



POETICAL.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY HENRY D. FIRST.

FLING out, fling out our meteor flag—
Give forth its stripes and stars;
The pennon of a blood-bought land;
The idol of each free-born band—
Woe bravely, may its glories stand,
Throughout a thousand wars.

For it—our fathers—fought and died,
In freedom's holy cause;
O'er mountain top, and mountain glen;
O'er rushing stream, and shaded fen,
The symbol of her free-born men,
The banner of our laws.

The breeze shall bear its rustle past;
Through whirlwind, and o'er flood;
Unstained by storm—upon the blast—
Oh! let our meteor flag be cast,
Throughout eternity, to last;
Dear to our heart's best blood.

And he—who would its lustre dim,
Be traitor to our sod;
His ashes to the whirlwind given;
Himself from home and kindred driven;
His soul, unshriven, unforgiven;
Accursed, by man and God.

MISCELLANY.

THE CORSICAN.

BY J. E. DOW.

BANISHMENT.
CHAPTER ONE.

EVENING was slowly creeping over the rugged mountain peaks of Corsica, in the year 1793, as a young man in the uniform drew near to the convent of Rostino.

There was something in the expression of the stranger's face that repulsed all impertinent curiosity, while his form, short and crooked, seemed to give the lie to his martial bearing. He rode a mettled steed, and as he passed by the cottage door of the rustic beau and his strapping lass, the one exclaimed, involuntarily,—"what a bold rider," while the other, instinctively shrinking from the stranger's approach, quaveringly replied, "the form of a devil, and the look of a God."

The ponderous bell from the convent tower, was slowly chiming to vespers, as the rider reined up his steed beneath the moss-clad walls of the garden, and entered the wicket gate.

An aged man, dressed in cassock and cowl, received the visitor in the refectory, and after a scanty meal had been offered and refused, hastily led him to a little chapel, in a remote part of the building, where penitents of the highest order—"made a clean breast," as they say at sea, by telling over their crimes to an image forgetful, that the true God, is conscious of guilt at the communion, and that his image never can be.

When the two personages had reached a little closet leading from the chapel, the monk, setting the light which he had borne with him, upon the table, threw off his cowl, and loosed his gown. The uniform of a general flashed upon the subaltern's eyes.

"Paoli," said the stranger.
"The same," said the tall patriot of Corsica, who had just returned from a twenty years' banishment, to head a rebellion in his native land.
"What news, my son, do you bring from Paris?"
"Dreadful news," said the young man, pacing up and down the apartment—"I have seen a king running away from his throne of beauty, and a massacre of the only ones who remained faithful to him; when the cannon that idly looked upon the mob, could have swept it away, with one burst of thunder, I marched through the courts of the Tuilleries at evening, when the brave Swiss guard, mangled and glory, lay stiffened in death, butchered, sir, by the Artisan and Provision Dealers, of Paris, and my soul sickened at the sight. There was no war, no fair fight, no glory, it was a butchery of brave men, by a host of cowardly assassins."

"Stop," said Paoli. "As soon might the wolf or the eagle sicken at the sight of blood as thou, Lieutenant. I know you of old, you have a taste for crimson."
"Aye, sir," said the subaltern, "but not for the blood of murdered victims—not for the blood of sheep; but come—come—let's to business. What would you do with me?"

Long and fiercely did the disguised general watch the countenance of the youthful soldier. Three times he looked as though he would penetrate his very soul, and three times the young man returned his searching gaze with a cold, calculating, grey eye.

"Lieutenant, I will trust you—Corsica must be free, and you must aid in her liberation."
"Paoli!" said the young man, firmly—"she shall be free, but not until the work of destruction in France, has ceased."

"What mean you?" said the old patriot, rising,—"will you not join our expedition?"
"Never, until I have seen the end of the dream of France. The great drama which you rehearsed in your younger days, in an obscure corner of the world, has now a kingdom for a stage, and nations to behold the swelling act. Old man, let the little island of Corsica rest in quiet, and come with me to Paris."

The patriot laid his hand upon the speaker's arm with awful sternness.
"Traitor to your birth-place," said he, "what mean you? Would you hug your fetters until reason ruled France?"

