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TOWANDA:

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The Clock at Tangiers.

The Moors, unlike their partially enlightened brethren of the East, prohibit the Christian and the Jew from entering a mosque or other places consecrated by the law of the prophet, under pain of death, or embracing the faith of Islam. A droll instance of this occurred some years ago at Tangiers.

The clock at the "Jaman Meber," the great mosque at Tangier, being much out of order, needed some skilful craftsman to repair it. None however, of "faithful" were competent to the task, nor could they even discover what part of the machinery was deranged, though many put forth their opinions with great pomp and authority; among the rest one gravely declared that a Jin, or evil genius had in all probability taken up its abode within the clock. Various exorcisms were accordingly essayed sufficient, as every true believer supposed, to have expelled a legion of devils—yet, all in vain; the clock continued dumb.

A Christian clock-maker, "a cursed Nazarine," was now the sole resource; and such a one fortunately was sojourning in Tangiers—the city protected of the Lord! He was from Geneva, and of course a most pious Christian; how, then, were they, the faithful followers of the prophet, to manage to employ him! The clock was fixed in the wall of the tower, and it was of course, a thing impossible to allow the Yaffer to defile God's House of prayer by his sacrilegious steps.

The time-keeper, Moakkeed, reported the difficulty to the kady; and so perplexed the grey-bearded dealer in law and justice by the intricacy of the case, after hours of deep thought, the judge confessed he could not come to a decision, and proposed to report upon the subject to the kady, advising that a meeting of the local authorities should be called. "For, in truth," said the kady, "I perceive that the urgency of this matter is great. Yes! I myself will expound our dilemma to the kady."

The kady entered fervently into all the difficulty of the case, and forthwith summoned the other authorities to his porch, where various propositions were put forward by the learned members of the council.

One proposed to abandon the clock altogether; another would lay down boards over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor; but this was held not to be a sufficient safeguard; and it was finally decided to pull up that part of the pavement on which the Kaffer trod, and whitewash the walls near which he passed.

The Christian was now sent for, and told what was required of him; and he was expressly commanded to take off his shoes and stockings on entering the Jaman. "That won't," said the stout little watch-maker; "I never took them off when I entered the chapel of the most Holy Virgin, and here he crossed himself devoutly, and I won't take them off in the house of your prophet."

They cursed in their hearts the watch-maker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The wise Oolama had not early in the morning; it was already noon, and yet, so far from having got over their difficulty, they were in fact exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a grey-bearded Mueddin, who had hitherto been silent, craved permission to speak. The kady and the kady nodded their assent.

"If," said the venerable priest, "the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not assess carry those loads, and do they enter with their shoes on?"

"You speak truly," was the general reply. "And does the donkey," resumed the Mueddin, "believe in the one God, or in Mahomed the prophet of God?"

"No, in truth," all replied. "Then," said the Mueddin, "let the Christian go in shod as the donkey would do, and come out like a donkey."

The argument of the Mueddin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the Malomedan temple, attended the clock—not indeed at all like a donkey—but as such in the opinion of "the Faithful," came out again, and the great mosque of Tangiers has never since needed another visit of the donkey to its clock.

NEW METHOD OF SILVERING GLASS.—The London Athenaeum states that a Mr. Drayton, in that city, has discovered a new process of silvering glass which will entirely do away with the old, injurious and dilatory process of silvering by mercury and tin. Not is this its only advantage. The silvering is richer in its texture than that produced by the old process; and it may be touched with the finger and still be left unmarred. This important improvement is produced by a solution of nitrate of silver in water and spirit mixed with ammonia and the oils of cassia and of cloves. Some of the glass thus silvered is extremely beautiful.—*Scientific American.*

A NEW OPERATION FOR DEAFNESS.—M. Bonafont of Paris, a military surgeon, gave an account before the British Academy of Sciences, at a recent session of a method used by him in cases of deafness to discover whether the nerve of sound has lost all its susceptibility. He has ascertained that the skull is a good conductor of vibrations, and that if it is struck by vibrating objects, the nerve of the ear is acted upon whenever its susceptibility has not been entirely destroyed.

