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FOR THE FAYETTEVILLE NEWS.

NOTES AND ITEMS OF TRAVEL IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

At Jefferson, the county town of Ashe, the Negro Mountain deserves more than a mere notice. From the village the ascent is too steep to admit of riding. The view from the highest peak is extensive and imposing. The Pilot Mountain, ninety-five (95) miles distant, is seen distinctly on clear days; much of the adjoining counties can be seen. The New River, shining like a silver thread, is visible to the naked eye at five different points. There are also views of the neighboring mountains, the Phenix, the Three Tops, Bluff, White Top and Little Phenix mountains. The Bluff mountain is celebrated for a beautiful cascade of water falling three hundred (300) feet over a ledge of rocks. The water flows in a bold stream from a spring on the top of the mountain. From some points the ascent can be made on horse-back. Occasionally, in fine weather, the preachers appoint meetings on the top of the Bluff—as many as five hundred persons have been known to attend these meetings. What a grand temple dedicated to the workings of the Most High Architect of the Universe—it was a most happy thought. Upon some of these mountains there is a species of pine called lash-wood, growing so near together, so uniform in height, and interlacing its branches so closely that a person may safely walk upon the tops of the trees. It is said that a dog and a bear came in contact near the water-fall, and in the scuffle that ensued were both precipitated to the bottom, not killed, but without any desire to engage further in the deadly conflict. This feat was witnessed by some huntsmen who vouch for its truth.

On Tuesday the 25th, Hon. Nathaniel Boyden, of addressed the people on the political subjects of the day; being a member of the Philadelphia Convention, his object is to inform the people of the operations of that body. Mr. Boyden is a gentleman of known ability—pleasing manners and has the respect and confidence of the people.

It is not an unusual sight in the mountains to see the roof of the dwelling house extend over the spring—everybody has a spring-house where they keep their butter and milk—in summer to keep cool, during the winter to prevent freezing. Honey made from the sourwood blossoms is the perfection of that wholesome article—it abounds here and appears on the table along with the butter dish three times a day. Stock of every kind is far superior to that of the Eastern portion of the State. The horses and cows are splendid, large, strong, and generally in excellent condition. In the summer season they subsist entirely on the meadows, even the mountain side furnishing fine grazing lands for every kind of stock. Sheep are extensively raised and large quantities of wool produced annually. From the abundant dairies good cheese is made in almost every family—well to do farmers milk from twelve to fifteen and even twenty-four cows daily. Fine hogs are raised on the surplus milk. The manners and customs of fifty years ago are still in vogue. Careful matrons look diligently after the affairs of their own households. The young ladies handle the broom, scouring mop, and duster—assist in the spinning, weaving and other home manufactures. Their stout figures and rosy cheeks are pleasant to behold—kind, dilligent, and cheerful, they never think or care for the refined idleness, lackadaisical enjoyments, ill-health and stupidity of upper-tendom. They regard all classes above honest homely labor with holy horror. The gentlemen all wear homespun—even the hat has been plaited and formed by the skillful finger of wife or daughter. The dress of some of the middle and lower classes of women strike me as being rather singular. For the most part bright, warm colors are chosen, in some cases bordering on the flashy. A garment made in every respect like a child's bib apron is worn by both married women and grown up maidens.

I saw two that were particularly striking; one was made of very pretty pink muslin—a deep flounce sewed on the bottom of the skirt, the top of which was ornamented with a narrow stripe of crimson calico. The other was of orange colored cotton cloth, corded and trimmed with white. A circular cloak of coarse black Alpaca was ornamented four inches from the border with a single row of pale blue worsted galloon—two inches above this was a row of scarlet velvet ribbon. A black and white muslin bonnet was left open at the back from the crown of the head to the bottom of the curtain, ruffled on one side and fastened together with large white buttons. I furnish these interesting items gratuitously to those ladies who are fond of novelty in matters of dress. A word to the wise is sufficient.

