

WORLD

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SELECTED ARTICLES.

THE HEROINE OF THE MODERN ITALY; OR, LOST AND FOUND.

BY AUGUSTIN.

From *Sarain's Union Magazine*.
Texas is the new Italy! The Italian refugee finds himself on her again as he rises some prairie ridge and looks around him. The same landscape melts away in sloping verdure around him. The same peculiar effect of distance, of light and shade, of thick forests, and green plains, and flying clouds, and strips of cultivated fields, and feeding herds, is here. There is nothing peculiarly sublime in the scenery; it is wide—full of deep tints—serene—reminds you of an oil painting. It is something in the atmosphere which exhilarates your heart—flushes your cheeks—quickens your speech—unlooses your tongue.

I can never forget the hours I first rode over the green fields of western Texas. I was joyous as a school-boy—my heart was full, full to the lips with poetry. "Italy over again!" I cried to myself in my rapture, and looked around me in a charm; "but *new* Italy! Twenty times as large as Italy; eleven noble rivers, no muddy Tiber, no foul Romagna; no dozen miserable duchies tearing it to tatters; no miserable lazzaroni; no accursed despotism resting in misanthropy over it; no glorious Past, ever dwarfing the Present into double degradation. This Italy," thought I, as I rode along, "has only twelve years of history so far. In that time, this vast territory has been justly and gallantly rent from an abominable despotism—has had for a ruler a noble republic—has erected herself into the greatest, wealthiest, most flourishing State of all the thirty-one. Enough history for a nation's first twelve years! There is a romance about her wide soil; there is a beauty all over its limitless breadth; there is an intelligence, an enthusiasm, a health, a prosperity, a rich picture! I came to see—I have seen—*veni, vidi, comparavi!*" Henceforth am I a Texan!"

Two weeks after this, having purchased a home in western Texas, I was returning towards the old States, to make the necessary preparations to move to my new home. I had ridden all day along the Brazos River. I had forgotten myself during the day in calculations as to the number of rails required to fence in my broad fields, and as to the price of the whole, at the rather alarming calculation of \$5 per hundred! My thoughts had taken advantage of my abstraction to stroll very slowly along, absorbed in reverie of the sweet grass of the Mexican plains, from which he had been dragged by the ruthless liar. Only when dusk was around me, nothing but thick trees and deep silence about my way, did I wake to the necessity of looking out for a home for the night. Striking spurs into my horse, I urged him along the dark way, looking for a light in the distance. My horse, who had been riding rapidly along, but who had been looking over the darkening way. A strange feeling came over me, such, I suppose, as wearied men have in such darkness, and silence, and solitude. I threw the bridle on the neck of my animal, almost indifferent as to when we reached an abiding-place. My situation favored it, and a stream of thought, long forgotten, rolled over my mind. Old faces, old fancies, old feelings were upon me. I felt sober, solemn, almost awe-struck—and yet my reverie was not unpleasing to me.

I know not how long I rode thus, when my musings quickened his pace, knowing by some singular sense that a stable was near. Twenty minutes after, I was calling at the fence before a cabin. A lady came, smiling in hand, to the door. In answer to my request to be permitted to remain all night, she invited me courteously to alight; at the same time remarking, that she did not entertain strangers except in a case like mine. Fastening my horse, and taking my saddle-bags on my arm, I entered the door. The lady held the candle over her head—the light fell on a face I have never forgotten since I was a boy—a face I never will forget for ever!

At noon, just seven days after that eventful night, I stood, with head uncovered, beside an open grave, not a hundred yards from the cabin. A few neighbors were around it—the females weeping—the men expressing all that men can express, in their faces, of despair. As the earth rattled upon the coffin, the negroes standing round broke into passionate lamentation; and for the first time in my life, I felt that which one feels for the first time, when the one we love best is given up to dust. This was yesterday. To-day, I am sitting in the cabin at the foot of the bed on which she died. I can see her grave from the window before me. There is merely an oak board at the head of it, on which I have cut with my own hands the one word—AGNES. I write now, because I cannot help it. The droppings of memory have been opened; pen, ink, and paper lie conveniently before me, and almost unconsciously to myself, I let the stream of thought flow over this page. There is no one with whom I can speak—I must speak of her so dearly loved—so sadly lost—so found!

