

# Southwestern Weekly Post.

A. J. COOKE, N. Y.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 124.

## SELECT POETRY.

### THE YEAR.

Who glides through life, to Time's swift journey blind,  
Wraps in the present or the future day;  
When, suddenly, we cast a glance behind,  
And lo! behold, a Year has passed away.  
A year! ah, more. Who is there ever knew  
A long, long year to pass away alone?  
Ask parents, children, friends—a mourning few—  
And they will tell you how beside have gone.  
A mighty crowd the Year takes in its train!  
Prices and persons, rich, poor, high and low;  
Faces the world will never see again;  
And all are gone where all have yet to go.  
Spring, Summer, Autumn—Winter, too—have sped  
Away with Time; yet will he them restore,  
In his dull course; but those who with them fled,  
And made them joyous, shall return no more.  
We lift our hands, and cry: "This time last year!"  
And wonder at the changes each can name;  
Alas! alas! naught unchanging here,  
And this time next year some must say the same.  
"This time last year"—what a wide gulf there seems,  
Within the mind, to lie 'twixt now and then!  
What thoughts, what passions, feelings, actions,  
dreams!  
All past for ever!—ne'er to come again.  
Who, who is there, whom this returning day  
Finds as it left him but a year ago?  
Who hath not bowed him 'neath Time's mighty sway,  
Nor grieved over joys that he no more may know!  
Perchance he strayed in some far-distant land,  
Where nature spread around a different scene;  
With loved ones, happy, formed a social band,  
Now, far away—oh, many a mile between.  
Perhaps capricious Fortune may have smiled,  
And strewn her richest favors in his way;  
While now, exclaiming some more favored child,  
She leaves him to rude poverty a prey.  
Perhaps—but why the doleful strain prolong!  
Fain from my soul all sadness would I cast,  
And carol blithely forth a joyous song;  
But who shall carol blithely of the Past.  
Love, friendship—all the sacred ties that bind  
Poor human hearts and hand in union dear,  
A long, eternal rest—place may be found  
Within that mighty sepulchre—Last Year!

## ORIGINAL STORY.

### BENJAMIN FROM HOME.

For the Southern Weekly Post.  
[No. 11.]  
We left our "customer" in search of "Mr. Barnum's," and it was not very early in the morning and he had eaten no breakfast, it is quite reasonable to presume that he was "hungry" again, so he pitched forward with all speed, turned up Light-street and reached the "Fountain." Here he stopped to enquire again "if Mr. Barnum lived there."  
"No, sir," was the very polite answer, "you go up to the next street, then turn down and go till you reach the next corner, and then turn up and a few steps will bring you to Barnum's."  
"Thankee, sir," said Benjamin, and off he trotted.  
Before he had proceeded very far on his route, however, he was arrested very politely by a vendor of lottery tickets, and asked if he did not "wish to make a fortune." Now, this was the very idea for Benjamin, for he had always thought if he could make a snug fortune, he could walk over those town fellows rough-shod, and they would be just "no whar" in Judy's affections. Of course, then, he had not the slightest idea of permitting so tempting an opportunity as this to pass unimproved, and he caught at the bait as readily as a North Carolina "Chub," will catch at a live roach.  
"Well, I reckon I shouldn't have no objection, provided you can show me how I kin do it," answered our traveller.  
"Just walk in, sir," said the lottery man, "and I will show you in two minutes." They went into the office and the only tongue automaton continued his soft sanderling. "Many a man, sir, has drawn a fortune in our lottery upon an investment of ten to one hundred dollars, and the chances are ten to one in your favor: in fact, sir, there can scarcely be a particle of doubt if you buy one of our tickets, that you will draw a prize." He paused. Benjamin was deeply interested and did not make any reply, and a third person who was standing in the office very kindly took our hero to one side, and whispering in a low tone advised him, with all means to try his luck, "for," said he, "a man very seldom fails to draw a prize."  
Benjamin was fairly in for it, so he walked boldly up to the counter and drew out a ten dollar bill, and was in the act of throwing it down, when all of a sudden it occurred to him that he ought to enquire how it was done.  
"Look a here, mister," said he, "how is this here business managed?"  
"Why you see, sir," answered the ready vendor, "there is a very large amount of money to be divided and given away, and in order that everything may be fairly and honestly done, each man who buys a ticket comes in for a chance, and some of them draw very large sums. The summat we receive for tickets are put with the other, and all drawn out together; here now, is a drawing to come off the first of

