

Rowan Whig and Western Advocate.

L. M. Ramsay

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"

VOL. II.—NO. 36.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 87.

G. A. MILLER S. W. JAMES.

MILLER & JAMES,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.
Two Dollars per Annum in Advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if Payment be delayed six months; and Three Dollars if not paid within the year.

New Arrangement of Advertising Terms.
The Proprietors of the Newspapers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates.

By the Square.	By the Line.	By the Column.	By the Page.	By the Month.	By the Year.
100	100	100	100	100	100
200	200	200	200	200	200
300	300	300	300	300	300
400	400	400	400	400	400
500	500	500	500	500	500
600	600	600	600	600	600
700	700	700	700	700	700
800	800	800	800	800	800
900	900	900	900	900	900
1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000

Longer advertisements in the same proportion. A square is the space occupied by sixteen close lines. An advertisement making 2 or 3 squares, charged in proportion to one square. And making 24 or 25 squares, charged in proportion to 2 squares. All fractions of a square equal to 1/2, charged in proportion to the whole of which they are a part. Occasional renewals without additional charge granted to those who advertise regularly through the year. Three dollars for announcing candidates for office. Court orders charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. Orders for divorce of husband and wife, \$10 each. Persons sending advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required, or they will be inserted until forbidden; and if it is wished they should occupy the least space possible, write upon the back "close." Otherwise they will be put up in the usual style and charged accordingly. No discount on these rates.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

IREDELL COUNTY.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions—May Term, 1854.

Jacob Bostian, James Bostian, D. J. Bostian, H. H. Maxwell and wife, Mary, Harriet S. Bostian and Hannah R. Bostian, vs. Josiah Bostian and Uriah Bostian, Defendants.

Deceased *Yel. No.*
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Josiah Bostian, one of the Legatees and Heirs at Law of Jacob Bostian, Sec., dec'd, lives beyond the limits of this State it is therefore, ordered, that publication be made in the Rowan Whig and Western Advocate, published in Salisbury, for the space of six weeks, notifying the said Josiah Bostian to be and appear at the next Term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Iredeell, at the Court House, on the 20th day of August next, and there to plead, answer or demur to the issues in this case, or judgment pro confesso will be taken against him. Witness M. F. Freedland, Clerk of said Court at Office, the third Monday in May A. D. 1854. M. F. Freedland, clk. 6255—Printers fee \$5 50

State of North Carolina,

ROWAN COUNTY.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, 1854.

Moses L. Holmes, and E. Mauney vs. Attachment.

Lemuel Williams and Elisha Fuller vs. Attachment.

IN the above cases, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Lemuel Williams and Elisha Fuller are not residents of this State: It is, therefore, ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Rowan Whig and Western Advocate, a newspaper published in the Town of Salisbury, for the said Lemuel Williams and Elisha Fuller, to appear at the next Term of this Court, to be held for the County of Rowan, at the Court House in Salisbury, on the first Monday in August next, and plead, answer or demur, on judgment pro confesso will be taken against them. Witness, James E. Kerr, Clerk of said Court at Office, in Salisbury, the first Monday in May, A. D. 1854, and in the 78th year of our Independence. JAMES E. KERR, CLK. 6252

State of North Carolina,

SURBERY COUNTY.
Superior Court of Law—Spring Term, 1854.

Peter C. Jouny, Administrator of Johnson Clements, deceased, vs. Sarah Sharp, William A. Lacy and wife Agnes, Edward Clements, Ann Hunt, William P. Tucker and wife Martha.

Petition to sell Land.

In this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants, William A. Lacy and wife Agnes, Edward Clements, Ann Hunt and William P. Tucker and wife, Martha, are not residents of this State: It is ordered by the Court, that advertisement be made for six successive weeks in the Rowan Whig and Western Advocate, notifying them to appear at our next Superior Court of Law, to be held for the County of Surry, at the Court House, in the Town of Johnson, on the first Monday in September next, and there to be made parties, defendants, and to plead, answer or demur to said petition, otherwise the same will be heard ex parte as to them. Witness, Thomas V. Hamlin, Clerk of our said Court at Office, the first Monday of March, A. D. 1854. T. V. HAMLIN, C.S.C. 6253—Printer's fee \$5 50

DETERMINED TO PLEASE!

NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR 1854!!!

SMITH & HOLDER,

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

ANNOUNCE to the public, that having made an arrangement with Mr. WILLIAM OVERMAN, whereby he becomes Foreman and Salesman in their Carriage Establishment, they are now prepared to guarantee greater satisfaction in their work, and greater bargains than ever to all in want of Carriages of the very finest make and style. Buggies, Sulkies, by any description, of Vehicle in their line of business, which shall not be surpassed by any establishment in Western North Carolina. They trust from their efforts to please and gratify the wishes of the public both in price and style, that they will receive the encouragement of those desirous of purchasing carriages of any kind. All kinds of repairing done neatly and quickly. Salisbury, Jan. 29, 1854. 1y12

CARD.—The undersigned having taken the position of Foreman and Salesman, as mentioned in the above advertisement, respectfully invites his old friends and customers to call and see him again. He feels assured, that from an experience of 20 years, he can make it satisfactory to them to do so. He is prepared to offer great bargains in Carriages, Buggies, &c. Call at the new Beck establishment. W. M. OVERMAN.

ROSALTHE.

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.
A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCENE AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

We return to Rosalthe. She clasped her hands and looked imploringly at Otter-Lifter, who stood motionless in the path.

"What would Star-Light and her cousin of the Wyandots do?" asked the chief, coldly.

"White-Cloud and the maiden they call Star-Light do not like us; they seek to see this pale face captive on death," replied Wassahauza.

"And was not Otter-Lifter worthy of the confidence of Star-Light and White-Cloud?" replied the chief, in a tone of mild reproach.

"Otter-Lifter of the red race of the Cherokee is humane; but this captive was not taken by a war party of his, and he might have feared to offend the young warriors who brought her away from Harrodsburg," answered Star-Light.

"Wassahauza speaks of fear; when was Otter-Lifter afraid? When did he fail to raise his voice against cruelty? Who can say that he ever tortured a prisoner, or made war on women and children? Not a person living!" said the chief, with dignity.

"Then, why does such a gentle-hearted leader stand still when his help is needed? Does he not see this trembling girl suffering the terrors of death? Has he not a hand to use, as well as a tongue to talk?" exclaimed Star-Light.

"The speech of Star-Light is bitter; she wounds the heart of the chieftain who is ready to die in her service," returned Otter-Lifter, mournfully.

"My fair cousin means not to wrong her friend, the bold Otter-Lifter. She speaks thus because the danger is pressing," said Rosalthe.

The Cherokee chief gave Rosalthe a searching glance while she was speaking.

Fanny Harrod had recovered her consciousness, and stood clinging to Star-Light and her heroine, awaiting with feelings which cannot be described the decision of

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the Cherokee chief. He gave Rosalthe a searching glance while she was speaking.

"If you would save her, be silent," she said.

Though this was a restraint which she could not bear without much effort, she felt the necessity of obedience. Fanny Harrod was an intimate and valued friend, and she longed to throw herself into her arms and tell her all; but that could not be thought of under the circumstances in which she was placed.

Miss Harrod, who now began to feel somewhat assured of escape, felt a strong desire to know who the delicate Indian girl was who had embraced her and called her by name.

The time of Otter-Lifter's absence seemed long indeed to the expectant captive. A thousand fears and wild conjectures had birth in her mind. Perhaps the chief had been detected in his purpose, and the plan had failed. It was possible that he had not sufficient influence among the other chiefs and warriors to save her, and innumerable other fancies of this kind passed in quick succession through her mind to revive her terrors.

Star-Light appeared to fathom her thoughts, and said:

"He will not fail; he never breaks his word." These brief sentences cheered the heart of Miss Harrod.

After the lapse of half an hour, steps were heard approaching. Fanny and Rosalthe simultaneously uttered a cry of surprise and alarm; for, instead of seeing Otter-Lifter, they beheld half a dozen warriors mounted upon horses. Star-Light remained calm and undisturbed.

"Peace! peace, foolish maidens! Otter-Lifter is with them!" she exclaimed.

