

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

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Song of the Sabbatarian.

This is a very successful satire on the duplicity and hypocrisy of the Slocks of the age. Every line and every stanza of it tells well, and the truth to the letter.

SONG OF THE SABBATHARIAN.

Go barbed the river up,
And padlock down the rail;
We'll have no train of Sunday run—
We'll have no steamer sail.
Go, tell the sailor on the sea
To make his canvass fast,
And trust the mercy of the waves
Till Sabbath shall be past.
Command the sun to stand his course,
Forbid the winds to blow,
And tell the flowers they shall not bloom,
The trees they shall not grow;
The little wild bird shall not sing,
The lambkins shall not play,
The cattle shall all silent be—
It is the Sabbath day.

And order yonder reprobate
That strolls along the road,
To turn at once from sinful ways,
And seek the house of God.
What need hath he of light and air?
Go, bid him fast and pray,
And put a mournful visage on—
It is the Sabbath day.
And tell the cook when you are down,
At four o'clock we dine,
And, as we'll have some company,
To lay the cloth for nine;
And call at number twenty-six,
And say to Mr. Brown,
That after supper we will drive
A few miles out of town.
But, first run for my letters, John,
And bring them quick to hand,
That I may see before I go,
How all the markets stand;
For, if I did not watch them well,
I'd soon be in the lurch,
And then bring round the carriage, John,
And we will drive to church.

Verse on the Return of Spring.

Manufactured in a Lawyer's Office.
Where, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the return of Spring!
The songbirds, these, said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.
The birds aforesaid, happy pairs,
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrine;
In feathered nests; themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.
O, busiest term of Cupids Court!
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

A Pleasant Country for a Nervous Man.

A Texas correspondent of the N. Y. Herald describes the domestic products of that favored land in glowing terms. If the half has account is true, it must be a pleasant place for a nervous man, or a bad is the cause of a fit of "convulsions."

"The cattle, however, are not the sole occupants of the prairie by any means. Doves of wild horses are not untequint, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf or cayote is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of snakes and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at; the bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces complete intoxication; but for the latter there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and legs five or six inches long, and covered with long coarse black hair. He lies in the cattle tracks; and if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. There is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night, you will have cause to remember him for many months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature, and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life to consider these lesser evils any great annoyance. But the insects! Flying, creeping, jumping, running, digging, buzzing, humming, stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder in our camp invariably is—"Will you have it with a bug or without?" The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It is none of the cold, slimy qualities of its northern brother, but is frequently made a pet of.—Chameleons are innumerable, darting over the prairie in every direction with inconceivable swiftness, and exercising their peculiar faculty of changing their color, to correspond with the color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking birds, singing most beautifully, and feathered game is abundant, and very tame, as it is scarcely ever sought after. The only varieties that I have seen are the quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover, and prairie hen.

A Stakeholder.

A fellow at a race course was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry, "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the muddled individual had just run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

Incident in the History of N. Carolina.

At the late commencement of the University of North Carolina an address before the literary societies by George Davis, of Wilmington. His theme was, "The Early Times and Men of the Lower Cape Fear." The speaker recited, during the course of his oration, the following thrilling and ever memorable incident in history of the Old North State. In speaking of the history of the position of North Carolina in the great struggle for American freedom, he said:

"In the first of the year 1766, the sloop-of-war Diligence arrived in the Cape Fear, bringing the stamps. Now, look what shall happen! She floats as gently up the river as though she came on an errand of grace, with sails all set, and the cross of St. George flaunting speak, her cannon frowning on the rebellious little town of Brunswick, as she yawns to her anchor. People of Cape Fear, the issue is before you! The paw of the lion is on your heads—the terrible lion of England! Will you crouch submissively, or redeem the honor that was pledged for you? You have spoken brave words about the rights of the people—have ye acted as brave? Ah! gentlemen, there were men in North Carolina in those days.

