

# THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND NEWS.

PRICE \$2 PER YEAR—In Advance.

ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

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

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1855.

NO. 29.

## Business Cards, &c.

**R. P. WARING,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office in Longan'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

**J. B. F. BOONE,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
SOLE LEATHER, CALF SKINS,  
LINING AND BINDING SKINS,  
SHOE TOOLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Charlotte, N. C.  
Oct. 20, 1854. 1y

**ELMS & JOHNSON.**  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.  
NO. 10 VENUE RANGE,  
CHARLOTTE, S. C.  
W. W. ELMS. C. JOHNSON.  
June 23, '54. 45f.

**R. HAMILTON,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Corner of Richardson and Laurel Streets,  
COLUMBIA, S. C.  
June 9 1854 1y

**BREM & STEELE,**  
Wholesale & Retail  
HARDWARES,  
TRADE STREET,  
Nearly opposite Elms & Spratt's Grocery.  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
Dec 15 20f

**RHETT & ROBSON,**  
FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Nos. 1 and 2 Atlantic Wharf,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
17 Liberal advances made on consignments.  
17 Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn, &c., and on 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. 209 and 211 King street, corner of Market Street.  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
Plantation Woolsens, Blankets, &c., Carpets and  
Carpeting Materials, Silks and Rich Dress Goods, Cloaks,  
Mantillas and Shawls. Terms Cash. One Price Only.  
March 17, 1854 34-ly

**CAROLINA INN,**  
BY JENNINGS B. 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 Dolmans, Damasks, Lace and Muslin Corsets, Trusses, Loupes, &c. All which are offered at prices that are appreciated by all those buyers and economical house-keepers.  
H. W. KINSMAN, 177 King-st.  
Mar 24, '54 1y Charleston, 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.  
LANE, COOK & CO.,  
Hudson Machine Works,  
Hudson, N. Y.  
Refer to  
Jas. J. Hodge, Esq., New-York.  
June 2, 1854 45-y

**Norris Works,**  
Norristown, Penn.  
THE subscribers manufacture Mining Machinery, such as Hoists, Tubs, THE CORNISH PUMPS, ENGINES, high and low pressure Pumping, Stamping and Hoisting SEAM ENGINES; CORNISH PUMPS, STAMPS, CRUSHERS, WINDMILLS, LEAN BROSSES, PULVERISERS 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. JOSEPH W. CALDWELL, with him in the Practice of Medicine. Office, 2nd story in Elms' new brick building, at the Courthouse.  
March 24, 1854. 35-f

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. At which time, the entire property will be thoroughly repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasantly situated, rendering it a desirable house for travellers and families.  
Dec 16, 1853. 22f 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.  
Scales Room—No. 123 Richardson street, and immediately opposite the United States Hotel.  
Feb 3, 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 accommodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends and the public generally solicited.  
February 17, 1854. 30-y

## Railroad Hotel,

CHESTER, S. C.  
By J. R. NICHOLSON.  
THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that his house, known as the "Railroad Hotel," opposite the Chester Depot, is still open for the reception of regular and transient boarders and the travelling public; and that he is making every exertion to deserve and secure a continuance of the kind and liberal patronage which has hitherto been extended to him. He flatters himself that every needed arrangement has been made to promote the comfort of all who stop with him—his rooms are airy and well-furnished, his servants are attentive and obedient, and his table constantly supplied with the best of the season, so that his friends will not want any attention necessary to make their sojourn pleasant and agreeable. His stables are furnished with good hostlers and an abundance of provender, and he is prepared at a moment's notice to supply his customers with private conveyances of every sort, to any part of the surrounding country.  
He desires to return his acknowledgments to the public for past favors, and solicits for the future an equally liberal share of patronage.  
Aug 20, 1854. 5f JOHN R. NICHOLSON.

