

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS
PER ANNUM.

Devoted to all the Interests of North Carolina, Education, Agriculture, Literature, News, the Markets, &c.

VOL. I—NO. 44.

RA LEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 96.

SELECTED STORY.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.
THE THREE WIVES.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Mr. Jeduthan Spike was an eccentric bachelor of fifty. His mother died in giving him birth, and it would seem that the mother-heart died with her, for from the hour the hapless Jeduthan seemed to have no perception of feminine excellence, and directed himself with ridiculing the foibles of the sex, whose true character was to him a despised enigma. A babe was fed and tended by an invalid brotherly years his senior; and he afterwards grew into, and a hard, ungenial kind of wisdom, with much matronizing from anybody. As years passed, he boarded at a fashionable hotel, where the cook and attendants were of his sex, and ignored the address of his landlady's pretensions against matrimony were cold and unimpaired by the fate of the betrothed to, who married somewhat late in life, and an unhappy connexion of seven years' duration. His widow a permanent inmate of an insane asylum, and his three boys to the guardianship of the uncle. The recipient of this unexpected news, who had till then loved nothing in the world but his miserable life, felt a strange pleasure in the duties of this new and unlooked-for relation. The little with which the little follows economic themselves to the oddities of the eccentric, and their unquestioning faith in his most startling, and their artless exhibitions of persiflage, won upon this isolated man to free that surprised himself. It seemed that the helpless children were destined unconsciously to the lonely old man that feminine mission which human life is a failure, and happiness. With a devotion and patience hardly expected of him, he reared the fragile boys to hood, gave them all the advantages of local schools and pocket money, and in a last sawmill established in business, and in a way to draw to themselves and their connexions.—Judged of his painful astonishment when all three came upon him in a body, to announce that they had and severally formed the audacious resolution of committing matrimony. Neither would he approach the subject alone, and though censured by each other, they felt so much pride, reverence and compassion for the prejudiced man, that they fairly trembled for the result.

When confession was made to Mr. Jeduthan Spike, he laid his back on the agitated young men, and fled quickly to the window. After standing by for some minutes, he turned and said very solemnly: "Well, I have nursed you through the measles, the scarlet fever, and the whooping cough, and my best to alleviate what I could not prevent. You are now the victims of a disease quite as fatal as the other, and for which there is no remedy. Neither precept nor example, here his lips quivered slightly—"I have been of avail in your case. Go then, and marry, if you will give my consent, on one condition only. That you all present yourselves in three years from this day and hour, and declare solemnly, upon oath of your remaining manhood, whether you are unhappy, and why. The causes of misadventure are very various, but the result is the same. I will excuse you now, boys, as I have an appointment with my tailor."

It is needless to say that the three nephews availed themselves of the permission thus unwillingly given, and that any self-reproaches they might feel at leaving the cherished wishes of their kind-hearted uncle, did not seriously embitter their honey-moon. The three years that followed stole a handful of grey hairs from the bald forehead of Jeduthan Spike, and, as if ashamed of the theft, secreted them hidden among the chestnut locks of his young relations. And, as a further restitution, the same silent agents transferred unnoticed portions of the hopeful tenderness of the youthful benediction to refresh the withered heart of the disappointed bachelor. The time for the interview long anticipated, arrived at last. In the luxuriant rooms of the lonely uncle, Henry and Charles, the two elder nephews, waited impatiently the arrival of the younger.

"It is useless looking for Edward," said Charles, at last. "We shan't see him before evening. His wife is now looking for a needle to darn his stockings, and replace the missing buttons upon his coat."

Yet, as he spoke, a cheerful step was heard without, and the truly brother entered the room, breathing quickly, and with a smiling apology for his delay. The two first arrived exchanged meaning glances; but the merciful uncle cut short their merriment, by saying gravely:

"Henry, my boy, you are the oldest. It is just that you should lead upon this occasion. Tell us frankly, how do you enjoy married life?"

The young man paused for a moment, then, with a comical grimace that but ill concealed his reluctance, he replied:

"It is a bitter dose to swallow, I confess. Uncle, you are reformed."

There was a slight movement of surprise, for Mrs. Henry Spike was recognized as decidedly notable.

