To Farmers and Planters.

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By Dr. JAMES HIGGINS,

For the past ten years State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland.

THIS combination of Peruvian and the Phosphatic Guanos was *first* recommended by me more than *six years* ago, and very successfully used by many farmers in this State, though several in this city (Baltimore) have pretended to be its inventors. If this statement be denied, I have abundant proof of its correctness.

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[For the Democrat.]

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

No more fond Love shall wound my breast,
In all its smiles deceitful drest,
I scorn his coward sway,
And now with pleasure can explore
The galling chains I felt before,
Since I am free to-day.

To-day with friendship I'll rejoice,
Whilst dear Eyzie's gentle voice
Shall soften every care;
O goddess of the joy sincere,
The social sigh, the pleasing tear
Thy noble bonds I'll wear.

When first, ill-fated hapless hour,
My soul confes't Amintor's power,
Eyzie share'd my grief;
And leaning on her faithful breast,
The fatal passion I confest,
And found a soft relief.

Oh much lov'd Maid, whilst life remains,
To thee I'll consecrate my strains,
For thee I'll tune my lyre,
And echoing with my sweetest lays,
The vocal hills shall speak the praise
Of Friendship's sacred sire. HAMLET.

Remarks of Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, in the Charleston Convention.

We copy below a report of the remarks of Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, delivered in the convention at Charleston the fifth day of its session, on the question of the principles deemed by him necessary to be incorporated into the platform of the democratic party. Mr. B. spoke strongly and eloquently in support of the majority resolutions, reported by the committee of which he was a member, and, as it will be observed by the frequent marks of applause, his speech was listened to with great interest:

Mr. E. Barksdale, of Mississippi, said: In a spirit of fraternity, and with a sincere desire to consolidate the great democratic party of the country upon the principles of the Constitution, which are as enduring as truth itself, the majority of the committee of which I am a member have presented their report and asked this convention to incorporate it into the creed of the democratic party.

The committee believe that it is time the differences which exist in the democratic party concerning the true interpretation of its creed were settled. Deeply do they feel that it is a burning imputation upon their honesty and patriotism, that a party claiming to be national, and claiming to have principles for their guide, should acknowledge for their declaration of faith a creed upon which are placed two distinctly opposite interpretations by its own advocates. Keenly do they feel that whilst these differences do continue they will suffer under the deserved reproach of speaking to the country with a double-tongue—of wearing a Janus face, to win to its embraces men of every hue of opinion, without reference to the principles which they may entertain.

Full well do they know that while this continues the progress of the democratic party will be impeded, its prosperity injured, and its peace destroyed by contending factions within its own bosom, each charging the other with violating its plighted faith. They are well aware that whilst the struggle for office, its honors and its emoluments, goes on, these dissensions will be hushed; but then they know that when the battle shall have been fought, when the clangor of arms against the common foe shall have ceased, then will come the terrors of domestic strife—then will gush forth the fountain of bitter waters, for the shouts of triumph will be mingled with the notes of discord. [Applause.]

The exciting scenes through which we have passed during the last three years are full of eloquent appeals upon the subject. In 1856 the democratic party met in convention at Cincinnati, and nominated for the presidency an illustrious statesman, venerable in years, wise in council, revered for his long and faithful services in the cause of his country; and the action of the convention was ratified by the people at the polls.—What are the results? Upon the very first measure of his Administration, having a sectional bearing, he found it bitterly and fiercely assailed by a portion of the party which assisted in elevating him to power, upon the grave charge of violating the principles upon which he was elected. Shall this condition of things continue? Shall the incoming Administration inherit the misfortunes and troubles of its predecessor?—troubles and misfortunes that were born of a creed—the true meaning of which was shrouded in mystery, if its own advocates are to be believed.

Then, what is the duty of this convention? It is manifest that it is its duty to remove these doubts—to clear away these obstacles to harmonious action—and to blaze out the path which the faithful followers of the democratic flag must go, so plain that even amid the storms and fury of contending factions they may read inscribed upon its glittering folds the principles which they cherish. [Applause.] These difficulties—these dissensions—were strongly developed during what is known as the Lecompton struggle, and have continued down to this very hour, as we have had demonstrated by the majority and minority reports and the addresses which have been delivered in your hearing. They involve principles of vital import, and consequences deeply affecting the interests of the slaveholding members of the Confederacy. They relate to the true and proper *status* of the Territories which are acquired by the common blood and treasure of the people of all the States—to the rights of those people to the joint occupancy and equal enjoyment of the Territories, and to the authority and obligations of the Federal Government in the discharge of the duties which appertain to them.

On the one hand, it is contended that the inhabitants of the Territories—the settlers, who, by accident or design, are thrown in advance of all others upon the public lands—have the right to appropriate them to their own uses, and to determine for all the time the future institutions of the country, by passing laws declaring what description of property may or may not be carried into their Territories, and held there.