Scarcely had the stamp ship crossed the bar when Colonel Waddell was watching her from the shore. He sent a messenger to Wilmington to his friend Colonel Ashe. As she rounded to her anchor, opposite the Custom House at Brunswick, they appeared upon the shore, with two companies of friends and gallant yeomen at their backs. Beware, John Ashe!—Hugh Waddell, take heed! Consider well, brave gentlemen—the perilous issue you dare! Remember that armed resistance to the King's authority is treason! In his palace, at Wilmington, the "Wolf of Carolina" is already chafing against you; and know you not that your order, across the water, England still keeps the Tower, the Traitor's Gate, the scaffold and the axe? Fail well they know; but

They have set their lives upon the cast,
And now must stand the hazard of the die.
By threats of violence they intimidated the commander of the sloop, and he promises not to land his stamps. They seize the vessel's boat and hoisted a mast and flag, mount it upon a cart and march in triumph to Wilmington. Upon their arrival the town is illuminated. Next day, with Colonel Ashe at their head, the people go in crowds to the Governor's house, and demand of him James Houston, the stamp master. Upon his refusal to deliver him up forthwith, they set about to burn his house above his head. Terrified, the Governor at length complies, and Houston is conducted to the market house, where, in the presence of the assembled people, he is made to take the solemn oath never to execute the duties of his office. Three glad hurrahs ring through the old market house, and the stamp act falls still-born in North Carolina. [Cheers.] And this was more than ten years before the Declaration of Independence, nine before the Battle of Lexington, and nearly eight before the Boston Tea Party.—The destruction of the tea was done in the night by men in disguise, and history blazons it, and New England boasts of it, and the fame of it is world-wide. But this other act, more gallant and daring, done in open day by well known men, with arms in their hands and under the King's flag—who remembers or who tells it? When will history do justice to North Carolina? Never, till some faithful and loving son of her own shall give his loins to the task with unwarred industry and unflinching devotion to the honor of his dear old mother.

Affairs in Kansas.

To the Editor of the Richmond Enquirer.
ARIELLA COUNTY, (Val.) June 15.
Gentlemen!—The following is an extract of a letter from a young Virginian, (a native of this county) who is now a resident of St. Joseph, Missouri:
"You ask me what will be the ultimate fate of Kansas, and whether the pro-slavery or anti-slavery party is in the ascendancy in the Territory!—You seem to think that the elections heretofore have been carried by the Missourians. Such is the impression that Reader and the Abolition papers in the East have endeavored to make; but the truth is, there is an overwhelming majority of the people of Kansas pro-slavery. The Missourians, it is true, at the recent elections, attended in large numbers the precincts; but I do not suppose that one in a hundred voted. I know that at the precinct opposite St. Joseph, there were not four votes more polled than there were voters in the District, according to the census that the Governor had previously taken.
"But what ought to silence this slanderous charge against the Missourians of conquering Kansas is the fact, that at a special election held on Thursday last, (24th May,) at Leavenworth, (the Governor having set aside the first election as illegal,) the Missourians left the matter entirely in the hands of the resident voters, and the result was as follows: W. G. Mathis, (pro-slavery,) 558; A. Payne, (do.) 560; H. D. McKim, (do.) 560; Edsall, (free-soil,) 140; Gould, (do.) 139; Pennock, (do.) 141. Kansas, then, must be a slave State, for the simple reason that the people have it so. Congress will be bound to admit what it has done. In the meantime, the Kansas Nebraska Act, unless it is repealed; and I do not think there is any danger of that for the present, because the United States Senate has a large majority in favor of the principle involved in the Douglas bill. You see in this the wisdom of the patriotic statesmen that formed the Constitution. The Know Nothings and Abolitionists may have an overwhelming majority in the lower House, but that conservative body, the Senate, will protect the country from the fanatical legislation of the popular branch. Should, then, Kansas apply for admission, with the Kansas-Nebraska Act unrepealed, her exclusion or restriction by Congress, would be so wanton a violation of good faith, and of Constitutional obligations, that I cannot believe the General Government, under any circumstances, would so far compromise its integrity.
"JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.—A bore of our acquaintance insists that geniuses must have wooden heads, or they would soon be demolished, by being continually struck with ideas.

Hasty Words.

"Beware, beware of careless words
They have a fearful power.
And jar upon the spirit's cords
Through many a weary hour.
"There, it is five o'clock, as I live!" exclaimed Mrs. M.—"and here we are no nearer supper than we usually are at this time. I should think, Margaret, you might hurry a little," added she to her girl; "you know how much there is to do, and I wanted to have tea early to-night and get it out of the way. So hurry, and see if you can't be a little bit smart. Go and put those crackers on the table, and then come just as quick as you can, and toast this bread while I am preparing the dip."
And now while they are progressing in the kitchen, let me tell you briefly why Mrs. M. was so much more hurried than usual; she was expecting company that evening, and wished to have her work done before they arrived. But in her kitchen she was always in a hurry; naturally quick to see, and to do things herself, it was a constant cause of wonder to her why Margaret could not see and do just as she did. Her ambition was to have everything "done up" in the house as it should be, and her anxiety lest anything should "go wrong," caused her to utter many a hasty word, and frequently to lose her temper entirely. Blest with one of the kindest and best of husbands—one who always stood ready to do anything which would contribute to her happiness, with two loving children, a beautiful house and kind friends all about her, she still had many an unhappy hour; and she almost always it would seem, she had allowed herself to form a habit of fretting and scolding about which it could do the least good in the world to scold, but they would annoy her, and offend her she would fret about them till she made herself unhappy and every one around her.

