The Western Democrat.

OFFICE ON THE WEST SIDE OF TRADE STREET

CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS, AND THE GLORY OF THE ONE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF THE OTHER.

$2 per annum IN ADVANCE.

WILLIAM J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. CHARLOTTE, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1859. EIGHTH VOLUME—NUMBER 372.

THE

WESTERN DEMOCRAT,

Published every Tuesday,

BY

WM. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
EDWIN A. YATES, Associate Editor.

TERMS, PER ANNUM:

If paid in advance,.....$2 00
If paid within 3 months,.....2 50
If paid after the expiration of the year,.....3 00

☞ Any person sending us five NEW subscribers, accompanied by the advance subscription ($10) will receive a sixth copy gratis for one year.

☞ Subscribers and others who may wish to send money to us, can do so by mail, at our risk.

☞ Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

☞ Advertisements not marked on the manuscript for a specific time, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

"EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN, YE SHALL NOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."—A friend related to us, a few days ago, a touching incident in the last moments of Mr R., a Lawyer of distinction who removed from this part of the State to Tennessee three or four years ago, and died there recently. He had been ill for several weeks, during which his mind had been deeply impressed with those religious views which had not sufficiently interested him during his previous life. As the vital spark was flickering, he seemed to have become a little child again, and murmured his childish prayers—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"I pray God to bless dear father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and make me a good boy."

With these words he went to sleep—the sleep that has its waking in another world—we may hope a better world to the child-man. The last prayer upon his lips was the first prayer he learned at his mother's knee—the life between blotted out, it may be.—*Fay Observer.*

OIL OF TAR.—A consumptive man in Portsmouth, says the Norfolk Argus, who had used many remedies without relief, was advised to take the oil of tar, and acted accordingly. He was considered a perfectly hopeless case, but the tar oil has cured him completely. He is now hale and hearty.

We have heard of other remarkable cures by this simple and cheap remedy. The patient commences with five drops, with sugar, and increases to twenty or thirty. It is not palatable, but a very efficacious and powerful antidote.

A NEW IDEA.—Lieut. Maury, in his Ocean lectures, announces the startling fact, according to the Cleaveland Plaindealer, that "animal matter at the bottom of the deep sea, owing to the superincumbent pressure, the exclusion of light and heat, and the saline properties of the water, could not decompose, but must remain precisely in the state in which it is deposited for ages. So that Pharaoh and his host, when the last trump shall sound and the sea give up the dead, will come forth fresh in features and perfect in form as when in pursuit of the children of Israel they were engulphed by the waves of the Red Sea."

Men have a touchstone whereby to try gold, but gold is a touchstone whereby to try men.

ETHER AND CHLOROFORM.—The following scientific and medical announcement is important:—"At the last sitting of the Imperial Society of Medicine, of Lyons, the important question of the relative advantages of ether and chloroform as anæsthetics was fully discussed. The society, on motion of Dr. Barrier, passed the following resolutions:—1. That ether, used as an anæsthetic, is less dangerous than chloroform. 2. That anæthesia is produced as constantly and completely by ether as by chloroform. 3. That if ether presents inconveniences from which chloroform is exempt, such inconveniences are of slight importance and are preferrable to the danger inherent to the use of the latter. 4. That consequently, ether is to be preferred to chloroform."

SCENE IN A GEORGIA COURT.

After a well known Georgia Solicitor had administered the oath to the grand and petit juries and bailiffs, he turned to the presiding Judge and said:

"May it please your honor, I do not remember any form of oath administered to tho lobby bailiffs, but by your permission, I think I can frame one that will be satisfactory to the court.

Judge—Proceed sir.

Solicitor—Put your hand upon the book.

Whereupon a tall, lean, vinegar-faced son of Anak stepped up and promptly grabbed the book.

Solicitor—Do you solemnly swear in the presence of this court, and us lawyers, that you will take your position in the lobby, and there remain with your eyes skinned, during the entire session of this court. That you will not allow any one to speak above a low whisper, and if any one shall dare to do so in the presence of your royal highness, you will vociforously exclaim, "Silence in the lobby!" and if order is not immediately restored, you further swear that you will, by one ponderous blow of your fist planted between the peepers of the offender, knock him down. All this you will do to the best of your knowledge and skill, so help you God."

The bailiff took the position assigned him, and immediately after the court was organized, Tom Diggers, who looked as green as young gourds, walked into the room, wearing brogans No. 11, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and enquired:

"Hello, fellers, where in the thunder is Jim Snellings?"

"Silence in the lobby!" roared the official.