A man that speaketh too little, and thinketh much and deeply, corrodeth his own heart-strings, and keeps back good from his fellows. A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly, wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among men.

Bread Upon the Waters.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A lad was toiling up a hill, near the city, under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon of a sultry day in August. He had been sent home with some goods to a customer, who lived a short distance in the country. The boy was lightly built, and his burden almost beyond his strength. Many times he sat down to rest himself on his way up the hill. But it seemed as if he would never reach the summit. Each time he lifted the basket it seemed still heavier.

The boy was about half-way up the hill, with his basket, when a gentleman overtook and passed him. He had no gone on many paces, when he stopped, and turning round to the lad, looked at him for a moment or two, and said kindly— "That's a heavy load you have, my boy; come let me help you."

And the gentleman took the basket, and carried it to the top of the hill.

"There—do you think you can get along now?" said he with a smile, as he set the basket down— "Or shall I carry it a little farther?"

"Oh no, thank you, sir," returned the boy with a glow of gratitude on his fine young face. "I can carry it now—very much obliged to you."

"You are right welcome, my little man," said the gentleman, and passed on.

Twenty years from that time, a careworn man, well advanced in life, sat motionless in an old arm chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the glowing grate. He was alone, and appeared to be in a state of deep abstraction. In a little while, however, the door of the room opened, and the light form of a young and lovely girl glided in.

"Papa," said a low sweet voice, and a hand was laid on the old man's arm.

"Is it you, my dear?" he returned, with a low sigh.

"Yes, papa," and the young girl leaned against him, and parted with her delicate fingers, the thin grey locks that lay in disorder about his forehead.

"I would like to be alone for this evening, Florence," said the old man. "I have a good deal to think about, and expect a person on business."

And he kissed her tenderly; yet sighed as he pressed his lips to hers.

The girl passed from the room as noiselessly as she had entered. The old man had been calm before her coming in, but the moment she returned, he became agitated, and arose and walked the floor uneasily. He continued to pace to and fro for nearly half an hour, when he stopped suddenly and listened. The street door-bell had rung. In a little while a man entered the room.

"Mr. Mason," he said, with slightly perceptible embarrassment.

"Mr. Page," returned the old man, with a feeble, quick-fading smile. "Good morning," and he offered his hand.

The visitor grasped the hand and shook it warmly—but no pressure in return.

"Sit down, Mr. Page," and the man took a chair, and Mr. Mason sat near him.

"You promised me an answer to-night to my proposal," said the former, after a pause.

"I did," returned the old man; "but am as little prepared to give it as I was yesterday. In fact, I have not found an opportunity to say anything to Florence on the subject to which you allude."

The countenance of the visitor fell, and something like a frown darkened his brow.

There was an embarrassing silence of some minutes, after which Mr. Page said—

"Mr. Mason, I have made an honorable proposal for your daughter's hand. For weeks you have evaded, and do still evade an answer. This seems so much like trifling, that I begin to feel as if just cause for offence existed."

"None is intended, I assure you," replied Mr. Mason, with something deprecating in his tone. "But, you must remember, Mr. Page, that you have never sought to win the young girl's affection, and that, as a consequence, the offer of marriage which you wish me to make to her, will be received with surprise, and it may be, disapproval. I wish to approach her, on this subject with proper discretion. To be too precipitate, may stifle her into instant repugnance to your wishes."

"She loves you, does she not?" inquired Mr. Page, with a marked significance of manner.

"A child never loved a parent more tenderly," replied Mr. Mason.

"Give her, then, an undisguised history of your embarrassments. Show her how your fortunes are trembling on the brink of ruin; and that you have but one hope of relief and safety left. The day she becomes my wife you are out of danger. Will you do this?"

