THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER. Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany. $2 PER ANNUM

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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

T. O. P. VERNON, Associate Editor.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

Thy Lock of Silver Hair.

BY HELEN M. NORBOURNE.

Thy eye is bright, thy cheek is fair,
Yet 'neath thy curls of jet,
A little lock of silver hair
Seems there so strangely met.

Thy step is light, and gay the tone
That floats upon the air;
How found that lock of grey a home
With one so young and fair?

With one so young and bright as thou,
A child almost in years;
Yet on thy calm and lovely brow,
That badge of time appears.

'Twould seem thy heart of Spring's sweet prime,
While in its careless flow,
Was met by frost of winter time,
That left a flake of snow.

'Twould seem as though life's early stream,
Reflecting the clear sky,
Was check'd as with a sudden gleam
Of sorrow passing by.

And was it then the breath of care
That left that lock of hoar,
That mingles with thy sunny hair
And shades thy temple o'er.

Oh! if eclips'd by sorrow's dart,
Has been thy pleasure bright,
Still pure and good it left thy heart,
Tho' e'en subdued in light.

And oh! it left thy gentle soul,
In tears as e'en in joy,
Beneath love's soft and sweet control,
Unsullied with alloy.

It left thy spirit free and pure,
In tenderness and truth,
While all affection's bonds endure
Of thy sweet loving youth.

Then do not grieve, or in sad dream,
That lock of white regret—
'Tis beautiful as silver stream,
'Midst waves of glossy jet.

But down life's calm and peaceful glade,
May long years roll away,
Ere grief's chill hand, or sorrow's shade,
Another lock turn gray.

Don't Like It.—A Newport (R. I.) correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, in chronicling the arrival of the U. S. Practice ship Plymouth in the waters of Newport, says:

"The 'Plymouth' is not the only strange visitor we have had within the last four days; for yesterday a steamer from Providence brought to our city an *organized and armed* military company composed entirely of *negroes*, headed by a band of *white musicians*. This is something new, that an armed company of this character has been allowed in our midst, and the day is rolling around when we shall have cause to regret it. I learn also that this "turn out" was to celebrate the anniversary of the insurrection of the blacks of Hayti, when the whole white population was massacred or had to fly for their lives. What are we coming to? Well may our Southern brethren be aroused when such things are sanctioned and encouraged by the abolition portion of the North."

Capt. Dunn, of Bark Dragon, on the passage from the Fejee Islands to Shanghae, Sept. 12, 1855, discovered a new island in lat. S 20, long. 167. 46 E. It is six miles in circumference and inhabited.

Since the publication of the new law in Turkey, 106 Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed $5,000 to one building in the island of Candia.

The English papers announce the death of Rear Admiral Sir John Ross, the celebrated Arctic navigator. He was in his 80th year.

Kind Wishes—Something New.—The Columbia Carolinian publishes the following:

Married at Saluda Town, on the 11th instant, by Mr. Keisler, Noah Kelly, esq., to Miss Mary Cheney.

May happiness and *posterity* attend them.

The veteran Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, in the uniform of his new grade, was present at a review of the West Point Cadets on the 12th instant—the anniversary of the Battle of Chapultepec.

Wealthy gentlemen of Virginia, mortified that the grave of James Madison should remain neglected, have an appropriate monument in course of erection to mark the spot.

John C. Snider, Carroll co., Missouri, advertises for information of Mrs. Jane Swany, who lived in 1838 14 miles north of Yorkville, S. C., near Crowder's Creek. Property is in his hands for her or her heirs.

Rev. Dudley Tyng, pastor of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, has been requested to resign his rectorship. He declined.

Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, formerly of this State, has been elected to the chair of Greek literature in the University of Virginia.

John Kulinski, of Charleston, S. C., has secured a patent right for an improvement in a collision apparatus for railroad cars. We thought collisions were frequent enough on railroads without the invention of patent facilities!

It is not true that Lian Boyd shot Blakely, a Fremont elector of Ky. He has not seen the latter for a year.

Public petitions are circulating in Massachusetts for the Governor to convene the Legislature, to devise means for the protection of the Kansas sons and daughters of that State. Let her keep them at home then.