I left Jefferson on Friday morning, 28th of September, and took the road leading to Wilkes county, crossing the New River at Reddis Gap ford. The New River is a most beautiful stream, rolling its limpid waters upon the mountains. Indeed Ashe may be called the county of mountains; rising four hundred feet above the surrounding country and viewed from the top of the Negro mountain it presents the appearance of a gigantic potato patch—mountain, hill, and knoll rising in continuous succession into the utmost range of the vision,—portions of Virginia and Tennessee are seen from this elevation. The road winds along the river banks for several miles. The water is so very clear that the rocks in the bed of the river can be seen distinctly from the carriage. The road for some distance is very good, the crops fine and just maturing, this is the season here for green corn, tomatoes, beets, cabbages and other summer vegetables—apples, peaches, and pears are in vogue, in great abundance and a fine state of perfection. A few miles brought me to the foot of the Blue Ridge at Reddis Gap. The ascent is very gentle, winding around the mountain; in many places the road is very narrow and hewn through the solid rock, often hanging over a steep precipice. From the highest point of the Gap there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country and of the Pilot mountains. In the descent I was accompanied nearly all the way by a bold mountain brook—sometimes softly murmuring in a deep ravine, then thundering down a descent, now dashing madly over a platform of solid rock, arrayed in a succession of falls, then, truant like, running away down a glen and starting suddenly before me a few hundred yards ahead, like a beautiful capricious coquette.

At the foot of the descent I forded Reddis river, and followed its shining track for many miles, fording it five times, and sometimes driving down the bed of the stream for several hundred yards, it forming the only road.

I arrived at Mr. Whittington's at four o'clock, and stopped there by previous invitation, where I was most kindly entertained. The river flows within twenty yards of this gentleman's house. I was diverted by watching the speckled trout gamboling in the transparent waters.

I resumed my journey next morning, traversing a rough road and again fording the Yadkin river 6 miles from Wilkesboro'. Here also the ford is shaped like a crescent, flowing over a "Riffle" of rocks: the banks on either side are very high, going down abruptly to the water's edge. Here begins a sensible change in the scenery. The country, though undulating, presents longer stretches of valley lands; the streams lose their clearness, and the mountains diminish in size.

Two miles from Wilkesboro', (having been invited thither) I stopped at the hospitable abode of Mr. E. Wellborne, who cultivates the finest farm I have yet seen in the West. I remained with the pleasant family of this courteous gentleman until Monday morning, having spent the time delightfully. With much regret I bade adieu, and drove into the town of Wilkesboro', stopping at the comfortable hotel of Mr. Cramer. Wilkesboro', like most of the Western towns, is built upon a declivity—a valley below and mountains around. The Court House, two churches, two hotels, and several dry-goods stores comprise the principal public buildings. The town looks antiquated, but there are some good residences, and many fine plantations in the vicinity. There is a pretty Episcopal chapel in which I listened to an excellent discourse from the Rev. Mr. Barhoit, at whose house, two miles from town, I spent a most delightful evening in the charming society of his accomplished family.

The Superior Court is in session—Judge R. P. Buxton presides. The docket is crowded, and great interest is manifested in the civil proceedings. A young man is being tried here for a foul murder perpetrated on the person of a young woman whom he had pledged himself to marry. But forming new ties, he resolved to free himself from the liability of being annoyed by her in the future. He was assisted in the diabolical deed by the accessorial aid of the poor, betrayed girl. They dug her grave, and he appointed a trysting place, assuring her that he would have everything arranged for the consummation of the long-promised marriage. Loving and confiding, she sought the spot. He met her with smiles, wound his arms around her in a loving embrace, and plunged a gleaming dagger into her trusting heart. They buried her in a laurel grove, in the still hours of the silent night, and for months, though diligent search was made, her remains were undiscovered. They were at length found by the singular conduct of a horse, which, pawing, snorting and shudderingly sniffing the earth, attracted attention to the spot. The body, nearly in a state of entire preservation, was exhumed and identified by the friends of the unfortunate woman. The murderers on whom suspicion had already fallen, were betrayed by one in their confidence. They were arrested and imprisoned, and are now arraigned for trial for one of the vilest outrages that ever disgraced humanity.

The mother and sister of the murderer, both good, respectable women, are here; their mourning garb and sad faces show how deeply they are afflicted at the inhuman conduct and impending doom of the miserable, lost man. It seems a bitter, hard allotment, that the good and innocent should be irrevocably included in the misery justly entailed on the perpetrators of crime and the authors of guilt.

A vast concourse of people literally choke the streets to day. Women attend the Court in large numbers; some are called hither by business, others by curiosity and interest combined. Many of them bring in some domestic product, to barter for "Yankee" notions, sugar, coffee and calico.

COSMOPOLITANA.

CROPS IN LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI.—A gentleman who has made an extensive tour through Louisiana, reports:

"Crops are turning out badly, and every impediment is thrown in the way of the planting interests. In fact, the affairs of the country are more gloomy than they have been since the surrender. The corn crop over the entire country is also a failure, which comes very hard on us at the present time.