Rosalthe looked again at the advancing Indians and beheld the chief in the midst of them, leading a horse. She kissed Miss Harrod's pale cheeks, and wept for joy. Without speaking, Otter-Lifter placed Miss Harrod upon the animal which had been provided for that purpose. The chief then turned to the young men.

"Conduct this maiden to Harrodsburg," he said, in a voice of command. "Otter-Lifter has pledged his word that she shall live and return to her friends. Go; and remember that your lives shall answer for hers, if harm befall her."

"Come here, Star-Light," said Fanny, in a sudden voice.

She stepped to her side, and Miss Harrod, bending forward, imprinted a grateful kiss upon her lofty forehead.

"It is all I can give you," she added.

Star-Light smiled faintly, and seemed to look lovingly at the young girl. For a moment her haughty beauty was softened into a mildness almost angelic. Standing as she did, with the dim rays of the moon shining upon her upturned face, she caused Rosalthe's thoughts to wander to that unknown period far back in the forgotten years of the past, when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."

"It is well that you have been called," said Star-Light, for he beheld reflected from your starry eyes earnest rays of mercy and truth!" said Miss Harrod, enthusiastically.

Wassahauza gazed fixedly at Fanny, and her expression became more benignly soft.

Otter-Lifter gazed at her with a kind of mute idolatry discernible in his eloquent eyes, and then turned abruptly from the scene, as if afraid to trust himself longer.

Star-Light moved slowly away, and Rosalthe took Miss Harrod's hand. When the latter stooped to kiss her forehead, she half formed the resolution to whisper her name; but a single glance at the changed and gentle expression of Star-Light made her reject the idea; and in an instant Fanny and her escort were moving off towards Harrodsburg.

Rosalthe threw her arms about Star-Light and embraced her tenderly; all her unfavorable impressions were completely removed by the recent scene.

This spontaneous act of friendship the Cherokee maiden neither repelled nor encouraged, but suffered it as a statue of marble might receive the same indications of gratitude. The parties returned to the village, Otter-Lifter leading the way in silence.

It was on the ensuing morning that Star-Light visited the lodge where the interview already mentioned took place between her and Allan Norwood.

There was a great commotion at the village when it was known that Fanny Harrod had escaped. A council was immediately called to determine what should be done. While they were gravely smoking the pipe, as an indispensable preliminary, Otter-Lifter appeared among them. One warrior arose and advised that the warriors be punished who had been appointed to keep watch over the captive, which duty they had not faithfully performed. Another recommended that a small war-party be instantly despatched in pursuit of the captive.

A young chief next arose, and said, that so far as he could learn, the young woman had been liberated by some man of influence among them; for, upon examining the adjacent forest, he had discovered a fresh trail, produced by some half a dozen mount-

ed men. Moreover, some of their young braves were missing, and it would therefore seem as if they had been sent to conduct the young woman back to Harrodsburg.

He hoped the wise chiefs would examine this matter, and see who was the guilty party.

During this speech murmurs of applause were heard from every portion of the council-lodge. When the fiery chief had ceased speaking, and resumed his seat, Otter-Lifter arose calmly to his feet, and looked deliberately around upon the faces of the assembled chief and warriors.

"Our nation," he said slowly, "in the past was a great and powerful one; its warriors were as numerous as the trees of the forest, and its young men were as plentiful and as fair as the flowers. The glory of the Cherokee is passing away; their numbers have diminished—their power is being broken. They could once make war alone, and feel assured of victory; but now they are obliged to seek for allies among other nations! Why is this? Why are the Cherokee and other red races of men fading away from the earth? Why do they not increase in numbers until they are like the rocks and mountains that cannot be moved? I will answer and my words shall be uttered in wisdom. The Great Spirit is angry with his red children because of their cruelties! He hides his face from them because they show no mercy; because they have slain helpless children, and tortured men and women with fire. The whole human race is but one great family, of which the Great Spirit is the father. He looks down upon his red children and perceives that they are cruel—that they kill the innocent, and torture the young and the fair; and in his displeasure he will smite them until the arm of their strength is fully broken, and they shall not be able to make war any more.

"This is the curse that hangs over the red sons of the forest; this is the rod that will humble the Cherokee to the dust. Let us then learn wisdom from the past, and study to be merciful as well as brave. When we have learned to conquer by our generosity as well as by our arms, then shall we be indeed irresistible. I have never loved cruelty; I have never put my prisoners to the torture. My soul so longs for a custom that is destined to pass away.

