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H. L. & J. H. MYROYER, Editors and Proprietors, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

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From the Richmond Enquirer. MOSBY AND HIS MEN. ADVENTURES OF A LADY.

[Extract from a letter of Partisan Life in the South; or three years with Mosby and his men. By John Scott, of Fauquier. In the Press of Harper & Brothers, New York.]

A few days after the occurrences just related, Miss Roberta P., from the neighborhood of Warrenton, displayed, in an enterprise which she voluntarily undertook, courage not inferior to that of Lieutenant Turner. I record it not only as an instance of female heroism, but because it vividly displays romantic devotion of the ladies of the upper Piedmont to the Southern cause.

A cold December morning the young lady walked to Warrenton, in and around which was stationed a considerable detachment of Federal troops. Upon her arrival, she was informed by Miss L., who was ever on the alert to contrive information to her friends without that she had seen a negro, evidently a new comer, pass towards the office of the provost marshal, accompanied by several officers. The two ladies at once concluded that the negro was the bearer of intelligence, and Miss Roberta determined to get possession of it. In execution of this purpose, she went to the house occupied by the provost marshal, and by a bribe induced the sentinel on duty to allow her to enter the basement, under the pretext of wishing to transact business with the woman who occupied it. As soon as she entered the building, however, she turned into a dark, uninhabited apartment, immediately under the provost's office, and there heard the negro propose to conduct a party of cavalry to a house in which he said Mosby and many of his men could be captured, and where in addition a large quantity of corn could be seized. About the grain the officers cared nothing, but Mosby, they said, would be indeed a prize. With this thought they waxed warm, and speaking in loud and confident terms, informed the fair listener that an expedition for the capture of the guerrilla chief would start that night, if certain expected reinforcements arrived, or certainly the next night. Her resolution was promptly taken: to communicate this conspiracy to Mosby or some of his men, and having control of no agency, she was compelled to bear the tidings in person.

It was late in the afternoon, when, unaccompanied, she mounted a borrowed steed, and sallied forth. As night approached, the weather became intensely cold; the wind had risen and the face of the sky was covered with masses of black cloud, which cast their gloom over the landscape. She stopped at the house of a neighbor and friend whose little son Walter agreed to bear her company on the perilous enterprise before her; for, in order to reach the Salem road, which would conduct her to Mosby, she would be compelled to pass through the Watery mountain, on the lofty summit of which, at the far-famed View Tree, was established an observatory, guarded by a detachment of Federal soldiers. In prosecuting this part of her hazardous journey, darkness overtook her, and ignorant of the route, she was compelled to grope her way through the forest. In the midst of her bewilderment, the benighted lady came suddenly upon a fire, at which she paused to enjoy the genial warmth, not remembering that the light might reveal her to those whom she wished most to avoid. Soon she again set forth to attempt to thread the labyrinth in which she was involved. But, the further the wanderer proceeded upon her trackless way, the deeper in the intricate mazes did she plunge.

"A thousand phantasies began to throng into her memory. Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire, And airy tongues that syllable men's names. On sands and shores and desert wilderness." Weakness would have sunk by the way-side, but the braced nerves and daring spirit of this heroic girl carried her forward amid all dangers and in spite of all obstacles. Her faith was in her high purpose, and she trusted to unseen guardians to direct her steps. Suddenly the moon shone forth, and revealed to the quick eye of little Walter a party of Federal soldiers, and as suddenly passed again under a cloud. Sheltered by the friendly darkness, the lady pursued her way until ordered to halt by a horseman standing immediately in her front. With rare presence of mind she determined to work upon the dread of sur-

prison with which Mosby had inspired the Federal pickets, and in a voice hoarse from exposure she ordered him to surrender. There was no reply; but only the sounds of retreating hoofs greeted her ear. Her spirits rose with this adventure, and supposing this to be the only picket she would encounter, she pressed rapidly forward. On reaching a further point of the road, she beheld with dismay the lights from the town of Warrenton, and discovered that instead of progressing in her journey, she was returning to the point from which she had started. But the town lights, if they discovered her mistake, yet furnished the traveller with the means of rectifying it, and as from a new point of departure, she started again in the direction of Salem. But her adventures were not yet over, for she had proceeded but a short distance when she beheld a horse, and standing by its side, a soldier. He approached and laying his hand on her bridle, said: "Stop, lady, you can go no further. To what place are you bound?"