"Poor Corsica, thou home of the stranger, thou whom I have enslaved for nearly half a century, shall thy younger sons leave thee to perish—God forbid!"
"My noble-hearted tutor," said the young officer, helping the aged man to a seat,—"Corsica cannot be free, but by the freedom of France—a few months may break your fetters, yet then jeopardize your life, and the lives of your friends, for the attainment of that may be impracticable now, but which will come as a thing of course before the close of this century."

The old man shook his head mournfully.
"I had placed great confidence in you," said he,—"your military genius inspired me—you seemed to have been cut from the antique—one of Plutarch's men. With your aid our country might be free—as it is, she must fight her battles without you,—Paoli will not desert her in her hour of peril."

"Old man," said the young officer, fiercely—"I am no traitor to my country, no enthusiast, to build up the theories to be blown away by the first breath of wind. England cannot save Corsica,—France shall. Let the ball of the Revolution, roll on, the time for our little island will soon come—I must go to Paris—farewell."

"Go, unworthy son of a suffering country," answered the stern old man, waving him away. It was now night, deep night, and the wind wailed sadly amid the convent turrets while the deep mounded thunder echoed along the straits of Ajaccio.

ADOPTION.

CHAPTER TWO.

"Land ho!"—sang the dreamy look-out man from the mast head of a Tuscan Polacre, as the coast of France hove in sight.

A family of noble exiles stood upon the quarter-deck. It was the family of Bonaparte—banished from Corsica. They sought refuge in France, and now the harbor of Marseilles received them. It was a lucky time—Marseilles was besieged, and the army of the Republic hovered along its bastions—wide, then, were the portals of France flung to the young Lieutenant and his relatives.

In one hour after landing, the young Napoleon had offered his services to the leader of the French forces, and had been accepted. He was now an adopted son of the Republic. His race was around him. The cannon woke him at morning light, and the enemy's bugles sang him to sleep at evening, Marseilles having surrendered to Gerit Cartaux, the army moved on to Toulon.

There was a fortress on the mole called Little Gibraltar. The eye of Napoleon, who had now been promoted to commander of artillery, saw that whoever held that fortress would hold Toulon.—He sought the music master, General Cartaux, who after throwing a thousand impediments in his way, was fool enough to give his opinions in writing.—Napoleon immediately made marginal comments, and sent the *singing Bulletin* off to Paris by a special courier. The consequence was the sudden recall of the singer, and the appointment of a doctor of simples to command. His name was Doppel, and though he could let blood from others without fainting, he sounded a retreat the moment a stray bullet interfered with the breath pipes of his aide-de-camp—a barber's boy of no mean pedigree—and left the field at a time when victory was certain to ensue. Doctor Doppel was now sent back to his pestle and mortar, and General Dugommier, a veteran soldier, succeeded to the command of the army before Toulon. The French Directory in its dream of omnipotence and immortality, had ordered that "Toulon should be taken, and the allied squadrons burnt in three days"—poor fool! well was it for human nature that the God of French reason was not the Jehovah of Eternity. Well was it for the brute that a week of eleven days was not suffered to become a period of time.

The siege of Little Gibraltar now commenced in sober earnest; Dugommier was no doctor of simples or pedagogue, after the manner of a jack-ass. He knew his duty, but he never was fool enough to give an inferior his reasons in writing. This giving of reasons in black and white is no business for an ignorant man, however brave he may be.

Lord Mansfield once was waited upon by an admiral, who had been made governor of the Leeward or Windward Isles in the West Indies—and I neither know or care which—for a code of laws suitable for the people over which he was to rule; and a chart for his particular guidance.

"You are a good common sense individual, whose only aim is to do about right," said his lordship, to the old bruiser.
"For the bullets and the gout I had so knocked his hull about That he couldn't go to sea any more."

"Aye, aye, your honor," said the old sail in awabs, endeavoring to look over a shirt collar as large as the foresail of a clipper.

"Well, then," said his lordship, with a smile—"you want no written laws; neither do you want a guide for your judgment; decide all cases by your own ideas of right and wrong, and be a law unto yourself; but never give a reason—for as sure as you do—the lawyers will pick you all to pieces." The admiral bowed himself out of the chief justice's presence, and went to his station.

