

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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Select Poetry.

HIAWATHA.

A Boston man (John Smith) has let out the secret of the authorship of *Hiawatha*. He says Longfellow had nothing whatever to do with the authorship, but that it was written by himself, John Smith, under a contract with Baranum, who first secured the silence of Longfellow by laying a wager of "twice five thousand dollars" that he could not remain silent for six months. But we will let him tell the rest of his story in trochaic measure:

Next the poet he engaged—
Mo, John Smith, by mortals called;
Gave me money—paid me freely,
To concoct for him the poem.
At first I wrote in flowing rhyme,
With measure, cadence, sense and time,
A simple thrilling Indian story,
Filled with mist and legends hoary,
Of our hills and lofty mountains,
Of our streams and gushing fountains,
Of the dark blue sky that quivers,
O'er our deep majestic rivers,
Of our glens and caverns rude,
Of our woods' deep solitude,
Of old ocean's rolling waves,
Of our patriot fathers' graves,
Of the paths once trodden here,
Of the green grass growing o'er them,
Till my soul seemed all on fire,
Singing like an eagle higher;
But my master checked my flight—
Brought me from Parnassus' height,
Nonsense, Smith, pray leave thy sense;
I want a book to catch the breeze,
A thing to make the masses laugh;
And pay me cash for brain and chaff,
For those hearts so fresh and simple,
Who believe that in all ages
"Every human heart is human,
"With little skill of song-craft;
"Call it Song of Hiawatha;
"Stick in dews and grass, and flowers—
"Mists and tufts of crimson berries—
"Old stone walls—neglected churchyards,
"Homely phrases—tender pathos—
"Bison hoofprints—flapping cries—
"Sausages—moonshine—heron—beaver—
"Fog and longings—strivings—yearnings,
"Eagle's flapping—ever singing
"In the land of Pat-potatoes—
"In the land of Oo-jee-jaw."

* Dacotals. † Ojibweays.

Select Miscellany.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.
THE OUTCAST AND HER CHILD.

A STORY OF THE SNOW STORM.

"Every woe a tear may claim,
Except a fallen sister's shame."
"A young female was found by the police,
"wandering about the streets during the height
"of the storm. She was barefoot and had an
"infant in her arms. She was taken to the
"reformatory house."
Such is a brief paragraph that appeared
in the newspapers among the incidents of
the recent severe snow storm, and which
compressed within five short lines a tale
of wretchedness and woe more substantial
and infinitely more terrible in its dreadful
reality than the stories of the sufferings of
love-lorn damsels, and the troubles of high
born dames, with which the writers of ro-
mance are wont to excite the sensibilities
of their readers. There are thousands who
would shed tears, free as rain, over the fic-
tious sufferings of imaginary characters;
who would peruse the paragraph quoted
above, perhaps, without giving it a second
thought, and certainly without feeling a
sympathetic pang for the barefoot mother
and her half-naked babe, wandering, chill-
ed to the heart, through the deserted
streets, with the howling storm enveloping
them in a snowy shroud which they must
have found had they not obtained shelter.

How sad the task to look back at the
history of the "young female" of the
newspaper paragraph. How fondly was
she loved by her dear mother, and how
little did the doting parent—who anticipat-
ed her every wish, who carefully shielded
her from pain and from harm, who watch-
ed her anxiously as she grew from
babyhood to girlhood, and who felt
pride and love glowing in her heart as she
saw the slender girl ripening into the
blooming woman—how little did that do-
ting mother dream of her pet wandering
through the streets—with the child of
shame in her arms—through a furious
winter storm, with no covering to her feet,
and no roof for her head.

In this instance it was the "old tale so
often told." The winning face and the
bland smile, with the serpent under the
mask—and when, by smile and deceit the
victim was fascinated to her ruin, and her
weak heart was made captive, and her re-
putation stung to death, she was left to
follow it to the grave alone or live on and
bear her burthen of shame, and support
her little one as best she might. As usual
there was scant charity for the fallen crea-
ture, and the poor deceived and deserted
dupe sought temporary relief for her sor-
rows in strong drink. This had recourse
at best, only plunged her still deeper into
the abyss of ruin.