In a tone of innocence and candor, which so well became her youth and beauty, she replied that she had left home to visit a sick friend in Salem, but that, owing to the darkness, she had lost the road. The soldier then informed her that it would be his painful duty to conduct her to the reserve, where she would be detained till morning. "I will not go," she replied. You may shoot me, but I will not go. I am not willing for you to perform your duty.

"Nor will I perform it," generously responded the soldier. "No one could be so cruel as to turn you back on such a night as this."

He then pointed to a light, which for the first time she saw gleaming from a neighboring farm house, and bade her go there, and then led her horse for a short distance by a circuitous route, to prevent her from running into the reserve. As he was about to return to his post, he said: "Good-bye! I have yet three hours on picket to think of a freezing lady."

That sentinel was not made of common earth! Miss Roberta soon reached the friendly shelter to which she had been directed, and communicated to the lady of the house the object of her midnight adventure, who, the next morning, accompanied her visitor to a rendezvous of Mosby's men in one of the gloomy recesses of the mountain.

The next day a Federal soldier descended from the observatory to the residence of the farmer, and gave the ladies an account of the alarm which, the night before, they had had in consequence of a threatened attack from the guerrillas. "They sent one of their number," he said, "in advance to capture the vidette, but he was sharp enough to escape the trap."

HOW TO GET RICH.

As everybody wishes at this time to know how to get rich, the following sensible practical advice from the philosopher Horace Greeley, may be read with profit, by our young men especially:

From the N. Y. Tribune. ASPIRATIONS TO BE RICH.—A youth writes us as follows—and his case is like that of so many others, that we treat it thus publicly, suppressing his name:

"Dear Sir—I am a poor boy. I would like to get rich. Now what shall I do? I would like to quit this section. I don't want to remain on my father's farm. Please give me the best advice you can, and oblige yours, G.G.S."

ANSWER.—The aspiration to be rich—though by no means the highest that can impel a career—is, in our view wholesome and laudable. The youth who says "let me be rich anyhow, and before all other considerations," is very likely to bring up in some State prison; but he who consistently says, "Let me first be just, honest, moral, diligent, useful, then rich," is on the high road. Every boy ought to aspire to be rich, provided he can be without unfaithfulness to social obligation or to moral principle.

But how shall he set about getting rich? We would concisely say:

I. Firmly resolve never to owe a debt. It is the fundamental mistake of most boys to suppose that they can get rich faster on money earned by others than on that earned respectively by themselves. If every youth of eighteen or twenty-five years were to-day offered \$10,000 for ten years at seven per cent interest, two-thirds of them would eagerly accept it; when the probable consequence is that three-fourths of them would die bankrupt and paupers. Boys do not need money half so much as they need to know how to earn and save it. The boy who, at the close of his first year of independence, has earned and saved one hundred dollars, and invested or loaned it where it will pay him six or seven per cent, will almost surely become rich if he lives; while he who closes his first year of responsibility in debt, will probably live and die in debt. There is no greater mistake made by our American youth than that of choosing to pay interest rather than receive it. Interest devours us while we sleep; it absorbs our profits and aggravates our losses. Let a young man at twenty-five have \$1,000 loaned on bond and mortgage or invested in public securities, and he will rarely want money thereafter; in fact, that \$1,000 invested at seven per cent, will of itself make him rich before he is sixty. There is no rule more important or wholesome for our boys than that which teaches them to go

through life receiving interest rather than paying it. Of the torments which afflict this mortal sphere, the first rank is held by crime, the second by debt.

II. Acquiring promptly and thoroughly some useful calling. Some pursuits are more lucrative, some more respectable, some more agreeable, than others; but a chimney sweep's is far better than none at all. No matter how rich his parents may be, a boy should learn a trade; no matter how poor he may be, a boy may learn some trade if he will. The city is full of young (and old) men, who have been clerks, bookkeepers, porters, &c., &c., yet can find nothing to do, and are starving because their foolish parents did not give them trades. A trade is an estate and almost always a productive one. A good and efficient farm-laborer can generally find paying work if he does not insist in looking for it in a city where it cannot well be; while many a college graduate famishes because nobody wants the only work he knows how to do. Let nothing prevent your acquiring skill in some branch of productive industry.