**Charlotte Marble Yard.**  
HAVING disposed of our entire interest in the Marble Yard to Messrs. Wm. Tiddy & Son, we recommend them to our friends.  
September 26, 1854. STOWE & PEGRAM.

THE subscribers having bought out the interest of Messrs. Stowe & Pegram in the Charlotte Marble Yard, respectfully tender their services to the people of Charlotte and the country generally in this line of business. They are fully prepared to furnish  
**Monuments, Gravestones, Marble Slabs, Table Slabs,**  
and other patterns cut from Marble, according to the most approved taste and styles, and upon the most accommodating terms ever offered in the Southern country. The Yard is situated on the North West corner of the Charlotte Depot Yard, where the subscribers, or their agents, may always be found.  
September 26, 1854. WM. TIDDY & SON.

**First Class Restaurant.**  
**MILLER & PHELAN,**  
SUCCESSORS TO H. BECKMAN.  
HAVE just received and opened a fresh supply of pure and genuine  
BRANDY,  
WINE,  
WHISKEY,  
CORDIALS,  
PORTER,  
ALE, &c.,  
selected by a judge, and warranted unadulterated.  
Grown in France, we announce that notwithstanding the best and most approved brands, comprising Principles, Regalia, Rio Hondos, and various others, known to be as aromatic and fragrant as any imported.  
Gentlemen who wish to enjoy something that is very fine, will always find us with the articles on hand, and ready and willing to serve them.  
H. S. MILLER,  
W. W. PHELAN.  
Sept 15, 1854 8f

**CASH AND SHORT CREDITS!**  
**M. L. HALLOWELL & CO.,**  
SILK WAREHOUSE,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Terms.  
Cash buyers will receive a discount of SIX per cent, if the money be paid in par funds, within ten days from date of bill.  
If the money only taken at its market value on the day it is received.  
To merchants of undoubted standing, a credit of SIX months will be given, if desired.  
Where money is remitted in advance of maturity, a discount at the rate of TWELVE per cent. per annum will be allowed.  
Prices for Goods uniform.  
In again calling the attention of the trading community to the above terms, we announce that notwithstanding the general depression in commercial affairs throughout the country, the system of business adopted by us more than a year since, and to which we shall rigidly adhere, enables us to offer for the coming Spring season our usual assortment of  
NEW SILK AND FANCY GOODS,  
comprising one of the LARGEST and most SPLENDID STOCKS to be found in America; to which we will receive constant additions, throughout the season, of new and desirable goods from our House in Paris.  
Jan. 19, 1855. 2m

**Land for Sale.**  
THE undersigned offers for sale his Valuable Plantation, lying on the waters of Paw Creek, about 6 miles west of Charlotte. On the premises is a good dwelling house, with the necessary out-buildings. The Tract contains 212 Acres, about one-third of which is cleared, and under good repair; the remainder is woodland and well timbered. The whole lies well for cultivation, and is as productive a soil as any in the county. Persons desirous of purchasing a valuable Plantation would do well to call early and examine. My Brother, who lives on the place, will give all the information required.  
T. A. ADAMS.  
Nov. 3, 1854. 15-f

**WANTED.**  
300,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT, for which the highest cash prices will be paid, to be delivered at the Merchant Mill in Charlotte, at any time after the 1st day of September next.  
LEROY SPRINGS.  
June 23, 1854. 45f.

**MECKLENBURG HOUSE,**  
BY S. H. REA.  
HAVING purchased the building on the corner, a few doors north-west of Kerr's Hotel, and repaired and fitted it up in first-rate style, I would respectfully inform the travelling public that it is now open for the reception of regular and transient boarders. Drivers will find ample accommodations at my house.  
Jan. 12, 1855. 25-ly S. H. REA.