John Lipscombe, of Edgefield, died in that village on the 23d. He was an old and respected citizen, and had amassed a large fortune.

New Soap.—A correspondent of the Winnsboro Register furnishes the following recipe. Try it:

"Six pounds of *pot ash* beaten up as finely as it can be conveniently. A quarter of a pound of rosin beaten up finely. Four pounds of lard. Mix up in a vessel that will not leak, and stir it for four or five days; then pour on ten or twelve gallons of *boiling* hot water; stir it for three or four *more days*, when it will be ready for use."

THE FUTURE.

It is not to be disguised that there prevails a general feeling of apprehension that the pending election will result in the triumph of the North over the South in an issue essentially sectional. We do not indulge in this apprehension. If it be realized, we do not dread the result. It is, however, the part of wisdom to look forward to such a contingency, and to "set our house in order," in anticipation of its consequences.

We take it for granted that an administration which should come into power on the basis of Black Republican principles would be purely sectional—and that while it owed its existence to Free State votes, it would be Free-soil in all its details and *personnel*. No Southern man, having the least respect for himself, could hold office under it, and all the places of Federal trust and emolument would have to be filled by Northern men, chosen from the master section of the Union. Thus, Boston would probably supply Mobile and New Orleans with Collectors, Postmasters, U. S. Marshals, and Yankee officials would occupy all the Federal positions in the South. The treasury, the archives of the Government, its foreign relations, the post office, the army and the navy would all be in the hands of the Abolition North, and the slave States would have no voice or power in the Confederacy. Could the South long live under such a state of vassalage? If it were craven enough to make the experiment, would even this humiliation be an end of the exactions and oppressions of a fanatical Central Government, animated by a morbid hatred towards us and our institutions? History and human nature tells us "no."

The madness that has produced this state of things would never be satiated, except with the annihilation of the object and victim of its passion, nor stop until the white race was crushed and Southern plantations should be converted into sites of San Domingo desolation and Jamaica negro barbarism. Shall we wait for this to happen? Will any Southern man so debase himself, to disgrace the mother that bore him and the soil that has nurtured him, as to hold in his heart one lingering feeling, or utter from his lips one lingering lisp of Union supersition, should Fremont be the President? Shall we wait in the hope that mercy for us may yet thaw the cold and iron purpose of a bigotry that has shown no shadow of turning? Shall we trust the lamb to the jaws of the wolf, and pray God that he may not devour him? Shall we venture our safety to the tiger with the lap of blood upon his tongue? If we are such fools and cowards, then the North has judged us rightly—we are unfitted for freedom, and Yankee masters will be our righteous doom. If we are not, what shall we do? It is our duty to discuss and determine this question. We owe this to ourselves, and we owe it to our countrymen of the North, to tell them before the fratricidal deed is done. For ourselves and for our friends we can speak. We shall regard the election of Fremont by the non-slaveholding States as a disruption of the bonds of the Union, to be followed by immediate Southern action for the formation of a new Government. The Yankee Praetors and Quæstors sent out to fill Southern offices should not be allowed to exercise their functions, and Southern members of Congress, instead of going to their seats at Washington, should repair to their respective State Capitols to take counsel with their State Executives and Legislatures as to what is best to be done to guard the interest of the sovereign States and the rights of the sovereign people. Luckily, the Government at the moment of dissolution will be in friendly hands, and four months will intervene before the traitors and fanatics can get possession of the Capitol.

The South will get more justice in the breaking up and a general distribution of assets, than it has done in the existence and the administration of the Government. The bigots tell us we "cannot be kicked out of the Union," and if we try to get out, no matter under what provocation, they will whip us back again. If they are in earnest, we must be prepared for that too, and burnish our arms to sustain in the field the resolves we shall form in council. Our Northern countrymen may regard this as gasconade mand enace; and we may not be able to persuade them that it is anything else. Perhaps they will not believe us when we tell them that we have heard no man (and we have questioned many) hesitate or doubt as to the effect and result of Fremont's election—not one who does not fully coincide with us in opinion and purpose. The triumph of Fremont will be the last pound on the back of Southern forbearance. The goaded ox will turn upon his oppressor. Are the intelligent and spirited freemen of the fifteen slave States less courageous than the brutes?—*Mobile Register.*