It would be a sad story—could its de-
tails be laid bare—the progress of that bro-
ken and ruined woman from the time she

took her first step in her downward career,
until the police found her wandering about
with an infant in her arms. Those who
were in their own warm homes on that
rough night and who only took a shudder-
ing glance through their lace curtains at
the furious storm without, can form but a
feeble notion of the sufferings of the
barefoot mother and her famishing child.
Let those who dreamed of flying half-nak-
ed from their blazing dwellings, and of
saving nothing from the wreck of home
but the babe in their arms: let them but
imagine that the flames had devoured up
everything—home, friends, reputation,
hope—all—and if they will but fancy that
the wintry storm comes down fast and fu-
rious when ruin overtakes them, and they
are thrown desolate and friendless into
the streets, with their helpless babe—then
they may conceive the sufferings of this
wretched outcast barefoot mother, with her
shivering charge hugged close to her warm
breast.

There is certainly something radically
wrong in the social system that suffers
such things. The villain who accomplish-
ed all this ruin escapes unwhipped of justice,
and goes through the world seeking new
victims, while his dupe and his child are
spurned by society, and are only rescued
from death in one frightful shape to find it
perhaps in some other form equally terri-
ble.

There are many sad stories of long suffer-
ing hidden in short paragraphs, and the
newspaper reporter is apt to learn in his
professional experience that each day
there are scenes enacted in the great Dra-
ma of Real Life that for pathos and terror
shame the most successful writers of fic-
tion. To our thinking the barefoot woman
and her child in the streets, in such a
storm as that of Saturday night, realize
as profound a depth of wretchedness and
destitution as ever Dickens portrayed or
Hood sang of.

LAUGH AND BE HEALTHY.

We regret we are unable to name the
writer of the following. The philosophy
of mirth here presented, has been a favor-
ite "dogma" with us, in public and private
for years. We give it a place at this time
that it may stimulate our readers to adopt
its teachings, and profit by the practice
during the coming year.

"Professor Fliegel devotes 270 pages to
a profoundly philosophical investigation
of the origin, use, and benefit of laughter
generally, and treats of its different cau-
sal aspects under thirty-seven distinct
heads. He is able to inform us how to
judge a man's character and disposition by
hearing him laugh. The melancholy man's
laugh is a poor *hi, hi, hi!*—the choleric
temperament shows itself in a *he, he!*—
the plegmatic in a cheerful *ha, ha, ha!*
and a sanguine habit is betrayed by its
own characteristic, *ho, ho, ho!*"—*West-
minster Review.*

Two hundred and seventy pages devo-
ted to laughter! But not too many. As
a remedial agent nothing equals it. One
hearty laugh every day, will cure each
and all who are sick, or any way ailing of
whatever, and keep them in health always
well! The laugh cure will even beat the
water cure, potent as it is. And the two
combined, if universally applied, would
soon close every apothecary shop, lay ev-
ery physician, water cure included, on the
shelf, and banish every form of disease
from among men. All its giggles effectually
stir up every visceral organ, churn
the stomach and bowels more effectually
than anything else can possibly do—hence
the easy laughers are always fat, burly
blood through the system with a real rush,
burst open closed pores, and cast out mor-
bid matter most rapidly; for how soon
does hearty laughter induce free perspi-
ration, set the brain in motion to manufac-
ture emotions, thoughts, and mentality, as
nothing can excite it! and universally
practiced would be worth more to the race
than if California deposits covered the
whole earth! Only when fully tried, can
it be daily appreciated. Laughter is life;
while sadness and long faced sedateness
is death.

A medical neighbor tells the following:
"While on a picnic excursion with a party
of young people, discerning a crow's
nest on a rocky precipice, they started
in great glee to see who would reach it
first. Their haste being greater than pru-
dence, some lost their holds, and were
seen rolling and tumbling down the hill-
side, bonnets smashed, clothes torn, pos-
tures ridiculous, &c., but no one hurt."
Then commenced a scene of the most vio-
lent and long continued laughter and which
being young people well acquainted with
each other and in the woods, they indulg-
ed to a perfect surfeit. They roared out
with merry peal on peal of spontaneous
laughter; they expressed it by hallooing
when ordinary laughter became insufficient
to express the merriment they felt at their

own ridiculous situations, and those of their
mates; and ever afterwards the bare men-
tion of crow's nest, occasioned renewed
and irrepressible laughter.