Not a law had he, and during a command of a dozen years, there was no place in the colonies of Britain so well regulated as the Islands of the Ocean, that owned the power of the jolly old admiral. So much for a digression—let us on to the siege of Toulon. Batteries were raised against the walls and the guns of the French army were mounted in silence. Napoleon slept in his military cloak beside his cannon. The foolish Directory finding that their orders were not executed, sent a deputation to the besieging army. They inspected Napoleon's secret battery, and finding that it had been finished for eight days without having discovered itself by its fire, they ordered the commandant to open his artillery at once. He was a little way off—the cannoniers eager to show their love for the reptiles in power, obeyed the ridiculous order and fired away. Napoleon cursed them aloud; but before he could reach the spot, the English had called out and spiked the guns, while the Directory men made strait coat tails for Paris. A sharp skirmish now took place, and by a skillful maneuver, the commandant of artillery, at the expense of a bayonet wound in his thigh, captured the English commander, General O'Hara, and raised the old Harry with the besieged. Had it not been for this, Napoleon would have been dismissed from the army—as it was, he received the praises of the Directory, and the shouts of applause of the fish women and butchers of Paris.

Under the cover of the symbols of peace—a grove of olive trees—Napoleon now constructed a battery parallel with that of the English, and but a hundred fathoms from it. The moment he unmasked it—every Frenchman lay dead beside his gun, for the English cannoniers in security gutted the works. Junot now at the command of his colonel, raised upon a pole a placard, with this inscription, "The battery of the men without fear."

It was enough, the artillery men crowded around the fatal spot, and when after three days fighting, the bugle of rest sounded—many an artilleryman had gone up on the breath of the death-dealing cannon, to the muster of the God of Battles.

On the night of the eighteenth of December, when all was still but the warring elements of Nature, the whole army attacked Little Gibraltar. The representatives of the people called a council for deliberation. The general and his gallant artilleryman laughed them to scorn; a scaffold awaited them in case of failure—immortality in case they succeeded.

Onward rushed the columns—Dugommier led the main body. Napoleon headed the reserve—seeing Dugommier fall back, he sent the gallant Captain Muiron with a battalion of light infantry by a private way to surprise the fort. Muiron was successful. He fell himself upon an English pike, but Little Gibraltar was taken.

Toulon immediately surrendered to the French. The cowardly representatives of the people now, with swords in their hands, rushed in to eulogize the troops. Every thing was burnt. Nine French line of battle ships were blazing at one moment; and the explosion of two vessels of powder finished a *Feu de Joy* in honor of the victory. The exile now became a general. The Corsician was a leader in the armies of France. Napoleon reposed upon his laurels in a garret in Paris.

The Unbeliever.

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, the glory and the beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over and with, and above all—from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever, on whose intellect the light of reason never penetrated—who can gaze upon the sun and moon and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a dull and cheerless void. In him, mind—the God-like gift of intellect, is debased, destroyed; all is dark—a cheerful chaotic labyrinth—rayless, cheerless, hopeless. No gleam of light from Heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion—no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harp of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless, reason is prostrate, and passion, prejudice and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect. I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him that evinces the existence of God—and he denies—yes, while standing on the foot-stool of Omnipotence, and gazing on the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.—*Chalmers.*

Marshal. Are there any aliens (foreigners) not naturalized belonging to this family?
Woman. There is my son Henry who is ailing in the knee, but he was natural born sir.

SITTINGS OF THE COURTS

At the Court-House in Vevay, Switzerland County, Ia

CIRCUIT COURT.

2d Monday in April. 1st Monday in October.

2d Monday in February. 2d Monday in August.

2d Monday in May. 2d Monday in November.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

1st Monday in January. 1st Monday in September.

1st Monday in March. 1st Monday in November.

1st Monday in May.

Boot and Shoe Making.

THE undersigned, who for three years occupied the establishment formerly occupied by Chas. Thiebaut, takes this method of returning his thanks to his customers and the public generally, for the liberal share of patronage extended to him. He has removed to the shop lately occupied by C. W. Gray & Co., fronting the market street, where he will at all times keep on hand a complete assortment of Boots Shoes, coarse and fine, women's and children's shoes, at the lowest prices. All Boots and Shoes made in his establishment will be of Eastern and Cincinnati stock, and will be mended gratis when ripped. He hopes by close application to business, and a desire to please the public, to merit a share of public patronage.

