

Bedford Gazette.



BY MEYERS & BENFORD.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

WHOLE NO. 2767.—VOL. 53.

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA., OCTOBER 23, 1857.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I, NO. 12.

Select Poetry.



CLOE TO CLARA. A Saratoga Letter.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

DEAR CLARA: I wish you were here;
The prettiest spot upon earth!
With everything charming, my dear—
Beaux, badinage, music and mirth!
Such rows of magnificent trees
Overhanging such beautiful walks,
Where lovers may stroll, if they please,
And indulge in the sweetest of talks.

We go every morning, like geese,
To drink at the favorite spring;
Six tumblers of water apiece
Is simply the regular thing.
For such is its wonderful virtue,
Though rather unpleasant at first,
No quantity ever can hurt you,
Unless you should happen to burst!

And then what a gossiping sight!
What talk about William and Harry;
How Julia was spending the night;
And why Miss Morton should marry!
Dear Clara, I've happened to see
Full many a tea-table slaughter,
But, really, scandal with tea,
Is nothing so scandalous with water!

Approves of the spring—have you heard
The quiz of a gentleman here
On a pompous M. C., who asserted
That the name was remarkably queer!
The spring—to keep from failing—
With wood is encompassed about,
And derives from its permanent railing
The title of "Congress," no doubt!

'Tis pleasant to guess at the reason—
The genuine motive which brings
Such all sorts of folks in the season,
To stop a few days at the springs.
Some come to dispose of the waters,
(The sensible, old-fashioned ones.)
Some come to dispose of their daughters,
And some to dispose of themselves!

Some come to exhibit their faces
To new and admiring beholders;
Some come to exhibit their graces,
And some to exhibit their shoulders;
Some come to make people stare
At the elegant dresses they've got;
Some to show what a lady may wear,
And, perhaps, what a lady should not!

Some come to squander their treasures,
And some their funds to improve,
And some for mere love of pleasure;
And some for the pleasure of love;
And some to escape from the old,
And some to see what is new;
But most—it is plain to be told—
Come here—because other folks do!

And that I suppose, is the reason,
Why I am enjoying, to day,
What's called "the height of the season,"
In rather the loftiest way.
Good-bye—for now I must stop—
To Charley's command I resign—
I'm his for the regular "shop,"
But ever most tenderly thine.

CLOE.

—Whenever afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.

—A girl on a visit to the city, and fresh from the woods, was one day asked how she liked the country. "Oh, ma'am," she replied, "I'd like the country very well if it was only in the city."

—Never break your neck to bow at all to a "sweet sixteen" with a founced dress, who is ashamed of her old-fashioned mother; or to a strutting collegian, who is horrified at his grandfather's bad grammar.

—A carpenter's apprentice, too lazy to work, dodges it in this fashion: when he takes a notion, he bumps his nose against a post till it bleeds, and then sits up to have a resting spell.

—When all the white people of the United States reduce their expenses one shilling per day, it makes a difference of eighteen millions of dollars a week, and of over fifty millions every month.

—Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University, has been offered by Louis Napoleon the Professorship of Paleontology at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, made vacant by the death of M. d'Orbigny. He has, however, declined the honor.

—Senator Pugh, of Ohio, in a speech the other day, gave the Black Republicans a hard blow. He said, "They had but one United States House of Representatives, and even in that one, the last two weeks of the session were spent in quarrelling among themselves as to who should be expelled for obtaining the most plunder."

—At a Black Republican meeting in Lorain county, Ohio, on the 22d ult., Mr. Washburn gave utterance to the following:—"If, because I stand up for the equality of the negro, socially and politically, with the white man, they call me a negro worshipper, let them do it. I shall persevere to the end."

A GRAVE JOKE.—Some years ago, Spurr kept a livery stable in Toledo. Spurr had his peculiarities, one of which was this: he never let a horse go out of the stable without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day there went to Spurr's stable a young man, to get a horse and carriage to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr, "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, just look a here, old feller," said the some-what excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep you with the procession if it kills the boss!" Spurr instantly retired to a horse stall and swooned amongst the straw.

CON O'KEEFE AND THE GOLDEN CUP.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

In Ireland, as in Scotland, among the lower orders, there is a prevalent belief in the existence and supernatural powers of the gentry commonly called "fairies." Many and strange are the stories told of this mysterious and much dreaded race of beings. Loud and frequent have been the exclamations of surprise, and even anger of the hard incredulity which made me refuse, when I was young, to credit all that was narrated of the wonderful feats of Irish fairies—the most frolicsome of the entire genus. The more my disbelief was manifested, the more wonderful were the legends which were launched at me, to overthrow my matter-of-fact obstinacy.