Brogans—You must be an alfired, tarnal fool, Jim Jarvis; I'd like to know who's a makin any more fuss than you, and ef ye jist open that bread trap of yourn agin, ye mammy wont know ye.

Whereupon Jim Jarvis, the bailiff, let fly the dogs of war, and greeny fell flat on his back, with his pedestrials at an angle of about forty degrees in the air. He grabbed greeny by the seat of his trousers, and dragged him wrong end foremost into the presence of the Judge, and said:

"Mr Judge, here's that infernal Tom Diggers, that warn't never in a courthouse afore, and he undertook to run over this chicken, but cording to my oath, I fetched the tarnal critter up stoodin, by giving him a jerk atween the eyes cording to law, and now say the word, and I'll maul the dogwood juice outen him afore you can wink your eyes twice."

Judge—Turn him loose, Mr Bailiff, and accept the thanks of the court for the prompt discharge of you official duties.

Exit greeny with eyes large as saucers.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT QUITO.—On the 22d of March a violent earthquake was experienced in Quito, South America, and throughout the country. No pen can describe the scene of terror, confusion, and desolation which followed that awful convulsion of Nature. A great part of the city, including churches and public buildings, was overthrown in ruins. The same earthquake was still more severely felt to the north of Quito, in the province of Turbabura, and particularly in the environs of the two extinct volcanoes of Turbabura and Cotacachi. Two towns, ten villages, and more than two hundred haciendas were almost entirely destroyed. In the month of April last I travelled over the theatre of the lamentable devastation. The strongest shock was suffered by the villages of Cotacachi, San Pablo, and Perucho, which are now but heaps of broken and shapeless remains. In the last named place the curate, with a great part of the inhabitants, was buried alive under the ruins of the church. The earthquake spread from Popayan to Guayaquil, an extension almost unprecedented in South America.

INCREASE OF FREE BLACKS.—From a communication upon this subject in the Frankfort Commonwealth, we learn that in 1790 there were in the United States 59,466 free blacks. 32,357 of this number were in the slave States, and 27,109 were living in what are now termed the free States, though at that time most of those States had slaves living in them. The difference at that time in the number of the free blacks in the slave States over those in the free States, was but 5,424. In 1800 the number of free blacks was 108,395. In 1840 it was 386,303, giving to the free States 170,728; to the slave States 207,214; and to the district of Columbia 8,361. Only 2,015 slaves were emancipated in the free States during the preceding ten years, and yet there was increase to the free blacks of 33,199, from some cause besides natural generation. Some of it may have been by "fugitives from service." But it must be remembered 31,296 were added to the free blacks in the slave States. In 1850 there were 434,495; in the free States 196,308; in the slave States 228,128; and 10,059 in the District of Columbia. The increase in the free States was 25,521, and in the slave States 20,914.

ESCAPE OF A PRISONER—*An Amusing Farewell Card.*—We copy the following from the Yorkville Enquirer:

John Jonas, *alias* John Able, who was arrested and lodged in jail, some weeks since on a charge of stealing a saddle from Mr John D. McConnell, made his escape. He cut through the ceiling of his cell with a knife, broke off the plastering, passed out into the passage, and descended to the ground by means of blankets.

He left behind him the following rich document:

"gentle men when you put a hog up to fatten always put abot tom in your pen for fear yore hog might root out never build your pen out of corn stalks or else your hog will knaw them in two an when you put aman in Jail never build your Jail out of clab boards and bird trap sticks if you want to no where i am Just come down to york shire there you will find me picken chinkapins to pay tax and a law yer to plead for all the cracks and when the lawyers finds aflaw then the Judge like any Jack daw will lay down what is law this place york is mighty fine place for they will skin aflee for the hide an tallow i want you to answer my letter if you please direct your letter to lincorn tink tank where the frogs Jump from bank to bank i doant speak of eny place But this one horse town you can't get this fox eny more you can't drive him under your trap then push it down on him you must Bait with gold next time rab bit ye Bet thick as ten bumble bees in a pumkin bloom."

ELOQUENCE OF HENRY CLAY.