next month, in which is one prize of seventy five thousand dollars! You stand an equal chance for that with anybody else, and there are several very large prizes besides."  
"What's tickets worth?" asked Benjamin.  
"The tickets in this are worth \$10 each," answered the vendor.  
"Give me a sure one, then, mister: here's the money," said our hero throwing down the \$10 bill on the counter.  
The cunning vendor selected a ticket and handing it to Benjamin received the money and asking where he should send the money in case the ticket drew a prize, told him he might "confidently look out," (we give the fellow credit for taking no more of Benjamin's money.) In reply Benjamin told the vendor—  
"You may send it too Mr. Barnum's if it comes before you see me again. I'm a goin' too put up there if I kin find the place." Put a paper in it, mister, and seal it up of you please."  
"Certainly, sir, certainly, and if you make any stay in the city call round and see us, we shall always be happy to see you."  
"Well, now, that's perfit in you, mister, but what did you say? if I made any what?"  
"If you remain in the city, sir."  
"Well, mister, I'll come and see you, ef I kin find the way, ken you tell me which way it is too Mr. Barnum's?"  
"Go right up to Baltimore, down Baltimore—"  
"Baltimore!" said Benjamin, in perfect amazement.  
"Why, mister, ain't I got to Baltimore, yet?"  
"No, sir, the next street is Baltimore street, and then you turn down till you come to a cross street, and there you turn up, and a few steps will bring you to Barnum's."  
"Thank, ee, sir," said Benjamin, starting out, and wondering how there happened to be so many Baltimore's, or so many places sticking along side of it.  
As he was passing down the street he was overtaken by a man who very kindly enquired where he was going. Benjamin unhesitatingly told him "to Mr. Barnum's," whereupon his companion gave him some good advice and kindly volunteered to show him the way. During their walk the stranger asked Benjamin if he had a watch, and upon receiving a negative answer proposed to sell him a fine gold repeater for twenty-five dollars, which cost him one hundred.  
He exhibited the watch, and telling Benjamin that he could not sell it so low, and if he was not very greatly in need of money, asked the favor of him to allow him the privilege of redeeming it at thirty dollars, one week hence.  
"and," said he, "if I do not pay you back \$30 one week from this day, the watch is to be yours at the \$25. My name is Jones, and I'll see you at Barnum's."  
Benjamin looked at the watch and thought how he could "swell" at home, with a gold watch in his pocket, and how it would mortify the town dandies to see him pulling out a gold watch to tell July the time o' day. He therefore drew out his "pile" and handed the other twenty-five dollars, and secretly determined that the fellow shouldn't find him any more, and therefore the watch should be his own property. He fairly chuckled to himself, at the idea of outwitting the "city man," and having a "sure-enough gold watch," with a hundred dollars.  
After proceeding a short distance our hero missed his companion and turned round to look for him. Several ladies were near him, and he approached them and asked—  
"Did you see anything of Mr. Jones back there a piece, m'am?"  
"No answer, and the lady was passing on when Benjamin caught her arm and was about to repeat the question—  
She screamed out, and "whap," went something beside Benjamin's head, while he, poor fellow, found himself flat on the pavement in a twinkling.  
Opening his eyes he looked up and saw two or three men standing over him, and he opened on them at once—  
"Look a here fellows, I'm away from home, and in a strange place, but I'll be drot of I'm a gwine to be knocked down in this'er way, and I ken whip the man as done it, ef he'll dare to show his drotted picture."  
"What do you mean, sir," said one of the bystanders, "by insulting ladies in the streets?"  
"Insult ladies!" said Benjamin, "it's a consarned lie, sir. I wouldn't insult nobody. I only wanted to git one of them gals to tell me whar Mr. Jones was and she holler'd, when I didn't have no more harm agin her than I had agin myself, and some consarned fool stole up and hit me." Benjamin had risen to his feet and continued: "and now, sir, let the man as hit me step up and say he done it and I'll give him a rale North Carolina 'lection tannin' that he'll remember."  
The crowd dispersed without any more quarrelling and Benjamin worked himself down in to a good humor again, and walked on but determined to keep out of difficulties for the future as he was in a strange place. Just then he espied something like a painted man standing at a door just ahead of him and he stopped and took a good look at it, and concluding that it would not be altogether safe, and to go too near it turned out into the carriage way, and walked down the middle of the street, keeping his eye intently fixed on the thing till all of a sudden,

