literature. Novels (we think it will, by this time, be understood what class we mean) are the filling up and the satisfying of that in the soul which otherwise would be blank and vacant.

And peculiarly are they the product of this nineteenth age, when there is such a fecundity and such an overflow of mental and physical life. They are one of the "features" of our age. We know not what we should do without them. And, indeed, there is a class of writers who, if they did not develop in this way, would find no other mode of utterance whatever. How could Kingsley have written except through "Alton Locke" and "Yeast"? What vehicle could Dickens have found for the communication of just his class of ideas, but that of "Nicholas Nickleby," of "David Copperfield," or of "Hard Times"? How could Thackeray have given us his pictures of society, but through the camera obscura of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," and "The Newcomers"?

But still they (novels) are not the whole of literature. Assuredly not! no more than sauce piquante makes a dinner, or the hours we spend in jocularly and abandon a life. They are didactic; but it is philosophy wearing a smiling face, and holding out a winning invitation. They are *utile* clothed in the garb of the *Dulce*. And in this dulcet manner, they touch human consciousness at every possible point. They have already absorbed every field of interest. As pictures of life, and as developments of the passions, they have almost entirely superseded the drama; while every subject of interest, every principle of science, every art, of politics, of religion, finds a graceful appreciator and interpreter through the popular novel.

## Origin of the Names of the Several States.

Alabama was so called in 1818, from its principal river.  
Arkansas was so called in 1819, from its principal river.  
Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Mehekan word signifying Long River.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1672, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday Pascua Florida.  
Georgia was called in honor of King George II.

Illinois was so called in 1800, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.  
Indiana was so called in 1809, from the American Indians.  
Iowa was so called from its river.

Kentucky was so called in 1792, from its principal river.  
Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV, of France.

Maine was so called, as early as 1626 from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was proprietor.  
Maryland was so called, in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30 1632.

Massachusetts was so called from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue hills of Milton. "I learn," says Roger William, "that the Massachusettses were so called from the blue hills."

Michigan was so called in 1795, and from the lake on its borders.  
Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its Western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, or a river by the union of many.

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.  
New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed to the Plymouth Company, to Capt. John Mason, by patent, Nov. 8th 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom this territory was granted.  
New York was so called in 1624, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

North Carolina was so called from its position in Carolina, established by the French, in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX, of France.  
Ohio was so called in 1802, from its Southern boundary.

Pennsylvania was so called in honor of Wm. Penn's father.  
Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.  
South Carolina was so called from its position in Carolina, established by the French, in 1546, in honor of King Charles IX, of France.

Tennessee was so called in 1796, from its principal river. The word Ten-as-see is said to signify a curved spoon.  
Texas was so called, according to tradition, from the Camanches upon discovering the country, exclaiming, "Tehas! Tehas!" which means the "happy hunting ground."

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, Jan. 16th 1777, from the French *vert mont*, green mountain.  
Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.  
Minor Morals for Married People.

"The last words" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.  
Keep an Epictetus in your dining room, to read while waiting for the completion of your wife's toilet.

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off of them.  
Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the sun.

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing too keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.  
Wives be lenient to the martial cigar. The smoke always hides the most disagreeable part of the battle.

The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul "above buttons." The liberties of a nation have been won by mutual concessions. Let the husband, who would acquire the privilege of asking friends to dinner without notice, remember this when his wife hints at a new bonnet. The wife's want is the husband's opportunity.

Notwithstanding the assertions of mathematicians, the marriage ring is a circle which husband and wife have the problem set them of making all square.  
Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. The Indians procure fire by the rubbing of the driest sticks.

Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.  
Punch's Pocket Book.

Arrison was lately tried at Cincinnati, for causing the death of Mr. and Mrs. Allison, by means of a torpedo which he sent to them, and by which they were literally torn to pieces, and been convicted of murder in the first degree.

The following lines were found at the bottom of a vote for aideman at the late election in Boston:

WHAT WE WANT.  
Experience, to show what's best;  
Conscience, to say what's right;  
Intelligence, to know what's best;  
Backbone, to stand the fight.