Whoever heard Mr Clay for the first time, was almost certain to be delighted with him, without exactly knowing why. There was a charm about his oratory that defied analysis, and rendered sober criticism well-nigh impossible. You went away too well pleased, and too full of admiration for the man to think of asking how he had managed for the last hour, to put you in a rage at one moment, and make you laugh and cry the next, at will. There was something about him different from any other speaker I ever heard. Webster was like a steam engine for concentrated power, and the rush and roar of his assault upon an enemy, a sort of human volcano, when the fires were kindled in those cavernous eyes, and he poured forth a torrent of burning words scorching and scathing all before it. Calhoun was the very genius of abstract reasoning, calmly and deliberately adding link after link to the iron chain of his logic, till the hearer fell down, at the end, bound hand and foot in the unyielding meshes of an irresistible necessity. But Clay—when he mounted the rostrum a universal smile illuminated men's faces, and they looked at one another with an expression which said plainer than words, "Glad to see you up, Mr Clay. Begone, dull care! We're going to have a good time. This heavy work is over at last. Business done—now comes pleasures."—"Clay," said General Jackson, in the writer's hearing, "is the most plausible speaker that ever opened his mouth in a public assembly. If you listen to him, he will make you believe anything he pleases." This, from an enemy was not meant for praise, but to the fact old Hickory was perfectly competent to testify.

"Hush, Mr Clay is going to address the jury." I looked at those two gentlemen with some interest, for a fellow-being was on trial before them, for his life, accused of a most atrocious murder.—Heavy substantial-looking citizens they were—rather dull, I thought, and about as likely to be moved by an appeal to their feelings as the stalactites in the Mammoth Cave. As Mr Clay commenced, a friend whispered in my ear, "That villian ought to be hung, but he's got a wife and child, and his old mother is here in court; and that's enough for Clay, he'll have the jury blubbering in less than half an hour." I doubted it, but so it was. Those great hulking fellows were sobbing and mopping their faces over the sorrows of the prisoner's family as depicted by the speaker, as though they themselves had just lost their dearest friend. Even the court blew its nose vigorously, for some reason, during the appeal in behalf of the old woman, and although perfectly convinced that I was "sold" in so doing, I could not resist the epidemic, and sighed and sobbed in concert with the bench, bar, jury, and spectators. It is needless to add that the prisoner was acquitted.

Several years ago, while in the vicinity of Ashland, I called upon Mr Clay. He was absent from home, attending a fair in the neighborhood. Being desirous of an interview, I followed him to the fair grounds, and finding him just about to address the multitude, took a seat among them. Directly in front of me sat two ladies. One of them appeared to be in an ill-humor for some reason, and I over-heard the petulant remark. "I don't want to hear Clay. Wonder if nobody in Kentuck can't make a speech but him. My husband is a Democrat." Mr Clay proceeded, and having occasion to refer to the domestic articles on exhibition, paid the ladies present some very high compliments upon their skill and industry, and in allusion to the beauty and good qualities of his fair country-women generally, said that with regard to them, as well as other fine fabrics, his preference was for domestic manufactures, instead of foreign imports. The mingled air of gallantry and drollery of the speaker, in this part of his address, the half-jest and half-earnest of his manner, the wit, and anecdote, and the pathos, as he alluded to his own advancing years, and increasing infirmities, were inimitable and irresistible. I looked at the Democrat's wife. It was plain that her efforts to hate Clay had ended in a miserable failure. She had been laughing and crying like the rest of us, and after the tumultuous applause which followed the close of the address had subsided, I was surprised to hear her say to her female companion, "Jane, it's no use not liking him because he's a Whig, is it? I suppose John won't like it, but I'm a going to give him my blankets."

A GREAT MAN.—George Lippard in his work called the Nazarine, thus speaks of General Jackson: "He was a man! Well I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there in his arm chair—I can see him now. We told him of the public distress—the manufacturers ruined—the eagles shrouded in crape, which were carried at the head of 20,000 men into Independence Square. Heard us all. We begged him to leave the deposits where they were, to uphold the great Bank at Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. At last one of our members, more fiery than the rest, intimated that if the Bank was crushed, a rebellion might follow. Then the old man rose—I can see him now.

"Come," he shouted, in a voice of thunder, as his clenched hand raised high above his white hair. "Come with your bayonets in your hands instead of your petitions, surround the White House with your legion—I am ready for you. With the people at my back, with whom your gold can neither awe nor buy, I will swing you up around the Capitol—each one of you on a gibbet as high as Haman's."

"When I think," says the author, "of that one man, standing there at Washington, battling against all the power of bank and panic combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted—assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss or the fiend of falsehood howl—when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock, and folding his arm for the blow, while he uttered the vow, 'I will not swerve one inch from the course I have taken,' I must confess that records of Rome—nay, the proudest day of Cromwell or Napoleon—cannot furnish an instance of a will like that of Andrew Jackson, when he placed life, and soul, and fame on the hazard of a die for the people's welfare."

Some one told an Irishman that a man had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it." With a shrewd nod, Pat answered, "I believe in the crame, but not in the saucers."