Fremont's Election.—We cordially shake hands with our cotemporary of the *Intelligencer* on the following article. Let our Southern papers, one and all, promptly take this position.—*Petersburg Democrat.*

"Fremont's Election and the Dissolution of the Union One and the Same Thing.—He who doubts that the election of John C. Fremont to the Presidency would bring about an immediate dissolution of the Union, would deny the existence of the sun in heaven, or anything else equally palpable to the senses. Fremont could not for the *want of agents* carry on the internal administration of the country. No man in the South can take a commission from him, and no man sent from the North to the South, for the purpose of filling any office under his administration, will be allowed to stay here. He will be notified to leave, and if he disregards the notice, he will be rode off on a rail and his office be shut up. Take our own town as an example. Will any citizen of it accept a commission of postmaster from Fremont?

"If one so base could be found, he would not be allowed to remain in his office one day or hour, but would be driven from our midst with the unanimous execrations of the community upon his infamous head. Here then would be a stoppage of the mails, and what will follow? Should the President attempt by any armed force to open and keep open the Post Office, that force will be resisted by force, and thus we should have revolution or disruption of the Government, or in other words a dissolution of the Union. Of the office of Collector of the Customs, Marshal of the District, and in fact of every other federal office in Virginia and the whole South, the same thing may be said; and then where, we should like to know, would be the administration of the Federal Government? With the mails stopped, the collection of the revenue stopped, and the process of the Federal Courts struck dead by the want of an officer to execute them, we repeat, what would become of the federal administration? And yet this state of affairs will as surely ensue as Fremont is elected!"

English Negrophilism Declining.—The Liverpool Post states that the prior publication, in London, of Mrs. Stowe's new anti-slavery novel, has not realized the success anticipated. After praising "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the best thing of the kind ever written, and speaking coldly of her book on her previous tour in Europe, the Post says:

"It turns out that we are weary of Mrs. Stowes, as Mrs. Stowe, and that the nigger is not just at present "up" in the market. Her new accounts of slave life in the States has fallen dead on the market, to the dismay of the publishers, who speculated in a popularity that was fictitious, and does not endure the test. We are in good humor with Jonathan now, and are not prepared to applaud the literary art which makes money by setting a great confederation by the ears on a topic dependent on events, and not on logic, for its political treatment."

Query.—In case the Presidential election goes to the House, and the delegation from any particular State is equally divided, what course will be pursued in voting?

Answer.—The vote of that State would count one against choice, but none for any candidate. It was so with the vote of two States—Vermont and Maryland, we believe—in the struggle between Jefferson and Burr in 1804. But for this Jefferson would have been chosen at once.—*National Intelligencer.*

Mr. Charles Rowcraft, late British Consul at Cincinnati, dismissed by Secretary Marcy, died on the voyage home to England.

Natural Curiosities of the South.—it is very surprising, says a late writer, that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world are in the United States, and scarcely known to the best informed of our geographers and naturalists: the one is a beautiful fall in Franklin, Habersham county, Georgia; the other, a stupendous precipice in Pendleton district, South Carolina. They are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Moore's Geography, but not as they merit. Tuccoa Fall is much higher than the Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full, it passes down without being broken. All the prismatic effect seen at Niagara falls short of the spray of Tuccoa. The Table Mountain in Pendleton district is an awful precipice of nine hundred feet. Many persons reside within five, seven, or ten miles of this grand spectacle, who never had the curiosity to visit it. It is now visited by curious travelers, and sometimes by men of science.