It is the old story. Agnes and I were raised together in one of the barren counties of North Carolina. The little log school-house, the huge rocks scattered around, the tall pines, showering their needles and cones upon it, the winding walk to the spring, the early tasks, the welcome noon, the drowsy afternoon, the Friday afternoon spelling, the glorious Saturdays, are all exactly the same in all the old countries. Boys and girls have loved in them all, but never any two loved anywhere more than I and Agnes.

She was a gentle, quiet little girl, with brown hair, and brown eyes, and quiet steps. You may have seen many girls in their striped calico dresses, as you rode by old school-houses—but she was all in all to me. She would have nothing whatever to do with me during school-time; but I never failed to walk all the way home with her, though her home lay half a mile beyond my father's, and though her father was a cross man with a particularly cross dog. We grew as naturally together as twin cherries, and loved each other with all our hearts. O, the exquisite pleasure of reading together from the same book, with her cheek against mine! The pure pleasure with which I gave her every golden apple, and ruddy peach, and red plum, that fell into my hands! Our joys are deeper, but they are not so fresh, so delicious as

those of childhood. Dear, dear Agnes! My eyes grow dim as I write. I cannot realize thee as the white-haired matron I saw when I first entered this house; thou art to me for ever and ever as when we were together, long, long ago!

It is the old story. I was taken from school—*from a little world made Eden by this Eve*—and sent, when sixteen years old, to become clerk in a store in a distant town. Thence, by a sudden change I went to college. It was when I had graduated that I returned for the first time to my father's little, out-of-the-way house. I was twenty-one when I returned, she about eighteen. The very first news she told me was that she was to be married. This, again, is an old story. Her father had gone on from worse to worse; became intemperate. Deeply indebted to a good-natured, good-for-nothing fellow, he had favored the man's love for his daughter. All the neighborhood rang with her patient but firm opposition to the marriage. My sister told me with tears how, at last worn out, Agnes had consented to be married. She told me how lowly she had grown.

I had no time to arrange a plan. I was confounded; I was young; I was full of mixed feelings—what could I do? They were married; and immediately after the whole family moved westward. I was occupied in study for my profession, engaged in politics; and when I saw Agnes in the cabin-door here afar off in Texas, it was the first time I had seen her since we were school-mates together, long ago. I knew her instantly; she knew me instantly. The brown hair had become white; the rosy cheek pale; but the same childlike peace, serenity, joy, were in her face as of old. I knew her instantly;—I shall know her hereafter from among all the angels of God.

I found her a widow. A plain man, with his wife, lived in her spacious cabin with her, and managed her farm for her. I could not have guessed, even if my business had been pressing,—it was not, I lingered day after day. She was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. The neighbors flocked in; but, on the third day she who had often fallen asleep with her head on my bosom when we were children together, once more fell asleep there, to wake no more until the heavens be no more. I dare not dwell on that scene. It is too recent. I write not to describe it. I write to preserve her history, while it still sounds in my ears from her lips. She used to sit, on Saturdays, and tell me, in her sweet and girlish way, what she had fancied, or read, or dreamed about. Her history sounded to me like this, as she told it to me, a few days ago.

She had found her husband a kind-hearted but thriftless man. Broken up by some extravagance from the village to which they had first moved from North Carolina, he had, immediately after her father's death, joined Austin's colony, and settled on the Brazos. She told me, as of some fairy tale, of the years—years—years—she had lived in their cabin, under the moss-covered live oaks which drooped over the banks. She told me of the wolves howling all night around the cabin; of the deer and prairie after them coming down to drink by the house in the river. She told me of the loneliness with her husband there,—of the double loneliness when he was away at Columbia to obtain supplies.

At last some whim seized him, and they left their cabin to the wolves, and removed to Austin. She herself became interested in her story as she spoke. I listened just as I used to do when a boy,—deeply absorbed,—as much in her as in her tale. She told me of their journey over the rolling prairies to Austin,—then on the extreme frontier. She described to me its exquisite scenery, and how it was her beauty and crystal air had won her heart; and how she had, through her whole heart, one week after her arrival, however, they buried little John, her youngest boy,—her darling. Deeply afflicted from youth, this fell hard upon her; but she bore up in quiet and silence of spirit. Three weeks after her arrival in Austin, her husband and only other son rode out to tend some cattle he had just bought, and which had strayed into the mountains north of the place. They went out in the morning, immediately after breakfast, and that night three hunters found her husband shot through and through with arrows, scalped and mutilated. They laid the corpse at her feet; but her agony was for her son,—her only son,—her brave, beautiful Charles!