From Mississippi we learn that the boll and army worms have been committing depredations upon our crops, and have cut down our prospects considerably; in fact, we shall not make a fortune this year, nor many thousands over expenses.

You can judge what an effect the failure of the cotton crop will have on the South when you know that the corn has been generally neglected for the cotton, and very many, if not a majority of the planters, have contracted debts in order to raise this crop. Many fear great destitution in the South next season, and judging from reports, their fears are in a fair way to be realized.

DIABOLICAL INGENUITY.—One Perrot, a Frenchman, has invented three terribly destructive engines—the first, a three-barreled air-gun, firing one thousand bullets a minute, the bullets dropping from a hopper without intermission into the gun; the second is similar, but mounted on wheels; and the third is a steam locomotive, discharging two pounds weight of projectiles per second, and capable of killing one hundred and seventy-two thousand eight hundred men in twenty-four hours, if but one man was killed to every hundred shots discharged.

A London lady has promised Mr. Spurgeon $20,000 for the foundation of an orphanage.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE SOUTH.

We make the following extract from a long and brilliant article on the Southern armies, which appears in the last number of the Crescent monthly, and is written by J. Quitman Moore:

The infantry service of the Confederate army was the finest body of light foot, bearing the discipline, the world ever saw. It possessed all the tenacity in line of the Austrians; all the confidence in column, boldness in attack and cool self-possession in defeat of the British, and all the daring intrepidity and fearless dash of the French Corps d'Afrique; while the deliberateness and precision with which it delivered its deadly rifle fire, inflicting nearly a double loss on the enemy in almost every engagement, attested its vast superiority over that of the enemy. The Confederate skirmishers were the terror of the Federal army; and in all combined movements in the open field, and with numbers always inferior to the enemy, the Southern infantry has never failed to win the field. This superiority proceeded not from the greater bravery of the Confederate troops, but from their greater combined skill and intelligence, flowing from that larger latitude given to individual action. Without their officers to guide and direct them the Federal troops were little better than an armed mob. The Confederate troops acted generally as well without as with their officers, whose superiority was only the temporary distinction of rank. There were men in the ranks of the Southern army who could have supplied the places of their general officers. Gen'l Roger A Pryor, after gallantly serving his country as commander of a brigade, tendered his resignation, and fought to the end of the war in the capacity of a gallant private in the Ninth Virginia cavalry.

The English refer with just pride and enthusiastic praise to the solid tenacity and stubborn courage of the British infantry at the battle of Inkerman, where 8,000 British lightfoot held in check and finally repulsed 15,000 Russian infantry, but it cannot compare with the brilliant and spirited infantry charges of Ewell's and Longstreet's corps upon the fortified position of Gettysburg, on the evening of the second day's battle, where the Southern infantry moved to the assault under a withering artillery fire, and swept before it three heavy lines of battle. And nothing is so forcibly illustrative of that high intelligence that was the distinguishing characteristic of the Southern army, than the fact that it saw and felt, before the attack was made, that the assault of the 3d must prove a failure.

The cavalry branch of the Confederate army was, strictly speaking, only a part of its infantry arm, clothed with equestrian powers and officers. It was only a superior body of mounted infantry that, as advanced videttes and daring scouts, formed the ears and eyes of that army that was never but once taken by surprise. The mounted force of the Confederate army resembled the Russian Cossack, whose office is to harrass and threaten, not to attack; and as guerrillas, they became renowned as the famous knights of the Cid. Ashby, and Stuart, and Forrest, and Hampton, and Mosby and Fitz Lee, recall the memories of Villars and Fitz James—of Tancred and Alva—never of Rupert and Murat.

A BANK CASHIER AND HIS FAMILY GAGGED—$75,000 STOLEN.

