

The Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

VOL. II--NO. 33

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 84.

G. A. MILLER... MILLER & JAMES, EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

TERMS... TWO DOLLARS if paid within two months...

New Arrangement of Advertising Terms... The Proprietors of the Newspaper in Salisbury...

Table with 10 columns: By the Square, One Insertion, Two Insertions, Three Insertions, Four Insertions, Five Insertions, Six Insertions, Seven Insertions, Eight Insertions, Ten Insertions.

Longer advertisements in the same proportion... An advertisement making 1 or 3 squares...

PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BACKWOODSMAN.

The subscribers propose, if sufficiently encouraged... They expect to devote their paper almost exclusively to the interests of their own State...

We ourselves, are of the West—identified with her interests... Her interests—the companions of our youth...

The Backwoodsmen will be opposed in general... to all the exalted and new-fangled notions of the day...

It is desirable that the names of all subscribers should come in by the first of August.

Address, (post paid) Backwoodsmen, "The Whig," Salisbury, N. C.

DETERMINED TO PLEASE!!

NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR 1854!!

SMITH & HOLDER, Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, &c., Main Street, Salisbury.

An arrangement with Mr. WILLIAM OVERMAN, whereby he becomes Foreman and Salesman in their Carriage Establishment...

TO TAILORS!! TWO or three steady and sober Journeymen Tailors can find constant employment...

LADIES BREAD PINS. SPRING and Summer Style at reduced prices...

Agricultural.

THE OBJECT OF PLOWING.

The object of plowing is not fully understood and considered by the majority of those who perform the work... It is not alone to kill the weeds and grass...

In a soil thus plowed—thus prepared for yielding its support to vegetable life—plants can appropriate from far and near, the nutriment needed for their use...

Fineness and depth of soil are requisite in order to receive the full benefit. It is not fertilizing food in its crude state which assists vegetation...

With these hints on the subject of plowing we might connect others on the process the best means to accomplish that object...

The Hon. William A. Graham, we are pleased to state, has accepted the nomination as the Whig candidate for the Senate...

Gen. Dockery, as the journal will show, did not vote to give the election of Governor to the people...

Any one who will take the trouble to consult the volume of Proceedings and Debates in the Convention, published in 1836...

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ROSALTHE: OR THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER III. BOONSBOROUGH INVADIED. The hour of midnight had passed on, and other hours had followed in its noiseless track...

“I cannot bear this torturing suspense and inaction much longer,” he remarked, approaching Captain Boone... “Are you sure?” “Bery sure, massa Boone; ’kase he spoke to dis chile.”

“We differ on that point, unfortunately; but we shall see. The French have assisted and encouraged the savages more than once, and I see not why the report that Du Quesne is marching against us at the head of a large body of savages, may not be true.”

“You ought not to go abroad in the open air until you have recovered from your recent wounds,” observed Captain Boone... “The air’ll do ’em good; I never was afraid of it when I was a boy.”

“What does that mean?” asked Fleming. “It means that he seems somethin’ as he don’t like,” replied Logston... “I suspect that there are Indians near,” remarked Daniel Boone.

“If you’re allers as near the truth as that, you wout have to answer for much soun of that natur’,” said Joel... “Perhaps we had better call out the men,” added Captain Boone.

“I think you had, by all means; for there’ll be an oconomous uproar here soon, ’eridin’ to my notion of things,” replied Joel... “Mr. Fleming, go and order the men to come out silently and without confusion,” said the captain.

“It will be best,” returned Fleming, and hastened to obey orders... “I s’pose you’ve got that Frenchman safe enough?” continued Logston... “Certainly; he’s in the block-house just where you put him. I had a long and serious conversation with Mr. Alston in regard to him, but failed to awaken him to a sense of the danger to be apprehended through his agency. He is determined to see nothing wrong in him; and nothing but proof positive will ever convince him of Le Bland’s duplicity.”

“I have not the least doubt of it,” returned the pioneer... “But observe the dog; he is growin’ more in earnest; there is certainly some danger.” “If I was goin’ to die the next minute as is comin’, I should say and stick to it, there’s Ingins not far off.”

“Yes, I must try to bear up like a man,” returned Logston, sighing... “I am differently persuaded. I think the danger has been greatly magnified. As you are aware, I have but little faith in this story of a fearful conspiracy,” rejoined Alston.

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“Look yonder, in the name of Heaven, and tell me what new mystery is that which I now behold!” exclaimed the forester, with startling emphasis... Instantly all eyes were turned towards the block-house where Le Bland was supposed to be yet in dance. Dusky figures were seen upon the top of the structure, disappearing one after another through the roof. The hardy pioneers gazed at this astonishing sight in mute wonder.

“A hurried consultation was now held among the veteran woodsmen, to determine what should be done... This scheme appeared very feasible, for the party upon the roof from the fire of the enemy outside the works; and the third party making a simultaneous attack upon the door, would divert the enemy, giving them two points to defend instead of one.

