

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

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

JOHN C. BAILEY, EDITOR & PROP.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 5, 1872.

VOLUME XIX—NO. 5.

Subscription Two Dollars per annum. Advertisements inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve lines (this size) for the first insertion. If continued for the second and third insertions, 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." Ordinary notices, and all matters pertaining to the interests of any one, are regarded as advertisements.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.
The House Metaphysical
BY LAURA OWEN.

PART II.
'Twas Pride that held the uncharmed meteor
To my fond lips—'twas over weeping Pride
Whose high and haughty crest was lifted up
Betwixt me and my guide.
So when I saw the light of heaven
To seek the final promised goal,
Of all the branching stairs I did not know
Which best would please my soul.
But Pride was my companion now, she led
The way, and fearfully I followed her,
"With this brave daughter of the House,"
I said,
"For guide, I scarce can err."
And oft as through some arched window high
I upward gazing caught
A glimpse of cloud-banks piled against the sky,
I straightway vainly thought:
These be the parapets and towers grand
Of God's great house, which soon,
When on this mansion's topmost roof I stand,
My soul shall gaze upon!
And as I nearer heard the old sea's dread
And ever deep'n'ing roar,
These be the multitudinous tongues, I said,
That praise God evermore!
I heard, yet heard not, saw, yet did not see,
For darkness and confusion my senses were,
And 'neath Pride's magic all things suddenly
Were changed and touched with colors false
And fair.
So thus we went, Pride choosing evermore
For her fine foot and purple-tinted wing
The gorgeous stair and richly painted floor,
I well pleased, following.
Not long we journeyed there, for on my way
A shadow fell—the world of council sweet
From my lost guide I missed—I missed the ray
Of his clear lamp about my feet!
A gray, drear gloom around me softly crept,
My tortured heart beat thickly in mine ears,
And Pride's rich purple wings in silence swept
Along the dusky stairs.
I looked behind, and lo! at my path
A subtle fiend was walking, at his side,
Watching me with eyes, terrible as death,
A fiend dog seemed to glide.
To glide and scent my steps; and as I threw
That glance of terror back, I saw him start
And strike his sharp fangs with a sound that
drew
The scurried blood around my stricken
heart.
"This is the devil, and Doubt, devil-born!"
I whispered wildly—at my side
Falls flying Terror, as I hastened on,
Came in the place of Pride.
Up, up thro' many a spacious hall I went,
And many a dogy stair faster and faster,
But still that dog tracked me with keenest
scent;
And his unearthly master
Kept close behind—wild Terror o'er my soul
Such dread dominion held, that as I passed,
I no more noted mysteries wonderful
Within each chamber vault.
I only knew that each succeeding room
An aspect wore more terrible and drear,
I only felt a deeper, deadlier gloom
Settled on each ascending stair.
But still as evermore, fleet Terror lent
Wings to my feet, faster and faster
The fiend-dog Doubt, tracked me with keenest
scent,
Followed by his fiend master.
Ah, me. The deep affliction of my dream!
I heard wild shuddering sounds upon the air!
Low moans and broken voices that did seem
To hint a tale of horror and despair.
Above the rest, one voice rang out
Through ghastly chambers gaping wide,
Thrilling me with the mocking, maddening
shout—
"Where is thy lamp and guide?"
At last, beside a parapet I stood,
That crowned the mansion's roof, and far
below
I heard the thunder of the ocean food—
I saw the wild waves ebb and flow.
The wild, wild waves, I saw, and each one
here
A ghastly human body—even the bed
Of ocean was so full of bones, its roar
Was turned into a hiss—these were the dead
Whom that pursuing devil and grim Doubt
Had driven to madness—these were they
Whose guides were lost, whose lamps had
slotered out.
And whom will Fear had cast headlong
into the sea.
CONSISTS, MISS, 1872.
The Atlanta Sun learns from the Steward
of the Kimball House, that that hotel con-
sumes thirty tons of less per month, which
is at the rate of 5,000 pounds per day.—
About 400 pounds of this amount is used
in the dining room; 400 in the bar-room,
and the remainder in the rooms of the
guests. This is one of the trifling luxuries
of this princely establishment.
A lady in Iowa recently drew \$30,000 on
the death of her second husband, having
drawn \$20,000 from the same company when
her first husband died.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY EX-GOVERNOR R. F. FERRY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

JOHN JOHNSTON.