"I thought," said the uncle, drily, "that you were a pattern wife."

"Only too much so," returned the nephew. "It is my belief that she was modelled upon the most approved patterns and made up to order. If ever there was a machine for performing mechanically every outward virtue, it is Mrs. Henry Spike. She never loses her temper; indeed, I doubt if she has any to lose. She never betrays any flutter of vanity or wounded feeling. To the calmness of a statue, she adds an instinctive perception of decorum, a rigid adherence to rectitude, which leaves nothing to hope or fear, and very little to enjoy. Nothing can disturb her. When our infant was dangerously ill, she moved about his cradle with the same unperturbed composure, and dropped his last cordial, as we thought, into the cup with an untroubled hand."

"I hardly see how you came to marry her," remarked Edward, *par parenthese*. "She was pretty, and I mistook her natural roses for blushes, and her silence for delicate reserve. I was much moved when she once left me in tears; I have since learned she had the toothache. I can never find in her department anything to forgive, and I am tired of praising where correctness seems inevitable. Besides, she don't care for praise. She was wound up at birth, and her heart pulsates with the regularity of a pendulum. If I should hang myself some morning of pure *ennui*, I know she would arrange everything for a respectable burial. My condition is desperate. In passing through New York last winter, I religiously avoided seeing Lola Montez for I knew I should be smitten at a glance. The slightest touch of human frailty seems absolutely refreshing. Speak, brother," he added, after a brief pause, "and in mercy point out some defect in Mrs. Charles Spike."

"Mrs. Charles Spike," responded the person addressed, "is not absolutely stupid, nor entirely indifferent in matters of feeling. She gives some variety to life in point of temper, and permits me to hope to please, as well as fear to offend. But like your Recina, she has, alas! one paramount idea. 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and it is not the least that of my immaculate Vesta. Especially does she insist upon the most spotless neatness, at the expense of all other considerations. I discovered soon after my marriage that the world was a little too good to live in. The parlors were shut up to exclude the flies; the chambers, to avoid the dust. The dining room furniture was robed in Holland covers, and ugly mats deformed every square yard of carpeting. Canaries were banished because they littered their cages, and my pet spaniel dismissed for neglecting to wipe his feet. Then pickles spoil the cutlery, and eggs corrode the silver; coffee is liable to stain the linen, and even butter, if incautiously used, may be the parent of a greasy spot. Cigars I have long since abjured, because spitting was an abomination. If I sit, it is, 'Mr. Spike, your chair mars the wall,' or 'Charles, you are rocking upon the rug.' If I walk, it is, 'Pray leave your boots at the door, Mr. Spike, and let me bring your slippers.' I sometimes think I will remove to an hotel, and send home my compliments daily in a perfumed note. I shall expect soon after to see the whole establishment modelled in wax, and reposing under glass, like a collection of fanciful wonders. Come, Edward, your wife is no paragon, luckily. Confess your misery, and don't detain us long."

"Mine is not a pattern wife, certainly," was the response of the younger brother. "She is not distinguished for order, nor faultless in neatness, nor unerring in discretion. She is very far from being a piece of clock-work, and there is a great uncertainty, sometimes delightful, sometimes painful, as to what she will attempt, and whether the result will be success or failure. There is room for doubt as to particulars; none at all as to the general tendency of her conduct. She is as true-hearted a woman as lives, and that which she delights in must be happy. You may smile if you choose, but I do most frankly assure you that I am happy. I know not what Beatrice is doing at this moment, but I feel sure that, in aims and efforts, she is true to herself, to me, and to her Maker. I am sure that she moves me more than all the world beside, but not so much as she loves truth and duty and self-respect. Her errors are all mistakes. They are the redundancy of a loving, generous, richly-gifted nature. She is no model housewife, but she has made great improvement, and she has the strongest incentive to improvement, a sincere and unselfish affection. It is true that I was delayed to-day by waiting for a few last stitches from her practiced needle, not however upon my clothing, as I see you imagine, but upon a pair of slippers she has just wrought for uncle Jeduthan. Let me see them tried, my dear sir. I have an idea they will fit you."

"Why, yes, tolerably," said the good man, who seemed more gratified than he cared to acknowledge. "The truth is," he added, speaking with hesitation, as if he felt the need of an apology, "the truth is, I am going to live with Edward, and give lessons to Beatrice in housekeeping."