"Years after, one of their number fell
sick, became so low that she could not
speak, and was just about breathing her
last.

"Our informant called to see her, gave
his name and tried to make himself recog-
nized, but failed, till he mentioned the
crow's nest, at which she recognized him,
and began to laugh and continued every
little while renewing it, and from that
time began to mend, recovered, and still
lives a memento of the laugh cure."

The very best application of laughter
is in connection with intellect, as in the
soul-stirring speech where some public
fooly or wrong is held up to merited ridi-
cule—the location of mirthfulness at the
side of casualty indicating their conjoint
exercise.

But we laugh wisely or foolishly, at
something or nothing, at ourselves or oth-
ers, let us *ha ha* many times a day, and
laugh off many of those ills and petty an-
noyances at once, over which too many
now fret and cry.

The *hi hi hi, he he he, ha ha ha, ho ho ho*
mentioned in the above quotation as signs
continued laughter, continuity and appli-
cation; while a short *ha ha* of only two
of character, are all true, but embody on-
ly the merest glimpse of those character-
istics disclosed by different laughs. Thus
ejunctions, and the first the most forcible,
signifies "good on the Spirit," but without
consecutiveness. What such can do with
a rough, they will do first rate, yet will plod
over nothing. Whole souled, spontane-
ous persons, laugh right out heartily and
loudly while secretive persons suppress
their laughter, and hypocrites change their
countenance into an unmeaning leer.—
Warm feeling but reserved persons hold
in for a while, then burst into a broad
hearty laugh. Such will be cold and stoical
on first acquaintance and towards uncon-
genials, yet warm and devoted friends
when their affections, adhesive or conjugal
are once enlisted. Discriminating per-
sons laugh with sense or only when some-
thing laughable is presented; while the
undiscerning laugh about as much at what
is a little laughable as at what is superlat-
ively ridiculous.

Cast iron conservatives laugh little, and
then by rule; and proud aristocrats must
keep on a dignified, hard faced look, while
true republican familiars laugh freely.—
Vain persons laugh much, at least with
their faces, and at what they have said and
done. Forcible persons laugh "good and
strong," while tame ones laugh tamely.—
Some laugh mainly with their faces, others
with both face and body. The former is
better for health than nothing, yet a thou-
sand times more healthy is the latter.

The old fogy notion that to laugh out
loud is decidedly vulgar, especially for a
female is simply ridiculous. It is on a
par with breathing, thinking, and every
other natural curiosity. True, there is a
coarse, gross, sensual, and an exceedingly
vulgar laugh, yet its vulgarity consists in
sensualism of the laughter, not its hearti-
ness.

HOW TO MARRY.

The quaint, straight-forward sense of the
following, while it can hardly fail of sug-
gesting thought, if read with attention,
will, in a marked manner, illustrate the
difference between the homely but honest
counsel of our ancestors, and the namby-
pambyism of the present. It is an extract
from "*Herman Prudence*," a little volume
printed some two hundred years ago, and
addressed to a friend:

"There is one step more to make your
life comfortable, and to advance your for-
tune, and that is well to dispose of yourself
in marriage; certainly a business which
requirith grave consideration. Ride not
post for your match; if you do, you may
in the period of your journey take Sorrow
for your inn, and make Repentance your
host. If you marry, espouse a virtuous
person: a celebrated beauty like a fair,
will draw chapmen from all parts. Make
choice of your wife by the ears, not the
eyes. He that in a choice of a wife doth
believe the reproof of his sight, is like him
who telling out the portion in his thoughts
takes the woman upon content, not exam-
ining her condition, or whether she be fit
for him. I would not advise you to marry
a woman for beauty; for beauty is like
summer fruits, which are apt to corrupt,
and not lasting. Never marry so much
for a great living as a good life; yet a fair
wife without a portion is like a brave house
without furniture you may please your-
self with the prospect, but there is noth-
ing within to keep you warm. *Sis vis u-
bere pari*: those weddings are the happi-