III. Resolve not to be a rover—"a rolling stone gathers no moss," but is constantly thumped and knocked, and often shivered to pieces. If you are honest and industrious, you must be constantly making reputation, which, if you remain in one place, helps you along the road to fortune. Even a hod-carrier or street-sweeper, who has proved that his promise to appear on a given day and hour and go to work, may be trusted, has a property in the confidence thus treated. If you cannot find your work where you now are, migrate; but do it once for all. When you have stuck your stake, stand by it!

IV. Comprehend that there is work almost everywhere for him who can do it. An Italian named Bianco settled in Ireland some sixty years ago; and got very rich there by gradually establishing lines of passenger conveyances all over the island. Almost any man would have said that he who went to Ireland to make his fortune must be mad. He knows how, and will work, can get rich growing potatoes in New England, though he hasn't a five cent stamp to begin with. There is work that will pay for a million more people on the soil of Connecticut alone. There are millions of unproductive acres within a day's ride of this city that might be bought and rendered largely fruitful at a profit of a hundred dollars or more per acre. A man in Niles, Michigan, declined to go gold-hunting in the Rocky Mountains because there was more gold in Niles than he could get hold of. The reason was a good one, and it applies almost everywhere. If you can find nothing to do where you are, it is generally because you can do nothing.

V. Realize that he who earns sixpence per day more than he spends must get rich, while he who spends sixpence more than he earns must become poor. This is a very hackneyed truth; but we shall never be done needing its repetition. Hundreds of thousands are not only poor, but wretched to-day simply because they fail to comprehend or will not heed it. We Americans are not only an extravagant but an ostentatious people. We habitually spend too much on our own stomachs and our neighbor's eyes. We are continually in hot water, not because we cannot live in comfort on our means, but because we persist in spending more than we need or can afford. Our youth squander in extra food and drinks, in frolics and dissipation, which does them harm instead of good, the means which should be the nest-egg of their future competence. When cares and children cluster about them, they grumble at their hard fortune; forgetful that they wasted the years and means which might and should have saved them from present and future poverty.

All these are very trite homely truths. All our boys have heard them again and again; but how many have laid them to heart? We assure G. G. S., and every other youth, that each may become rich if he will—that "to be or not to be" rests entirely with himself, and that his very first lesson is to distrust and shun by-ways and short cuts, and keep straight along the broad, obvious, beaten highway.

From the Atlanta Constitutionalist. COOLIE LABOR.—In the present condition of political affairs it is almost fatal to speculate upon questions of industry or progress. As a public journalist, however, we are bound to chronicle experiments of every kind which promise important results. For this reason we are induced to note the introduction of Coolie labor into Louisiana. A Mr. Arthur Chaler, of Natchitoches parish, has been enterprising enough to try this kind of labor, and thus far with great success. He reports that his workmen are industrious and sober. They are not querulous, but on the contrary, are both ready and willing to perform any amount of labor with cheerfulness and promptitude. Steadiness, sobriety, contentment, toil and fidelity are gained at a comparatively small cost, viz: the exact fulfillment of contract on the part of the planter. The Coolie requires rations and wages monthly. When pay or feed day is never shunned or forgotten, the Coolie observes the spirit and the letter of his bond. We shall follow this experiment with much interest, and have no doubt as to the beneficial result of Mr. Chaler's example.

THE MINERAL TREASURES OF SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA AND HOW TO GET THEM TO MARKET.

Among the various important schemes of internal improvement presented to the Legislature, none are of so vital concern to the Commonwealth as those which are designed to develop the resources of Southwest Virginia. The Kanawha country and the Covington and Ohio railroad, present indeed great inducements to engage our interest and command our enterprise. The valley of the Kanawha would supply a vast tonnage of salt and coal and lumber, for our markets. The great West would pour a mighty tide of commerce over railroad or canal from the Chesapeake to the Ohio. But yet we are constrained to remember, that in developing the Kanawha country, we are developing what claims to be, and perhaps may remain, another and perhaps an inimical State; and that the trade beyond, will have to be won over the active competition of Baltimore, not only through her great road to Parkersburg, but through the roads which would tap our central line at Staunton and at Gordonsville. We should have to struggle for the trade at its starting point, and be exposed to flank attacks afterwards.