Reputation is so tender a flower that if once trodden or blasted, it is out of the power of the most benign sun or genial showers to restore it to its original beauty. How tender, then, should every one be not only of speaking, but even of encouraging the busy tongues and malicious speeches of defamers; for if defamation be a murderess of the reputation, as in other murders, every bystander ought to be looked upon as a principal, since the law allows of no accomplices in crime; of that black nature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Observer.
THE FETE OF THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST.

After all had paid devotion to the Virgin, they repaired to the Champs Elysees, to see the illumination in honor of the Emperor, and at the expense of the city. By eight o'clock that whole avenue, from the Gardens of the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe—a distance of one and a-half miles, was one blaze of light. The whole avenue, on both sides, was a continual succession of triumphal arches, literally covered with lamps of various colors. The avenue was also crossed by festoons of lamps, and candelabras, to imitate globes, eagles and other devices. I counted myself 1200 lamps in a space of 15 feet. Imagine the effect of an avenue made to represent a ball room 5,000 feet long, 150 wide and 40 feet high, with walls entirely covered with variegated lamps—a vast space of literally blazing and dazzling magnificence. The festoons suspended over the heads of the spectators from the side walls, gave the effect of innumerable chandeliers. The Place de la Concorde, a large open space, in front of the Tuileries gardens, was surrounded by a similar wall of illumination—the wall, as I call it, being a succession of pillars and arches, of the Moorish style. Immediately in front of the gardens was an immense arch, or rather temple of arches, rising to the height of the palace itself, covered over with emblems and devices made of burning lamps. I never saw such a sight. I don't believe there was ever such a sight before since the creation of the world. From any one point the spectator could see the effect of 500,000 lamps. It took 1800 men nearly two hours to light them. Each lamp was a sort of glass cup, half filled with grease, which melted when the wick was ignited. Each cup or lamp was fastened to the wood work by iron sockets. The whole expense, I am told, was 500,000 francs, or \$100,000, a large expenditure for one evening's spectacle, but not more than the Parisians are willing to pay. And after all it was only a tax of half a franc—10 cents—on each person in the city, and this collected by a duty on provisions which is called the octroi. Whether it was extravagant or not, it was certainly very beautiful. It was like looking through an avenue of illuminated glass. Every spot was as bright as a ball room. It was in fact a gigantic ball room, with hangings of harmless fire instead of curtains. It was a blaze of light, as far as the eye could see, and nothing could be seen but this blaze, except the heads of 1,000,000 of people as they walked between the illuminated arches, and beneath festoons of hanging lamps. There was no jam, although there were a million of promenaders. I have seen a much greater crowd in an evening party in New York or Philadelphia, that is, I have more felt the inconvenience of one. But where, except in Paris, is there an avenue which can be converted into a ball room to hold a million of human beings? In what city, ancient or modern, will you find such an avenue as the Champs Elysees. London has its parks, but these cannot be illuminated in such a manner as to resemble a vast ball room. No street in London could, possibly hold one tenth of the people collected in Paris last evening in a single spot. If the lamps made the place beautiful, the crowd made it sublime. It is a grand spectacle to see the waving of a million of human heads. It is a grand triumph of civilization to allow the assembly and dispersion of such a crowd without tumult, accident or confusion. Not a person lost his life or broke a limb yesterday, neither in the crowd assembled to witness the illumination, nor from the fire works, nor by accident on the railroads which disgorged their thousands. Indeed not one death has occurred in all France for two years on any of the railroads, by accident. They hold life dear in these old despotic lands. Nor was there a great show of military or police force to keep the people in order. And yet there was order, yea, universal civility. I walked after 9 o'clock, in the thickest of the crowd, twice through this whole illuminated and blazing avenue, and I neither saw nor heard any thing improper or even disagreeable. Nobody trod on my toes. Nobody pushed or thumped my back. Nobody puffed tobacco smoke in my face. Nobody uttered foolish noise. All was decency, order and admiration. And this vast crowd, from every section and corner of Paris and its suburbs, men, women and children, the old and young, the rich and poor, the feeble and strong, separated, in good time, as peacefully as they had assembled. Nobody was carried to prison for disturbing the pleasure of others, or for any outrage on themselves. I did not see one person, the whole day, the worse for liquor. Think of this, ye Americans, with your free institutions and your boasts of self-control—think of all this happening in infidel, superstitious, and despotic France. Could 100,000 people meet together in New-York without a tumult or an accident? But I saw a million assembled in Paris without either accident, indecency, rudeness or danger. At 10 o'clock I wended my way through the crowded thoroughfares to the railroad station. At 12 o'clock those streets were a desert. Such was Paris on the double Fete of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the birth day of Napoleon I.