Chancellor Johnston was one of our ablest and most learned Judges. He possessed a very clear and logical mind, which was highly cultivated, and his judicial opinions in the Court of Appeals, as well as his decrees as a Chancellor, were always lucid and able. In social intercourse, he was one of the most agreeable and pleasant gentlemen I ever met. He was affable, natural and simple, and always sociable, witty and humorous. There was no assumption of dignity, or austerity of manner about him, in his intercourse with his friends and associates. But on the Bench, he was often irritable and captious. Throughout the investigation of a case, he seemed always to be hunting up difficulties and taking exceptions. It was very seldom an order or paper was drawn to suit him by the counsel employed in a case. He suggested some alteration or amendment. Trivial mistakes, which other Judges would pass over, were invariably corrected by him, or attention called to them. This made him, often, unpleasant on the Bench, and so different from what he was in private intercourse. In drawing up short petitions and orders, which other Chancellors would hear without being copied, he invariably required a copy, and would postpone the case till a copy was made. He was fond of lecturing a lawyer on his mode of doing business, and making suggestions of improvement. On one occasion, where I had filed several petitions, instead of bills, he said to me, it was all wrong, and that I was ruining my practice by it, as the fees and costs were much higher in bills than petitions. I replied, that it was easier to draw a petition than a bill, and as to my fees, I would take care that they were not diminished.
Chancellor Johnston went to Charleston to hold a court, shortly after his election to the Bench, and was not aware of the strictness with which "Good Friday" was observed in that old Episcopal city. He himself was a great and shining light in the Presbyterian Church. On Thursday evening, Mr. Petigru suggested that, as the next day was Good Friday, there would be no court. The Chancellor replied very tartly that he came to Charleston to despatch the business of the term, and not to participate in their holidays.—Mr. Petigru said it had never been customary to hold court in the city on Good Friday. The Chancellor observed he was not bound by the customs of the city in holding court, and should require the officers of the court to be present the next day. Thereupon, Mr. Petigru said, it was not a local custom, confined to the city of Charleston, and that he had never heard of but one Judge (contingent Pilate) holding court on Good Friday. This nettled the Chancellor, and his order was peremptory, but the next day no one was in attendance on the court, and through necessity the business was adjourned over.
Chancellor Johnston was a native of South Carolina, and I think born in Chester District. He graduated in the South Carolina College, and read medicine before he commenced his law studies. I have heard that he did not relish any allusion to his medical studies, and once knocked a fellow down for calling him "Doctor." He and Chief Justice O'Neal were some years partners in the practice of law, and I have understood that they did not speak to each other for some time during their partnership. I know that they were not very cordial in after life. It was a strong firm, and both lived at Newberry Court House. They were both elected to the Appeal Bench together. I do not think Chancellor Johnston was ever a member of the Legislature.
He was elected to the State Convention in 1831, and was a prominent member of the Nullification party. But he sorely regretted the revolutionary movement in 1860.
I have stated the repugnance the Chancellor had to being called "Doctor." He had an equal repugnance to his Christian name "Job," and I saw him erase it once from the Commissioner in Equities journal of the proceedings in court. This officer in reading the minutes