On the Catawba, in Botetourt county, Virginia, there is said to be a spring that ebbs and flows with the tides of the ocean. It is situated at the head of a ravine, which is flanked by two parallel ridges terminating in a mountain of considerable elevation. A hunter of the neighborhood has the honor of its discovery. He had killed a deer on the spot, and was proceeding to skin it, when the spring, which till this moment had been invisible, came pouring forth a torrent at his very feet. Not knowing what should next take place, he left his game, and fled with all speed to the nearest settler. In the course of a few hours, or perhaps a day, they ventured back, found the spring dry, but, before their departure, saw it again flow and ebb, until it was no longer seen. Since that time its regular ebbs and flows have been witnessed by hundreds.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

A Severe Rebuke.—Yesterday, on the occasion of the celebration of the surrender of Mexico, Gen. Quitman, of Mississippi, wished to have an introduction to the remnant of the New York Volunteers individually. Sergts. Peel and Farrell declined an introduction, on the ground that they did not wish an acquaintance with any man that publicly extolled "bully" Brooks for his *cowardly assault* on the Hon. Charles Sumner.

The above is from an Abolition print in New York. We suppose it will be recollected that the "New York Volunteers" skulked at the battle of Churubusco, and that the Palmetto Regiment, in which Col. Brooks commanded a company, had to take the position vacated by their cowardice. Sergts. Peel and Farrell, therefore, are very appropriate sympathizers with the cowardly Senator.

Boston vs. Providence.—An honest farmer in the south part of Massachusetts, talking about his crops, was told that he must trust in Providence. "I do'no about that," said he, "I have been to Providence, and I have been to Bosting, and I believe I had much rather trust Bosting, taking all things into account."

How People take Cold.

The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-room.

It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is getting cool too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an over effort to keep up with it; and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration. You take a seat, and feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or to read a newspaper; and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chillness, and the thing is done.

You look around to see where the cold comes from, and find a window open near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and as it is moving against the wind, a strong draught is made through the crevices. Or, it may be, you meet a friend at a street corner, who wanted a loan, and was quite complimentary, almost loving; you did not like to be rude in the delivery of a two-lettered monosyllable, and while you were contriving to be truthful, polite and safe, all at the same time, on comes the chilly feeling from a raw wind at the street corner, or the slush of mud and water in which, for the first time, you noticed yourself standing.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner for anything; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment; when you return from a brisk walk, and enter a warm room, raise your hat, and the forehead will be most; let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that, with your outdoor clothing on, you have cooled off full soon.

Among the severest colds known, are those resulting from sitting down to a meal in a cool room after a walk; or being engaged in writing, and having let the fire go out, the first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness, which is the ordinary forerunner of severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or remaining in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather uncomfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend; or splendid parlors, and our nice "spare rooms," help to enrich many a doctor. Cold sepulchral parlors bring diseases, not only to visitors, but to the visited; for coming in from domestic occupations, or from the hurry of dressing, the heat of the body is higher than natural, and having no cloak or hat on in going in to meet a visitor, and having in addition but little vitality, in consequence of the very sedentary nature of town life, there is very little capability of resistance, and a chill and cold is the result.

But how to cure a cold promptly? that is a question of life and death to multitudes. There are two methods of universal application; first, obtain a bottle of cough mixture, or a lot of cough candy—any kind will do; in a day or two you will feel better, and in high spirits; you will be charmed with the promptness of the medicine; make a mule of yourself by giving a certificate of the valuable remedy; and, in due course of time, you may depend upon another certificate being made for your admission, foot foremost, into "Greenwood."

The other remedy is, consult a *respectable* physician.

Peter Della Torre.

The San Francisco Herald of the 20th ult. gives the following report of an address of Peter Della Torre, Esq., lately of Charleston, S. C. The occasion was an entertainment given by the "Young Men's Democratic Club," of San Francisco, on the return of their committee, who had escorted Judge Terry after his release to Sacramento, in response to a sentiment in honor of the American Constitution, as we learn from the report referred to:

"The President, Mr. Nugent, then introduced to the meeting the Hon. Peter Della Torre, who commenced his remarks by saying that he had forgot, before promising to address the Club, that he had little use of his voice, but that, thank God, he had lost it in a good cause—shouting for the liberation of a gallant American citizen from the tender embrace of a high handed mob organization. When the fountain of the heart has been long dammed up, it needs must overflow and gush out with its pent up feelings. He should speak this evening upon the Constitution.

