

# WEEKLY POST

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## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### THE FORGED NOTE. OR THE SCHEMING MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Mrs. ARMAND WALPART was most emphatically a woman of high life, while Mr. Armand Walpart was a merchant in middling circumstances, who had to work most assiduously to keep his wife at that height of fashion which she had contrived to assume. Mr. Walpart labored diligently at his business, and his pocket was a fountain from whence flowed a vast deal of money into his family; but yet his vote upon domestic affairs amounted to a mere cipher—and should he chance at any time to give it, his wife invariably claimed the right to give. Julia was their only child—a girl of nineteen years; and something may be known of her character from the fact that her mother often expressed her deep regret that she was so beautiful and gifted as was her daughter, would not endeavor to shine more in fashionable society. Julia Walpart was one of those beautiful females who are created to adorn the home of peace and joy, but who, nevertheless, cannot fail to shine with a rich, pure light, in any walk of honest life.

The lamps had been lighted in Mrs. Walpart's sitting-room, and the lady and her daughter were there alone. The former was reclining to and fro in her large lelling-chair, evidently suffering under some severe nervous shock, while Julia seemed to have been weeping, and even now her bosom was heaved by deep sobs of anguish.

"Now you see, Julia," said Mrs. Walpart, as she stopped the motion of her chair, "to what a pass you have brought yourself, by not listening to my advice. When you first began to receive the attentions of that James Albee, I warned you against him."

"How did you warn me against him?" asked the fair girl, as she removed her hand from her sallow face and gazed into her mother's face.

"How did I do it? Why, did I not tell you that he was nothing but a poor clerk, and that you should look higher for a husband?"

"Yes, you told me that, mother; but that was no warning against him. That was merely your prejudice against his pecuniary affairs."

"Prejudice, child?" iterated Mrs. Walpart, elevating her brow with a sort of haughty assurance. "Indeed, it was no such thing. I knew that that dainty paper game upon you deceiver."

"You speak feebly, girl," said Mrs. Walpart, with much sarcasm; "but I trust you will learn to bear no more of it. Your father has been wrong in this allowing you to cultivate the acquaintance of that Albee; but I trust this circumstance will learn him a lesson. Now, Julia, I hope you will be wise, and receive the attentions of Mr. Babington. He is a fine young gentleman, fashionable in every sense of the word, and his society cannot fail of pleasing you as soon as you shall have learned to appreciate him."

"Mother, if you have any feeling for me at all, do not allude to Mr. Babington again."

Julia said this with much emphasis, and her manner seemed to throw her scheming mother somewhat aback, but she could make a reply out of the servants entered and handed her a card.

"A dollar," said Mrs. Walpart, as she looked at the card; "Mr. Albert Babington is at the door. Show him up," she said to the servant, and then turning to her daughter, she continued; "Now, Julia, I must command you. Mr. Babington is my special friend, and I would have you treat him with respect, at least, and by your respect you will soon learn to look upon him in a still more favorable light."

Mrs. Walpart had no opportunity to say more, for Julia had a chance to reply, for at that moment Mr. Babington was ushered into the room. He was in very truth a "man-butterfly"; with any quantity of hair, dress, jewelry and pecuniary about his person; and as he replied to the salutations of Mrs. Walpart, he all in that drawing, self-sufficient tone and style which marks the indelible egotist. Julia instinctively shrank from the man to whom her mother would have her turn her love; and though, for the sake of money, she could not do otherwise, she tried to treat him civilly, yet she found even that a difficult and irksome task.

"Mr. Babington?" said Mrs. Walpart, after some twenty minutes had been consumed in criticisms and strictures upon the characters of various acquaintances, "have you heard any thing about the forged note?"

"Do you allude to the case of that—Albee fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Aw—well—the fellow has managed to get his hands off the note, and he is really a dangerous man to society. It is a wretched thing that he did not make my purse, the object of his heinous crime—not that I should have missed a few thousand, however."

"But tell me, Mr. Babington, who it was that was so foolish as to bail this fellow?"

"Aw—really—leave you not heard?"

"No—indeed I have not."

Mr. Albee, while the look of mingled contempt and anguish that had shone upon her handsome features gave place to an expression of real gratitude.

