

Woman Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

VOL. II.—NO. 34.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 85.

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 above papers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates.

| By the Square. | By the Line. | By the Word. | By the Character. | By the Figure. | By the Letter. |
|-----------------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1 square, 10 lines, 10 days | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| 2 " " " " " " | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 |
| 3 " " " " " " | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 |
| 4 " " " " " " | 48 | 48 | 48 | 48 | 48 |
| 5 " " " " " " | 60 | 60 | 60 | 60 | 60 |
| 6 " " " " " " | 72 | 72 | 72 | 72 | 72 |
| 7 " " " " " " | 84 | 84 | 84 | 84 | 84 |
| 8 " " " " " " | 96 | 96 | 96 | 96 | 96 |
| 9 " " " " " " | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 |
| 10 " " " " " " | 120 | 120 | 120 | 120 | 120 |
| 11 " " " " " " | 132 | 132 | 132 | 132 | 132 |
| 12 " " " " " " | 144 | 144 | 144 | 144 | 144 |
| 13 " " " " " " | 156 | 156 | 156 | 156 | 156 |
| 14 " " " " " " | 168 | 168 | 168 | 168 | 168 |
| 15 " " " " " " | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 | 180 |
| 16 " " " " " " | 192 | 192 | 192 | 192 | 192 |
| 17 " " " " " " | 204 | 204 | 204 | 204 | 204 |
| 18 " " " " " " | 216 | 216 | 216 | 216 | 216 |
| 19 " " " " " " | 228 | 228 | 228 | 228 | 228 |
| 20 " " " " " " | 240 | 240 | 240 | 240 | 240 |

*Longer advertisements in the same proportion. A square is the space occupied by sixteen close lines.

An advertisement making 1 or 2 squares, charged in proportion to one square. And making 24 or 25 squares, charged in proportion to 2 squares. Fractions of a square equal to 1 or 2, charged in proportion to the whole of which they are a part.

Occasional retrials 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.

25c No discount on these rates.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BACKWOODSMAN.

The subscribers propose, if sufficiently encouraged by the public, to establish a weekly newspaper in the town of Yankinville, N. C.

They expect to devote their paper almost exclusively to the interests of their own State, and especially to her much-neglected Western portion—not in humbugging the people with such airy and intangible "Tarrifs, Nationality, Bills, Free Suffrage, Alien and Sedition Laws, United States Banks, certain Resolutions of '38-'39, and other such chimerical, visionary, and airy dreams as make up the political and literary trash of the day; but in holding up the heavy hands of her mechanics and manufacturers; speaking in plain English the plain language of the heroic few who are endeavoring to scatter a little scientific light into her dark corners; leading all our energies to the cause of opening her highways, and as yet untraveled roads; building plank and rail roads; and enabling her people to get out into the world.

We, ourselves, are of the West—identified with her interests—the companions of our youth; and her sons our brothers—their sorrows and their joys are ours—their improvement of the West.

In politics the BACKWOODSMAN will be Whig, as Whiggery was in the days of her original purity, when she first unfurled her standard in the face of feudal tyranny, in the 17th century—when that standard, in the hands of Washington, drew around it, from the mountains of North Carolina, the Fathers of '76, and when that standard, borne by the immortal Clay, beamed like "a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night" before their descendants of 1820 and '50—the only hope of salvation in the storm of a distant and a better world.

In all things we shall be free as the mountain air we breathe, speaking our sentiments upon all subjects without fear or hope of reward—boldly taking heavy liberties by the ears, though the words are in priestly robes or glittering in the jewels of moneyed aristocracy.

The BACKWOODSMAN will be opposed in general, to all the crazed and now-forgotten fads of the day, endeavoring to be the footman's true friend, but not his flatterer—laboring for the elevation of his moral, social, and intellectual condition to the proud platform which freedom should ever occupy.

Whilst devoting our paper with energy to the weighty objects above expressed, we shall endeavor to season our columns with enough of the "satire salt" of Western wit to make it a welcome visitor to the gay circle of youth. And, as the Editors are both bachelors—not old—the ladies may rest assured that a corner of their paper, as well as a corner of their hearts, will ever be found filled with good things for them.

"Ye whoen sapienti sat!"

