

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, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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PIANO FORTES. MR. RAMSEY, of Columbia, S. C., Piano Forte & Music Dealer, is constantly receiving a good supply of Pianos with the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, which has given them the premium over all others, 6 and 6 1/2 octaves from \$250 to \$300. 7 to \$300 to \$400. 7 1/2 to \$400 to \$450. Carved work and Grand Pianos from \$500 to \$1000. Mr. R. being a practical Piano Maker can insure to his customers a perfect instrument. Columbia, Jan 4, 1855.



BOOK AND JOB PRINTING. Having recently visited New-York, and succeeded from the old and elegant Foundry of Geo. Bruce, Esq., A QUANTITY OF New and Fashionable Type. We are now prepared to Execute In the Best Style, ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING. "Multiply the Means, and you multiply the Results." Is one of the established maxims of business.

MISCELLANY. FROM THE LADIES' PARTISER. WHITE HANDS & MUDDY COFFEE. Henry Thornton had been a married man just two months. He was proud of his wife's glossy ringlets, her brilliant eyes, and last of all, her small white hands. He never once asked himself if these same hands could iron a shirt, make bread or mend a pair of socks. Not he; it was enough to know that they could make trills on the piano, work worsted dogs and horses on crickets and ottomans, and paint something styled a landscape. She was not literary either. Henry Thornton couldn't tolerate that kind of absurdity. In his opinion a woman had much better be asleep than putting her thoughts upon paper. He thanked fortune, too, that she never took to dry disquisitions, tedious essays, or egotistical books. Besides, his Helen didn't care about politics, being a regular 'Know Nothing' in regard to the fret of who stood the chance of being the next President. As to the war in the East, she could not tell positively whether Sebastopol was up or down; or whether it was in the hands of the Allies or Russians. Reformation topics she never broached, either. Temperance was only fit for drunkard's wives to talk about. So it will be perceived that Helen Thornton was not a 'strong minded' female; a fact upon which her husband felicitated himself not a little.

We have said that two months comprised the married life of the latter. It would be gratifying to add that his happiness was complete, that he had nothing to wish for; but candor compels me to say that he had discovered a little alloy in his gold. To be sure it would pass for pure metal, but close examination disclosed the fact. In a word, his coffee had been exceedingly muddy for more than a week, and when he cautiously dropped a hint to the effect that if her personal attention was given to the matter the evil might be remedied, she rather tartly responded that 'coffee-making was not her business,' moreover shutting herself up in a chamber, in a muff, thus depriving him of her precious company for the rest of the day. A kiss and a new scarf set the matter right the next morning, however. Thornton throwing in gratis an apology for his ill-timed suggestion. He remembered that all mankind (and we may as well include woman kind) seldom attain perfection; that roses always grow in the immediate vicinity of thorns, and that rainbows and black clouds are often seen together. It is a curious fact but no less true, that love scarcely ever outlives had bread, smoky tea, thick coffee, hard boiled eggs, discolored silver and soiled table linen. After all the romance and rhapsody laid to his charge, the little gentleman deals in practicalities. He likes bread and butter, and he wants the bread light and the butter sweet. He is a little exacting, too; insisting that gaiters look better neatly laced than when open and flapping at the sides, with the strings trailing on the ground. He was even known, once, to take an abrupt leave of a lady on the ostensible plea of dissimilarity; but the shrewd people suspected that the true reason was because she wore dirty collars. He may be whimsical, flighty and extravagant sometimes, but he is just as sure to leave his air castles and settle down quietly to the three meals a day and a cigar in the evening, as a feather is to obey the laws of gravitation. He writes tender poetry, too; but generally inspiration seizes him after eating heartily of roast beef; the sly rogue knows that an empty stomach is not favorable to smooth rhyme or soft sentiment.

The hone-moon had just expired, or rather the months allotted to that interesting period; for it has been ascertained that that season can be protracted by proper means, to an indefinite length of time. The twain were seated at the breakfast table. Mr. Thornton looked dubiously at the burned and dried steak on the platter before him, and made a wry face at his cup of coffee, took one mouthful of the clammy, leathery toast, and then spoke: 'My dear Helen.' 'Well, Mr. Thornton.' 'Did you ever eat any of mother's bread?' 'No—why do you ask?' 'Because she makes the best biscuit I ever saw.' 'Undoubtedly! A man's mother is generally his wife's superior in everything. I only wonder he is ever persuaded to leave her!' responded Mrs. Thornton drily. It was the first time she had ever spoken sarcastically, and Henry was puzzled. 'I merely referred to my mother because she superintended the bread making herself. I wish you could be induced to do the same.' The lady lifted her taper fingers. 'Do you really wish me to putty my hands with pie crust, and to bury my arm in dough, Mr. Thornton?' 'No—not exactly, my love; but you could overlook Biddy, and teach her to make better stuff than this,' he added, pointing to the toast. 'That wouldn't spoil your hands, would it?' 'I don't know how; besides, Biddy don't want me in the kitchen, and I can not particularly attract her. I don't mean to spend my life doing housework, or fretting about servants. I'm not able to do anything more than wait upon the table and entertain visitors.'