The old man did not reply. He was lost in a deep reverie. It is doubtful whether he heard all that had been said.

"Will you do this?" repeated Mr. Page, and with some impatience in his tone.

Mason aroused himself as from a dream, and answered with firmness and dignity.

"Mr. Page, the struggle in my mind is over. I am prepared for the worst. I have no idea that Florence will favor your suit, and I will not use a single argument to influence her. In that matter she must be perfectly free. Approach her as a man, and win her if you have the power to do so. It is your only hope."

"You will repent this, sir," he angrily retorted, "and repent it bitterly. I came to you with honorable proposals for your daughter's hand; you listened to them; gave me encouragement, and promised me an answer to-night. Now you meet me with insult? Sir, you will repent this!"

Mr. Mason ventured no reply, but merely bowed in token of his willingness to meet and bear all consequences that might come. For a long time after his angry visitor had retired, did Mr. Mason cross and re-cross the floor with measured tread. At last he rang a bell, and directed the servant who

came, to say to Florence that he wished to see her.

When Florence came she was surprised to see that her father was strongly agitated.

"Sit down, dear," he said in a trembling voice, "I have something to say to you that must be no longer concealed."

Florence looked wondrously into her father's face, and her heart began to sink.

Just then a servant opened the door and ushered in a stranger. He was a tall, finely formed man just in the prime of life. Florence quickly retired but not before the visitor had fixed his eyes upon her face, and marked its sweet expression.

"Pardon this intrusion, sir," he said, as soon as the young girl had left the room, "but facts that I have learned this evening have prompted me to call upon you without a moment's delay. My name is Greer, from the firm of Greer, Milles & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed and said: "I know your house very well; and now remember to have met you more than once in business transactions."

"Yes, you have bought one or two bills of goods from us," replied the visitor. Then, after a moment's pause he said, in a changed voice—

"Mr. Mason, I learned to-night, from a source which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become seriously embarrassed; that you are, in fact, on the eve of bankruptcy. Tell me, frankly, whether this is indeed so. I ask from no idle curiosity, nor from a concealed and sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak, but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide in me, sir," urged the visitor. "Trust me as you would trust your own brother, and lean upon me if your strength be failing. Tell me, then; as it is I have said?"

"It is," was all the merchant could utter.

"How much will save you? Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to-morrow. Will twenty thousand dollars relieve you from present embarrassment?"

"Then let your anxiety subside; Mr. Mason—That sum you shall have. To-morrow morning I will see you. Good evening," and the visitor was gone before his bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses to know what to think or say.

In the morning, true to his promise, Mr. Greer called upon Mr. Mason, and tendered a check for ten thousand dollars, with his note of hand for thirty days for the ten thousand more, which was almost the same as money.

While the check and note lay before him on the desk, and ere he had offered to touch them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had so suddenly taken the character of a self-sacrificing friend, and said—

"My dear sir, I cannot understand this. Are you not laboring under some error?"

"Oh no. You one did me a service that I am now only seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly."

"Did you a service? When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man. I was a poor boy, and you were a man of wealth. One hot day, I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome with heat and fatigue, you came along and not only spoke to me kindly, but took my basket, and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir! you did not know how deeply that act of kindness sunk into my heart, and I longed for the opportunity to show you by some act how grateful I felt. But none came. Often afterwards, did I meet you in the street, and look in your face with pleasure, but you did not remember me. Ever since, I have regarded you with different feelings from those I entertained for others; and there has been no time that I would not have put myself out to serve you. The rest you know."

Mr. Mason was astonished at so strange a declaration.

"Do you remember the fact to which I allude?" asked Mr. Greer.

"It has faded from my external memory entirely; but your words have brought a dim recollection of the fact. But it was a little matter, sir—a very little matter, sir—and not entitled to the importance you have given it."