L. J.

He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it by doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by egotism, which is suicidal, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter.

MORAL HABITS.

HABITS differ from principles, or constitutional desires, in that they are adventitious. Every habit is acquired by repeated acts. The human constitution possesses a wonderful susceptibility of forming habits of every kind. Indeed, we cannot prevent the formation of habits of some kind or other. Still, a man has much in his power as it regards the kind of habits which he forms, and is highly accountable for the exercise of this power. A man's habits, and consequently his character, depend very much on the character of his habits. Yes, a man's moral character derives its complexion, in a great degree, from his habits. In this place, it is not necessary to go into the philosophy of the formation of habits.

Our object is to consider habits and habitual actions as they partake of a moral character, or as they are the objects of moral approbation, or disapprobation. If we should remove from the list of moral actions all those which are prompted by habit, we should cut off the larger number of those which men have agreed in judging to be of a moral nature.

That there are virtuous habits and vicious habits, will scarcely be denied by any considerate persons. A habit of lying, of swearing, of slandering, of cheating, of irreverence, of indolence, of vainglory, with many others, are, alas, too common. There are also virtuous habits, such as of industry, temperance, kindness, veracity, diligence, honesty, &c. To be sure, these virtues commonly flow from principle; but the practice of them is greatly facilitated by correct habits. Two considerations will show that men are properly accountable for those actions which proceed from habit. The first is, that in the formation of his habits, man is voluntary. The acts by which they are formed are free acts, and the agent is responsible for all their consequences. The other consideration is, that habits may be counteracted and even changed by the force of virtuous resolutions and perseverance. Where habit has become inveterate, it may be difficult to oppose or eradicate it; but the strength of moral principle has often been found sufficient to counteract the most confirmed habits. When it is asserted that men long enslaved by evil habits cannot make a change, it is on the ground that no principle of sufficient power exists in the mind of the agent; but for that deficiency, the man is responsible. Yet a power from without may introduce a new principle potent enough, to overcome evil habits. The importance of possessing good habits, is admitted by all moralists. Aristotle makes the essence of virtue to consist in "practical habits, voluntary in their origin," and agreeable to right reason. Dr. Thomas Reid, in his "Essay on the Active Powers," defines virtue to be "the fixed purpose to act according to a sense of duty," which definition Dugald Stewart modifies, by observing, "It is the fixed purpose to do what is right, which evidently constitutes what we call a virtuous disposition. But it appears to me that virtue, considered as an attribute of character, is more properly defined by the habit which the fixed purpose gradually forms, than by the fixed purpose itself." Dr. Paley lays it down as an aphorism, that "mankind act more from habit than reflection." "We are," says he, "for the most part, determined at once, and by an impulse which has the effect and energy of a pre-established habit." To the objection, "If we are in so great a degree passive under our habits, where is the exercise of virtue, or the guilt of vice?" he answers, "in the forming and contracting of these habits." "And hence," says he, "results a rule of considerable importance, viz, that many things are to be done and abstained from, solely for the sake of habit."

Dr. Alexander.

THE IVY MILLS.

The old paper mill, says the West Chester Register, in which the paper was manufactured used by Benjamin Franklin in his printing office, is still in operation on Chester Creek, Delaware Co., and owned by Mr. Wilcox, the son of the gentleman who held it during the lifetime of Franklin. The paper was made at that time, and is still manufactured by hand. Scarcely any change has been made in the mill, and the same process of making rags into paper is in operation to-day as was followed some hundred and forty years ago; the mill having been erected in the year 1713. Ivy Mills, alluded to above, has long been exclusively devoted to the manufacture of bank note and map paper, of course by hand. The paper for the notes of the old United States Bank, of which much was said at the time, was at this establishment. The paper was made of the best Russia linen, and Bandana handkerchiefs were shredded and mixed with the pulp to produce a red streak, then for the first time adopted in bank note paper.