In developing Southwest Virginia, we have none of these drawbacks. The people are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and their strength and prosperity would be strength and prosperity to Virginia from the Sandy to the seaboard. They are one with us,—one in political association and one in heart. Interest, duty, and affection, alike teach that it is more sensible to open their mines of priceless wealth, by opening a way to market, than to bestow our first longings on the coal hills and salt wells of the Kanawha. The mountains and the hills of Southwest Virginia are unsurpassed for the excellence, the abundance, and the variety of their mineral stores. Its salt wells, imperfectly developed as they are, supplied a large part of the Confederacy during the late military blockade. Its plaster beds are the wonder of the world, and are enough to make the hearts of our farmers dance with joy. Its iron is unsurpassed, its lead rivals the deposits of Missouri, and the galena of Illinois. Its copper, its silver, its zinc, its manganese, are abundant and excellent,—its coal is unsurpassed any where. Shall these treasures be opened up,—shall these mines be made accessible,—shall our own people be shown the way to market,—as a first care and duty? or shall we rather defer them to Kanawha?—Is it a primary concern,—should it be our leading solicitude,—to hew out a way to the seas for Kanawha salt, and Kanawha coal and iron, while leaving grander deposits locked up in our own hills, and belonging to our own people, and constituting a large part of the wealth of our own State? Surely we need not answer these questions. As a matter of mere commerce, our own products are as good as another's. As a matter of social sympathies, of political identification, and of sound statesmanship, the argument is all one way and is unanswerable. Let us develop our own resources, and help our own people, as our first great, leading purpose, to which all others must in comparison, be deferred. Formerly we were bound by equal ties to the Kanawha country and to the Southwest; but it is not so now, and we have got to learn the fact, and to realize and remember it, and to put it into our legislation. Yet to get to Kanawha and beyond, we have propositions to give way everything the State owns in almost every road that she has built, while wealth that would load all the ships that could ride in our harbors, is left comparatively unrequited for, in our undisputed limits, and in the hands of a people who did not run away from Virginia and fight against their old mother, in her first peril and extremity.

The Legislature at its present session has passed two charters looking to the further development of our Southwest counties; and we are glad to record the fact, although no existing railroad or the debt due by it to the State, has been appropriated to assist in the construction of either of the proposed works. One of these enterprises is for a railroad intersecting with the Virginia and Kentucky railroad, (leading from Bristol to Cumberland Gap,) at Big Measins Gap, in the county of Scott, and running North-eastwardly with the waters of the Clinch and the Blue Stone, to an intersection with the Virginia Central or Covington and Ohio road, near the mouth of the Greenbrier river. The route is said to be extremely favorable; though it is to be much regretted that its proposed Northern connection lies outside of our own State. We should like to see that feature modified. Of the riches of the region to be traversed by this road, we have some account in an interesting letter addressed to George W. Deskins, Esq., of the House of Delegates, by Mr. James P. Kelley, of Tazewell county. From it we make, by consent, the following extract:

"Iron and coal are destined to be the sovereigns of Southwest Virginia, with the proper legislation for their development. Iron, without coal for its development, is as powerless as the train without the engine, as the sailboat of the earth is impotent to produce vegetation without the genial rays of the sun. Even still, coal and iron in contiguity are useless without rail or water transportation. When these two natural productions are thus found in proximity, with cheap rail transportation, they become the surest producers of wealth known to man. It were needless to inform you, Sir, of the immense deposits of these articles in this vicinity and valley. The valley of the Clinch, from the brake in the Cumberland Mountains in the county of Lee, to the waters of the Blue Stone River, which empties into New River at or near the con-

fluence of the Greenbrier and New Rivers, is possessed of inexhaustible measures of iron ore and coal in contiguity.

"It is likewise patent, that the coal of this locality is the only quality of its kind in Virginia, and that will bear transportation from Southwest Virginia. Beginning at the Richlands in the extreme west line of the Tazewell county, running up the Clinch Valley to the headwaters of Blue Stone, and down it to its confluence with the New River, will give us an almost perfectly straight line without tunnel, cut or fall. Taking this line upon paper, East and West representing fifty miles, as a basis, let fall an indefinite number of parallel lines, varying in length from a dot to five miles, from the northward, and you have the long line representing the Clinch and Pine Stone Rivers (and the proposed railway line) and the short lines, numberless, on the northward ridges, upon which rivulets and streams are found as many beds or strata of coal of splendid depth and dip, and unsurpassed richness. This coal, carried to the famous plains of East and Northwest Virginia, to the seaboard cities, along the "Clinch Valley," the Central, the Richmond and Newport's News Railroads and the James River, would alone make a richer company than the far-famed Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. And besides pouring millions of wealth into our midst as a compensation for this coal foreign consumption, we should expect, from the increased facilities of cheapened transportation, numerous forges would spring into existence along these streams, unsurpassed for water-power.

