

they may be used for bread, can never be raised so as to make light bread. In the process of fermentation in bread carbonic acid is formed, which is retained only by the gluten, the starch permitting it to escape as fast as made.

The art of making bread, especially light bread, then, depends much upon diffusing the yeast through it equally, in other words, thoroughly kneading it. When that is done, the carbonic acid is generated in nearly equal quantities through the whole mass, the gluten retaining it so as to render the bread uniformly light.

When the yeast is diffused unequally through the mass, some portions of the dough are raised before others, leaving parts of it unraised, or heavy, while other parts are carried so far perhaps as to become sour.

The success of making bread, depends, perhaps, so much upon no one thing, as properly regulating the fermentation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ORPHANS.

I was staying, about ten years since, at a delightful little watering place on the southern coast, which, like many other pretty objects, is now ruined by having had its beauty praised and decorated. Our party had wandered, one sunny afternoon to an inland village. There was amongst us all the joyousness of young hearts; and we laughed and sang, under an unclouded sky, 'as if the world would never grow old.' The evening surprised us at our merriment; and the night suddenly came on, cloudily, and foreboding a distant storm. We mistook our way,—and after an hour's wandering thro' narrow and dimly-lighted lanes, found ourselves on the shingly beach. The tide was beginning to flow; but a large breadth of shore encouraged us to proceed without apprehension, as we soon felt satisfied of the direction of our home. The ladies of our party, however, began to weary; and we were all well nigh exhausted, when we reached a little enclosure upon the margin of the sea, where the road passed round a single cottage. There was a strong light within. I advanced alone, whilst my friends rested upon the paling of the garden. I looked, unobserved through the rose-covered window. A delicate and graceful young woman was assiduously spinning; an infant lay cradled by her side: and an elderly man, in the garb of a fisherman, whose beautiful grey locks flowed over his sturdy shoulders, was gazing with a face of benevolent happiness upon the sleeping child. I paused one instant, to look upon this tranquil scene. Every thing spoke of content and innocence.—Cleanliness and comfort, almost approaching to taste, presided over the happy dwelling. I was just going to knock, when my attention was arrested by the young and

beautiful mother (for so I judged was the female before me) singing a ballad, with a sweet voice and a most touching expression. I well recollect the words, for she afterwards repeated the song at my request:—

SONG OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

*Rest, rest, thou gentle sea,
Like a giant laid to sleep,
Rest, rest, when day shall flee,
And the stars their bright watch keep;
For his boat is on thy wave,
And he must toil and roam,
Till the flowing tide shall lave
Our dear and happy home.*

*Wake not, thou changeful sea.
Wake not in wrath and power;
Oh bear his bark to me,
Ere the darksome midnight lower;
For the heart will heave a sigh,
When the loved one's on the deep
But when angry storms are nigh,
What can Mary do,—but weep?*

The singing ceased; and I entered the cottage. There was neither the reality nor the affectation of alarm. The instinctive good sense of the woman saw, at once that I was there for an honest purpose; and the quiet composure of the old man showed that apprehension was a stranger to his bosom. In two minutes our little party were all seated by the side of the independent but courteous fisherman. His daughter, for so we soon learnt the young woman was, pressed upon us their plain and unpretending cheer. Our fatigue vanished before the smiling kindness of our welcome; while our spirits mounted as the jug of sound and mellow ale refreshed our thirsty lips. The husband of the young wife, the father of the cradled child, was, we found, absent at his nightly toil. The old man seldom partook of this labour. 'His Mary's husband,' he said, 'was an honest and generous fellow; an old fisherman who had, for five and forty years been roughing it, and, 'blow high, blow low,' never shrunk from his duty, had earned the privilege of spending his quiet evenings in his chimney corner; he took care of the boats and tackle, and George was a bold and lucky fellow, and did not want an old man's seamanship. It was a happy day when Mary married him, and God bless them and their dear child!' It was impossible for any feeling heart not to join in this prayer. We offered to pay for our refreshment, but this was steadily refused. The honest old man put us into the nearest path; and we closed a day of pleasure as such days ought to be closed,—happy in ourselves, and with a kindly feeling to our fellow beings.

During my short residence at the village I have described, I made several visits to the fisherman's cottage. It was always the same abode of health, and cheerfulness, and smiling industry. Once or twice I saw the husband of Mary. He was an extremely fine

young man, possessing all the frankness and decision that belong to a life of adventure, with a love of domestic occupations, and an unvarying gentleness that seemed to have grown in a higher station. But ease, and competency, and luxurious refinement, are not essential to humanize the heart. George had received a better education than a life of early toil usually allows. He had been captivated, when very young by the innocent graces of his Mary. He was now a father. All these circumstances had formed him for a tranquil course of duty and affection.—His snatches of leisure were passed in his little garden, or with his smiling infant.—His wife's whole being appeared wrapped up in his happiness. She loved him with a deep and confiding love; and if her hours of anxiety were not unfrequent, there were moments of ecstasy in their blameless existence, which made all peril and fear as a dim and forgotten dream.

Seven years had passed over me, with all its various changes. One of the light-hearted and innocent beings who rejoiced with me in the happiness of the fisherman's nest, as we were wont to call the smiling cottage, was no more. I had felt my own sorrows and anxieties—ah! who has not: and I was in many respects a saddened man. I was tempted once more to my favourite watering place. Its beauty was gone. I was impatient of its feverish noise and causeless hurry; and I was anxious to pass to quieter scenes. A recollection of deep pleasure was however associated with the neighborhood; and I seized the first opportunity to visit the hospitable cottage.

As I approached the green lane which led to the little cove, I felt a slight degree of that agitation which generally attends the renewal of a long suspended intercourse. I pictured Mary and several happy and healthy children;—her husband more grave and careful in his deportment, embrowned, if not wrinkled, by constant toil;—the old man perchance, gone to rest with the thousands of happy and useful beings that leave no trace of their path on earth. I came to the little garden: it was still neat; less decorated than formerly, but containing many a bed of useful plants, and several patches of pretty flowers. As I approached the house I paused with anxiety; but I heard the voices of childhood, and I was encouraged to proceed. A scene of natural beauty was before me. The sun was beginning to throw a deep and yellow lustre over the clouds and the sea; the old man sat upon a plot of raised turf at the well known cottage door; a net was hung up to dry upon the rock behind him; a dog reposed upon the same bank as his master; one beautiful child of about three years old was climbing up her grandfather's shoulders; another of seven or eight years, perhaps the very same girl I had seen in the cradle, was holding a light