F. J. GEORGE.

May 23, 1840.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

C. Thiebaut and T. Haskell.

CHARLES THIEBAUD would inform his friends and former customers, that he has resumed his business of boot and shoe making in all its branches, at his old stand in the brick building on Main, one door west of Ferry street, Vevay, Ia., and has taken into partnership with him Thomas Haskell. They are determined to spare no pains or expense to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their custom. They have now on hand a large quantity of the best quality of stock which is being put together by mechanics of the very first class, so that their customers may depend on having work of the best quality, at prices to suit the times. All orders in their line thankfully received and promptly attended to.

May 14, 1840.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

M. G. BRIGHT AND J. M. KYLE,

HAVING associated themselves together in the practice of the Law in the Switzerland Circuit Court, will attend to all business entrusted to their care in said Court.

M. G. BRIGHT may be consulted at Madison, and J. M. KYLE at his office, opposite the Court House, in Vevay.

April 25, 1840.

ALL kinds of Blanks on hand and for sale at this office.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

As a means of enabling the public to guard, in some measure, against losses by depreciated Bank paper, we have made out the following table, giving the rates of discount at Cincinnati and Louisville on the notes of the various banks. It will be corrected weekly, from the papers of those cities:

KENTUCKY.
Bank of Louisville, par
Bank of Kentucky and Branches, par
Northern Bank of Kentucky and Branches, par
Savings Bank of Louisville, Otis Arnold & Co's checks on do. par

Hotel Company, 2 per cent dis.
Old Bank of Kentucky, 5 dis.
Commonwealth Bank and Branches, 5 dis.
South Western Real Estate Bank, fraud.

INDIANA.
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Madison, 1 dis.
State Bank, 1 dis.
Branches at New Albany, Madison and Lawrenceburg, 1 dis.
All other Branches, 1 dis.

OHIO.
Bank of Cleveland, 11 dis.
Bank of Massillon, 11 dis.
Bank of Circleville, 11 dis.
Bank of Wooster, 11 dis.
Bank of Xenia, 11 dis.
Bank of Sandusky, 11 dis.
Bank of Hamilton, 11 dis.
Bank of West Union, 11 dis.
Bank of Chillicothe, 11 dis.
Bank of Marietta, 11 dis.
Bank of Mount Pleasant, 11 dis.
Bank of Norwalk, 11 dis.
Bank of Geauga, 11 dis.
Bank of Zanesville, 11 dis.
Bank of St. Clairsville, 11 dis.
Bank of Steubenville, 11 dis.
Clinton Bank at Columbus, 11 dis.
Columbian Bank of New Lisbon, 11 dis.
Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, 11 dis.
Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, 11 dis.
Commercial Bank of Scioto, 11 dis.
Dayton Bank, 11 dis.
Dayton Mfg. Company, 2 1/2 dis.
Exchange Bank Cincinnati, 1 1/2 dis.
Farmers & Mechanics Bank Steubenville, 1 1/2 dis.
Farmers Bank Canton, 20 dis.
Franklin Bank Columbus, 1 1/2 dis.
German Bank Wooster, 1 1/2 dis.
Granville Association Society, 1 1/2 dis.
Kirtland Safety Society, 1 1/2 dis.
Lancaster Ohio Bank, 1 1/2 dis.
Lafayette Bank Cincinnati, 20 dis.
Lafayette Bank at Manhattan Ohio, 20 dis.
Mechanics & Traders Bank Cincinnati, 1 1/2 dis.
Miami Exporting Company Cincinnati, 1 1/2 dis.
Muskingum Bank Putnam, 1 1/2 dis.
Monroe Falls Mfg. Company, 50 dis.
Orphan Institute Bank, 50 dis.
Ohio Rail Road, 50 dis.
Ohio Life Insurance & Trust Company, 1 1/2 dis.
Urbana Banking Company, 1 1/2 dis.
Western Reserve Bank at Warren, 1 1/2 dis.
Union Bank of Exchange, Cincinnati, fraud.