The other charter to which we have referred, was granted under the name of the Southwestern Virginia Mining, Smelting and Transportation Company; the stock of which, we are informed, is already all taken. It proposes a railroad to connect at Saltville with the branch from the Virginia and Tennessee road to that point, and to proceed thence northeastwardly through the counties of Smyth, Bland, and Giles to Poplar Hill, and thence by a detour through Pulaski to the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Dublin Depot,—a total distance of about seventy miles. The mineral wealth along this line is said to be incalculable. First, there is the celebrated Cove Plaster Bank in Smyth county, about twelve miles from Saltville, which has been bored to the depth of six hundred and eighty-two feet, and it was plaster still;—how much deeper it extends can only be told by the man who is good at guessing. The quality of this plaster, as respects agricultural purposes, is said to be literally perfect. With such depth as we have stated, and the large area over which it spreads, the supply is simply inexhaustible. Passing on to the locality in Bland county, which forms the dividing ridge between the waters of the Holston and the Kanawha, the internal upheavals by which this great elevation was formed, have brought to view coal beds of surpassing depth and excellence, with abundance of iron and of manganese for the manufacture of steel, in close proximity. There is also great store of copper and lead ores; and a lead of silver ore near the line of the road, is pronounced by a travelled miner to be richer than the ores of Mexico.

We feel an abiding interest in the success of these and all other schemes for the development of loyal Virginia in all its parts. We would not be understood as in any degree unmindful of the merit of other enterprises, and particularly of the vast importance of the great Ohio connection. But the first and chief solicitudes of all our people should be for home interests and home developments, and we trust the Legislature will lose no opportunity of promoting them as a cardinal duty.

[Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.] LANDING OF SURRAT & Co.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19th. John H. Surratt was brought on shore late this afternoon at the Washington navy yard, and delivered by Commander W. W. Jeffries, of the steamer Swatara, to Admiral Radford, and by the admiral transferred to Marshal Gooding, who held a bench warrant issued by Judge Fisher, of the Criminal Court, commanding him to "take John H. Surratt, late of Washington county, if he shall be found within the county of Washington, and him safely keep, and have his body before the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, at the city of Washington, immediately, to answer unto the United States of America, concerning a certain felony by him committed, as it is presented, and so forth."

Surratt was dressed in the uniform of the Papal Zouaves. Stepping on the wharf, he bowed respectfully to the admiral, and departed himself with dignity and firmness. The prisoner with his custodians formed a party large enough to occupy three carriages. Every arrangement was made for security and quiet, though a large concourse of spectators gathered at the jail to see Surratt upon his arrival.

The prisoner was transferred to Warden Brown, and was then locked up in one of the three iron-clad cells of the jail, which are perfectly secure, and left for the night. No one will be allowed to see him except his counsel and the officers of the prison. Surratt is apparently in excellent health, and speaks but very little to any one. His Zouave uniform was very much worn and faded.

At the time of the landing, the Swatara lay in the stream about fifty yards from the wharves of the navy-yard, and up to noon to-day no communication whatever had been had with her or from her except that Commander Jeffries last evening reported to Admiral Radford a short time after her arrival, and left his dispatches for the Navy Department. The mail this morning was taken on board by a rope from the boat. Surratt, while on board the steamer, was confined below decks, strongly guarded.

In his dispatches to the Navy Department Commander Jeffries announces that he left Villa Franca, France, on the 8th of January, and arrived at Madeira on the 23d, which place he left the same day, after coaling. Very rough weather was experienced during the passage, but no damage was sustained by the vessel.

MEXICO—THE DEFEAT OF MIRAMON CONFIRMED.