of the preceding day's business, stated that Chancellor Job Johnston was presiding. There were, at that time, on the Chancery Bench, David Johnson and Job Johnston. The Commissioner thought it proper to distinguish the Chancellors by their Christian names. This was unnecessary, as their names were spelt differently.—The one being Johnston and the other Johnson. Immediately after the minutes were read, Chancellor Johnston called for the book and ran his pen through the word *Job*.
In riding the Circuit, Chancellor Johnston would always make the lawyers traveling in company with him drive ahead. He was afraid that some of their horses might run away, and in such a case, he thought it safer to be behind. It was some time after railroads were constructed before he would consent to ride over them. He had an apprehension of danger, and thought it an unsafe way of traveling. No one ever had a greater horror of bed bugs than the Chancellor. If he saw one or imagined he felt one in his bed, there was no more sleep for him that night, unless he took his blanket and slept on the floor. He always sat up till a late hour in the night, very often till one or two o'clock, and then slept late in the morning. At one of the hotels on his Circuit, he discovered his mortal enemy, in great force, when he retired to bed, and promptly determined to withdraw from the wretched field of battle that night. He went into the dining room adjoining his bed chamber, and made his pallet under one end of a long dining table, which extended across the room. His faithful body servant always had orders not to let him be disturbed in the morning until he woke up. Faithful to his trust he took his seat near his master, and would not let the waiters disturb him whilst they were setting the table for breakfast. Breakfast came in and the boarders seated themselves at one end of the table, whilst the Chancellor slept soundly under the other end, undisturbed.
There was an old hotel at Winnsboro, which had been Lord Corn wallis' headquarters for some time during the Revolutionary war. It became terribly infested with the Chancellor's most horrible nuisance. The next morning after an effort to sleep in one of the rooms of this hotel, the Chancellor said to "mine host," do you know, sir, that you have a great fortune in this house? The hotel keeper expressed his ignorance of the fact, and begged the Chancellor to explain. He said, you know that your house was headquarters for Lord Cornwallis and his officers during the Revolutionary war? "Mine host" replied that he had heard so. You are also aware that Congress has passed an act giving a pension to all who fought in that war and especially to all those who drew English blood?—Yes, he had understood such a law had been passed by Congress.—Well, said the Chancellor, you have thousands and thousands in this house, who were here, I am satisfied, from last night's experience. During its occupancy by Lord Cornwallis, every one of whom doubtless drew English blood in their nightly battles with the General and his staff, and they are all entitled to a pension under the act of Congress.
Chancellor Johnston told me that his first wife, a Miss Ramdal, was his own cousin, and for many years he had an apprehension that some of his children might be born deaf, blind, or deformed, and that his first enquiry was, at the birth of every child, "is it all right?"—This apprehension was not groundless, for the statistics of the deaf, dumb, and blind, show that the greater portion of those unfortunate are the children of parents who were related in blood. Insanity, too, has been the frequent consequence of such marriages, in their offspring. But all of the Chancellor's children were perfect in this respect.
The Judges of South Carolina have verified the saying, that some one applied to lawyers, "They live well, work hard and die poor."—But Chancellor Johnston had accumulated a very handsome estate before his death. Whether it was wrecked in the late civil war, I am not able to say.
The Chancellor was an uncommonly fine looking gentleman, tall, well proportioned, with a most commanding presence, and a bright genial face, beaming with life, intelligence and sociability.—Intellectually, South Carolina has produced few superior men. But never having engaged in political life, his talents and ability were little known abroad.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Greenville Enterprise.

Mr. Editor—We do not, as a general rule, dabble much in politics, but it does seem to me, that Gen. Kershaw is about right when he says that if a man's own house is a fire, he had best not go off to fight fire in the woods. Had we better not bother ourselves much about who is a candidate for President, or who is a candidate for Congress, when the votes of all the white people in this State won't count for anything, as they can't elect one Presidential elector nor one member to Congress.
Again, it is well settled and conceded that the Republicans can elect anybody Governor and elect other State officers whom they choose to run, and to oppose them in it would be to make them run their most popular man, and the most popular one is always apt to be the meanest. That is the way they say it was two years ago, and it is very reasonable to believe there was a good deal in it. It is generally talked now, that if there is no Democratic nomination for State officers, that the Republicans will either run a much better ticket or else split, and it seems to me there is good judgment in waiting, to give them a showing on this matter, and not balk any efforts that may be made for reform amongst the men that have thirty-odd thousand majority. It will be best to look squarely at the place where we can accomplish real advantage. Let the people see what can be done to keep efficient county officers in office, and towards getting a good delegation in the General Assembly. As a general man, who seek Legislative honors now-a-days are illy worthy of them, and it is certain that any man who makes good to the Legislature his business, and lives by what he makes that way, is wholly unfit to represent people who work for their living. The first object of the upper counties, so far as the Legislature is concerned, should be to get good and useful men; men of intelligence and of character, and who will have some weight and influence beyond a mere vote and the power to excite opposition amongst the peculiar people with whom they are to labor. Then again these Conventions should make their nominations in such manner as to aid a general effort of the better class of the Republican party, and of the people of the State generally, to get an honest and fair administration of the State Government. Several candidates have been nominated and others are wishing to be, but without desiring to disparage the claim of any in the field, we have been looking around for some who meet the view we have indicated, and it has occurred here, that Dr. James Sullivan and T. Q. Donaldson, Esq., are gentlemen who would be of great service to us in the Legislature, and would be sufficiently acceptable to all classes of our people as to make them of great service to us in a general movement, to restore honesty to the administration of our affairs. We have no thought, that either of these gentlemen desire a seat in the Legislature. To accept, would be a sacrifice on the part of either of them, but these are times when men must make sacrifices, and the only men who are apt to be of any value to the people, are the men to whom it will be a sacrifice.
CITIZEN.
For the Greenville Enterprise.
Mr. Editor—You will perceive from the subjoined editorial notice, which appeared a few days since in the Charleston *Courier*, that we shall soon welcome in the field of literary enterprise and success, a lady of Southern birth, education and residence—
"Native here,
And to the manner born."
Mrs. Chapin is not unknown to fame. She has written several stories of merit—marked by great versatility, brilliancy and pathos—which have appeared in journals of the highest respectability, such as the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist, Southern Christian Advocate, etc.*, but until now, she has not brought before the critical eye of the public, a book of such dimensions as the one which will soon be issued from the press.—Having some knowledge of the character of her work, and enjoying the honor of her friendliness, which, within the past two years, has contributed largely to his improved health and happiness, the undersigned begs the privilege, through your columns, to utter a word in behalf both of the esteemed authoress and her production.
SALLIE F. CHAPIN.
Charleston, S. C.
The following persons have been elected a board of trustees of the Palmetto Orphan Home, at Columbia: Dr. J. W. Parker, Chairman; Messrs. J. B. Esch, J. H. Kinnard, S. L. Bryan, Richard O'Neal, Jr., B. R. Stokes, C. F. Jasepy.

