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THE YORK HERALD Book and Job Printing ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to:—BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGES AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND PAPER LETTERS. And every other kind of LETTER-PRESS PRINTING done in the best style, at moderate rates. Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely new and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS. DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL, 127-128 May 1, 1861.

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE & COLBUENE STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to 10, a.m. All Consultations in the office, Cash. Thornhill, April 9, '62. 176

B. BOWMAN, M.D. Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur HAS again returned to ALMIRA MILLS, where he can be consulted at all times on the various branches of his profession. N.B. All calls punctually attended to except when absent on professional business. Almira, March 20, 1862. 207-6m

ISAAC BOWMAN, M.D., Graduate of the University of Vic Coll. & Provincial Licentiate. HAS settled (temporarily) at THORNHILL, where he can be consulted at all times on the various branches of his profession except when absent on business. Thornhill, May, 1862. 179-1

LAW CARDS. M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, (By Royal Authority.) COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCE, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE. LARGE MORTGAGES, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate. Richmond Hill, Aug 29. 144-d

A CARD. W. C. KELLER, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and despatch. Division Courts attended. Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto. November 20, 1862. 104-15

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office, a Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office Brock Street, Whitby. Also a Branch Office in the Village of Beaverton, Township of Thorah, and County of Ontario. The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended. Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-15

JAMES BOULTON, Esq., Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts. Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-17

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Yonge St., where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support. Good Stabling, &c. JAMES WATSON, 190 Maple, July 17, 1862.

George Wilson, (LATE FROM ENGLAND) Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL. GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good yards for Horse Carriage and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Stalls. The best of Liquors and Cigars kept constantly on hand. The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month. Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862.

The York Herald

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion.

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance

Vol. V. No. 28.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1863.

Whole No. 236.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL

RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor. A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c. A STAGE leaves this Hotel every morning for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves Toronto at half past 3. Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in waiting. Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-11y

White Hart Inn.

RICHMOND HILL. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As this house possesses every accommodation Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call. CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND, Proprietor. Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1y

YONGE STREET HOTEL.

AURORA. A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodations for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all brands. D. McLEOD, Proprietor. Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-1y

CLYDE HOTEL.

RING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W. JOHN MILLS, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostler. Toronto, November 1861. 157-1f

James Massey.

(Late of the King's Head, London, Eng.) No. 26 West Market Place, TORONTO. Every accommodation for Farmers and others attending to Market. Good Stabling. Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167

Hunter's Hotel.

Deutsches Gasthaus, THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. This house possesses every accommodation Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to call. W. WESTPHAL, Proprietor. Corner of Church and Stanley Sts., Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1y

BLACK HORSE HOTEL.

Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. (EAST OF THE MARKET), TORONTO. WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, (Successor to Thomas Palmer.) Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1y

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant.

69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO. Lunch every day from 11 till 2. Soup, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. always on hand. Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties as good as the best style. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1y

NEWBICING HOUSE.

AT THE Corner of the Hotel, No. 28, 29 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Parties always in attendance at the Cars and Boats. W. NEWBICING, Proprietor. 134-1y

YORK MILLS HOTEL.

YONGE STREET. THE Subscriber begs to inform that he has leased the above Hotel, and having fitted it up in the best style travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention at this first class house. Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler always in attendance. WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor. York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-1y

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

OPPOSITE THE TONNAGE HOUSE. GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR. LARGE and Commodious Hall and other improvements have, at great expense, been made so as to make this the largest and best hotel of Toronto. Travellers at this house find every convenience both for themselves and their horses. N.B.—A careful hostler always in attendance. Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1y

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER.

UNDERTAKER. Reside—Near opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. March 14, 1862. 172-1y

Poetry.

BEYOND THE TOWN.

BY W. BLACK.

There she comes, a little girl, Laughing, bright, and free— Forehead fair as sea-born pearl, Eyes that gleam in blue; Curis that tumble forth in light, And, twinkling, fall down Her little neck, so stately white, In ringlets golden-brown.

Sweet Helen! my Helen! little Helen Lee!

I would that all the flowers of spring were beautiful as thou! Sweet Helen! my Helen! little Helen Lee! I would that all the flowers of spring were beautiful as thou!