MATAMORAS, Feb. 13.—Advices have been received here from San Luis Potosi to the 4th inst., and from Monterey to the 11th inst. The victory of General Escobedo over Miramon is confirmed, and the Minister of State has sent the thanks of President Juarez to General Escobedo for his complete triumph. A large portion of the Imperial forces was captured, and the balance had scattered through the country. Two hundred prisoners had arrived at General Escobedo's headquarters. On the side of the Imperialist there was a large number of killed and wounded, most of whom were foreigners. The loss, in killed, wounded, and missing on the Liberal side, was slight. General Escobedo captured 20 pieces of artillery and 50 wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, and the Governor of San Luis has received information that Miramon fled so suddenly that he left his private carriage, containing \$25,000 in silver. The Liberal cavalry are still scouting through the country. The battle commenced at San Diego and continued on to San Francisco, where a sudden charge of cavalry decided the day.

Juarez had returned to Zacatecas, and expected to return to San Luis Potosi very soon. Gen. Escobedo was about to turn his attention to Gen. Castillo, who was the only imperial chief now left with any force. Other reports state that Castillo had retreated to Queretaro, and that Miramon had fled in the same direction. Gen. Lew Wallace's arrival here. He states that the victory achieved over Miramon was complete; that the latter was wounded, and that he had escaped only with the greatest difficulty. Gen. Escobedo with his brigade, and its intention is to march on Queretaro. An officer left Monterey on the 10th inst., to obtain instructions from Juarez in relation to the exchange of prisoners now on the French man-of-war Phlegton, at Brazos. Ortega and Patoni were expected at Saltillo on the 11th.

MATAMORAS, Feb. 15.—Monterey advices to the 6th instant have been received. Nothing further is known in regard to the fighting between Escobedo and Miramon. Private letters from San Luis of the 30th ultimo state that Castillo is marching on that city. Large numbers of people are moving toward Saltillo and Monterey, to avoid the perils of war. Little importance is attached here to the reported fight. Miramon levied a forced loan in Zacatecas. La Prensa of Guadalajara, of the 23d ultimo, says Miramon recently executed the Imperial chiefs Forago, Pazy, Panto, Pulnes, Brisac, Adolph, and others, for conferences with the Liberals. Regulars occupied Falcon on the 5th ultimo, after six hours' fighting, and captured the artillery and munitions of war.

THE FAMOUS SAYINGS OF JEMSHED.

The first was: "God has no partner in his wisdom; doubt not, therefore, though thou understandest not."

The second was: "Greatness followeth no man; but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune."

The third was written: "Hope is always a much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice."

The fourth was: "Seek not so much to know thy enemies as friends, for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances."

The sixth: "He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong may be deceived; but he that saith that thou art always right, is surely a liar."

The seventh: "Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not wisdom, be pitiful to merit his affection."

The eighth: "Man is mixed of virtues and vices; love his virtues in others, but abhor his vices in himself."

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.—Counterfeit \$20 notes on the Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia, are in circulation. They are dated March 7th, 1864, and signed Samuel Isloe Mullen, cashier, and Wm. P. Harmer, president. The face plate is well executed, but the black plate, the "Baptism of Pocahontas," is badly done, and a careful observation of it will lead to the detection of the bogus character of the note.

There are also in circulation \$20 counterfeit notes on the "First National Bank of Portland," Connecticut, dated May 16th, 1865, and signed Jos. Woods, cashier, L. Gildersleeve, president. The face plate of this note is well executed, while the back plate, "Baptism of Pocahontas," appears to be the same as the one on the note first mentioned.

We are not aware that these counterfeit have been offered in this city, but they are on the market at Lynchburg and have been offered at one or two points on the North Carolina railroad.

WHAT INDUSTRY WILL DO.—Under this head the Waco (Texas) Register has the following:

Last year a young man living near this place, Albert Sears, rented a piece of good land, hired one good old freedman, and with his own hands went to work to cultivate the soil. He worked manfully and well. And now for the fruits of his industry: He has gathered twenty-four bales of cotton, two thousand bushels of corn, and made four hundred gallons of molasses from sorghum. He also has some pork to spare. He has sold sixteen hundred bushels of corn for \$1,200 in gold, obtained \$300 for his molasses, and his cotton is good for \$1,800 more—making in all \$3,300. He was at some trifling expense during cotton-picking time.

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ann," said he, "tears are useless. I have analysed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium and water."