"It was my hand that liberated the young white woman. I rejoice that I did so, because it is a deed that will give me pleasure whenever I think of it. I sent away the Pale-Lily under an escort of my warriors; and by this time she is far beyond pursuit. If these wise chiefs and these brave warriors are angry, let them turn their displeasure upon me. I am strong, and I can die like a man; but she was a weak young girl, whom it was our duty, as brave men, to protect, and not to inhumanly torture. I have spoken."

Otter-Lifter sat down, and there was a deep silence among the chiefs and warriors. At length a chief who had more than reached the period allotted to human life—three-score and ten—arose and said, in a voice of deep solemnity:

"The young chief has uttered words that have reached my heart. The Spirit of Moneda rests upon the young man; he is worthy to be a chieftain among the red children of the Cherokee. I shall pass away, and the grave will hide me; but he will live to be great, and his name will be known among the nations. Young warriors and chiefs, imitate the bright example of Otter-Lifter; it is the advice of an old man, whose way is toward the receptacle of death, and to whose eyes the scenes of the happy hunting-grounds already open."

The old man took his seat, and all the assembled warriors were deeply affected. The current of opinion was changed. The council broke up; the warriors and chiefs passed around Otter-Lifter to shake hands with him and speak some words of applause; for their nobler natures had been touched, and the man "who cared only for his word, his rifle, and his honor," was never so popular among his people as he. It is thus that a noble act frequently raises the actor in the esteem of those whom, in all human judgment, it would have deeply offended.

About the same time that the above scene was transpiring, Star-Light and White-Cloud were walking in the forest, upon the margin of the Indian village.

"I have seen one of your people," said Star-Light.

"Where?" asked Rosalthe, eagerly.

"Near," returned the Cherokee girl.

"Who was it?" continued our heroine, looking anxiously at her companion.

"A young man, and he was seeking you."

"Describe him," added Rosalthe.

"He was tall and handsome, with black hair and eyes," replied Star-Light.

"Did you speak to him?"

"I did," returned the other.

"Did you ask his name?" rejoined Rosalthe, with an earnestness that she made no attempt to render less apparent.

"I cared nothing for his name; but I

told him to go back to Boonesborough and tell your friends that you were safe, and would be with them before another moon."

"I thank you for that!" exclaimed Rosalthe.

Before the Indian girl had time to reply, a rapid footstep was heard, and Allan Norwood stood before the maidens. The suddenness of his appearance caused Rosalthe to recoil a few paces, but Star-Light remained unmoved.

"What brings you here? Have you worn your scalp so long that you have got tired of it, and wish to lose it?" asked Star-Light.

"I have come to seek the maiden I spoke of; and I will never go back till I know what her situation is, and have some proof that you have told me the truth," replied Allan, firmly.

"I never speak falsely; it is the pale-faces that lie!" she replied, with dignity.

"I demand proof," returned Norwood.

"Again I ask, what is this young woman to you?" said the Indian girl.

"She is much—everything, and yet nothing," answered the young man, with much feeling.

"That is strange! much, everything, nothing,—the young man has taken much strong water," replied Star-Light, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

While this conversation was going on, our heroine stood partly behind Star-Light, partially concealed by her person; and the effect of the young man's words may be imagined by the reader. She had no difficulty in recognizing him as the same who had interposed to save her from the impetuosity of Le Bland. She stood like one spell-bound, and listened to his words with intense interest.

"She is much to me because I love her; and nothing to me because she does not know me, and reciprocate the sentiments which a single chance meeting called up," he added.

"You have met her, then? Why did you not tell her this pleasant story?" resumed the Indian maiden.

"I did not even address her," said Norwood. "I gazed upon her beauty only a moment, and she passed away from my sight like a fair but delusive vision of the night."

"Do not forget her! When our young men love the maidens, they go and tell them."

"I have already told you that she disappeared suddenly," said Norwood.

"You will tell her this pretty tale if you find her?" added Star-Light, with a scornful smile.

"Not until she is safely restored to her friends," replied Allan, firmly.

"Wabuna!