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"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

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G. A. MILLER. S. W. JAMES

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7 "	125	500	100	400	80	320	60	240	50	200
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9 "	175	700	150	600	125	500	100	400	80	320
10 "	200	800	175	700	150	600	125	500	100	400
11 "	225	900	200	800	175	700	150	600	125	500
12 "	250	1000	225	900	200	800	175	700	150	600
13 "	275	1100	250	1000	225	900	200	800	175	700
14 "	300	1200	275	1100	250	1000	225	900	200	800
15 "	325	1300	300	1200	275	1100	250	1000	225	900
16 "	350	1400	325	1300	300	1200	275	1100	250	1000
17 "	375	1500	350	1400	325	1300	300	1200	275	1100
18 "	400	1600	375	1500	350	1400	325	1300	300	1200
19 "	425	1700	400	1600	375	1500	350	1400	325	1300
20 "	450	1800	425	1700	400	1600	375	1500	350	1400
21 "	475	1900	450	1800	425	1700	400	1600	375	1500
22 "	500	2000	475	1900	450	1800	425	1700	400	1600
23 "	525	2100	500	2000	475	1900	450	1800	425	1700
24 "	550	2200	525	2100	500	2000	475	1900	450	1800
25 "	575	2300	550	2200	525	2100	500	2000	475	1900
26 "	600	2400	575	2300	550	2200	525	2100	500	2000
27 "	625	2500	600	2400	575	2300	550	2200	525	2100
28 "	650	2600	625	2500	600	2400	575	2300	550	2200
29 "	675	2700	650	2600	625	2500	600	2400	575	2300
30 "	700	2800	675	2700	650	2600	625	2500	600	2400

MR. BADGER'S SPEECH.

Another objection taken by the message to this bill, is the plea contained in the act of January 29, 1847, of the sales of the public lands for the payment of the stock created by that act. Mr. President, soon after I came into the Senate, when our debt was larger than it is now, when the Treasury was not full, and when the public creditor might claim the pledge of some importance, I urged in debate this very pledge as a reason against these large dispositions of the public domain. The reason was this:—grants numerous and vast were made, from donations to soldiers of all wars, less than the usual grants for local purposes in new States. Now when the Treasury was overflowing, when this stock is in the hands of the Government buying it up at a high premium, and the holders care nothing about the lands as a security or a means of payment, this pledge is very precious to the present bill. Besides, it does not appear to me that this pledge will suffice to prevent the passage of the homestead bill, or any other scheme of extravagance and misapplication of the public domain? No one suggests it. It is a question, not between the indigent insane and the public creditors, but between giving all, or nearly all, to the landless, and giving a small portion to this noble charity. In no event will the public creditor be regarded as holding a pledge upon the lands. But, sir, there is another view of this subject; and that is, as to the rule which should govern the President of the United States in the exercise of the veto power. In the early history of the country, the question of the veto came under the consideration of General Washington, when he was President of the United States; and I wish to call the attention of the Senate for a moment, with a view of applying it to this subject, to what Mr. Jefferson thought of the nature of the power, and the circumstances under which it could rightfully be exerted. It is known to us that Mr. Jefferson held the bill for establishing the first Bank of the United States to be unconstitutional; and upon a call from General Washington on certain members of his Cabinet for their views upon that subject, Mr. Jefferson sent him a very decided opinion that the proposed bill was unconstitutional. Mr. Jefferson, at the close of that paper makes these remarks:—

"The negative of the President is the shield provided by the Constitution to protect against the invasion of the Legislature; and the rights of the Executive, of the Judiciary, and of the States and State Legislatures. The present is the case of a right remaining exclusively with the State."

That was the point which Mr. Jefferson had sought to establish in his reasoning. "And is consequently one of those intended by the Constitution to be placed under his protection."

Mr. Jefferson confines the rightful exercise of the veto power to cases in which the President uses it to the protest, against invasion of the Legislature, either upon the Executive or the Judiciary, or upon the States and State Legislatures. He adds:—

"It must be added, however, that unless the President's mind, on a view of everything which is urged for and against this bill, is tolerably clear, that it is unauthorized by the Constitution; if the *pro* and the *con*, hang so even as to balance his judgment, a just respect for the wisdom of the Legislature would naturally decide the balance in favor of their opinion. It is chiefly for cases where they are clearly misled by error, ambition, interest, that the Constitution has placed a check in the negative of the President."