some one cried out "wo, hold on there mister or one of us will run over the other," and looking round Benjamin discovered himself almost under a pair of horses, while the carriage pole had risen so high, by their pulling back, that it knocked off our hero's hat. Benjamin made a retrograde spring and lit just in front of the Fell's Point Omnibus, which was passing at the time, and would have, inevitably, run over and crushed him beneath its wheels, but for the crowded state of the street just at that moment which prevented the omnibus from proceeding out of a very slow gait and thus rendering it an easy matter to come to an instantaneous halt. Benjamin picked up his hat and hanging on to his "saddle-bags," got out of the way and begged the first man he saw to show him the way to "Barnum's." "Yes, sir," answered the fellow who happened to be a hack driver, "just step in the hack and I'll take you there in a minute."  
Our hero got in, the door was closed, the driver mounted the box, the omnibus started, and almost immediately, stopped, for it was only about fifty yards from the hotel when Benjamin entered it. He now got out and turning to the fellow said:  
"Mister, is this ere great big house Mister Barnum's?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, Mister, I'm a thousand times obleeged to you, and ef you ever happens in North Carolina you must come too see us, mother'll be mighty glad to see you, and I'll take you round to see the gals. Wont you come in and take a drink?"  
"No, I thank you, sir, I never drink anything."  
"Well, good day to you, call and see me."  
"You havn't paid your fare, sir."  
"Fare! The dickens I hain't. Why, sir, it's just what I did do, and I expected nothin' else all the time the feller was tearin' up my receipt but what they was plottin' to make me pay agin. Now, look a here mister, you seem to be a purty good sort of a feller and right clevver, and I hope you'll not jine with them fellers in imposin' on a stranger, for I'll swear I paid my way clean through—"  
"I'm not speaking of your railroad fare, sir, but your hack fare," said the other, "what in thunder's that?"  
"That, sir, is what you owe me for bringing you to the Hotel."  
"Far bringin', mas, too the hotel! Why, mister, it was right clevver in you to bring me, but then I didn't think ye was goin' to charge me fur it as I did not ride the length of my fingers 'lar ly, howse-ever, I want be stingy, so here's three cents you may have."  
"Fifty cents, sir," said the other.  
"Fifty what?"  
"Fifty cents, sir."  
"What in thunder fur?"  
"Twenty-five for yourself and twenty-five for your baggage."  
"Whew! well, that does beat. Twenty-five cents for bringing a feller ten steps, and twenty-five cents for his baggage—but I ain't got no baggage."  
"What is that on your arm?"  
"Well, you is green. Why, mister, them's saddlebags—saddlebags, not baggage. Whar were you raised? I thought every body knowed what saddlebags was; and as fur the twenty-five cents for me, I believe I'd about as soon walk, and so ef you'll carry me back whar you found me I'll walk."  
"I must have my money, sir; if you do not pay me I shall take you before the Mayor."  
"I'd like to see you do it, and besides, sir, I ain't afraid of your maw, before nor behind, nuttin', I kin bite and kick as well as she if that's what you're up to, and I ain't afraid of your whar," and he started into the house, but turning round he said in a louder key, "but look a here mister, I ain't done with you about insultin' me. I kin whip a whole courthouse full of sief fellers as you is, and ef I ever ketch you out of this here town I'll pay you that half a dollar in genuine North Carolina 'lection currency," and shaking his fist at the fellow Benjamin walked into the hotel while the other, somewhat alarmed, mounted his box and hastily put out.  
Benjamin walked up to the first man he saw, who was the porter, and bowing he said: "good mornin' too you Mister Barnum, how do you do and how is your wife and child'n and your mother? I'm not a married man, but I've got a mother and she's right well I thank you."  
"Mr. Barnum's at the office," said the astonished Porter.  
"Well, whar in thunder's that?" asked Benjamin.  
"I never see such a ternal place in my life, and it is warden't fur that seventy-five thousand dollars, I'm too got, I'd turn rite round' and go back home."  
"Walk this way, sir," said the now polite Porter, and leading him to the office, the Porter called Mr. B. aside and whispered something in his ear about "seventy-five thousand dollars," which made that gentleman equally polite.  
Turning round the Register book, the clerk offered Benjamin a pen, but the latter thanked him and told him he "didn't have no objection to givin' somethin' purvided 'twas fur a good thing," but he had "swore out agin all subscribers."  
"Your name, sir," said the Clerk bending down as if to write.  
"My name's B-n-jamin, but you needn't put it down there, if I give anything I'll do it when

