

THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL 20.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. OCTOBER 19, 1861.

NO. 39.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly.—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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"PEACE"

One night a worthless, stealing scamp,
Broke through my bolted doors,
And laid his thievish, wicked hands
Upon my precious stores.
He searched the house in all its parts,
He rummaged all the closets;
He stole my silver and my gold,
And all my choice deposits.
And when I waked from risky sleep,
He stood before my bed,
And held a pistol in his hand,
Directed toward my head.
I sprang and seized him by the throat—
"You murder's thief," I cry,
"Your life—not mine—is forfeited—
You are the one to die!"
I held him in my rightful grasp,
He struggled for release;
"Don't shoot," he cried, "give me the spoils,
And let us make a 'PEACE'!"

The Army Suttler.

The sutler's tent is the same in all camps that I have ever visited. Be it understood for the benefit of those unfortunates, that the sutler is the merchant of the regiment. He sells lemonade—tobacco in papers and plugs—cigars of evasive and tobacco—red herrings, crackers and molasses cakes. He would sell whisky if he dared. This tent is always lumbered up with barrels and boxes, and at the customer's end of it, a board across two pork barrels does duty for a counter. Here the men come in crowds, every hour in the day, to get some little delicacy, (after salt fat pork and no vegetables, with the sun at 95 degrees, even molasses cakes are a delicacy,) to eat, or for a glass of cool lemonade to drink and make much of.

As the regiments are mostly supplied with muddy springs of their digging, (to prevent poisoning by our suitable Virginia neighbors,) and as the sutler generally has the only ice in the camp, a glass of even sutler's lemonade is a most grateful beverage under the torrid circumstances. The currency used with the sutler is pasteboard tickets, representing respectively the value of 5 cents, 10 cents, or 25 cts., payable in goods at the sutler's store. When a soldier desires to enter into commercial negotiations with the sutler, and has no money wherewith to achieve that mercantile desideratum, he naturally concludes to anticipate some portion of his pay. He therefore obtains from the Captain a printed order on the paymaster for one dollar or more, as the case may be, which is signed by himself of course as the drawer of an order, and is then counter-signed by the Captain, as a guaranty that the sum of money called for in the order is actually due the man. This document is now negotiable, and the sutler will take it, and give for its "face," not in money, but in tickets, which are simply due bills on himself, which he binds himself to redeem in goods.

As the goods are sold at his own prices, and as the tickets must eventually all find their way to his establishment, it follows that the office of Regimental Suttler usually pays better than that of Major General. When pay day comes around, the men having spent all their "tickets," have, as a general rule, little interests in the paymaster. The sutler presents all the orders for pay which are in his possession, and from the paymaster receives the gold. The whole system is a very objectionable one, and the French plan of paying the soldiers every ten days would be an infinite improvement. As it is, the men do the work, and dare all the danger, while the sutler pockets the lion's, or rather the sutler's part of it. All the sutler's stores, or tents, are alike—are always thronged, and always make money. There is usually a rear entrance for the officers, who are thus admitted behind the counter, and occasionally a sportive Major take a fancy to ride a frolicsome horse in at the back door, and a smashing sensation is the result.

But the whole sutler arrangement is bad, though it is so intimately connected with the system of army payments, that a reform touching only the sutler's department would only be half skin deep.

An old darkey Methodist, who was famous for his shouting at camp-meeting, was once reproved by his master for it. "Golly!" said he, "I oncy do it according to de Lord's command."
"How's that?" said the master. "Why, in de Lord's Prayer it says, 'holier'd be thy name!'"

"It is wrong to take snuff," said a Yankee philosopher, "for it teaches the nose a bad habit, and a man is always sure to follow his nose!"

Artemus Ward Sees Prince Napoleon.

Notwithstanding I haist writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter themselves that the undersigned is dead.— On the contrary, "I still live," which word was spoken by Dan'el Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit that. Webster is dead now, however, and his mantle has probably fallen into the hands of sum dealers in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin' round wearin' it to any particler extent now days. The regiment of whom I was kernal finery concluded they was better adapted as Home Guards, which accounts for your not hearin' of me, ear this, where the bauls is thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Ball Run, a short time ago. It was well done. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well done.