est where the parties are first matched be-
fore they marry. If a man marries a woman
much superior to himself, he is not so
truly husband to his wife as he is un-
aware made slave to her portion. Be sure
you love her person better than her state,
for he who marrieth where he doth not
love, will be sure to love where he doth
not marry, and love without ends hath
no end. Love is the child of Folly; its
strongest of the passions, and often found
in the weakest minds. Young men are
amorous, middle age affectionate, old men
are doing. There is a great difference
between a portion and a fortune of your
wife if she be not virtuous, let her for-
tune be ever so great, she is no fortune to
you. Its not the lusture of gold, the
sparkling diamonds and emeralds, nor the
splendor of the purple tincture that adorns
or embellishes a woman—but gravity, dis-
cretion, humility, and modesty. A young
Lacedaemonian lass being asked by an ac-
quaintance of hers, whether she had yet
embraced her husband? made answer,
"No, but he had embraced her." And
there is little or no use to be made of a
mirror, though in a frame of gold, en-
chased with all the sparkling variety of
the richest gems, unless it renders back the
true similitude of the image it receives;
so there is nothing of profit in a great por-
tion, unless the conditions, temper, and
humor of the wife be comfortable to the
disposition and inclination of the husband
and that he sees the virtues of his own
mind exactly represented in hers. Choose
such a wife as may sympathize with you
in your misfortunes, for marriage is just
like a sea voyage—he that enters the ship
must look to meet with storms and tem-
pests. If you have children, its better to
leave them a competent estate with a pro-
fession than great riches without it; for in
the one there is a place for industry, but
the other, like a lure, winning all birds of
prey to devour them. He that breeds his
children well, though he leaves them little,
gives them much. The ancients placed
the stature of Venus by that of Mercury,
to signify that the pleasures of matrimony
chiefly consist in the sweetness of conver-
sation. They who sacrificed to Juno as
the goddess of wedlock, never consecrat-
ed the gall with the other parts of the
sacrifice, but having drawn it forth they
cast it behind the altar, thereby implying
that all passionate anger and bitterness
of reproach should be terminated from the
threshold of nuptial cohabitation. If you
will be happy, never have above one woman
in your bed, one friend in your bosom
and one faith in your heart."

Summer Friends.

"The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone."

"Deserted in his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes."

"Is there none of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, knight, groom,
No one to bring from the spring
Some blessed water from the spring
To shake my dying thirst?"

There is a sad truth repeated in the
above lines from the poets. The desert-
ion of friends in adversity is an ugly trait
in our selfish human nature. The world
flies from the unhappy. The Priest and
the Levite pass as far from the sufferer as
possible. It is only the genuine Christ-
ian—the good Samaritan, that ever pauses
to listen to the sorrows of the wretched,
or to pour the balm of kindness into wounded
hearts and hopes. Misfortunes are coldly
treated as crimes; and that, too, when
prosperity or adversity depend upon a
mere accident, as uncontrollable as the turn-
ing of a card or the toss up of a copper.
Johnny Reekless, a drunken loafer, is sud-
denly seized with the "California fever,"
and rushes on board the first vessel up for
the Golden land. Stumbling into a gold
mine, he returns at the end of five years
a millionaire, bespangled with diamonds
and hailed as "a jewel of a man." Fifth
Avenue palaces open their doors to his
auriferous touch; and he who was regard-
ed as a lazy, dirty, vulgar lout but a few
years ago, is to-day courted and coddled
as a gentleman of most exquisite purity
and parts. An accident has made him,
what nature never designed him to be—
what the world calls a gentleman.