The details of a burglary bank robbery and deadly assault on the cashier of one of the eastern Banks and his inoffensive wife and child, was developed Saturday in New York, and three notorious ruffians arrested, charged with the commission of the crime. It appears that late on the night of the 22nd of June last, the residence of Mr. R. Butterfield, cashier of the National Bank at Bowdoinham, Maine, was forcibly entered by four men. After gaining admission to the dwelling of Mr. Butterfield, which is about thirty-five miles from Portland, the burglars went to his room, located on the second floor, and struck him on the head with a slungshot or other similar weapon, stunning and partially reducing him to insensibility. The murderous outlaws then proceeded to gag Mr. Butterfield, his wife and little son, who had been asleep in the same room. At the time Mrs. Butterfield had an infant child in her arms, which the burglars threatened to kill if she attempted to scream or give an alarm. Without the commission of further violence, two of the thieves then took the keys of the bank vaults from Mr. Butterfield's pocket and proceeded to the bank, while the other thieves remained on watch in the house. The bank vaults being secured with a combination lock, the two burglars were unable to reach the treasure on deposit there, whereupon they returned to the house and reported to their confederates. The disappointment excited the anger of the ruffians, and they there resolved not to be thwarted in their purpose. Accordingly, they took the cashier from bed in his night clothes, and after taking him to the bank in this condition, drew their knives and pistols, and threatened to murder him on the spot if he did not open the vaults for them. Being thus intimidated, and seeing no other alternative to escape from the robbers, Mr. Butterfield opened the vaults, from which the thieves took bonds, Treasury notes, bank bills, &c., to the amount of $75,000. They then carried the cashier back to the house and tied him, his wife and son in bed with ropes, and left them in that condition. Mr. Butterfield struggled violently to free himself, and in about an hour succeeded in doing so, but not till nearly exhausted from loss of blood and almost suffocated from the effects of the gag. Mrs. Butterfield was then in delicate health, and the great shock to her nervous system was such as to prostrate her on a bed of sickness from which she has never recovered, and she now remains in an extremely critical condition. After the facts of the robbery and outrage had become known in the village of Bowdoinham, it was ascertained that men had hired a team at Portland the night previous, and returned to the stable early on the morning following the robbery.

FAIRLY ANSWERED.

A "loyal" religious paper of Cincinnati made the inauguration of the new Jewish temple in that city the occasion of some sneering remarks at the manner in which the Hebrews acquired the money to build such superb edifices, charging them with turning the war to profit, playing sutler and contractor, &c.

The Israelite, published in the same city, polishes off its loyal Gentile neighbor as follows:

Instead, however, of reviling others, let them admonish their neighbors to give honor to the Lord, and outdo Jewish churches in splendor and magnificence. But this is too religious and too charitable for an orthodox sheet; it prefers reviling its neighbors who erected a temple which, for splendor and magnificence, outdoes Christian churches here. Why should they not be reviled, when it is publicly known that they erected a temple to the Most High? Do they not deserve a slur, a kick, or at least an insinuation?

That this people, like any other in this country, have become richer during the war, can not be well denied, since, on account of the public debt, 3,000,000,000 of fictitious capital has been created for 30,000,000 of people, so that each man, woman or child in this country is worth $100 more fictitious capital than he, she or it was before the war. There you have the exact calculation. If the Bene Yeshurun people of Cincinnati count 2,500 souls, and each gave up the $100 surplus fictitious capital, they realized exactly a quarter of a million, about the amount expended on the new Temple. From this we hope the Witness will see that the money was all honestly made in Washington, or somewhere else where greenbacks were manufactured.

Wonder how many churches Butler, Banks, Buell and Brownlow built, to speak only of the B's who amassed fortunes in the late war? Wonder what the whole crowd of shoddies did with their money for the glory of God? In Cincinnati we have seen nothing, except prayer-meetings, which cost nothing. The Jew is made of a different metal; he has sense enough to make money, and heart enough to spend it. "The war was a rich harvest to them." Not quite as rich as to those pious men who robbed the public treasury of millions—the defaulting paymasters, the trading Generals, the permit-brokers in uniform, the cotton-speculating patriots, and all the cousins, nephews, uncles, fathers, brothers and grand-fathers of big men, who sucked the marrow of the land; the Jew was obliged to work for himself, hence he could not expect so rich a harvest—still he made money, at least $100 each a head. But there is no collection list on record, for recruiting purposes, for feeding passing soldiers, supporting soldiers' families, or any other charitable purpose to which the Jews, in proportion to number and wealth, did not contribute more, much more, than any other religious denomination. Now, the war over, they do not convert their capital into United States bonds, and retire with the wealth to places beyond the reach of the poor and needy, beyond the reach of society and its wants, as four-fifths of all the shoddies do; they spend fortunes in improving the public thoroughfares of the city, beautifying the private streets, and erecting houses of worship to the Most High. The shoddies would not do any anything, that's what ails the *Witness*.

