

# SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WHOLE NO 105

## SELECT POETRY

### TRUE FREEDOM—HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We want no flag to flaunting flag;  
For Liberty to fight;  
We want no blaze of murderous guns,  
To struggle for the right,  
Our spots and scuffs are printed words;  
The mind our little plain;  
We've won such victories before,  
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—  
They stain her brightest cause;  
Tis not in blood that Liberty  
Inscribes her civil laws.  
She writes them on the people's heart,  
In language clear and plain;  
True thoughts have moved the world before,  
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love  
Of Freedom's cause sublime;  
We join the cry "Fraternity!"  
We keep the march of Time,  
And yet we grasp no pike nor spear,  
Our victories to obtain;  
We've won without their aid before,  
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,  
To show a front of wrong;  
We have a citadel in Truth,  
More durable and strong.  
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,  
Have never striven in vain;  
They've won our battle many a time,  
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—  
The ignorant may sneer,  
The bad deny; but we rely  
To see their triumph near.  
No widow's gown shall hold our cause,  
No blood of brethren slain;  
We've won without such aid before,  
And so we shall again.

## SELECTED STORY

### THE NURSEY-MAN'S PRIZE; OR THE FLOWER-BELLS.

Soft mid-summer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his roses and geraniums, crept in through the mottled panes of the porch and the half-open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if it had as much right to the place, and as much the tenant of it, as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely air on George, who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet of paper, was just about to look up at his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room—George kept bees—and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great fly. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The fly was a legal document to this effect:

"We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeks, of Edmonston, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, sir,

"Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servant.)  
"FLINT AND GRINSTON."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rude to consider his own mind what the lawyers meant by their certain phraseology. It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. & G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeks; Edmonston; but it did mean that he must turn out of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's nursery-garden for three generations past) unless he would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five-and-twenty, who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His father had been dead a twelvemonth last mid-summer day, and his father, who had been well while the same was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The stage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting—like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to suffer freshly and together—which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a mid-summer laugh, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old crone who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day—for he lighted his own fires; and served up to himself in the first style of cottage cookery, with fat bacon and potatoes.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went to the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the city. George lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very busy streets; but then covered with copse and field, by Swayne's old-fashioned nursery ground; and crowded with stocks and wall-flowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's ease, boy's lore,

old man, and other old-fashioned plants—for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atoms, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then—I mean George Swayne, Rex—marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the city. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It smelt like a mouldy shut-up tool-house, and there was parchment enough in it to make scarecrows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said, the instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," these holdings, that have been let hitherto for thirty pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered, "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and to pay my way, and buy by enough money for next year's seeds and roots has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, sir; take it, if it will help me in this business."

"Well," Mr. Flint promised, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can postpone Mr. Crote to let retain possession of your land for—shall we say—two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine, and to renew your lease."

"I will accept that offer, sir." A homespun man elings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself—to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him, was gain enough for George.

So he turned homeward, and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His garden's eye discovered all the lonely little pats of mignonette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of white wash, some quite free-looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flower-pots upon a window sill. Then there were the squares of turf put in weekly instalments of six inches to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of garden fields due to them. There were also parents for a large number of the houses in those river-streets were tenanted by sailors, who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that reeled from its neighbors had a small garden in front, which was sown over with shells, instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conch upon the wall, instead of wall-flowers. The summer house was a grotto; but the great creature ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork, which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, thought George; for it never waved nor rustled, and did not, by one change of feature—except that it grew daily dirtier—show itself conscious of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons.

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants, which, brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw upon a table, to catch the rays of the summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells, with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and when he stopped to look at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. He knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her pale face left her for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eye made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in, if you please, sir?" said the girl; "mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room, where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean, and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and on the table, with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceeding blue and limpid milk. George apologized for his intrusion, but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that had attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," said

Mrs. Ellis: "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow—all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he has let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his mother. He is a tender-hearted boy, my Harry."

"He is young, then?"

"Well, he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could, he is so wonderful broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm afraid I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said, when he went—'Take care of the plant, mother, I'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come back to you next year.' His is always full of his fin, sir, is my Harry."

"Then, ma'am," George stammered, "it's a plant you wouldn't like to part with?"

The poor woman looked angry for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently—"No, sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener—who ought to have gone away—still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl, who had been nimbly stretching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say, and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the color of the flower on his cheeks, said—"I'm a poor man, ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to say anything unbecoming, I hope you'll forgive it; but, if you could—if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours."

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas?" she cried; "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter. How glad Harry will be!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously. "Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she whispered to her daughter, who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's sister.

A long debate was carried on in low tones, while George Swayne endeavored to look as though he were a hundred miles off, listening to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne—a stout and true-hearted young fellow of twenty-five—to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her, that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the old lady at last consented with a sigh to George's offer, he played ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade them good-bye and took the flower-pot away, promising again earnestly that he would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne, then, having the lawyers almost put out of his head, carried the plant home, and duly busied himself in his greenhouse over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard, and ate sparingly. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden. There was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he dared, out of his humble food and other necessities of existence. He had, however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells thrived, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no right to go there until he went to redeem his promise.