It havin' there'd bin determined to perfect Baldwinville at all bazzards, and as there was no apprehensions of any immediate danger, I thought I would go out on a pleasure tour. Accordingly I put on a clean Billd Shirt and started for Washington. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to observe is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's fater home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enough to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becaws he can't help it. But why he should voluntarily go and live in Washington, is entirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer than that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Squire."
"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.
"Sir!"
"Half a dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for lookin at the landlord, and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."
"How much do you ex a man for breathin in this equinomial tavern!" sed I.
"Ten cents a breath," was his reply.

Washington hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [N. B.—This is a sarkassum.]

I sent up my keyard to the prints, and was immediately ushered before him. He received me kindly and axed me to sit down.

"I have cum to pay my reepees to you Mister Napoleon, hopin to see you hale and hearty."
"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well, sir?"
"Sound as a euss," I answered.
He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onet.
"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the emperor was well. Ezeany was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home sirty nites? did he perform her bed room on a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzey? Did he go to "the lodge" on nites when there wa'n't any lodge? did he often have to go down town to meet a friend? did he have a extensive acquaintance among young widders whose husbands was in California? to all of which questions the Prints perlitely replide, given me to understand that the emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble highness and imperial, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart—He is cunning, he is long-beded, he is deep—he is grate. But unless he is god he'll come down with a crash one of these days, and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slittly sarkastical.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality.—I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses.— Show me a place where there isn't ny Meetin Houses and where preachers are never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats are stuffed into broken winders, where the children sir dirty and ragged, where gates bar no binges where the wimin are slip-hop, and where maps of the devil's wild land' air painted upon men's shirt tuzzams with tobacco juice! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose em."

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."
"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and subsequently died at St. Heleny! There's where the greatest military man this world ever projected pegged out. It was rather hard to conisue such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn tightly around him, (see pictur book!) but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his last words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a

pair of his old boots to command sum of our brigades!"

This pleased Jerome and he took me warmly by the hand.

"Alexander the Grate was punkins," I continered, "but Napoleon was punkin-ner! Alie wept becaws there was no more world to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drownid his sorsers in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It generally is. He undertook to give a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke for Alie!"

"Since you air so solicitous about France, and the emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he dikkivered this magnificent continent, could have had no idee of the grandeur it would one day asoom," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his exploring expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in boss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to the intelligent savages, who when they had got hold of a good thing knew enough to keep it, and who wouldnt hav succeeded, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slung-shot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket, if he'd staid to home. Chris meut well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tool eries, when he gets older, and would like to embark in the show bizness, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before observed, but come agin next year and you'll find us clearer nor ever."

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

Yours muchly,
WARD,
(Artemus.)

Churning in Winter.

An exchange ask, where is the farmer's wife who has not been troubled more or less with churning in winter?—Cows fed on straw cannot be expected to have much butter in their milk; the poor things need the whole of it to supply animal heat. It is well known that butter is held in emulsion in the form of oily globules, encased in a film of casein (curd) and that agitation bursts these films, when the oil or butter, being specifically lighter than the milk, rises to the surface and concretes. This effect is always accompanied by the formation of lactic acid from the sugar of milk. But below a temperature of 50 degrees, this formation of lactic acid does not take place, and consequently the butter will not come. To make butter come, then, we would advise better food for the cows. In addition to the straw or hay, give some shorts, a few mangled wurtzel or beets, and what is best of all, a little oil cake. Then your milk will churn butter, and to get it out will not be difficult.—Place the milk where it will not freeze, and the cream in a temperature of about 60 degrees, and keep it till it gets sour, which will not be long if the temperature is uniform. Avoid heating it in the day and freezing it all night; such a course will turn the cream bitter instead of sour. In churning, the temperature should be (in winter) as high as 60 deg. when the cream is placed in the churn, and about 70 deg. when the butter comes. A good "thermometer churn" is of great advantage in winter as well as summer, not because it has a thermometer, but because of the admirable means it affords of placing warm water outside the churn.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A New Prophet in Utah.

A new prophet in Utah has just arisen to dispute with Brigham his absolute authority over the faithful. His name is Joseph Morris, and he belongs to Weber county, near Ogden city. He predicts the breaking up of the present church authority, and a new organization under his leadership. The new prophet has created a great deal of excitement, and drawn so many of Brigham's followers off, that the latter has been compelled to denounce him as a false prophet. Brigham still claims to hold the "keys of death and hell," and he commands the Morrisites to obey the fullness of his gospel and gather around the Salt Lake City Temple. On the other hand Joseph prophesies that war will soon commence in Utah, and that Brigham will be out of this year, and all his posterity, and all the leaders of his church—and then young Joseph Smith will lead the Saints back to the Zion in Jackson county, Missouri.