My friend, hasten thou ever thought how pleasant and altogether lovely would be a life of entire sincerity married to perfect love? The wildest stories of magic skill, or fairy power, could not equal the miracles that would be wrought by such a life; for it would change this hollow masquerade of veiled and restless souls into a place of divine communion.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can bring on their tomb is a fruit offering of good.

If love is not really required to be blind to demerits, it cannot be too quick-sighted in discovering, or constant in dwelling upon qualities of real value.

POWER OF WORDS.

How deep an insight into the failings of the human heart lies at the root of many words; and if only we would attend to them, what valuable warnings many contain against subtle temptations and sins! Thus, all of us have probably, more or less, felt the temptation of seeking to please others by an unmanly assenting to their view of some matter, even when our own independent convictions would lead us to a different one. The existence of such a temptation, and the fact that too many yield to it, are both declared in a Latin word for a flatterer—"assentator"—that is, "an assenter;" one who has not courage to say No, when a Yes is expected from him; and quite independently of the Latin, the German language, in its contemptuous and precisely equivalent use of "Jaheer," or "a yea Lord," warns us in like manner against all such unmanly compliances. I may observe by the way that we also once possessed the word "assentation" in the sense of unworthy, flattering lip-assent; the last example of it which Richardson gives is from Bishop Hall: "It is a fearful presage of ruin when the prophets conspire in assentation." The word is quite worthy to be revived. Again, how good it is to have that spirit of depreciation of others, that willingness to find spots and stains in the characters of the greatest and the best, that so they may not oppress and rebuke us with a goodness and greatness so far surpassing ours—to have this tendency met and checked by a word at once so expressive, and one which we should so little like to take home to ourselves, as the French "denigreur." This word also is now I believe out of use; which is a pity, while yet the thing is everywhere so frequent. Full too of instruction and warning is our present employment of the word "libertine." It signified, according to its earliest use in French and in English, a speculative free-thinker in matters of religion, and in the theory of morals, or it might be, of government. But as by a sure process free-thinking does and will end in free-acting, as he who has cast off the one yoke, will cast off the other, so a "libertine" came in two or three generations to signify a profligate, especially in relation to women, a licentious and debauched person.—Trench.

WHY MR. BUCHANAN NEVER MARRIED. A correspondent of the New Haven Palladium, writing from Lancaster, Pa., briefly records the reason:

"A short distance from the city is the country residence of Hon. James Buchanan, American Ambassador to the court of St. James. Its general appearance at once indicates that no fair hand is there to train the creeping vines or budding roses to their befitting place—as you are aware that the honorable gentleman still remains in single blessedness. The story is briefly told. Paying his address to a young and beautiful lady of this city, each became deeply enamored, and they were engaged. On a given evening, she requested his company to a party of friends, which he declined on the plea of business engagements. Circumstances rendering it necessary, he, late in the evening, galloped a young lady to her home, and on the way—*they met*. Mortified and chagrined at what she deemed unfaithfulness and desertion, and imagining the worst, she left the city early in the morning, and returned, a corpse. Such is the sad story of his early love, nor can the high places of distinction and trust make him forget, nor the wreaths of honor that encircle his brows bury the memory of the early loved and lost."

A HAT BAND.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Daily Times, tells a good yarn about a hatter in that city. The hatter of heads received an order from a well-dressed, gentlemanly looking fellow, for twenty-five hats of a peculiar shape, and liking the cut of them, he made a twenty-sixth for himself. A few days after the hats had been delivered, as per order, the chapelier sported his new title on the Champs Elysees. He had not been long on the ground, before he perceived several individuals hatted like himself, and presently one of them came up and informed him, in a confidential way, that it was "a good day for booty, and no beaks about." Shortly afterward another of the party came up, and popped three watches, two purses, and five handkerchiefs, into his hands, with a request that he would put them into his "deep," which is the "flash" for pocket. The latter now felt that he had been manufacturing signals for pickpockets, and brimful of indignation, hastened to a Commissary of Police, who crowned the romance of the adventure by causing the arrest of the band.