"To me it was not a little matter," returned Mr. Greer. "I was a weak boy, just sinking under a burden that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. I could not forget it. And now let me return the favor, at the first opportunity, by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and you are able to bear it onward in your own strength."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed him in his efforts to express his true feelings. The bread cast upon the water had returned to him after many days, and he gazed it with wonder and thankfulness. The merchant was saved from ruin. Nor was this all.

The glimpse which Mr. Greer had received of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mason, revealed a character of beauty that impressed him deeply, and he embraced the first opportunity to make her acquaintance. A year afterwards he led her to the altar. A good act is never lost, even though done to a child.

EDUCATION.—Education is the guardian of liberty and the bulwark of morality. Knowledge and virtue are generally inseparable companions, and are in the moral, what light and heat are in the natural world, the illuminating and vivifying principle. * * * Every effort ought to be made to fortify our free institutions; and the great bulwark of security is to be found in education—the culture of the heart and of the head, the diffusion of knowledge, piety and morality.—*De Witt Clinton.*

GOOD IS LOVE.

BY E. MASON.

Come mediate, O reasoning man
How earth's foundation first began,
Of the Great Author of the plan,
That worlds majestic round us move.
Of all we see that's here on earth,
The mighty power that gave them birth,
That spake the word and all came forth
Sure this was God, and God is love.

Behold the sun with rays so bright
The lunar moon that rises the night,
And stars that glow with twinkling light,
Shine to their maker from above.
See man a noble being made
In God's own image thus array'd
And though from virtue far hath stray'd
Yet his Creator God is love.

That God is love his works declare,
Above, around, and everywhere,
His word and works, most perfect are,
Consume wisdom from every where.
Still greater love God did proclaim
When Jesus Christ to mortals came,
From sin and misery to reclaim,
Behold what mercy, God is love.

'Tis oft I hear with solemn tone
That God is true, and there is one
Who deals out vengeance from his throne,
Eternal in the worlds above.
These angry priests of vengeance sing
And thus blaspheme their heavenly King,
A nobler tribute man should bring,
And vindicate that God is love.

This earth is but man's short abode,
And here should learn to praise his God
But sip will make him feel the rod,
'Tis justice sent down from above.
'Tis sent us by our heavenly friend
That we may learn, our ways to mend,
And never more on sin depend,
For God is just, and God is love.

So is to man his greatest foe
And hath his wages here below
It makes this world a world of woe,
And robs us of our peace above.
But virtue hath ten thousand charms
It brings us peace without alarms,
And every evil it disarms,
And thus proclaims that God is love.

So makes us groan and fear to die
And is the only reason why
We do not see a God on high.
To call us up to Heaven above,
Since all the resurrection share,
Made as the Holy Angels are,
No soul shall sink down to despair,
For our Creator God is love.

When death shall send his summons forth,
And separate us from this earth
O then our souls shall take their birth,
In glorious mansions far above.
There shall we see our Saviour's face,
And praise him for redeeming grace
Shall shout aloud that God is love.

This earthly house if once dissolv'd
In sin no more to be involv'd
A better house we have resolv'd
Eternal in the Heavens above.
All souls alike God's love shall share
Be free from pain and misery there
And dwell where Holy Angels are,
And join the song that God is love.

The lame shall walk, the blind shall see,
The captive there have liberty,
From sin and death shall all be free,
In harmony each soul shall move.
All tears shall there be wip'd away
Nor shall a soul from God's feet stray
But on and dwell eternal day
In realms of bliss where God is love.
Monroe, Pa.

WOMAN'S DUTY.—Give ear, O ye daughters of beauty, attend to the voice of your sister, for experience hath taught her wisdom, and length of days virtue and understanding.

My father was the brother of Tenderness: my mother was the sister of Love.

As the rosebud opening to the morn, as the dew-drop on the lily, so was the loveliness of my youth I awake at the rising of the dawn: my solution was that of joy and gladness. Pleasure beckoned me forth, and I sported in the sunshine of Plenty.