But we left them preparing supper; Margaret has just begun to toast the bread, when little Carrie commenced crying for her supper.
"There," said Mrs. M.—"you leave that, I will do it, while you feed Carrie, and put her to bed; as to having that noise I can't; and now see how quick you can be."
Margaret did as she was told, and very soon the little one was fast asleep.
"Dear me," exclaimed she as Margaret returned from the bed-room, "isn't that bread done yet? Why, I would have had done it twice over; if this isn't enough to try anybody's patience, I'd like to know what it is; you are so slow Margaret, I don't know what I shall do; here, I will do it now," said she, and taking it from the girl, "and do you go and tell Mr. M. that that supper is waiting for him."
Now Mrs. M. had the kitchen to herself, and we will do her the justice to say, that in a very few moments supper was prepared and ready for eating the table.
"I wonder why Ralph don't come," said she, as she went towards the window soon after. "I sent for him half an hour ago; dear me, I suppose I shall have to wait forever for him now; he's never ready when I send for him. There, he's got a man to talk with, and I suppose he'll hold on to him as long as he can; he knows I'm waiting for him, too." "Effie," continued she, to her little daughter, "go down and ask your father if he's coming in to tea to-night; tell him if he is, I want him to come now; and if not, I'll clear off the table, and wait till to-morrow morning. I'm not going to wait much longer for any body to-night."
Effie did as she was directed, and soon her father came towards the house in company with a gentleman; they entered the door just as Mrs. M. had commenced scolding again. An introduction followed, and soon Mrs. M. was chatting as pleasantly as ever, but as the gentleman passed out something like a shade passed over her face, as she saw her husband was a going out again.
"Come, Ralph," said she, "tea has been waiting for you this hour; I wish you would hurry."
"Do not wait on me any longer," he replied, "I shall be in soon."
"O," muttered she, as she closed the door, "Ralph always likes to be late to the table, and then he gets clear of waiting on the children. I should think," she resumed, as he returned to the room, "you might come when tea is ready, and wait upon the table and take some care of the children. You know I have all the care at noon, and the least you can do is to see to them at night; if you had been here at work all day as I have, you would never seem to think I have anything to do."
"Why, Carrie," said Mr. M. "what could I do? The man came to see me upon business; I could not send him home and he would not come in to tea with me."
"Well," said she, "you know how it is as well as I do, or ought to, certainly by this time."
Ralph looked up but made no reply, thinking without doubt that the fewer words the better, but any one could see he felt hurt and disturbed as he often was by his wife's fretfulness.
Yet for all this Carrie loved her husband, and would have repelled any one who ventured to think otherwise as holding an opinion of her that was untrue; and so in fact it would have been, for it was not any want of love for Ralph that caused her to act as she did, but simply the force of an old habit. Was Ralph sick or in trouble, none would sympathize with or wait on him more tenderly than she. Alas, that it so happens, that to those whom we love the best, we are the least tender; we often speak to them as we would to very few others, and if any one had hinted to Carrie, that she wounded Ralph's feelings she would have laughed at the thought that he should care for what she said. But he did care, and often wished secretly, that "Carrie wouldn't fret so." In all things else she was a good wife, her house was in perfect order, she was neat and tasteful though never extravagant. Kind to her friends and always ready to do for any one in sickness or in sorrow, she was loved by all her acquaintances, and thought by many to be a "pattern woman," and so she might have been called she only have conquered her "besetting sin."
We may find her counterpart in many a home; the hasty word rises often to the lip, and ere we know it, has escaped; then we regret it, but it cannot be recalled; it has gone forth and who is benefited? We are not, certainly, neither is any one else.
And then, too, these expressions all have an influence upon the opening minds that are around

us. It is a homely truth, but it is none the less true, that "just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and the "home spirit" has much to do in deciding which way the "twig" shall bend. Then let us guard well the "home spirit"; let it be such that in future it will make happy hearts and pleasant homes; let it be such a spirit only as will cultivate gentleness and harmony among those who gather around our fireside, and make pure and better all who may seek the shelter of our roof. Let us agree with Longfellow, that
"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