"We should all think, speak, hope, act, and, if necessary strike, for the Constitution. It is the crowning glory of the American Confederacy. He described its beautiful and systematic working—how admirable in all its uses and bearings. What could we do without it? All then would be chaos and confusion. For himself, he had taken a solemn oath to support that Constitution, and, with God's help, he would never break it. What do they propose to give us in its stead? Higher law! Higher law, as seen in the Utopian idea of some modern philosophers, who insist a black man is on an equality with a white man—higher law as evidenced in the hanging of men in modern Bastiles—higher law in trying them secretly, when the Constitution guarantees the right to a fair and open trial—higher law in the ignoring the greatest concession ever allotted to civilized man, the bulwark of human liberty, the *habeas corpus*—higher law in attempting to trample upon the guaranteed rights of a portion of the Confederacy by a repeal of the fugitive slave act—higher law as witnessed in invading the sanctity of a man's house without the right of search—higher law as witnessed in the desperate trampling down of people's rights by an association composed of monopolists and heartless combinations.

"These men preach and construe that glorious compact to suit their evil designs and actions. When they touch the strings of this beautiful instrument they bring forth nothing but harsh and discordant notes, while the chords touched by a master hand, a patriotic fingering, would discourse the most lively sounds. He alluded in glowing terms to the sages of the past who framed it—to Madison and Jefferson, and Hamilton and Washington, and other illustrious names that shine out throughout the world as god-fathers of freedom. Our opponents in the present contest boast that they have stolen our democratic thunder, but let them beware. A fool once stole Jupiter's thunder, but it burnt his fingers, and came near setting the world on fire. This has only awakened the great master thunderer, the great Democratic party, and dearly will they pay for their rash attempt. Again he would give them a solemn admonition to stand by the Constitution, to support it in its entirety, and not cut a slice out here and add another plank there; not to mar the harmony of an instrument so beautifully framed and adjusted—to cherish it in sunshine and shade, in gladness and in sorrow, and to brand him as a traitor who lays an unhallowed hand upon it. How much was said and written and felt about the glorious design of our country, the star spangled banner, and what was it without an adhesion to the Constitution? A gewgaw, a bauble, a painted rag for a child's plaything. The stars are shrouded in the night of treason, and the stripes alone are left to publish its degradation. With the Constitution, what a glorious emblem was it floating over every sea, carrying with it the spirit of liberty in every clime—the bright emblem of good government. Guard it jealously as a sacred trust, and when the cold hand of death claims you as its own, pass it down to your children spotless and unblemished, as the richest legacy on the map of time. Of course we do not pretend to do justice to the eloquence of the honorable gentleman. His speech was one of the most finished and classical we have heard for some time."

Sobriety of the Greeks.—The food of an English laborer would be enough in Greece for a family of six persons. The rich are well satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their meal; the poor with a handful of olives or a piece of salt fish. The entire population eats meat at Easter for the whole year. I do not believe a Greek ever died of indigestion. Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is a rare vice with the Greeks; they are great drinkers, but water drinkers. They would have scruples about passing by a fountain without drinking at it; but if they enter a tavern it is to chatter. The coffee houses at Athens are full of people, and at all hours; but the customers do not take strong liquors; they ask for a cup of coffee at a penny; a glass of water, light for their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a game of dominoes; they then have enough to keep themselves occupied for the day. In two years I have not met with a man dead drunk in the streets, and I believe it would be easy to count all the drunkards in the kingdom. It may be said that the Greek people have no inclination for any kind of excesses, and that they take all their pleasures with equal sobriety.

This sobriety naturally explains the fact that insanity is rare in Greece. Madness also is a malady exceedingly rare in the kingdom. A hospital for the blind has just been constructed in Athens; it will never be necessary to build one for madmen.

Scenes on the Ocean Floor.

Besides the countless varieties of the fucus, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea-lettuce, with large porous lichens, and many-branched hollow algæ, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever-moving tiny arms.