Agnes—I cannot endure to name her other than as I knew her when a child—was a Christian, in the purest, fullest sense of the name. John and Charles, and a little girl named Grace, her children, had been each solemnly dedicated by her to God, in holy baptism, in their infancy. She regarded them as given by God, as more the children of their Father in heaven, than hers. Passionately as she loved each, she gave up John when he died as one unclasp the hand to let a struggling bird fly up into heaven. Strange to earthly ears, she regarded his death with resignation, which almost might be called joy, were it not too peaceful for such a name. But the disappearance of Charles was more afflictive to her than his murder by the Camanches would have been. Through two long years was she racked with the bitter anxieties as to the fate of her captive child; at length he returned. Borne off by the Indians in their rapid flight towards Santa Fe, he had given out when near that place, from sheer want of food, and fatigue. Abandoned by them in an exhausted condition at a ravine, he had been found, and was restored to his mother by traders from St. Louis. Surely, one would think affliction had not wrought its full effect in this pure and loving woman. There needed no more after her lifetime of sorrow! Not so. God would make still more of an angel of her, before she entered actually His celestial city. It was but the day after the return of the boy, that the attempt was made by a band of armed men to bear away the archives from Austin,—one of the most singular events in the history of Texas. Charles was one of the hastily-gathered band which marched all night with bleeding feet after the plunderers, and returned the archives in triumph to their present abiding place. The next day, exhausted by the excessive excitement and fatigue of the previous week, he died, and left his mother, I cannot say desolate, but more separated from the world, as an expectant of heaven should be.

I cannot follow all her singular history. Driven by poverty and exposure from Austin, she again entered her old home on the Brazos, with her little Grace—her only child. Hardly had she become settled here, before the approach of the Mexicans

under Santa Anna drove her, in company with many others, to Galveston Island. There she remained for days without shelter, exposed to the beating norther, forced to gather for food the crusts from the bay. Here, in consequence of exposure and improper food, her little Grace was taken sick; and here, under the miserable shelter of an old wagon-cover, the child breathed its last. When it was apparently dead, the heavy boom of a cannon, from the battle field of San Jacinto, across the bay, smote its ear—it started—opened its eyes—and then closed them forever on a weary world, in sweet sleep.

A few weeks after, saw the mother once more settled in her cabin on the Brazos. Affliction had preserved her heart—her soul—herself, as in amber; and when I saw her, she was the same sweet, childlike being, whom I had so loved in boyhood—and now love forever! Since I have begun writing, the clouds have rolled up, and the wind is swaying the heavy moss that hangs from the live oak over her grave; and the rain is falling steadily upon it. Thank God for the world beyond the clouds! He who led me here—to this spot of all the wide world—just in time for her who so loved me, to sink asleep upon the bosom which so loved her.—He did it in earnest of that hour when we shall be restored to each other, purified by the world's fires; children once more.—His children were more loving than when we loved together in those old school-days; I will hence to-morrow, a changed man. A light streams upon my path from beyond the grave. I look for a better country, even an heavenly. Only five, ten, twenty years at most, and then—

From the North American Miscellany.

AN ADMIRABLE WOMAN.

The last number of the excellent French journal, the New-York "Courier des Etats Unis" contains the following interesting and touching story, extracted from a discourse delivered before the National Society of Agriculture, Science and Art, held at Valenciennes, in France:

At Valenciennes, in one of the small streets in the neighborhood of "Place Verte," there have lived for many years two old women, now aged respectively seventy and seventy-three years, long devoted to the utmost poverty, but as tenderly devoted to each other as sisters. One of them, who, by her feeble eyesight and the primary education she had received, is prevented from participating in any hard labor, attends, as well as her infirmities, let her, to the household cares. The other, almost as infirm as her companion, but evidently more accustomed to severe exertion, is still able to do a little washing and ironing, and thereby adds a small sum to the meagre nine francs a month allowed to each of them by the Board of Administration of the Public Asylums. The first was once the wife of a respectable merchant of Valenciennes, well to do in the world; the second was her hired servant. The first saw her family, thirty-two years ago, suddenly ruined by reverse of fortune; the second, during the last thirty-five years, has voluntarily been the support, the providence of her old employers and their children. The name of the first I will not mention; but it affords me pleasure to tell you that of the second, and relate to you some traits of her life of devotion and patient courage.