The "Backwoodsmen" will appear in a plain homespun dress; size, that of a full-grown mountaineer.

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

TERMS—\$2.00 a year, invariably in advance. Address, (post paid) "Backwoodsmen," Yankinville, N. C.

W. F. ARMFIELD,
Editor.
Yankinville, N. C. April 21, 1854.

DETERMINED TO PLEASE!

NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR 1854!!!

SMITH & HOLDER,
Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies,
&c., &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 who want of Carriages of the very finest make and style, Buggies, Sulkeys, or 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 prices and styles, 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.

TO TAILORS!

TWO or three steady and sober Journeymen TAILORS can find constant employment by applying to the subscriber. Shop opposite Mansion Hotel.

JOHN A. STOCKTON,
Salisbury, May 5, 1854.

LADIES BREAD PINS.

SPRING and Summer Style at reduced prices just received by

W. R. WILSON
March 16—29 One door above Granite Row.

Agricultural.

From the Farmer's Journal.
FARM ECONOMY.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing in which the farmers of North Carolina are so deficient as in the economy of their general farm management. But, says the "wise-acre" farmer, "what does this man mean by talking to me about economy in farm management, when I know that it is a principal study with me to be as saving as possible with every thing about the farm. I use the best small steel worn to be as small as my hand, an axe until the bevil is worn entirely away, a plow until the point and mould board are in such a condition as to require twice the amount of labor to execute the same work that a good plow would, if used."

These, with many others of what we call extravagances, are regarded by many farmers as strict economy. "A penny saved is a penny gained," says the immortal Franklin, and how many might be saved, which are lost by farmers using badly worn-out tools, instead of good ones. Only think for a moment how much more work a hand can accomplish with a good tool than an indifferent one. This want of economy is not, we are sorry to say, confined to tools upon the farms, but it may be seen in every feature of our farming; look, for instance, how much is generally paid out by our farmers for mules and horses, all of which they could raise themselves with one-half the expense at which they now obtain them. As an instance of the great loss we yearly sustain in this way, we will mention here that we were told a short time since by a highly intelligent farmer in Edgecombe county, that he had made an estimate of the money paid for mules during the last year, by the farmers of that county, and to his perfect astonishment the amount was nearly fifty thousand dollars.

While upon this part of our subject, we will remark that every farmer after having been engaged in the business for three years time, should raise his own horses and mules. It should be done in this way: it is understood that every farmer who manures to any extent during the winter, must have some extra teams to enable him to do his hauling and heavy plowing, and instead of using mules for this purpose, let him get large, well-formed mares, and so arrange it that they do not work during the summer at all, and let them drop their colts in July or August, and by the latter part of the fall the colts will have a good start, and will suffer but little if any injury from the mother being worked. There is much unnecessary loss sustained in manures by our farmers, which, with a little more care, might be easily avoided. It seems really inconsistent to see a farmer eagerly seeking after guano, lime, bone-dust and plaster, to apply to his land, when he has neglected his barn-yard manure, containing the same elements as these substances contain, and in a state of solution too, which renders them at once available as food for plants. We will carry this subject farther, and speak of one act of extravagance, of which nine-tenths of our farmers are guilty, and that is, in cultivating too much land. Let a farmer reflect for a moment and see what he gains by tilling a field which does not produce more than three barrels of corn, or seven bushels of wheat or oats. This amount will about pay expenses of cultivation, and the farmer who tills such land is left annually without any surplus, and his land is wearing down, year after year. We ask, would it not be economy in such a farmer to till less land, sell one-half of his farm and apply the proceeds to the improvement of the balance. We ask our readers to think of what we have here suggested, and for the future, endeavor to use only good tools, raise their own stock, and cultivate small farms, and cultivate them well.

Prosperity invariably follows skill, industry and economy.

See that your corn fields are clear of grass and weeds, for corn will not grow well with them.

From Gleason's Fictorial ROSALTHE.

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.
A Story of Western Life.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XII.
THE SCOUT AND INNIS MCKEE—"SOMETHING BREAKS."

BALLARD, after parting with Kenton and Norwood, struck out into the forest in a south-eastern direction, leaving the Kentucky river a little to the left. The scout was in ill humor, for he was fully persuaded in his own mind that Allan was a person to disarrange and foil the most skillful devised plans that experienced woodcraft could contrive to the rescue of the maiden.