These plants form submarine forests, growing one into another, in apparently lawless order; here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly, till the thickest seems impenetrable, and then again leaving large openings between wold and wold, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxurious growth, the fuci especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long-stretched arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale green sea groves, where there is neither moon nor star, or rise up nearer the surface, to be transcendently rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold and purple. And, through this dream-like scene, playing in all the colors of the rain bow, and deep under the hollow, briny ocean, there sail and chase each other merrily gayly-painted mullusks and bright shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, while huge gray-haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large tall trees. There is the gigantic dugong, the siren of the ancients, the side-long shark, with his leaden eyes, the thick-haired sea leopard, and the sluggish turtle. Look how these strange ill-shaped forms, which ever keep the dreamless sleep far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves from time to time! See how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they awaken in storms, rising like islands from beneath, and snorting through the angry spray! Perhaps they graze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! a hungry shark comes slily, silently around that grove; its glassy eyes shine ghost-like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea-dog first becomes aware of the proximity of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fucus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself in the deep below; the turtle conceals head and feet under her impenetrable armor, and sinks slowly downward; the playful little fish disappear in the branches of the marocystis; lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily shapen roots, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round and faces the intruder with his sharp pointed teeth. The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences; both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his last agony in the woods; but, blinded by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.

[*Putnam's Magazine.*

A Steam Farmer.—We have frequently read enough of steam ploughs, &c., but the idea of a steam farmer is rather startling. Here is a description of the fellow, however, from the pen of that famous scientific agriculturist, Mr. Mechi, of England:

"I devoted two days to the examination of the operation of Boydell's traction steam engine as a locomotive and tractive power, and have come to the conclusion that it is 'a great success.' This success is owing to the endless and wide railway attached to the circumference of the wheels, which gives a fulcrum for the lever, and a bearing sufficiently wide to carry a great weight on soft ground without imbedding in the soil. Hence the avoidance of friction and clogging. We might illustrate this by a sportsman on the mud oozes, whose feet would sink in, and thus render his power unavailable; but by attaching to his feet wide pieces of board, the pressure is diminished to a bearing condition. Thus, in the case of Mr. Boydell's machine, although it weighed nine tons, its impress was scarcely perceptible, where a horse's foot left a deep indentation.

"The engine walked from Camdentown to Acton, taking in tow its four-wheeled waggon, with coals, and four heavy iron ploughs, and water enough for four hours' work. When on the soft turnip field, after a night's rain, it drew after it ploughs, scarafier, &c., with perfect ease, and then walked home again to Camdentown. It can ascend an acclivity of one into three, which is nearly walking up stairs, our stairs being one in two. It can back, advance, or stop instantaneously, the pinion being shifted from the cogs of the driving wheel; and the power thus suddenly released is carried off by a separate fly-wheel, which may be used for driving threshing machines, millstones, or other purposes. In fact, instead of a farmer sending for and sending back a six-horse power engine and threshing machine, requring in each trip four horses, this machine will move itself anywhere—draw the corn to market, bring home manure, and do the cultivation and work of the farm. The machine can turn as easily as a common wagon, and does not mind a deep furrow or a side hill.

A laughable story of some carrier pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of the celebrated journal published in that city sent a reporter to Brussels for the King's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons to take back the document. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for sometime, but a very delicious fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast he paid his bill, and called for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why you've eaten them!"

Extraordinary Case of Poisoning.