Marie Françoise Bultez was born on the 13th of August, 1778. She entered the service of the family I have mentioned at the age of fifteen, and remained there until 1810, having been noted for her honesty and industry, and her fidelity to the interests of her employers. The good qualities of this worthy woman had not yet, though, attained their limits; and a number of sad events came to develop the rich resources of her labor-loving character. In 1816, injudicious speculations, bankruptcies, and the sad results incidental to commerce that is subjected to the caprices of government, suddenly brought ruin and misery on the family of Françoise's employers. They were no longer able to pay the wages of, or even give sufficient food to, the humble servant, who for twenty-three years had faithfully and cheerfully performed the most disagreeable and fatiguing tasks of household labor. Her services were, notwithstanding, of the utmost necessity to this broken and disconsolate family. Françoise felt it to be so, and she immediately took her resolution. She determined to remain and to serve gratuitously, to nourish even, if it became necessary, those who were not accustomed like herself to privation, labor and fatigue.

From that moment began for this noble woman a long life of absolute abnegation and devotedness, continued to the present time without cessation, without complaint, with the most admirable modesty. First, all her little savings were given up to satisfy the most pressing wants of her master's family. This feeble resource was soon exhausted. Françoise then betrouged her of a small house, sole inheritance left by her parents, which was situated near Vendryges. The little cottage was sold without hesitation, with a joyous feeling, even, and the portion of the proceeds that appertained to Françoise was added to the diminutive means left the L— family from the complete wreck of their fortune. There were in the family young children to raise, to be taken care of, to be dressed properly. The servant-girl, without a murmur, without letting any one know the extent of any of her sacrifices, gave up her *trousseau*, or marriage dowry, which she herself had scraped together during many long years of hard labor; the clothes, the linen, the modest ornaments, ribbons, combs, &c., of the poor girl were disposed of for the same purpose as her savings and her mother's cottage.

Thus passed the first years that succeeded the ruin of the L— family. Françoise had given it all she possessed, but she was still her own mistress. Those she had saved from the depths of misery might at last create some resources for themselves, and permit her to consecrate to her own modest future her active industry and inexhaustible courage. Was it not time for her to get rid of herself, of her own "to-morrow"? No, yet! Providence had reserved for this admirable character, all the duties of a mother, all the sufferings of friendship, all the trials of devotedness.

Mons. L—, the head of the family, and its only hope, died, leaving a widow and three children, without bread, without a roof. But Françoise was there, always present, always ready, like the guardian angel; and her humble abode was joyfully opened to receive the destitute mother and her young children. Françoise had been only their friend before; now she became their mother, their

Her sleepless incessant labor recommenced. The hope that, aided by the small sum allowed her by the Board of Public Asylums, she could still bear up under the heavy burden she had voluntarily assumed, sustained her strength and patience; her progress, kindred to her by so many years of mutual kindness, suffering and sacrifice, were still sheltered and tenderly cared for!

This continued whilst the young family, the children, were in need of assistance, protection and education; until they grew up, married, and were able to take care of themselves.

This was not all, however! The servant girl, the noble woman had not yet accomplished her wonderful task, her singular destiny. The children of her old master and mistress had grown up and married; but their position in life did not allow them to alleviate Françoise's position. They were struggling under hardship, poverty and family cares. Sudden and unexpected catastrophes overtook them. Very recently, a conflagration consumed in a few hours all the products of the small farm of one of these children, now himself the father of seven children. But disaster and ruin, which seemed to perpetuate themselves in this family, were met in 1850 by the same courage and fortitude that overcame them in 1816. Françoise is an infirm septagenarian; her strength often proves insufficient for her work; the only resources of the poor old woman are a few *sons* painfully gained each day, her moderate rent paid by a charitable hand, and the little sum she receives from the Board of Administration of the Public Asylums. Still, her venerable mistress, now become a sister to her, is the object of her vigilant care, and shares her humble home and modest repast; and still, since the catastrophe that overwhelmed her master's son, the old, infirm servant, the poor pensioner of the board of public charity, finds herself rich enough to take care of and to nourish one of the daughters of this unfortunate husbandman.