Now, Mr. President, whatever might be the inclination of the President's opinion, I appeal to you, sir, if, upon looking at the authorities to which I have referred the Senate—the authorities of jurists and statesmen, the solemn exposition given to this Constitution by the Congress of the United States in the year 1826 by decided and overwhelming votes in both Houses, the great mass of legislation standing for its support upon principles which alone are required to support this— they might not and ought not to have produced a pause, and doubt, and hesitation in the mind of the Executive whether this measure might not be constitutional? The opinion which the President of the United States is to express is not to be the mere suggestion of his own mind. When this matter was brought before General Washington, at the incorporation of the first Bank of the United States, there were no precedents in the history of the country to which appeal could be had. It was a question of first impression. It had to be decided by Washington upon the argument and debate of the members of his Cabinet. He was obliged to rely upon these, and upon his own reflections, for he had nothing else upon which to rely. But suppose he had precedents in abundance; suppose it had been a question arising sixty years afterwards; suppose power had been exercised and acted upon in unnumbered instances, would the President of the United States have been at liberty to bring his individual judgment against the concurrent action of his predecessors, of Congress, of the Judiciary, and of the former Presidents? Would it not produce, at least, in the mind of any man who was not a President of the United States, an idea that possibly, yes, probably, he might have fallen into a mistake; that it was conceivable, after the opinions of so many men—men whose names I have called to the attention of the Senate—of the highest eminence in the country, men who, though they never filled the station which he now occupies, were eminently qualified to adorn it, that it was quite possible that it might be a fair subject of doubt; and if a fair subject of doubt, then, according to the doctrine of Mr. Jefferson, a little respect was to come in for the existing Congress that passed the bill, and he was to presume that when that doubt existed, the measure might be constitutional, and therefore give it his approval.

I wish the President of the United States had taken this view of the subject; for surely, nothing can be so unhappy as to have one Constitution to-day and another to-mor-

row. We talk about amendments to the Constitution. We are all opposed to changes of it. We realize it as a great evil to have repeated, or incessant changes made in the fundamental law of the land; but if you, sir, if our President and the Congress do not pay a suitable respect to what has been decided and done by preceding Congresses and preceding Presidents—if the affairs of the Government are to be decided upon constitutional grounds, irrespective of precedent, upon the individual opinions of the President for the time being, do we not have, practically, a new Constitution from day to day? The Constitution consists not in that printed book, nor in the original from which it was printed. It is the meaning of that book. It is in the rules given by that book. It is in the distribution of powers contemplated by its instrument; and it is infinitely more mischievous to have that instrument practically changed in its bearing and operation from day to day, than to have it amended by legislative enactments every half dozen years. Sir, I think we might have asked the President of the United States to pause; and come to the conclusion that entire confidence could not be placed in the deductions to which he came, when he saw the array of great names which I have called your attention this morning, who had come to different conclusions; and therefore, though he could not in his own mind overcome the opinion which he entertained, still to realize that it was a case of doubt, a case of question, a case where, after all, Congress might not probably be right, and therefore not to use that extreme medicine of the Constitution, the veto, under circumstances when, perhaps, the constitutional instrument did not need its application.

Upon the whole, Mr. President, I do hope that when, now, for the first time in the history of the country, a measure has been passed throughout both Houses of Congress to do an act of general benefit and justice to all the States of the Union, to allow all to have some beneficial interest upon fair and equal terms in what is the common property of all, or in which all have a just claim to equitable participation, and when, above all, this is proposed to be done for a purpose appealing so strongly to the best feelings of our nature and our highest and most solemn obligations of duty to a most unfortunate and helpless class of our people, I do hope that they will be left yet power enough in this body to say, by a constitutional majority that, so far as depends upon them, the objections of the President shall not stand in the way of the adoption of this noble, this beneficent measure.

They reached an Indian hut or lodge, and it was in a spot so hemmed in by stupendous forests, that it seemed to Rosalthe completely hidden from the observation of the living.

