

From the "Louisburg Times" DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

This body, at its recent session, adopted, as we supposed they would, a long string of resolutions, denouncing the Whigs, individually and collectively, as guilty of moral treason, as giving aid and encouragement to the public foe, as being enemies to their country, on their own soil; and generally, as guilty of every enormity in morals and politics...

One of them expresses "undiminished confidence" in the President of the United States, and cordially approves "the policy of the administration both in its domestic and foreign affairs," and tenders to Mr. Polk and his Cabinet hearty thanks, &c. Another, resolves, "that any encouragement or countenance gratuitously tendered a public enemy in time of actual war, prompted by whatever motive, is injurious to the best interests of the Republic; and ought to be stigmatized and known by no other name than that of moral treason."

The war with Mexico, though begun by Mr. Polk some time before, was recognized by Congress on the 13th of May, 1846. The Mexicans were without a head and a leader—their army being commanded by two men, Ampudia and Arista, the first of whom was a cowardly poltroon, and the second, though believed to be a brave man, was without the talents and abilities necessary for a commander. In this state of things, it is evident, that the greatest boon which could be conferred upon the Mexican nation, was the return of their old leader, and their greatest general and most distinguished man, General Santa Anna, then in the Island of Cuba...

From the Episcopal Register. A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Walking the other day with a valuable friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being occasionally confined to his home, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never ending toils of his wife, whose burden and duties, and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, especially for those who are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind providence arrests him by sickness that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health.

We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them, in none of the kindest terms, their duty and the offices pertaining to a woman's sphere. Now, we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a greater number of wives who are discontented and impatient, without some palpable coldness or short-coming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity of observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who, by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform. We protest then against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to ladies, and insist upon it, that if there must be—most of them—have been written on by some fastidious bachelor who knows no better, or by some inconsiderate husband who deserves to have been old bachelors to the end of their lives.

But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings they are so often represented? Sometimes declare that their wives are extravagant, have picked their pockets—that their never ceasing conquests have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming table, but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten, that the wife has her rights as sacred as the husband's, and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as he gallantly did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he is most generally at fault.

WHIG MEETING IN ANSON. Pursuant to public notice given in the North Carolina Argus, the Whigs of Anson assembled at the Court House in Wadesboro, this day, (Saturday, April 22nd, 1846).

The meeting was organized by calling Philip G. Smith, Esq., to the Chair, and appointing Calvin Myers Secretary. The object of the meeting having been explained—which was to apprise the Delegates to a District Convention proposed to be held at Albemarle, in Stanly County, on Tuesday the 9th day of May—upon motion of A. Myers, a committee of three persons (to wit, A. Myers, J. R. Hargrave and John W. Cameron, Esq.) were appointed to draft and report resolutions for the consideration of the meeting;—who reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Whigs of this County do hereby express their implicit confidence in the integrity of the Whig Party of the Union, and well knowing that harmony of purpose and concert of action in its operations can be secured in no other way than through the instrumentality of the proposed National Convention, we will support the nominee of said Convention. Resolved, That we have the most implicit confidence in the sound principles, fidelity, and sterling integrity of Genl. Alex. Maury, Esq., of Wake county, and that we heartily approve of his nomination for the office of Governor of North Carolina by the late Whig State Convention. Resolved, That Mr. Manly be, and he is hereby invited to call upon his Whig friends of this county, and address them, if it shall suit his convenience to do so at any time between this and the August election.

Resolved, That every individual present to consider the welfare of the nation, and to vote thereon according to the result of his deliberations. They were unanimously adopted to wit: Resolved, That important as it ever is to look not only to the experience of the Presidential Candidate in matters connected with the administration of our own Government, but also to his knowledge of the policy and operations of other powers and forms of Government;—yet, at this particular time, when the welfare of the nations of Europe are in an unsettled state, and convulsions threaten to follow throughout the whole of that Continent, by which we may ourselves be involved in difficulties of the greatest magnitude, unless our Government is wisely and skillfully administered, we should more than at any other period in our history require our candidate to be a statesman of experience, of clay, and a large and comprehensive views.

