

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

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Western Democrat



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will be punctually attended to and on the short-
est notice.

MOORE & BYERLY.
July 3, 1855. 51-1f

IT PAYS WELL NOW-A-DAYS TO
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The Cheapest Place to buy Goods, as much
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We have just received one of the largest
and best selected stocks of goods we have
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Ladies' Cloaks, Ready-Made
Clothing, of all kinds, very cheap.

**Boots & Shoes, Hardware,
Groceries,**
and some more of them very cheap. Negro
BLANKETS.

And we are determined to sell our Goods as
low as any house in Carolina. All we ask is
an examination of our Goods and Prices. And as
we take great pleasure in showing our
Goods, call and see before buying.

BROWN, BRAWLEY & CO.
Oct. 9, 1855. 11 f

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is now receiving a large assort-
ment of new

**Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS,**
For Gentlemen's wear, and will
be sold for Cash at a small profit, made to order
according to the latest styles. Shop next
door to Elms' Grocery Store.
Sept. 29, 1854 - 10-f D. L. REA.

REMOVAL.
R. W. Beckwith
has removed his Jewelry
Store to No. 2, Johnston's
Row, three doors South
of Kerr's Hotel.
Feb. 16, 1855. 30-ly

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

THE
WESTERN DEMOCRAT.
—Published every Tuesday—

Containing the latest News, a full and accu-
rate Report of the Markets, &c.

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If paid within six months, 2 50
If paid after the expiration of the year, 3 00
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\$3 in advance.
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manuscript for a specific time, will be in-
serted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

The London (England) Standard says:
We should grieve at a war with our kinsmen
on the other side of the Atlantic, but we
should grieve without any mixture of fear
for the result. As to any danger to be ap-
prehended from a naval contest, it is a jest;
the United States have no naval force to
compete with one of our squadrons. And,
again, as to Canada. Canada proved suffi-
cient for her own defence in the war of
1812, and the defensive power of the British
North American Provinces has infinitely
increased since that time. The standard
considers that we may check the belligerent
spirit of the republicans of the New
World. A war with England now would
involve a war with France also, whereas in
1812 France was the zealous ally of America.
A war with England would, in fact,
hermetically close the continent of Europe
against the commerce of the North Ameri-
can republic. But some sage Jonathan will
be disposed to say that the union of Eng-
land with France is not likely to be perma-
nent. This, however, is a great error.—
England and France have found out, too
late, alas! that they have no conflicting in-
terests—that on the other hand, their in-
terests in the peace and prosperity of
Europe are identical. The right of each na-
tion to choose its own form of govern-
ment and its own sovereignty is now a settled
point of public law. It is the proud title
upon which Napoleon rests his au-
thority—that great man, who knows that
England, as she was the first nation to es-
tablish the right of national choice of a
sovereign, so she was the first to recognize
in his favor its exercise by the French
people.

Scarcely they may, the United States
have no go to war with England and
France united, these nations commanding
the sea, and having an invulnerable point
of vantage in the occupation of Canada.—
Nor is this all. There is danger in the
South as well as in the North, to quell the
blustering republicans. There are, un-
doubtedly, according to the writers
upon natural law, the state of slavery is but
a continuation of the state of war—and there
is no reason to question the proposition—in
all the Southern States of the Union, the
free citizens are greatly outnumbered by
enemies. Were to those who shall blow into
a flame the smouldering war of slavery, for
we repeat it, though smouldering slavery, it
is still war. But if the Republic should be so
mad as to compel us to the use of all means
of defence, a few black regiments must be
sent to the American continent, and it is as
easy as it must be painful to tell what would
be the effect of their presence and a popula-
tion of their kindred and color, held in
severe, not to call it cruel, slavery, by a
handful of whites. These are considera-
tions which must occur to the great body of
American people, though political agitators
and political writers, tongue-valiant and
pen-valiant as they always are, may look
to obtain distinction by violent warlike de-
clamations. Men, while, absurd, and, in
the abstract, even unjust as we may think
the interdiction upon recruiting for the British
service in the territory of a now independent
State, though once a British dependency,
we by no means defend the violation of that
interdict, if, indeed, it has been violated.
The law of the Republic forbidding the en-
listment of soldiers for the foreign service,
would, however, have a better face of justice
had not the States constituted themselves
the general recipients of all emigrants or
fugitives from their native countries.

