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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

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

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 2.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1854.

NO. 45.

Business Cards, &c.

R. P. WARING,

Attorney at Law,
Office in Loring's Brick Building, 2nd floor,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

REHET & ROBINSON,

FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Liberal advances made on Consignments.
If Special attention is given to the business, we
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March 17, 1854. 31-6m

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other best makers' Pianos, at
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January 28, 1853. 28-ly

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OIL CLOTHS, of all widths, cut for rooms or entries,
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An extensive assortment of Window CURTAINS,
CORNICES, &c., &c.

Sept. 23, 1853. 10-ly.

The American Hotel,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and pres-
ent patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next,
after which time, the entire property will be thoroughly
repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasant
and airy, rendering it a desirable house for travellers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 22 C. M. RAY.

Baltimore Piano Forte Manufactory.

J. WISE & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Roubin-
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good and substantial Piano that will last an age, at a
low price, may rely on getting such by addressing the
Manufacturers, by mail or otherwise. We have the
honour of serving and referring to the first families in the
State. In no case is disappointment sufferable. The
Manufacturers, also, refer to a host of their fellow citi-
zens.
Feb 3, 1854. 25-6m J. WISE & BROTHER,
Baltimore, Md.

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,
by purchase and sell Slaves, &c., on Commission.
SALES ROOM—No. 12, Richmond Street, and imme-
diately opposite the United States Hotel.
Feb 3, 1854. 10-6m J. M. MARCH, J. E. SHARP.

Livery and Sales Stable,

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

Notice.

All Accounts and Notes in favor of M. W. Robinson
have been placed in my hands for collection, and
must be settled by the 1st of April next on these Notes,
and Accounts will be placed in Officers hands, for col-
lection without reserve.
R. M. STERLING,
Charlotte, March 17, 1854. 34-11

Jerry Smith's Widow!

OR, AN OLD BACHELOR'S ATTEMPT AT MATRIMONY.

I left my residence in Kentucky, a few years ago, and proceeded to Baltimore for the purpose of transacting some business with a mercantile house with which I had been extensively concerned. No one knew the object of my journey; because, being a bachelor, in easy circumstances, I was under no obligation to disclose to any person more than I thought proper. I left my farm under the direction of a manager, with the expectation of returning in a few weeks. On my arrival in Baltimore, I concluded to make a sea voyage to Cuba and New Orleans, at which latter place, I had important business. The vessel in which I embarked, after being lulled and detained by head winds, at length sprang a leak, and we were obliged to put into Havana. Here various delays occurred, and as I could neither talk Spanish, play billiards, nor smoke cigars, the time hung so heavily upon my hands, that I soon fretted myself into a bilious fever. In this condition my captain left me, without so much as saying good-by; and when at last I reached New Orleans by another vessel, I found that the person with whom my affairs had been entrusted, was absent, and not expected to return for several weeks. There was no alternative left me, but either to abandon the object of my voyage, and risk the entire loss of a large sum, or by remaining expose my constitution, already debilitated and predisposed to disease, to the dangers of a sickly climate. Unfortunately I adopted the latter course.

I found the weather as hot here as in Cuba, the language as incomprehensible, and the billiard-tables quite as devoid of interest. The sickly season was fast approaching, and as I had determined not to escape disease by flight I endeavored to avoid it by precaution. It is amusing enough, to those who can look on from a distance, to see the various expedients by which men endeavor to contend with death; as the great destroyer was a foe who could be eluded by cunning, or baffled by force. The yellow fever assailed the inhabitants; I felt the malady, or thought I felt it, creeping slowly into my system, and resorted to every preventive which my own reason or the experience of others suggested. I first tried the Sangrado plan; drank water, ate vegetables, and suffered phlebotomy. But I soon found that I could not endure starvation, nor carry on the functions of life without a due supply of the circulating medium. I resorted to stimulants and tonics—a mint julep in the morning, bitters at noon, and wine after dinner; but alas! with no better success; for every time that I looked in the glass I discovered by my sallow visage, that the enemy was silently making my approaches. My eyes became jaundiced—my pulse heavy—my skin dry, and my complexion received a new coat of yellow every day, deepening at first into a delicate orange, then to a saffron, and lastly to a deep red, until I actually began to see that I was degenerating into a Spaniard, a Quakeron, or a Cherokee.

