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Published by J. A. Bruner, at the office of the Weekly Salisbury News, No. 100 North Salisbury Street, N. C.

Francis's New Volume—Starting of Galera.

We proceed from the advance sheets of Francis's Philip II., the following line correct, describing in the most characteristic manner the various scenes of the morning of Galera. The volume will be published on the 25th of December, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

On the 6th of January the engineers who had charge of the mines gave notice that their work was completed. The following morning was reserved for the assault. The order of the day prescribed that a general assault should open on the town at six in the morning. It was to continue an hour, when the mines were to be sprung. The artillery would then play for another hour; after which the signal for the attack would be given. The signal was to be the firing of one gun from each of the batteries, to be followed by a simultaneous discharge from all. The writer directed the troops to show no quarter to men, women or child.

On the seventh of February, the last day of the Carnival, the soldiers were under arms with the Christian dawn. Their young commander attracted every eye by the splendor of his person and appointments. He was dressed in cap and sword, and wore a suit of harness steel and gold. His equis, overladen with brilliant plumes, was ornamented with a "salon" displaying the lineage of the King. In his hand he carried the baton of command; and as he rode along the lines, addressing a few words of encouragement to the soldiers, his perfect horsemanship, his princely bearing, and the courtesy of his manners, reminded the veterans of the happier days of his father, the emperor. The cavalcade by whom he was surrounded evinced their chief in the richness of their appointments; and the Mexican chronicler, present on that day, dwells with complacency on the beautiful array of southern chivalry gathered together for the final assault upon Galera.

From six o'clock till seven, a furious cannonade was kept up from the whole circle of batteries on the devoted town. Then came the order to fire the mines. The deafening roar of ordnance was at once hushed into silence profound as that of death, while every soldier in the trenches waited, with nervous suspense, for the explosion. At length it came, overturning houses, slaking down a fragment of the castle, ending under the breach in the perpendicular side of the rock, and throwing off the fragments with the force of a volcano. Only one mine, however, exploded. It was soon followed by the other, which, though it did less damage, spread such consternation among the garrison, that, fearing there might still be a third to follow, the men abandoned their works, and took refuge in the town.

When the smoke and dust had cleared away, an officer with a few soldiers went out to reconnoitre the breach. They soon returned with tidings that the garrison had fled, and left the works wholly unprotected. On hearing this, the troops with furious shouts, called out to be led at once to the assault. It was in vain that the officers remonstrated, enforcing their remonstrances, in some instances, with blows with the flat of their sabres. The blood of the soldiers was up; and, like an ill-disciplined rabble, they sprang from their trenches in wild disorder, as before, and, hurrying their officers along with them, soon scaled the perilous ascent, and crowned the heights without opposition from the enemy. Hurrying on the *adversus* that strewed the ground, they speedily made themselves masters of the deserted fortress and its outworks, filling the air with shouts of victory.

The fugitives saw their mistake, as they beheld the enemy occupying the position they had abandoned. There was no more apprehension of mines. Eager to retrieve their error, they rushed back, as by a common impulse, to dispute the possession of the ground with the Spaniards. It was too late. The guns were turned on them from their own battery. The arquebuses who lined the ravine showered down on their heads missiles more formidable than stones or arrows. But though their powder was nearly gone, the Moriscos could still make light with sword and dagger, and they boldly closed, in a hand-to-hand contest with the enemy. It was a deadly struggle, calling out, as close personal contest is sure to do—the fiercest passions of the combatants. No quarter was given; none was asked. The Spaniard was met by the energy of despair. Both fought like men who knew that on the issue of this contest depended the fate of Galera. Again the war-cry of the two religions rose above the din of battle; as the one party invoked their military apostle, and the other called on Mahomet. It was the same war-cry which for more than eight centuries had sounded o'er hill and valley in unhappy Spain. There were its dying notes, soon to expire with the extermination of the conquered race.