The hours were swift and ran smiling away; but the lightness of my heart outlived the going down of the sun.

The day departed with the mildest breeze; and the night but invited me to the bed of repose. My pillow was the softest down, my slumbers attended with golden dreams.

Thus one day passed away, and the morning of the next found me happy.

Happy are the hours of artless innocence! happy the days of virgin simplicity, while the bosom is a stranger to deceit, and the heart unconscious of the painful sigh.

O that I could overtake the wings of time! O that I could recall the pleasures of my youth! for the days of my womanhood have been days of many sorrows, the tears of mistime have bedimmed the lustre of mine eye; the lily is fallen, and the rosebud is blown and withered on my cheek.

For I listened to the voice of Adulation, and her bewitching blandishments allured me to destruction.

The silver tongue of flattery is hollow, and laden with guile; the manna that drops from her lips is corrosive poison to the heart.

Hear then, O daughter of America! O fairest of the fair among women! let my precepts be treasured in thy bosom, and walk in the ways of my counsel; so shalt thou shun the thorn of reproach, more keen than the bite of the asp, more venomous than the sting of the scorpion.

The hand of Scorn shall point its finger from thee; the tear of Misery shall never bedew thy cheek; thy life shall be replete with good things, and peace and honor shall satisfy thy soul.

Chinese Superstition.

According to the Chinese Repository, there are 1,560 temples dedicated to Confucius alone; and 63,606 pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer, and 27,000 pieces of silk, are annually presented on their altars. But it not unfrequently happens that these offerings fail to produce the desired effect. The expedients then resorted to are both ludicrous and melancholy.

In 1835 the prefect of Canton, on occasion of a distressing drought of eight months, issued the following invitation: "Pwan, acting prefect of Truong-chan, issues this inviting summons. [Since for a long time there has been no rain, and the prospects of drought continue, and supplications are unanswered, my heart is scorched with grief.—In the whole province of Truong-ang, are there no extraordinary persons who can force the dragon to send rain? Be it known to you all ye soldiers and people, that if there be any one, whether of this or any other province, priest or sect like, who can, by any craft of arts, bring down abundance of rain, I respectfully request him to ascend the altar. (of the dragon) and sincerely and reverentially pray. And after the rain has fallen, I will liberally reward him with money and tablets to make known his merits." This invitation called forth a Buddhist priest as a "rain-maker," and the prefect erected an altar for him before his own office, upon which the man, armed with a cymbal and wand, for three days vainly repeated his incantations from morning to night, exposed, barefooted to the hot sun, the butt of the jeering crowd.

The unsuccessful efforts of the priest did not render the calamity less grievous, and their urgent necessities led the people to resort to every expedient to force their gods to send rain. The authorities forbade the slaughter of animals—or, in other words, a fast was proclaimed. To keep the hot winds out of the city the Southern gate was shut, and all classes flocked to the temples. It was estimated that on one day 20,000 persons went to a celebrated shrine of the goddess of Mercy, among whom were the governor and prefect and their suites, who all left the seals and walked with the multitude. The governor, as a last expedient the day before rain came, intimated his intention of liberating all prisoners not charged with capital offences. As soon as the rain fell, the people presented thank offerings, and the Southern gate of the city was opened, accompanied by the old ceremony of burning the tail of a live sow, while the animal was held in a basket. Sometimes devotes become irritated against their god, and resort to summary means to force them to hear their petitions.

It is said that the governor having gone repeatedly in a time of drought to the temple of the god of Rain, in Canton, dressed in his burdensome robes, through the heat of a tropical sun, on one of his visits, said—"The god supposes I am lying when I beseech his aid; for how can he know; seated in a cool niche in the temple, that the ground is parched and the sky hot?—Whereupon he ordered his attendants to put a rope around his neck and haul his goldship out of doors, that he might see and feel the state of the weather for himself; after his excellency had been cooled in the temple the idol was reinstated in his shrine, and the good effects of this treatment considered to be fully proved by the copious showers which soon after fell.