"Could anyone exist their shadow before?" and on this occasion the shadows that tinged my face were too prophetic. The dreaded fever came at last, and I sunk into a state of helpless and hopeless misery, which none can truly estimate but those who have felt its poignancy. I was a stranger, far from home; in a climate tainted with disease; and attacked by a disorder supposed to be fatal. That malady, among other distressing characteristics, has one which is peculiarly aggravating. I know not whether others are similarly affected, but to me a fever brings a state of excitement and sensitiveness which produces the most exquisite torture. My whole nature was sublimated—every feeling is quickened—and every sense sharpened into a painful acuteness of perception. The judgment is weakened, but the imagination acquires a supernatural activity; the body sinks, but the spirit is feelingly alive. Such was my state. In the early stages of my disease, a thousand wild visions were in my brain. I made rhymes; repeated pages of Latin, although in a time of sanity I could not have connected a sentence; I saw people whose faces had been forgotten for years; I leaped up events which had transpired in my childhood; I planned novels, composed essays, and devised theories; I fought battles; I recalled the joys, and repented the sins of my whole life. I was a madman, a philosopher, a devotee, and a wag, in the same hour. At one moment I prayed fervently; at another I dropped the doctor's nostrums in my sleeve, and amused myself with inventing ingenious answers to deceive him, and feigning symptoms which did not exist. I jested, moralized, groined, wept and laughed; and found in each new mood that came over me, a pang as agonizing as that which I had suffered in the one that had passed. Such is fever! exclaiming bodily pain with a brilliancy and strength of intellectual vision which looks back to infancy and forward to eternity, and around upon the whole scene of life, while the mental eye is crowded with images, whose number and vividness weary and distract the brain. Loss of strength, stupor and melancholy succeeded. I thought of home, of myself, and of death; and my visions assumed every day a deeper, more death-like hue.

There was one object which intruded into all my dreams. I need only name its character, in order to enlist the sympathy of every tender-hearted reader. It was a young widow, for whom I felt a particular regard, and to whom—if I must speak out, I was engaged to be married, on my return home. She was my first love. I had paid my addresses to her before her marriage, but was too bashful to declare myself explicitly; and while I balanced matters in my own mind, and sought by the gentle hints to disclose my passion, she by some fatality—by mere accident, as I have since understood, married a certain Jeremiah Smith, a fellow for whom, and for whose name, I had always entertained a sovereign and special contempt. I did not blame her for marrying, for that was her privilege; but to wed a fellow named Jerry! and of all the Jerries in the world to pitch upon Jerry Smith a dissipated, silly profligate not worth a single farthing, was too bad! It was flying in the face of propriety, and treating her other lovers, who were numerous, with indignity. Poor girl! she had a sad time of it, for Jerry treated her worse than a brute; but at the end of two years he had the grace to pop off, leaving her penniless and as pretty as ever. It was a long time after her widowhood before we met; I would

not call on her, and as to courting Jerry Smith's widow, that seemed out of the question. But when we did meet, she looked so sad and so beautiful, and smiled so pensively, and talk so sweetly, of old times that all her power of fascination over me revived. I began to visit her at first, thinking of nothing more than to show her my superiority over Jerry Smith, and to convince her how great a slight she had shown to my merits in selecting him. But in trying to make myself agreeable to the widow, she became so agreeable to me, that in spite of all my former resolutions, I offered her my hand, which was accepted with the most charming grace imaginable. This was just before my journey, and I could not but be proud, we agreed to put off the wedding until my return.

She was the beautiful vision that had smiled upon me through all my wanderings; but which now was presented to my distempered fancy, arrayed in the brightest colors. In vain did I sometimes try to banish it; I thought of business, my farm, my negroes, my tobacco—but none came the graceful widow, with that same smile and blush that she wore when she faintly murmured "no," and expressively looked "yes"—there she was hanging fondly over me and chiding my delay. This could not last forever; and just when every body thought that I was about to die, I grew better; and to my great joy was put on board a steamer bound for Louisville. For a day or two I continued to recruit; change of air, scene, and food did wonders; but the happiness of a speedy recovery was not fated to be mine. I embarked in a steamer of the largest class, on board of which were four hundred passengers. The weather was excessively hot, there were many sick among us, and the atmosphere between the decks soon became impure. The yellow fever was said to be on board, and our comfortable situation was rendered dreadful by the panic that ensued. I relaxed, and was soon pronounced past recovery. I had the yellow fever, and was considered a bearer of contagion. It was thought proper to remove me from the boat, and to abandon me to my fate, rather than endanger the lives of others.