The bride sighed and leaned back in her chair. 'But your cousin Mary keeps no help and still gets time to—' 'My cousin Mary is very foolish to do so much more than she need to. And then her hands are as brown as a gypsy's.' 'I never happen to notice them. I only remember she makes delicate pastry, and plays the piano rarely as well as yourself, rejoined Mr. Thornton, soothingly. 'I wish you wouldn't quote cousin Mary. I don't like comparisons. She's a drudge and a blue. You said you didn't like blues.' 'I don't—blondes are my favorites; and you are as pretty a blonde as I ever saw.' 'She's an advocate of woman's rights, too. How often you've said you were glad that I didn't interfere with subjects which don't concern my sex. And now you are finding fault with my housekeeping?' 'That's the very idea, my love. I'm only regretting your non-interference in matters that do concern your sex.'

Mrs. Thornton 'defined her position' immediately. She did not design burying herself in the kitchen, or attaching herself to Biddy. She had married for a home and maintenance, not to spend her time in rolling pie-crust or moulding bread. Henry Thornton looked surprised, and no wonder, for he felt surprised. That his adorable Helen could be perverse when it suited her, he well knew; but that she would 'put down her feet' so determinedly, set him to thinking. The young husband did not wish his wife to perform the duties belonging to the domestics, but he hoped she would take the general supervision of matters; he was a clerk with a modest salary, and prudence was indispensable to his situation. The story need not be lengthened. Waste and improvidence in the kitchen soon brought pecuniary embarrassment, while in the parlor incapacity and ignorance of what constitutes a true woman and real lady, laid the foundation of much discord, which time did not lessen. The charm of the 'white hands' had departed. Mere personal beauty, without intellectual attainments, a fund of common sense and moral worth, cannot prove long attractive. Think of it, ye Benedicts, in search of conjugal felicity.

LIFE. Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which makes it more strange that they escape so long that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are compassed with accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenement which we inhabit.—The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction. The life that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the path.—Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors among us die, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world! This life will not admit an equality; but surely that man who thinks he derives consequence and respect from keeping others at a distance, is as base-minded as the coward who shuns the enemy from the fear of an attack.—Companion.

TWO THINGS TO BE KEPT.—Your Word and your Temper. The former when dealing with a printer, and the latter when disputing with a woman. This may be difficult, but it can be done by getting a couple of chapters of Job by heart.

ONE BY ONE. One by one the moments are flowing. One by one the sands are falling. Some are coming, some are going. Do not strive to grasp them all. One by one thy duties wait thee. Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.

ONE BY ONE. (bright gifts from Heaven) Joys are sent thee here below; Take them readily when given, Ready, too, to let them go. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, Do not fear an armed hand; One will fade as others pass thee, Shadows passing through the land. Do not look at life's long sorrow; See how small each moment's pain; God will help thee for to-morrow, Every day begins again. Every hour that fleets so slowly, Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the crown, and holy, If thou set each gem with care. Do not linger with regretting, Or for passing hours despond! Nor, their daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond. Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching Heaven, but one by one, Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere the pilgrimage be done.

MISCELLANY. TEARS OF TO-DAY. There is a tear of joy and a tear of grief. The tear of to-day may not be forced by the same cause which overflowed the eye yesterday. A tear may be sent up from the heart by joy or sorrow. It is the same liquid diamond in either case. A little tear drop on the cheek has a language of its own. Its speaks to persons of all nations. It is interpreted readily by persons of all countries. The face, down which a tear runs, tells whether it springs from the fountain of joy or grief. A tear draws forth the sympathy, because it is the emblem of Love, of Hope or of Grief. When it is grief, our pulse beats faster, for our heart is agitated and touched deeply. The true feeling of the heart is seen in a tear which lingers in the eye, that little bright window of the soul! The tears of to-day, if they do spring from grief, may to-morrow be wiped away by rainbow hues of peace, happiness and prosperity. Nil desperandum. Never despair.—(Fireside Journal).