The impudent swaggering of the above
article is exposed with great humor and
force by the Boston Courier, the greater
portion of whose article we copy and adopt,
as follows:
Persons who are surprised when earth-
quakes happen, will be surprised by the
article from the Standard. Both have their
time, place and effect. Were one to read
the article in Europe, he would conclude
that Jonathan had got his dander up, and
was blowing the trumpet from Passamaquoddy
Bay to the Bay of San Francisco.—
Whereas, Jonathan has been so busy trans-
porting troops of the allies to the Crimea,
cotton to Liverpool, and breadstuffs to feed
the hungry in France and England, that he
has had no time to sport his trumpet, and,
perhaps, has forgotten where he laid after the
return from the Halls of the Montezumas.
He must have inadvertently put it in
some place exposed to the noxious

pranks of Aeolus, else why should John
Bull have heard the sound thereof, and one
quiet morning sent a message over the wires
from Halifax furiously accusing Jonathan of
blowing full blasts, awaking "the belligerent
spirit of the republicans of the new
world," causing them to bluster and "swag-
ger as they may," and expose their navy
to an allied squadron, to be atomized as a
"jest" for cosmopolites? Before the war
of 1812, this navy was not; but ere peace
came, it was. And if its future career may
be predicted from the result of the past, it
will probably die game, on salt water or
fresh.

With a mercantile marine having a ton-
nage greater than that of any nation on earth;
with ship timber, iron, copper, cotton, coal,
and men second to none in the art of ship-
building; with a national debt almost
zero, treasury over-flowing, taxes light, an
abundance of gold, a vast surplus of food,
and twenty-five million of inhabitants, most
of whom having patronized the schoolmaster
that is abroad—the United States will not
withdraw her "fire frigates and cotton bun-
ting" from the realm of Neptune in dis-
honor.

"And, again, as to Canada." When in
1812, the Northwestern States were yet a
wilderness, inhabited by savages, to resist
whom it required more men than to meet
the Anglo-American army, when there were
no railroads, or roads even, and our soldiers
made long and perilous marches through the
forests to meet the foe upon their own
ground—then the enemy left Detroit (now
a great city) retreated through Canada west
for the St. Lawrence, hauled down the red
cross, laid the stars and stripes floating on
the great Mediterranean lakes of America,
and never during the war regained lost
ground or water. At that time there were
but 300,000 inhabitants of European race
North of the Ohio river—now there are
more than 5,000,000, one-fifth of whom stand
West and Northwest of Canada, completely
heading her off in the great race toward
the Pacific for empire over the primeval
forest.

If the Standard will compute the excess
which the per cent. of American commerce
sustains to that of England on the lakes and
St. Lawrence, it will conclude—without
adverting to the smothered rebellion of
1838, or the slumbering desire for annexation
that spoke its thoughts so audible as
to reach the throne in 1849—that one cam-
paign from the Republic will settle the
manifest destiny of Canada, and let her
sons with joy gather under the banner of
the Empire of the West.

The Standard says a war with England
now would involve a war with France also.
This may be possible so long as the war
with Russia still continue, and only so
long. While that war lasts, John Bull will
have enough to do in the East and be very
thankful if he maintain neutrality. When
that war shall end, neither the tradition of
the past, nor the present or future interest
of France, nor the sagacity of Louis Napo-
leon, will ever prompt him to take up arms
to aggrandise England upon this side of the
Atlantic. Whether he who guards the
chapeau and surcoat of Napoleon le Grand
knows, or does not know, what he is about,
there is "method in his madness," and he
undoubtedly feels the great joys of warriors
as he beholds his legions advancing to the
forests of Scythia, and the troops of Britain
following *non passibus equis*.

When France shall have consolidated her
power at Constantinople, extending it thence
by way of Algeria to the Straits of Gibralt-
ar, she will not regret to see England
waste her strength on the American repub-
lic. France desires to sell us wine, silks
and linens; and to purchase in return cot-
ton, corn and ship timber. It is from tradi-
tion as well as interest that she desires the
freedom of the seas, and she will not war
with a nation that contends for the same.
It is all but an impossibility to make the
people of France and the United States
perceive that their interests are not natu-
rally in harmony.