"He's a green hand," he muttered to himself. "He's a stumblin' block in my way. I don't want to be in such company; I want men who have walked up and down this great country as I have, when there was a painted crotcher behind every bush, no man could safely say his life was his own for the next three seconds. He won't ever go back to Boonesborough with a whole skin; 'someh' in the course of nature will naturally break."

Having arrived at this sage, and to him self-evident conclusion, the scout paused to deliberate upon the object of his present mission, and the ways and means most likely to ensure success. In a short time he moved on again with a more assured step, having no doubt decided upon some particular course of action. He traversed beautiful woodlands, lying in uniform and graceful swells, where the wild grape vine mounted gigantic trees, and where innumerable flowers breathed their perfume to the balmy air.

He heard the hum of busy bees luxuriating among countless petals redolent with sweetness, and the cheerful songs of a great multitude of birds. The agreeable aspect which he saw, and harmony of all he heard, chased away the moroseness of the scout. Born as he had been in a new country, and passing the larger portion of his life beneath the open heavens, he had become in his simple way a devoted lover of nature. Ill-humor gave place to tranquil enjoyment.

He now left the rolling lands, and entered a rougher region which stretched away to the base of some high hills. It was near the hour of sunset when Ballard reached the hills; and the great and beneficent dispenser of light and heat was darting his departing rays upon their wood-rotting summit. The forester was thirsty, and looked about for water. Hearing the murmur of a rivulet, he advanced in that direction and discovered a small stream gushing from the hills.

Thinking to find cooler and more refreshing waters near the source of the spring, he followed the streamlet. He soon perceived that it flowed from one of the highest of the range of hills, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular. As the scout threw himself down to drink, he observed that the ground about the spot seemed considerably trodden. He instantly examined this appearance more particularly, and was convinced that human feet had recently pressed the yielding soil; and not merely on one or two occasions, but so often that a tolerably well-defined path was discernible.

Having satisfied his thirst, Ballard discovered that the water gushed from an open space in the hill-side, a few steps beyond, and the spot was over-grown with grapevines and hazel, while the slight footpath tended in that direction and was lost.

The scout approached the place, and pulling away the vines, perceived much to his surprise, the mouth of a small cave. Having gazed into the dark and forbidding aperture until his eyes had become in some measure accustomed to the darkness, he entered the subterranean abode; for it was quite certain that it was now inhabited, or had recently been. He groped his way along until he reached a place where he could stand erect. He was straining his powers of vision to the utmost, in order to see what was still beyond him, when he was prostrated by a heavy blow upon the head.

Before the scout had fairly recovered his senses, his hands and feet, were securely bound.

"Come in," said a gruff voice. "I've got him here he can't do no mischief. Come in and kindle a fire, and let us see who we've caught."

Ballard turned his eyes towards the mouth of the cave, and saw two females glide in. They passed the spot where he was lying, and one of them lighted a pile of fagots, that had been previously prepared, and heaped against a large rock (which formed the entire side and roof of the cave) with a cleft at the top which allowed the smoke to pass out.

The flames soon leaped up cheerfully, and flung a ruddy glare of light upon the features of the scout. The individual who had knocked him down and bound him, stood by like a surly mastiff, who having conquered his adversary, stands by to give him an additional shake, if necessary.

"It's Ballard!" he exclaimed, when the scout's features were revealed by the fire-light.

"You shouldn't knock a man down without an introduction," said the spy, coolly. "So you've tracked me at last," added the man.

"I reckon I have," returned the scout, "and should like to tack my way back again."

"You've made the last tracks you'll ever make!" cried the other fiercely.

"I know something would break," answered Ballard.

"You've got a broken head already, and before you get through with this business," returned the man.

"I have a notion that your name is McKee; the yosom friend of that villainous piece of human natur called Silas Girty," said the scout.

"Draw it mild, or I may make an end of you of the spot!" retorted McKee, savagely. "You've always been a spy upon our movements, and your death has been resolved upon for a long time. Girty and I have been after you for many weeks."

"Thank ye," said Ballard.

"Girty will be here in the morning," resumed McKee.