ROSALTHE; OR THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY. A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. B. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]
"I hope you have driven home one of those kind of missiles, and have one or two to spare."
"I am already," said Allan, a moment afterwards, "The miamis swept toward our friends with loud cries, thinking to terrify them, and render resistance less effectual."

"I don't care so much about destroying the poor wretches, as I do about sinking the canoe," added Kenton, in a suppressed voice. "Let us get the first fire, if we can. Do you fear them?"
"I never was afraid in my life," said Allan, coolly.

The words had scarcely left Norwood's lips, when a shot from the savages cut a button from his hunting-frock.

"That was very well done," remarked Kenton.

"Perhaps they will improve on it," replied Allan with a smile.

"I hope not! Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Kenton, earnestly. "This won't do," he added, as another shot passed through Norwood's cap, and a third lodged in the paddle he was holding. "They are near enough; let us have a shot—they are our own. Fire at the canoe, and you can't help doing damage."

Both took steady aim; and the Indians, anticipating their intentions, endeavored to screen themselves by dodging their heads down into the canoe.

"That will only make it worse for them," said Kenton; and then both fired.

The result equalled their expectations; the fragile vessel was so badly cut that it immediately filled, and the Indians leaped into the water, some of them severely, if not mortally wounded.

In a few seconds the canoe sank. Then the terrified miamis made a great splashing in the water, while those on the bank yelled with rage. The two young men grasped the paddles, and used them with such effect that in half an hour not an enemy was to be seen or heard.

"What shall be done now?" asked Norwood.

"I think we had better land and sink the boat."

"That is my opinion; for on shore we may find a trail; but the water keeps its secrets, and effaces at once the track of the voyagers it has borne on its bosom," said Allan.

"Go where?" asked his companion. "Anywhere," replied Norwood, hesitatingly, "to find Rosalthe Alston."

Kenton, who had secured himself upon the bank, and after looking to follow Allan, but staggered a few steps and fell.

"My dear Kenton, you are wounded!" exclaimed his companion, running to the heroic woodsman, and raising his head from the ground; but the gallant fellow made no reply; he had fainted from loss of blood.

CHAPTER IX.
THE INDIAN VILLAGE.
"ARISE!" said Star-Light.

Rosalthe lifted her head languidly. She had lain in the canoe all day, knowing not how long. The voice of the Indian girl recalled her from a state bordering on unconsciousness. She looked around her like one dreaming, and wondered where she was; but in a moment she caught the broken thread of memory, and the occurrences of the last few hours passed rapidly through her mind. She turned her gaze toward the sky, and perceived that the sun was far past the meridian, which fact assured her that considerable time had elapsed since she had sunk down in the canoe.

While she was making these observations, the birchen vessel touched the shore.

"Stop out!" said Star-Light, and Rosalthe obeyed in silence. The Indian maiden drew the canoe out of the water and secured it among the reeds and bushes.

That operation being completed, she motioned to Rosalthe to follow her, and walk with noiseless and gliding footsteps into the forest. Star-Light proceeded in this manner until our heroine was nearly exhausted, and could with difficulty keep pace with her more practiced conductress; which the latter perceiving, went forward more slowly, stopping often to assist her over rough places. The way was so dark and lonely that Rosalthe queried whether a human foot ever had pressed that soil before, or whether a human voice ever broke the stillness of the solemn woods.

They reached an Indian hut or lodge, and it was without an occupant. Star-Light pointed to a couch of skins, and our heroine was glad to avail herself of the privilege of resting upon it; while the former kindled a fire and made preparations for cooking a meal. It was quite dark when their simple arrangements were completed.

Rosalthe was aroused from an uneasy slumber (produced by exhaustion, no doubt), and food set before her, which many persons more fastidious in those matters than the dwellers of the backwoods, would not have complained of. Of these viands she partook without hesitation, resolved to appear as unconcerned and heroic as possible before her strange companion.

While she was thus employed, although, as may be supposed, she had but very little inclination to eat, Star-Light was busily engaged at compounding various paints, for what purpose Rosalthe was at a loss to conceive. When the latter had ceased eating, and pushed the food from her, the Indian maiden approached with the pigments she had prepared, and the object became apparent. Rosalthe drew back in alarm.