If England and France have found out,
too late, alas! that they have no conflicting
interests," very well. If England admits
that "the right of each nation to choose its
own form of government, and its own
sovereignty, is now a settled point of public
law," as we asserted and maintained the
right long ago, we are pleased to hear the
admission. Yet we fancy John must blush
some at his confession, after having strug-
gled twenty-two years in conjunction with
all Europe, and spent £5,000,000,000 in con-
trasting that right to France.

Ab! but "there is danger in the South
as well as North, to quell the ambition of
the blustering republicans," and "in all
the Southern States of the Union the free
citizens are greatly outnumbered by en-
emies." By the census of 1850 the white
population of the slave States was 6,224,240,
and the number of slaves was 3,204,092.—
This citation corrects an error of fact as
well as it shows how little fear there can be
of a servile insurrection. American slavery,
although it is slavery, tends to elevate and
civilize the black race, who are more
kindly disposed towards their masters than
foreigners are aware of. The millinery of
their servitude is shown by the rate per
cent. of their increase, being as great as
that of the white population, or about 30
per cent. every ten years—a remarkable
contrast to the system that existed in the

British West Indies, where, from 1817, nine
years after the prohibition of the slave
trade, to 1834, there had been an actual
decrease of the black population of more than
10 per cent. No; the black race in the
South are not "held in severe, not to call it
cruel slavery, by a handful of whites." We
do not defend slavery—we defend the truth,
as the black soldiers helped Jackson to de-
fend New Orleans in 1815. Let England
declare war against this country, and it is
more than probable she would find work for
all her soldiers, to crush the uprising of the
hydra-headed democracy that now sleeps
beneath the heel of her monarch and titled
aristocracy. If the island should become
too hot for either party, there is an asylum
for "all emigrants or fugitives from their
native countries," in the land of freedom
over the Western wave.

GENERAL JACKSON AND JUDGE DOUGLAS.

While the Abolitionists and Know Nothings
are continually heaping on the head of
our distinguished Senator all manner of
abuse, and with Greeley at their head, they
will not suffer him to visit his constituents
in peace and do that which every public
man ought to do—go among his friends and
constituents from time to time, to know if
he has their confidence and is truly repre-
senting them—we, as a conductor of a pub-
lic journal, wish to recall what one of our
best men and greatest patriots thought of
our Senator when he had a chance to ex-
press his sentiments of a public man, then,
in 1844, quite a young man and politician.
The fact may be found in the life of Jack-
son, page 171, entitled thus: "Interview
with Judge Douglas." While attending the
Nashville Convention of August, 1844,
we visited the Hermitage (only twelve miles
distant) in company with Judge Douglas of
Illinois, and some of our fellow citizens.—
The Hermitage was crowded with people
from almost every State, who had been in-
vited thither by the venerable patriot the
day succeeding the convention. Governor
Clay of Alabama was near Gen. Jackson,
who was himself sitting on a sofa in the hall
of his residence, and as each entered, Gov.
Clay introduced him to the hero, and he
passed along. When Judge Douglas was
thus introduced, Gen. Jackson raised his
still brilliant eyes, and gazed for a moment
in the countenance of the Judge, still retain-
ing his hand.

"Are you the Mr. Douglas of Illinois, who
delivered a speech last session on the sub-
ject of the fine imposed on me for declaring
martial law at New Orleans?" asked Gen.
Jackson.

"I have delivered a speech in the House
of Representatives upon that subject," was
the modest reply of our friend.