## Usury—An Important Movement.

A few days ago, Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, a gentleman of high ability and great knowledge and sound views, introduced a resolution into the House of Representatives instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into, and report upon the expediency of repealing the Usury laws. The motion of Mr. Boyce was submitted to the committee, and we trust that it will be promptly acted on.

Our readers are aware that we oppose the usury laws and that we wish to see them repealed throughout the country. In that regard Congress can act only in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories; but Congressional action will have its effect in all the States. The usury laws are opposed to the spirit of the age. They are a part and portion of an exploded system. No man can justify them, without abandoning every thing which fair discussion and liberal ideas have accomplished, towards breaking the shackles which ignorance and prejudice have fastened on the action of commercial intercourse.

The time was when money was regarded as a commodity, differing in all its essentials from every other commodity. Therefore, men enacted regulations and made laws to control its use, employment, and transmission. In the first instance, laws were enacted to fix the value of money; and then, as a part of the same system of interference, protective duties were levied for the purpose of controlling the investments of the country under the belief that the watchful and directing care of Government was necessary, and even indispensable, in determining the employment of individuals.

According to the Protective theory, the government can tell better than the citizen how the citizen ought to invest his means and employ his labor; and, according to the same theory money is the only wealth, and Government ought to superintend the use of the money and the transmission of it from one portion of the world to another.

The usury laws constitute a portion of this theory. They have the same origin and the same operation. They emanated from the same parentage, and their progeny have the same complexion. The usury laws check industry, strengthen monopolies, embarrass commercial operations, and sap and reduce the strength of real, honest and productive labor. No one honest interest is benefited by them, and no one reaps a profit from them except banks, monopolists, skinflints and shavers. Every honest and useful interest suffers from them. They compel scrupulous men to abandon the money market, and they force the needy man to pay as much for the risks they impose and the limited supply they occasion as money is worth.

There is nothing in the nature, character, or functions of money which can justify the laws regulating interest. Money is the standard of value, and therefore it has a free and more unrestrained circulation between individuals than any other commodity. Not so, however, in large transactions, or in the extended operations of international intercourse. We say that a bushel of wheat is worth a dollar; but it would be equally correct to say that a dollar is worth a bushel of wheat. Why then should we undertake to fix the value of the dollar any more than to fix the value of the bushel of wheat? If free trade is right, with regard to the one, why is it not right with regard to the other? If a man is permitted to purchase wheat, why should he not be permitted to purchase money?

A few stupid people whom we have talked with, think that Government can fix and determine the value of a dollar. Such simple minded folks are very much mistaken. Government can fix and determine the number of grains and pennyweights of silver necessary to make a dollar. But Government cannot regulate the real, actual value of the smallest fragment of silver, any more than it can regulate the value of a house, or of an ox, or of a bale of cotton. Government being totally unable to regulate the real, actual value of money, it is passing strange that Government should persist in attempts to regulate the exchangeable value of money. In a time of ignorance, and when concealment was necessary in important transactions, and when compactness of bulk was a great element of value, it is not natural that jewels, precious stones and money, had peculiar power. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that perhaps, that attempts were made to clog the activity of money by special usury regulations.

The time has come when all these barbarous notions ought to be exploded. The fact that they are permitted to manifest themselves on the pages of our statute books is becoming to be a reproach—an ugly and ill-favored anomaly on that liberal and progressive commercial and financial system which has triumphantly sustained the wisdom of the Democratic party. We hope that the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives will act promptly on Mr. Boyce's resolution of inquiry; and we trust that its action will harmonize with the spirit of the times. Much and perhaps most of the existing commercial embarrassment, which harrasses the country, may be traced to the operation of the usury laws. The dangerous issue of bank paper, which is the immediate cause of the present pressure is intimately connected with the government restrictions on the use of money; intimately connected with the usury laws, which disturb the operations of trade and which hasten revolutions when they do not originate them. There is no virtue in restrictions, and nothing but harm can come from monopoly legislation. But it was not our object to discuss this subject fully, or even to begin a discussion of the points involved. Our purpose was to call attention to the important movement which Mr. Boyce has made, and to tender him our thanks for this movement. When the usury question comes up for consideration, we will not forget to express our views, for we regard it as the most important one connected with finance and commerce, which has been considered by the country since 1840.