BE GENTLE TO YOUR CHILDREN. Some one whose heart runs over with the milk of human kindness thus eloquently discourses: Be ever gentle to the children God has given you. Watch them constantly, reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the language of Scripture, 'be not bitter against them.' Never scold them. Scolding never did any body good. It hurts the child; it hurts the parent; it is evil and only evil, every where and always. I once heard a kind father say, 'I never bent my boys. I talk to them seriously and tenderly, but I do not like to beat them. The world will beat them badly enough by-and-bye.' Yes, there is not one child in the circle around your table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may waste them, a cold world will frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned more in sorrow than in anger.

It takes a father's or mother's heart to feel what is here said, and to follow out in thought all its suggestiveness. BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT. The beautiful extract below is from the pen of George S. Hilliard: I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the 'world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, which 'die and make no sign;' there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.'

JUST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS. The first book ever printed with a date, appeared in 1455, just four centuries ago this very year. Nine years after, the Koran began to be publicly read at Constantinople, and at the same time the Bible was sent forth on the wings of the press, to the four quarters of the world, to counteract its influence. And from that day to this, the civilized world of Europe and America, is indebted for that superiority which no second night of ignorance can darken, no new incursion of vandalism can overthrow, to an enlightened, conscientious, independent press. These four hundred years have changed the face of the world.

A REMARKABLE MAN. A correspondent of the Kentucky Statesman gives the following sketch of an old citizen in Pulaski county, named Elijah Dony, who is, perhaps, the oldest man in Kentucky: He was 118 years of age on the 10th of September, and is as active as many men of 40. He informed the writer that he had never drunk but one cup of coffee, and that was in the year of 1848. He served seven years in the war of the Revolution, and was wounded at the siege of Savannah and at the battle of Eutaw Springs; he was also present at the battles of Camden, King's Mountain and Monk's Corner. He served under Col. Horey and Col. Marion, and was an eye-witness of the sufferings and death of Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina, an early victim of the Revolution. He is sprightly and active, and would be taken at any time to be a man of middle age. He is a strict member of the Baptist Church, and rides six miles to every meeting of his Church. He has four sons and five daughters, all living, the eldest being now in his seventy-eighth and the youngest in his fifty-first year. Such is a brief sketch of this aged soldier and republican, who is, perhaps the only surviving soldier of Francis Marion, Sumpter and Horey.

THE GRANITE DEMOCRACY IN STATE CONVENTION. The Democracy of New Hampshire met in Convention at Concord on the 14th inst. Ex-Governor Hubbard was chosen temporary and Hon. Harry Hibbard permanent president. Messrs. Rix, Baldwin, and Robinson were chosen secretaries, with ten vice presidents. The Hon. John S. Wells was nominated for governor, receiving on the first ballot 233 out of the 275 votes. The nomination was received with much applause. Mr. Wells is one of the first men in New Hampshire. He served a short time as Senator in the last Congress, and was distinguished for the ability with which he discussed some of the most important questions which engaged the deliberations of the Senate. It is understood that he will take the stump and give New Hampshire a thorough canvassing. Of the result, under such circumstances, we can entertain no doubt.

THE Resolutions. The national democracy throughout the Union will read with profound satisfaction the noble resolutions unanimously adopted by the convention. They are drawn with singular felicity, and will command an approving response from every true democrat. Resolved, That while the shifting organizations of our opponents have neither permanency of name nor consistency of doctrine, it is at once the merit and the glory of the democratic party that its great and guiding principles are immutable, its purposes fixed, and its name time-honored and unchanging. Resolved, That we hold to a strict construction of the constitution, abstinence from the exercise of undelegated or doubtful powers, an economical administration of the State and federal governments, and a scrupulous observance of the reserved rights of States and of individuals. Resolved, That the democracy upon secrecy, and requires no outlets; that while it publicly avows, as a fundamental principle, freedom of conscience, without distinction of religious faith, the political equality of all whom the law recognizes as American citizens, without reference to the accident of birth, and the equality of all before the law, it is equally firm in its opposition to any principle of entire and absolute political equality, and denounces all violations of this principle, whether by the interference of the abolitionists of the free States or by the aggressions of their abettors in the work of sectional agitation from the slave States.