"Then stop," said Gen. Jackson, "sit
down here beside me! I desire to return you
my thanks for that speech. You are the first
man that has ever relieved my mind on a sub-
ject which has rested on it for thirty years.
My enemies have always charged me with
violating the Constitution of my country by
declaring martial law at New Orleans; and
my friends have always admitted the viola-
tion, but have contended that the circum-
stances justified me in that violation. I never
could understand how it was that the per-
formance of a solemn duty to my country—
a duty which, if I had neglected to perform,
would have made me a traitor in the sight
of God and man—could properly be pro-
nounced a violation of the Constitution. I
felt convinced, in my own mind, that I was
not guilty of such a heinous offence; but I
never could make out a legal justification
of my course, nor has it ever been done. Sir,
until you on the floor of Congress, at the
late session, established it beyond the pos-
sibility of cavil or doubt. I thank you for
that speech; it has relieved my mind from
the only circumstance that rested painfully
on it. Throughout my whole life I never
performed an official act which I viewed as
a violation of the Constitution of my coun-
try, and I can now go down to the grave in
peace, with a perfect consciousness that I
have not broken at any period of my life the
Constitution or laws of my country."

Such are the words of Gen. Jackson at
his last levee (for he died shortly after),
addressed to one just beginning his bright
career of public usefulness. These words,
too, are for the American people, as well as
for Judge Douglas. They show how that
great and good man revered the Constitu-
tion of his country, and that even in per-
forming a noble and necessary act to pro-
tect life and property, when he was told he
had violated that sacred instrument, his
heart was troubled, so careful was he to pre-
serve that charter of our liberties. Who
does not wish that the old hero's feelings
and love for country and Constitution could
be infused into every American heart? We
should hear, then, no more croaking about
"the value of the Union"—no more trailing
the American flag in the dust on the Fourth
of July, as has been done by the Abolitionists
in the East.—[Paris (Ill.) Blade.

MISSOURI.—The Whig members of the
Missouri Legislature held a meeting at Jef-
ferson City on the 30th ult., and resolved
that the National Whig Party still lives—
and, in the coming Presidential contest, "will
show themselves worthy of the best days of
the republic." The holding a State conven-
tion at St. Louis, on the second Monday of
April 1856, for the purpose of appointing
delegates to the National Whig Convention
to nominate candidates for President and
Vice President of the United States, was
recommended.

PASSING AWAY.

The bud, the blossom, and the flowers,—
Fair smiling springs array,—
With fragrance have perfumed the bowers,
And calmly passed away.
The ruddy summer's laughing train
With all her charms has fled,
And sober Autumn's golden reign
Her bounteous stores have spread.
Soon Winter's howling blasts will rise,
All gloomy, cold and drear,
To mar the mellow Autumn's skies
And close the parting year.
—RT—
The wintry days will pass away
With all their frosty powers,
And gentle Spring return again
And strew the land with flowers.

MISCELLANY.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.
The celebrated Whitfield, when preaching
on one occasion from the balcony of the
Court-house, in Philadelphia, cried out, lift-
ing his eyes to Heaven: "Father Abraham,
who have you got in your bosom? Any
Episcopalians? Any Presbyterians?"—"No!"
"Any Baptists?"—"No!" "Have you
any Methodists there?"—"No!" "Have you
any Independents or Seceders?"—"No!"
"Why, who have you, then?"—"We don't
have these names here; all here are Chris-
tians—believers in Christ." Oh is that the
case? Then God help us all to forget party
names, and to become Christians in deed
and in truth.

DEAL GENTLY.
Deal gently with those that stray. If
there are signs of repentance, there is hope,
and a kind word or smile may bring back
the wanderer—a frown, a bitter taunt may
sink him into the lowest depths of infamy.
Draw back the erring one by love and per-
suasion. Knock at the door of his heart,
feel your way up the winding stairs, and
perchance a pious mother's tears have kept
a corner moist and tender—touch it gently
—tenderly stir the precious seed, and may-
hap you may pluck the ripened fruit in spirit
world. Deal gently with the erring. "To
err is human—to forgive divine." A kind
word is more amiable to the lost than a mine
of gold. Think of this and be on your
guard, ye who would chase to the grave an
erring brother.

TIME.

Ninety years hence, not a single man or
woman, now twenty years of age, will be
alive. Ninety years! Alas! how many
of the lively actors at present on the stage
of life will make their exit long ere ninety
years shall have rolled away! And could we
be sure of ninety years, what are they?
"A tale that is told"; a dream; an empty
sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind
away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as
man advances in age. Like the degrees in
longitude, man's life declines as he travels
towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to
a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible
that life is of so short duration? Will ninety
years cease all the golden names over the
doors in town and country, and substitute
others in their stead? Will all the new
blooming beauties fade and disappear, all
the pride and passion, the love, hope and
joy, pass away in ninety years, and be for-
gotten? "Ninety years? says Death; 'do
you think I shall wait ninety years? Be-
hold, to-day, to-morrow, and every day is
mine. When ninety years are past, this
generation will have mingled with the dust
and be remembered not."