THE TIGHT BOOT: OR HOW A YOUNG MAN WENT INTO A BALL ROOM. About five years ago I happened at a wedding in one of the backwoods counties of Georgia, at the House of Major S. Being the wealthiest man in those parts, he was desirous of giving a great fare and, for that purpose had invited a large number of guests to witness the nuptials of the eldest of three blooming, cherry-lipped, strong limbed, clean footed daughters. Among the invited guests I observed the face of Bill P., a representative of the country at the "University," whom I had known as the butt of his class while there, but who was destined to act a conspicuous part on the present memorable occasion. Bill was an original—sui generis. He was peculiarly attached with curls which resembled less Hyacinth than the setting sun in hue. He was six feet two in his stockings, with legs meeting a long way up, and more resembling a pair of compasses than anything that I can at present imagine. Add to this he was twenty years of age, and reeking with veridancy and bashfulness and you have his daguerotype. The ceremony had been performed, the hour was waxing late and all seemed to be enjoying the flow of soul.

I had exhausted the fun from the various groups and was looking about for a subject of interest when I perceived Bill sitting like Napoleon solitary and alone, with a face, the agony of whose expressions I shall never forget. Approaching him I kindly inquired the cause of his distress, and proffered him assistance. "Give me your arm," said he, "I am deathly sick; let us find a room and go to bed." He grasped my arm convulsively, and limping along we went into a private room, which Major S. had assigned me as my quarters for the night. I soon discovered the cause of Bill's malady, which was a small pair of boots on his large feet, worn without the view of curtailing the fair proportions of these members. He endeavored in vain to release his feet, and it was impossible to get the assistance of a servant. I volunteered to tug at them myself, when he had completely exhausted his strength. We succeeded at length in pulling off one; but the other resisted our every effort. Bill was in an agony; his feet were badly swollen, and yet he did not cut the boot. At last he arose, his eye in a "fine frenzy rolling," and dripping with perspiration, and pronouncing "mathematics not loud, but deep, upon all gatherings in general, and country weddings in particular, divested himself of every garment, and stood unincumbered, save with that one terrible boot. The merriment in the adjoining chamber contrasted strangely with the anguish in mine.

The guests had now all gone into the hall-room I could hear every note of preparation made by the fiddler. Approaching nearer the wall I discovered a door which opened into the room where they were about commencing the dance. By this time Bill had recovered strength, and recommenced the tug with his boot. In vain he essayed every position and attitude. At length he thought he might accomplish his object by placing his back to the wall, his right foot against one of my feet, and obtain my assistance. He placed himself firmly against the door, and I caught his leg and began to pull, gradually yielding and bidding him make a long pull—a strong pull, and pull altogether, the boot unexpectedly gave way, and with it the door, and Bill went tumbling into the ball-room! Such screams from the females, and such consternation among the beaux was never before seen. In the midst of my mirth uproarious, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and looking out of the window I beheld a solitary horseman flying with the speed of a locomotive, his long hair streaming in the wind, and clothed in full Georgia costume, to wit, a shirt collar and a pair of spurs. It was poor Bill!

REMEDIES.—For a fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. For a fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.—Who makes his bed of brier and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn. For a fit of Ambition.—Go into the church-yard and read the grave stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister. For a fit of Repining.—Look about for the afflicted and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and halt, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. For a fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom. For all fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the great Physician.—Cast thy burden on the Lord he will sustain thee. TRIST AND PILLOW.—It is not a little curious, that Mr. Polk should stultify himself, by sending to Pillow a letter which Trist wrote home, in confidence, for Polk's benefit, that he might learn the true character of Pillow in Mexico. He sends this confidential letter from Trist to Pillow. The latter produces it in the Court of Inquiry, where it only serves to show, if it does to the public now it is published, that Mr. Polk is guilty of a breach of confidential trust! He treated in Trist and Trist trusted in him. He gave a letter to Trist, introducing him, in cordial terms to his trusty friend Pillow. They became very intimate. But Trist thought he had found out in Pillow a proclivity to villainy, and he not only broke off friendship with him, but wrote home in confidence, his deep convictions in order that the President might learn the truth, respecting Pillow from one in whom he had confided. Mr. Polk regarding the confidence which the nature of the letter imposed, and also the trust he had put in Trist, sends the letter which Trist had written to apprise him of things which he deemed it most prudent the President should know, back to Mexico, to the very man concerning whom it had been written! Why did he do this? Possibly, it was with a view that his two might resemble the illustrated spiders in Grund's wonderful French sympathizing speech, at Odd Fellows' Hall, "eat each other up!"—Bull. Pat.

MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT. There are two kinds of beauty: the one, open, palpable, glaringly observed of all observers; the other, hidden, wrapt up like the flower in the bud, not readily discerned, unobtrusive, overlooked, born to bloom unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air. This is a true vegetable production, and of meek spirits. The quiet stars in their blue depths, are sometimes the most light in the more ostentatious beams of the moon, and in the overpowering radiance of the sun, they are wholly eclipsed.

This is it, also human actions. The startling incidents of life reveal themselves with an electric flash along the horizon of human vision, while the more calm, rational and beneficent events, like dewdrops falling in the silent night, disturb no ear. From this cause it becomes necessary, at times, to withdraw the veil from the concealed, to pour light upon the hidden, to give a tongue to virtues which are silent, and to ask the world to turn for a moment, from the admiration of more obtrusive forms to bestow a little applause upon these which seek the shade. To hold up the pale blue violet of the open field, by the side of the gorgeous exotic, and say, here too, is beauty though its tints are pale, its form tiny and common place, and its fragrance, such as daily fills the common air of heaven. The Bible speaks of the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. And if this grace is thus regarded by Him, ought not we to prize it? Shall we permit the warrior to monopolize all the admiration of the world? No! the meek and quiet spirit shall receive its due meed of applause.

We once entered an upper chamber where a poor family had their residence. Upon the bed lay the husband and father, who had long been an invalid, and was now drawing near to life's close. Poverty was there; in the furniture, in the few sticks of old sheeting boards which were in the fire, in the absence of that aspect of comfort which even the habitations of the poor sometimes present. A pale, thin, and care-worn wife, whose countenance, nevertheless, manifested no repining at her lot, was busy in her household duties and in attention to the wants of her companion. She had for many months been putting off her external and perishable beauty, and putting on the internal and imperishable beauty of a meek and quiet spirit, and we thought of the admirable lines of the sonnet on Chillon— "He faded, and so calm and meek, So softly worn, so sweetly weak, So tearless, yet so tender-kind;" and applied them to this young wife, who was eating the bitter bread of poverty and drinking at the fountain of affliction. I saw her again, after her husband's death. She was calm, thoughtful, and resigned; but there had passed over her, a wave of desolation, which time could never repair. I think, sometimes, of the meek and quiet spirit in the person of a widow whose husband has fallen in the battles in Mexico. Many such there doubtless are, and how in contrast, the world's acclaim for deeds of strife, and God's admiration for the subdued, resigned and gentle spirit of the surviving partner. In woman, a meek and quiet spirit is pre-eminently lovely and engaging. To the charms of a beautiful person it is an ornament more graceful and winning than gems and golden attire. Who does not look to woman to keep the public peace; to still the jars of domestic life, to calm the agitations of the church and state, to subdue the spirit of war? In our homes are to be made happy, it is by the exercise of this grace. It our churches are to flourish, the meek and quiet spirit of woman must pervade them. If our neighborhoods are to be vocal with kind and loving words and actions, this attainment must be conspicuous in the softer sex. If political affairs are to have anything of a soft and quiet character, woman's spirit must subdue the excitement of parties. If the spirit of war among nations is to be extinguished, it is woman's lot. Not that man is to forget to put on this ornament, but if we find it wanting in woman, we may well despair.

