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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1854.

NO. 6.

Business Cards, &c.

R. P. WARING,
Attorney at Law,
Office in Lowrey's Brick Building, 2nd floor.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

BHETT & ROBSON,
FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Liberal advances made on Consignments.
Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn,
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AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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27 Commission for selling Cotton Fifty cents per Bale.
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MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
NUNN & CO.'S Patent
Diagonal Grand PIANOS—
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Suspension Bridge PIANOS;
C. Hackert's, "Traveler's"
and other best makes' Pianos, at
the Factory Prices.
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January 28, 1853. 28-ly

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RESEWER AND DRESS MAKER,
(Residence, on Main Street, 3 doors south of Sadler's
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Dresses cut and made by the celebrated A. R. C.
method, and warranted to fit. Orders solicited and
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CARPETINGS; India, Russia and Spanish MATTINGS,
Rugs, Door Mats, &c. &c.
OIL CLOTHS, of all widths, cut for rooms or entries.
LUSH LINENS, SHIRTINGS, DAMASKS, Diapers,
Long Lawns, Towels, Napkins, Doilies, &c.
An extensive assortment of Window CURTAINS,
CORNICES, &c. &c.
Merchants will do well to examine our stock
before purchasing elsewhere.
Sept. 23, 1853. 10-ly*

The American Hotel,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and present
patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next.
After which time, the entire property will be thor-
oughly repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasant
ly situated, rendering it a desirable house for travelers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 22t C. M. RAY.

Baltimore Piano Forte Manufactory.
J. J. WISE & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Boudoir
J. Grand and Square PIANOS. Those wishing a
good and substantial Piano that will last an age, at a
fair price, may rely on getting such by addressing the
Manufacturers, by mail or otherwise. We have the
honor of serving and referring to the first families in the
State. In no case is disappointment sufferable. The
Manufacturers, also, refer to a host of their fellow citi-
zens.
J. J. WISE & BROTHER,
Feb. 3, 1854 23-Cm Baltimore, Md.

MARCH & SHARP,
AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
WILL attend to the sale of all kinds of Merchandise,
Produce, &c. Also, Real and Personal Property.
Or purchase and sell Slaves, &c., on Commission.
Sales Room—No. 12 Richardson street, and imme-
diately opposite the United States Hotel.
Feb. 3, 1854 THOS. H. MARCH, J. M. E. SHARP.

Livery and Sales Stable,
BY S. H. REA,
At the stand formerly occupied by R. Morrison, in
Charlotte. Horses fed, hired and sold. Good ac-
commodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends
and the public generally solicited.
February 17, 1854. 30-y

HAMILTON & OATES,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Corner of Richardson and Laurel Streets,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
June 9 1854 1y

My Duel with Captain Elliott.

"My duel with Captain Elliott," said Dr. C., fighting a fresh cigar, "took place during the war with Mexico. But, before I proceed, I must give you a short account of my previous history—

"Elliott and I had been rivals and enemies from our very boyhood. We were educated at the same public school. Before I arrived, he was the pet, the hero, the Napoleon, so to speak, of the school; the leader alike in study, in sport and in mischief. He was a proud, imperious overbearing boy, though with many generous and endearing qualities; and out of school his will was law to the boys, as that of the teacher was in school.

When I arrived, however, being about his own age and a lad of considerable spirit, I refused to submit to his authority; and there being many malcontents in the school, who secretly disliked him, they one by one enrolled themselves under my standard, and we were thus divided into separate factions. Numberless were the pitched battles which we had, as well as the personal forays; numberless the bloody noses and cracked crowns, numberless the reprimands and even more tangible inflictions of the teachers. Elliott and I were, in fact, always at variance, always crossing each other, and agreeing in nothing except in hating each other cordially.