**Hats.**  
JUST received and opening a splendid lot of Beebe's and Leary's most fashionable Fall and Winter styles of Hats, together with a large assortment of men and boys' CAPS, Loafers and Wool Hats, of every variety, at  
DAVIDSON & MOSS.  
Oct 20 1f

**Salem Almanacs for 1855,**  
FOR SALE, by the gross, dozen, or single copy, at the  
BOOK STORE,  
Charlotte.  
Oct 20, 13f

**NOTICE.**  
HAVING sold out to R. N. Carter, all persons indebted to me or the firm of Robinson & Wilkinson will please come forward and settle by the 1st of March next, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. "A word to the wise is sufficient."  
R. M. ROBINSON.  
Jan 19, 1855 25f

## The Olden Time.

BY "BLANCH WOODBURY."  
Where are the homes, the dear old homes,  
The homes as they used to be,  
With the fragrant vines, and their busy lives,  
As they sang right merrily,  
In their apron check, and kerchief'd neck,  
Till the distaff was spun,  
Thou hearty with mirth, round the blazing hearth,  
They wake the spirit of fun?  
Where the old watch-dog with his lazy jog,  
The cushioned mouser his nosy  
And Uncle Tim, with his gouty limb,  
And his beautiful locks of snow,  
Then the Christmas "crack" from Santa's pack,  
The "bon-bons" beyond compare,  
They "hide and seek" and the "blindfold" freak  
Ay! the strut of the wee one there?  
Where the oaken floor and the quaint latched door  
That opened to let virtue in,  
While health's fresh cheek hid her blushes meek,  
And Fashion owned Modesty kin,  
When the Blessed God knew its honored nook,  
Its power and authority's sway;  
When the curlew low and the grief bent bow  
Were reverence's primitive way?  
When white hands lent to the garments rent  
A beauty unknown before;  
And the honest glance ne'er look'd askance—  
When creditors passed the door,  
When the patterin' rain rang the miniature pane,  
Or tuncful on roof as it fell,  
Like tones afar from a sweet guitar,  
Or chimes from some fairy bell.  
When the sweet, sweet sight of a holy light  
Shone clear from the lore lit eye,  
And friendship's band, and cordial hand  
Were precious in days gone by;  
O, the key to the homes—the dear old homes—  
The homes as they used to be;  
For which we mourn and hopelessly yearn,  
Is but virtue's simplicity.

**Ladies' Health.**  
This subject is one that ought to interest all; not the ladies only, but also those who have sisters or wives, or who may one day be blessed with one of the latter. A young man may become interested in one of the lovely ones in our land, possessed of every quality to make him happy, yet from carelessness, proceeding either from thoughtlessness or want of knowledge, the rich treasures of a loving heart and brilliant intellect are enshrouded in a fragile casket. He may woo and win her to his heart and home, while the seeds of death are lurking in her system, and in a few brief years be left to mourn over the wreck of blighted hopes, and wonder at the "dispensations of Providence," little dreaming that all this proceeded from early neglect. Sad it is when, after years of patient, loving care and watchfulness, his home is thus darkened; but far sadder is it when the cause can be traced directly back to know impudently in early youth, when, in order to dress fashionably, health had been endangered.  
Would that the women of America would arouse to a consciousness of the responsibility resting upon them, and firmly discountenance any demand of fashion which can seriously affect their health! Of what consequence will it be some twenty years hence whether they now strictly conform to its every caprice or not? but if by so doing their health is injured, how fearfully will they then see the effects of their mad folly, not only in themselves, but in their children also. "In a world where we begin with mothers," it is not asking too much that they should see that their own duty is accomplished.  
Look at the "sterner sex," who, though they vary their own dress as fashion dictates, seem to have a more sensible leader to follow, for in what particular can you find them sacrificing health to its demands? They may wear "continuations of the Venusian pattern," coals long or short-waisted, yet they are careful to dress so as to keep warm and dry.  
Look at their feet. You do not see one in a hundred venture forth in damp, chilly weather with a thin sole cloth boot. No; they wear boots with thick soles and high heels, while, on the other hand, you will not see one woman in a thousand who, when the rain is not pouring, but when the pavement is only damp and cold, wears anything thicker than a single solid prunella gaiter! If you doubt my assertion, go look for yourself at the thousands who walk in our crowded cities.—Now, I ask, why is it so? Why is there such a difference? Is it that women are inferior to men in the possession of good common sense, or is it that they dress in this absurd manner to please the eye of man? If so, he must bear some of the blame, if, instead of boldly contending their folly, he encourages them by admiring the beauty of feet dressed in this manner. Let fair ladies dress as they please in their warm houses, or in warm, dry weather, but for pity's sake, in cold, winter weather, let them find something warmer than a boot which a strong, healthy man would not consider sufficient protection for himself against the dews of summer.  
We are called the weaker sex; but, judging only by appearances, it is a sad misnomer; for what man ever thinks of going out on a cold autumn or winter's day with but a thickness of embroidered lace or muslin over his chest, though underneath a warm outer covering, which, every time it is in anywise displaced, lets the cold, keen air creep into the very seat of life? Not he. He has his warm coat buttoned up to the chin. He does not go out with flowing sleeves, with a fur cuff to keep part of the arm warm, leaving plenty of room for the cold wind to penetrate around the upper and more susceptible portion of the arm.—No; his sleeves are thick, long and warm. And why is it that fashion cannot dictate as suitable a dress for ladies' wear in winter, as she does in summer, when she rarely errs. She might, with as much propriety, insist upon our wearing furs and velvet; in midsummer, as in wearing lace chemisettes, lace flowing sleeves, etc., as a promenade dress in winter.—Home Journal.