On the other hand, it is contended that the inhabitants of the Territories are the mere tenants at will of the States, and possess no power except what Congress, acting within the prescribed limits of the Constitution, can confer—that they possess no sovereign power, and are wholly subject to the control of the Federal Government.

The ownership of the Territories is in the States; the jurisdiction over them belongs to the Federal Government, and the territorial legislature, which the Government creates to facilitate the performance of minor duties, is but the agent of an agent. Now, can Congress, or its agent, exclude the property of citizens of any of the States from the Territories? The power to do this depends upon the relation which the Government bears to the Territories, and to the States, respectively. It needed not the decision of the Supreme Court to impress upon intelligent minds the fact that the Constitution confers upon the Federal Government the power to acquire territory, and that it holds it in trust for the use of the States which are its equitable owners.

Now, can this trustee by its own acts, or by the acts of its agent, discriminate to the prejudice of the rights of any of these joint owners? In other words, can the people of New England be allowed to carry into the Territories and enjoy undisturbed whatever description of property they may own, while a like privilege is denied to the citizens of slaveholding States? And yet the power to make this discrimination—to perpetrate this wrong—is claimed for the territorial legislature by those who advocate the doctrines contained in the minority report.

It has been well and wisely said by the venerable head of the present Administration, Mr. Buchanan, that "it a confederation of sovereign States acquire new territory at the expense of their common blood and treasure, surely one portion of the partners can have no right to exclude the others from an equal enjoyment of its benefits by denying them the right to carry into it whatever is recognized as property by the common Constitution."

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that slaves are property, and that neither Congress nor the territorial legislature has a right to exclude from the Territories what is recognized as property under the laws of any of the States, and that the Federal Government is bound to afford full and ample protection when property rights thus defined by State laws and recognized by the Constitution are assailed. What is the language of the court, as pronounced by the learned and venerable Taney? Mark it well, because it comes from a source entitled to the respect of the democratic party. It is this: "The right of property in slaves is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution." "And if the Constitution recognises the right of property in slaves, and makes no distinction between that description of property and any other owned by citizens of any of the States, no tribunal acting under the authority of the United States, whether legislative, executive, or judicial, can make such distinction, or deny to it the benefit of the provisions and guarantees which are provided for the protection of private property against encroachment," &c. These are the principles which have been enumerated by the Supreme Court, and as they are just and true and constitutional, upon them we claim the right of protection to the slave property of Southern citizens who may settle in the Territories. And this is the position upon which the South has always stood. The extracts which have been read by the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Payne] prove nothing in support of his assumption to the contrary, except, perhaps, the quotation which he produced from a speech of Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, and that would not have sustained him if it had not been torn from its context and perverted from its true meaning. Mr. Calhoun, reflecting the sentiments of the entire South, in his somewhat celebrated controversy with Mr. Benton, gave utterance to those sentiments in these words, declaring the true mission and the objects of the Federal Government: "Its power and authority having for their object the protection and promotion of the rights, safety, and interests of the citizens of all the States, it is bound to protect all, by its united action, wherever its authority extends. That was the object of conferring upon it whatever power and authority it has; and if it fail to fulfill that, it will fail to perform the duty for which it is created. It is enough for it to know that it is the rights, property, or the interests of a citizen of any of the States to make it its duty to protect it on the high seas, in the Territories, and wherever its jurisdiction extends. Its power and authority were conferred, not to abolish or establish property rights, but to protect them."

By the legislation of 1854, commonly known as the Kansas-Nebraska bill, this whole delicate and important question was remitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that tribunal, composed of men far removed from the baleful influences of sectional and partisan strife, has rendered its decision. It is for the inviolability of the decision thus rendered—of the principles thus solemnly declared—that I am now pleading. Shall it be rejected? and must the democratic party, which claims to be the party of the Constitution—the party of law, and of order, and of justice—madly throw itself upon the stormy sea of vague conjecture, to be borne hither and thither by every wind of strange doctrine, a prey to contending factions, each sailing under its own colors, and all claiming to act by authority of its creed? [Applause.]

Gentlemen of the North, I do not wish you to misunderstand our position. I wish you to understand that our claim to protection of property rights is not confined to a single department of the Government, but that it embraces all its departments—legislative, executive, and judicial. It may be said that the last named already possesses sufficient power and authority. This may be so. It is a question about which eminent statesmen and learned jurists differ. What we claim is the unqualified and unequivocal assertion of the great principle of the right to protection at the hands of the Government by all the authority with which it is invested. And what we mean by protection is *adeqate* protection, such as the peculiar circumstances of each case as it arises may prove to be necessary.