I git redly, but I'm all fired hungry, and ain't ate a mouthful to-day."  
"What will you have, sir?"  
"Well, I'll try a fourpence worth of meat and collards—no, I wont take collards, jest meat so, and some bread, ef that aint enough I kin yet more."  
"We don't sell provisions, sir; we charge two dollars a day for board and feed our guests on the best we have."  
"Two dollars a day! Whew, well, that does beat. Why, Mr. Barnum, you'd break a feller in a little while. I'm a long ways from home, and aint got no great sight o' money, and I'd be mighty glad ef you could do a little better for me; I'll stay some time ef you don't charge too much."  
"Regular price, sir, can't deduct," said the clerk.  
"Spouse a feller don't eat but twice a day,—how then?"  
"No difference, sir, he can eat ef he chooses or let it alone, we charge one price to all."  
"Why, mister Barnum, I reckon mother'd board a feller a whole month for two dollars."  
"Provisions are cheap in your neighborhood, I guess, sir."  
"Well I don't know as they is."  
"Will you take a room, sir?"  
"No, I want somethin' to eat, give me just anything you please."  
Benjamin was conducted to a room where he might wash and dress himself, previous to going into the breakfast room.  
A very genteel white waiter brought him a pitcher of water, and asking for his boots received them and went out, but returned in a few seconds to the utter astonishment of Benjamin, with the boots shining like glass.  
"See here, mister," said Benjamin, "how did you do that so quick? Why it takes me a full quarter of an hour to make em shine, and then they don't shine nothin' like that."  
"Patent blacking, sir, and a good brush?"  
"Patent what?"  
"That's hit, as it is. I don't put nothin' on em at home, but grease," and Benjamin commenced fumbling in his saddlebags for clean "rigging," and the waiter left the room.  
In due time Benjamin was ready for breakfast, and he began to wonder whether he must go to breakfast, or wait for breakfast to come to him. He sat still in his room for some time, till finally he concluded he would go down and see "Mr. Barnum" about it, so opening the door he walked out with his saddlebags on his arm.—Now our friend was not accustomed to such "all-fired big houses," and he walked about for some time without being able to find the office. At last he concluded to go back to his room and wait till some one came; so, retracing his steps he pretty soon came to a door, precisely like the one he had shut on leaving his room, so without hesitation he opened it and walked in, but drew back in a moment having discovered a lady seated by the fire engaged in that interesting occupation of combing her long glossy hair. She was on the eve of screaming out, but our hero leapt so suddenly, that she did not have time, and she came to the very correct conclusion that the intruder had only made an innocent mistake in looking for his own room. Benjamin, however, was perfectly bewildered, and knew not what to do, but kept walking till, ere long, he espied a man at the further end of the colonnade and hailed him, but, alas, not loud enough to be heard: the man turned a corner, and when Benjamin reached the spot, was no where to be seen.  
Benjamin took a seat and inwardly swore if he could get out, he would go right back home. Some one just at that moment passed him, and he followed, but unfortunately for Benjamin, the man was going the wrong way, for after proceeding for some time he entered a room, and closed the door, eying our hero very suspiciously. Benjamin turned round and discovered another person walking in the opposite direction and smoking a cigar, so he concluded to follow him. He did so, and after descending several flights of stairs, the gentleman entered a small room and closed the door. Benjamin didn't know what to make of it, but walked on till he discovered an opening ahead of him, and sure enough it turned out to be one, and he determined to go to the depot at once and take the cars. He came to another conclusion, which was, that he would ride, so he asked a carriage who was passing, where he could get a carriage. "Go right through this ally, sir, and you will see plenty of them on the street."  
Benjamin followed the directions that were given him, and after a while struck a bargain with a hackman to carry him to the railroad for twenty-five cents. He handed there, paid the hackman and got aboard of the cars just as they were about starting.  
The cars were drawn by horses about a mile, but that was soon traveled over, and then the locomotive was attached, the whistle sounded and away they went, and Benjamin felt relieved at the idea of soon again being at home. Poor fellow, it never once occurred to him that there were two railroads starting from precisely the same place, running in contrary directions, and in his case ignorance was certainly present bliss though I cannot say that wisdom would have been folly. He had reached the depot just in time to take one of the Philadelphia trains and was leaving home as fast as steam could carry him. The Conductor came round in due time to collect tickets.