"Foolish maiden!" exclaimed Star-Light. "What do you fear? I water will make these colors disappear. What I am about to do, is necessary to your safety. I must make you look like one of my people."
"Swear that you will keep faith with me, and that I shall return to Boonesborough!" said Rosalthe, earnestly.

"By the Great Spirit!" continued Rosalthe.

"By the Great Spirit," added Star-Light. "Then I submit; do with me as you will."

"White-Cloud is proud," said the Indian girl, after a pause. "She is vain of her beauty; she fears that these colors will destroy it, so that Smooth-Tongue will no longer love her."
"I am ready—put it on," replied Rosalthe, submitting herself patiently to Star-Light.

The Cherokee girl gazed an instant at the handsome features of Rosalthe, and sighed.

"Star-Light is sad and unhappy," said our heroine, kindly. "Smooth-Tongue has made her heart heavy by his deceit. Let her forget him he is bad."

"Forget him, that White-Cloud may remember him!" retorted the Indian girl, angrily.

"Star-Light is wrong; jealousy and grief have blinded her eyes. But the time will come when she will see clearly," rejoined Rosalthe.

The heart of Star-Light seemed to relent; she commenced laying the colors upon Rosalthe's face with no ungentle hand, while the latter sat uncomplainingly before the blazing fire, that she might see to complete the novel operation. When this part of the singular toilet was finished, the Indian girl proceeded to unfasten her hair, which was confined by a band, and let it fall un-

restrained over her neck and shoulders. In a short time Rosalthe's dark tresses were arranged to suit the fancy of Wassahauza. From a willow basket, in one corner of the lodge, she produced an Indian dress, in all respects like her own.

Our heroine made no objections, but suffered herself to be attired in the costume of savage life. When the whole was completed, Star-Light herself looked at her with wonder and admiration; for Rosalthe appeared quite as charming in her new apparel (in the estimate of the former) as in her own legitimate style of dress.

"Good!" exclaimed Star-Light, with a smile, holding a small mirror before her unresisting captive. Rosalthe glanced at the image reflected, and could not repress an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

"You'll be jealous of me, now, I'm sure," she said with a faint smile.

"If I thought you could speak the truth, I should not hate you," rejoined Star-Light, a portion of her former sternness returning.

"Let Star-Light and White-Cloud be friends," returned Rosalthe, in a kindly tone.

The maiden made no reply, but taking Rosalthe's hand, led her from the lodge.

"There is a village not far from here," said the former, when they had walked a short distance. "You will be safe there; for you shall dwell in my lodge, and I and the daughter of a powerful chief. You must not try to escape, for that might bring evil upon you. I will tell our young men that you come from our cousin's—the Wyandots, on account of a young chief who loved you, but whom you despised. This tale will account for your appearance among us if you follow my directions. Speak to no one, and leave the rest to me."

A walk of half an hour took the maidens to the Cherokee village, which consisted of about twenty lodges; being only a minor branch of that once powerful nation.

Star-Light was passing rapidly among the huts, followed by Rosalthe, when a tall and majestic figure appeared in the narrow and well-beaten path that wound in a serpentine manner from lodge to lodge.

"Star-Light has been abroad?" he said, inquiringly.

"There is starlight all above you," replied the Indian girl, carelessly.

"But not the Star-Light that is more pleasant to Otter-Lifter than the brightness of day," returned the Indian.

"The bold chief of the Cherokees will make me sad," said Star-Light.

"He would not willingly darken the rays of joy that should continually stream up from your eyes," rejoined Otter-Lifter.

"You have not noticed our sister; she comes from our cousin, the Wyandots. She is called White-Cloud."

"The daughters of the Wyandots are comely," returned Otter-Lifter, giving Rosalthe a searching glance. "White-Cloud is welcome; she looks like the sister of Star-Light."

"Otter-Lifter has sharp eyes!" retorted Star-Light, coldly.

"May no cloud darker than that ever come between Otter-Lifter and Star-Light," replied the chief, pointing to Rosalthe.

"The Cherokee chief is making love to my cousin!" exclaimed the Indian girl, with warmth.