I have forgotten many of the traditions which were thus made familiar to me in my boyhood, but my memory retains sufficient to convince me to what improbabilities superstition clung—and the more wonderful the story, the more implicit the belief. But in such cases the fanaticism was harmless—it was of the head rather than of the heart—of the imagination rather than the reason. It would be fortunate if all superstitions did as little mischief as this.

It is deeply to be lamented that the matter-of-factness of the Americans is not to be subdued or modified by any—even the slightest—belief in the old world superstitions, of which I speak. Of fairy-lore they do not possess the slightest item. They read of it, as if it were legendary but nothing more. They feel it not—they know it—they are, therefore, dreadfully actual. So much the worse for them!

Having imbibed a sovereign contempt for the wild and wonderful traditions which had been duly accredited in the neighborhood, time out of mind, I never particularly chary in expressing such contempt at every opportunity. When the mind of a boy soars above the ignorance, which begets his elders in an inferior station, who had neither the chance nor the desire of being enlightened, he is apt to pride himself, as I did, on the "march of intellect" which has placed him superior to their vulgar credulity.

Many years have passed since I happened to be a temporary visitor beneath the hospitable roof of one of the better sort of farmers, in the county of Cork, during the Midsummer holidays. As usual, I there indulged in sarcasm against the credulity of the country. One evening, in particular, I was not a little tenacious in laughing at the very existence of "the fairy folk;" and, as sometimes happens, ridicule accomplished more than argument could have effected. My hosts could bear anything in the way of argument—at least of argument such as mine—they could even suffer their favorite legends and theories about the fairies to be abused; but to laugh at them—that was an act of unkindness which quite passed their comprehension, and grievously taxed their patience.

My host was quite in despair, and almost in anger at my boyish jokes upon his fairy-legends when the village schoolmaster came in, an uninvited but most welcome guest. A chair was soon provided for him in the warmest corner—whiskey was immediately on the table, and the schoolmaster, who was a pretty constant votary to Bacchus, lost no time in making himself acquainted with his flavor.

I had often seen him before. He combined in his character a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; was a most excellent mathematician and a good classical scholar—but of the world he knew next to nothing. From youth to age had been spent within the limits of the parish over which, came in hand, he had presided for more than a quarter of a century—at once a teacher and an oracle! He was deeply imbued with a belief in the superstitions of the district, but was more especially familiar with the wild legends of the rocky glen (the defile near Kilworth, commonly called Aragin, once famous for the extent of illicit distillation carried on there), in which he had passed away his life, usefully, but humbly employed.

To this eccentric character my host triumphantly appealed for proof respecting the existence and vagaries of the fairies. He wasted no time in argument, but glancing triumphantly around, declared that he would convert me by a particularly well-attested story. Drawing his tumbler, and incontinently mixing another, Mr. Patrick McCann plunged at once into the heart of his narration, as follows:

"You know the high hill that overlooks the town at Fermoy? Handsome and thriving place as it now is, I remember the time when there were only two houses in that same town, and one of them was then in course of building! Well, there lived on the other side Corran Thiera (the mountain in question, though Corrie is the true name) one of the Barrys, a gentleman who was both rich and good. I wish we had more of the stamp among us now—'tis little of the Whitesoys or Ribbonsmen, would trouble the country then. He had a fine fortune, kept up a fine house, and lived at a dashing rate. It does not matter, here nor there, how many servants he had; but I mention them, because one of them was a very remarkable fellow. His equal was not to be had, far or near, for love nor money.

"This servant was called Con O'Keefe. He was a crabb'd little man, with a face the very color and texture of old parchment, and he had lived in the family time out of mind. He was such a small, dwarfish, deeny creature, that no one ever thought of putting him to hard work. All that he did was, now and again, from the want of a better messenger at the moment, or to honor the old man, to send him to Rathcorrac post-office for letters. But he was too weak and feeble to walk so far—though it was only a matter of three or four miles; so they got him a little ass, and he rode upon it, quite as proud as a general at the head of an army of conquerors. 'Twas as good as a play to see Con mounted upon his donkey—you could scarcely

make out which had the most stupid look. But neither man nor beast can help his looks.