When we left school, he went off to West Point and I to the Medical College, and we lost sight of each other for some years. In due course of time, I commenced practicing as a physician; but finding it did not pay very well, and being besides of a somewhat roving and adventurous disposition, I applied for and obtained the appointment of army surgeon, and was immediately ordered to Fort—

I had been there but a short time, when the Commandant, brave old Gurley, whom some of you, doubtless remember, died of fever. An officer of the name of Elliott, was appointed to succeed him, and you may judge of my mortification when I found it was my old enemy. Much as it galled my pride, I was obliged to submit to his authority; but I did it, I assure you, with a very bad grace.

Elliott was essentially changed since I had last known him; the impetuous, overbearing boy, had become a grave, quiet, reserved man, who could, if he chose, render himself a very agreeable companion, but who seldom took the trouble to do it. Many of the officers, however, and all the men, liked him very much; but, somehow, there seemed to be an impassable barrier between him and me. I disliked his reserve which I attributed to pride; and he complained of my boisterousness, as he was pleased to call it. He did, indeed, make some efforts to conciliate me at first, but seeing I repulsed them, he withdrew himself behind his entrenchments, and treated me ever after with a coolness absolutely freezing.

Things were in this state, when an uncle of Elliott's, with his wife and daughter, stopped for a short time in the vicinity of the fort, on their way to Washington. The daughter, Miss Eviline, was a charming young lady, and every unmarried man in the garrison immediately fell in love with her. It would weary you to enumerate the pic-nics, the water parties, the drives, the balls that were given in honor of her. A good humor and rivalry prevailed among us for her preference; and bets were taken as to whether Davis or Jones, or the Doctor, or the commandant himself has the best chance.

For myself, I was, I do think, seriously in love with the charming girl. To be sure she did not give me much encouragement, but I tried to encourage myself. I rode with her, walked with her, danced with her, and kept with her as much as I possibly could. I saw that Elliott scowled darker than ever upon me, but I did not care for that; in fact I was glad of an opportunity of giving him pain, and showing him that his dislike for me was not shared by all his connections.

On the evening before her intended departure, there had been a farewell ball, I had danced with her the whole evening, while Elliott, who did not dance at all that night, sat moodily conversing with her father. I was so fascinated with her and so grieved at the thought of her leaving, that before I slept that night, I resolved to see her in the morning and make her a tender of my heart.

Accordingly, as early as decency permitted, I called, and was by the blundering servant shown at once into her presence, where an extraordinary scene presented itself. On a sofa in the room, her face buried in the cushions, her dress disordered, her beautiful hair, which curled naturally, "all in a tangle," and her attitude denoting the very prostration of despair, lay the charming girl I had parted from last night in the exuberance of youthful and light-headed joy. On the table beside her, and on the floor were scattered innumerable letters, and a portrait, a locket, a blue ribbon, and a withered rose, lay carelessly among them.

She rose on my entrance, and would have denied herself, but it was too late. Her eyes were bloodshot with weeping, and her fair cheeks swollen and discolored. I took her hand and with much solicitude inquired the cause of her sorrow. A fresh burst of grief was her only answer, and it was some time before she was sufficiently composed to give me an explanation.

It appeared that she had been for a long time engaged to her cousin Elliott, and that he had, in a fit of mad jealousy, returned her letters and tokens, and formally broken the engagement.

"It was my fault," said she sobbing, "all my fault. I did wrong to play with his noble nature."

"His noble nature," said I, bitterly; for, as you may suppose, I did not feel in the blindest humor at the discovery I had just made.

"Oh, Dr. C.," said she, "you do not know him. He is the best, the noblest of men; and I have lost him—lost him by my own mad folly. Here she fell into such a passion of weeping, again, that I forgot my own disappointment in my solicitude for her. I suggested that perhaps an explanation could be made.

"Impossible," she said, "it was my flirting with you, and Mr. Jones, and Mr. Davis, that offended him—and how could that be explained? I am sure it was not that I cared a cent for one of you," (fancy my feelings,) "but I am naturally fond of admiration. I have tried to cure my-

self of it, but cannot. Oh, Dr. C.——, my heart is broken. Here, read his note."