**Being Somboddy.**  
A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.  
"Come, William, you will go with us this afternoon," said James Grey to his cousin.  
"No, James, I have already given you my reasons for refusing," was the reply.  
"A fig for such reasons! You can't afford the time! Why man, or boy, rather, for you will never be a man, what is one afternoon, that you are so afraid of spending it?"  
"Much, very much, James. I have a difficult plan almost completed, and wish to finish it while the idea is fresh in my mind."  
"That everlasting plea again. Some old machinery, enough to puzzle the brain of Archimedes himself. Are you going to invent a perpetual motion? I do declare you are enough to provoke the patience of a saint. Forever moping over plans, and diagrams, and models, and heathenish machinery, that would make one think your room a pagan temple. I expect you will apply for a patent for an improvement in the car of Juggernaut. But it is no use to talk to you; for you are joined to your idols. I would try to be somebody," he pettishly continued, as he turned towards the door.  
"Would you James?" was the quiet reply of William; "well, I am trying to be somebody."  
"You take a strange way for it, though. Here you are shut up in this dismal room, night after night, never enjoying a harmless trick with the rest of us, or giving yourself any of the indulgences that make life pleasant. Even a holiday makes no difference with you. One would suppose you loved the very sight of the tools and work-shop, for you have them forever with you."  
"Don't get excited, James," said William, smiling. "Come, be serious now. Do I neglect any of my duties? Do I not perform as much labor and succeed as well in my trade as any of you; and is for enjoyment, no one loves pleasure better than I do. I should enjoy a sail with you this afternoon very much, but my means of improvement are limited, and but little of my time can I call my own."  
"James, we are machinists, causing gross material substances to assume shapes of beauty and fitness under the mysterious supremacy of our wills. Some call this a low, common business, a mechanical operation; but it is not so. There is a mental power to which matter must bow, and there is nothing higher than to elevate and enoble our conceptions, so as to make this plastic matter subservient to the best interests of man. It is thus improvements are made. First the ideal then the corresponding outward form. In my mind there is shadowed forth, though but dimly—"  
"Save me from such learned inflections," exclaimed James. "I have no taste for what I cannot understand. Well, William, be a dreamer if you please; I am for active life and its pleasures. Hurrah, for our sail, and good-bye to the second Fulton!"  
"Poor James! a mere heaver of wood and drawer of water," said William, as he closed the door and resumed his occupation.  
"Where's Will?" cried several voices, as James joined his companions in the street.  
"Oh, in his room, of course, calculating how much beetle power it would take to draw an acorn out of an ant-hill."  
"Couldn't you prevail on him to come? He is one of the best rowers we have."  
"Prevail on him? You might as well try to prevail on an oyster to leave his shell! I was really vexed, and gave him a short piece of my mind. I told him at length, I would try to be somebody," said James, lighting his cigar and twirling his cane after the most approved fashion.  
"Good!" said Harry Gilbert. "I am glad you showed your spirit. He is a good-hearted fellow, if he is full of oddities, and it may perhaps start him from his burrow. But what did he say?"  
"Oh, after arguing the matter awhile, he went off into a learned dissertation, in the midst of which I made my escape. He will not be anybody in the world, that is the long and short of it."  
James and William Grey were cousins, and they were apprentices in a machine-shop, where various kinds of machinery were made. James, as may be inferred by the foregoing conversation, looked upon his employment as a necessary evil. To him it was mere manual labor—a given number of blows, a requisite degree of heat, a certain expenditure of strength—in a word, it was toil in its most literal sense.  
William, on the contrary, viewed it with the eye of an artist. There was not merely the rough iron to be moulded into some uncarved form, but, as he told James, a plastic material, assuming beauty by the will of man. He studied, therefore, not only the mechanical part of the trade, but his inventive genius was excited. Curiosity led him to examine the uses and peculiar adaptation of the machinery he made, till at length his active mind suggested various improvements.  
All his leisure time was employed in the construction of models, and his room might have been taken for a miniature patent-office. The last year of his apprenticeship was nearly at its close, and William had not only improved, but invented several really useful devices.  
Looking over a paper one day, he read an offer of a prize of \$1000 for the best model for a peculiar kind of machinery to be used in a cotton factory.  
"Why should not I try?" said he.  
He understood what was wanted, and day after day did he study intensely on the subject. At length he grasped the idea, and it was upon this he was at work when James urged him to join the sailing party.  
Late at night his cousin returned, weary with pleasure, and found him sitting at the table, a scaled package before him, his cheeks flushed, an unusual brightness in his eye, and a peculiar expression on his countenance.  
"About a week after this, a gentleman knocked at the door. It was opened by James, who was alone.  
"I wish to see Mr. Grey," said the stranger glancing with a smile at the peculiar decoration of the room.  
"My name is Grey," returned James, placing a chair for the guest.  
"Allow me to congratulate you on your success, Mr. Grey," said the gentleman, pointing to a counterpart of the model which stood upon the table.  
"My success! I do not understand you, sir," said James.