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and green-houses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips, and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant he set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepany parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies, which do now and then shoot out in unaccountable directions.

The desired event happened one morning. The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighborhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George, with much perturbation, ushered her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them—that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new flowers were unique—she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each, and took them home in triumph. Of course the flower bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the

carriages of the great people of the neighborhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery day after day, that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted, keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labor—she had not slackened it a jot—had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to her a letter, one morning in July, in Harry's dear scrawl, posted from Purismouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed, and stammered something; and, when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china vase, which he had substituted for the widow's flower-pot, said something, however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with hearty smiles and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them—something of which he seemed to be exceedingly ashamed. At last he did it. "I mean no offence," he said; "but this is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guineas. They refused the money with surprise—Susan with eagerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower; and how fairly he considered half the profits to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the three became fast friends, and began to quarrel. While they were quarrelling there was a bounding knock at the door. Mother and daughter hurried to it; but Susan stood aside that Harry might go first into his mother's arms.

"Here's a fine clime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant after a few minutes. "Why, it looks no handsomer in the West Indies. But where did you get that splendid pot?"

George was immediately introduced. The whole story was told, and Harry was made a referee upon the twenty guinea question.

"God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Harry, "keep that money, if we are to be friends. Give us your hand, my boy; and mother, let us all have something to eat." They made a little festival that evening in the widow's house, and George thought more than ever of the chiming of the bells as Susan laid her needlework aside to bustle to and fro. Harry had tales to tell over his pipe; "and I tell you what, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't a sailor myself I'd be a gardener. I've a small cargo of roots and seeds in my box that I brought home for mother to try what she can do with. My opinion is that you're the man to turn 'em to account; and so, mate, you shall have 'em. If you get a lucky penny out of any one of 'em, you're welcome; for it's more than we could do."

How these poor fellows labored to be liberal towards each other; how Harry amused himself on holidays, before his next ship sailed, with rake and spade about his friend's nursery; how George Swayne spent summer and autumn evenings in the little parlor; how there was really and truly a chime rung from Stepany steeple to give joy to a little needlewoman's heart; how Susan Swayne became much rosier than Susan Ellis had been; how luxuriously George's bees were fed upon new dainties; how Flint & Grinston conveyed the nursery-ground to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs forever, in consideration of the whole purchase money which Swayne had accumulated; how the old house was enlarged; how, a year or two later, little Harry Swayne damaged the borders and was abetted by grandmother Ellis in so doing; how, a year or two after that, Susan Swayne the lesser dug, with a small wooden spade, side by side with uncle Harry; who was a man to find the centre of the earth under Swayne's garden when he came home ever and anon from beyond the seas, always with roots and seeds, his home being Swayne's nursery; and, finally, how happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew to be—these are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the earliest cultivation in England of the flower now known as the Fuchsia.

WEDDING RINGS.—The singular custom of wearing wedding rings, appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady's father, to settle the articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding day, or soon thereafter. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which, the man gave the woman a ring as a pledge, which she put on the fourth finger of her left hand, because it was believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart, a day was then fixed for the marriage.

Excellence in art is to be attained only by active effort, and not by passive impressions; by the manly overcoming of difficulties; by patient struggle against adverse circumstances; by the thrifty use of moderate opportunities. The great artists were not rocked and dandled into eminence, but they attained to it by that course of labor and discipline which no man need go to Rome or Paris, or London to enter upon.—*Hilliard.*

## MISCELLANEOUS

### THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

The Union gives the following account of the improvements just made in the President's House at Washington.

"We are happy to be able to announce that the repairs of the White House authorized by the last Congress are now nearly completed. In the course of this month the building will be thoroughly renovated—as far, at least, as the appropriation will allow. The work has been conducted in the most thorough, careful, and economical manner, under the immediate superintendence of Capt. Lee, of the United States Corps of Engineers; Mr. Walter, architect of the Capitol; and Sidney Webster, Esq., the private secretary of the President. The amount placed at their disposal has been expended with good judgment, and we have every reason to believe that the people will be satisfied with the comfortable and elegant condition of the mansion occupied by the first citizen of the republic.

The first item of improvement worthy of mention is the manner of heating the building. This is accomplished by means of the large furnace of Messrs. Walworth & Nason, of Boston, Massachusetts. The article is the largest thing of the kind ever put up in this country, and probably in the world. By means of pure air, admitted from the external atmosphere, brought in contact with layers of pipes filled with hot water, the rooms are all comfortably heated, and regulated with perfect precision.