"I should rather have seen him yesterday morning," observed the scout, humbly. "No doubt, no doubt!" returned McKee, with a sinister grin.

Ballard felt but little inclination to continue a conversation so uninteresting, and accordingly turned his attention towards the two females. One of said females, and the eldest of the two, was obviously of the Indian race; while the youngest was evidently her daughter. Both were clad in the costume of savage life; the youngest was about eighteen years of age, and though a half-breed, remarkably handsome. The scout watched her movements with increasing interest; for he fancied her countenance; while her dark eyes and rosy cheeks made a deep impression upon his beholder's heart.

During the preparation of the evening meal, he did not cease to follow her every motion with his eyes. McKee's wife appeared for the first time, and seemed to be in a less favorable condition, and had numbered twice as many years as the former.

When McKee had finished his supper (which he ate in sullen silence), Ballard was removed to another portion of the cavern, and additional means of security made use of. Having accomplished this business satisfactorily, the renegade whispered a few words to his wife and left the place.

"Now," thought Ballard, "is my time to devise some method of escape. If McKee brings Silas Girty here, I shall certainly be killed. So I must see what can be done."

The scout had in his pocket a bottle of pretty good whiskey—a beverage of which the Indians were exceedingly fond—and he resolved to try its virtues upon Mrs. McKee. He instantly informed her of the fact that a bottle of strong-water was deposited in the pocket of his hunting shirt.

This information seemed to have a very cheerful effect upon the tawny spouse, and she proceeded with considerable alacrity to take the coveted treasure from the woodsman's pocket.

The laughter said nothing, nor indicated by word or look any interest in the matter. She sat by the fire absorbed in thought, and Ballard began to fear that she had entirely forgotten that such a person as himself was in the vicinity, or had an existence anywhere. But despite all the indifference of the fair half-breed, he could not help feeling attracted towards her.

"Too pretty, too pretty!" he said to himself, "to be in such a place as this, and surrounded by such influences."

Meantime Mrs. McKee tasted the whiskey and liked it so well that she tasted it again, and repeated the operation with marvellous alacrity and every sign of enjoyment. This was just what Ballard had anticipated; and he regarded her persevering efforts to drain the bottle, with much interest; for if she became helplessly intoxicated, he doubted not but he could prevail upon the daughter to assist him to escape.

Mrs. McKee soon grew talkative, and offered the young woman some of the beverage; but she refused it with strong manifestations of repugnance, which raised her greatly in the scout's estimation. Ballard's greatest fear was, that McKee would return before the whiskey had wrought its effects; and he turned his eyes with painful anxiety towards the entrance of the subterranean abode.

Mrs. McKee's utterance grew thick, and her conversation incoherent; she finally sunk upon the earthen floor, "completely overpowered, and soon her heavy respiration gave evidence that she was wholly unconscious.

"Innis," said the scout, for he had heard her called by that name, "don't you think it would look better for me to be up and walking about than to be here?"

The maiden glanced towards her mother, but made no reply.

"It's hard to die at my time of life," added Ballard.

Innis sighed and fixed her gaze upon the fire.

"I've got a mother and sister at Boonesborough," continued the scout.

"Perhaps they'll weep for you," replied Innis.

"But I'd rather save them the trouble," he rejoined.

"What have you done to offend my father?" asked Innis.

"I reckon I haven't done anything to offend an honest man," said the scout.

"Why did you come here?" inquired the girl.

"I blundered in by mere accident. One of our young women has been stolen away by the Indians; I was tryin' to find her when I stumbled into this curious place; you know what happened to me arter that. I can't call no great friend to your father, because he and Silas Girty stir up the Shawanese, Cherokeees and Wyandots, against the new settlements; and they kill our young men and carry off our maidens."

"They do wrong! they do wrong!" exclaimed Innis, clasping her hands.

"Yes, pretty Innis, they do wrong," said Ballard.

"I have often told them so," returned the girl.

"And you did right," added the scout.

"Girty is a bad man," continued Innis.

"He's a renegade!" returned the scout.

"I am very unhappy," said the maiden.

"I know that the young women at Boonesborough and the other stations know more than I do. They have friends to care for and instruct them, while I lead this ignorant and half savage life."

"You must go to Boonesborough and live, and persuade your father to be an honest man," answered Ballard, kindly.