ANECDOTE OF CHANCELLOR KENT.—The late Chancellor Kent was one of those men whose innate dignity enabled him to take in good part familiarity—the result of ignorance and accident.—He was exceedingly fond of martial music, and hearing the drums of a recruiting party that had taken a station at the corner of the street beat a point of war, he walked out to listen to it near. Suddenly he was whistling the burden of the tune, when the man of war accosted him thus:
"You are fond of such music, then, my fine fellow?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Well then," said Sergeant Kite, "why not join us? God quarters—good bounty—large bounty! Besides, our Captain is a glorious fellow. Why don't you, now? You can't do better."
"Well," said the Chancellor, "I have one pretty strong objection."
"What is it?" asked the Sergeant.
"Why, just now I happen to have a better trade."
"What trade is it?" said the inquisitor.
"I am Chancellor of the State of New York."
"Whew!" muttered the Sergeant. "Strike up!—quick time!—forward, march!"
Off trumped the military man without looking behind him, leaving the Chancellor to enjoy his laugh at the adventure.

WOMEN VS. OXEN.—A certain clergyman once addressed his audience in the southern part of N. Jersey, had occasion to quote Luke xiv. 16—20: "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many, and sent his servant at supper time, to say to them that were bidden, 'Come for all things are now ready.' And then they all, with one consent, began to make excuse. The first said unto him, 'I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused.' And another said, 'I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.' And another said, 'I have married a wife; and therefore, I cannot come.' 'Now," said the venerable clergyman, "you see the man that bought the land most wisely wished to be excused.—The man that bought five yoke of oxen merely wished to be excused; but the man that had married the wife said positively—'therefore, (for this reason) I cannot come.' So you see, my hearers, that a woman can draw a man farther from God than five yoke of oxen!"

INSTINCTIVE FEAR.—Dr. Gilman, in an article on poisonous snakes, relates the following suggestive incident:
"A large rattlesnake, headed instantly with a hoe, would, an hour and a half after, strike at anything that pinched its tail. Of several persons who were testing their firmness of nerve by trying to hold the hand steady while the serpent struck at it, not one could be found whose hand would not recoil in spite of his resolution; and one man a great bully, by-the-by, was struck on the naked throat, with considerable force, by the headless trunk of the serpent, and staggered back, fainted and fell, from terror."

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—The following is an extract from a letter dated New Orleans, May 9, 1855, from an officer in the army:—"I send you herewith some seeds for distribution, used in the cure of the bite of the mad dog. It is considered as an efficacious remedy in the parish of St. Bernard, of this State, and the cures which are stated to have been effected from their use are certainly very remarkable. I regret not being able to give you their botanical name; but the plant is a tropical one, coming from Mexico—I believe from the department of Tabasco. The seeds are called here grains contre la rage, and are used as follows:—Three of them are broken up or pounded into small pieces, and into a wine glass of the best sherry (Nero) and allowed to steep for about twenty-four hours, and then, being well stirred up, swallowed by the patient. This dose is repeated three times a day for about five days, when the person or animal may be considered as cured. I am told that even dogs which have been bitten by a rabid animal have been cured by this treatment, or by putting a large quantity of these seeds into their food. The seeds must be soaked in water twenty-four hours before planting, and the plant must be protected from the sun whilst still young and tender. It resembles much the okra plant, and should be planted late in the spring."

THE FEMALE MIND.—The influence of the female mind over the stronger mind of man, is greater, perhaps, than many are willing to acknowledge. Its operations are various, and some men struggle feebly to disengage themselves from it. But this we believe, that more or less, all men have left its power; and those perhaps who have experienced it to the greatest extent would have it supposed they despised it most. A woman loses many of her charms, much of her powers in the opinion of many, when she ranges herself on the side of that which is wrong; while it is impossible to calculate the influence of virtuous women, when that influence is exercised with tenderness and modesty. The ruin produced by a bad woman may be sudden and violent, and compared to the bursting of a volcano, or the overflowings of the ocean; but the influence of a virtuous woman is like the gentle dew and morning showers, which descend silently and softly, and are known only by their effects in the smiling aspect of the valleys, and the weight of the autumnal branches.

Spain is in a state of insurrection.

The American Platform.

We have read with careful and studious attention the Platform adopted by the American Party. It meets with our warm disapprobation; because its formation is a mystery, and its various constructions and motives, as well as the proposers of the several clauses, are entirely unknown; because it subverts State-rights, and overrides the Constitution.