A twenty-five cent subscription was got up to pay the funeral expenses of a certain lawyer who had died poor. A certain wag of an editor was applied to to contribute his mite. "What!" said he, "do you require only twenty-five cents to bury a lawyer—there is a dollar bill—bury me four of them!"

How to Have Good Cider.

Professor Horsford, of Harvard University, has recently published a recipe for improving and preserving cider, by means of which the progress of the vineous and acetic fermentation may be arrested at pleasure, and the cider preserved in just such a state as may be desired.— A correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

Put the new cider into clean casks or barrels, and allow it to ferment from one to three weeks, according as the weather is cool or warm. When it has attained to lively fermentation, add to each gallon three-fourths of a pound of white sugar, and let the whole ferment again until it possesses nearly the brisk pleasant taste which it is desirable should be permanent. Pour out a quart of the cider and mix with it one quarter of an ounce of sulphate of lime for every gallon the cask contains. Stir until it is intimately mixed, and pour the emulsion into the liquid. Agitate the contents of the cask thoroughly for a few minutes, then let it rest that the cider may settle. Fermentation will be arrested at once, and will not be re-sumed. It may be bottled in the course of a few weeks, or it may be allowed to remain in the cask and used on draught. If bottled it will become a sparkling cider, better than what is called champagne wine.

Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, was the first to use the sulphate of lime for this purpose, and to him is due the credit of first calling attention to its usefulness. It is in no respect deleterious, as the sulphate is changed by the liberation of sulphurous acid, is entirely insoluble, and remains at the bottom of the vessel. The writer has cider prepared in this way two years since, which has remained unchanged and is now a beverage of unsurpassed excellence. The sulphate of lime not the sulphate must be used.

An Arab Feast.

Here is a dish offered hospitably to the traveler by a tribe of Arabs. A sheep has been bought for the feast. As soon as it was paid for, Said, the effendi, slave, in a trice turned it over, and, kneeling on it, severed its throat to the spine. With the last struggle the knife was run into the abdomen; ripping open which, he withdrew the stomach, liver, and lights; and, cutting open the former, and cleaning it by simply turning it in side out and shaking it, he then proceeded to cut it and its accompaniments into small pieces in a wooden bowl provided for the purpose from the nearest but.—Then taking the gall bladder, as a substitute for lemon, and squeezing it over the whole, and adding a copious supply of the hot red pepper of the country, he served it up, still warm, by placing it on the ground before us, looking like a man well pleased with the feat he had performed. The effendi had already tucked up the sleeves of his right arm over the elbow, prepared to lose not an instant in the enjoyment of what to me at that time seemed an execrable dish; and calling out at the top of his voice bismillah (in the name of God), plunged his hand into the reeking mess, which he conveyed to his mouth as a child would a ripe peach. Abou Gadoum, in obedience to the invitation of the jolly effendi and myself, took my place at the feast, for such in reality it appeared to both of them.—*Peth erick's Egypt.*

Artemus Ward's Courting Experience.

"Twas a calm still nite in Joon, when all natur was hush't & nary a Zuffer distributed the serene silence. I sat with the object of mi hart's affections on the fence of her dady's pastur. I had experinced a banker's arter her for sum time, but darsunt proclame mi pasbun.— Well we sot there on the fence a swingin our feet 2 and frow, and blushing as red as the Baldingville skule house when it was first painted, & lookin very cimpul, I make no dout. Mi left arm was okupide in ballusin myself on the fence while mi rite arm was wound affeck-huntily round Suzanner's waist.

"Sez I, 'Suzanner, I think very much of you.'"

"Sez she, 'how you do run on.'"

"Sez I, 'I wish there was a winder to mi sole soot you ood see some of mi feelins.'"

"I pawed here, but as she made no reply to it, I continued on in the following strate:

"An, ood yer know the sleepless nights I pars on yer account, how vittles has 'east to be attractive to me, & how mi limbs is shrunk up, ye wooden't dnot me not by no means. Gaze on this wasted form and sunken ize,' I eride, jumphin up.

"I should have continered sum time longer, probly, but unfortunately I lost mi balance and fell over into the pastur ker smash, taring mi close, and severely damagin myself generally. Suzanner sprang to my asistance & dragged me 4th in dable quick time. Then drawin herself up to her full bite sed:

"I won't liston to your noncents any longer. Just yu sa rite out what you are st. If you mean to get hitched, I'm in."