**From Constantinople.**  
CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 18, 1854.  
This day, the 18th of the month, is the great St. Nicholas day of the Russians, as well as the Greeks, and is kept by their church with great solemnity. And as the Russians are in the habit of using their holidays to accomplish acts of hostilities against the English and French, fears had been entertained that St. Nicholas' day would witness a serious attack from the enemy. Within the last few days, these fears or hopes, as many would call them, have been strengthened by the report of deserters and prisoners. Consequently greater watchfulness and alertness have been prescribed this day, and the whole army is to be called out at a moment's warning.  
I am fully assured that every bosom will be beating with excitement on the eve of another engagement. Revenge for lost comrades, daring emulation of each other's bravery, and determination to conquer, will actuate all, and will strike the key-note to victory. Inermann is not yet forgotten, and if ever the Russians get as soundly thrashed as then, it will be to-day, should the enemy dare to attack. "Sebastopol must fall," is the countersign to which everything else must tend. Battle after battle may take place, but will only hasten the event; and breaking down the confidence of the Russians, Sebastopol will prove the easier victory in the end.  
The present movements of the Allies are all tending in a most energetic manner to carry out the one great object of the campaign, and that is, the overthrow of Sebastopol, and the total destruction of the Russian fleet. For that purpose, reinforcements are now hastening to the Crimea, as quickly as possible, and an investment of the besieged city, I believe, to take place from the north side, which will be made by the French with the assistance of the Turks.  
Omar Pacha, with his veteran troops, will commence their campaign on the north side, and with 25,000 French troops, a sufficient army can be formed there to cut off all communications of the garrison with friends outside. Such a manoeuvre is now deemed necessary; for it is clear that as long as egress and ingress be allowed the enemy in Sebastopol, nothing decisive can be done. It has been seen that bombardment is of little avail against a place of such strength as Sebastopol, and it is but waste of time and material to continue that alone. The city must be regularly besieged, and that not on one side, but on all sides—the north as well as the south. To do that, the present force is quite inadequate, and must be increased. For this purpose, men are going up every day. As fast as an English or French regiment comes here, it is transported to the Crimea without further delay. Two days ago, the Royal Albert, on board of which Sir Edmund Lyons will hoist his flag, left this harbor with 2,350 men on board, French troops from Marseilles. Other English vessels are arriving every day with Frenchmen, who swarm our streets as if in a second Paris.  
And that brings me to another topic, which is quite interesting in its way. I refer to the fact that Constantinople is gradually changing hands, and the rule of the Mahomedan is yielding to the frontery of the Frank. Everything tends to prove that the days of Islamism are over, and that the French will soon form a Paris on the sides of the Golden Horn. Not long ago, the French took possession of the large and beautiful Russian palace, one of the best edifices in Pera, and hitherto held inviolate by the English. The French for a long time looked upon it with covetous eye, but were not prepared to use it; now, however, they are so numerous here, that additional room is wanted for accommodation, and the pretext was found for seizing on the Russian palace. Again, three or four days ago, several guard houses in Galata were occupied by French soldiers, and the Turks turned out into the open streets, not daring to open their lips in defence. The reason assigned was, that as such a number of outrages were committed by the French and English sailors in the neighborhood, and as the Turks were unable to preserve the peace, it was deemed necessary to use a more efficient authority, one with more force to back it.  
And when we consider the matter in its most serious light, and view the subject in all its bearings, we must confess that Constantinople would be a more pleasant residence, and a greater mart of commerce, if the French retained possession of it. As present, as is well known, the streets are badly paved, narrow and crooked; they are not named, nor are the houses numbered. True, we find the Rue de Pera, the Rue de Grand, and others, in which we will see this house numbered 20, and that one 50; but this arrangement is the effect of a whim or caprice, the result of the total