Springing from the same sod, we may
point to one, the very opposite in or-
ganization and character of the coarse clod
we have sketched, who was "born with a
gold spoon in his mouth," early accus-
tomed to the tenderest care and most re-
fined culture of all his faculties; who is lo-
ved and envied from his cradle up; but
who, in early manhood, is suddenly bereft
of fortune and of health; and, by a turn of
that tide, which often so mysteriously con-
trols the affairs of men," finds himself

stranded and deserted upon "this bank and
shoal of Time," an outcast and a wraith,
forsaken and forgotten by the very friends
who swarmed around him in his golden
dawning, and gaily fluttered in the sun-
shine of his brighter hours.

These are sad views to take, and to ex-
hibit, of human character and human prac-
tice; but none who has lived observantly
can deny the truth of the picture; and sel-
dom a day passes that we are not painfully
reminded of "man's inhumanity to man,"
by the consideration bestowed on the fic-
tious surroundings, and not on the charac-
ter of the individual. To see Society tak-
ing off its hat, and bowing and smiling
on some heartless, brainless money-bag, or
some pinchebeck counterfeit of humanity,
lifted by accident into a transitory gleam
of prosperity; while it shoves its cold
shoulders against better men, whom mis-
fortune's eclipse has cast into shade is en-
ough to make a misanthrope of the kindest
hearted philosopher, did not the tho't-
ful eye look through and beyond the pres-
ent phantasmagoria of unequal conditions,
and see the enigma solved by the retribu-
tive adjustments of a Future life.

Nobody.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small,
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you—you must be low,
If nobody's kissed you—you're ugly, we know,
If nobody's envied you—you're a poor elf,
If nobody's flattered you—flatter yourself,
If nobody's cheated you—you are a knave,
If nobody's hated you—you are a slave,
If nobody's called you a "fool" in your face,
Somebody's wished for your back, in its place;
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "assid,"
Somebody thinks you of spiteful mold;
If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody'll miss of them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself *Nobody*, quick as you can.

[From Household Words]

FEMALE FACES.

I know a woman who might have been
the ancestress of all the rabbits in all the
hutches in England. A soft, downy-look-
ing, fair, placid woman, with long hair
looping down like ears, and an innocent
face of mingled timidity and surprise.—
She is a sweet-tempered thing, always
eating or sleeping—who breathes hard
when she goes up stairs, and who has as
few brains in working order as a human
being can get on with. She is just a hu-
man rabbit, and nothing more—and she
looks like one. We all know the setter
woman—the best of all the types—grace-
ful, animated, well formed, intelligent,
with large eyes and wavy hair, who walks
with a firm tread but a light one, and who
can turn her hand to anything. The true
setter is always married; she is the real
woman of the world. Then there is the
Blenheim spaniel, who covers up her face
in her ringlets, and holds down her head
when she talks, and who is shy and timid.
And there is the greyhound woman with
lantern-jaws and braided hair, and large
knuckles, generally rather distorted.—
There is the cat woman, too; elegant,
stealthy, clever, caressing, who walks
without noise, and is great in the way of
endearment. No limbs are so supple as
hers, no back bone so wonderfully pliant;
no voice so sweet, no manner so endearing.
She extracts your secrets from you before
you know that you have spoken, and half
an hour's conversation with that graceful
purring woman has revealed to her every
most dangerous fact it has been your life's
study to hide. The cat-woman is a dan-
gerous animal. She has claws hidden in
that velvet paw, and she can draw bloods
when she unbesheathes them. Then there
is the cow-faced woman, generally of
phlegmatic temperament and melancholy
disposition, given to pious books and tee-
totalism. And there is the lurcher wo-
man, the strong visaged, strong-minded fe-
male, who wears rough coats, with men's
pockets and large bone buttons, and whose
bonnets fling a spiteful defiance at both
beauty and fashion. I have never seen a
true lion-headed woman, excepting in that
Egyptian figure, sitting with her hands on
her two knees, and grinning grimly on the
Museum world, as Bubastis, the lion-head-
ed goddess of the Nile.

A woman will cling to the chosen
object of her heart like a possum to a gum
tree, and you can't separate her without
snapping strings that no art can mend, leav-
ing a portion of her soul upon the upper
leather of your affections. She will some-
times see something to admire; and when
her fondness is once fastened on a fellow
it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy
head of hair.