A little girl being told of some poor children who came near starvin to death becaws they could get no bread to eat, naively said, "Mal if they couldn't get bread, why didn't they eat cake?"

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

ATTEMPT TO RETAKE HATTERAS.

Narrow Escape of an Indiana Regiment.— Rebels approach 2,500 strong.— They are Shelled from the Monticello.— Complete rout and great slaughter.— Col Bartow of Georgia killed.— Gallant behavior of our forces.— Official report of the affair.

Fortress Monroe, Tues. Oct. 8, 1861, }
Via Baltimore, Oct. 9 }

The frigate *Sasquehanna* has arrived from Hatteras Inlet, and brings most interesting intelligence.

The day after the capture of the propeller *Fanny* by the rebels, the *Ceres* and *Putnam*, having one of the launches of the *Sasquehanna* in tow, went up to Chincowicomico and landed seven days provisions, returning the same evening without having seen anything of the rebels.

On Friday, however, word reached Hatteras Inlet by the *Stars and Stripes*, that twenty-five hundred rebels, consisting of a Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia regiment, had come over from the main land in six small steamers, with flatboats, and attacked the 20th Indiana Regiment, who were obliged to retreat.

The *Sasquehanna* steamed up outside, while Col. Hawkins marched up with six companies and reached Hatteras Light by nightfall, a distance of thirteen miles.

During the night Col. Hawkins was joined by the 20th Indiana, who had passed in the darkness a large body of the Rebels, who had landed for the purpose of cutting them off.

Col. Brown reported a loss of fifty of his men as prisoners, comprising his sick and wounded, and twenty pickets, who could not be called in. He succeeded in saving his tents, provisions, etc.

On Saturday morning the *Monticello* steamed around the Cape, and a few miles up met the Rebels marching down the narrow neck of land to attack our troops. The Rebel steamers were also landing troops to co-operate with them. They were in easy range, and the *Monticello* opened upon them with shells of five seconds fuses, 218 of which were fired from three guns in three hours and thirty minutes, doing great execution.

The Confederates at first tried to shelter themselves behind a sand hill, and then in a narrow cove, but soon broke in every direction, and took refuge upon their vessels.

A shell passed through the wheel-house of the *Fanny*, which was already employed against us.

It is reported that their loss must have reached between two and three hundred killed and wounded.

During the engagement a member of the Indiana Regiment, who had been taken prisoner, managed to break the rope with which he was tied and escaped.— He took to the surf and was picked up by a boat from the *Monticello*. He reports that the first shell from her killed Col. Bartow of the Georgia Regiment and that the havoc was frightful. He also reports that when he escaped he killed a Confederate captain with his revolver.

Upon the withdrawal of the Confederates the *Monticello* and *Sasquehanna* and the land forces returned to Hatteras Inlet.

Lieut. Burkhead, from whom I have obtained the above account, thinks that advance can be made from the Inlet without the support of a fleet of light-draft vessels. He also thinks that our forces at the Inlet should be speedily increased.

The S. R. Spaulding arrived at the Inlet on the 7th inst., with Gen Mansfield, and landed her men and stores.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to Lieut. Braine for this brilliant achievement, which has caused great exultation at Old Point.

Col. Brown narrowly escaped with the 20th Indiana Regiment. He was shelled from the Confederate vessels, and troops were landed both above and below him, yet he managed to escape with comparative small loss. The particulars of his masterly movement have not yet arrived.

Washington, Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1861. The following dispatches were received to-night at the Navy Department:

United States Steamship *Sasquehanna*, }
off Hatteras Inlet, Oct. 6, 1861. }

SIR: Late in the afternoon of the 4th inst. I received information that the enemy had landed in large force at Chincowicomico and Kine Keet, and that the Indiana regiment, posted there, was in full retreat before them. Also that our three tugs in the Inlet were aground or disabled. The *Fanny* had been captured the day before. I at once got under way with this ship and the *Monticello*, and anchored for the night close to the shore in Hatteras Cove. At daylight I found our troops in and about the light-house, and in distress for want of provisions, which they had been without for twenty-four hours. I supplied them with food, and at the request of the commanding officer, remained for their protection during the day. Learning that the enemy were in large force at Kine Keet, I sent the *Monticello* to drive them off, which important service was performed by Lieut. Commanding Braine, with great effect and good conduct. His report is inclosed.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. L. LARDNER, Captain.