"At that time Rathcorrac though 'tis but a village now, was a borough, and sent two members to the Irish Parliament. Was not the great Curran, the orator and patriot, member for Rathcorrac, when he was a young man? Did not Colonel Tonson get made an Irish peer, out of this very borough, which his son William is, to this day, by the title of Baron Riverdale of Rathcorrac? Does not his shield bear an open hand between two castles, and is not the motto, 'Manus hæc inimica, tyrannus'—which means that it was the enemy of tyrants? Did not the Ulster King of arms make the Tonsons a grant of these lands in the time of Cromwell? But here I have left poor little Con mounted on his donkey all this time.

"Con O'Keefe was not worth his keep, for any good he did; but, truth to say, he had the name of being hand and glove with the fairies; and, at that time Corran Thiera swarmed with them. They changed their quarters when the regiments from Fermoy barracks took to firing against targets stuck up at the foot of the mountain. Not that a ball could ever hit a fairy (except a silver one cast by a girl in her teens, who has never wished for a lover, or a widow under forty who has not sighed for a second husband—so there's little chance that it will ever be cast), but they hate the noise of the firing and the smell of gunpowder quite as much as the devil hates holy water.

"'Tis reckoned lucky in these parts to have a friend of the fairies in the house with you, and that was partly the reason why Con O'Keefe was kept at Barry's fort. Many and many a one could swear to hearing him and the 'good folk' talk together at twilight on his return from Rathcorrac with the letter-bag. My own notion is, that if he had anything to say to them, he had more sense than to hold conversation with them on the high road, for that might have led to a general discovery. Con was fond of a drop, and when he took it (which was in an algebric way, that is, 'any given quantity'), he had such famous spirits, and his tongue went so glibly, that in the absence of other company, he was sometimes forced to talk to himself, as he trotted home.

"One night, as he was going along, rather the sober for liquor, he thought he heard a confused sound of voices in the air, directly over his head. He stopped, and sure enough it was the fairies, who were chattering away like a bevy of magpies, but he did not know this at the time.

"At first he thought it might be some of the neighbors wanting to play him a trick. So, to show that he was not afraid (for the drink had made him as bold as a lion), when the voices above and around him kept calling out, 'High up! high up!' he put in his spoke, and shouted as loud as any of them, 'High up! high up, with ye, my lads!' No sooner said than done. He was whisked off his donkey in a twinkling, and was high up in the air in the very middle of a crowd of 'good people'—for it happened to be one of their festival nights, and the cry that poor little Con heard was the summons for gathering them all together. Although Con had the reputation at Barry's fort of being well acquainted with them all, you may well believe that there was not a single face among the lot that he knew.

"In less than no time, off they went, when their leader—a little morsel of a fellow, not bigger than Hop-o-my-Thumb—bawled out, 'High for France! high for France! high over!' Off they went, through the air—quick as if they were on a steep chase—Moss and moor mountain and valley—green field and brown bog—land and water, were all left behind, and they never once halted until they reached the coast of France.

"They immediately made for the house (there it is called the *chateau*) of a great lord—one of the Seigneurs of the Court—and bolted through the key-hole into his wine-cellar, without leave or license. How little Con was squeezed through I never could understand, but it is as sure as fate that he went into the cellar with them. They soon got astride the casks, and commenced drinking the best wines until waiting to be invited. Con you may be sure, was not behind any of them, as far as the drinking went. The more he drank the better relish he had for their tipples. The 'good people,' somehow or other, did not appear at all surprised at Con's being among them, but they did wonder at his great thirst, and pressed him to take enough—and Con was not the man who'd wait to be asked twice. So they drank on until night slipped away, when then the sun—like a proper gentleman as he is, sent in one of his earliest beams, as a sort of gentle hint that it was time for them to return. They had a parting-glass, and in half an hour or so had crossed the wide sea, and dropped little Con on the precise spot he had left on the evening before. He had been drinking out of a beautiful golden cup in the cellar, and by some mistake or other, it had slipped off the sleeve of the large loose coat he wore, and so he brought it home with him. Not that Con was not honest enough, but surely a man may be excused for taking a cup too much' in a wine cellar.

"Con was soon awakened by the warm sunbeams playing upon his face. At first he thought he had been dreaming, and he might have thought so to his dying day, but that, when he got on his feet, the golden cup rolled on the road before him, and was proof positive that all was a reality.