LOUISIANA.
Clinton and Port Hudson, at Jackson, 50 dis.
New Orleans City Bank, par

MISSISSIPPI.
Agricultural Bank Natchez, 25 a 50 dis.
Planters Bank Natchez, do.
Commercial Bank Natchez, 25
Natchez Post Notes, 75 dis.
Natchez Rail Road, 75 a 80 dis.
Miss. Shipping Company, 75 a 80 dis.
Grand Gulf Railroad & Banking Co., 60 a 75 dis.
West Feliciana do. do. do. 50 dis.
Commercial Bank of Manchester, 50 dis.
do. do. Rodney, 75 dis.
Commercial Railroad and Banking Company, 50 a 75 dis.
Vicksburg, 60 a 75 dis.
Bank of Vicksburg, 60 a 75 dis.
Vicksburg Water Works & Banking Co. 60 a 75 dis.
City of Vicksburg Post Notes, no sale
Lake Washington, 75 a 80 dis.
Commercial Bank, Columbus, 30 a 50 dis.
Tombigbee, 90 dis.
Union Bank at Jackson, Post Notes, 75 dis.
do. payable at sight, 75 dis.
Bank of Port Gibson, 30 a 50 dis.
Citizens Bank Madison County, 75 a 80 dis.
Chickasaw Land Bank, 75 a 80 dis.
All other banks of this State are worthless.

MICHIGAN.
Detroit City Bank, 10 a 25
Bank of River Raisin, Monroe, do.
Solvent company [chartered] Banks, 25 to 50
Joint stock, Safety Fund and Wild Cat, no sale

ILLINOIS.
State Bank of Illinois and its Branches, 1 1/2 dis.
Bank of Illinois and branches, Shawnee-town, 1 1/2 dis.
Bank of Cairo, 5 a 10 dis.
Illinois Savings Bank, fraud
Manufacturers' and Miners' at Jackson, fraud
Merchants and Planters Bank at Chicago, fraud

ALABAMA.
State Bank and branches, 10 dis.
All other solvent Banks, do.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Philadelphia City Bank, par a 2 prem.
Pittsburgh banks, " a 2 " par
Country banks, " a 2 " par

TENNESSEE.
Banks of Tennessee and branches, 7 1/2 dis.
Planters' Bank and branches, 7 1/2 dis.
Union Bank and branches, 7 1/2 dis.
Yeatman, Woods and Co. 7 1/2 dis.

VIRGINIA.
Bank of Virginia and branches, par
Farmers' Bank of Virginia and branches, par
Valley Bank and branches, par
Northwestern Bank of Va. at Wheeling, par
Merchants and Mechanics' Bank at do. and branches, par

NEW YORK.
City Bank, 5 a 10 prem.
Country Bank, 2 a 5 prem.
Mechanics & Traders' Bank, Albany, fraud

MARYLAND.
Baltimore City Bank, par a 2 prem.
Country Bank, 2 dis.

FLORIDA.
Southern Life Insurance and Trust Company, St. Augustine, 25 a 50 dis.
All other solvent Banks, 30 a 50 dis.

GEORGIA.
All Solvent Banks, 10 a 50 dis.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Charleston City Bank, 5 a 7 1/2 dis.
Country Bank, do. do.

NORTH CAROLINA.
Bank of Cape Fear, 5 a 7 1/2 dis.
All other solvent Banks, do.

NEW ENGLAND.
Boston City Bank, 2 a 5 prem.
All other solvent Banks, par a 2 prem.

CANADA.
Montreal City Bank, 25 dis.
Quebec do. 25 dis.
Bank of Upper Canada, at Toronto, 26 dis.
Mechanics' Bank, Montreal, fraud
Ottawa Bank, do. fraud
Mechanics' Bank, St. Johns, fraud

WISCONSIN.
Bank of Wisconsin, Green Bay, 10 a 20 dis.
Bank of Mineral Point, 50 dis.
Fox River Hydraulic Company, MISSOURI.

State Banks of Mo. at St. Louis, & Br. par a 2 prem

ARKANSAS.
State Banks and branches, [old issue] 40 a 50 dis.
do do [new issue] do

TEXAS.
Government Treasury Notes, 65 dis.

SPECIE.
Silver, 4 a 5 prem.
American Gold, 5 a 6 prem.
Sovereigns, do. a 5 0
Doubleeagles, Spanish, do. 16 a 17 0
do. Patriot, 16 a 16 50

English Guinea, \$5 00
Louisiana, 4 00 a 15 50
Napoleon, 00
Ten Guilder pieces, 00
Ten Thalers, 8 00
Frederick's, 4 00

LOOK WELL TO YOUR BANK NOTES.

Counterfeit Bank Notes, on the different good banks, and fraudulent issues of post notes and other worthless paper, without capital or basis, are innumerable.