It is to be hoped that the Southern people, at least, will read with avidity the defence of their own section and their own honor—made, as it is, in a womanly, yet, masterly style. Mrs. C. is not only brilliant, but strong; gentle in spirit, but intensely patriotic—so is her book. —E. J. MEYER.
A Charleston Book.—We have been permitted to examine advance sheets of a new book now being published by that enterprising firm in Philadelphia, Messrs. Claxton, Remson & Haffelfinger, who have, since the war, done so much towards developing the literary talent of the South.—The book we refer to is one written by a talented, patriotic lady of this city—we may say a true representative lady of South Carolina of the old regime—one of the thousands "who have never bowed the knee to Baal," but who cherishes the fond memories of the past as among the most precious of life's jewels.
The title of this anxiously looked for book is as follows, and we must congratulate the authoress in her clever adroitness in making even Oliver Wendell Holmes contribute his quota towards inculcating a great truth:
File Hugh St. Clair, the South Carolina Rebel Boy; or it is no Crime to be Born a Gentleman—By Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin.
"The right of strict, social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious Republican principles.—"
I insist on my Democratic liberty of choice, and go for the man with the gallery of family portraits, against the one with the twenty-five cents degenerate type, unless I find out the last is the better of the two."
[*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.]
The book will contain about three hundred octavo pages, handsomely printed and bound. An additional attraction will be a number of original engravings of Home Scenes, gotten up expressly for the book. The frontispiece is old Secession Hall, which formerly stood on Meeting street.
But the main feature of the book is the piquancy of its style, and its interesting and truthful description of events. It sparkles with wit, is weighty with thought, full of pathos, and bubbling over with fun. Many of the graphic portraits drawn cannot fail to be recognized, and there are many who will be led to "see themselves as others see them."
The following beautiful dedication will strike a responsive chord in every Southern breast:
TO THE CHILDREN OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY,
Whose Fathers were Brave, and True enough to fight for the principles they believed to be right; I dedicate my LITTLE BOOK.
These Brave Fathers fell (many of them) upon Blood Stained Battle-Fields, and in Fame's broad Pantheon have failed to gain that Immortality which short-sighted man bestows; yet we, who loved them, and the Glorious Cause, in which they perished, intend to protest, and we do still protest, and shall never cease protesting, against the judgment that would consign their precious memories to oblivion.
Heroes of a "Lost Cause" true they are; but that cause was ours, and we can never forget that their living bodies and beating hearts were our bulwarks on many a hard-fought Battle Field; and they have gone to their graves in bloody shrouds, for our sakes. But they died as Brave Men love to die in *Defence of the Right*; their deeds are
"Worthy on Fame's eternal bead-roll to be typed,"
and every line written in this book, calls upon you (their children) to emulate their valor; and sacredly cherish their memories while life lasts; and above all, do nothing to disgrace the names, which they made illustrious, and in dying bequeathed to you, as a priceless legacy, to be handed down—without blemish—to the last generation.
There was not a single deed, in the unequal struggle, in which they were engaged of which you ought not to be proud, for although the flag of the Southern Confederacy was furled in defeat, no stain of dishonor sullies the virgin purity of its folds; and one day the world will acknowledge that it was laid away to mould, only because we were outnumbered! Not Outdraved!
SALLIE F. CHAPIN.
Charleston, S. C.
The following persons have been elected a board of trustees of the Palmetto Orphan Home, at Columbia: Dr. J. W. Parker, Chairman; Messrs. J. B. Esch, J. H. Kinnard, S. L. Bryan, Richard O'Neal, Jr., B. R. Stokes, C. F. Jasepy.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.
The Laboring Class.
That class of men and women who actually earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, has never, in this country, occupied that position in society that is justly due them. If a young man is forced to work hard, daily, for the support of himself, and perhaps dependent female relatives, he does not take the position in society that the neat, well-dressed clerk, doctor, stands behind the counter. Clerks, accountants, salesmen, agents and small tradesmen, etc., of course, needed, and did the number of such position equal, or exceed the number of claimants, they would offer inducements both in remuneration and in prospect of future elevation; but the reverse is the case. There is a large supply of such labor, consequently the competition is intense, and only those who possess money or influence, or extraordinary ability, have any prospect for success or promotion.