"I must set you at liberty before my father comes," she added.

"God bless you!" said the scout, earnestly.

Innis McKee approached Ballard, and with her father's hunting-knife severed his bonds, and she sprang lightly to his feet.

"There is your rifle," said his benefactor.

could go without sayin' a few words that seem to be pressin' up on my heart. You have saved my life, and I thank you for it," returned the forester, with much feeling.

"You'd better hurry away," said Innis.

"I've been lookin' at you for a long while, as you sat by the fire, so pensive and melancholy like, and somehow or other, I took a fancy to you," added the scout, with some hesitancy of manner.

"I'm such a half savage that I don't see how anybody living could be pleased with me," replied Innis, weeping.

"If anybody else should dare to call you a half-savage, I reckon they'd never do it again in my hearing," returned Ballard, emphatically. "The fact is, you suit me exactly, and I hope you'll excuse me for sayin' so. You see I'm a plain-speakin' man, and I say what I mean and mean honest. I don't want to make you blush, nor be for'rad on short acquaintance; but if you shouldn't take a likin' to me, I'm sure that in the course of nature 'someh' will break."

"The bold scout laid his hand to his heart, as if to intimate that 'someh' which might be expected to 'break,' was in that particular locality.

"Do go, Mr. Ballard, for I don't feel as though I ought to stand talking with you here. It's not likely we shall ever meet again," said Innis.

"I should feel very sorry if I thought so, because I shan't never forget your handsome face. I shall think about you when I am in the wilderness all alone; in the daytime when the sun is shinin' on the flowers, and in the night time when the moon and stars are lookin' down on my lonely campin' ground. You may think this sounds kind o' strange and wild like, seein' as we never met afore, but such things has happened often, as I have read in books."

"I should like to hear you speak in such a pleasant way if you wasn't in so much danger; but I had rather you would go as my father may return at any moment, and Girty may perhaps come with him," resumed Innis.

"I will go, but I shall come to see you again," said Ballard, moving towards the open air. The scout paused and turned once more towards his benefactor.

"I hope this affair won't get you into any trouble," he added, thoughtfully.

"Don't think of me; I shall do very well," returned Innis, hastily.

"If you should ever want a protector, or feel the need of a friend, let me know it, and I'll go through fire and water to serve you," he added and invoking a hearty blessing upon Innis McKee, he glided quietly out of the cavern, and the cool air of heaven kissed his brow.

power to make a favorable impression upon her young heart.

However incongruous it may appear to the reader, it is true that the scout muttered to himself as he moved along, "that he knew when he got out something would certainly break." And this reflection secured a source of great comfort to the woodsman, for it deepened his faith in the strength and acuteness of his intuitions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mrs. Mowatt's Farewell to the Stage.

On the second instant, as before announced, Mrs. Mowatt took her final leave of the stage at the Howard Athenaeum, in Boston.

At the conclusion of the play, ("Ingomar,") she was called before the curtain, and addressed the audience:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I appear before you for the last time, and to utter a last farewell. How can I do so without being moved by the recollection of the first occasion when I stood before a Boston audience, and by them was tenderly ushered into that professional life which I now lay aside, happy in the consciousness that my obligations are fulfilled, its trials over?—When the imperative voice of duty summoned me from the sphere of home to test what facilities I possessed, to labor and struggle in a public arena, I chose your city, by a species of instinct, for the scene of my efforts. I chose it because it has been called—and who shall deny that it is rightly designated?—the "Athens of America." Because where there is true taste, high refinement, and a comprehensive love of art, there is always more leniency towards the feeble and uncertain efforts of the novice artist. That I made no error in my selection was proved by your greeting, which I so well remember, by your forbearance towards the imperfections of my youth and inexperience, by your hearty approval of those abilities (humble as they must have been) that were then manifested. In appearing before you as a public reader, the experiment I made was a novel, and perhaps a bold one; for it was at that time almost without precedent in this country. But that I was a woman, standing alone and unsupported—that I was unheralded and almost unknown—did not prevent your giving me an impartial hearing. You did not attempt to sexualize mental gifts, to say the lips of man should interpret the poets, but the lips of woman must be sealed. I may address to you the words that Corinne uttered to her Roman countryman:

Banish not woman from the fane of glory! Ye bid me to my portals—not by you Are deathless talents sacrificed or dimmed By worthless jealousies! Your voice is prompt. Aye, to applaud young Genius's upward flight— Genius, the conqueror who disdains the spoils— The victor with no victims."