"I haint got no ticket," said Benjamin.  
"Where are you going, sir?"  
"Home, by jings! I'm done with yer blasted eternal Baltimore—where a feller can't find nothin' nor himself nuther."  
"Yes, sir; but where is home?"  
"I lives at Raccoon Range in North Carolina, and lives with mother and Caleb and—"  
"But, sir, you took the wrong train and every turn of the wheel is putting you farther from home—"  
"Thunder and lightning! Well, I'm gwine back, whar's my saddlebags?" and our hero started out, but the Conductor warned him of the danger of getting off the cars while they were in motion, and that they would soon arrive at Philadelphia.  
"Filly what?" asked Benjamin in amazement.  
"Philadelphia, sir," was the reply.  
"And what sort of a Filly is she?"  
"She is a large city, sir; but I want your fare."  
"My what?"  
"Your pay for riding, it is four dollars, sir."  
"Gingo blazes! Why, mister, draw my picture of I knowed I was goin' thar, and I didn't want to go no way."  
"Well, well, I'll see you directly," saying which the good natured conductor walked on and was nearly out of reach when Benjamin twitching his coat tail stopped him: "Mister," said he, "kin you tell me what they'll charge a feller fur eatin' and sleepin' and so on, up thar whar we're goin' too, cause I'm nigh on out o' money, I kin tell you."  
"I'll see you directly, sir," and away he went.  
A future letter shall give you further accounts of Benjamin's progress.  
AC THORNTON.