When all other means fail, the Emperor, we are told, prays and makes offerings to his gods for the desired object.—*Athenaeum.*

AUTUMN.—How like man is the seasons, infancy youth, manhood and old age—spring, summer, fall and winter. They each follow one another in rapid succession, and as our trembling hand conveys the type to the sick, we are forcibly reminded of both. Man is but the evanescent of an hour, "an opening bud of yesterday, a withered leaf to-morrow." Some, no matter what they teach, in a business point of view, turn everything to gold, while others toil for years without ever being able to consummate a purpose or effect anything for the good of themselves or others. The sea and yellow leaf admonish us that winter is fast stealing upon us, a few months more, and in all human probability, the earth will be clothed in a dress of white, and the Outer skin and the Buffalo robe will again be called into active requisition. We but the other day saw an old man gathering rags in the street—in his youth he had been wealthy—He spoke of his early prosperity, his present distress and his future prospects, and with an air of melancholy, as we passed him, exclaimed, "the harvest is passed, the summer is ended and I am not saved."

HINTS TO LADIES.—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five and twenty, during their age of deestability, men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom, one might after some inward conflicts, and a course perhaps of fasting and self humiliation, submit to fulfil those ill contrived vows of obedience which are exacted at the altar—such men want for their companions not dolls; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the ringletins, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet strings—faint if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not for the world pick her delicate fingers by plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherdess—dance like a dervish at Almack's—ride like a fox hunter—and whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country house, an she cannot think how people enjoy this climate, she can go out to dinner parties in Feb. and March, with an inch of sleeve and a quarter of bodice.

NOT THE NAME.—A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance that he would not have taken the Lamb, had it not been for the fact.

Talleyrand and Arnold.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was a going a beggar and a wanderer, to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then said: "There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain, whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was a Bishop, Prince and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat gentleman of apparently some fifty years of age, with his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath his downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline: his mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that as he was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror; that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head downcast, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated; his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words. "Who art thou?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name?"

"My name?"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sunk in a chair gasping for words.

"Arnold the traitor!"

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room at the inn of Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flashed out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we doubt not that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened by one farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering "John Andre" in his ears; and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring to him: "True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold the Traitor!"

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—A mixture of two parts of the liquid ammonia of comit erce, with one of some simple tincture, is recommended as a remedy for toothache, so often uncontrollable. A piece of lint is dipped into its mixture, and then introduced into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterized, and the pain stopped. It is stated to be eminently successful, and in some cases is supposed to be acted by neutralizing an acid produced in the decayed tooth.

FRIED POTATOES.—The French cooks at the large hotels are making this dish very fashionable. The potatoes are peeled, wiped, and cut into thin slices, then thrown into a frying-pan containing an abundance of hot lard; as soon as they become brown and crisp, they are thrown into colander to drain, are then sprinkled with salt, and served up as hot as possible. It is a breakfast dish.

PROCESS FOR PRESERVING MILK.—This process, invented by a Russian chemist, named Kirkooff, consists in evaporating new milk by a very gentle fire, and very slowly, until it is reduced to a dry powder. This powder is to be kept in bottles carefully stoppered. When it is to be employed, it is only necessary to dissolve the powder in a sufficient quantity of water. According to Mr. Kirkooff, the milk does not lose by this process any of its peculiar flavor.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.—France a Neapolitan physician, states that the human body can be rendered insensible to fire by the following embrocation being applied.—One ounce and a half of alum, dissolved in four ounces of hot water; to this must be added one ounce of fish glue, and half an ounce of gum arabic.

TO CURE THE HICCUP.—Hold up, high above your head, two fingers of your hand; lean back in your seat, open your mouth and throat, so as to give a free passage to your lungs; breathe very long and softly, and look very steadily at your finger.