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**Land for Sale.**  
THE undersigned offers for sale his Valuable Plantation, lying on the waters of Paw Creek, about 6 miles west of Charlotte. On the premises is a good dwelling house, with the necessary out-buildings. The Tract contains 212 Acres, about one-third of which is cleared, and under good repair; the remainder is woodland and well timbered. The whole lies well for cultivation, and is as productive a soil as any in the county. Persons desirous of purchasing a valuable Plantation would do well to call early and examine. My Brother, who lives on the place, will give all the information required.  
T. A. ADAMS.  
Nov. 3, 1854. 15-f

**WANTED.**  
300,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT, for which the highest cash prices will be paid, to be delivered at the Merchant Mill in Charlotte, at any time after the 1st day of September next.  
LEROY SPRINGS.  
June 23, 1854. 45f.

**MECKLENBURG HOUSE,**  
BY S. H. REA.  
HAVING purchased the building on the corner, a few doors north-west of Kerr's Hotel, and repaired and fitted it up in first-rate style, I would respectfully inform the travelling public that it is now open for the reception of regular and transient boarders. Drivers will find ample accommodations at my house.  
Jan. 12, 1855. 25-ly S. H. REA.

**Hats.**  
JUST received and opening a splendid lot of Beebe's and Leary's most fashionable Fall and Winter styles of Hats, together with a large assortment of men and boys' CAPS, Loafers and Wool Hats, of every variety, at  
DAVIDSON & MOSS.  
Oct 20 1f

**Salem Almanacs for 1855,**  
FOR SALE, by the gross, dozen, or single copy, at the  
BOOK STORE,  
Charlotte.  
Oct 20, 13f

**NOTICE.**  
HAVING sold out to R. N. Carter, all persons indebted to me or the firm of Robinson & Wilkinson will please come forward and settle by the 1st of March next, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. "A word to the wise is sufficient."  
R. M. ROBINSON.  
Jan 19, 1855 25f

## Being Somboddy.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.  
"Come, William, you will go with us this afternoon," said James Grey to his cousin.  
"No, James, I have already given you my reasons for refusing," was the reply.  
"A fig for such reasons! You can't afford the time! Why man, or boy, rather, for you will never be a man, what is one afternoon, that you are so afraid of spending it?"  
"Much, very much, James. I have a difficult plan almost completed, and wish to finish it while the idea is fresh in my mind."  
"That everlasting plea again. Some old machinery, enough to puzzle the brain of Archimedes himself. Are you going to invent a perpetual motion? I do declare you are enough to provoke the patience of a saint. Forever moping over plans, and diagrams, and models, and heathenish machinery, that would make one think your room a pagan temple. I expect you will apply for a patent for an improvement in the car of Juggernaut. But it is no use to talk to you; for you are joined to your idols. I would try to be somebody," he pettishly continued, as he turned towards the door.  
"Would you James?" was the quiet reply of William; "well, I am trying to be somebody."  
"You take a strange way for it, though. Here you are shut up in this dismal room, night after night, never enjoying a harmless trick with the rest of us, or giving yourself any of the indulgences that make life pleasant. Even a holiday makes no difference with you. One would suppose you loved the very sight of the tools and work-shop, for you have them forever with you."  
"Don't get excited, James," said William, smiling. "Come, be serious now. Do I neglect any of my duties? Do I not perform as much labor and succeed as well in my trade as any of you; and is for enjoyment, no one loves pleasure better than I do. I should enjoy a sail with you this afternoon very much, but my means of improvement are limited, and but little of my time can I call my own."  