“You observe, men,” said Boone, “that the Indians fire indiscriminately at our fort and waste much powder and lead; but we must not follow their example, for ammunition is worth much more to us than silver or gold; it is more precious than diamond dust. Fire only when you see a mark, and the noisy, bragging rascals will soon keep at a proper distance. I know well the worth of ammunition, for I passed weary months alone in this wilderness, while my brother performed a long and dangerous journey to North Carolina for a fresh supply. The time, during his absence, often hung heavily upon my hands. I was surrounded by those who continually sought my life, and for purposes of safety, changed my camping-ground every night. You may depend upon it, I wasted no powder during that period. That experience taught me a lesson of prudence I shall never forget.”

“You speak wisely, young man,” said Boone, quickly... “The firing that has now commenced is only intended to distract our attention from the true point of attack. The gates must not be opened, for it is evident that they are expecting that we naturally enough feel desirous of obtaining a supply of water from the spring, and have taken measures accordingly.”

“I think that female wit can free you from this dilemma,” said Matilda Fleming, with blushing cheeks... “We women cannot do so much in battle as you, because nature has given us an organization less strong; therefore our lives, at this time, are not worth so much as yours; it shall be our duty, then, to go to the spring and procure water. If we go calmly, they will naturally conclude that their ambuscade is not discovered. Do not fire, but wait, thinking that the next time some of the men will take our places, seeing that we were not molested.”

“Yes, we will go!” exclaimed Elizabeth Boone and Eliza Ballard... “You are brave gals,” said Joel Logston... “The plan is a very good and judicious one,” observed Mrs. Boone... “After many objections were made by the women, the plan was put into operation. In a short time the latter appeared with pails, resolved to sacrifice themselves, if the occasion demanded, for those they loved. The gates were opened by unwilling hands, the devoted and brave women passed out, and the gallant defenders of Boonesborough gazed after them with intense anxiety, as they descended the slope and advanced with unflinching footsteps towards the spring, near which they were sure scores of their deadly foes were concealed.

It was a moment fraught with deep and painful interest. It was observed that Joel Logston kept his eyes fixed upon the comely figure of Eliza Ballard, and watched her alone in this wilderness, while my brother performed a long and dangerous journey to North Carolina for a fresh supply. The time, during his absence, often hung heavily upon my hands. I was surrounded by those who continually sought my life, and for purposes of safety, changed my camping-ground every night. You may depend upon it, I wasted no powder during that period. That experience taught me a lesson of prudence I shall never forget.”

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The Escorial—the Imperial Library—the Chapel—Philip II.—his death, &c... We add a few words more about this renowned Escorial and its historic associations. We found it difficult to acquire a full-length and accurate mental diagram, or type likeness of this vast edifice, even after spending many hours in traversing its numerous and labyrinthine apartments, above and below, in the different portions of its threefold character of palace, monastery and mausoleum. And it is more difficult to convey by description any just impression of its immense dimensions. It will aid the effort to say that the ground plot of the edifice is in the form of a gridiron, in honor of the old saint, San Lorenzo, who suffered martyrdom upon such an instrument of torture. The interior is divided into courts or squares, representing the intersections of the bars of a gridiron. The handle forms the palace. Four lofty towers at the angles represent the feet. There are sixteen of these courts or squares in the interior of the vast edifice, upon which the windows of the numerous apartments look down, many of which are surrounded by spacious corridors, columns and arches.

Among the remarkable portraits in the library are those of the Emperor Charles V. and Philip II., his son, the founder of the Escorial. Their painted life-like physiognomy is wonderfully characteristic. They face each other from opposite walls. In the expressive face of Charles, you see the full index of his whole lifetime career. We never before saw in a single portrait the whole character, biography, temper, history, bigotry, miserable life and dreadful death of man or monarch, such as is expressed in the painted likeness and features of Philip II. It is full of identity and individuality. You see him here in his old age, with his wan, dejected look, marked with melancholy and guilty wretchedness, and his brows, gray, cold and repulsive as globes of ice. We had just come from looking at the coffin of this miserable monarch, and the impression was half as if his coffin lid and come up from his grave, and was just ready to walk out of the picture-frame in the library into the midst of us, and demand what business so many heretics had here. We kept an eye upon that strange portrait and picture-frame.

The party was next conducted into the Imperial church or chapel. The interior of the chapel is in the form of a Greek cross, a high dome, and a part of the greater edifice. It is 320 feet in length, 250 in width, and 320 high to the top of the cupola. The grandeur of its proportions, and the perfection of its Doric architecture, strike the mind with awe and admiration. It has three naves, forty-eight altars, and four organs of great power and sweetness of tone. We revisited the church in the evening, to their celestial music, as it rolled along the lofty arches and dome. The altars are richly adorned with priceless paintings. The reliquary of the high altar is superb, and is adorned by a flight of seventeen red Jasper marble steps, over 100 feet long. The screen is 93 feet high, and 43 feet in width, and employed the Milan artist seven years to complete it. The dividing columns are of red Jasper of great beauty, with bronze gilt bases and capitals. This lofty facade, or campania, as it is here called, communicates with the other portions of the church by a double gallery, one over another, 86 feet in length, adorned with Ionic columns. Above and between these, and resting on pillars, are six colossal statues of the Kings of Israel, of white marble, inlaid in black, 18 feet high, of imposing giant aspect. Eight of the compartments of the vaulted roof are painted in gorgeous fresco, of various designs. The most prominent one, and that which occupies the most conspicuous portions of the ceiling, is a fresco

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