I was accordingly put on shore; but when or how it happened, I know not. I have a faint recollection of being lowered into the yawl, and seeing persons going at it; I heard one say, "he'll die in an hour;" another inquired my name; one voice pined me; and another said I had made a happy escape from pain. I thought they were about to bury me, and became senseless in an agonizing effort to speak. When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself in a cabin on the shore of the Mississippi. A kind family had received and nursed me, and had brought me back to life after I had been long insensible. They were poor people, who made their living by cutting fire wood to supply the steam-boats; a lean and sallow family, whose bleached complexions, and attenuated forms, attested the withered influence of a corrupt atmosphere. They had the languid southern eye, the heavy gait, and slow speech of persons enervated by burning sun-beams and humid breezes.

For two weeks I was unable to rise from the miserable pallet with which their kindness had supplied me. I counted every log in the wretched cabin; my eye became familiar with all the coats, gowns, and leather hunting shirts, that hung from the rafters. I noted each crevice, and sat down in my memory all the furniture and cooking utensils. For fourteen long summer days my eyes had no other employment but to wander over these few objects again and again, until at last nothing was left to be discovered, and I closed them in the disgust occasioned by the sameness of the scene, or strained them in search of something new, until my eye-balls ached. But I had no more fresh dreams, and when I thought of the widow Smith, it was with the delight of newly-awakened hope; and with the confidence that better days and brighter scenes awaited me at home.

At last I was able to crawl to the door, and to see the sun, the green trees, and the water. It was a most refreshing sight, although the landscape itself was anything but attractive. The cabin stood on the bank of the river, in a low alluvial bottom. It was surrounded and overhung by a forest of immense trees, whose tall dark trunks rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, without a branch and then threw out their vast lateral boughs, and heavy foliage, so luxuriantly as entirely to exclude the sun. Beneath that dense canopy of shade, were long, dark, and gloomy vistas, where the Indian might well fancy himself surrounded by the spirits of his departed friends. The soil itself had a dismal aspect; the whole surface had been inundated but a few weeks past; the fallen leaves of last year, saturated and blackened by long immersion, were covered with a thick deposit of mud, and the reeking mass sent up volumes of noxious vapor. Before the house was a naked sand-bar, sparkling and glowing with heat. In the middle of the river was a large sawyer, an immense log, the entire trunk of a majestic oak, whose roots clung to the bottom, while the other end, extending down the stream, rose to the surface, the current giving it a heavy and eternal motion; now appearing some twenty feet of the huge black mass above the surface, and then sinking again in the water with the regular swing of a pendulum. I gazed for hours at that perpetual sea-saw, wondering what law of nature governed its exact vibrations. Here the hideous alligator might be seen rocking through half a day, as if in the enjoyment of an agreeable recreation; while droves of those animals, sporting in the stream or crawling on the beach, roared like so many bulls, filling the whole forest with their bel-lows. Added to those sounds, were the braying of the wolf, the croaking of innumerable frogs, and the buzz of myriads of mosquitoes. Under any other circumstances, I should have thought myself in Paradise; but I had in the last few weeks endured so much pain, passed through so many horrors, and trembled so often, and so long, upon the brink of the grave, that I enjoyed the sun, the breeze, and the verdure, even with these dismal accompaniments. I was even agreeably situated; for so great and so pleasing was the change, in having my mind relieved from its abstraction, that I could gaze placidly for hours upon natural objects of the most common description, and converse with interest on the most trivial subjects. Of all forms, none are so hideous or so trying, as the horrible creations of a distempered imagination.

For another fortnight I remained contented, and actually gaining strength; and then, finding myself again able to travel, I took my passage in a steamer for Louisville. The river was now extremely low, and we advanced slowly, sometimes running aground upon the sand bars, and always getting forward with difficulty. At length we reached our port, and I sprang with delight upon the soil of Kentucky. Among the steamboats lying along the shore, dismantled and laid up for the season, was the vessel in which I had embarked at New Orleans, a feeble invalid, and which had left me almost a corpse.

My baggage consisted of several well filled trunks, one of which, a common black leather traveling trunk, I had purchased at New Orleans, and packed with articles of fancy, for my intended bride. On setting me ashore at the wood-cutter's the captain of the boat had been careful to land my several chatties, and I now proceeded with them to a hotel in Louisville. My baggage was carried into a bar-room crowded with gentlemen, and I had scarcely time to turn round, when a lank, agile Frenchman, with tremendous whiskers, darted forward, and seizing my black trunk, seemed to be about to appropriate to his own use all my nuptial presents.

"That is my trunk, sir!" said I.