It is provided in the Constitution "that each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may require secrecy," which latter is well known to apply to our relations with foreign governments, and in contemplation of a state of war. No one can understand properly the Constitution of the United States who does not take the Debate in the Conventions that formed and adopted it, and know what interests suggested different clauses, and why they were rejected or accepted. Publicity of proceedings in matters of political principle has been sacredly preserved and adhered to, with the single exception of the famous Hartford Convention, until the formation of this Order in Massachusetts. Even the party caucuses, which have always been regarded with so much odium in this State, convened but for the purpose of nominating candidates, were much less objectionable than this for discussing and adopting principles. A majority does not give the party the right to preserve secrecy in its deliberations no more than it gives it the right to assign any other guarantee of civil and religious liberty. The Convention, assuming the deliberate for the public good, violates a fundamental principle of republicanism when it conceals its proceedings from the people. If they act as rulers, then the ruled should know what action was taken and what influences were brought to bear. If but as representatives, then their published proceedings should be equally required. For instance: It is declared in the Platform "that the Union is the great paramount political good, and the primary object of patriotic desire," and it also pledges those who endorse it to suppress all geographical discrimination, and the belief that there is a real difference of interests and views between the different sections.

Now, we deny that the Union is "the paramount political good," or the "primary object of patriotic desire." This is a new doctrine for South Carolina. Our Haynes, McDuffie, Calhouns, and others of more recent antecedents, have been in the habit of crying out "Liberty first, Union afterwards;" and the doctrine of nullifying an unconstitutional act, was regarded as essential to liberty. Now we hear it proclaimed that the judiciary power of the United States can only legally expand and ascertain in all doubtful or disputed points, and as corollary to this, "a habit of reverential obedience to the laws, whether national, (how fond some are becoming of the work.) State or Municipal, until they are repealed or declared unconstitutional by the proper authorities." This "habit of reverential obedience" is a most dangerous one, particularly at this time. There is a storm gathering at the North that must disrupt the Union, and no resolving the "Union the great paramount good" can save it, unless the South embrace this dangerous doctrine of "reverential obedience" and submit, or take their stand by the Democracy of Georgia fully resolved to maintain their constitutional rights, or disrupt it. The doctrine of States-rights is based upon the fate that the General and State Governments are co-ordinate, and that "the General Government is not made the final judge of the powers delegated to it, since that would make its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers."

This is the States-right doctrine of Mr. Calhoun; and that South Carolina is now going to abandon it to embrace Mr. Webster's consolidated theory, we can not believe. Mr. Calhoun, in his Disquisition on the Constitution, says, all reliance on the judiciary for protection, under the most favorable view that can be taken, must, in the end, prove vain and illusory. Again, in the resolutions offered by him in the Senate of the United States, he lays down the following. We earnestly beg every States-right man to read it and compare it with the American Platform:

"That the General Government is not made the final judge of the powers delegated to it, since that would make its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among sovereign parties, without any common judge, each has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction, as of the mode and measure of redress."
Now, on the other hand, let us compare with this the resolution offered at the same time by Mr. Webster, to oppose those of Mr. Calhoun's:
"That there is a supreme law, consisting of the Constitution of the United States, acts of Congress passed in pursuance of it, and treaties; and that, in cases not capable of assuming the character of a suit in law or equity, Congress must judge of it, and finally interpret this supreme law, so often as it has occasion to pass acts of legislation, and in cases capable of assuming, and actually assuming, the character of a suit, the Supreme Court of the United States is the final interpreter."

It will be seen that this resolution, like the American Platform, submits all disputed points to the General Government, with this difference, that while Mr. Webster submits some points to the Judicial power, and others to Congress the Platform submits them all to the Judicial. Let those who look with favor on this platform, reflect well before they determine to abandon the time-honored principles of their State and immortal Statesman, to embrace those of Mr. Webster, the champion of consolidation. It may be said that they are pledged to a full recognition of the rights of the several States, but let it be remembered that Mr. Webster and Alexander Hamilton always professed to respect the rights of the States, but like this platform, entertained views that subverted them.