Mr. Albee, Babington flourished his perfumed handkerchief with a sort of nervous movement, while Mrs. Walpart looked the picture of utter astonishment and chagrin. But she was relieved from the necessity of attempting to smooth over her daughter's indiscretion to her visitor, by the sudden appearance of Mr. Walpart. The merchant gave a very cold return to Mr. Babington's "good evening"; and as he saw that his dearly loved daughter's face was suffused with the shades of sorrow and mortification, his temper was not at all softened. It did not take long for the superior guest to discover that through the mother favored his suit, the father failed to appreciate his good qualities. In fact, Mr. Albert Babington thought Mr. Walpart was rather more distant than usual, and ere long he made an excuse for his departure.

For several moments after the visitor had gone, an unbroken silence pervaded the room. The merchant was removing his boots, Julia seemed to be pondering upon what had passed, while Mrs. Walpart looked to and fro in her chair more fashionably than ever. At length as her husband sat back in his chair, she asked, in a tone anything but pleasant:

"Mr. Walpart, did I hear rightly with regard to your bailing that fellow?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," haecanically replied the gentleman.

"You know whether you became bondsman for James Albee, do you not?" sharply asked the lady.

"Ah, now I understand. Yes, I did become bondsman for the young man."

"And don't you know you are making a fool of yourself, Mr. Walpart?"

"Really, my dear wife, you flatter me," returned the merchant, in a tone of perfect coolness.

"Flatter you, sir? No, sir. Let me tell you that you have acted the perfect fool in this matter. It was not enough that you should, in spite of all my arguments—"

"Please! Arguments!" interrupted her husband.

"Yes, sir—arguments, sir. It was not enough that you should insist upon his visiting the house, but now that he has proved himself a villain, you should still cling to him. You are ruining our family reputation, sir!"

"In the eyes of Mr. Babington, I suppose," quietly remarked Mr. Walpart, with an unusual degree of sweetness.

"Mr. Babington is a gentleman, sir, and I would thank you not to treat his name with disrespect," returned Mrs. Walpart, with a look and action of offended dignity. "He has a sincere regard for Julia, and I let hope that both you and she will come to a sense of your own interests."

"So we probably shall," replied the merchant; "but you must excuse me now, for I have some business to attend to."

As Mr. Walpart spoke he drew his chair up to a table, and taking from his pocket a small bundle of papers, he began to look them over. His wife knew that further attempt at an expression of her thoughts would be utterly useless, and after remaining for a few moments a silent spectator of her husband's movements, she arose from her seat and left the room.

On the next morning, Mr. Walpart arrived at his store, a young man called to see him, and on giving his name to one of the clerks as James Albee, he was requested to step into the counting-room, and await the merchant's coming. James Albee had just entered upon the stage of manhood, and a single look upon his open, kindly smiling countenance would at once disarm the unprejudiced mind of all suspicion, and yet he rested under the charge of forgery! A check for five thousand dollars, purporting to have been signed by his employers, Messrs. Folt & Babcock, had been presented at the bank and cashed on a month previous, but as Albee had the principal management of the business, the firm had not until within a week, discovered the fraud.

As soon as Mr. Folt saw Mr. Albee, he checked he knew it to be spurious, and after serious consultation with his partner, suspicion was fastened upon James Albee. No palpable circumstances showed that he had made any use of the money, and an examination was made of his trunk; this proved nothing, however, and while yet the firm were in doubt upon the subject, they learned that young Albee had lately loaned to a friend, who was about commencing business, four thousand dollars. This, together with the teller's evidence that Albee himself had presented the forged check, was deemed a conclusive evidence, and the young man was accordingly arrested. A bill was drawn against him, and he was held in heavy bonds for trial. Mr. Walpart, as the reader already knows, having recognized himself for the required amount, there seemed no possible way for the young man to clear himself of the fatal charge; and as he sat now in the merchant's counting-room there was a deep shade of sorrow upon his manly features, and his heart lay heavy and sad in his bosom.

At length Mr. Walpart arrived. He greeted young Albee kindly, and having consulted his watch he called upon one of his clerks, and giving him two letters, he bade him leave one of them at the Canal Bank, and the other at the store of Folt & Babcock.

"Clear up, James," said Mr. Walpart, shortly after his clerk had left. "If I am not greatly mistaken, all will yet come right."

"Have you a clue, then, to the solution of the mystery?" asked James, as he started forward and laid his hand nervously upon a flood of hopeful light.

"I think I have," returned Mr. Walpart, "but nevertheless we may be able to throw some light upon them. In the first place, gentlemen, the circumstance of his having money is clear. For eight long years he has been saving each quarter a portion of his salary, and this he has had invested in various ways, as I can testify, and even at the present moment I hold some two thousand dollars of his money. Now, sir," he continued, turning to the bank teller, "on what day did you pay that five thousand dollars upon the forged check?"