"James, we are machinists, causing gross material substances to assume shapes of beauty and fitness under the mysterious supremacy of our wills. Some call this a low, common business, a mechanical operation; but it is not so. There is a mental power to which matter must bow, and there is nothing higher than to elevate and enoble our conceptions, so as to make this plastic matter subservient to the best interests of man. It is thus improvements are made. First the ideal then the corresponding outward form. In my mind there is shadowed forth, though but dimly—"  
"Save me from such learned inflections," exclaimed James. "I have no taste for what I cannot understand. Well, William, be a dreamer if you please; I am for active life and its pleasures. Hurrah, for our sail, and good-bye to the second Fulton!"  
"Poor James! a mere heaver of wood and drawer of water," said William, as he closed the door and resumed his occupation.  
"Where's Will?" cried several voices, as James joined his companions in the street.  
"Oh, in his room, of course, calculating how much beetle power it would take to draw an acorn out of an ant-hill."  
"Couldn't you prevail on him to come? He is one of the best rowers we have."  
"Prevail on him? You might as well try to prevail on an oyster to leave his shell! I was really vexed, and gave him a short piece of my mind. I told him at length, I would try to be somebody," said James, lighting his cigar and twirling his cane after the most approved fashion.  
"Good!" said Harry Gilbert. "I am glad you showed your spirit. He is a good-hearted fellow, if he is full of oddities, and it may perhaps start him from his burrow. But what did he say?"  
"Oh, after arguing the matter awhile, he went off into a learned dissertation, in the midst of which I made my escape. He will not be anybody in the world, that is the long and short of it."  
James and William Grey were cousins, and they were apprentices in a machine-shop, where various kinds of machinery were made. James, as may be inferred by the foregoing conversation, looked upon his employment as a necessary evil. To him it was mere manual labor—a given number of blows, a requisite degree of heat, a certain expenditure of strength—in a word, it was toil in its most literal sense.  
William, on the contrary, viewed it with the eye of an artist. There was not merely the rough iron to be moulded into some uncarved form, but, as he told James, a plastic material, assuming beauty by the will of man. He studied, therefore, not only the mechanical part of the trade, but his inventive genius was excited. Curiosity led him to examine the uses and peculiar adaptation of the machinery he made, till at length his active mind suggested various improvements.  
All his leisure time was employed in the construction of models, and his room might have been taken for a miniature patent-office. The last year of his apprenticeship was nearly at its close, and William had not only improved, but invented several really useful devices.  
Looking over a paper one day, he read an offer of a prize of \$1000 for the best model for a peculiar kind of machinery to be used in a cotton factory.  
"Why should not I try?" said he.  
He understood what was wanted, and day after day did he study intensely on the subject. At length he grasped the idea, and it was upon this he was at work when James urged him to join the sailing party.  
Late at night his cousin returned, weary with pleasure, and found him sitting at the table, a scaled package before him, his cheeks flushed, an unusual brightness in his eye, and a peculiar expression on his countenance.  
"About a week after this, a gentleman knocked at the door. It was opened by James, who was alone.  
"I wish to see Mr. Grey," said the stranger glancing with a smile at the peculiar decoration of the room.  
"My name is Grey," returned James, placing a chair for the guest.  
"Allow me to congratulate you on your success, Mr. Grey," said the gentleman, pointing to a counterpart of the model which stood upon the table.  
"My success! I do not understand you, sir," said James.