But we have been told, with some plausibility, to-day, that the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States, Territories, and District of Columbia, heretofore engrafted upon the democratic creed, and constituting an article of democratic faith, precludes the adoption of the views which I am advocating. Then, let me say to you, in all sincerity, that if that be the true construction of the Cincinnati platform, (which I do not admit,) to the democracy of the South it has been a wretched delusion—a false light—a mere "tinkling cymbal and sounding brass." And if you tell me that the democratic party has plighted its faith to the maintenance of a heresy so monstrous as your construction of the Cincinnati platform, if correct, would prove it to be, then I respond that it is more honorable and more patriotic to abandon a pledge thus made, than to persist in propagating a political falsehood at the expense of the rights of sovereign States and the Constitution itself. [Applause.]

But I deny that this is the meaning of the democratic doctrine of "non-interference;" and I appeal to the intelligent and patriotic members of the party everywhere to sustain me in the assertion that this doctrine was expressly aimed at the unconstitutional dogma of congressional prohibition as illustrated by the Missouri restriction, and was sought to be accomplished by the anti-slavery agitators through the instrumentality of the Wilmot proviso. It was in antagonism to that pernicious dogma that the doctrine of "non-interference" was declared to be a fundamental article of the democratic creed; and its true meaning was, that Congress could neither establish nor abolish slavery. The great principle of the right of protection to property which goes into the Territories under the provisions and guarantees of the Constitution was left untouched and held sacred.

Sir, if it be true that the doctrine of "non-interference" precludes us from asserting a claim to the protection of our Government, wherever its flag floats, then we have no greater claim upon its guardianship (as has been well said elsewhere) than upon the governments of France.—England, or any other foreign nation, for we have a right to demand "non-interference" at their hands, and it has always been accorded, except in rare instances. But when this right has been disregarded—when the rude hand of violence has been laid upon the persons of property of American citizens—our Government has interposed its protecting ægis. It was in accordance with the requirements of this great principle that the war of 1812 was declared. It was in accordance with the requirements of this great principle that the war of 1846 was declared and prosecuted, until your eagles were borne in triumph to the gates of Mexico. It is in accordance with this principle that the right of search on the high seas has been denied. And it is to vindicate this principle, gentlemen of New England, that on whatever distant sea your white-winged messengers of commerce go, there your Government sends its guns and floats its flag—a sign of protection, the proudest emblem of its greatness and its glory. [Applause.]

Then, sirs, in demanding the sanction of this principle by the Convention, we are but claiming the price which we ourselves pay for the support of Government—a principle which necessarily flows from the nature of the compact constituting the Government to which our allegiance is due—a principle involving consequences of vital importance to the Southern States, and which they can never surrender except with dishonor.

Now, what should be the course of the Convention? Clearly to incorporate this principle into its platform. That being done, gentlemen of the democratic party, your political faith will no longer be dimmed by equivocation, your principles will be inscribed in letters of living light upon your banners, and the democratic party, thus planted upon the rock of the Constitution, will, I trust, stand for all time in the history of the Republic a great land-mark towering above the ruins of all other organizations? It will be your boast that yours is a party which looks with an impartial eye upon States, sections, and individuals—that yours is a platform which contains no decaying or slippery materials, but is as enduring as truth itself, and will increase in beauty and strength with revolving years. In its dimensions it will be unlimited, and the patriotic men of the whole country—North, South, East, and West—can stand upon and battle for it. Then let the Convention, if it would entitle the party which it represents to the confidence and support of the country, if it would preserve the integrity of its organization and perpetuate the Government, plant itself upon the principles which are contained in the majority report.

The democratic party was born with the Constitution, it arose with the Constitution, has lived with the Constitution, and, when the democratic party dies, the Constitution will not survive it. [Applause.] To those who are standing with me in the defence of these principles, I would say, remain firm. And let a consciousness of right—an abiding faith in the purity and sublimity of your cause—in the efficacy of your doctrines to preserve the equality of the Southern States in the Union—light up your pathway, animate you in this hour of peril, and conduct you through storms and darkness to victory. [Applause.]

[For the Cambridge Democrat.]

THE CHANGE OF SEASONS.

BY GEO. F. PLUMMER.

In nature, as in everything which God has made, we see the wonderful love of our Heavenly Father to us, his poor unworthy subjects. In the heart of man there is an unvarying love of change. We are never satisfied with the present;—if it rains we complain, if it is hot we complain,—in fact there are always some of us, who, with narrow, short-sighted minds, and unbelieving, unthankful hearts, over-leaping the thousand and one blessings which an all-wise and never deserting parent is continually showering upon us, are looking away off into the future, courting the cloud, which, to our unenlightened visions, seems arising in the sky of our destinies. Should not the change of seasons, alone, be sufficient to satisfy this doubting propensity of our sinful nature? and should it not call forth our thoughts on other things, and be the means of raising our hearts to Almighty God for the myriad, aye, innumerable blessings, which we are receiving at His hands?