"Ah! sir! you say dat your trunk? Sair, dat is not your trunk!"

"Excuse me, sir, it is undoubtedly mine."

"Ah! ma foi! I shall not excuse you, sair! Sair if you say dis is your trunk, you no gentleman."

As he said this he jerked a key from his pocket, thrust it into the lock, threw open the disputed trunk, and to my utter consternation, and the amusement of all present, displayed a magazine of sundries as undoubtedly French as his own accent.

"Dare I vat you say now, sair? he exclaimed, triumphantly, as he threw out the contents, "you say dat your coat?—dat your waistcoat?—your fiddling-string?—your musique note?—your every thing? Sair, you are no gentleman if you say dat your trunk."

"I ask your pardon, sir," said I, "the trunk is not mine; but there is a strange mystery in this affair, which I cannot pretend to unravel."

"Ah, very much mystery, for some other gentleman 'ret my trunk, and make we went my linen in dis hot country for five or six week!"

"The fault is not mine; I purchased a trunk at New Orleans so nearly resembling that one, that if I was not convinced by the contents, I would still think in mine. I am sorry to have been the innocent cause of any inconvenience to you."

"Very well; I buy my trunk at New Orleans too—dat how da look so much alike; very sorry, sair, but I cannot let you have my trunk, indeed, sair."

I stood mortified and confounded; cutting a very awkward figure in the presence of a large company, who viewed this odd adventure with astonishment. I began almost to doubt my own identity, and to fancy myself transformed by magic into somebody else. It seemed as if my ill luck was never to cease. I dreaded lest this incident should prove prophetic, and as I had seen my trunk transformed under my very nose, into the trunk of another gentleman, I feared that I might find my widow changed into another man's wife. I was somewhat relieved by the captain of the steamer, who had witnessed this scene, and who now stepped forward, and informed me that my trunk, which had been exchanged by mistake, was on board his boat.

Feeling in no mood to visit any of my acquaintances, I directed my course to the counting house of a merchant, upon whom I held a draft. On handing it to his clerk, he returned it, saying,

"The drawee of this bill is dead, and we have instructions not to pay it."

"I am the drawee," returned I.

"There must be some mistake," replied the clerk, very coldly; "Mr. M. in whose favor it is drawn, is certainly dead. We have it from his heir."

"Heir! don't you suppose, sir, that I am the best judge whether I am dead or alive?"

"Can't say, sir—sorry to dispute any gentleman's word—but my orders."

"Sir, you not only dispute my word, but you deny my existence—don't you see me, and hear me, and can't you feel me? said I, laying my long cold hand upon his soft white palm."

"Very sorry," repeated the book-keeper, withdrawing his hand as if a viper had touched it, "but my principal is absent—I act under instructions—and Mr. M.'s account is closed on our books."

"This is the strangest turn of all," said I to myself, as I stepped into the street. "I am dead—my heir has entered upon the estate—the widow mourns over my grave! Very pretty, truly! I shall next be told that this is not Kentucky, and that I am not, and never was Edward M."

Angry and dispirited, I turned into a public reading room, and sought for a file of the newspaper published in my own neighborhood. I looked for an old date, and soon found—my own obituary!—and learned that in my untimely death society had been deprived of a useful member; my kindred of an affectionate relative; and my servants of a kind master! Upon further research, I stumbled upon a notice from my administrator—the next of kin—inviting all my debtors to settle their accounts. I saw no account of the widow's death, I determined to set out for home instantly, as well to relieve the burden of her sorrow, as to reassume the privilege of collecting my own debts. After a tiresome journey, I arrived, on the night of the third day, in my own neighborhood. Concealed by the darkness, I reached my own door without being recognized. My servants fled when they perceived me, screaming with surprise and terror. I followed them into the house. In the hall stood a gentleman and lady, who had been drawn thither by the uproar. They were the "next of kin"—and the widow Smith! The former, being a young man of spirit, stood his ground, but the lady screamed and fled.

"Will you be good enough to tell me, sir," I said, "whether I am dead or alive?"

"We have mourned your death," said my nephew, with an embarrassed air, "but am happy to find that you are alive, and most sincerely welcome you home."

"Supposing the fact to be that I am alive," said I, "will you do me the kindness to tell me whether I am master of this house?"

"Surely you are, and—"

"Do not interrupt me; you are my administrator, I find; do you claim also to be my guardian? These characters are not usually doubled."

"I claim nothing, sir, but an opportunity to explain these matters which seem to have offended you so deeply."