COUNTERFEITS.

INDIANA.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK.

5s. letter B. Very coarsely executed, purporting to be engraved by Murray, Draper, Fairman & Co. They can be detected by observing that the letter A in Murray is omitted.

STATE BANK OF INDIANA.

5s. dated Jan. 1, 1839. Payable to G. W. Rathbone S. Merrill, Pres. John Ross, Cash. Can be detected by observing the names of the engravers, W. Hano & Co. The genuine were engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co., New York. The spurious bills have for a vignette, a man standing under a tree, with cattle, hogs, &c. In the distance, a view of locomotive, &c. The bank has never issued any bills bearing date Jan. 1, 1839.

10s. The vignette of the genuine Texas is that of a Hunter on Horseback, while the counterfeits have for a vignette a view of a Steamboat, Ship, &c.

20s and 100s altered from 5s. they may be readily detected by being clumsily altered, and by having retained the heads of particular individuals on the notes, as all the fives have—none of which heads are on the \$20 or \$100 bills. The only \$20 bill issued, has the Indiana State House for its main design, while that of the only \$100 bill is a Roman soldier and matron. The upper and lower margin is cut off the \$5 in making the alteration.

KENTUCKY.

BANK OF LOUISVILLE, LOUISVILLE KY.

5s. letter C, payable to R. Millikin, dated Oct. 8th 1833. The signatures are very well executed, but the engraving is coarse, and the ink much paler than in the genuine notes. There are also others of the same denomination made payable to W. Nisbitt, which resemble the above in most respects, except that the ink is darker than in the true notes. They may easily be detected on a slight examination.

BANK OF KENTUCKY.

20s. letter A, payable to R. S. Todd, June 10, 1825, signed G. C. Gwathmey, Cashier, John I. Jacob, President. It is badly executed, much lighter than the genuine note, and very imperfect in each of the devices. The figure of the Indian on the left end is much lighter and imperfect, particularly about the head. The word better is shorter, and the note about one-eighth of an inch shorter than the genuine, and the filling badly done. It will be easily detected by good judges.

NORTHERN BANK OF KENTUCKY.

20s. letter D, dated Oct. 1, 1833. Vignette, a man in a sitting posture, with a female kneeling and offering flowers or something of the kind; engraving very coarse, plate new, and not even an attempt at copying the genuine. They can easily be detected by observing that the signatures have been marked out in fine hair marks, which are not covered in the signing.

NORTHERN BANK, KY., BRANCH AT LOUISVILLE.

3s. Pay to T. Anderson, dated Aug. 10, 1838, M. T. Scott, Cashier. Paper light and engraving faint; otherwise calculated to deceive.

OHIO.

BANK OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

20s. altered from 1s. The figure 20 in a large die is impressed in 7 places, and very clumsily done. This bank has never issued any \$20 bills.

BANK OF GRANVILLE.

3s. notelet. Various dates. Vignette, a Steamboat and Rail-Road Cars. On the right hand margin, an Indian figure in a standing posture, with bow unstrung.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF CINCINNATI.

10s. letter A, payable to John W. Wales, dated May 4th, 1837, signed J. S. Armstrong, President, W. S. Hatch, Cashier, and engraved by Underwood, Bald & Spencer. The signatures are tolerably well executed. The counterfeits may be easily detected by noticing the plate, the bank having issued none of this description: in the centre of the note, at the top, is a vignette of William the Fourth, and on the right and left are female figures, the former seated, holding a sheaf of wheat, and the latter standing, with a cap of liberty in her right hand.

There are counterfeits on nearly every bank, in the State of Ohio, and persons cannot be too cautious in taking them.

ILLINOIS.

BANK OF ILLINOIS, SHAWNEETOWN, ILL.

20s. payable to W. C. Doyle, dated Aug. 4, 1839. On the left hand end of the note, around a circle, are the words "\$100,000 owned by the State."—The paper and engraving are in good imitation of the genuine. The signatures of the President and Cashier are rather badly done.

Bank of the United States.

10s. new plate, letter A on both ends; signed for J. Cowperthwaite, cash., S. Mason, for N. Bidle, pres., G. W. Fairman. The counterfeits of the banking house is tolerably well executed, but the heads on the ends of the bill are coarsely engraved