We learn that on Saturday night, Mr. Josiah Montgomery, one of the city police, swallowed four grains of strychnine, mistaking it for a powder that had been prepared for an opiate which had been prescribed. The dose was a large one, containing ten times the amount necessary to cause the death of a man or an animal. He immediately discovered his mistake, and ran into Dr. Swinburne's, a few doors distant, where he procured an emetic. Dr. S. was unwell, but prescribed for him, and after his return home gave a second emetic. Dr. Bly was sent for. Two large emetics, taken in pretty quick succession, failed to cause vomiting. When Dr. Bly arrived, twenty minutes after the poison was taken, the patient lay upon the floor, on his back, and was convulsed constantly with the severest form of tetanic spasms, and at times his whole muscular system was rigid, and he lay in the opistholonos position, resting upon his head and his heels, with the body raised clear from the floor in the form of an arch. Several of these terrible spasms occurred in the space of a minute. His jaws were firmly locked, so that he could not swallow, and it was impossible to open his mouth to administer remedies. The approach of anything toward his mouth caused a recurrence of the spasms. Dr. Bly applied chloroform, which relieved the spasms in about three minutes, and stopped them completely in ten minutes, when a third powerful emetic was given. If the chloroform application was remitted, the spasms instantly returned in full force; so that it was found necessary to keep the patient constantly under the influence of the anæsthetic. In about ten minutes after the third emetic was taken, vomiting was produced. Drs. Ely, Armstrong, and Moore had arrived at this time. Warm water was now given in large quantities, and thrown off the stomach as often as a sufficient quantity was drunk, until it was believed that the stomach was cleansed of the poison remaining in it. The assisting physicians then left the case with Dr. Bly. The chloroform was still administered, and the patient was kept under its effects until 5 o'clock Sunday morning, when the spasms were almost entirely broken up, and at 6 o'clock they ceased entirely. During the time that the spasmodic action was controlled by the chloroform, the system had opportunity to throw off the poison that had been taken up by the absorbents, and when that was effected the patient was out of danger. He had retained his consciousness during the whole of the period that he suffered from the effects of the poison. He was, at 10 o'clock yesterday, in a comfortable state, with a clear mind and a good pulse. The first decided symptom of returning ease occurred at 3 o'clock a. m., when the patient requested a chew of tobacco, in which he was indulged.

This case is one of a very remarkable character. It has never before been known that a person who had swallowed even a grain of strychnine recovered from its effects. A full statement of the case will, no doubt, be given for the benefit of the profession in the medical journals.

[*Rochester Democrat.*

Protection from Lightning.—The New York Journal of Commerce contains a communication from Mr. John F. Collins upon the subject of casualties by lightning, arguing to show that barns in or near which manure heaps or newly gathered crops are fermenting are much more frequently struck by lightning than are all other buildings put together. As a protection to houses, it has been recommended that they be ventilated before and closed during the tempest, that lightning might not be attracted by the ascending vapor. That vapor ascending by day and not by night rendered buildings safer during a tempest by night than by day. The writer says that of eight or ten casualties by lightning, in New York and the adjoining towns, all have occurred in the day time, and all, with one exception, have been barns with manure heaps fermenting near them, and in which several horses have been killed, standing of course near these manure heaps. The excepted building was a saw-mill, beside which lay fermenting saw-dust and chip dung of years' accumulation, and some of recent origin, and upon which rubbish was piled to near half the height of the building. The lightning struck opposite the rubbish, and a large portion passed out near it.

The attention of farmers and others should be directed to this subject in order that the facts may be collected upon which a safe conclusion may be founded. The suggestion of the correspondent is of serious importance, involving, as it does, the safety of a large amount of property.

The Rotation of the Earth.—M. Boutigny has given an interesting explanation of his experiments on the rotation of a body in a spheroidal state. By means of a few drops of ether, he attaches a small cone of gum guaiacum to a highly heated silver capsule. As soon as the cone reddens on the summit, one or two grammes of water are dropped into the capsule, and a remarkable effect takes place. The water becomes agitated from right to left, left to right, backward and forward, indeed in every direction; but presently, as it assumes the spheroidal shape, it sets itself spontaneously in motion around the cone from left to right, or from east to west. The motion, at first slow, goes on increasing, until its rapidity is such as scarcely to be followed by the eyes. If the spheroid be stopped by placing a small glass rod in its way, it pauses for a while, but only to resume its former movement. M. Boutigny considers this phenomenon to be well worthy the investigation of geometers, and strikingly analogous to the rotation of the earth.

The editor of a paper out West, who has just failed, says it died with all the honors of war, and retired from the field with colors flying—the Sheriff's flag fluttering from two windows and the door.

A Bit of Romance.

The Mobile correspondent of the Charleston Courier gives the following as of recent occurrence in that city:

We had quite a bit of romance some few days since. A young and handsome Englishman, a book-keeper in one of our largest wholesale furniture stores, became desperately enamored with a bright eyed beauty of Havana, who had just finished her education at our convent. She was waiting, with her ma, for the next trip of the Quaker City, to go home. They met, and alas, loved. The ma suspected nothing for some time; at last she began to think something was going on, and she thought best not to allow her daughter to see him any more. She did so, and all went on well until one day, what should the thick-headed servant girl do but hand her a letter, through mistake. This of course opened her eyes, and the consequence was Miss next morning awoke in the convent.