WIDOW OF JOHN HANCOCK.—Mrs. Hancock, the widow of John Hancock, of the Revolution, married James Scott. Her last days were secluded. Those who were admitted to her little supper-table, were considered highly honored. When Lafayette was last in this country, he made an early call upon her, and they, who were witnesses, speak of it with admiration. The once youthful cavalier and the unrivaled belle met, as if only a summer had passed since they had enjoyed social interviews during the perils of the Revolution. She was attentive in her very last days to taste in dress, as when in the circles of fashion. "She would never forgive a young girl," she said, "who did not dress to please; nor one who seemed pleased with her dress."—Newark Sentinel.

To pass through life without sorrow would, naturally speaking, be good; but patiently to bear sorrow, and profit by it, is still better; the former is a temporary good, the latter eternal.

Aim at cheerfulness without levity.

AUTUMN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

O, with what glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
This bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.
There is a beautiful spirit breathing
Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gent: wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solem woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved—
Where Autumn, like a faint old man sits down
By the way side away. Through the trees
The golden robins move: the purple finch
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds—
A winter bird,—comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch hazel; whistling along
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.
O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings,
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear.

HOW TO DETECT COUNTERFEITS.

1. Examine the appearance of a bill—the genuine have a general dark, neat appearance.
 2. Examine the vignette, or picture in the middle of the top; see if the sky or background looks clear and transparent, or soft and even, and not scratchy.
 3. Examine well the face: see if the expressions are distinct and easy, natural and life-like, particularly the eyes.
 4. See if the drapery or dress fits well, looks natural and easy, and shows the folds distinctly.
 5. Examine the medallion, ruling and heads, and circular ornaments around the figures, &c. See if they are regular, smooth and uniform, not scratchy. This work in the genuine looks as if raised on the paper, and cannot be perfectly imitated.
 6. Examine the principal line of letters or name of the bank. See if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or, if sloping, of a uniform slope.
 7. Carefully examine the shade or parallel ruling on the face or outside of the letters, &c.; see if it is clear, and looks as if colored with a brush. The fine and parallel lines in the genuine are of equal size, smooth and even; counterfeit look as if done with a file.
 8. Observe the round handwriting engraved on the bill, which should be black, equal in size and distance, of a uniform slope, and smooth. This is in genuine notes invariably well done, and looks very perfect. In counterfeit it is seldom so, but often looks stiff as if done with a pen.
 9. Notice the imprint or engraver's name which is always near the border or end of the note, and is always alike; letters small, upright, and engraved very perfectly. Counterfeiters seldom do it well.
- NOTE.—It was remarked by Stephen Burroughs, before he died, that two things could not be perfectly counterfeited—one was the dye work, or portrait, in dillion heads, vignette, &c., and the other the shading, or ruling above the letters.—Bank Note Reporter.

ANTIQUARIAN.—It is asserted, in a journal of Rome, that six stones, with paintings representing the incidents in the voyage of Ulysses, as related by him to Aeneas, in the Odyssey, were recently found in the demolition of some houses in that city; and that, according to good authorities, one of them proves that the city of the Lasstrigons, where the hero was so scurvily treated, and the precise whereabouts of which classical geographers have never yet been able to fix, is no other than the modern Terracina, in the Roman States. The pictorial representation on the stone exactly corresponds, it is alleged, with the main features of Terracina, as is now to be seen, and with the description of the Bay of Lasstrigonia in the Odyssey.

A REAL BLOOMER.—The Salem Press relates the following:—"A farmer in this town hired last Spring a young Irishman to work upon his farm. He labored faithfully and gave good satisfaction, when, about a week ago, the discovery was made that his faithful hand was a *lass* of the Emerald Isle. She could plough, hoe corn, swing a scythe, rake, load and pitch hay with the very best of them; but strange to say, she was not very good at the *cradle*."

To possess a true-hearted friend is good, but to be able to endure, without resentment, the conduct of a false-hearted friend is still better: the former is a temporary good, the latter eternal.

THE COMET.

The comet! he is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies.
Ah! well may reptils orb burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubits miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!