

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, MARCH 9, 1870.

VOLUME XVI—NO. 42.

B. WHERLE,

GREENVILLE, S. C.
DEALER IN
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
SPECTACLES,
18 & 22 Carat Solid KINGS,
SILVER & SILVER-PLATED
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Oct 21 1869 17

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Agents, Messrs. DAVID & STRAD-
LEY'S.
September 1, 1869. 16-4f

NEW MILLINERY.

MRS. L. T. JENNINGS,
RESPECTFULLY in-
forms her friends and the
public generally, that she
has just received and
opened a
**BEAUTIFUL
AND HANDSOME LOT OF FALL AND
WINTER
MILLINERY,**
Which she offers at prices low and reasonable.
Ladies before purchasing their
HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c.,
Would do well to give her call, at her old
stand.
Oct 15 1869 21 6m

The State of South Carolina.

GREENVILLE COUNTY.
In the Common Pleas—Equity Side.
THOMAS C. GOWER, Administrator, vs. P.
F. SUDWORTH, et al.—Bill for Sale of
Real Estate, to Pay Debts, &c.
UNDER the Decreeal Order made in the
above case, the Creditors of the Estate
of Mr. MARTHA LOVELAND, are required
to establish the rank and amount of their
claims against said Estate, before the Clerk,
within nine months from this date.
W. A. McDANIEL, C. C. P.
Clerk of the Court, September 28th, 1869. 9m

E. P. JONES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND SOLICITOR IN EQUITY.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL
COURTS OF THIS STATE
AND
IN THE UNITED STATES COURTS.
Office Greenville, S. C., S. C. 17,
July

TOWNES & EAST,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE FORMED
a copartnership in the practice of Law
in Greenville and the surrounding Counties
of Anderson, Oconee, Pickens, Spartanburg and
Laurens, will give prompt attention to all busi-
ness entrusted to them.
Office at Greenville.
G. F. TOWNES. 25 OLIVER D. EAST.
Nov 18 1869 17

EASLEY & WELLS,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
AND IN EQUITY.
GREENVILLE, S. C.
PRACTICE in the Courts of the State and
of the United States, and give prompt
attention to cases in Bankruptcy.
June 15 1869 2

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

Jewelry, Periscope Spectacles, &c.
WILL order an extra article
for any person. Special at-
tention will be given to REPAIR-
ING and WATCHES of every de-
scription. Best references given.
JAMES G. BLACK.
June 20 1869 17

WM. F. PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW
SAHLONEGA, GA.
Knox, Dawson, Gilmer, Fannin, Union,
Towns, White and Hall.
Jan 10 1870 25

SAMUEL BLACK, BARBER.

WOULD respectfully inform the public
that he has removed to a room in
the OLD COURT HOUSE, where he will
be prepared to receive customers at reason-
able rates. Being a Professional Barber, he
hopes by attention to business, together
with politeness to all, to merit a portion of
public patronage. IN CUTTING, SHAVING
AND SHAMPOOING.
Jan 20 1870 25

G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.

J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE
Subscription Two Dollars per annum.
Advertisements inserted at the rate of
one dollar per square of twelve lines (this
line of type) for the first insertion; fifty
cents each for the second and third inser-
tions; and twenty-five cents for subsequent
insertions. Yearly contracts will be made.
All advertisements must have the number
of insertions marked on them, or they will be
inserted till ordered out, and charged for.
Unless ordered otherwise. Advertisements
will invariably be "displayed."
Obituary notices, and all matters relating to
the benefit of any one, are regarded as
Advertisements.

Selected Poetry.

"Alone."
The years flow past me, one by one,
So silently I hardly know
I care not where or how they go
I care not where or how they flow.
An aimless life, it is—your way—
A homeless life you might have said,
For all its strength has passed away,
And all that made it fair is dead.
A bark went forth on pleasant seas,
But night and storm beset her way;
Wrecked hopes were drifted back, and these
My friends, are all I have to-day.
But fame may come, and friendship—no;
The first I seek not, and the last
Has ever shunned me, and I know
The future will be as the past.
To live in solitary ways,
With no companionship, but mind;
To toil through solemn nights and days;
To ever seek and never find;
To yearn for that which cannot be;
To build, desire, and see it fall;
To gather seeming sweets and see
The sweetest quickly turn to gall;
To work incessantly for naught
Beyond the day the work is done;
To think, and leave no worthy thought;
To meet the world and be alone;
To look into a thousand hearts,
A thousand minds, and be unseen,
To waste dull lives, play empty parts,
And ponder on what might have been.
An aimless, useless life, indeed!
But what of that? It will not mend:
There is no path in it to lead
To brightness or a noble end.
So while the slow years drift along
I sit and weave an idle rhyme,
Hear voices from the active throng,
And feel myself alone through time.

Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.
Notes from the Scrap Book of an
Old Physician of Greenville Coun-
ty.

DINING ON A DREAM.

There lived on one of the principal
thoroughfares in one of the upper
Counties of this State, about the
year Anno Domini 1830, a heavy,
well-set man, aged about thirty-
five years, with black, glossy hair,
around, handsome face, with black,
keen eyes, and taken, altogether,
prepossessing in manner and ap-
pearance. His wife was, in the
usual acceptance of the term, an
excellent woman, a fine house-
keeper, possessed of fine natural
sense—with some advantages of
education; and in the well-ordered
arrangement of the house, had a
place for every thing, and every
thing in its proper place. This
place was kept as a public inn, and
one of the most popular stands
that could be found anywhere in
the country—the house being well-
kept—no traveller ever leaving
the place without either express-
ing or reckoning in his mind that
if fortune ever again threw him
on the route, that he would make
Thorkmorton's their place of re-
freshment and rest.

It occurred, in the course of
events, that on a hot, sultry day in
June, 1830, might be seen in the
distance, about the hour of high
noon, a cloud of dust rising, giv-
ing indications that some weary
traveller was fast approaching the
inn. In the course of some fifteen
minutes, an elegantly dressed gen-
tleman, on a fine chestnut sorrel
horse, finely caparisoned with a
large, black silk umbrella, giving
shelter to the rider, stopped in
front of the inn, and asked if he
could get accommodation until the
next morning. Thorkmorton at
his post, informed him that he
could, accepting such humble fare
as he could give him. The travel-
ler alighted from his noble steed,
which was turned over to the
hostler. On the traveller entering
the inn, he informed the landlord
that he was greatly in need of rest
and sleep, and would prefer taking
an hour's sleep before dinner. A
room was hastily arranged and
fixed up with all needful comforts,
not forgetting a glass of peach-water
and honey, well flavored with
bruised mint fresh from the gar-
den. He, before laying down,
took from an enamelled satchel
that he carried by his side, a hand-
somer covered book with a num-
ber of blank pages—on the cover,
on a piece of red morocco pasted,
marked in gilt letters, "Journal
of travel—with notes—Virginia,
North Carolina, South Carolina,
Georgia."

Thorkmorton, from the brief in-
terview and conversation held
with his new guest, was fully con-
vinced and satisfied that he was
not giving entertainment to any or-
dinary or common personage. He
left him, however, in his room to
take that rest and sleep that he
seemed so much to require. Thork-
morton then made his way to his
wife's chamber, informing her of
his views and opinion of the
stranger, and that under present
existing circumstances, having
recently had such a run of custom
and patronage to the inn from the
people of the low country making
their way to the mountains of ap-
per Carolina; considering the low
state of the larder of the inn,
how he could give the fare that
his pride and reputation as a land-
lord had won for him.

The scanty family dinner was
then in the lot, and for any thing
more to be added, the place and
larder could not then produce. The
cartman had been dispatched in
the early forenoon to scour the
neighborhood for chickens, eggs,
butter, lams, &c., so essential to
a well-kept house, would not re-
turn before four o'clock in the af-
ternoon. Thorkmorton expressed
to his wife much sorrow at this
state of things, but says: "Wife,
we will do the best we can, and I
much minded to let him sleep on
till supper—but if he awakes, will
make the best use of my sense
and perception as the case and oc-
casion may require. I have never
yet, wife, got into a fix but could
somehow or some way get out."

The family took their scanty
meal at one o'clock, leaving, how-
ever, enough of such as they had,
for the guest, in the event of his
rising from bed. After the family
had dined, Thorkmorton took
his seat in the piazza near the room
of his guest, with pipe and tobacco
to watch and wait the movements of
the sleeper. At, or about four
o'clock in the afternoon, he heard
indications of waking from the
yawning and stretching in the
chamber; he gently approached the
door, and opening it, discovered
the gentleman had partially awoke.
Thorkmorton very pleasantly made
the inquiry if he could serve him
in any way. To this the stranger
and guest propounded the ques-
tion: "How long have I slept?"
What is now the hour? I have
indeed, landlord, had a long and
refreshing sleep—sleeping and
dreaming in this neat and pleasant
chamber greatly to the comfort
and satisfaction of my weary and
much fatigued frame." Thork-
morton replied: "Sir, you have
slept high on to four hours—hav-
ing risen in the mean time and
partook of a light dinner." "In-
deed, landlord, you do not pretend
to say that I have dined, though I
confess my dreams were in part
feasting on chicken, snap beans,
bacon and so forth." "I do really
assure you, sir, that you have
dined and precisely on such fare
as you have described, and imme-
diately, on leaving the table, re-
turned to your room, and was
again asleep in a few moments."