What! a woman—fully grown,

Beautiful and fair!— Azure eyes and ringlets brown, Laughing curls of hair; Pearls teeth, that, when they smile, Two bright dimples fill; Woman grown, yet free from guile, So I think she's still.

Sweet Helen! my Helen! little Helen Lee!

Not a flower of all the flowers is beautiful as thou! Cottage-leaves clad and small, Whits in the sun; Roses up the garden wall Clustering round; There she dwells beyond the town, A very little way; But just so far, when sun goes down, That I can wish her stay.

Sweet Helen! my Helen! here's a kiss to thee,

The prettiest wife in all the world is little Helen Lee!

Literature.

WEE DAVIE.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

(From Good Words.)

Concluded.

'I'm just thinking, Jeannie,' said her mother, 'that it's a comfort ye ever put yer een on Davie; for there's the purr Mrs. Blair (John Blair's blin wife, ye ken) when she lost her callant, May was a year, she cam to me in an awfu' way about it and said that what vexed her sae muckle was, that she never had seen him an' ha'nt him, and hear him greet, but never get a look o' him.'

'Puir body,' remarked Jeannie, 'it was a sair misfortune for any mother that I lika ane has their ain bairn to carry. But, minister, let me see your ain, sir: Will I never see my bairn again? and if I see him, will I no ken him?'

'You might as well ask me whether you could see and know your child if he had gone to a foreign country instead of to heaven,' replied the Dr. 'Alas for Christian love, if we did not know our beloved friends in heaven! But such ignorance is not possible in that home of light and love.'

'It wadna be rational to think so,' remarked William. 'And yet, Dr.,' he continued, 'excuse me for just saying, though I would rather listen than speak, that the knowledge of the lost, if such knowledge there can be, must be terrible!'

'I knew not how that will be,' replied the Dr., 'though I have my own views on it. Yet surely our ignorance of any person being lost would be dearly purchased by our ignorance of any person being saved?'

'I did not think of that,' said the smith. 'But,' continued Jeannie, with quiet earnestness, 'will our bairn ever be a bairn, Dr? Oh, I hope so!'

'Dimma try, Jeannie dear,' said David, 'to be wise aboon what is written.' The Dr. smiled, and asked, 'If your child had lived, think you, would you have rejoiced had he always continued to be a child, and never grown or advanced? and are you a loss or a gain to your father and mother, because you have grown in mind and knowledge since you were an infant?'

'I never thought of that either,' said Jeannie, thoughtfully. 'Be assured,' continued the minister, 'there will be no such im-

perfect and incomplete beings there as infants in intellect and in sense for ever. All will be perfect and complete, according to the plan of God, who made us for fellowship with Himself and with all His blissful family. Your darling has gone to a noble school, and will be taught and trained there for immortality, by Him who was Himself a child, reasoned as a child, and as a child 'grew in wisdom and in stature; and who also sympathised with a mother's love and a mother's sorrow. You too, parents, if you believe in Christ, and hold fast your confidence in Him, and become to Him as little children, will be made fit to enter the same society; and thus you and your boy, though never, perhaps, forgetting your relationship on earth, will be fit companions for one another, for ever and for ever. Depend upon it, you will both know and love each other better than you ever could possibly have done here!'

'My wee pet!' murmured Jeannie, as the tears began to flow from a softened, because happier, heart. William hid his face in his hands. After a while, he broke silence, and said, 'These thoughts of heaven are new to me. But common sense tells me they must be true. Heaven does not seem to me now to be the same strange place it used to be. My loss is not so complete as I once thought it was. Neither we nor our bairn have lived in vain.'

'Surely not,' said the Dr.; 'Better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all!'

You have contributed one citizen to the heavenly Jerusalem; one member to the family above; one happy spirit to add his voice to the anthem before the throne of God!

'Lord, help our unbelief!' said Mrs. Armstrong; 'for the man I think of the things which I believe, the man they seem to me owre gude news to be true!'

'The disciples, when they first saw Christ after His resurrection,' said the minister, 'did not believe from very joy.'

'We think owre muckle o' our ain folk, Dr., and little owre little o' Him,' remarked the Elder. 'But it's a comfort that He's ken and loved as He ought to be by them that's awa', for all He is and gives to them no in His presence.'