THE FEMALE NOBILITY.

The woman, poor and homely clad as she
may be, who balances her own income and
expenditure—who toils unrepiningly among
her well trained children, and presents them
morning and evening, in rosy health and
cheerfulness, as offerings of love to her hus-
band—and seeks the improvement of their
bodies—is the most exalted of her sex. Be-
fore her shall the proudest dame bow her
jewelled head, for the bliss of a happy heart
dwells with her forever.

If there is one prospect more dear to the
soul of man than another, it is that of meet-
ing at the door his smiling wife and group
of happy children. How it stirs up the tir-
ed blood of an exhausted man, when he hears
the patter of many feet on the stairs—when
young voices mix in glad confusion, and the
youngest springs to his arms with a mirth-
ful shout.

THE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on
the "small sweet courtesies of life," contains
a passage from which a deal of happiness
might be learned: "I want to tell you a
secret. The way to make yourself pleas-
ing to others is to show that you care for
them. The whole world is like the miller at
Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not
he—because nobody cared for him.' And
the whole world will serve you so, if you
give them the same care. Let every one,
therefore, see that you do care for them, by
showing them what Sterne so happily calls
"the small sweet courtesies in which there
is no parade, whose voice is too still to tense,
and which manifest themselves by tender
and affectionate looks, and little kind acts
of attention, giving others the preference in
every little enjoyment at the table, in the
field, walking, sitting, or standing."

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A soldier who was present at the capture
of Sebastopol, relates in a letter to his
friends, the following romantic story:
"A party of men, belonging to different
regiments, were patrolling from house to
house, in search of plunder. In one of the
houses they came across a beautiful young
female, about 17 or 18 years of age. Of
course, some ignorance was shown amongst
the party, who commenced to drag her
about, and would have used violence to her,
had not a young man threatened to blow
the first man's brains out that laid a
finger on her, whereupon the young woman
flew to this man and clung to him for pro-
tection. She followed him all the way back
to the camp, when, coming in sight of his
camp, he beckoned her to return—but no,
she would not leave him. Whether she had
fallen in love at first sight I don't know, but
she came to the camp with him. As soon
as he got there he was instantly confined
for being absent when the regiment was
under arms. She followed him to the guard
tent, and cried after him. The colonel of
his regiment, seeing the affection she bore
him, released him, and sent them both to
General Harris, when an interpreter was
got, and she related the whole affair to them.
It turned out that she was a General's
daughter, with some thousands. She was
beautifully attired, and carried a gold watch,
and wore a set of bracelets of immense
value. The young man is now about to be
married to her. She will not leave him
upon any account whatever, and if he is not
a lucky dog, I don't know who is."

SELLING DRY GOODS.

People generally think that it is a very
easy matter to stand behind a counter and
retail dry goods; but a week's experience
in the business would convince the cleverest
man that it is much more difficult and labo-
rious than the task of turning a grindstone
twelve hours per day. The office of sales-
man embodies, in its duties, qualities for
the shrewdness of a politician, the persua-
sion of a lover, the politeness of a Chester-
field, the patience of Job, and the impudence
of a pickpocket. There are salesmen who
make it a point never to lose a customer.—
One of the gentlemen, who is in a store in
Chatham street, not long since, was called
to show a very fastidious and fashionable
lady, some rich silk cloaking. Every ar-
ticle of the kind was exposed to her view;
the whole store was ransacked; nothing
suited. The costly was stigmatized as trash;
everything was common and not fit for a
lady. She guessed she would go to Stow-
arts. The salesman pretended to be ig-
norant.

"Madam," said he in a tone of injured in-
nocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare
piece of goods; a case which I divided with
Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law, but
it would be useless to show it to you; it is
the only piece in the city."

"Oh, allow me to see it," she asked, in an
anxious tone; and continued, "I had no in-
tention of annoying you, or disparaging the
merits of your wares."