The conflict was at length terminated by the arrival of a fresh body of troops on the field with Padilla. The chief had attacked the town by the same avenue as before; everywhere he had met with the same spirit of resistance. But the means of successful resistance were gone. Many of the houses on the streets had been laid in ruins by the fire of the artillery. Such as still held out were defended by a small number of men, who were better equipped than the Spaniards. One after another they were taken and slain, and fired by the Spaniards and those within

were put to the sword, or perished in the flames. It fared no better with the defenders of the Christians, against whom their own rude missiles did comparatively little execution, they were driven from one position to another; as each retreat was successively carried, a shout of triumph went up from the victors, which fell cheerily on the hearts of their countrymen on the heights; and when Padilla and his veterans burst on the scene of action, it decided the fortunes of the day.

There was still a detachment of Turks, whose ammunition had not been exhausted, and who were maintaining a desperate struggle with a body of Spanish infantry, in which the latter had been driven back to the very verge of the precipice. But the appearance of their friends under Padilla gave the Spaniards new heart; and Turk and Morisco, overwhelmed alike by the superiority of the Spaniards, gave way in all directions. Some fled down the long avenues which led from the summit of the rock. They were hotly pursued by the Spaniards. Others threw themselves into the houses, and prepared to make a last defence. The Spaniards scrambled about the terraces, letting themselves down from one level to another by means of the Moorish ladders used for that purpose. They heaved openings in the wooden roofs of the buildings, through which they fired on those within. The helpless Moriscos, driven but by the pitiless volleys, sought refuge in the street. But the fierce hastens were there, waiting for their miserable game, which they shot down without mercy—men, women and children; none were spared. Yet they did not fall unavenged; and the corpses of many a Spaniard lay strewn about the town, as if they were the victims of a pestilence.

More than one instance is recorded of the desperate courage to which the women as well as the men were roused in their extremity. A Morisco girl, whose father had perished in the first assault in the Gardens, after firing her dwelling, is said to have dragged her two little boys along with one hand, and wielding a scimitar with the other, to have rushed against the foe, by whom they were all speedily cut to pieces. Another instance is told of a man who, after killing his wife and two daughters, called forth, and calling, "There is nothing more to lose; let us die together!" threw himself madly into the thick of the enemy. Some fell by their own weapons, others by those of their friends, preferring to receive death from any hands but those of the Spaniards.

Some two thousand Moriscos were killed together in a square not far from the gate, where a strong body of the Castilian infantry cut off the means of escape. Spent with toil and loss of blood, without ammunition, without arms, or with such only as were too much battered or broken for service, the wretched fugitives would gladly have made some terms with their pursuers, whose eyes darkly gleamed. But the star at bay might as easily have made some terms with his hunters and the fierce hounds of which the legend of Sidney Hillier and the pen of Washington Irving, and the history of the Revolution, have made more famous than any other one Church in America, and probably the oldest in the State of New York. The bricks of which it is in part built, were brought from Holland for this express purpose, and over the doorway is a stone tablet inscribed, "Erected and built by Frederick Phillips and Catherine Van Cortlandt, his wife, in 1698." A short distance south of this Church is the spot where Major John Andre was taken, Sept. 23, 1780, by Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, three young farmers of Westchester county. The spot is marked by a handsome marble monument to the memory of Paulding, which was erected a few years ago. The pressure of population and the march of modern improvement have divested the region of all its former rural beauty, but I remember it well as it was nearly thirty years ago when I made a pedestrian pilgrimage here, and sat down by the brook, and at the stump of the tree under which the three young men were playing cards, when Andre came by on horseback, was stopped and searched, and detained a prisoner. In all human probability, the result of our country's struggle upon that simple incident. Had his rustic captors yielded to his arguments, or extraneous bribes, and the scheme which he was basely contriving a traitor to accomplish had succeeded, the tide of affairs might have changed, and ruin instead of success had followed.