The furnishing of the house, including the furniture, carpets, tapestry, and room paper, has been accomplished by the large and popular American establishment of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York. They are all of the most durable and elegant description. Each room is furnished in a different style—the national shield being prominently and splendidly displayed in the large East room, and the national blue being presented in the semi-circular apartment occupied by the President and family for receptions. Green and crimson, white and gold appropriately intermingled in the papers, furniture, and drapery, give a variety to the effect in the different rooms of the most brilliant and beautiful character.

The frescoing of the ceilings has been carried forward with great taste, under the immediate superintendence of Capt. Lee. Several of the pieces were suggested by that gentleman. They are all in perfect keeping with the furnishing and other decorations of the house, and present a contrast with the rich tapestry producing the most pleasing effect.

The plates of the mirrors are the same that were formerly in the house, but the frames are new, and elegant indeed. They are furnished by Mr. R. L. Manger of New York, and reflect the highest credit on his judgement and taste.

The mantels are made of statuary marble. They are patterns of neatness and elegance. Some of the mantels in the private dwellings of our wealthier citizens are more elaborate in their ornaments; but, for beauty of polish, and elateness of finish, those of the Executive Mansion are admirably adapted for the residences of a republican President.

The silver ware, which has been in part refitted from the old sets, is from the manufactory of Bailey & Co., Philadelphia. It bears splendid evidence of the faithful and workmanlike manner in which it is executed.

The porcelain and glass ware are from another American house—Messrs. Haughwout & Dailey, N. Y. The California gold and native blue of this manufactory are worthy of the highest praise.

At the entrance of the building, inside, the bronze work that has been erected among the marble pillars is worthy of special mention. It is a specimen of the happy blending of the useful, the durable, and the ornamental, for which the public are indebted to the skill of Mr. Walter, the architect. The improvement is one that cannot fail to make a favorable impression on the beholder.

We have before stated that the house is not yet quite ready for the visits of the citizens; but we are happy to add that it will be in a short time, of which due notice will be given."

OUTWITTED BY A LUNATIC.—The Augusta (Me.) *Banner* states that a case occurred in that city last week, in which the shrewdness of a madman proved more than a match for those in possession of the prescribed share of brains. A young man named Samuel M. Whelpley, but who calls himself Edgar Maurice, confined for some months past in the Insane Hospital, disappeared from the institution. He evaded pursuit until early the following morning, when he was discovered by the steward of the hospital, Mr. Allen, just entering the cars for Portland. He was taken in charge, but while on the way back, he again made his escape from Mr. A., and immediately returning called at the Cushman House, and represented himself to Mr. Sawyer, the landlord, as an officer of the hospital in pursuit of a fugitive patient, and wishing to obtain a horse and carriage for the purpose of overtaking him. The plausibility of the fellow completely imposed upon Mr. Sawyer. He furnished him with a valuable team, and although he very soon became apprized of the character of his customer and pursuit of him commenced in all directions, thus far he has been unable either to overtake the madman or to recover possession of his property.

The *Age* says that the only clue to his whereabouts is derived from the following letter, since received from him by Dr. Barlow, superintendent of the Hospital, who had taken special pains to securely lock him up the night previous to his escape. The letter is one of the most imaginable.

Here it is, *verbum et literam*—

5 o'clock—I am somewhat in a hurry, so you must excuse any informalities of address, &c. I find that swimming a river in November, in this climate, is no cautious job. Thank you, dear doctor, for the remarkable care with which you had me secured last night. I was really afraid that something might have happened to me if I had not been so snugly enclosed. If you happen to see or hear anything concerning that key, please inform me by return of mail. I got one this morning that answered as well. I am writing this in a fellow's shop, and he is so cursed sulky, and I am so completely chilled, that I must close. To all inquiring friends, please quote these admirable lines from *Harper's Magazine*—

"Is it any body's business  
What another's business is?"

If you wish to know concerning my legira, I have not time to write the particulars, but can say with warlike Richmond—"Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment." God bless you and yours, doctor, and farewell.

E. MAURICE.

THE VATICAN.—This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1200 feet in length, and 1000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1160, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II, a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II. King of Arragon. In 1305, Clement V, at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect, for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually encircled it with antiquities, statues, pictures, and books until it became the richest depository in the world. The library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian, and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the masters; and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description. When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the riches of the Vatican. It will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist, and the scholar. Raffaele and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their thrones will be endurable as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers.

They that have read about everything are thought to understand everything, too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.—*Channing.*

A traveler narrating the wonders of foreign parts, declared he had seen a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was quite evident that they were not prepared to receive it, even if it had been a sugar cane. "Pray what kind of a cane was it?" asked one sneeringly. "It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

Italy.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," said

draw attention to them. The result was that the

To BOIL A DUCK OR RABBIT.—Use a good deal of water, and skim it as often as anything rises. Half an hour will boil them. Make a gravy of sweet cream, butter and flour, a little parsley chopped small, pepper and salt, and stew until done, lay them in a dish, and pour the gravy over them.