"On the fifteenth of last month."

"Have you examined the book-keeper's accounts for that day, as I requested?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what is the result?"

"I have examined the book-keeper's journal, and I fear that I may have given in my evidence at Mr. Albee's examination, with too much reliance upon my own memory," returned the teller; "for upon examination, I find that shortly after the bank was opened, I paid to the checks of Folt & Babcock eight thousand dollars; then before that check-five thousand dollars was paid there that check-four hundred dollars to use in buying up flour."

"Not until after two o'clock, sir," returned the young man, with a confident air. "For I remember that he sent his assistant clerk to deposit and pay two notes at the bank, because both our employers had gone, and there was considerable business going on."

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Walpart, rubbing his hands with considerable satisfaction, "you see how easy it is for men to be mistaken. The bank teller knew that he paid thirteen thousand dollars on the fifteenth to the checks of Folt & Babcock, and they knew that they only drew checks for eight thousand. He also knew that he paid money to James Albee, and those two circumstances, both put together, look convincing; but you now see that when thoroughly sifted out they amount to nothing, for you see that it is impossible that the young man could have drawn the money, even though he had forged the check, and that he did this of course there is no evidence now that the other is unproved."

A moment Mr. Folt stood in deep thought, with his hand upon his brow, and his elbow resting upon the desk. Then while his countenance opened to a kind, frank look, he stepped quickly forward and seizing the hand of the suspected clerk, he said:

"James, I know that you are not guilty of this crime. I have suspected you, for I had grounds; but what Mr. Walpart has brought, added to your whole exemplary life, gives back to you your untarnished honor."

In vain was it that the youth attempted to utter his joy in words. His heart beat too wildly, and the warm tears rolled in a blinding flood from his trembling eyes. He turned to Mr. Walpart, but even then his words failed him, though the silent blessing that rested upon his grateful features was not to be mistaken.

"Mr. Walpart," said Mr. Walpart, turning to the bank teller, as soon as Albee had taken his seat, "are you engaged this evening?"

"No, sir."

"And you?" he continued, to Folt & Babcock.

"No, sir," they both replied.

"Then I would deem it an especial favor if you would sup with me to-night at the A—House, and after that accompany me to my own dwelling, and if I am not mistaken you shall then have the whole of this matter cleared up."

The gentlemen agreed to the arrangement, and after Mr. Folt obtained from James an assurance that he would call upon him during the day, they separated.

Never, perhaps, did Mrs. Walpart feel more scandalized than when her husband returned in the evening, in company with James Albee. Julia, from motives of decency, Mr. Walpart had requested to remain away from the sitting-room, but he sent for her. The lady was somewhat surprised, however, when she found that Messrs. Folt & Babcock accompanied him; and when she was introduced to Mr. Lowley, whom she remembered as having been one of the witnesses at the examination of young Albee, she was, to use her own expression, "all struck with wonder."

Half an hour passed away, during which the gentlemen kept up a commonplace conversation, occasionally passing some remark with Mrs. Walpart, who felt not a little flattered by the attention of such rich men as were the two firm merchants. At the end of that time one of the servants announced Mr. Albert Babington. He was shown into the room, and though he entered with his usual air of self-sufficiency, yet when he became aware of the nature of the company present, a sudden glow overspread his features, and his hand trembled as he received the greeting grasp of the merchants.

"A veraw fine evening, Mistaw Walpart," said Babington, as he took a seat, endeavoring the while to compose himself from the effects of the strange tremor that had seized him.

"Perhaps it is," returned Mr. Walpart, as he cast upon the puppy a look of ineffable contempt, and then wheeled his chair about with a decided movement, he continued:

"Mr. Babington, as business has called these gentlemen here, you will pardon me if I proceed at once to my transaction."

"Oh—aw—ah—certainly, sir," returned the excited, striving to smile through his palpable fears.

"Then, sir," said the merchant, "I will do it in as few words as possible. On the fifteenth of last month a forged check, in the name of Folt & Babcock, was presented at the teller's desk of the Canal

Bank and cashed. Do you know anything of the matter?"

"Mr. sir," uttered Babington, utterly confounded at the strangeness of the question, but nevertheless drawing himself up with extreme dignity—"Really, Mistaw Walpart, you are decidedly facetious. You will have to ask some one else that question."