"He said his prayers directly, between him and harm. Then he put up the cup and walked home, where, as his little donkey had returned on the previous night without him, the family had given him up as lost or drowned. Indeed, some of them had sagaciously suggested the probability of his having gone off for good with the fairies.

"Now, does not my story convince you that there must be such things as fairies? It is, not

more than twenty years since I have heard Con O'Keefe tell the whole story from beginning to end; and he'd say or swear with any man that the whole of it was as true as gospel.—And as sure as my name is Patrick McCann I do believe that Con was in strange company that night.

I ventured to say to Mr. McCann that, being yet incredulous, I must have better evidence than little Con's own declaration.

"To be sure you shall," said he. "Was not the golden cup taken up to Barry's fort and to be seen—as seen it was—by the whole country?"

I answered that, "Certainly, if the cup is to be seen there, the case is materially altered."

"I did not say that the cup is at Barry's fort," said McCann, "only that it was. The end of the story, indeed is nearly as strange as the beginning.—When Con O'Keefe came back from this wonderful excursion, no one believed a word of what he said; for though it was whispered that he was great with the fairies, yet when the matter came tangibly before them they did not credit it. But Con soon settled their doubts; he brought forward the cup, and there was no gaining that evidence.

"My Barry took the cup into his own keeping, and, the name and residence of the French lord being engraved upon it, determined (as in honor bound) to send it home again. So he went off to Cove without any delay; taking Con with him; and as there luckily was a vessel going off to France that very day, he sent off little Con with the cup and his very best compliments.

Now, the cup was a great favorite with the French lord (being a piece of family plate, given to one of his ancestors by one of the old kings of France, whose life he had saved in battle), and nothing could equal the hubbub and confusion that arose when it was missing. His lordship called for some wine at dinner, and great was his anger when the lackey handed it to him in a glass, declaring that they could not find the golden goblet. He threw glass, and wine, and all, at the servant's head—flew into a terrible passion—and swore, by all that was good and bad, that he would not take anything stronger than water until the cup was on the table again; and that if it was not forthcoming in a week, he'd turn off every servant he had, without paying them their wages, or giving them a character.

"The cup was well searched for, but all to no purpose, as you may suppose. At last the week came to an end—all the servants had their clothes packed to be off in the morning. His lordship was getting dreadfully tired of drinking cold water, and the whole house was, as one may say, turned topsy-turvy, when to the delight and admiration of all, in came Con O'Keefe, from Ireland, with a letter from Mr. Barry and the cup in his fist.

"I rather think they welcomed him. His lordship made it a point to get 'glorious' that night and, as in duty bound, the entire household followed his example, with all the pleasure in life. You may be certain that Con played away finely at the wine—you know the fairies had made him free of the cellar—so he knew the taste of the liquor, and relished it too. There can be no doubt that there was a regular jollification in the chateau that night.

"Con remained in France for a month, and perfectly in clover, for, from the lord to the lackey, every one 'liked him. When he returned he had a heavy purse of gold for himself, and many fine presents for his master. Indeed, while the French lord lived, which was for fifteen good years longer, a couple of hogsheds of excellent claret were annually received at Barry's fort, as a present from him, and there was no wine in the country to equal it. As for Con O'Keefe, he never had the luck to meet the fairies again, a misfortune he very sincerely lamented. And that's the whole story."

I asked Mr. McCann whether he really believed all of it. That worthy replied in these words:—

"Why, in truth, I must say, some parts of it required rather an elastic mind to take in; but there's no doubt that Con was sent over to France, where it is said, there was a great to-do about a golden cup. I am positive that Mr. Barry used to receive a present of claret every year, from a French lord, for I've drank some of the best claret in Ireland from Mr. Barry's cellar. If the tale be true—and I have told it as I heard Con O'Keefe tell it, especially when overcome by liquor, at which time the truth is sure to come out—it is proof positive that there have been fairies in this neighborhood, and that within the memory of man."

Such a logical conclusion was incontrovertible, especially when enforced by a facetious wink from the schoolmaster; so I even left matters to other stories in the same vein, and to the same effect. If the narrator did not credit them, most of his auditors did, which amounts to much the same in the end. Some other time, perhaps, I may be tempted to relate them.

Wait.