In Spring we have displayed to us in a thousand different ways the beauties of our probationary home. The earth, doffing her 'weeds of woe,' attires herself in bridal robes. If we leave our homes and wander in the country our eyes are cheered and our hearts made glad by the sight which meets our gaze. Bursting buds and running brooks, springing grass,—these are a few of the beauties of spring. The man in the hot, dirty, pent-up city sees none of these things, but they who dwell in the rural districts, where they are to be found in abundance, see, and I hope, appreciate them. And this brings to my mind the thought, surely the country could not be the Atheist's home. He could not dwell where "mother earth" produces spontaneously her myriad tinted beauties and retains his belief. "No God?" cries the tiny flower as it lifts its head above the turf and shrinks back at the sound. "No God?" cries the bursting bud as it opens "to drink its cup of dew" and show us the Almighty hand that made it. "No God?" cries the feathered songster as it wakes us from our slumbers chanting its morning hymn of praise to its maker. "No God?" cries the laughing stream, gliding smoothly over its pebbled bottom, murmuring the name of the "Great I Am;" and pale Luna, in the calm, still eve, riding in the deep blue heavens, looks down from her starry home, and catching the cry of earth echoes back the strain. "No God?" Surely a residence in the country in the month of June is sufficient to refute the Atheist's love. But the restlessness of man soon calls for a change of season. He is not willing that even these beauties shall remain.—The farmer's work is done, the merchant's busy time is over; oh! for a change of season, we hear them sighing. But just as these murmurings begin to arise, just as we get tired of the sweet, pure, air, and life-invigorating suns of May, our Maker gives us Summer. Then "old *Sol*" draws near, and makes us sensible that Spring is gone. Gradually the grass which has clothed the pastures as with a carpet changes its tint; gradually the waving grain grows nearer and nearer to perfection, until at last yellow takes the place of green and they are gathered into the garner of the husbandman. In a short time the same old murmur is heard, "oh! for a change of seasons." The farmer has other crops he wishes to save, and the merchant sighs for the opening of trade. We have not to wait long. The cool morning air and frosty nights of Autumn soon begin to chant their requiem over the grave of summer, and the departure of birds and flowers, together with the yellow mantle which nature begins to weave for herself, tell us plainly that Winter, with his freezing breath is approaching. The farmer's corn is gathered, the merchant's trade is over, and again we hear the cry, "oh! for a change of season." They long for winter that they may enjoy its quiet. Winter comes, throws his white mantle o'er the earth and locks the running brooks. For awhile, they are contented. Revelling in wickedness and folly, or enjoying the calm still beauty which lingers around the hearthstones of our country homes, for awhile they are contented. But this is not the eternal abode of men and we cannot be satisfied. There is a "silent voice" which speaks to the inmost heart and tells us this earth is not our home, and with this feeling we will seek new and constantly varying scenes. With nothing to excite or amuse us, the mind naturally turns on other things than the affairs of earth. And so we soon wish winter gone, and thus it continues season after season, year after year, never satisfied, always grumbling.

How great the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father; how great, alas! the unthankfulness of our sinful hearts. Since Adam's fall ingratitude has swayed the hearts of men. For love we have repaid neglect; for blessings we have given murmurings. Thus it has been and thus we fear it will be until the earth shall pass away. We will never learn to love him as we ought, until we "behold Him as He is," in that blissful country,

"Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."

Racine College, Wisconsin.

Poverty not a Curse.

If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more thankful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor creditably performed. A young man who cannot stand the test is not worth anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel his will harden as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack one stimulus to effort and excellence which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and fine linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plethoric, in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you before you know it. No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage; for He intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text-book? Remember that education, like some other thing, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men and how to deal with them? Has your mind by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to its action power and facility? If so, then you are more of a man and a thousand times better educated than the fellow who graduates from college with his brains full of stuff that he cannot apply to the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process as far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, and unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters is the saving of a large crop of young men.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

A great natural curiosity in the shape of an immense cave has been discovered in Kentucky, and explored for a considerable distance. It is located not many miles from the Great Mammoth Cave, and is said to rival it in size and attractiveness.—It goes by the name of the Hundred Drove Cave.

A servant girl who was employed to pickle her master's cabbages, took occasion to cabbage her master's pickles. She is the same woman, who was happy and careless when she was young, and cappy and hairless when she was old.

A western paper gives a queer receipt for taking ink out of linen. It is to jerk a printer's devil out of his shirt.

Whiskey sometimes cures the bite of snakes, but what will cure the bite of whiskey?

Life may be merry, as well as useful. Every person that owns a mouth has always a good opening for a laugh.

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