We object to the platform again, because it overrides the Constitution. Mr. Madison, in the "Federalist," speaking of the qualifications of voters for Representatives, says: "Under these reasonable limitations, the door of this part of the Federal Government is open to merit of every description, whether native or adopted, whether old or young, and without regard to poverty or wealth, or to any particular profession of religious faith. In reference to a religious test, the Constitution says: 'But no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States. Now this order

proposes to make a religious test, by saying that no one who holds "civil allegiance to any foreign power" shall receive their vote; a very proper resolution did it stop there. But it still goes further, and, disregarding the denial of the Catholic, and the historical facts that many of them, Americans by birth, have resisted the attempts of their Church to require of them civil allegiance to the Papal power—places them all, as is well known, under the pro-cipitation, upon no other ground than that they are Catholics. They place no confidence in the influence of Republican education and free discussion, but simply because a man is a Catholic, they decide, without allowing him hearing or defence, that he is priest-ridden, and owes foreign allegiance, and must therefore be excluded from all offices of trust or honor.

The Constitution again provides, in the qualification for Representative, no other limitation than that "he shall have attained the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States," so that under it a foreigner who has been in this country twelve years may become a member of the House of Representatives. This platform overrides it, and declares that he shall not.

On the slavery question the platform is very sound on the institution as it exists in the States and the District of Columbia; but on the main question of the power of Congress in the Territories, it is non-committal. It expressly pretermits any expressions of opinion upon the power of Congress to establish or prohibit slavery in any Territory. Congress ought not to do so, for what the South wants, nor is it what the exigencies of times require. No party is safe for the South that does not openly, boldly, and without any equivocation, declare in accordance with the principles of the Constitution, and the Nebraska Bill, that Congress has no power to touch the question in the Territories. This platform avoids this vital point, embodying the whole point of issue between the two sections, by using the obsolete word "pretermitted," passing by, omitting an expression of its opinion.

In conclusion, let us say that while there are some things in the platform which we assent to, as will every man, there are others so objectionable, as to cause us to declare it, in our opinion, dangerous to States-rights, and unsound and unsatisfactory on the slavery issue.—Winnaboo's Register.

Trimming Apple Trees.

Apple trees may be trimmed in any month in the year, provided no limbs are cut—still we prefer May and June to other months, because the trees are then growing and the wounds are sooner covered.

You need not fear their bleeding when the leaf is out, for leaves take up the sap as fast as it is made. You will find that a grape vine does not bleed on being trimmed after the leaf comes out. One great error of orchardists should be corrected. They neglect to trim annually. At length, finding the trees bare but little fruit, and that the limbs are too close and interfering with each other, a great onslaught is made. Large limbs are cut and large wounds are produced. All this arises from a neglect of annual trimming. For when this is attended to, no large limbs need cutting. You never should cut a limb that is more than an inch in diameter, and then you need no plaster to cover the wound. In healthy trees the cut will be closed up within two years, and there is no danger of rot.

But you may say you have now an orchard that has been neglected, and you must prune thoroughly in order to make it bear. No. Let the large limbs alone; you never help a neglected tree by cutting large limbs. Thin out the smaller shoots, and let the old limbs alone. By cutting you run the risk of producing more rotten wood than fruit.
When you trim a tree, take care and not wound the limbs that you stand on—and let no man climb up a tree with heavy boots or shoes. He will do more mischief with the nails in his boots, than service in thinning the branches. Thin shoes or slippers may be used on climbing a tree, either to trim or to gather fruit.—Miss. Ploughman.

WHAT IS SAND.—Sand is rock and other hard substances reduced to powder of various degrees of coarseness. There was therefore no sand in chaos. While the earth was still without form and void, the materials of which sand is composed had not assumed their present peculiar character for sand is a highly manufactured article and requires time for its production. A new planet can no more have sands (unless ready made) spread over it, than a new park can be adorned with symmetrical avenues of old stag-headed oak trees. Allowing, then, for the small proportion of sand which the wind, for rains and the rivers, have ground out for us, what an old established concern the ocean wave mill must be to have pounded thus finely for us the immense quantity of sand which we have in the world!

MARRIED AND SINGLE.—How is it that girls can always tell a married man from a single one?—The fact is indisputable. The philosophy of it is beyond our ken. Blackwood says, "that the fact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly on a man's appearance, that no ingenuity can conceal it. Every where, there is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual (whose name, fortune, and circumstances are totally unknown) be or no a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterizes the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell; but that the truth is so, we positively affirm."

A student once remarking in company that he could make an impromptu rhyme upon any words that might be given to him, was requested to try his powers on "di-do-dum," whereupon he gave the following:
When Dido's lover would not to Dido come,
Dido sat moping, and was Dido dumb.

A printer out West, whose first son happened to be a very short, fat little fellow, named him Brevier Fullback Jones.
Never be ashamed of ridicule.