Of course it is very hard to wait. No matter whether you have to wait in certainty, or in doubt; whether for the fulfillment of a promise or the arrival of a "ship load of money," waiting is tedious, and one feels that patience is a virtue. Young Hopeful cannot wait for dinner and spoils his appetite and digestion with apples and bread and butter. Older grown, he cannot wait for his majority and borrows. Tell people to wait and they answer that life is all waiting; and have waited long enough, and waiting makes no sense. Yet waiting is the school of moral strength. The grand achievements have to be waited for. Small minds are always fidgeting and leaving; so when the time comes they are found either stale or empty.—London Times.

THE GRANDEUR OF NATURE.

We live peacefully on the surface of the earth, while oceans of fire roll beneath our feet. In the interior of the globe the everlasting forge is at work. How dreadful must an earthquake be, when we are told by Pliny that twelve cities in Asia Minor were swallowed in one night. Not a vestige remained—they were lost in the tremendous Forever! Millions of beings have been swallowed up while flying for safety. In the bowels of the earth Nature performs her wonders at the same moment that she is firing the heavens with her lightnings. Her thunders roll above our heads and beneath our feet, where the eye of mortal man never penetrated. In the vast vortex of the volcano the universal forge empties its melted metals. The roar of Etna has been the knell of thousands, when it poured forth its cataract of fire over one of the fairest portions of the earth, and swept into ruins ages of industry. In the reign of Titus Vespasian, in the year 70, the volcano of Vesuvius dashed its fiery billows to the clouds, and buried in burning lava the cities of Herculaneum, Stabiae and Pompeii, which then flourished near Naples. In the streets once busy with the hum of industry, and where the celebrated ancients walked, the modern philosopher now stands and ruminates upon fallen grandeur. While the inhabitants were unmindful of the danger which awaited them; while they were busied with the plans of wealth and greatness, the irresistible flood of fire came roaring from the mountain, and shrouded them in eternal night. Seven centuries have rolled over them, and their lonely habitations and works remain as their monuments. They were swept away in the torrent of time—the waves of ages have settled over them, and art alone has preserved their memory. Great Nature, how sublime are all thy works!

ANCIENT FAMILIES.—It is well known that the Highlanders are great sticklers for hereditary honors, and trace back, with the most earnest veneration, the origin of families into the remotest ages. An amusing instance of this tenacity to hold to the dignity and antiquity of their kindred, may be found in the case we subjoin.

A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon this never dying subject.—M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist and asked him if the M'Lean clan lived before the flood?

"Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean.

"Why the flood, that you know, drowned all the world but Noah, and his family, and his flock," replied Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean, my clan was afore the flood.

"I have not read in the Bible," said Campbell, of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark!"

"Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt "who ever heard of a M'Lean, that had not a boat of his own?"

HEAVEN.—Can mortal minds conceive the glory of that upper sphere, where the sun never goes down, and night never can come. Where the river of life rolls its crystal waves around the high white throne of the great Eternal. Fairer flowers than any Flora's hand has strewn on earth, bloom in the fields of Immortality. Cherub forms float on the waves of music, swept from the Golden harps of God's elect.—Earth's brightest sun-beams are but darkness compared to the light that emanates from the Sun of Righteousness. Frail mortals deem it shadowy land! Not so! There, no clouds come to dim the light of eternal day! Sorrows never fling its dark mantle o'er sinless dwellers there, and death cannot enter the better land. Shipwrecked mariner tossed on life's tempestuous sea! Wary pilgrim, treading the path that leads to death! Let not earth's fleeting pleasures deceive you; trust alone in Heaven.

TWO SCOTCHMEN thus discoursed:—

"Aw say, Georgie, man, aw hear thou's been makin a fule o' thees?"

"Ay, man, I've gotten a wife."

"Why, didst thou know awse dun that same thing mesel? What kind o' body hast thou gotten?"

"A perfect deevil, man—a perfect deevil."

"Smash me, man, aw wish mine war nae worse than that."

"Worse than that?" responded Georgie, "how can she be worse than that? Isn't Beelzebub the worst critter a man cood have for an acknowledge 'o' this world?"

"Nought o' the kind, man—nought o' the kind. Didst thou know what the Bible says (and thou knowst it cannot be wrong)? It says, 'resist the deevil, and he'll flee from you'; but, bless thy soul, sample lad, if ye resist my wife, she'll flee right at ye."