an undisputed sway. My books and papers, what and how many I may please, surround me. There is no one whom I fear will molest them; no urchins from whose fingers I must save my leaves and inkstand; none, who for looks, delights to hide my slippers, boots or razors. All as I left are handy. I am my own man and not another's. I eat as I please, drink as I please, sit as I please, smoke as I please, read as I please, sleep and wake as I please.—Now tell me, all ye lords of womankind, is it not much more agreeable, thus to be lord of oneself, untrammelled by the apron strings?  
"Connubial bliss," is but another name for Tantalus. Great pleasure is the tempting draft it proffers, but as you extend the hand the necessary cup recedes, and the grating teeth, not words, tell of the bitter disappointment. Man may forever after rue the day he sought those joys, but in vain: he speaks it not, and finds no kindred mind to share his afflictions, save in our sect, to whom pride will not permit to go. Short bliss! Who ever heard a man sing sweet, sweet home, after a marriage of half dozen years? By the doctrines of our sect, man preserves his birth-right, freedom and independence.  
"I don't choose to say much upon this head— I'm a plain man, and in a single station; But, ah! ye lords of ladies' intellects! Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?"  
Perhaps now and then one has yoked himself to so fair and fascinating a damsel that he chooses to sacrifice to her all independence, and to be controlled by her he styles the "best of wives." 'Tis possible there may be one such; but it would be easier to find scores of those who would most gladly free themselves from the galling yoke.  
It is alarming to look about and see how universal the fair sex reigns. You can hardly find one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion. Men think and talk and dress to please them; and what do they receive?—Perchance a pretty look, a fawning smile, a kiss, a hand, perhaps a heart. And then what has he got? A fret—a scold—a call her what name you will, she looks—not very nice. Each sex please the other until the nuptial knot is tied, and then they care little for their persons. It is proverbially true of woman, that she becomes too negligent of dress, and seeks much less to please her husband than her lover.—The theory of Plato would prevent these evils and make life but a "wooing honey-moon," as lovers say.  
"Have they not hen-pecked you all?" Women rule us now. Let her not then seek a more despotic sceptre, left in taking what she cannot hold, she lose what she already has. How strange a creature is woman! How pretty she can be if pleased; but cross her and she is froward, ill-natured and assuming; sometimes whines, at others rails; now swoons away, now comes to life; sometimes is dumb, at others has a most oily tongue, a full vocabulary of words, and powers of speech enough to drive one mad. To argue with her all men are like Don Alfonso—  
"He gained no points, except some self-rebukes, Added to those his lady with such rigor Had poured upon him for the last half hour; Quick, thick and heavy—as a thunder shower."  
How oft she makes man sin. She asks so many questions, could help it? "My dear, whar shall I say you have gone?" "Well, tell them—so and so." All true? "But why so late to-night, my dear?" "Oh! business detained me, love." He did not lie! Certainly not. She needed not to ask, however.  
Think of this, oh, ye Bachelors! of giving account of all your deeds, your words and ways; think of it and weep for the thiraldom of your fellow-men; but rejoice the more that your lot is a freedom from babies and broomsticks, and your portion the joys of "single blessedness."  
The espousers of the Platonic philosophy, thought they do not carry it out to the greatest extreme, are waptly accused of lack of gallantry and esteem for the opposite sex. I know, however, no cause for this accusation, except it be that they suffer not themselves to be captivated by the small ankles, the round neck and the fair cheeks of some giddy school girl; except it be that they pledge themselves to endure the tongues of many, instead of one woman, and to be the gossiping theme for many, rather than for that one eventful year. No one, better than they, appreciates the beauty of female character, form and loveliness. No one experiences more pleasure in the society of ladies, or estimates it more highly than do they. They reckon it an accomplishment without which one's education is incomplete. I have seen professional men, of good mind and talents, made the butt of ridicule because of the lack of this one essential. The Bachelor admires ladies in the concrete, other men in the abstract; he can esteem their society in the mass, others that of only one.  
Besides the characteristics of our sect, which I have endeavored to interweave in the above remarks, we make some boast of our antiquity. Years before the Christian era saw our existence, and the present beholds us prosperous as the past. As formerly, so to-day, you will find us all true men. Each holds an open hand to all earth's needy sons. Each has a jovial soul, free as the mountain air, and within each bosom beats a noble heart, large as benevolence and love to mankind can swell it.  
JAY.  
SOUTH ORANGE, 1854.