'And for all He is and does, and will ever be and do to every man who trusts Him,' added the Dr.; 'our friends would be grieved, if grief were possible to them now, did they think our memory of them made us forget Him, or that our love to them made us love Him the less. Surely, if they knew what we are doing, they would rejoice if they also knew that, along with themselves, we too rejoiced in their God and our God. What child in Heaven but would be glad to know that its parents joined with every day in offering up, through the same Spirit, the same prayer of 'Our Father!'

'If wee Davie could preach to us, I daresay, sir, that might be his text,' said the Elder. 'Though dead, he yet speaketh,' replied the minister.

'The Dr. rose to depart. 'By the by,' he said, 'let me repeat a verse or two to you, Thornburn. When I am sure you will like. They express the thoughts of a parent about his dead girl, which have already in part been poorly expressed by me when your wife asked me if she would know her boy.—'

'She is not dead—the child of our affection, But gone into the school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself dath raise.'

'Not as a child shall we again behold her: For when with rapture wild In our embraces we again united her, She will not be a child.'

'But a fair maid in her Father's mansion Chiefted with celestial grace, And beautiful with all the soul's expansion She'll be beloved her face.'

'Thank ye, sir, thank ye,' said Thornburn; 'and ye'll not be offended if I ax ye to gie me a grip o' yer han.' And the smith laid hold of the Doctor's proffered hand, so small and white, with his own hand, so large and powerful.— 'God reward ye, sir, for we canna And no, minister, the smith continued, 'I manna out wi'! Since wee Davie has been so kind as gie us that fine bit o' English poetry, I canna help giving you a bit o' Scotch, for Scotch poetry has been a favourite reading o' mine, and there's a verse that has been dirling a day in my heart. This is it:—'

'Is dewie at the hint o' his foot, At the wa' gang o' the swallow, When the winds blow cauld, And the burns run braid, And the wuds are hanging yellow; But ah! it's dooer far to see The wa' gang o' the wa' gang w'! The dead set o' a shing o'e, That closes the weary world on thee!'

Fareweel, sir! I'll expect ye the morn at two, if convenient; the smith whispered to the Dr., as he opened the door to him. 'I'll be sure to come,' he replied. 'Thank you for those verses; and think for your good about all I have said.'

That evening, after Dr. McGavin's visit, there was a comfortable tea prepared by Jeannie for her friends, and the Corporal was one of the party.

There is a merciful reaction to strong feeling. The highest waves, when they dash against the rock, flow furthest back, and scatter themselves in their rebound into sparkling foam and air bubbles.

The Corporal told some of his old stories of weariness and fatigue, of wounds and sufferings of marches and retreats, of battles and victories, over the fields of Spain.— Old Armstrong could match these only by Governorment tales, of fights long ago, from 'The Scots Worthies,' but was astonished to find the Corporal a staunch Episcopalian, who had no sympathy with 'trebleis.'

Yet so kind and courteous was the pensioner, that the Elder confessed that he was a real fine bodie, without a grain o' bigotry. Jeannie and her mother spoke of the farm, of the cows, and of old friends among the servants, with many bygone reminiscences. And thus the weight of their spirits was lightened, although ever and anon there came one little presence before them, causing a sinking of the heart!

No sooner had their friends left the house for the night than the smith did what he never did before. He opened the Bible, and said to Jeannie, 'I will read a chapter aloud before we retire to rest.' Jeannie clapped her husband fondly on the shoulder, and in silence sat down beside him while he read again some of the same passages which they had already heard.— Few houses had that night more quiet and peaceful sleepers.

The little black coffin was brought to the smith's night before the funeral. When the house was quiet, Davie was laid in it gently by his father. Jeannie assumed the duty of arranging with care the white garments in which her boy was dressed, wrapping them round him, and adjusting the head as if to sleep in her own bosom. She brushed once more the golden ringlets, and put the little hands across the breast, and opened out the frills in the cap, and removed every particle of sawdust which soiled the shroud.— When all was finished, though she seemed anxious to prolong the work, the lid was put on the coffin, yet so as to leave the face uncovered. Both were as silent as their child. But ere they retired to rest for the night, they instinctively went to take another look.