She gave me a piece of paper, crumpled with her burning hand, and wet with her tears, on which I read as follows:

"MADAM—In returning you the letters and tokens, which I have had the honor to receive from you, I wish you to understand that the engagement between us is broken off, now and forever. You are now at liberty to flirt with whom you please. I cannot share a heart with twenty others."

"Just like him!" said I, with bitterness, when I finished this income and sententious epistle, and was going to indulge in a philippic against him, but she checked me with such a spirit, that I was fain to hold my peace. I then offered, for her sake, to go to Elliott, and endeavor to explain the matter.

"Alas!" said she, "you cannot; he went off this morning before daylight, on a three month's furlough, leaving that cruel note and packet of letters, to be delivered to me on awaking. He has gone, I presume, to New Hampshire, where his friends reside."

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Eviline's mother; and I took my leave, quite cured of my love fit, and very thankful that I had not subjected myself to the pain of a refusal.

But I am spinning out my story too long. When Elliott returned from his furlough, he treated me with even greater coldness than before; in fact, we never spoke to each other at all, except when duty compelled us to do so. This made it so disagreeable to me, that I was on the point of applying for an exchange, when the war with Mexico broke out; and we were ordered on active service, and private animosities were forgotten in our zeal against the common foe.

Elliott and I continued on much the same terms, although, in spite of my dislike, I could not help admiring his bravery, his noble daring, his energy and presence of mind, and his fatherly care of the troops under his command. Still, however, the flame was smouldering in our bosoms, only waiting an opportunity to break out. At last the opportunity came.

Elliott had been left in charge of a large number of sick and wounded, while the rest of the army pressed on towards the Halls of the Montezumas. I of course was there, with several assistants. We were encamped in a picturesque little hamlet, situated in a wild, romantic neighborhood, and the country being pretty quiet, we were in the habit of venturing some distance from the encampment shooting, and sketching, or perhaps flirting; for you know our fellows did not extend to the Mexican senoritas the hostile feelings with which they regarded the men. For myself, I cannot say that I admired them much; some of them were very pretty to be sure, but that abominable habit they have of smoking cigars spoiled them in my eyes. I like a good cigar myself, said the Doctor, re-lighting the one he held, which had gone out, but I don't like to see a woman smoking. I couldn't fancy Venus herself with a cigar in her mouth.

Well, one morning I had sauntered forth, portfolio in hand, for the purpose of taking some sketches and in course of my wanderings came upon a pretty little dwelling by the side of a waterfall, in a sweet, sequestered spot. On a mossy bench by the door sat a young girl of wonderful beauty, in a showy but picturesque dress, with a guitar in her hand, the sweet melodies of which she blended delightfully with the soft murmuring dash of the waterfall, and the gurgling of the little stream beyond it. It was a picture of surpassing beauty and loveliness, and I immediately sat down on a fallen tree to commit it to paper.

While thus employed, a man was observed approaching, whom I soon found was no other than Elliott himself. As he neared the cottage, the young girl, who had evidently been expecting him, threw down her guitar and ran eagerly to meet him. He sat down beside her on the bench; and suddenly observing me, he started as if a serpent had stung him, and hastily approached me. He glared upon me with a look in which all the hatred that had been gathering for so many years seemed concentrated.

"This is the second time sir," said he fiercely, "that you have crossed my path—it shall be the last time! Follow me if you dare!"

"If by crossing your path," said I, "you mean an allusion to that young woman, I assure you I have not spoken to her, nor approached nearer to her than I am now."

"Must I call you a coward?" said he; "Will you follow me or not?"

"I threw down my drawing material and followed him. He entered the chapparral, and led the way to a clear space near a running brook. Here he turned and drew his sword. "Defend yourself," he exclaimed.

"Captain Elliott," said I, although I am not conscious of having injured you, I am ready to give you the satisfaction you demand. But had we not better return to the camp, obtain seconds, and conduct the affair in the regular manner?"

"No," said he, "I will not wait. I will hold no further parley with you. Defend yourself!"