"Then, Mr. Babington, perhaps you will explain to me where you obtained the four thousand dollars that you lost in the Jockey Club Room on the evening of the day to which I have alluded."

"Mrs. Walpart by this time came to a pretty clear understanding of what the business was, and as she witnessed the fearful effects of her husband's last question upon her fashionable friend, she found it absolutely necessary to faint. The husband rang the bell for a servant, and as his wife was being conveyed out, he gave directions for the sending up of some one who was waiting in the hall below.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Walpart, "there is no need that I should keep you longer in the dark. A few days since I received from an unknown source—but from some one who supposed that the villain was working himself into the good graces of my family—the information that Mr. Albert Babington was a notorious gambler, and that on the fifteenth of last month he had lost over four thousand dollars at one sitting. At once the idea of this forgery flashed upon me, and—"

"It's a lie! a base, cowardly lie!" exclaimed the accused man, as he started from his seat.

"Never mind," quietly returned Mr. Walpart. "There are some who will help us."

As he spoke, two policemen, followed by a richly dressed youth, entered the room.

"That's the fellow who presented the check," uttered Mr. Townly, as his eyes rested upon the boy.

"So he has already confessed," said Mr. Walpart, and then turning to the youth, he continued:

"Now tell us, sir, who gave you the check, and to whom you delivered the money."

"That man, sir," he said, pointing to Mr. Albert Babington.

"You can take him in charge, and I will appear before the proper tribunal in the morning," said Mr. Walpart, addressing the policeman.

Babington swore terribly, but it availed him naught, and in a few moments he was in safe custody, and on his way to the "Tombs."

"I took but a few words for Mr. Walpart to utter, and he had already done so much. He noted, he went to the club room and sifted the matter out—how he found the youth who had presented the check, and how he had contrived to entrap the real scamp without exciting his suspicions. Both Mr. Folt and Babcock humbly begged the young clerk's pardon for the unjust suspicions they had against him, and they urged him to return to their employ; but Mr. Walpart informed them that Mr. Albee was going into business with himself, and after renewed pledges of mutual friendship, Messrs. Folt and Babcock, and Mr. Townly, took their leave, and as soon as they were gone the old merchant rang for his daughter.

"There, Julia," said the happy father, as he took the fair girl's hand, "James stands nobly clear from every taint of dishonor, and while he and myself enter into a partnership for business, you and he may make such arrangements for your own course as you see fit."

As the old man spoke he took the hand of the youth and placed within it that of his daughter, and after he had done so a fervent "God bless you" fell from his lips.

At that moment the world afforded no thoughts of sorrow for those young hearts; but as they wept for joy upon each other's neck all was bright as an unclouded heaven about them.

Mr. Albert Babington was duly convicted of the forgery, and he is even now laboring within the walls of the prison in expiation of his crime, while Mrs. Walpart has resolved henceforth to look deeper for the true man than upon the mere surface of fashionable life; and trust rather more to her husband's good judgment for the future.

From the Dublin University Magazine,  
**CHINESE FEASTS.**

Chinese feasts have often been described, but little justice has been done to them. It is true their dishes no more correspond with our ideas of good living, than ours do with theirs. The mode of living in all countries must be national, and vary according to the soil and climate. And thus, were we to see a table spread according to the custom of ancient Rome, it would be no more consonant with our habits, than it would be congenial to our tastes. Although bowls are used by the Chinese instead of dishes, yet their tables are spread with as great a regard to order and elegance as our own. The wealthy Chinese live in a most expensive and luxurious manner, and they pay high wages for good cooks. Their articles of cuisine are as famous for their *chop-choo*, as *Ute* was for his, and they are considered just as important personages as *Monsieur le Chef* is at Paris. A Chinese gastronome is as celebrated for good foods in his country, as any gourmand of London or Paris is in his own, and invitations are equally acceptable to them. A repast at the house of a wealthy Chinese is by no means despicable. I will attempt the description of a feast at which I was present, according to the impressions produced upon my mind and palate, particularly as the host is celebrated for good taste and admirable arrangements. Some particulars must be premised.

Invitations vary always according to the rank of the guest, or the respect accorded to him. By the comparative value of the material, whether paper, silk, and gold or silver tinsel, and by its length, is to be measured the respect intended to be paid to the guest. This document, pressed into the narrow folds, and written, after the Chinese fashion, in columns, which correspond with the folds, is turned over as read, from right to left, enclosed in a fold of silk, and tied round; it is conveyed with great ceremony by the servant of the mandarin, who always expects a present in money.