"Then, sir, being master here, and having neither administrator nor guardian, I desire to be let alone."

The young man looked offended, and then smiled, as if he thought me insane, and turning on his heel, walked off.

I retired to a chamber, and having with some difficulty drawn my servants about me, and convinced them of my identity, took supper, and went to bed. About the widow I made no inquiry; circumstances looked so suspicious that I dreaded to hear the truth.

In the morning I rose late. I sallied forth, and gazed with delight upon my fields, my trees, and the thousand familiar objects that are comprised within that one endearing word—home. My negroes crowded about me, to welcome me, inquired after my health, and tell me all that had happened to them. Passing over these matters as briefly as possible, I proceeded to probe the subject nearest my heart, and—what think you, gentle reader, was the result?—the widow Smith was married to the "next of kin!" They had left my house at the dawn that morning.

I have only to add that I have entirely recovered my health and spirits; and that as Jerry Smith's widow has twice slipped through my fingers, undervalued my character, and slightly my affection, and at last married that wild scamp, my nephew, whom I had before thought of disinheriting, I am determined that neither of them shall ever touch a single dollar of my money; and to effect this laudable object, I am resolved not to live single, nor die intestate.

The Wandering Jew.

The first explicit and authentic mention of the "Wandering Jew" will be found in the *Laurel Works of Roger de Wendover*, a monk of St. Albans, who died in the year of Grace 1237. This work having been merged into the more extended one of Matthew Paris, a Benedictine monk of the Congregation of Clugny, likewise of the monastery of St. Albans, about the year 1250, we there also find the same account given of this mysterious personage.

It appears, then, from Roger de Wendover, confirmed by Matthew Paris, that in the year of Nativity 1228 a great convocation of Bishops and of other church dignitaries had assembled at St. Albans, among whom was an Archbishop of Armenia Major, who had come to England upon a pilgrimage to the relics lately deposited there by the Crusaders. The conversation, after a time, happened to turn upon the subject of that famed Wanderer of Ages, then named "Josephus"—the faith that might be placed in the long-known tradition—and as to the cause of his terrific curse. In the course of that interesting inquiry, the Archbishop, through his interpreter, a knight, was asked whether "he had ever seen or heard of that man, of whom there was much talk in the world, and who is still alive, and who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to him."

In reply, the knight stated that "his lord the Archbishop well knows that man. Shortly before his lord had taken his way towards the Western Countries, the said Josephus had ate at his table in Armenia, and that he had often seen and held converse with him. On being further interrogated, the knight stated for his lord, that at the time of the suffering of Jesus Christ, and when seized by the Jews and carried into the Hall of Judgment before Pontius Pilate—that governor, finding no fault with him, nevertheless said, "Take ye him and judge him according to the law"—whereupon the shouls of the Jews increased, and he released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to them to be crucified. When therefore the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, Caraphilus, then a porter in the hall in Pilate's service, impulsively struck the Saviour on his back with his hand, and said in mockery, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" And Jesus looking back upon him with a severe countenance, said to him, "I am going, and thou wilt wait till I return."

According as our Lord said, this Caraphilus (now called Josephus) is still waiting his return! At the time of our Lord's suffering, Caraphilus was thirty years old, and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was at the time! After Christ's death, and when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Caraphilus was baptized by that Ananias who baptized the Apostle Paul, and then took the name Josephus. He often dwells in both divisions of Armenia, and in other Oriental lands, passing his time amidst the bishops and prelates of the church; he is a man of holy conversation—of few words and circumspect in his demeanor, for he does not speak at all, unless when questioned by the bishops and religious men; and then he tells the events of old times, and of those which occurred at the suffering and resurrection, namely, those who arose with Christ, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto men; he also tells of the Creed of the Apostles, and of their separation and preaching—and all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation—as one who is well practised in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with fear of the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the last judgment he should find him in anger, whom, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers came to him from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters whereon he is questioned. He refuses all gift that are offered to him,—being content with slight food and clothing. He places his hopes of salvation on the fact that he sinned through ignorance; for the Lord when suffering prayed for his enemies in these words—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

PASTE THIS UP IN YOUR MIND.—Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot belong in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

From the Raleigh Standard.

Internal Improvements.

The attempt by a portion of the Whig press of this State to use the question of internal improvements for party purposes, devolves upon us the duty of exhibiting the facts as they really are, and of showing the high and just ground occupied on the subject by the Democrats of the State and their candidate for Governor.