Thus adjured, I drew my sword; but had scarcely done so when something whizzed past me, a sharp report was heard, and with a wild cry Elliott fell at my feet. I looked for an instant behind me, and saw the dark countenances of half-a-dozen Mexicans as they prepared to reload their pieces, and then fled into the chapparral, "starrying no longer question." On—I sped; this way and that way, through the tangled thicket, tripping my feet on long trailing vines, scratching my hands on thorns; until, completely worn out, I climbed up a lofty tree and hid myself among its leafy branches. Here I remained for several hours, and heard my pursuers crashing amongst the underwood, shouting, swearing, calling to each other; but gradually the sounds died away, the chase seemed to be given up, and I was left alone in that wild, unbroken solitude.

The afternoon was far advanced when, driven partly by hunger, partly by the dread of passing the night in the chapparral, I ventured to descend from my leafy covert, where the mosquitoes had made a feast of me, and the monkeys had chattered at me with their strange, mocking gestures. By the aid of my pocket compass, I found my way back to the clearing whence I had so suddenly

departed. After carefully reconnoitering, to see that none of my Mexican friends were lingering near—to this day I suspect that young woman of having sent them after us—I advanced to the spot where poor Elliott had fallen.

He was lying on his face in a pool of blood, his hands clutching the grass, his hair and uniform dabbled in blood, and his fine manly form (he was one of the finest looking fellows in the army) with three or four ghastly wounds. "Ah! poor fellow! poor fellow!" said I, as I stood and gazed upon him; for though I was rid of a mortal enemy, I could not help feeling sorry that so brave a soldier should thus perish like a dog, shot down by an unseen foe. "But thank God!" I ejaculated with a thrill of indescribable pleasure, "thank God! I did not kill him!"

I had turned him over on his back, and as I thus stood morosely, I thought I perceived his bosom heave. I placed my hand upon his heart, and found that he still lived. As I knelt by him uncertain what to do, he opened his half-glazed eyes, and I saw his parched lips try to form the word "Water!" My first impulse was to run to the brook which flowed at a short distance; my next to stop short and consider. Should I restore to life the man who, a few minutes before, had been thirsting for my blood? who had hated me all his life? who had wronged me, slighted me, and even called me coward? No! I would leave him to the fate which his own rashness had provoked.

I turned my back upon him; but suddenly, as if traced with a finger of fire, there were borne into my mind the words of Holy Writ: "If thine enemy hunger, give him food; if he thirst, give him drink." And fast upon them came that other Divine sentence: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it not unto Me!"

I seized his cap and ran to the brook for water, with which I moistened his parched lips, and bathed his gory temples. Taking my case of instruments from my pocket, I then proceeded to probe his wounds. The Mexicans, I forgot to mention, had rifled him of his watch and other valuables; but, in tearing open his shirt, I found a small locket, suspended from his neck by a hair-chain, which had escaped their search. I opened it. It contained his mother's portrait. (He was her only son, and she was a widow.) "Thank God!" I again ejaculated; "that mother's curse will not light on me!"

What to do with my patient, after having dressed his wounds, was what puzzled me. To remove him myself was impossible; to leave him there exposed to wild beasts, and to the burning rays of the sun, after having partially restored him to life, seemed cruel and unnatural; but there was no alternative. Before leaving him, however, I half carried, half dragged him into the shade of a tree about a hundred yards distant. It would be impossible to describe my sensations when I found myself with my deadly enemy in my arms—the two hearts so lately boiling over with malice and revenge, and all the darkest passions of our nature, now throbbing peacefully against each other; his poor fellow! with a motion so faint and low as to be scarcely perceptible.

Well, I hurried to the encampment for assistance, and soon had him conveyed thither in safety. For many weeks he lay hovering between life and death; for the pain of his wounds, which were very severe, the loss of blood, and the exposure to the sun, brought on brain fever, and nothing but the most unremitting care and attention saved his life. He bore his sufferings with noble endurance, which is true heroism, and which, let me tell you, is a much rarer article than mere courage in the field. In fact, he displayed during his sickness so many admirable qualities, that it was a mystery to me how I should have mistaken his character so completely. Whether it was owing to this, or to my having done him a service, I cannot tell; but insensibly the hatred all melted from my heart, and in its stead sprang up a strong feeling of regard for him. Curious, wasn't it?

