

Rowan Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

VOL. II.—NO. 51.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 102.

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

TERMS. TWO DOLLARS if paid within two months; 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.

Table with 4 columns: By the Square, One Insertion, Two Insertions, Three Insertions, Four Insertions, Five Insertions, Six Insertions, Each subsequent insertion. Rows show rates for 1 square, 2 squares, 3 squares, 4 squares, 5 squares, 6 squares.

Longer advertisements in the same proportion. A square is the space occupied by sixteen close lines. An advertisement making 1/2 or 3/4 squares, charged in proportion to one square. And making 2/3 or 2/4 squares, charged in proportion to 2/3 or 2/4 squares.

Poetical.

For the Whig and Advocate. [From the German of Goethe.]

THE ERKING. Translated by W. M. BARBER.

The Erking was a malicious spirit in the old German mythology, which took great pleasure in destroying the beloved children of fond parents.

Who aches amid the storms of night? A father with his prattling child! He clasps the loved one in his arm. Protects his life and keeps him warm!

A Family of Opium Lovers.—Some six months ago a person visited our town, asking for money to purchase medicines for his mother who was sick.

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. The numerous friends and admirers of this distinguished and gifted lady will be pleased to learn that she is again in our midst.

WALTER MACON, OR THE LAWYER IN LOVE.

A Tale written, and dedicated to the young Ladies of Salisbury, —By W.—

The following tale, founded upon facts, is not designed to portray the melting, though unreal feelings, which so generally accompany the hypocritical love of this cold and selfish age.

Young Walter Macon sprung from a class of society in which but little is to be seen, though not adequate to the expenses and extravagance of "high life."

Polished and thorough education was the thing which he longed for far more than wealth and station. By his own industry, combined with the zeal of a kind father and brother, he at length completed his college education.

Among this class we may safely place George Temple, the class-mate of our hero, Walter Macon.—Temple possessed sufficient powers of mind to have distinguished himself in a literary point of view; but he seemed totally destitute of either moral or gentlemanly principle.

But enough of this enmity for the present. The evil character of Temple will be better impressed upon the mind, when the circumstances of this tale bring it in contrast with the principle and worthiness of Walter.

Hitherto his life had been one of laborious industry; but still it had been one of untrifling enjoyment. But life is a checkered scene. And though its first colors are bright and beautiful, the prism must turn, and reveal others of a gloomier cast.

Walter Macon was a young man of liberal and benevolent feelings, and was generally regarded in the light of earnest. On the contrary, it was often remarked jocosely that all, in honor of whom he wrote these love-songs, according to the amount of his bob-tail moustache, had "unburned locks," "rosy cheeks," &c.

Poetical tropes and figures came from his mouth even faster than from the laughable genius in Butler's Hudibras. Smiles never left his face: Byron, Moore, Bayly and Proctor (Barry Cornwall) all had to contribute something to this wonderful conversation.

While sadly he gazed on three As it rolled on in silence below. He thought to himself, "why do I not plunge in those blue waters any ordinary self and my sorrows away for human sight?"

"Half-cooked," I suggested. "Edzackly, I see you understand. Well, he come up, 'n' says he to the Judge, 'Hain't you, 'n' narry trottin' 'osses, yer?'"

The drunken man paid an entrance fee, at once, and shortly afterwards staggered in on the track, leading a shocking looking beast, with an old black saddle on him, and a yaller bridle with blinders on it.

"SLEEPY DAVY."—A SPORTING SKETCH. BY THE YOUNG 'UN. The substance of the following sketch of "life on the road" may already have been printed, though I never met with it.

The high leader was (or rather had been) one of the "pelters" that we sometimes read about in sporting chronicles; and hammer-headed, strong-winged chestnut, of fabulous age, but a nag of unquestionable bottom, with as many "points" as joints.

"That's a good horse, sir—that Davy," ventured the driver. "So I think. Have you driven him here long?" I inquired.

"Fact, sir. But Davy's an old 'un. Ten years ago he'd done with whole corn anyway." "Whole corn?" I asked—"how?"

"Well, after the first race was over with the running horses, all at once there came up to the Judge's stand a drunken man that, is, he wasn't very drunk, but pooty drunk, you know—just about as tight, (supposing he could carry off a gallon o' hicker), as two quart's'd make him."

The installation of Rev. Mr. Arthur as Rector of the Church was an interesting ceremony, and one which we never before had witnessed.—Greenville Southern Advocate.

in on the track, leading a shocking looking beast, with an old black saddle on him, and a yaller bridle with blinders on it.

You never saw so bad a looking creature as that man's horse was. He hitched along behind his drunken owner, with his nose down between his knees, his tongue lolling half out of his thin jaws, his eyes nearly closed, and his tail clinging close to his body.

"What followed? Why, one half the horses that chased him in on the first heat, to be sure.—When the Judge said 'go!' the second time, I tell you he was there—and went! Ha! ha! ha!—It's no use talking, he laid 'em all out—coming home the last mile in two-thirty-two—only three of the whole crowd saving their distance."

While I was lost in thinking of the changes in poor old Davy's career during the previous twenty years or less, the stage-horn sounded from the terminus of our route, and the coach rolled up right gallantly, at a twelve mile gait, before the door of the tavern where we "changed horses."

We had the pleasure of hearing this distinguished divine preach in the Episcopal Church last Sunday. His sermon was in defence of the Episcopal religion, and it was able and learned.

Ploughing Deep.—Judge Coulter of Virginia, when first appointed to the bench, had jurisdiction over one of the mountain counties. The district was made up of wild and unruly fellows.

YELLOW FEVER IN TEXAS.—The yellow fever continues to prevail with great severity at Houston. Among the deaths we note that of Mr. George Allen, brother of the editor of the Houston Telegraph, and B. F. Moore, a printer in the same office.

PROFESSOR. Into our last number we copied a short article, from the Salisbury Whig and Advocate, upon the subject of titles, having for its caption the above term.

Katerfelto, with his hair on end At his own wanders, wondering for his bread? Or a still viler seamp imported from abroad, his person beight with tinsel jewelry and his face all covered with hair like a goat's, torturing a violin into a cacophony of villainous sounds.

Verily we have often lamented, and do still lament, the repeal of that section of the Act in such cases made and provided which authorized the infliction of corporal punishment in the case of strolling vagabonds and sturdy rogues who go about the country getting a living without labor.

THE ALLIES. The Manch Church Gazette states that the Roman Catholic Priest at that place has openly taken the field for Governor Bigler, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, and has instructed all his subjects to vote the whole Democratic ticket.

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