"Why, landlord, you astonish me.
I think I am in the midst of my
senses, and have no recollection of
the fact you state, though, as I said
before, my dreams were in part,
chicken, bacon, beans, &c. How
is this, landlord, how is this?"
"Well, sir, the fact is as I have
stated to you. You rose up and
ate in silence in a sort of drowsy
mood, bacon and beans, stewed
chicken and dumplings, with such
vegetables as the garden now furn-
ish—cucumbers, squashes, &c."

"Well, landlord, I am really in a
state of sort of delusion at this infor-
mation, but suppose I must take
the thing as a matter of fact as you
represent, though, in all my life's
experience and changes, I must
confess that I never was, or have
been, so fuddled with the idea of
having performed any such act or
kindred to it, before in my sleep.
Do you say that you had bacon,
beans and stewed fowl with dum-
plings for dinner?" "Precisely so,
my guest." "Well, sir, I reckon
it must be a reality, though upon
feeling under the waist of my
pants and my buttoned vest, I can
not, after taking fully my dimen-
sions, realize the fact you state. I
will, however, enter upon my jour-
nal that, for once in my life, that
I had at my dinner in sleep at
Thorkmorton's, in the County of
—, South Carolina. How
long now, landlord, before sup-
per?" "Supper, sir, will be ready
at seven precisely. My good wife
will have the table supplied with
the best the country affords."

The cartman had now returned,
having procured in his tour of
search, fowls, lams, fresh fish,
butter, eggs, honey in the comb,
in full supply to do for a number
of days to come. At seven a most
sumptuous repast was on the table,

sufficient to gratify the taste and
appetite of the most fastidious.
On the ringing of the bell, the
stranger and guest took the seat
assigned him with the family, and
enjoyed most exquisitely the deli-
cacies set before him; and, on aris-
ing—after a most agreeable and
pleasant conversation, said:
"Well, my dear sir, I am quite
satisfied that this has been a wide-
awake meal. No delusion. No
dream, but a living reality, and
upon that, too, not excelled by
any house that I have stopped at
for the last twelve months, and
many, indeed, in this time, have
had me as a guest."

The evening was spent in a most
pleasant and agreeable conversa-
tion, and at the hour of ten all
were in their beds of rest.

On the next morning, Thork-
morton, wife and waiters, were all
at their posts, and in due season,
a breakfast was on the table not
to be surpassed in taste and elegance
at any point or place in the South-
ern country. The traveller and
guest partook of the morning meal
with more than the seeming plea-
sure of the evening preceding, and
on rising from the table, remarked
that he was again sure that there
was no dreaming and sleeping in
the present meal; and upon tak-
ing a walk, puffing a cigar, in-
formed Thorkmorton upon his re-
turn, that, on finding his place so
pleasant and agreeable, he was
minded to remain for two or three
days for refreshment and rest from
his long and tiresome journey.

To this proposition Thorkmorton
readily gave his assent, saying he
could do so as long as he chose.
The traveller, after a stay of three
days most pleasantly spent in read-
ing and writing—and when not
thus engaged, in conversation with
Thorkmorton and family. On the
morning of his departure, called
for his horse and bill, saying that
time and circumstances would not
permit his remaining any longer,
expressing much regret on leaving
a place where he had realized so
much comfort and pleasure, with
many thanks for the generous and
kind hospitality shown him.

Thorkmorton having found his
guest so intelligent and entertain-
ing, together so companionable, he
rendered no bill, giving a most
pressing invitation, hoping he
would again return and make his
house his home so long as he might
elect to remain.

The traveller left, making note
in his journal of his pleasant stay
at Thorkmorton's, with the cus-
tom, manners, and much other
general information he could gather,
peculiar to the locality—not
forgetting, however, to note the
meal taken in sleep.