But whether this feeling was reciprocated or not, I knew not; for although his manner towards me was peculiarly soft and gentle, and his eyes would flash upon me when I approached his couch, he remained as taciturn and reserved as ever, and never made any allusion to the subject of our quarrel. I left a little pieced at his silence; for I could not help thinking that my having saved him from a miserable death deserved at least a few words of acknowledgment. More than once he seemed on the point of broaching the subject; but he appeared to be waiting for me to begin it, and I of course, waited for him.

At last, he was so far recovered that my professional services were no longer required. As I rose to take leave of my last visit, I signified as much to him, and added:

"Am I to understand, Captain Elliott, that we return to the same footing as we were on before?"

"The same footing? God forbid!" he exclaimed, with a sudden earnestness that surprised me.

"Because," continued I, "if you wish to finish the quarrel so inopportunist interrupted, you will find me ready at any time."

"Do you wish to renew that unhappy quarrel?" asked he, an expression of deep disappointment overspreading his countenance.

"Who, I? Most certainly not," said I; "but you demanded satisfaction, Captain Elliott, and until that demand is withdrawn, I must, of course, hold myself in readiness to grant it."

"I withdraw it now," said he speaking very quietly. "I ask your pardon for my rash and injurious words. If that will not satisfy you, I will bare my bosom to your sword, but I will never," said he with emotion, "raise my hand against the noble, the magnanimous preserver of my life!"

Those were his words. After a pause, he added: "Dr. C.——, we have all our lives misunderstood each other—believe me, had I known your worth sooner, I would have acknowledged it. We have been enemies long enough—let us now be friends. Will you try to overlook what is past? Will you be my friend?"

"My dear Captain Elliott!" cried I, deeply touched by his speech, "I am your friend. Since I carried you in my arms in that lonely glade of the chapparral, I have become so much attached to you that I would as soon shoot my own brother as lift a finger against you."

I held out my hand to him, but he threw himself on my breast, and burst into tears, for his nerves were weak with his recent illness.

There was no more coldness after that, no more reserve—all was open and above-board between us; and I am proud to say that the more we un-

folded our hearts to each other, the more highly did we esteem each other.

I had the happiness afterwards of reconciling him to his fair cousin, to whom he was still fondly attached, (notwithstanding the episode of the senorita) and

"When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning,
I assisted," as the French say, at their wedding, which took place in New Orleans. The very day after that interesting event, I was seized with yellow fever; and Elliott and his new made wife spent their honeymoon at my bedside—the truest, faithful, most devoted friends that ever a man had in this world!

"And that," said the Doctor, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire "was the upshot of my duel with Captain Elliott."

Continental Money.

No part red-emption of the continental money was made by Congress. The frequent and large emissions of it soon reduced it in value, and eventually, destroyed all confidence in it. The first issue took place in 1775, and by the end of 1776 the country had been flooded with \$18,000,000 of it. The whole amount issued during the war was not less than \$400,000,000, but the collections made by the continental government in various ways cancelled from time to time about one-half of it, so that the maximum did not at any period exceed \$200,000,000, nor did it reach that sum until its depreciation had compelled Congress to take it in and re-issue it at forty dollars for one in specie. During the first year of its emission it kept nearly at par, but gradually decreased in value until finally \$1,000 of it was offered for one dollar in specie, when it ceased to be looked upon as of any value at all. It was customary at that day to treat it with the utmost contempt and levity, and workmen would show their disregard for the loss occasioned by its depreciation by passing it up in their shops, forming head-caps of it, &c.