But all this ground, and all these revolutionary reminiscences, are too familiar for me to speak of. They form, however, an important part of the country's history, and you cannot turn in any direction without finding monuments of those days so sacred in the heart of every true American. No one event in the war of the revolution was more momentous than the capture of Andre. No decision of Washington impresses me with a deeper sense of reparation for the majestic grandeur of his character; his adherence to the right when the temptation to yield was almost unconquerable; than his unbending determination that the doom of a spy should be met by this unfortunate and misguided British officer. It would have been easy to take the case of Andre out of the ordinary rules of war, and to have pardoned his pardon, on the ground that he came into the American lines with the knowledge and sanction of the commanding officer. But the ideas of mankind revolt at the idea that an order

No success during the war was purchased at so high a price as the capture of Galera. The loss fell as heavily on the officers and men of rank as on the common file. We have seen the eagerness with which they had flocked to the standard of John of Austria. They showed the same eagerness to distinguish themselves under the eye of their leader. The Spanish chivalry were sure to be found in the post of danger. Dearly did they pay for that preference; and many a noble house in Spain wept bitter tears when the tidings came of the conquest of Galera.

Don John himself was so much exasperated, says the chronicler, by the thought of the grievous loss which he had sustained through the obstinate resistance of the heretics, that he resolved to carry at once into effect his message of denouement to the town, so that no one stone should be left on another. Every house was accordingly burnt or levelled to the ground, which was then strewn with ash, as an ungrateful spot, on which no man was to build thereafter. A royal decree to that effect was soon afterward published; and the village of straggling houses, which, defended by a wall, still clung round the base of the hill, in the gardens occupied by Padilla, is all that now serves to remind the traveler of the once flourishing and strongly fortified city of Galera.

Capture of Andre.
We pass through a little valley in which the hamlet of Greenburg stands with its modest church, surrounded by the graves of three or four generations. Beaver hill looks down in silent grandeur on this secluded vale, and through which flows a beautiful stream, the Neversink, better known by the name of Sapona river. Here lie the remains of Isaac Van Wart, one of the three captors of Major Andre, and a monument to his memory stands over them, and near the road. The traveler pauses with strong emotions, as he reads its inscriptions, and learns that in this retired spot, where there is nothing to claim the dignity of a village, lived and died one of the men whose names belong to the history of the world. He was an elder in this Greenburg Church, and the chorister up to the time of his death in 1828, thirty years ago, when he was 63 years old. He would have been a hundred had he lived until this time. His epitaph tells us that "the citizens of the county of Westchester erected the tomb in testimony of the virtuous and patriotic conduct of their fellow-citizen, as a memorial sacred to public gratitude." This stone was laid in 1829, in the presence of two thousand spectators, when an eloquent oration was delivered by General Aaron Ward of Sing Sing.

Rising from this valley we soon come upon the bridge from which the wide expanse of Tappan See in the Hudson River lies before us. On its banks is the village of Tarrytown, now a suburban town, so rapidly is it filling up with the residences of citizens of New York. In the north corner of it still remains the Old Dutch Church, which in former years I have spoken in these familiar letters, the church of which the legend of Sidney Hillier and the pen of Washington Irving, and the history of the Revolution, have made more famous than any other one Church in America, and probably the oldest in the State of New York. The bricks of which it is in part built, were brought from Holland for this express purpose, and over the doorway is a stone tablet inscribed, "Erected and built by Frederick Phillips and Catherine Van Cortlandt, his wife, in 1698." A short distance south of this Church is the spot where Major John Andre was taken, Sept. 23, 1780, by Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, three young farmers of Westchester county. The spot is marked by a handsome marble monument to the memory of Paulding, which was erected a few years ago. The pressure of population and the march of modern improvement have divested the region of all its former rural beauty, but I remember it well as it was nearly thirty years ago when I made a pedestrian pilgrimage here, and sat down by the brook, and at the stump of the tree under which the three young men were playing cards, when Andre came by on horseback, was stopped and searched, and detained a prisoner. In all human probability, the result of our country's struggle upon that simple incident. Had his rustic captors yielded to his arguments, or extraneous bribes, and the scheme which he was basely contriving a traitor to accomplish had succeeded, the tide of affairs might have changed, and ruin instead of success had followed.