On the occasion to which I refer, were of that antique touching so exceedingly valued, which is thin as paper, pure white, perfectly transparent, and ornamented with obscure figures, whose dark outlines are only perceptible when the vessel is filled with tea. The mode of making tea in China is similar to that in which coffee is made in Turkey. The tea is put into the cup, boiling water poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma, with a lid which is used as a spoon to sip the tea. They never use sugar and milk in China with their tea.

After tea, the host ushered the guests into the room where the repast was prepared. We found the table laid out for six persons, and nothing could be more elegant. On the table was spread a silk cover, whose edges were embroidered with gold and silver. China jars were filled with the choicest flowers, and those of orange, China aster, and camellia japonica, &c. These flowers were so disposed in the jars as to form exact patterns. Interpersed were animals formed of bamboo, and covered with tuberoses, jessamine, and small coral flowers, so skillfully arranged, as perfectly to conceal the bamboo. There were also various fruits—pine-apples, leeches, bananas, together with dry sweetsmeats, in carved ivory and tortoise-shell baskets. The meats were served in bowls, but they were arranged upon the table with the strictest attention to form and order. The largest were placed in the centre, and those around corresponded accurately with each other. The saucers were placed in smaller bowls, or cups, upon silver stands. High-shoo, both hot and cold, and an acid wine made in China, were conveniently arranged in highly-colored silver pots, of a slender, upright form, with handles and spouts. Before each person was placed a small embossed silver cup, about two inches high, for drinking Sam-shoo and wine; besides each cup was placed a case containing a knife and chopsticks. The chopsticks were of ivory; but the handles of the knives and cases were ornamented, and made either of jade, chased silver, carved ivory, or sandal-wood. Although these chopsticks were provided for the guests, yet it is customary for the Chinese to carry their own with them. Chairs of equal size were placed round the table, and the whole party sat down together.

The first course was served up in antique white porcelain, which was very beautiful, but not to be compared with the best service. This course consisted of several meats of various descriptions, poultry, animals, and a soup, or stew, which at first I took for turtle, but afterwards discovered to be fresh-water tortoise. The whole of the meats were dressed with various sauces; but the Chinese invariably add a quantity of soy, vinegar, oil, and capers.

It has often been stated that earth-worms are to be found at the tables of the wealthy; but this I believe to be unfounded. There were, however, on this occasion, what might easily be mistaken for them—the grubs which are found at the root of the sugarcane. A bowl of rice was placed before each person to be eaten with the various dishes. The food was cut up in small pieces, which were taken up with chopsticks; some persons find great difficulty in their use, but I experienced none. After each dish, a small quantity of Sam-shoo was taken and occasionally wine. It must not be forgotten that the fashion of asking persons to take wine, whether national or borrowed, was here observed. One asked another to take Sam-shoo or wine, and the compliment was immediately returned by the party asked, and the cups were reserved and knocked upon the thumb-nail, to show that they had been emptied.

The next course was served up on colored porcelain, and consisted of variously dressed poultry of every description, cut into small pieces, in the forms of animals and fishes. With this course appeared the celebrated bird's-nest soup, which is a gelatinous substance, testing like unflavored calves-foot jelly, until the various condiments which they use are added, when it becomes exceedingly palatable and palatable. The soup was ladled out of the bowl in which it was served by means of a cup, and each person sipped it from his bowl with a small cup.

The succeeding course was served up on white china, ornamented with green dragons, each having four claws; those with five claws are only used by the emperor. This course was composed of aquatic birds of all kinds, among which was the mandarin-duck, which is fattened to an enormous extent, salted, dried and smoked. This, like their other food, was cut up into small pieces, and although very rich, it is not unlike a highly-flavored West-phalia ham in taste. The rice-bird was also here, which is one delicious morsel of fat. The various vegetables on the table were so immersed in oil and soy that I could not partake of them.

Next followed a course of pastry. Some dishes were formed into the shapes of fishes and animals, colored like nature, and the interiors were filled with sweetsmeats, some of which were delicious. This was succeeded by other courses, the numbers and varieties of which were too great for description.

One of the greatest marks of attention on the part of a host, is to press his friends continually to eat more. Sometimes morsels out of the same bowl are transferred to that of his guest; at others they are put directly into his mouth with the chopsticks. Sam-shoo is most requisite after this rich food, to assist digestion; and the best Sam-

shoo is not at all unpalatable. But the wine is wretched. Those who are fond of rich living, would enjoy the Chinese style.