The Continental Congress, at one time, offered to exchange forty dollars of this currency for one, by giving the holders what was called a loan certificate at par; but as these had gone down to eight dollars for one, few were found to avail themselves of the slim inducements which this method presented. When, however, the present constitution was formed, in 1789, all these loan certificates and various other evidences of debt which had been issued to pay the expenses of the war, were funded and immediately rose to par—making fortunes for many. This constituted the public debt, and amounted to \$94,000,000. The statements we have given may seem to show a want of proper regard for its obligations on the part of Congress; but most assuredly the statesmen of the revolution were disposed to pay as far as they could.

We must recollect that by the terms of the article of confederation, Congress had no power to impose taxes without the consent of the States; that the government had no income from tariff duties, and with an army of thirty or forty thousand men, desperate exertions were necessary to keep the wheels in motion. Soldiers, however much we may praise their patriotism, looked carefully to their pay, and Washington, in his letters to Congress, more than once plainly intimated that appeals to love of country did little good unless they were fortified with metallic arguments. It has been estimated that the loss occasioned by the depreciation of the continental currency only amounted to a tax of about one dollar per head upon each inhabitant, annually for six years. If it had been thus equally distributed, it would probably have been no more than they should have paid towards the expenses of the war; but that some should have been involved in financial ruin from its effects, while others were comparatively free, made it unequal and oppressive in its operation.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

How to Winter One Hundred Sheep from Two Acres of Land.—We have been accused of inducing planters to try visionary experiments. We hardly know what meaning those who use the word visionary would put to it in this connection, nor do we care. We have faith in the following project of producing fodder enough on two acres of land to winter one hundred sheep. But, says Mr. Doubtful, it must be made very rich. Of course it must. That won't hurt the land in the least. But how will you do it? In the first place, make the land very rich. Manure it generously, plough it thoroughly, harrow it fine, roll it smooth, put on the marker and mark it into rows three feet apart, and sow Indian corn in drills. Hoe it twice, and after the second hoeing take your seed-row and sow between each two rows of corn a row of fat turnip-seed. After your corn has sprouted, cut it up; let it with, then tie it up in bundles and shock it up as you do corn-stalks which you have cut in the usual way, and let them stand until dry. It would not be strange if you had six tons of fodder per acre when they were sufficiently dry to put into the barn. This will be twelve tons, (from two acres.) Now, to winter one hundred sheep, you ought to have twenty tons of fodder. You have got twelve of them and want eight more, or four tons from each acre. The turnips ought to produce this amount. Let us see. Allowing a bushel of turnips to weigh 60 pounds—in order to have four tons on an acre you should raise 133 bushels. Will not your land produce this amount after taking away the Indian corn crop?

So you will have your twenty tons of food from two acres. But will sheep eat the corn-stalks? Yes, we have tried that. Just run the stalks through a straw cutter and feed them out to the sheep, and they will eat them all up. We have tried it, and several others have tried it. Then run your turnips through a vegetable cutter, and they will eat them all up clean. The sheep should be young and hearty, and have good teeth. Who will try the experiment this year? We are bound to, for one.—Maine Farmer.

No DOUBT HE WOULD.—The editor of the Albany Transcript says, that the New York Day Book is entirely set up by girls, and adds that he should like very much "to set up with them."

"What do you drive such a pitiful-looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a heavy coat of flesh on him?" "A heavy coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him."

A SILENT SEA CAPTAIN.

Capt. Stone, of the steamer Canada, now in this port, is probably the most silent man afloat. Sailors who have been with him many months, say they never heard him speak. He writes his orders to his officers, and if they fail in carrying them out, he reprimands them in writing. Yet he has the reputation of being one of the most skillful and prudent captains of the Cunard line, and remarkable for his powers of personal endurance. When at sea he rarely leaves the deck, night or day, more than an hour at a time, and nothing appears to escape his notice. Still he does not speak, either to his officers or passengers. On a recent passage two wags, who were passengers in his ship, noticed this peculiarity, and at dinner one day were quite eloquent upon the blessings of speech, and then, by way of contrast, expressed their deepest commiseration for dumbies. One of the wags was so overcome by his feelings that he deliberately took an onion from his pocket and applied it to his right eye, while he gazed at Capt. Stone with the left. "Poor, dear gentleman," he sobbed, as the tears followed the onion, "I wonder if he is deaf as well as dumb." This was too much for the passengers, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which Capt. Stone joined heartily as the rest. When order was restored, he said, "Gentlemen and Ladies, or Ladies and Gentlemen, I acknowledge that I appear to a disadvantage by not speaking more than I do; but what would you have me to say? It is my constant care to see that you are properly attended to in every particular. What more can you desire?" After this effort, he resumed silence, and has not been known to speak since.—Boston Atlas.