THE COTTON CROP IN TEXAS.—A correspondent writing from Jackson county, Texas, lays the loss of crops there chiefly to the indolence of the negroes. He hired forty-five hands and planted three hundred and seventy-five acres in cotton and corn, and gave extra rations, but when picking time came on they would not go to work earlier than 8 a. m., quit at 11½, went to work at 2½ p. m., and quit again at 6 p m. Did not pick over 100 pounds a day. He tried to get more picking by giving prices and pay by the 100, but all was unavailing. The worms came on and he could not pick out fast enough, and he made only thirty bales, and fully a hundred were lost on the ground by their refusal to gather. If it had not been for worms and poor hands he would have made 200 bales of cotton and 5,000 bushels of corn. His corn was permitted to rot in the wet weather, and thus he only gathered seventeen hundred bushels.

The "Buro" was unable to assist him with compulsory enforcement of the contracts of the laborers, and he is compelled to keep them three months longer. He will lose $3,000 by his year's experiment with freed labor, and now offers his place, worth in gold before the war $50,000, for $15,000 in gold.

From the Raleigh Sentinel.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

If there be anything of which the State of North Carolina may be justly proud it is of its charities. Whatever else may befall us, *they* should be fostered and cherished. The amount of good which they have wrought in the cause of humanity is far above the paltry computation of dollars and cents. We wish that every man, woman and child in the State could see the practical evidences of the benefits which, under excellent management, they are accomplishing for the unfortunates for whom they were designed, and they would feel an honest and grateful exultation in the contemplation.

A recent visit to the Lunatic Asylum has impressed us more forcibly than ever with the great importance of this noble institution, the beneficial results of which it has been the instrument, and the efficiency, judgment and thoroughness with which its affairs are conducted. All of the departments are in perfect working order, and admirable system, regularity and economy appear to prevail throughout the establishment. No jarring, obstruction or confusion are anywhere evident, but everything seems to progress with as much smoothness, as to duty, as would prevail in an ordinary well-conducted household.

The Lunatic Asylum, as many of our readers abroad are unaware, is a stately and imposing edifice, 720 feet long, and three stories high, situated on a commanding edifice overlooking the city. The first floor of the centre building is devoted to offices and dining rooms for the subordinate officials of the institution, apothecary shop, &c.; the second to the use of the Superintendent and family; and the third to a neat little Chapel, &c. Either wing, on each floor, is composed of wards for the insane,—female wards on the right and male on the left. These wards are attended by competent keepers, and are arranged with that degree of comfort and accommodation that are necessary and proper to the peculiar cases of the inmates. There are at present about 195 patients,—about equally divided between the sexes.

The entire building is heated by steam, and water in abundance for drinking, bathing and clothes-washing, is supplied by the same agency. The cooking, also, is done through the same means. The gas for the entire building is manufactured on the premises.

One of the most interesting, as it is one of the most valuable and economic features of the institution, is the immense garden from which the inmates are supplied with seasonable vegetables the year round, and which is worked mainly by the tractable lunatics under proper supervision. They are thus afforded exercise and diversion. The superintendent bestows much care and attention upon this important adjunct, and has managed to extract from a soil of wretched poverty the finest stock of vegetables we have ever seen,—rivalling, in quality and quantity, the famous truck-farms to be seen in the vicinity of Northern cities.

We have not the space to devote to such a full description of this asylum as we should like to give. So far as we are competent to judge, the moral administration of the establishment is expert and successful, while the practical management of its complicated details is rigid, prompt and thorough. To conduct and govern so extensive an institution requires watchfulness, experience and professional ability,—and these we believe to be well-blended in Dr. Fisher.

The Board of Supervisors, of which the Governor is *ex officio* Superintendent, and under whose general direction the affairs of the institution are conducted, are vigilant and unremitting in their duties.

Long may this great charity stand a monument to the munificence and humanity of the State! May it never appeal in vain for a helping hand to the same noble spirit which first gave it existence!

THE LIFE OF A STATE.

Will any sincere believer in the propriety of the position assumed by Congress toward the Southern States undertake to give himself, not us, a clear explanation of the present position of what is called West Virginia in the American Union? How came New York to be equally matched in the Senate of the United States by two Senators representing a new State within the boundaries of old Virginia? If secession and rebellion deprived Virginia of her locality in the Union, of her representation, or right of representation, in the councils of the nation, how could she give that consent which by the Constitution was necessary to the erection of a new State within her boundaries?