The salesman, who was now watched in
breathless silence by his fellow clerks, pro-
ceeded as if with much reluctance, and with
expressions of fear that it would be injured
by getting tumbled, to display an ancient
piece of vesting which had been lying in
the store for five years, and was considered
to be unsaleable. The lady examined, and
liked it much. That was a piece of goods
worthy to be worn. How much was it a
yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."
"Oh! that is very high!"
"There," exclaimed he, beginning to fold
it up, "I knew you would say so."
"Stay! don't be in so great a hurry!" she
cried, "I'll give you twenty shillings."
"Madam, you insult me again."
"Cut me off—yards, and you can make
up the deduction on some velvet which I re-
quire for trimmings," almost entreated the
fair shopper.

The salesman, after much persuasion, sold
the lady the vesting, for which they had
sought in vain to get five shillings per yard,
at the price above indicated. The profits
of the sale on the vesting and velvet amount-
ed to thirty-three dollars! out of which the
clerks were permitted to pay for supper of
oysters. The best of this brief tale of dry
goods is to be told. The lady had her cloak
made, and one or two of her friends, delig-
ated with it, bought the rest of vesting at the
same price! There is a moral to this anec-
dote, which we leave to be discovered by the
ingenuity of our lady readers who occasion-
ally go a shopping.

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.

To be a woman of fashion one of the easiest
things in the world. A letter describes it thus:
"Buy everything you don't want; pay for nothing
you get; smile on all mankind but your
husband; be happy everywhere but at home;
hate the country; adore the city; read novels;
agree; your children; nurse lap dogs, and go to
church every time you get a newshawl!"

KINDNESS.—Little acts of kindness, gen-
tle words, loving smiles—these strew the
path of life with flowers; they make the
sunshine brighter and the earth greener;
and He who bade us "Love one another,"
and He who favors upon the gentle and kind-
hearted, and he pronounced them "blessed."

Sketches of Character.

NATHANIEL PRENTISS BANKS.

The New York Herald gives the following
sketch of the history of Nathaniel P. Banks,
a member of Congress from Massachusetts,
who is one of the leading candidates for
speaker:

Mr. Banks was born in Waltham, Mid-
dlessex county, Massachusetts, on the 13th
of January, 1816. As his middle name in-
dicates, he is descended, on one side, from
the Prentiss family, of New Hampshire.

At the age of twelve years he began to
work in a cotton factory. At a later age he
assisted his father, who was a house carpen-
ter. He next learned the machinist's trade,
and worked at it in Waltham and Boston.—
He never had any schooling after he was
twenty years of age. Prior to that he at-
tended the public school in his native town,
and was considered an apt and quick schol-
ar.

In 1845, Mr. Banks entered his name in
the office of the Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr.,
then United States District Attorney, in
Boston. In 1848 he was admitted to the
bar, and commenced practice in Boston.—
Mr. Banks commenced his political life in
1840, as a supporter of Martin Van Buren
and the sub-treasury scheme. In 1848 he
was elected a member of the Legislature
of Massachusetts, from the town of Wal-
tham. There were only about twenty Demo-
crats in the House that session. It was
the year that the party ran down under
Cushing and Cass. Mr. Banks took an ac-
tive part in the proceedings of the House—
sustaining Cass and his Nicholson letter,
and Cushing.

In 1851, Mr. Banks was elected to both
the Senate and the House in Massachusetts,
but accepted a seat in the House, and was
chosen speaker by the coalition between the
barbarian democrats and the free-soilers.
He had been a leader of the coalition
movement before the people, and made a
very large number of popular addresses.—
He was the most active liberal democrat in
the State. His style of oratory was effec-
tive, and he seemed to be a general favorite
on whom the different political factions were
all inclined to look kindly. In 1852 he
was re-elected Speaker of the House. In 1853
he was a member of the convention called
to revise the constitution of Massachusetts,
and was chosen to preside over its delibera-
tions. This convention numbered among its
members, Judge Allen, Rufus Choate,
Judge Sprague, Gen. Wilson, Gov. Bout-
well, Mr. Knowlton, Gov. Morton, Gov.
Briggs, and others of the most distinguish-