In 1836 the government of the State passed into the hands of the Whig leaders, and they continued to hold it—if we except the Legislature of 1842, which was Democratic—up to 1851. During this period various schemes of internal improvement were brought forward, and some of them were established; and they were controlled by Whig policy and Whig men. Originally, the people of both parties, as they are now, and as every enlightened people must be, in favor of such prudent legislation as would result in bringing out our resources and in building up markets within our own borders; and plans for the improvement had the hearty support of leading Democrats as well as leading Whigs. After a time, however, it became apparent that the system of improvements which had been established was not well managed—that abuses had crept into it—that favoritism and party spirit prevailed in its administration—that sectionalism marred it, as it has so often marred whatever Whig leaders have done or attempted to do in State affairs; and under these circumstances Democrats spoke out in strong terms, not against internal improvements, but against those things under Whig rule to which we have just referred. The people became impatient of Whig blunders and abuses in this respect; they saw a party in power not competent, as it professed to be, to manage by and for itself a system of internal improvements—a party which mismanaged those works which had been committed to it, and feared to undertake new ones lest it should incur the responsibility of raising the taxes on the people. In proof of this latter assertion, it is well known that the same party—in order to avoid a showing of the indebtedness they had brought upon the State, when they had so little to exhibit as the result of this indebtedness—resorted to session after session to the School Fund for supplies of money, until fears began to be entertained by the friends of Common Schools that a large portion or all of this fund would be ultimately absorbed by the State Treasury.

Matters were in this condition in 1848, when the Central Rail Road bill, the Fayetteville and Western Plank Road bill, and the Cape Fear and Deep River Navigation bill were passed. Parties were balanced in that Assembly—the decline of Whig power, as wielded by Whig leaders, was followed by measures of vast moment for good to the present age and to posterity. The eloquent voice of Dobbin was heard in the Commons in favor of all these measures, and was largely instrumental in their passage; while in the Senate the Central Railroad bill was saved by the casting vote of a Democratic Speaker. This press also was not wanting on the occasion, but went for all these measures, as well as for measures for relief to the Wilmington Road, with all the earnestness and ability the editor could command. Here, then, was an era of good feeling and of common hope for the State. The active and leading men of both parties were either for these works, or acquiesced cheerfully in the policy which was to foster and complete them; and the people required in every campaign for Governor from that time to the present, that the question of internal improvements should be kept out of the arena of party strife. This we have studiously sought to do, but the Whig press, the Raleigh Register especially, will, it seems, have it otherwise.

Gov. Reid was elected. The various works of internal improvement have gone forward as rapidly under his administration as it was possible in the nature of things they could; and to sum up the whole matter in a few words, the Democrats have shown themselves competent to lead in this matter, and under their auspices the State has done more in four years to develop her resources of all kinds, than has been done during fourteen years of Whig rule. These are stubborn facts. We regret to have to bring them forward, because they savor of party, and we desire now as heretofore to keep this question out of party strife; but we are acting in self-defense, and the blame, if any there be, must fall upon the Whig press and not on us.

The following is the Resolution of the late Democratic State Convention on the subject of internal improvements: "Resolved, That it is our earnest wish and desire to see the resources of North Carolina, agricultural, mineral and commercial, fostered and developed; and the State having already entered upon a system of internal improvements to that end, and made large investments with that view, it would, in the opinion of this Convention, be politic and proper for the Legislature, from time to time, to extend such further aid in the completion of the works already undertaken, and the extension of the same, as a just regard for the interests of the people may require, and the means and resources of the State will prudently allow."

This Resolution was unanimously adopted. It has the cordial approval of Mr. Briggs, the Democratic candidate for Governor. It embodies his views on this subject, and his action as Governor will be in accordance with it. And it is not, under the circumstances, a wise and just declaration of principle and opinion? Whig Editors say it is not strong enough. How much stronger would they have it? "Could they go beyond an 'earnest wish and desire to see the resources of North Carolina, agricultural, mineral and commercial, fostered and developed'?" Is that weak language? Far from it; it is the ardent wish, the sincere hope that the State may go forward in the career of improvement; and the Resolution then points out the means for attaining this desirable result. It declares that further aid should be given, if necessary, to works already undertaken, and that these works ought to be extended; and the only limit set to the amount of this aid and to appropriations for extensions, is "a just regard for the interest of the people," and a prudent reference to the "means and resources of the State. Why, what do these Whig Editors require? Would they have the Legislature disregard the interests of the people, or involve the State beyond her means and resources? Would they have Mr. Briggs take this ground, and so suggest and require?