No better illustration would be needed than this of the inconsistency of the Radical politicians. Virginia was regarded as a State for all their purposes, but is regarded as no State when they have another purpose to carry out. She certainly is no more out of the Union now than she was in time of war, when Southern armies held her northern frontier. If the policy of Congres is to be made the law of the land, does it not follow, as a matter of course, that the State of West Virginia vanishes out of existence? How can terms of re-admission to the Union, extra-constitutional, be imposed on Virginia without treating her as a unit from the hour of her pretended separation? How can she be kept out of the Union as a "rebel state," without keeping her all out? The only possible answer is revolutionary. Some of the more violent Radicals acknowledge that West Virginia exists only by the effect of revolutionary measures, both in that State and in Congress. One Senator distinctly stated that he voted for West Virginia, knowing it to be unconstitutional, because the Constitution was suspended by the war, and all things were in a revolutionary condition. But even that bold plea for Radical legislation was denied by the majority of the Radical leaders, and there is no pretence for it now. All is peace, and the Constitution is the only law on which Congress rests for any of its powers. Is Virginia dead because the war is ended? Has she ceased to be a State because the Southern Confederacy is a thing of the past?

In the haste with which men follow political leaders, they forget the injury done to great principles on which the Union rests. It is time to regard law and establish its supremacy over all the land. It is of vast importance to the North that the supremacy of the Constitution as it is should be once more assured, and that without delay. We drift along from one grand error to another, and are rapidly losing sight of the only safe anchorage for the ship of state. Inconsistencies mark the whole course of the Radical politics. It is not law, but mad desire for success and power, which seems to guide the course of those who so foolishly accuse the President of "ursurpation," while they advocate nothing but ursurpation.

Journal of Commerce.

CROPS OF THE WORLD.

At the commencement of the present year the most buoyant hopes were entertained that the harvests at home and abroad would prove most abundant and favorable. This anticipation was reasonable, as the termination of a great war in this country had restored a million and a half of men to the pursuits of peace, and Europe, at the time, was not even menaced by that short and decisive war which has been attended with such extraordinary results. It is now very well ascertained that the cereal crops of Europe and America will fall very far short of the anticipations of the public. The wheat crop of this country is, at the South, an utter failure, and in the West and North not as large as usual. It is now a well ascertained fact that widely extending droughts and other unforeseen misfortunes have also dwarfed the corn crop North and South. In this country, therefore, the next year will not be one of cheap bread.

In glancing over recent files of the European and English papers, we find the most depressing statements as to the probability of universal scarcity of breadstuffs abroad. The London Saturday Review of the 22nd of September says, "that after the almost continuous rains of the past few weeks, the most hopeful cannot expect the result of the grain harvest in England to be favorable." When it is recollected that the harvest commences in England during the last week in July, and usually ends about the middle of August, we can well conceive that the almost "continuous rains" for two or three weeks prior to the 22nd of September, have greatly damaged the outlying wheat in a damp climate like that of England.

Turning from Great Britain to the principal grain producing portions of Europe, we find the accounts of the wheat crop not cheering. In Russia the crop is a good one. In Prussia the wheat is in bad condition.—In Holland and Belgium the crops are so poor that they will import, not export wheat. The districts of country which have Trieste for a shipping port have bad crops, where there was abundance last year. In the North of Europe there is hardly wheat enough for home wants. In France the wheat crop was secured much earlier than in England, and we have very accurate information as to the supply in that country. So short is the crop there that the English agricultural journals say "we have to dread France as a competitor in purchasing the *surplus* of countries that England had looked to for supplies." Last year France sent to England nearly a million and a half quarters of wheat, and nearly two million sacks of flour. Now England will not only be deprived of that supply, but will find France an active competitor in all the markets of Europe. In their report upon the prospects of a surplus in North America, the English journals report crops of wheat as very good in Canada and California, but short from a fifth to a tenth in the Atlantic States.—*Richmond Times.*

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT DUKE.—"One day the commander-in-chief and Sir Brent Spencer were riding out together, when Sir Brent took the opportunity of questioning Lord Wellington as to his plan of operations. The conversation ran nearly as follows: Sir Brent Spencer—'We are about, my lord, to engage in a very hazardous campaign, and no one can tell what may befall any of us. I am sure that I trust most sincerely that nothing will happen to your lordship. It would be a great misfortune to the army if it were to lose you; but still you might be killed, and I think it necessary that I should ask you what are your plans, in order that I may carry them out in case I should unfortunately succeed to the command of the army. Lord Wellington—'Plans? Ah! plans. I haven't got any plans, except that I mean to beat the French. If I can't do it in one way, I will in another.'"