On the other hand, there is a large and increased demand for skilled mechanical labor, in all its branches; inducements are offered, which the mercantile has no power to present. What labor does society need? It is calling aloud for the farmer, house and ship builder, the plumber, the mason, miner, the machinist and blacksmith—contractors of railroads, bridges and canals—for all who are willing to aid and develop the material resources of this great country, either a producer or a manufacturer. It is not for the clerk, the book-keeper, the salesman, the commercial trader—of such there is already a superfluity. We are raising a nation of ladies and gentlemen who scorn labor—that lady is one who does not work, and a gentleman is one who keeps her company. Every man and every woman should be taught to work, and no line of distinction should be drawn between them, or between the man who tills and the man or woman whose peculiar circumstances place him in a condition that he need neither spin or weave. Let your sons go to the work shops or plow, and your daughters to the loom or spinning wheel, and deck themselves in garments of their own handy-work; let them be educated, let their education and school books teach them the dignity of labor, and the worth of honest labor. Labor is honorable, to work is a divine command.
They are those who call themselves "upper ten," and do not look upon the laboring man as anybody; they drive along in their elegant phaetons, magnificent carriages, beautiful span of horses; never turn, even, as much as their head to the poor laborer. They do not admit a man or woman to their society who labors hard, day by day. Go into our schools and colleges, and you will find only young men studying for society, and young women fitting themselves for marriage; not one of either sex expect to work—all the boys are to be professors, all the girls teachers, except those who marry rich immediately after leaving school. The world is full of duties. Professors and teachers do not till the soil nor rock the cradle.
If it continues in this way, who are to be the laborers? I do not object to your evening rides, but, perhaps, the day will come when you can pay more attention to the laborer over the anvil, the jack plane, the broad ax, the chiseling of marble, or the shoveling of dirt, that pride of yours must, one day, have a fall.
I once heard a woman say, she had rather be a slave than a poor white man's wife—and there are vast multitudes like her. I say, she is a poor unfortunate woman. I once heard a white man say, he had rather live in town; and beg, than to live in the country and farm sumptuously. I have watched this man ever since, and continue to watch him. It sounds rather strange, but truth is very often stranger than fiction.
The son of Phillip King of Spain, was once placed so near a stove that he was too warm, called a servant to lessen the fire; it chanced that no servant was to be found; the fire continued to increase; the young King continued to burn and sicken. There were other servants near, but the Spanish laws deny any one except the freeman to touch the stove, and the dignity of the young nobleman would not allow him to get up and move his seat back from the fire—this must be done by a servant. The result was, the poor fellow sickened and died. A nobleman, he felt it would be a disgrace to do anything like work. There are some men like this young King, too proud and too dignified to speak to a laborer. These fellows, dressed in the top of the fashion, small gold-headed cane, cigar in mouth, Dolly Varden hat, pants so tight their lives ought to be insured—to this class the epithet, gentleman, is applied, while the poor man is known as a laboring man. Nine-tenths of mothers think their children extra smart, and must have some profession for them. That is right; love your children, but let them work. Fifteen-sixteenths of those who attend the law, medical and the logical schools of the country, are utterly incapable of mastering even the simplest rudiments of the sciences; and fifteen of sixteenths would make a much better mark in the world with an ax on a log of fire-wood than they ever could make in the world by their proficiency in the professions. Hence, to fifteen food mothers in sixteen, I may well say, your little Johnnie or Jackie, or Jimmie, or Willie, or Bobbie Lee, or Stonewall Jackson, or Ulysses Grant, or Horace Greeley, as the name may be, could make more character, and more "kilter" in the corn, wheat, cotton or sugar field than in any of the multitudes of professions.
It is time of the nineteenth century were getting rid of some of our foolish notions respecting work. The salvation of the country depends upon work. If every man would pull off his coat and work, we would not hear of hard-times. The cold and hard crow-bar becomes hot and soft under the heavy blows of the hammer. Idleness may suit some people's ideas of dignity, but is neither profitable or pleasant for men, women or boys. The history of those men who have made their mark in this nation, have been great workers.
Now for the point. I propose to get a reading-room, a place where the laboring man can go in their coarse clothing and obtain books to read. They are not able to buy them, and would be glad to borrow them, and perfectly willing to pay a very small amount every month towards keeping up the society. Most of the laborers have some little time to spare, a few leisure moments, which they would be glad to spend in reading. These are precious