A BAD "CASE."—Dobbs rushed to the Doctor's office with terror depicted upon his visage in unmistakable characters. He looked pale; his nostrils were dilated, and there was an uneasy look in his eyes. The doctor noticed it instantly and inquired, with a little exhibition of excitement as the nature of the case would admit:—"Why what's the matter, Dobbs?" Dobbs dropped into a chair in an all-gone-ativeness manner peculiarly touching. I don't know, he replied; 't believe I am going to have the small-pox." "Why how do you say?" said the doctor. "O, I do not know, 'hardly," said Dobbs; "I feel a great reluctance to do anything." The doctor inquired how long he had had the symptoms. "W—e—l—l," said Dobbs, "I've always had 'em." The doctor was said, Dobbs' case was evidently past all Surgery.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS OF BREADMAKING KING.

It is a praiseworthy characteristic of the American people, that they are curious to know the philosophy of all things. Causality, as the phrenologist would say, is large among us.—We analyze the smallest as well as the greatest objects. The reason why the stars keep to their orbits is hardly more interesting to our practical minds than the mysteries involved in bread-making.

For the making of good bread, to thousands and tens of thousands of housewives even, is a mystery. Cooks pride themselves on their success in the art; and naturally: for it is a distinction to be able to insure light bread. Yet of a hundred thousand bread-makers, how few understand why it is that the bread is sometimes good and sometimes bad! The proficient has a knack in kneading and baking her bread; and that is all she knows about it. The rival, whose bread is a failure, can only say that the baking went wrong; and is as much in the dark as the other.

To make bread the flower has first to be kneaded. But why knead it? Because a certain quantity of water, in addition to that existing in the flour, is necessary to produce those chemical changes, without which good bread can never be made. The water dissolves the sugar and albumen; combines with and hydrates the starch; and moistens the minute particles of gluten, so as to induce them to cement together, and thus bind the whole into a coherent mass. The good housewife knows, by practice, when this state of things has been brought about; in other words, when her dough is properly kneaded. For as only a certain limited quantity of water can be used to produce this effect, as too much or too little would wholly frustrate the end, it is plain that the water must be carefully and thoroughly worked into the flour; so as to bring every separate particle of the one into contact with the required amount of the other. Kneading, with the hand, is the sole way to do this. The competent housewife tells by the feeling when her dough is fit to put away to rise. No machinery can do it perfectly.

The next process is the fermentation. This is produced, generally, by yeast; and always more safely and perfectly by it. Yeast, as the microscope has proved, is a vegetable—a true plant belonging to the fungus tribe. It makes bread rise, by producing a change of the gluten or albumen, which acts upon the sugar, breaking it up into alcohol and carbonic acid gas.—If the dough has been skillfully kneaded, and the fermentation is regular and equal, the gas is evolved evenly throughout the mass, so that the bread, when cut, will be honeycombed with numberless minute pores. Bad yeast, or a bad fermentation, makes the bread sour, which the experienced housewife corrects with a little alkali. Chemical substances are sometimes used to make bread rise. But Youmans, the chemist to whom we are indebted for most of these facts, says, that as such substances are not nutritious, but medicinal, they exert a disturbing action on the healthy organism, and, consequently, ought not to be employed habitually. Other writers, also, have attributed the increase of dyspepsia to the wide-spread introduction of these agents as a substitute for yeast.

The baking of the loaf, as every housewife knows, is not the least part of the "art and mystery" of bread-baking. The heat of the oven should be equal everywhere throughout it, and should continue constant for a considerable time. If the heat is insufficient, the bread will be soft, wet and pasty; if too great, the crust will be burnt, the inside raw dough. The baking temperature of an oven should range 350 deg. Fahrenheit, to 500 deg. An ordinary way of testing when an oven is proper for baking, is to strew fresh flour on the bottom, and if the flour chars, the heat is excessive. The loaf diminishes in weight and enlarges in size by baking, in consequence of the evaporation of the water, the expansion of its carbonic acid gas, and the vaporizing of its alcohol. The crust is caused by chemical changes in the outer surface of the loaf, producing an organic matter which chemists call assamar. Such is the scientific history of breadmaking.—Phil. Ledger.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE LOVE OF HOME.

—It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of white habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist: I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by their relations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of the primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now amongst the living, and if I inhaled in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.

—One cannot see the grand sepulchres of Egypt, (says Emerson,) without feeling that for such a tomb one would almost wish to die.—Shelley said the high marble walls and ceilings so delicately carved, were not so much tombs as signifying chambers for immortal spirits.