And now, even, she persists in raising this little girl, in obtaining an education for her; and still struggles to regain for the grand-child she has thus adopted, a little of that strength of her youth that enabled her to accomplish so many heroic sacrifices. The physical strength is not there; but the moral courage, patience, modesty, and perseverance yet exist.

THE PRESS AND THE STAGE.

No one has failed to remark, that the press, in our larger cities, gives, as a general thing, an undue prominence to the theatre. Actors, their *maisons*, sayings, doings, and quarrels, are kept constantly before the public, and this, we seriously believe, to the detriment of pure taste and good morals. Why is this? It will naturally be asked. The question is answered in words. To the daily press, theatrical advertisements are matters of importance; and, to secure these, puts are of local interest. These puts, in very many cases, are written by personal friends of the actors or managers, or by individuals, who for the sake of a free admission, become volunteer critics. It is not, therefore, strange, that in a majority of cases, actors should be held up as very extraordinary personages; and the public interest drawn towards them, greatly in excess of their real merits. A portion of the weekly press in our principal cities, throws its influence in the same direction, and, form nearly the same causes.

Another reason for this undue bias towards the theatre, is the association of actors with certain editors or attaches of the press, as a matter of business; by which means, to use a strong expression, the press becomes, in a measure, subsidized.

Now, we do not in the least doubt, that, in very many cases, those who write about theatres and actors, believe a good deal of what they say; and that they really think their stage heroes, and their *maisons*, a wealthy citizen of that city, was sitting in his counting room a few days since, when a stranger, somewhat roughly dressed, and homely in appearance, entered and addressed him: "Is your name C—?" "Yes." "So I suppose. I am your father." "My father? impossible! he died longer ago than I can remember." "So you have been told; but it is not true; and there is a lady at your house who will confirm all I have said."

"My mother?" "Yes. Take me to her, and you will be convinced." The two proceeded to the house and appeared in the presence of the old lady. There was a recognition and a start of surprise—a confused salutation, and the old lady at once left the house. The stranger's statement was confirmed. The particulars of this singular occurrence are thus given. Mr. C's parents were unhappy in their marriage relations; they separated, and were finally divorced—the husband taking two of the children and removing to Indiana, the wife taking the other two and adopting Cincinnati as her residence. For certain reasons, she concealed the fact of her former husband being alive from every one, even her own children. She afterwards married again, but her second husband on account of his intemperate habits, and was living with her son when the first lord of her person and affections so suddenly made his appearance.

GREECE—REV. DR. KING.

We have been favored with the *Journal of Commerce* with the following extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Athens. It will be seen that Rev. Dr. King's trial (for alleged reviling of the Greek religion), had taken place, though the result was not yet known. In case of conviction, he would be subjected to a few months' imprisonment.

ATHENS, Saturday, Dec. 27, 1851.

Dr. King's trial, or rather the appeal from the lower Court's decision (that he must be tried) to the Areopagus, was to have come off on the 18th, but delayed until the day before yesterday, when it took place. It began with an excellent speech by Mr. Piliakas, one of Dr. King's lawyers; who is the *procurator*, or President, of the University, for the year. He maintained that controversy was not reviling the Greek religion. He quoted from many French writers particularly; and took occasion to pay several handsome compliments, not only to the Protestant religion, but also to our country, which he styled the soberest State on the face of the globe! He evinced himself exceedingly pleased with this speech, especially the lawyers. The king's attorney in reply spoke not more than five minutes; and seemed to have nothing to answer, but to express his horror at the very reading and hearing of the accusation against Dr. King. No more time was allowed for the discussion, and so we shall not hear until after to-morrow what the decision of the Court will be. But I am not very sanguine as to the corruption of the Courts is well known. A thousand dollars distributed among the judges and editors, would carry Dr. King's cause with the greatest ease! But if after all it be decided in his favor, it will prove a triumph of religious liberty in Greece, to which there can be taken no exception.