To Flag Officer L. M. Goldsborough, &c.,
U. S. Steamer, *Monticello*,
Off Cape Hatteras, Oct. 5, 1861

SIR: I have the honor to inform you

that in obedience to your order of this morning I stood through the inner channel of Hatteras Shoals at 12:30 p. m., and stood close along shore to the northward, keeping a bright lookout from a loft. At 1:30 p. m., we discovered several sailing vessels over the woodland Kine Keet, and at the same time a Regiment marching to the Northward, carrying a Rebel flag in their midst, with many stragglers in the rear; also, two tugs inside, flying the same flag. As they came out of the woods of Kine Keet, we ran close in shore, and opened a deliberate fire upon them at the distance of three quarters of a mile. At our first shell, which fell apparently in their midst, they rolled up their flag and scattered, moving rapidly up the beach to the northward.— We followed them, firing rapidly from three guns, driving them to a clump of wood, in which they took refuge, and a breast of which their steamers lay. We now shelled the wood, and could see them embarking in small boats after their vessels, evidently in great confusion, and suffering greatly from our fire. Their steamers now opened fire upon us, firing, however, but three shots which fell short. Two boats, filled with men, were struck by our shells and destroyed. Three more steamers came down the Sound, and took position opposite the woods. We were shelling also two sloops. We continued firing deliberately upon them from 1 1/2 p. m. until 3 1/2 p. m., when two men were discovered making signals to us. Supposing them to be two of the Indiana Regiment we sent an armed boat crew to bring them off, covering them at the same time with our fire. Upon the boat nearing the beach, they took to the water. One of them was successful in reaching the boat—private Warren C. Harter, Company H, 20th Regiment of Indiana troops.

The other man, private Charles White, Company H, 20th Regiment, Indiana troops was unfortunately drowned in the surf.

Private Haver informs me that he was taken prisoner on the morning of 4th; that he witnessed our fire, which was very destructive. He states that two of our shells fell into two sloops loaded with men, blowing the vessels to pieces and sinking them. Also, that several of the officers were killed and their horses seen running about the track. He had just escaped from his captors after shooting the captain of the Rebel companies. He states that the enemy were in the greatest confusion, rushing wildly into the water striving to get off to their vessels.

Private Haver now directed me to the point where the Rebels were congregated, waiting an opportunity to get off. I opened fire again with success, scattering them. We were now very close in three fathoms water, and the fire of the second shell told with effect.

Six steamers were now off the Point, one of which I recognized as the *Fanny*. At 5:25 p. m. we ceased firing, leaving the enemy scattered along the beach for upward of four miles. I fired repeatedly at the enemy's steamers with one rifled cannon, a Parrott 30 pounder, and struck the *Fanny* I think once. I found the range of this piece was much short of what I had anticipated, many of the shot turning end over end, and not exceeding much the range of the smooth-bore 32-pounder.

I inclose herewith the memorandum of the amount of ammunition expended to-day.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
Lieut. D. L. BRAINE,
Commanding U. S. S. *Monticello*.

To Capt. J. L. Lardner, Commanding U. S. *Sasquehanna*, off Cape Hatteras, N. C.

The Crops.

That two such years of good crops at home and high prices abroad as this season and the last should have come to us just at this great National crisis must be regarded as peculiarly fortunate. Last year, up to this time, our total exports were \$69,757,793, against \$49,958,740 in 1859. Of the exports of 1860 the great bulk of value was in cotton, until later in the season, when the great export of cereals began to find its way to the seaboard, after which the proportion of grain in the National export manifest rapidly increased. Altogether we were paid not less than \$50,000,000 in gold for the breadstuffs sold by us to our European customers. This year we have been exporting since the 1st of January at the rate of more than two millions of dollars per week or, in exact figures, the enormous sum of \$96,097,241, fully one-half of which has been in cereals. Better than this for our finances, there is small probability of an abatement in the foreign demand, the last accounts from France and England representing the crops at least a third below an average. In England the deficiency has been estimated in some districts at two thirds, and a like unfortunate state of things is reported in parts of France. Wheat is no where plentiful on the Continent; rye is short in Germany; Indian corn seriously so in Italy; and potatoes are generally doubtful. The harvest not being satisfactory in Portugal, all grain, except Indian corn, is admitted free of duty until April 30 of next year.

It seems generally acknowledged that our corn crop is large beyond precedent, not so much from an increased yield as from the large area planted. Prices in the north-western districts, removed from wa-