It is for this—that for that first warm greeting—that I have now most deeply thank you; for the events that night gave their coloring to my whole future career. And now that my long day of trial has drawn to a close, I come back to you, my first public friends, to make my last professional efforts before you, and to tell you that you will ever remain first in my grateful memory. In bidding you adieu, I cannot but express a hope that the drama will ever be cherished by you, and that by you it may be wholly freed from those abuses which have shadowed its lustre, and impaired its usefulness. There must be a starting-point for all reform; and what your city has already effected towards that reform proves that, in commencing here, its onward progress is assured. It was here that our theatres were first purged from the worst evils—here that it was proved that the drama could flourish separated from those evils which are no more a legitimate part of the stage itself than a temporary disease is a part of an afflicted mortal. What an instrument of good the drama was designed to be! What a mighty instrument it can be made, it is in your power to prove. I, who have loved it perhaps too well, have no dearer wish, in laying aside the mantle of the actress than to impress this truth upon you. And now, for the last time, farewell. May you sustain and cheer many who will follow me as you have cheered me; and though some may more worthily fill the place I cease to occupy, I pray you to still let me dwell in your remembrance.

She retired amid the most deafening cheers, while at her feet was a pedestal of countless bouquets.

Yesterday, the 17th instant, at Ravenswood, Long Island, Mrs. Mowatt became the bride of Wm. F. Ritchie, Esq., of Richmond, Virginia.

Just before going to bed, eat two pig's feet and a cold apple pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser, devouring eight blue haired children, which have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red hot overcoat.

Caloric is a great promoter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish any thing of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of this institution entirely. A pair of sweet lips, a pink waist, and a pressure or two of delicate hands will as much unhorse a man, as three fobbers, the measles, a large sized whooping-cough, two pairs of lock jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill. It is an exchange says this—we wouldn't, of course.

"Pa, I see a man laying drunk down at the market house."

"You shouldn't say laying, my son—hens lay!"

"But I've seen men lay, too!"

"O no, my son."

"Yes but I have seen 'em lay brick!"

"Go and split your kindling; I can't talk to you now."

MEETINGS OF CITIZENS.

Pursuant to previous notice a Convention of citizens of the county, favorable to the Temperance Reform; met in the Court House in this place, on Saturday last, and organized by appointing J. H. ENNIS, Esq., Chairman, and J. J. BRUNER, Secretary.

On taking the chair, Mr. ENNIS announced, in the following address, the object of the Convention?

Our Bill of Rights declares that the people have a right to assemble together to consult for their common good. Under this great Constitutional Right, we have assembled to-day to consider what is best to be done by us for the advancement of the Temperance Reform.

The Temperance Reform is promotive of our common good; that it is eminently calculated to advance the political, civil, social and moral condition of the people, the wisest statement of the world have affirmed, and its practical operations wherever it exists, clearly proves the truth of their declarations.

The Liquor Licence Law on our Statute Book is a grievance of which we complain—and we think with justice. We allege that it imposes an unequal and unjust tax upon the people—a tax which a fair and equitable legislation for the good of the whole people of the State cannot and will not sustain.

The Law, in relation to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, has been enacted upon the principle, that the traffic is so ruinous and dangerous, and that it should not be entrusted to all persons, but only a certain class of persons. We do not find it free to all as are all other branches of trade, but checked and guarded by a special permission or licence to those only who can prove a good moral character. From that it is to be regulated evil, and the object is to keep it within certain limits, and then to provide for the evils which result from it, by imposing a tax upon the industrious, hard-working and virtuous citizens of the State to defray the expenses of the crime and pauperism which it produces.

In the advancement of the public opinion on this subject, it is natural and reasonable to enquire if this be the true principle of legislation on this subject; whether a great and powerful evil as this is, and which is acknowledged so to be by all, should be protected by the State, to the oppression of the hard-working and virtuous citizens of the State, or whether it should be prohibited by law for the common good of the State.