from a traitor could be a protection against the consequences of conjuncture with treason. As a spy, the adjutant-general of the British army, came within the American lines; returning, he was taken with the treasonable visit concealed in his boots; he was tried and executed as a spy, and those who condemned him lamented that they could not alter his fate. And in that case there is a lesson for all men, young men especially, to learn, and to be governed by, when they are tempted to go astray from the path of honor and virtue. Whatever may be the sophistry by which the tempter would make the wrong appear right, there is no safety in wrong. "Honor bright" is always a shield. No spien can pierce it, no arm can tear it away. A brave man will shrink from dishonor as from crime, and I have often thought that Andre suffered more from the consciousness of having done a base thing, than from the shame of being hung. However this may be, he did wrong, and paid a dreadful penalty.—N. Y. Observer.

BE COURTEOUS:
The Railroad Conductor Caught.
The following incident illustrates the adage, "You cannot judge of the man by the coat he wears."
"Hullo, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind."
The case was waiting at a station of one of our Western Railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing. The baggage master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive puffed, and puffed, and puffed.
A man, carefully dressed, was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might suppose that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out,
"Hullo, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind."
"Time enough I reckon," replied the individual so roughly addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.
The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage-cars. "All aboard!" cried the conductor.
"Get on, Limpy!" said he, as he passed the lame man, carefully dressed man.
The lame man made no reply.
Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly took his seat.
The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.
"Hand out your money here!"
"I don't pay," replied the lame man very quietly.
"No sir."
"We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station," and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.
"Better not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.
The conductor released the carpet-bag for a moment, and seeing he could do no more it, he passed on to get the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked up at the conductor and asked him,
"Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?"
"No sir."
"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."
"Are you sure of that, Sir," replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.
"The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting the fare as usual.
Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he! He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come probably upon him through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose.
He could tell the Directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?
And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When, a little orange peddler, he stood by the street-corners, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hard ship; it was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt?
Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.
Presently the conductor came back. With a steady eye he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.
"I resign my place, Sir," he said.
The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning him to the nearest seat at his side, said,

"Sit down, Sir, I would like to talk with you."
"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner had been very strange, and it would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet.—You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears, and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, Sir. I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has happened to-day shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning, Sir."
The train of cars swept on, as many a train had done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus.—Don't judge from appearances.

See, the Printing Press Maker,
BY GRANT THORNBURN.
In 1804, the yellow fever prevailed in New York to a fearful extent. I never left the city on those occasions. I sat in my shop door, in the end of the day. I beheld a man progressing from the South; he walked in the middle of the street, and was reading the names on the sign boards.
He stepped to my door.
"Mr. Thornburn," said he, "I am just come on shore from the ship *Dezour*, from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade; I can't find work. Can't you tell me where I can find board till the fever is over? My name is Robert Hoe."
He looked young, simple and honest. I knew the heart of the stranger. I called to my wife.
"My dear," says I, "this stranger can neither find work nor board; will you board him?"
"Yes," said she.
"If he takes the fever, will you help me nurse him?"
"I will."
"Thank you," said I; "for this God will bless you."
Before one week elapsed he took the fever. I procured an eminent physician; my wife and myself nursed him. On the fourth day of the fever he was under the operation of powerful medicine. The fever was coursing through his veins, and burning up his English blood. I sat by his bed. He fastened his eyes on mine.
"Oh! Mr. T., Mr. T.," he exclaimed, "I shall die! I can never stand this."
"Die, to be sure, Robert, we must all die. I shall see you a master-builder in New York, and married to a bonny Yankee lass, and live to carry your grandchildren in my arms yet."
There was a lull in the fever when the medicine commenced operation. He dropped asleep; from that hour the fever left him.
When I held the cooling drops to his lips, and pressed his burning head between my hand, I little thought there lay the germ of a machine, that was destined to revolutionize the world of literature. At that time a common school Bible cost a dollar; now they are sold for twenty-five cents. His sons added several improvements to their father's invention; they are much esteemed wherever known.
I was traveling in New Jersey some ten years ago; stepping from the cars, I noticed a decent looking citizen among the spectators. Says I:
"Sir, my business will detain me a week in this town. I don't like to stop at a tavern; can you inform me where I can find a quiet, private family where I may board?"
"I can," he replied. "Come with me."
We turned a corner. On a piazza, in front of a respectable dwelling, sat a comely matron. On her lap sat a child that might have been six summers.
"Good wife," says my conductor, "this is Mr. Thornburn from New York. He wants private accommodations. Can you board him for a week?"
"That I will," said she, "for a twelve month, if he says so. I have often heard my father tell how Mr. Thornburn took him into his house and nursed him, when he took the yellow fever."
"What was your father's name?" I enquired.
"Robert Hoe."
"Is that your child?"
"Yes," she said.
"Madam, he's over forty years, when, cheering your father, I told him I hoped to carry his grandchild in my arms. This day my prediction is fulfilled in your eyes."
The elder Hoe died in 1835.