Otter-Lifter turned away with a smile, and the maidens passed on to the lodge near the centre of the village. The lodge was a large one, divided into two compartments by buffalo-skins suspended from the top, and secured at the bottom by sticks driven into the earth. In one place a skin was left loose to serve the purpose of a door and through which Star-Light conducted her captive.

"This is my father's lodge," said the Indian girl. "He is one of the chiefs, and is called Gishewa, or Strong-Voice, because his shout is so terrible in battle. Being a noted man, his lodge is double, as you see, and this part belongs to me and Monon. Monon is my sister."

The person last mentioned was seated on a mat near the fire; and when Star-Light mentioned her name, she arose and regarded Rosalthe with as much curiosity as was in keeping with Indian stoicism, and, possibly, a little more.

"Tis White-Cloud," said Star-Light.

Rosalthe seated herself on a mat, and examined Monon more particularly. She was younger than her sister and bore a striking resemblance to her. She was fair, but her beauty was of a gentler cast than Star-Light's; and our heroine took courage from the fact, and hoped she would be able to win her friendship.

The three maidens being seated before the fire, did little else, for a time, than to throw furtive glances at each other.

The beauty of Rosalthe seemed to fix the attention of Monon in a particular manner, and the former judged by her looks that she had great difficulty in believing that she was really one of a different race.

Presently Star-Light and her sister began to converse in the Indian tongue, and being somewhat familiar with the language, Rosalthe soon perceived that they were talk-

ing about a white captive that one of their war parties of young men had taken at Harrodsburgh. This riveted her attention, and she listened with breathless interest to all that was said, understanding, occasionally, a few words. Her sympathies were more completely enlisted in the subject, when she learned that the prisoner was a young girl, and already condemned to death.

Rosalthe could control her feelings no longer. She asked why Otter-Lifter, being a humane chief, permitted such cruelties; to which Star-Light replied that he had nothing to do with the matter; the captive having been taken by a party of young braves anxious to distinguish themselves, and to retaliate on the settlers at Harrodsburgh for the loss of one of their warriors.

"But has not Otter-Lifter, or your father, power to save the poor girl?" inquired Rosalthe.

Star-Light made no answer, but looked steadily at the fire.

"Did not the Great Spirit intend that the pale and red-faces should be perpetual enemies?" asked Monon.

"No; it is His will that all men should be brethren, and dwell together in friendship," replied Rosalthe.

"That would be best, it seems to me; but if it had been the will of the Great Spirit, it would have been so; for his power is greater than man's," answered Monon.

"I know it is; but it is wiser to lead men by the gentle influences of love, than to bend them to his purposes by force," returned Rosalthe.

"Who can tell his purposes?" said Monon, thoughtfully.

"I wish it had pleased the merciful Monod to have gifted me with eyesight so strong that I could look into the strange country where people say we shall go after death," observed Star-Light.

"For what object?" asked Rosalthe.

"That I might see how the Great Spirit governs the souls of men there, so that we could imitate him on earth," she replied.

"We know he is impartial, and works in wisdom for the good of all," added Rosalthe.

"Yes, he is good," said Monon, "because he gives us the strawberry moon, and the corn moon, and the buffalo moon, all in their season, and never alters his mind and changes them."

"If he is good, why does he let people do wickedly—make war, and kill each other? Why does he suffer the poor white girl to be burned with fire, and allow others to lie and deceive?" said Star-Light, with much bitterness of manner.

"Perhaps he will not permit this girl to suffer. He may avert her fate," replied Rosalthe, quite earnestly. "Promise me that you will make an effort to save her, she added with fervor.

"Lie down and sleep, White-Cloud," returned Star-Light, coldly.

"The fate of that unhappy young woman makes me miserable!" exclaimed our heroine, and lying down upon the couch of buffalo-skins that had been spread for her, she vainly endeavored to rest. The imperfect slumbers that visited her at periods, were disturbed by dreamy vagaries. It was about midnight, when she felt a touch upon her arm. She opened her eyes with a start, and beheld Star-Light standing beside her.

"If you would see the white captive, arise and follow me," said the Indian girl. Rosalthe lost no time in obeying; she arose and followed her from the lodge, while Monon remained sitting