moments to them, and should not be wasted. Let each one have some object in view, and give these few moments to that object, and great good may result from it. An old citizen of this place, said to me a few days ago, he would give all he could spare for such a reading-room, and a number of books to the library, and said it was something for many years that had been needed in this city. These spare moments of laborers, how precious they are, if only improved. Little by little the foundation of a most extensive knowledge can be laid, and great objects can be accomplished. Skillful labor is what we need and want. Robert Stephenson, the miner, taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working as an engine man, during the night-shifts, thus preparing himself for his great work, the invention of the passenger locomotive. Also, Andrew Johnson, the late President of the United States, taught himself Latin while working as a tailor's apprentice, and otherwise fitted himself for the great position he occupied. These little golden moments of laboring men, are very precious, and could be taken up so well in a reading club or room. It might be the means of keeping them away from the grocer's, grogshops, billiard tables, card tables, gambling rooms, &c., and from places of the like, that would tend to draw their hard earnings from them.
Those wishing to join this society, can hand in their names to me, at my office, any day in the week.
In conclusion, let me say, work is honorable, at any rate, the industrious plowman does more good to himself and country than all the pseudo-professional men in the land—the former produces, the latter only consumes.
O. K.
THE DAIRY.—Let everything about the dairy be done with unvarying regularity and with scrupulous cleanliness. Tolerate no noise, harsh words or rough treatment. Never hurry or run the cows, or excite them in any way. Milk with a steady, unceasing flow, and leave not a drop in the pail. Next to a liberal feed, pure water and clean milking, place in importance, *petting the cows*. A dairy farmer must be a gentleman. And the cows like to see a kind-hearted, sensible woman in the yard or stable at milking time! Let every dairy utensil be scalded every day. Mere washing in warm water will not answer.—The water must be boiling hot.—Nearly all the trouble of the butter not coming, bad flavor, etc., arise from ignorance or inattention to the necessity of having the water boiling hot. A dirty vessel dipped in boiling water for a moment or two is far better than one that has been washed perfectly clean in merely warm water, but not scalded. The hot water penetrates into every pore or crack, and destroys the germs of the fungus that produces the mischief.
BREAKING IN YOUNG STEERS.—First train them to lead by a rope attached to the horns. Then procure a light yoke and bows, and teach them to stand with them on for a few days until they get used to them. Then take them out and exercise them gently, and with great patience, teaching the meaning of the terms used in going to the right or left and backing. If they get restive, quiet them with a little salt and some coaking. Never yoke them while they are excited; cool them down first. Let the lessons gradually increase in length until they understand their business, then attach a chain, and soon after a small log or other weight may be given them to draw. Working in this manner, they may soon be broken in to do light harrowing or other work not too heavy for them. It would be well if oxen were broken in to the use of a line attached to the horn, and the shouting commonly made use of were abandoned.
WHICH BREED OF CATTLE IS BEST?—Which combines the most good qualities for a common farmer?—This depends entirely on what kind of a farmer he is. If a butter-maker, the Jersey is the best, by all odds; if a breeder of working cattle, the Devon; if a producer of milk for sale, the Ayrshire; and if a beef-maker, the Shorthorn. Each is best for its use. If a combinative cow is wanted, one whose male calves will make fair oxen or beef, and whose milk will be abundant, yet good for butter, the Ayrshire will generally be the best, but more money will be made if that breed is selected which is best adapted to one particular industry, and that industry well followed.
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN tells this: "There was an old farmer who had taken the Tribune for thirty years, rode twenty miles on horseback to hear Greeley lecture. "What do you think of him?" asked a neighbor. "Wall, I don't think much of him as a speaker, but he would make a mighty good singer."
THE Masonic Lodge of Winsboro, has resolved to contribute annually \$25 to the Palmetto Orphan Home of Columbia.