**From Constantinople.**  
CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 18, 1854.  
This day, the 18th of the month, is the great St. Nicholas day of the Russians, as well as the Greeks, and is kept by their church with great solemnity. And as the Russians are in the habit of using their holidays to accomplish acts of hostilities against the English and French, fears had been entertained that St. Nicholas' day would witness a serious attack from the enemy. Within the last few days, these fears or hopes, as many would call them, have been strengthened by the report of deserters and prisoners. Consequently greater watchfulness and alertness have been prescribed this day, and the whole army is to be called out at a moment's warning.  
I am fully assured that every bosom will be beating with excitement on the eve of another engagement. Revenge for lost comrades, daring emulation of each other's bravery, and determination to conquer, will actuate all, and will strike the key-note to victory. Inermann is not yet forgotten, and if ever the Russians get as soundly thrashed as then, it will be to-day, should the enemy dare to attack. "Sebastopol must fall," is the countersign to which everything else must tend. Battle after battle may take place, but will only hasten the event; and breaking down the confidence of the Russians, Sebastopol will prove the easier victory in the end.  
The present movements of the Allies are all tending in a most energetic manner to carry out the one great object of the campaign, and that is, the overthrow of Sebastopol, and the total destruction of the Russian fleet. For that purpose, reinforcements are now hastening to the Crimea, as quickly as possible, and an investment of the besieged city, I believe, to take place from the north side, which will be made by the French with the assistance of the Turks.  
Omar Pacha, with his veteran troops, will commence their campaign on the north side, and with 25,000 French troops, a sufficient army can be formed there to cut off all communications of the garrison with friends outside. Such a manoeuvre is now deemed necessary; for it is clear that as long as egress and ingress be allowed the enemy in Sebastopol, nothing decisive can be done. It has been seen that bombardment is of little avail against a place of such strength as Sebastopol, and it is but waste of time and material to continue that alone. The city must be regularly besieged, and that not on one side, but on all sides—the north as well as the south. To do that, the present force is quite inadequate, and must be increased. For this purpose, men are going up every day. As fast as an English or French regiment comes here, it is transported to the Crimea without further delay. Two days ago, the Royal Albert, on board of which Sir Edmund Lyons will hoist his flag, left this harbor with 2,350 men on board, French troops from Marse