The other thing inconsistent with our notions of good breeding, to be witnessed at the tables of the Chinese, is that during dinner and after dinner, for the purpose of showing how good the food is, and how well they have satisfied their cravings, eruptions are emitted to a disgusting extent, and according to their ideas, a stigma would be cast upon the host were this omitted.

As soon as the repast was over, tea was handed round as before, and the entertainment was concluded with theatrical representations and fireworks. The ancient costume is that which is adopted on the stage, but it differs little from that of the present day. The parts of women are performed by boys, and each character, coming on the stage, describes what he is about to perform.

**PERSONAL SKETCHES.**  
SIBERIAN LEARNING.

When thirty-one years old, his father thus speaks of his knowledge of Languages:

"My son has gone to Meinel with the commissariat of the army. When he found he would probably have to go to Riga, he began forthwith to learn Russian. Let us just reckon how many languages he knows already. He was only two years old when we came to Moldoff, so that we must consider—1. German, as his mother tongue. He learnt at school—2. Latin; 3. Greek; 4. Hebrew; and, besides, in Moldoff, he learnt—5. Danish; 6. English; 7. French; 8. Italian;—but only so far as to be able to read a book in these languages;—some books from a vessel wrecked on the coast induced him to learn—9. Portuguese; 10. Spanish;—of Arabic he did not learn much at home, because I had lost my lexicon, and could not quickly replace it;—in Kiel and Copenhagen, he had opportunities of practice in speaking and writing French, English, and Danish;—in Copenhagen, he learnt—11. Persian (of Count Ludolph, the Austrian minister, who was born at Constantinople and whose father was an acquaintance of mine); and 12. Arabic, he taught himself;—in Holland, he learnt—13. Dutch; and again in Copenhagen—14. Swedish, and a little Icelandic;—at Meinel—15. Russian; 17. Slavonic; 17. Polish; 18. Bohemian; and 19. Silyrian. With the addition of Low German this makes in all twenty languages."

His acquaintance with geography, the natural sciences, poetry, philosophy, and jurisprudence was equally extensive. But he had the good fortune to divine at an early age wherein his greatest strength lay. At seventeen he writes to his father:—"History is my vocation, and to that I shall perhaps some day make my philosophical acquisitions subservient." Again, about the same period:—"If my name is ever to be spoken of, I shall be known as a historian and political writer, as an antiquary and philologist."—*Life and Letters of Niebuhr, by Chevalier Bunsen.*

**MINUTE MECHANISM.**

There is a cherry-stone at the Salem Mass. Museum, which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone, itself, is of the ordinary size, but the spoons are so small, that their shape and finish can only be well distinguished by the microscope.—Here is the result of immense labor for no decidedly useful purposes, and there are thousands of other objects in the world, fashioned by ingenuity, the value of which, in a utilitarian sense, may be said to be quite as indifferent. Dr. Oliver gives an account in his *Philosophical Translations*, by the way, of a cherry-stone on which were carved one hundred and twenty-four heads, so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to kings and queens, by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for \$1,500, and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value, that its possession was disputed, and became the object of a suit in chancery. This stone Dr. O. saw in 1687. In more remote times still, an account is given of an iron chariot, constructed by Mercurides, which was so small that a fly could cover it with its wing; also of a ship of the same material, which could be hidden by the wing of a bee! Pliny, too, tells us that Homer's *Iliad*, with its fifteen thousand verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nut shell; while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a kernel of corn. But the Harlan MS. mentions a greater number than any of the above; it being no more nor less than the Bible written by one Petro Bales—a chancery clerk—in so small a book that it could be enclosed within the shell of an English walnut. Ulfraeth gives accounts of many other exploits similar to the one of Bales. There is a drawing of the head of Charles II. in the Library of St. John's College, Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which, at a small distance, resemble the lines of an engraving.

**INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.**—It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable looking country-woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secrecy, that her husband had behaved unkind to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy, and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband.—This case was a common one, and his remedy he could prescribe for it without being in any danger of a cotjuer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. *Always meet your husband with a smile.*"

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtesy and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton, with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him with a tear of joy and gratitude glistening in her eye, that she had followed his advice and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

When your poor wife begins to scold, let her take it out. Put your feet up easily over the fire place—loll back in your chair—light one of your best cigars—and let the storm rage on.—Say nothing—make no answer to anything.