When once infidelity can persuade
men that they shall die like beasts, they
will soon be brought to die like beasts,
also.

Farmer's Column.

From *Lyle Illustrated*.

The Prospect for Prices in 1856.

The *Baltimore American* says: "Some
of the Southern papers are urging the far-
mers to put as much of their land as pos-
sible to wheat seed. The Lynchburg *Vir-
ginian* holds that wheat seeding in that
State may be continued as late as the mid-
dle of December, as excellent wheat has
often been made east of the Blue Ridge
from December seeding. That high and
remunerating prices in grain will prevail
next year the *Virginian* considers beyond
a contingency, and yet, it adds, we do not
believe from information received that an
increased breadth of land, all commensurate
with the prospective demand for and price
of breadstuffs, has been put to seed in
this portion of the State. Taking the
lowest estimate of the deficiency of grain
in England and France, the deficit for the
two countries may be put down at fifty-two
million bushels. As this deficiency must
be made up before the next harvest, the
question arises. Whence are these sup-
plies to come. It has been ascertained
that the crops of wheat and rye through-
out the whole of North Europe also are
deficient, and especially in the Baltic pro-
vinces and the interior of Germany, where
flour is at this moment selling at 70s. per
sack. In fact, the importations of bread-
stuffs from these sources and all others,
except the United States, including Den-
mark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and
Egypt, will probably be sufficient to
meet the deficiency of 20,000,000 bushels
in France. Canada and the Baltic pro-
vinces are not relied on for more than six
or seven million bushels and Italy—from
which the exportation of breadstuffs has,
in fact been prohibited—together with
Spain, Portugal, Egypt, and the provinces
of the Danube, can scarcely do more than
furnish the balance, of thirteen or four-
teen millions of the deficit in France.—
Hence, giving the surplus from these sources
to France, there still remains there
in England, ranging from a capacity of
thirty to fifty millions of bushels, to fill.
For this supply, say forty million bushels
be obtained from this country, we shall
send more grain to England than was ex-
ported in wheat and flour to all parts of
the world during the year 1855. Our ex-
ports for that year according to the
New York *Economist*, amounted to less
than twenty million bushels. The quota
exported to England, according to the En-
glish Board of Trade returns, was an av-
erage of 976,930 quarters, or less than
eight million bushels per annum for the
eight years from 1845 to 1853, inclusive.

If, then, as has been assumed the whole
available surplus exported last year from
the United States to every part of the
world should be supplied to England, there
of course will still remain a deficit. And
even should we be able to export this re-
quired amount, we shall be, as last year,
without a surplus for home consumption
at the close of the season and paying for
that purpose prices as high as Liverpool.
In conclusion, we will merely add the fol-
lowing important fact, as stated by the *Vir-
ginian*: Our harvest is, on an average,
a month in advance of the harvest of Eu-
rope, and will consequently come in next
season just at that period when a deficien-
cy will be most sensibly felt abroad, and,
in fact, when prices, ruled by actual want,
must be irrespective of the prospects from
English or continental harvests."

It is now quite too late in the season to
talk about increasing the wheat crop of
1856. The extent of that matter was
determined weeks ago. But the corn
crop of the United States is more impor-
tant than that of wheat. Besides the corn
and meal exported, we put the worth of a
few millions of dollars into pork, beef, lard
&c., much of which comes from corn.

Between this and planting time next spring
our farmers may calculate their chances
for prices, and plant accordingly. There
can be but little doubt however, but what
every species of grain and other agricul-
tural produce will bring high prices for
at least two or three years to come, and how
much longer no one can predict with any
degree of certainty. It will be perfectly
safe for farmers to put in the coming
spring all the corn they can manage.—
Spring Wheat for home consumption may
also be grown with profit. Barley, oats,
peas, beans, etc., will also insure good re-
turns, and will probably supply the place
of winter wheat in many families. There-
fore, if our farmers are vigilant, and get
all things ready for extensive spring and
summer crops, the whole country will be
greatly benefited, and the old World sup-
plied with Baran.