The Bible has placed this grace in direct contrast to the love of costly and ambitious display in female adornments. It pious females would be preserved in the happy medium between extravagance and penuriosity of dress; if they would preserve their own souls from injury and avoid occasion of evil in others, let them heed the injunction of Holy Writ: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."—Boston Courier. O'CONNELL'S TACT IN CROSS-EXAMINATION.—He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety at the time to which the evidence referred, was essential to his client's cause to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with roguery." "Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" "Yes, your honor, Counsellor O'Connell." "How do you know my name?"—"Ah! sure every one knows our own parish." "Well, you are a good-humored, honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?"—"Why, your honor, I took my share of a pint of apirit." "Your share of it? now, by virtue of your oath was not your share of it—all but the pecker?" "Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you sir." The court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon came out, step by step, that the man was drunk, and was not, therefore, a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won his case for his client. Here is another instance of his ready tact and infinite resource in the defence of his clients. He was tried at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat found near the place of the murder belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?"—"Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?"—"I did." "Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled the name of James slowly, thus—"J-a-m-e-s. Now, do you mean those words were in the hat when you found it?"—"I do." "Did you see them there?"—"I did." "And this is the same hat?"—"It is." "Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case; there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was a manifest acquittal.—Fagan's Life and Times of O'Connell. A BLUSH.—The following is both pretty and poetical—and with a savory dash of originality. Who the writer is we know not: "What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a word, a look or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or sock which covers it. It is the face that is Heaven. The man may be trained the intellectual phenomena with confidence amounting to a moral certainty."

BACON AND GREENS. BY GREEN BEAS BACON, ESQ., G. E. I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken. And borne my full share of life's changes and scenes. But my woes have been solaced by good greens and bacon. And my joys have been doubled by bacon and greens. Fol de ri do—bacon and greens.

With a thrill of remembrance 'en now they were Of childhood's gay morning, and youth's merry scenes. When one day we had greens and a plate full of bacon, And the next we had bacon and a plate full of greens. Ah! well I remember, when sad and forsaken, Heart wrung by the scorn of a Miss in her teens, How I rushed from her sight, to my loved greens and bacon, And forgot my despair over bacon and greens. When the banks refused specie and credit was shaken, I shared in the wreck, and was ruined in money. My friends all declared, "had not 'saved my bacon and greens! But they lied—for I still had my bacon and greens.

Oh! there is a charm in this dish, rightly taken, That from custards and jellies the appetite weaken. Stick your fork in the fat—wrap your greens round the bacon, And you'll vow there is nothing like bacon and greens. If some fairy a grant of three wishes would make, I'd wish all the greens in the world—and the bacon. And then wish for a little more bacon and greens. P. S. I turn to confess that for once I'm mistaken. As much as I've known of this world and its scenes, There's one thing that's equal to both greens and bacon. And that is a dish of good—bacon and greens.

Mr. Manly, the Whig Candidate for Governor, addressed a large assembly of the People of the County of Halifax, on Monday last, in our New Court House. We regret exceedingly that we were not the space to give even a synopsis of a Speech remarkable for its power, eloquence, wit, and humor—as he advanced upon his subject he grew more and more interesting; profound silence presided during the course of his energetic and thrilling remarks, and deeply did his words fall upon the attentive ear of his audience. He resumed his usual manner of applause, we think the Whig were delighted with him, whilst every man left the Court House with the impression that Charles Manly, Esq. would be the next Governor of North Carolina.—Roanoke Republican. FRENCH SPOLIATIONS.—Both the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York have passed a resolution urging Congress to do justice in the long neglected claimants. It will be recalled, that the law was passed last year, and vetoed by the President. We perceive by the Henderson Kentuckyian, of Saturday last, that Mr. L. W. Powell, one of the numerous candidates for Governor, has made a number of appointments to address the people at various points in the lower part of the State. Marble Work. THE attention of gentlemen desirous of purchasing MARBLE MANTELS, MONUMENTS, or "FURNITURE," is requested. The subscribers, having been engaged in the Marble business for the last thirty years in Philadelphia, and having manufactured work for almost every part of the Union, can refer to all who have favored them with their custom, and to their work, (considerable of which has been put up in this place). We have always on hand a full supply of Marble Mantels, and new and original Designs for Monuments and other work, copies of which, with prices, will be forwarded. All work shipped is insured from breakage. They can refer to any Mercantile house in Philadelphia for standing and character as workmen. JOHN STRUTHERS & SON, No. 36, High Street, Philadelphia, Feb. 28, 1846. N. B.—There is nothing in their line which they cannot furnish, either domestic or imported. SHERIFF'S SALE. I WILL sell at the Court House door in Concord on the 3d Monday of May next, the following Lands, or so much thereof, as will satisfy the Public County and Poor Tax for the year 1846, with the interest thereon:

Table with columns: Names of owners, No. of Acs., Tax, Near or on Water. Includes names like Hyam Blackwelder, George Day, W. C. Ludwick, etc.