Thorkmorton grew and prospered
for several years in his business,
and about the year 1840, sold out
and moved to a flourishing and
rising town in the South-west;
made a judicious purchase, and
engaged in his former pursuit—
that of keeping a hotel. He soon
found that his guest and traveller
friend, several years previously,
had located and settled in the same
place, and now one of the most
prominent and leading men of the
State, who, at a subsequent pe-
riod, was called to exercise and
administer the highest office in the
gift of the people. On meeting,
there was mutual recognition and
a happy greeting, and at once as-
surances to be constant and confi-
dential friends.

Thorkmorton was greatly bene-
fited by the council, advice and
experience of his friend in his new
home, together with substantial
aid of money and means whenever
he was placed under necessity.

Thorkmorton, on a private oc-
casion, when dining with his new
fast and firm friend, told him how
it was about the "dinner taken at
his house in sleep," saying that it
was a ruse and deception practiced
on him, for the reason that his
pride and scanty larder at the
time, would not allow him to offer
such a poor meal to one whom, in
appearance, deserved better, and
prayed, if he had erred under the
circumstances, that he might re-
ceive pardon and forgiveness. To
this the future Governor replied,
with a hearty and prolonged
laugh: "He supposed that he was
right under the circumstances, but,
sir, a cup of cold water and a
cracker, would have fully excused
you at the time; but, Thorkmorton,
I should have gone to my
grave with the honest conviction
of taking that meal in sleep."

When elected Governor, he con-
ferred on Thorkmorton the highest
office in his gift.

The best part of human quali-
ties are the tenderness and deli-
cacy of feeling in little matters, the
desire to soothe and please others,
the minutia of the social virtues.

A Duel With Swords in New York City.

The New York Herald states
that a duel took place in that city
on Sunday night, between Mr.
George Proude, an Englishman,
and Mr. Francisco de Porto, the
Cuban who was seriously wound-
ed in a duel with Mr. DeCouto,
the editor of the Spanish journal
El Cronista, in Canada, last Sum-
mer. The cause of this last affray
arose from certain taunts uttered
by Proude on Saturday night, in
reference to the conduct of Cubans
in New York city, which so en-
raged De Porto that he spat in
Proude's face. Preparations for
a hostile meeting were at once en-
tered upon. The Herald says:

The seconds were not far away,
and, after a little consultation,
there was chosen on behalf of De
Porto a Mr. Alfred Neill, and for
Proude Mr. Charles Pittman. The
combat was then agreed to; the
only question to be disposed of
was as to

THE WEAPONS AND THE BATTLE GROUND.

The combatants were deter-
mined to fight. Both were good
swordsmen; both had weapons—
the Cuban to avenge the slander
on his countrymen, his opponent
to wipe out the stain that the de-
fiant expectation of De Porto had
inflicted. With what weapons
should they fight? Pistols? no;
"for," said they, "any fool can
shoot; it takes a swordsman to
fight a duel," and so swords were
the weapons. De Porto insisted
on foils, but Proude desired the
ordinary sabre used by cav-
alry. This question formed the
subject of much wrangling, but fi-
nally De Porto consented, and so
far matters afforded mutual satis-
faction. All this occurred up town,
near the house of a common friend,
and a fashionable one at that, in
West Nineteenth street.

To that house, then, the parties,
accompanied by their seconds, on
Sunday night repaired. There
was no noise, no unusual sound to
disturb the quietude of the place.
Few were aware that within an
hour one of two human beings
might breathe his last. The pre-
parations were made in silence,
and the hour of two o'clock, yes-
terday morning, was awaited with
anxiety. The edges of the keen
blades were carefully examined,
and for a lengthened period scarce-
ly a word was spoken.

STRIPPING FOR THE FAY.

Ding, dong—it was two o'clock.
In the spacious back parlor of the
house in question the parties as-
sembled ere the echo of the chim-
es had died out. Both combatants
stripped for the contest, the seconds
now and then whispering some-
thing to those about to engage.
Only a half dozen persons were
present, each one of whom was
thrilled by a nervous excitement.
A splendid chandelier shed a flood
of light around the room, though
otherwise the place was excessively
cold, so cold indeed, as to necessitate
the wearing of a thin walking coat
by each of the duellists, both of whom
were attired in tight pantaloons,
all underclothing being entirely
dispensed with. All the arrange-
ments having been completed, the
combatants announced their readi-
ness to proceed.