Our young lover was taken aback, and what to do was the question. He concluded to get public sympathy, and to obtain this, he busied himself in reporting that the fair damsel was imprisoned in a room or cell, and not only the broad field and green trees, but even the light of heaven, was shut from her, and bread and water was all the luxuries she had. Madame Rumor says that a few *gentlemen* went out to see her. They found her not in the cell, but sporting gayly among the girls who had been her companions for eight years. As soon as he heard that some one had gone out, he spread the report that he was at the head of it, and that a number of Know-nothings was ready to start at any moment and pull the convent down. This coming to the ears of our Mayor of Mayors, caused the arrest of our friend, and next morning he was requested to give bonds for his good behavior. Thus the matter still stands, and his expectations for $250,000, I think, are slim.

Wheat and its Enemies.—When the enemies of the wheat crop are so prevalent, with a prospect of increase, let our friends take a few timely hints. There is no known remedy for the depredations for fly, chinch-bug, joint-worm, &c.; but we think experience will bear witness that there is a grand preventive in good cultivation. A vigorous and thrifty growth successfully resists, when the most promising appliances are powerless before, their ravages. And not only so, but throughout nature it will be found that where there is least power of resistance, the subtle enemy is most likely to make his attacks. It is not the sound and healthy, those who have enjoyed wholesome atmosphere and good food, who are swept off by epidemics, but those whose constitutions, enfeebled by any cause, *predispose* them, as we aptly say, to disease. The sleek and well-kept animal is not troubled with lice, when they swarm upon the ill fed, "ill-conditioned" beast. And the enemies of plants seek their food upon the poor and sickly, where they find as it were the least resistance against their encroachments. The principle is universal, that "from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath."

But however this reasoning may be questioned, the philosophy of a sound, vigorous, healthy constitution for man, beast, or plant, as a safeguard against all natural enemies, no one will question. For the wheat plant, then, begin in time, and make the most thorough preparation for its reception. So get ready the ground, that it may do the very best of which it is capable. To those who plough deep, and aim to deepen their surface soil at every ploughing, we suggest that some judicious farmers, who would plough deep generally, think it not advisable for the wheat crop. We adopt the opinion to this extent, that we do not think a portion of fresh subsoil should be now brought to the surface. The natural range of the roots of wheat is within about three inches of the roots of wheat is within about three inches of the surface, and for that reason it is desirable to have there the richest portion of the soil.

As to manures, he who properly uses all other means of success should put on enough to secure him thirty bushels to the acre. The nearer he approximates that point, the less liable is his crop to suffer from its natural foes.

Early seeding is a point of great importance. A good growth of root in the fall preserves from winter killing. The plant having well withstood the winter, is prepared for an early, vigorous start in the spring. This enables it to resist and outgrow the attack of fly and other insects. And the early ripening is almost an insurance against rust. Where it is practicable, we should sow by the last of September. The only objection to early sowing is, that the crop is more liable to the fall attack of the fly. This objection seems in practice to be far outweighed by the advantages on the other side.

Another important point is that of good, plump, well-ripened seed, of a hardy and early ripening variety.—*American Farmer.*

Strayed.—Broke into the pocket of the editor of this paper, a ten cent piece. Who it belongs to, or where it came from, is a mystery to us, and we earnestly request the owner to come and take it away. We have been without money so long that its use is entirely forgotetn by us. Upon one side is a beautiful young lady, with a handkerchief to her eyes—weeping to think she had no mate—and her night cap on a pole, a signal of distress. Once, getting angry, we pinched her severely, but she wouldn't come to quarters, and now we beg that some one will come and claim her.—*Illinois Patriot.*

Mourner.—"What shall I do, Caroline? I'm worried almost to death. I shan't be able to go into colors this season, for doctor says husband can't possibly live long."

Caroline, (a maiden of uncertain age)—"Just like those men; there's no depending on them."