A CONUNDRUM CONVENTION.—Mr. Anderson the neocomerant having offered two prizes for the best original conundrums—the first to a lady, a service of silver valued at \$400, the 2d, to a gentleman, valued at \$250, a large audience attended his exhibition at Metropolitan Hall on Friday, to hear them read. A jury of 13 ladies was selected by the audience to determine the second prize, and 13 gentlemen to award the first. A large number were then read, producing considerable amusement when the first prize was awarded by the gentlemen's jury after an absence of an hour and a half, to Miss Maria C. Bem, No. 108 Varick street. It was as follows:

Why is the writer of this conundrum, like a domestic servant out of employment?

Because she wants to get a *service*, and is willing to carry off the tea things.

Shortly before one o'clock, a majority of the Ladies Jury brought in a verdict in favor of the conundrum 210, composed by Mr. John Morenos, 474 1-2 Broadway.—It was as follows:

210. Why ought the officers of the United States army in the late war with Mexico to keep a clothing store?

Because they might *brag* of having the best *Taylor* and the best *Wool*; their goods *May* always be sold for what they are *Worth*, and after counting their *Gaines* they could lay their heads on their *Pillows* in perfect *Bliss*, and rest satisfied, that no one could swindle them and go *Scott* free, while they had a good *Walker* to catch him and *Shield* them from loss.—*Newark Sun*.

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN FATHER.—The upper circles of Cincinnati have been supplied with abundant materials for interesting gossip, by an incident which recently occurred in one of the first families of Mr. B—, a wealthy citizen of that city, was sitting in his counting room a few days since, when a stranger, somewhat roughly dressed, and homely in appearance, entered and addressed him: "Is your name C—?" "Yes." "So I suppose. I am your father." "My father? impossible! he died longer ago than I can remember." "So you have been told; but it is not true; and there is a lady at your house who will confirm all I have said."

"My mother?" "Yes. Take me to her, and you will be convinced." The two proceeded to the house and appeared in the presence of the old lady. There was a recognition and a start of surprise—a confused salutation, and the old lady at once left the house. The stranger's statement was confirmed. The particulars of this singular occurrence are thus given. Mr. C's parents were unhappy in their marriage relations; they separated, and were finally divorced—the husband taking two of the children and removing to Indiana, the wife taking the other two and adopting Cincinnati as her residence. For certain reasons, she concealed the fact of her former husband being alive from every one, even her own children. She afterwards married again, but her second husband on account of his intemperate habits, and was living with her son when the first lord of her person and affections so suddenly made his appearance.

A DEAD SHOT!

The Milwaukee "Commercial Advertiser" tells the following good story of U—, of Racine, an indefatigable and successful sportsman—a "dead shot" at any thing in the game kind, but particularly "fine lined" on wild geese, whose heads were sure to suffer, "just back of the eye," if within range of his rifle:—

Not many seasons since, our hero, with an equally fun-loving friend, after spending a day with their dogs and guns, were wending their way homeward, when in the evening twilight the waggish companion discovered the head and neck of a wild goose peering through a neighboring fence.

"Stop your nose," said U—, "and wait a bit. I'll have him, just back of the eye—you can bet your life on that."

Stepping back a pace, and bringing the old trusty to his face, U. blazed away.

"Hallo, there!" followed back the report, "what are you shooting here for! Don't you know the difference between the handle of a corn plough and a goose's neck?"

"Wasn't enough! U. had shot the handle off of a corn plough, 'just back of the eye' U. doesn't very often indulge, but the sure mention of that shot will open his heart to the crowd.

The application for Jenny Lind's marriage certificate, states that she is thirty-one years of age, and her spouse twenty-four.

TO MEND IRON POTS AND PANS.

Mr. Editor.—In No. 9, this volume of the *Scientific American*, I find a statement made, as communicated all the way from China to our Patent Office, about a mode of mending broken iron pots and pans by the Chinese. Your remarks about the same are just, and I shall describe a mode much more cheap and simple, and which will be of great benefit, I have no doubt, to many of your readers.