Reduction of Brazilian Tariff on Flour.—Through the efforts of the State Department for amelioration of the duty on flour in Brazil, an Imperial decree has been issued, reducing it 30 per cent below the former tariff. This is considered an important concession, from the fact that there has been heretofore a large balance against the United States on account of the extensive importations of a flour. We learn from a gentleman connected with the statistical bureau of the State Department, that we export at least two-thirds of the miller crop of Brazil while our exportation of flour to that country amounts to little more than \$500,000 in value. There is thus a balance in favor of Brazil of from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000. There can be no doubt that the reduction of duties on flour will prove such an encouragement as ultimately to make the balance in our favor, and also to considerably diminish the drain from this country of specie, which, it is reported, has hitherto been directed into British channels.—Washington States.

Big Tree.—An intelligent and reliable gentleman in Lee County, informed us that there is the stump of a poplar tree, which was cut down some years ago, on the head of Mr. Sims, on Walling Creek, which was thirteen feet in diameter, and six feet in height. The trunk was thick. Four men commenced chopping at the one corner, at sunset, and by the next morning the tree was cut down. It was estimated that it would be worth, by the wood market, one still work, in riding through the many gigantic specimens of forest trees.
Albion (Pa) Democrat.

Visits of Officials from Japan.—It is stated that the President has received information from Japan that a full embassy from that country will make its appearance in Washington, some time in May or June next. They will be brought to Panama in an American steam ship, and thence proceed to New York. It will be marked by splendid presents to the Government from the Japanese Emperor.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert are providing for their large family of children. During the past season they have married their eldest daughter to the Prince of Prussia, engaged the second to a Prince of Belgium, sent one son to sea as a midshipman, and have just granted their eldest as a Colonel of the Army.

The Belfast News Letter states that an American gentleman, Mr. Barrett, who has large estates in Kentucky, U. S., has shipped at Dury, for America, about all the prize stock he could get from the late royal shows in England and Ireland. The purchase is valued at \$2000. The freight alone will cost £1000.

Scarcity of Specie in South and Central America.—It appears that silver coin has become extremely scarce in Central, more than \$2,000,000 having been sent out of the country within 9 months, and there is some expectation of the importation of an export duty. In Guatemala, the exportation of silver, either in bullion or coin, is prohibited under pain of a fine to the amount of the exportation. The measure was thought necessary on account of increasing scarcity of money.

Interesting to the Catholic Church.—The Spanish government has laid before the Cortes a bill for restoring to the clergy and the church their former possessions. Not only the property of the secular clergy, but by the revolution of 1833, the property to be restored, but that of convents, which had been suppressed in former years, and indemnification promised for all that had already been sold in accordance with the law of 1835. The total amount amounted to more than 3,000,000,000 reals, or about \$120,000,000.