As they thus gazed in silence, side by side, the smith felt his hand gently seized by his wife. She played at first nervously with the fingers, until finding her own hand held by her husband, she looked into his face with an unutterable expression, and meeting his eyes so full of unobtrusive sorrow, bent her head on his shoulder and said, 'Willie, this is my last look o' him on this side o' the grave.' But, Willie, dear, you and me man see him again, and, mind ye, no to part; I, I canna think that! We ken whaur he is, and we man gang till him. No, promise me I vow aboon wi' me here, as we love him and one another, that we'll attend near to what's gude than we have done, —O Willie, forgive me, for it's no my part to speak, but I canna help it now, and just, my bounie man, just agree wi' me—that we'll gie our hearts for ever to our ain Saviour, and the Saviour o' our wee Davie!'

These words, as she rested her throbbing head on her husband's shoulder, were uttered in low, broken accents, half-choke with an inward struggle, but without a tear. She was encouraged to say all it is—for she had a build awe of her husband—by the pressure ever and anon returned to her hand from his. The smith spoke not, but bent his head over his wife, who felt his tears falling on her neck, as he whispered, 'Amen, Jeannie! so help me

God! A silence ensued, during which Jeannie got, as she said, 'a gude great,' for the first time, which took a weight off her heart. She then quietly kissed her child and turned away. Thornburn took the hand of his boy and said, 'Fareweel, my wee Davie, and when you and me meet again, we'll bairn, I tak it, be a bit different frae what we are this night! He then put the lid mechanically on the coffin, turned one or two of the screws and sat down at the fireside to speak about the arrangements of the funeral.

After that, and for the first time in his life, William asked his wife to kneel down, and join with him in prayer before they retired to rest. Poor fellow! he was sincere as ever man was, and never after till the day of his death did he omit this 'exercise,' which was once almost universal in every family in Scotland, whose 'head' was a member of the church; and was even continued by the widow when the 'head' was taken away by death.

But on this the first time when the thoughts of the heart, he could only say, 'Our Father—!' There he stopped. Something seemed to seize him, and to repress his utterance. Had he only more fully known how much was in these words he possibly might have gone on. As it was, the thoughts of the father on earth so mingled, he knew not how, with those of a father in heaven, that he could not speak.— But he continued on his knees, and spoke there to God in his heart as he had never spoken before. Jeannie did the same. After a while they both rose, and Jeannie said, 'Thank ye, Willie, it's a beautiful beginning, and it will, I'm sure, be a proud ending.' 'It's cauld iron, Jeannie, woman,' said the smith, 'but it will be a come a' richt yet.'

The day of the funeral was a day of beauty and sunshine. A few fellow tradesmen and neighbours assembled in the house, dressed in their Sunday's best, though it was visible in the case of one or two, at least, that their best was the worse of the wear. The last of his possessions a Scotch workman will part with, even to keep his family in food, are his Sunday clothes; and the last duty he will fail to perform is that of following the body of a neighbour to the grave.

All those who attended the funeral, and about twenty assembled, had craped on their hats and weepers on their coats. The Corporal, also, a war-wounded man, sat near the door, and shook each man by the hand as he entered. Not a word was spoken.

When all who were expected had assembled, the Dr., who occupied a chair near the table on which the Bible lay, opened the book, and read a portion of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, without any comment. He then prayed with a fervour and suitability which touched every heart.

The little coffin was brought out. It was easily carried. The Corporal was the first to step forward. He saluted the smith by putting his hand to his hat, soldier fashion, and begged to have the honour of assisting.

Slowly the snail procession advanced towards the churchyard and about half-a-mile off; and amidst a benedict of wondrous sight, a child's funeral—wondrous as a symbol of sin, and of redemption, too. It at once speaks of the insignificance of a human being as a mere creature, and of his dignity as belonging to Christ Jesus.

As they reached the grave, the birds were singing, and building their nests in the budding trees. A flood of light shined in glory a neighbouring range of hills. Overhead, the sky had only one small, snow white cloud reposing in peace on its azure blue.