THE "DRUGGED LIQUOR" AT CONCORD, N. H.—It turns out that the "drugged liquor," of which so much was said during the late session of the New Hampshire Legislature, as having been administered to certain democratic members during the Senatorial contest, was not drugged in the ordinary way. In other words, it was sweetened with Peruvian or Chinchin Island sugar, commonly called guano. A correspondent of the Manchester Democrat asserts this to be the fact:

It seems that in a back room of the hotel where liquor was kept, Mr. Uri Lamprey, an agent of the New York Guano Company, who was at the same hotel, had with him several choice samples of pulverized guano, which he kept in bowls, and on favorable occasions exhibited them to his friends among members. One evening, being hastily called out, he incautiously set away his pulverized samples on the same shelf with the sugar bowls. Shortly after, some of the members, wishing to "strengthen the inner man," went into the closet, which was not yet lighted up, and having used the decanters, took also very freely of the sweetener from the guano bowls. Several important results followed—the chief of which was the immediate falling of in the vote for Mr. Wells for United States Senator—the drugged members being unavoidably detained from their seats.

SPOILING AN APPETITE.—The Rev. Dr. Allyn, formerly Pastor of the Congregational Church in Duxbury, Mass., was one of the old time eccentricities of that State. Among the anecdotes related of him, we find the following good one in the New England Farmer:

During a visit to Boston, on a certain occasion he was invited to dine with an acquaintance, who once failed, but then lived in great style. He entered the house, just before the dinner hour, and after glancing at the ostentatious parade upon the table, and the other extensive arrangements made to entertain him, he quietly slipped off. His sudden disappearance excited no little wonder. The feast was delayed, but the guest was not seen again that day. Some time after, he called upon his friend, and on being asked for an explanation of his conduct, he replied that when he saw what an elegant dinner was in preparation for him, the remembrance that his poor neighbor and parishoner (naming a townsman who had suffered severely by the failure of this very man) had nothing but clams to eat, so destroyed his appetite that he was glad to leave the house.

It is a happy thing for some folks that appetites are not so easily spoiled now-a-days.

IS THE FIRST MILK POISON?—A friend informs us that Mr. H. B. Wyman of Sidney, tried a valuable sow not long ago, in consequence of giving her the first milk of a cow after calving, and asks if it invariably causes such trouble if hogs are fed on it? We believe that it does. We one year gave some such milk to a sow that was with pig. It made her sick and she cast her pigs before her time, all of which were dead. We were told that such would be the result if we fed her on it. The next year we fed it to another under the same circumstances, and the result was the same—all the pigs being dead. We found that rather costly experimenting. Last spring one of our neighbors, who had a very fine sow, fed her with a pretty generous portion of such milk, she immediately became sick and came near dying.

DESPERATE ROW AT LYNCBURG.—A row took place at Lynchburg, Va., on Thursday night, between the showmen at Barnum's mammoth exhibition and the citizens of Lynchburg, resulting, it is said, from the great number of extra charges made notwithstanding the published notice that the whole was to be seen for fifty cents. Five persons, two of the citizens and three of the showmen were injured, but not seriously, and the ticket office demolished.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.—A doctor in A'ban says an exchange, has just invented a pit of surpassing power; one box not only cured a man of the bronchitis, but it set him up in business.—A certificate to that effect may be seen at the doctor's office.

Mr. Buchanan's reply to Horu Clarendon, on the Central American question, has, it is reported been received at Washington, and is said to be a very able document.

HEAVY FAILURE.—The house