For Housekeepers.

From *Lyle Illustrated*.

Bread Batter Cake.

Take a piece of stale wheat bread quite
hard and dry, or get a stale sixpenny loaf
from a baker. Baker's bread is best for
this purpose, as, though stale, it must be
light and well baked; which is not al-
ways the case with bread baked at home.
You should have as much bread (broken
up) as will fill a pint bowl. Put it into a
deep dish or pan and pour boiling water
over it. While the bread is soaking, pour
into a jar or crock a pint of milk and
thicken it with a pint of wheat flour. Trans-
fer the soaked bread to a colander, and
when all the water has drained away from
it, press the bread lightly with a fork;
but do not mash it. In another pan, beat
two eggs till very light and thick, and
stir them, gradually, into the vessel of milk
and flour. Lastly, stir in the soaked bread.
Take it on a griddle in the manner of
buckwheat cakes, as soon as the mixture
is finished. Serve them hot, and eat them
with butter. If well made and baked, they
will be found excellent. Try them. For
a large family you must have more of the
mixture. For instance: A quart of stale
bread, a quart of milk, a quart of wheat
flour, and four eggs. You may bake it as
muffins in muffin-rings. When brought
to table, split them open with your finger.
Muffins should never be opened with a
knife, as it renders them heavy. We high-
ly recommend these cakes.

Fine Corn Meal Pudding.

Make sufficient mush (thick and well
boiled) to fill a large soup-plate, put it in-
to a pan when done, and stir into it a lump
of fresh butter about the size of a goose
egg; add a large tea cup of sugar, and
flavor with the juice and grated yellow rind
of a large lemon, and a heaped tea spoonful
of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg. Finish
with two table-spoonfuls of brandy or white
wine. You may either bake it or boil it
in a pudding cloth, leaving ample room for
it to swell.

PRESERVING GREEN COLOR IN VEGETABLES
WHILE COOKING.—It is recommended
to add a small quantity of soda to the
water in which the "greens," &c., are being
cooked, to preserve their beautiful
green color—say an even tea-spoonful or
less, to two quarts of water. It appears
reasonable that this result should be pro-
duced, since the alkali (soda) will neutral-
ize any vegetable acid present, which
would render the green color. As the soda
would remain in the liquor, and is
thrown away, no harm can result from its
use.—*American Agriculturist.*

PUMPKINS.—Pumpkins, which are de-
sired for culinary purposes through the
winter should be gathered with great
care, and placed on a shelf, either in a dry
cellar, or which is better, a dark closet,
where the temperature is never down to
the freezing point. In taking the pump-
kin from the vine, there should be an inch
or two of stem left with it. By thus plac-
ing it without bruising you may have
pumpkin custards in August.

BOILED POT-PIE.—Take two quarts of
apples, pare, core and quarter, then put
them into a pot or kettle, and sprinkle on
a little sugar, grated nutmeg, and pour in
water enough to boil them. Then make
a light saleratus crust and roll one inch
thick, of the size of the kettle, and lay it
on the apples; boil three-fourths of an
hour without cessation. Prepare the sauce
in the same way as bird's nest pie.—*Ohio
Farmer.*

BIRD'S-NEST PIE.—Take a deep baking
tin, and set as many apples in it as will
cover the bottom. Pare them and remove
the core from one end; make a custard and
fill each apple, as it is placed in the dish.
Then make a thick flour batter, pour over
the whole and bake one hour. Serve with
sour sauce.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Coleridge tells a fearful fable of a
rain which it was announced should de-
scend from heaven on a certain day a single
drop of which touching man, woman or
child, should produce madness. The day
came, the rain fell, and the people
maddened, not believing the words of the
seer, nor sheltering themselves from the
predicted shower. One man alone hid
himself till the storm was over; but coming
out and finding all the world capering and
dancing in their insanity, he rushed to
some of the water left standing in a pool,
and plunged in, declaring that it was a
vain and wretched thing to be the ONLY
WISE MAN IN A WORLD OF FOOLS.

A good housekeeper will keep his
house bright, the family cheerful and the
larder full.