When the sexton had finished the grave, and smoothed it down, William quietly seized the spade, and went carefully over the green turf again with gentle beats, removing with his hand the small stones and gravel which roughened its surface. Those who stood very near, had they narrowly watched him, which they had not much feeling to do, might have observed the smith give a peculiar, tender pressure and clap on the grave with his hand, as if on a child's breast; ere he returned to the spade, and with a careless air, said, 'Here, John, tak ye; it's a' richt

mon?—then lifting up his hat, and looking round, he added, 'I'm obliged to ye, friends, for your trouble in coming.'

And so they left 'wee Davie,' more precious and more enduring than the everlasting hills!

Several years after this, Dr. McGavin, when an old man, as he sat at his study fire, was conversing with a young clergyman who seemed to think that nothing could be accomplished of much value for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, unless by some great 'effort,' or 'movement,' or 'large committee,' which would carry everything before it. The Dr. quietly remarked, 'My young friend, when you have lived as long in the ministry as I have done, you will learn how true it is, that 'God fulfils Himself in many ways.' He is in the still, small voice, and that often when He is nether in the earthquake nor in the hurricane. One of the most valuable elders I ever had—and whose admirable wife and daughters, and well-doing prosperous sons are still members of my church, and my much-attached friend—told me on his dying bed, that, under God, he owed his chief good to the death of his first child, the circumstance which accidentally made me acquainted with him. On the last evening of his life, when enumerating the many things which had been blessed for his good, he said to me, 'But, under God, it was my wee Davie that did it!'

USEFUL RECEIPTS. PERRY PUDING.—Three tablespoonful melted butter, mixed with one cup of sugar, one egg well beaten, one pint of flour, two tea spoonful of cream tartar, one of soda, one cup sweet milk. Beat well, and bake thirty minutes.— Serve hot with the following sauce:—Two cups of sugar, with one cup of butter, one cup of currant or other wine added a little at a time, as the butter and sugar are melted—the pan containing it being set in water two or three minutes or so.

WHEAT BREAD.—Milk is the best wetting for bread—water will answer. Stir the wetting into the flour quite warm, then add the rising; stir it altogether to make a sponge. When sufficiently light, mix and mould into loaves. Let it rise again. The oven should be hot enough to bake a common loaf of bread in thirty minutes without scorching or hardy browning in the east. Bread should never be cut until it is twelve hours old, and then only what is to be eaten immediately; better cut again than to have a plateful left. Who can bear to eat bread that has been sliced and dried a day or two?

WATER RISINGS.—Take a quart pitcher and a spoon—scald them thoroughly—fill the pitcher half full of boiling water from the teakettle, which has been drawn fresh from the fountain. Let the water cool to the temperature of good hot fishwater; stir in flour sufficient to make them as thick as pan-cake batter; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and as much soda; cover them closely, set them where they will keep quite warm; stir occasionally. They will rise in five or six hours.

BREAD MAKING.—In order to have good bread, there are three things very essential—good flour, good risings, and a careful hand.—Now, if my lady friends will comply with the following directions, I will guarantee them as good bread as was ever broken by mortal. The day of hop yeast has gone by. It is not used by the country folks at the present day, only by here and there a family. Here is my way of making bread:

APPLE PORTAGE.—Take five apples carefully pared and cored, and put them in layers in a stone or earthen jar alternately with layers of sugar. If the apples are sweet, a little lemon or orange intermingled will give it a better flavor. Cover the whole with wheat paste or dough, and place the jar in the oven for baking. Let it remain all night, and it will make a delicious dish for breakfast.

INDIAN BREAD.—Take two quarts of Indian meal, pour on boiling water enough to make the meal quite wet; when cool, add a quart of sugar, half a pint of risings a little salt, and half a cupful of molasses. Mix altogether, put into large basins and let it rise; bake for three hours with a slow fire.

JOHNNY CAKE.—A Johnny cake, to be eaten with meat, should be made as follows:—One teacupful of sweet milk, one of buttermilk, a little salt, and a little soda; stir in meal enough to make a soft batter; bake for 15 minutes.—Mrs. Gill.

RAISED DISCIT.—Take some of the bread dough when light, knead a piece of butter as large as an egg into dough enough to fill a long time—roll into small biscuits—let me rise again; bake for twenty minutes.