A DEAD SILENCE

ensued, while an ashy paleness
seemed to be the prevalent com-
plexion of every man in the room.
The word was given and the du-
elists crossed swords, and having
taken three paces backwards, the
fight commenced. At first a slight
timidity was apparent on both
sides—not so much timidity, per-
haps, as the nervous expectation
incident to the opening of the en-
counter. Finally, after some little
hesitation, De Porto advanced,
Proude meanwhile on the alert to
receive him. The scene was ex-
citing. All at once the few spec-
tators were startled by a sudden cut
made by Proude at the head of
his opponent, who, however, deft-
ly parried, and retired a pace or
two. Up to the present both had
observed a comparatively serene
demeanor, but it was evident the
duel could not be a prolonged one,
each being bent on deadly strife.
Having again crossed, great skill
was displayed by both, their eyes
flashing with fire and endeavoring,
as it were, to penetrate each others
intent.

ADMIRABLE SWORDSMANSHIP

was displayed, the cuts being rap-
id, well directed and parried with
precision. Up to the present,
which was about five minutes from
the commencement, De Porto
had escaped with a slight scratch
on the chest, Proude being un-
harmful, when suddenly De Porto
offering a tempting chance, Proude
advanced on him and inflicted a
diagonal cut upon the right thigh.
It was a fatal move for Proude,
for no sooner had he leaned for-

ward to make the cut, than, with
lightning-like rapidity, De Porto
following up the *contrapasso*, gashed
his opponent on the right shoulder,
causing a wound some five
inches in length, and about one
and a half inches in depth. His
sword arm was disabled.

THE DUEL OVER.

Proude dropped his blade, ex-
claiming, "Enough for to-day;
you will give me my revenge an-
other time;" to which De Porto
replied:

"I am always at your disposi-
tion."

Subsequently the parties shook
hands and the wounds were exam-
ined. That inflicted on De Porto,
though some eight inches in length,
was scarcely a quarter of an inch
in depth, while Proude's was of a
serious character, the blood stream-
ing from it in profusion. He was
immediately conveyed to his resi-
dence in Brooklyn, where proper
assistance was procured.

Expenditure for Manure.

Millions of dollars, says a writer,
are annually expended for man-
ures that ought to be saved, for
with adequate painstaking, a farm
whose stock is rightly proportioned
to the number of acres tilled,
will furnish all the manure neces-
sary to keep the farm constantly
increasing in fertility. Barn should
be so arranged as to shelter and
save all the manure, both liquid
and solid; then, as a load of solid
manure from the stable to the "or-
dure room," there should be
thrown over it two or three times
its bulk of refuse straw, weeds,
leaves, bean and peavines, mulch
swamp muck, tanbark, sawdust
and shavings, pouring over the
heap as much liquid manure as the
compost will absorb. By the con-
stant repetition of this process,
there will be created an enormous
amount of fermented manure, suf-
ficient to supply all reasonable de-
mands of the farm.

If eight or ten hogs are fattened,
by means of the same process, the
hog-pen is made to furnish a boun-
tiful supply of manure for the gar-
den and a large field of corn. Any
farm may thus be made to manu-
facture all the manure for the crops
grown upon it, except potatoes,
and those should have plaster in-
stead of manure, as the latter in-
creases their tendency to rot. Po-
tatoes should be planted on a dry
piece of land, after buckwheat, and
the land well sown with plaster, or
the planter may throw a handful
of plaster into each hill. Ashes
do very well as a substitute for
plaster; potatoes are not liable to
rot planted with either.

Guano is good and valuable for
farm use; but every farmer should
save from the droppings of the
henery enough for home use, in-
stead of buying the imported arti-
cle. Privies should be so con-
structed as to readily yield up their
accumulation, either from a tight
box, or hung as to be easily moved,
or from a sliding drawer,
when the contents should be con-
veyed to a heap or vat of absorb-
ent refuse, which should also be
the receptacle of kitchen refuse
and bedroom deposits. A com-
post heap is thus formed sufficient
to enrich a garden to the highest
degree of fertility, and by the use
of chloride of lime, or some other
disinfectant, all offensiveness may
be avoided.

The following deductions, drawn
from years of observation and ex-
perience, are worthy the attention
of farmers:

1st. Farming cannot be profitably
conducted without careful refer-
ence to the laws of waste and
supply.
2d. The nature of the waste
must be understood, and the proper
remedies applied.
3d. All these supplies should be
drawn from the resources of the
farm under culture.

[Maryland Farmer.]

THE Southern Farmer, Memphis,
Tenn., says:
"No man is fit to manage a
farm who does not think before-
hand what is best to do, and
which is the best way to do it.
Work without thought, without
plan, has been the blunder of many
who pretend to be farmers."