Take two parts of sulphur and one part, by weight, of fine black lead, and put the sulphur in an old iron pan, holding it over the fire until the sulphur begins to melt, when the black lead is added, stirred well until all is mixed and melted, and then in its molten state the compound is poured out on an iron plate or a smooth stone. When it has cooled down it is very hard, and is then broken in small pieces. A quantity of this compound is placed upon the crack of the iron pot, to be mended, and by a hot iron can be soldered in the same way a tinsmith solders his sheets. If there is a small hole in the pot, it is a good plan to drive a copper rivet in it, and then solder it over with this cement. I know a person who mended an iron pot by the above plan upwards of twenty years ago, and he has used it ever since.—*Scientific American*.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a milestone round your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples, you may reasonably expect to find a wife. To dream that you are lame is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain credit—that is, tick. To dream of fire is a sign that, if you are wise, you will see that the lights in your home are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water. To dream of walking bare-footed denotes a journey that you will make bootless.

ANTIQUEY OF GLOVES.—If we follow the reading of the "Targum," or commentary of the Scriptures used by the Jews, the invention of gloves may be traced back more than 1800 years before Christ, for the Chaldean paraphrase has *glove* where the version renders the word *shoe*—a translation which shows that even in those remote times the glove was given in confirmation of redeeming or changing: "For to confirm all things, a man plucked off his shoe (i. e. glove), and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel." In Ireland at this day when men are making bargains, one may often hear the expression, "My hand on the word upon it;" and the glove with us, as the type of an engagement, may have been used in lieu of the hand itself. With Eastern nations it was the custom, in all cases of sales and deliveries of lands or goods, to give the purchaser their gloves by way of investiture.

NO JOKE.

"A Frenchman and myself" says a writer, "were talking together on the deck of a steambot. A third person stood by, and laughed whenever we laughed. Supposing, of course, that he understood the subject, I appealed to him, and 'what think you was the man's reply?' 'Why, Lordy mawsee, I couldn't make out what nary one of you was talkin' about.' And, by the way, this reminds me of a still better joke. A Spaniard and I were once talking together in Spanish, when a third person burst out laughing, and honestly avowed that he didn't believe either one of us understood the other. Nor did she understand. My heart, indeed; the excellent woman was perfectly serious. She looked upon our Spanish conversation as a sort of gibberish manufactured for the occasion, by mutual consent."

CURIOS MOTIONS.—Procure a basin of milk-water, throw into it half-a-dozen pieces of camphor about the size of a pea; in a minute they will begin to move, and acquire a rotary and progressive motion, which will continue for a considerable time. If now, one drop of oil of turpentine, or sweet oil, or even of gin (if allowed on the premises) be put upon the water, the pieces of camphor will start away, and be deprived of their motion and vivacity. Little pieces of cork, that have been soaked in ether, act much in the same way as camphor, when thrown upon water.

Camphor, being highly combustible, will burn if ignited while floating upon water, producing a singular effect, reminding one of the lamps which the Hindoo maidens cast upon the waters of the Ganges, as mystic messengers to their distant lovers.

N. P. Willis bought a pair of garters at a German Fair, painted in imitation of a wreath of flowers, with a verse inscribed on them, which he translated as follows:

"When night with morning lingers,
Awake and stirring be,
And with your pretty fingers
Clasp this about your knee.

When day with eve reposes,
And stars begin to see,
Unclasp this band of mine,
And, dearest think of me!"

JAPAN.—An imposing U. S. squadron is to visit Japan, next summer, as has already been announced. Some of the journals of Holland are urging the Government of that country to induce the Emperor of Japan to open his country to the trade of the world; they think the abolition of the monopoly which Holland now enjoys trading with Japan, would be a benefit to her and all the world, especially the United States.—*B. Sun*.

CHILE.—Gen. Cruz has surrendered to General Bulnes, in command of the government forces, and the revolution is suppressed. Bulnes had returned to Santiago. This information was received by passengers from Peru, who reached New York in the Ohio. There is no doubt of its correctness.

THURLOW WREED, Esq., who is now in Paris, has discovered a painting of the Genesee Falls, executed in 1793 by a brother of Louis Philippe, while they were passing through the country to Niagara Falls. The owner has consented to make a present of it to the city of Rochester.