TERMS,  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

## RELICS.

In a recent number of the Gentleman's Magazine, we find an interesting article upon the subject of relics. The article is suggested by the fact that a few months since, Aix la Chapelle received nearly seventy thousand pilgrims in a single day, to view a famous collection of relics there exhibited, relics renowned alike for their sanctity and venerable antiquity. The writer says that the original object of relics undoubtedly was simply to preserve the memories of holy people, and by the enjoined veneration of fragments of their clothing, bones or hair, to increase our love towards the heroes of the faith. But this sort of honor, however harmless in its origin, soon degenerated into a regular system of gainful traffic. The relics were not suffered long to remain passive memorials of mortality, but were called upon to prove their authenticity by a series of wonders greatly exceeding those performed by the saints themselves during their lives; and it was their reputed miraculous power which constituted the standard of their value. They were made advertisements of monasteries and churches, and the source of ample revenues. Active rivalry was of course the result of this system, and if by chance any church obtained a relic of unusual power, a rival was sure to appear soon in its neighborhood. Even this was enough; sometimes the possession of the same relic would be claimed in several different places at one time.  
Itinerant friars were in the habit of wandering about and gathering money by the exhibition of relics. So singularly contorted were people's minds upon this subject, that the theft of a relic was considered rather honorable than otherwise, if done with the pious purpose of enriching some other church or shrine. On one occasion a Franciscan monk by the name of Wintha, stole the nuptial ring of St. Joseph, at Chiassi, with the intention of bearing it to his native country. On his road thither a sudden darkness enveloped him, so that he could not travel. He was struck with penitence, and hung the ring upon a tree, and confessed his sins before it, when it immediately emitted a great light. He subsequently bestowed the ring upon the inhabitants of Perugia. A controversy then arose between the Chiassians and the Perusians as to its ownership. The Perusians, although they acknowledged it was stolen, declared that they respected it too much to part with it, and would defend it by force of arms. It was allowed to remain in their possession, and the body of Wintha, the thief, was after his death interred with the highest honors before the tomb of St. Joseph and Mary.  
The relics of the Virgin Mary are so numerous that a volume would be required to describe them. Every imaginable article of female clothing is exhibited in divers places as a holy relic of the Virgin. In Rome there are now eight gowns which are regarded with special veneration as having been worn by her. In France there are at least a half a dozen; in Spain two; and in other parts of Europe many others, which if less known, are at least equally authentic.—The hair of our lady may be seen in a great number of places; and curiously enough, almost every trace is of a different color from the others. It has been said indeed that some of her hair was so fine as to be invisible; and as a monk was showing this, with other relics, a peasant said—  
"Reverend father, I do not see the holy hair."  
"I well believe it," replied the monk; "I have showed it for 20 years and have never seen it myself."  
The decapitated head of John the Baptist is another famous relic. In the fifth century there were two acknowledged heads of the Baptist in Phenicie, and the Greeks instituted a fête to the two heads—a convincing proof of their faith. Subsequently a head at Amiens acquired great celebrity as the true head. One of the proofs in its favor was the mark of a wound under the eye, given by Herodias with a knife. Twelve heads in a tolerable perfect condition, can now be counted, and besides these there are numerous large and important fragments of the skull. There are no less than seven extra jaws in various parts of Christendom. The finger of St. John, which was said to have been saved from the cinders of the burnt body, was kept in a church at Normandy. A devout young man of Lower Brittany visited it, and the finger unknown, slipped into the sleeve of his coat. A supernatural power drew him towards his native country. As he passed through a town, the bells rang joyfully, and the trees bowed in homage. He was seized as a sorcerer, and imprisoned. The next morning he awoke near a fountain in his native village. He hurried to the Chapel of St. Meride, and the finger immediately left his sleeve and placed itself upon the altar. The tapers were instantly lighted by an invisible hand, and the people who were present prostrated themselves in prayer. It was said the finger would never leave the church. The vassals of Henry VII. stole it on one occasion, but it left them and returned of its own accord.  
The nails which fastened the pieces of the cross together, were, it is said, three in number. One of them was cast into the sea, and the other two have multiplied immensely. This fact of their multiplication is accounted for in various ways. One way, for example, which may give a tolerable hint of the mode of making relics, was to touch similar nails with it, and distribute them as genuine. Sir Charles Bormeo, an enlightened prelate, and of the most scrupulous exactness in regard to relics, had