Resolved, That the constitution of the U. States is founded upon the fundamental principle of entire and absolute political equality of all the States in this Union; and it is not competent for Congress, or any other power, to impose upon new States coming into the Union any condition or restriction, in respect to their domestic institutions or political concerns, which the original constitution has not imposed upon the original States; and that any effort on the part of Congress, or any other power, to violate this principle should be met and resisted by all good citizens as an attempt to trample upon the constitution and destroy the Union. Resolved, That we are in favor of a judicious regulation of the sale of spirituous liquors; but we believe the law of the last legislature, miscalled 'An act for the suppression of intemperance,' to be unconstitutional, illiberal, and oppressive in theory, and calculated in practice to aggravate the very evil it was proposed to remedy, and we, therefore, advocate its immediate repeal. Resolved, That the overturning of the established judiciary, and the substitution in its stead of the discarded project of the federal party of 1813, by the dominant faction in the last legislature, was in derogation of the organic law, in disregard of the wishes and to the detriment of the interests of the people of the State. The people will restore the integrity of the constitution and reinstate the judiciary upon its ancient foundation. Resolved, That the know-nothing administration in this State, by its illiberal, vindictive, partisan, and unconstitutional legislation—by its unparalleled proscription of faithful public officers, and by its appointment of incompetent and unprincipled men to so large an extent in their places—by its palpable misrepresentation of the public sentiment of the State upon national questions of vital importance, and by its reckless invasion of the sacred rights of individuals—have shown it to be unworthy of the confidence of a just and patriotic people, and deserving of the severest condemnation; and we have abundant evidence that, at the next election, the people will hurl these vile usurpers from their seats; they have disgraced, and restore honest men and patriotic party to power. Resolved, That the present national administration has been true to democratic principles, and, therefore, true to the great interest of the country. In the face of the most determined opposition, it has maintained the laws, enforced economy, fostered progress, and infused integrity and vigor into every department at home. It has signally improved our treaty relations, extended the fields of commercial enterprise,

vindicated the rights of our citizens abroad, and gloriously illustrated American honor. It has asserted, with eminent impartiality, the just claims of every section, and has dared, at all times and under all circumstances, to be faithful to the constitution. We, therefore, proclaim our unqualified approbation of its measures and policy, and our unabated confidence and regard for our honored fellow-citizen who stand, at its head. And we commend the name of Frank Pierce to the approaching Democratic National Convention for re-nomination to the office of President of the United States, believing that, in a crisis like the present, the surest guarantee for the safety and success of the future is to be found in the comprehensive statesmanship and unflinching fidelity to duty which have been so thoroughly tested and approved in the past.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS. The Boston Transcript mentions some curious coincidences noticeable in contemplating the names and lives of the first Presidents of the United States—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Jackson. We quote some of the most striking of these: "Four of these were from Virginia. Two of the same name were from Massachusetts, and the seventh from Tennessee. All but one were sixty years old on leaving office, having served two terms, and one of those who served but one term, would have been sixty years of age at the end of another.—Three of the seven died on the 4th of July, and two of them on the same day of the year. Two of them were on the sub-committee of three who drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two died on the same day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just half a century from the day of the Declaration. The names of three of the seven end in SON, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a son. In respect to the names of all, it may be said, in conclusion: The initials of the seven were the same, and still two others were the same.—The remaining one, who stands alone in this particular, stands alone in the admiration and love of his countrymen, and of the civilized world—Washington. Of the first five, only one had a son, and that son was also a President."

A SILVER GOBLET. We have seen a very handsome silver Goblet which was manufactured under the directions of the Columbia Flying Artillery, to be by them presented to our fellow citizen, Dr. J. M. POWELL, as a testimonial of their great regard for his kind and skillful services rendered to their fellow soldier, A. SIDNEY CLIFTON, who was so badly injured during the celebration at King's Mountain, by the premature discharge of a cannon. It is a beautiful tribute most worthily bestowed, and alike creditable to the donors and the recipient. It bears the following inscription: Presented to Dr. J. M. POWELL by the Columbia Artillery. In token of Their Gratitude for his Kind attention. To their unfortunate brother soldier A. SIDNEY CLIFTON, October 4th, 1855. [Carolina Times.]

A CRUCIFIXION IN CHINA. An American, writing from China to the New York Times, after giving an account of the numerous executions of the rebels, says: "Two weeks since, to vary the scene, they had a crucifixion. A woman was sentenced to be crucified for the crime of having given birth to one of the rebel chiefs. If a father is a rebel, his family is considered the same, and the whole family, from the old man of four-score to the child of four years, share the same fate. The poor woman was nailed to the cross while living, a gash made across the forehead to the bone, and the skin peeled down so as to hang over the eyes; after which the breasts were cut off; they then proceeded to break every bone in her body; a large knife was next thrust into the throat and passed downward, cutting the chest open. The executioner then thrust in his hand, and grasping the heart, tore it from its socket and laid it beating and rocking before the judge. At Shanghai they drown them by dozens."

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE. In a late article in Fraser's Magazine this brief but beautiful passage occurs: 'Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with birds' nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible insects—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.'

We want but little here below, Nor want that little long.