DEAD TO SOCIETY.—The hopeless
man is dead to society, and the
man who seeks nothing better than
what is at present, is dead to ac-
tion. It is our duty not only to
attempt something better, but it is
our life, our energy, to believe in
its possibility or attainability by
some means or other.

If you want to have a man for
your friend, never get the ill-will
of his wife. Public opinion is
made up of the average prejudices
of womankind.

The church property in Phila-
delphia is valued at \$11,000,000.

Domestic Recipes.

Fried Bread.—Dip stale bread
in water, slightly salted. Fry
brown in lard.

[Germantown Telegraph.]
Cracker Pie.—Two crackers
broken fine, one cup of sugar, one
cup of boiling water, one teaspoon
tartaric acid, two crusts.

Lemon Pie.—One lemon chop-
ped, one cup of sugar, one-and-a-
half crackers made fine, three ta-
blespoons hot water, two crusts.

[Country Gentleman.]

Loaf Cake.—One cup of sponge
or two cups of light dough, one
cup of sugar, half a cup of butter,
two eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda,
one cup of raisins. Spices to the
taste.

**To Remove Ink Spots from
Linen.**—Saturate the spot with
lard, and expose for a day to the
hot sun; then wash and boil with-
out soap. Fruit stains also should
be washed without soap.

Cheese Pudding.—1 quart of
milk, 6 table spoonful of flour
and 4 eggs, well beaten; mix the
flour gradually into the milk, then
the yolk of the eggs, and lastly the
whites. Pour into a butter bak-
ing dish, and bake quickly. To
be eaten with butter of cream
sauce.

Bread Dumplings.—Roll out
some light bread dough, cut into
small cakes, let them remain on
the table about an hour, then put
them into boiling water and let
them boil half an hour. Serve
hot; to be eaten with sugar and
cream.

Good Rusk.—One pint of new
milk, one pound white sugar and
two eggs beaten, stir these up with
some flour into a sponge, add
yeast and set to rise at night.
When light next day sufficient
flour to make a soft dough and let
it rise, then mould in pans, and
when light, proceed to bake. Add
a tablespoon of melted lard or but-
ter to the sponge.

A Swiss Soup.—Boil three
pounds of potatoes, mash them
well and add slowly some good
broth, sufficient for the tureen.
Let these boil together, then add
spinach, a little parsley, lemon,
thyme and sage, all chopped very
fine. Boil all together five min-
utes; pepper and salt to taste.
Just before taking it off the fire to
serve add two well-beaten eggs.

Giblet Soup.—The giblet must
be well cleaned and singed; put
them into some strong veal or grav-
y broth, with shallots chopped
very fine. Great care must be taken
to keep the stock well skimmed;
when properly stewed, put in a
wineglass of Madeira, salt, pepper,
and mace, sifted fine, and a little
lemon acid. When the rawness
of the wine and lemon is gone so
that no flavor predominates, pour
it into a tureen and send hot to ta-
ble.

Mush or Indian Muffin.—Take
a quart of new milk, stir into
it two good handfuls of Indian
meal; stir it until it comes to a
boil; take it off the fire and stir in
a lump of butter the size of an egg
and salt to the taste; let it become
quite cool, then stir in a teaspoonful
of yeast, and flour enough to make
a stiff sponge. Cover it and set it
to rise; roll the sponge about a
quarter of an inch thick; cut it
out with a tumbler; flour your
griddle well, and bake thoroughly
over a brisk fire, turning them
frequently to prevent burning. Do
not set them in too warm a place
to rise, as they will be apt to sour.

Dry Hop Yeast.—Pour a quart
of boiling water to ten or twelve
good hops and place them where
they will boil a moment; strain,
and pour over four medium sized
potatoes *grated*; mix thoroughly,
and add a tablespoonful of salt;
then set it on the stove until well
scalded; when a little warmer
than new milk add a cup of yeast
and set in a warm place to rise;
after it is nicely risen (if the batter
is thick it will rise, if thin it will
foam, which is nearly as well) mix
in sufficient corn meal to allow of
working it into small cakes with
the hands; place them where they
will dry without either scalding or
drying so slow as to sour, as in
either case they are worthless. I
place them on a large tea-tray and
suspend them high enough to be
out of the way and a foot or so from
the pipe of the kitchen stove. They
will dry in about two days, and
should be turned over; if they
crumble some no matter; when
thoroughly dry, put them in a
tight paper bag and they are ready
for use.

SIDNEY SMITH once said "Phi-
lanthropy is a universal sentiment
of the human heart; whenever A
sees B in trouble he always wants
C to help him."