

# Southern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS,  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

Devoted to all the Interests of The South, Literature, Education, Agriculture, News, the Markets, &c.

VOL. III—NO. 45.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 149.

Mr. Alexander—Cph. Brown  
Mr. Polk—Adm. Alexander  
David Rees—J. H. Alexander  
Rev. Alexander—John Puffer  
Rev. James—Richard Berry  
W. Kennon  
Benjamin Patton—John Poole  
John Davidson—William Graham  
John L. Linn—Wrightsville Avery  
Charles Alexander  
Henry Downs—W. H. Harris  
C. J. Alexander—Nell Morrison  
James Harris

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MOCKENBURG COMMITTEE.

## PARLOR AND KITCHEN, OR, THE TRIALS OF BIDDY MCCARTY.

BY MRS. S. P. DUNCAN.

"An' 'tis this the place where I am to be after paying my fifty cents an' find a situation to my liking, yer honor?" inquired a rosy-cheeked good humored looking Irish woman presenting herself at the door of one of the most extensive intelligence offices in the city.

"The same my good woman," replied the serious little man within. "Pay me your fifty cents and I will register your name on my books. There are as plenty as blackberries. You'll be only too full what wages you desire and what kind of work you are best suited for."

"As to the wages, I want all I can get and as to the work, I'll have it exactly to your honor. Just set me about what ye like."

"But what have you been accustomed to doing?" Every one has a past record, you know.

"Faith an' I have none at all. I will just turn my hand to anything."

"How long have you been in the country, my friend?" and what is your name? asked the little man in a polite and business-like manner as he turned over the leaves of his book.

"Biddy McCarty, please yer honor, an' I landed in America just two or three days ago."

"Twelve hours ago?" A regular greenhorn, ejaculated the dealer in domesticities of every description, holding his pen suspended. "Have you found your way here so soon? Have you friends in the city?"

"Not a bit of a friend barring those that I make by my conduct, and I hope to call yer honor one of the number," was the smiling reply. "Here is the fifty cents, and when will you give me the place?"

"As soon as possible, good woman. These things take a little time you know. I have no one on my books just now who wish for a greenhorn, but there are always plenty coming. Of course you will go for low wages while you are learning."

"Perhaps so yer honor," was the doubtful reply, "but the farming is the hardest. I'm aisy tought though."

"That's a good thing, Biddy. Will you try a situation as general housemaid or will you keep to one branch, say cooking, chamber work or taking care of children?"

"The children are two much for me, an' I'm aisy tought, but as to the cooking and chamber work, I would make a poor hand at them. What is the other place ye mentioned?"

"That will suit me yer honor. It's dull work doing one thing all the time. And now, if it please you, my trunk is nearest the door, and I will be after takin' it where yer honor may direct."

"Your trunk? Oh, that must be left at your lodgings until a suitable place is procured."

"Not a bit of a lodging have I save the ship, and I was glad to get out of her. But sure I have paid my fifty cents and yer honor will befriend me and find me a home?"

"As soon as possible Biddy. In the meantime look out for some place to lodge and take your trunk there at once. Come here for an hour or two, every morning, and if you like in the afternoon also."

"An' shall I tell the good people who take me in that yer honor will be accountable? enquired Biddy looking somewhat perplexed.

"By no means. I have nothing to do with your boarding place," replied the astonished clerk.

"Then give me the fifty cents if you please, and I will settle for myself."

"A long explanation at length Biddy right, and she comprehended that the payment of fifty cents did not insure her bed and board for the next six months so fully as she had supposed.

"An' what will become of me while you are seeking for a suitable situation," she inquired with a crest-fallen countenance. "In truth it is the dearest creature I am in this land of strangers."

"It is from county Longford ye are?" inquired a respectable looking Irishman, who stood upon the threshold of the open door.

"The very same, an' sorra the day it was when I left it."

"Oy relation to Dennis McCarty?" continued the quoter.

"First cousin to him, may it please you, an' a likely man he is."

"Mayhap ye are a kin to my wife, who was Esther McCarty before she became Mistress O'Reilly, an' if ye like to share our poor lodgings ye are intirely welcome, until the gentleman can find you a place."

A torrent of thanks from Biddy were cut short by the Irishman shouldering her trunk and leading the way to the one small attic room where his wife and four children gave their guests a friendly welcome and felt themselves well repaid for the temporary inconveniences to which the visit subjected them by the pleasure they felt in adding the new comer, and in hearing from the spot which still seemed to them their home.

For several succeeding days Biddy present herself at the intelligence office, but without success. More experienced help was generally desired.

At length however a family residing in the outskirts of the city, in a situation deemed too far out by the domestic aristocracy, consented to receive her upon trial.

"You will not find our work difficult Biddy," remarked the mistress as she visited the kitchen, upon being informed of the arrival of the corner.

"I dare say not, mam, when I once get the fashion of the place, I'm aisy tached ma'am."

"Well, Biddy, we have just breakfasted as you see. The first thing to be done is to clear up."

"Of course, yer ladyship; just to wash the dishes an' tidy the house."

"Exactly, Biddy. After this is done come to me for directions concerning dinner."

Mrs. Anderson retired with the pleasant reflection that she had given all necessary instructions. She was but a new housekeeper, for the first eight or nine years of married life had been passed at a boarding house. Since entering an establishment of her own she had been blessed with one of those all accomplished domestics who require neither assistance or direction from the mistress but are quite competent to conduct the household affairs themselves. But she was weary of the quietness of an almost country life, and found a more desirable situation in the centre of the city.

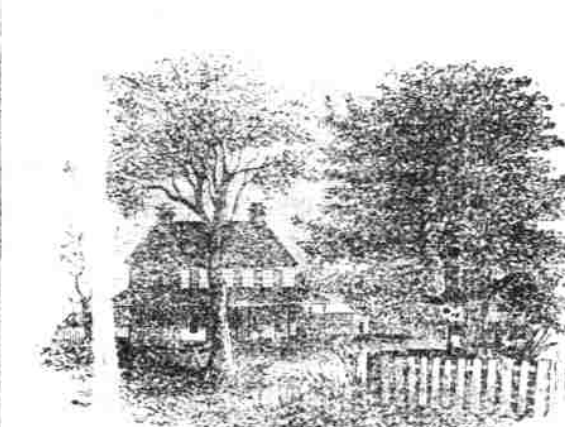
"Let us try a greenhorn," suggested Mr. Anderson. "You have leisure to teach her and she will be more contented than one who has lived in the city for several years."

No doubts of her capability of directing entered the mind of his wife and she willingly assented.

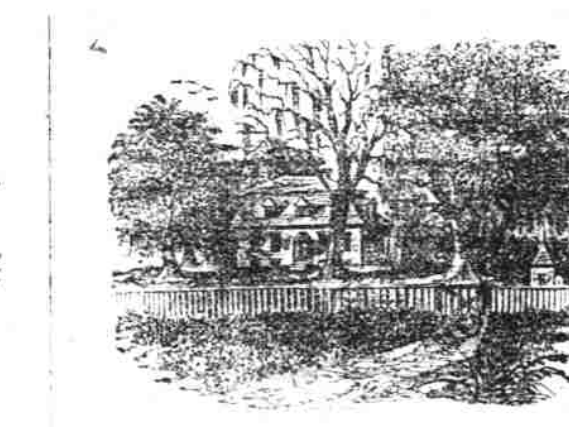
"On the whole, I think I should prefer it," she remarked. "An ignorant person will be more respectful. I disliked to enter the kitchen when Catharine was here. She evidently thought herself as my superior."



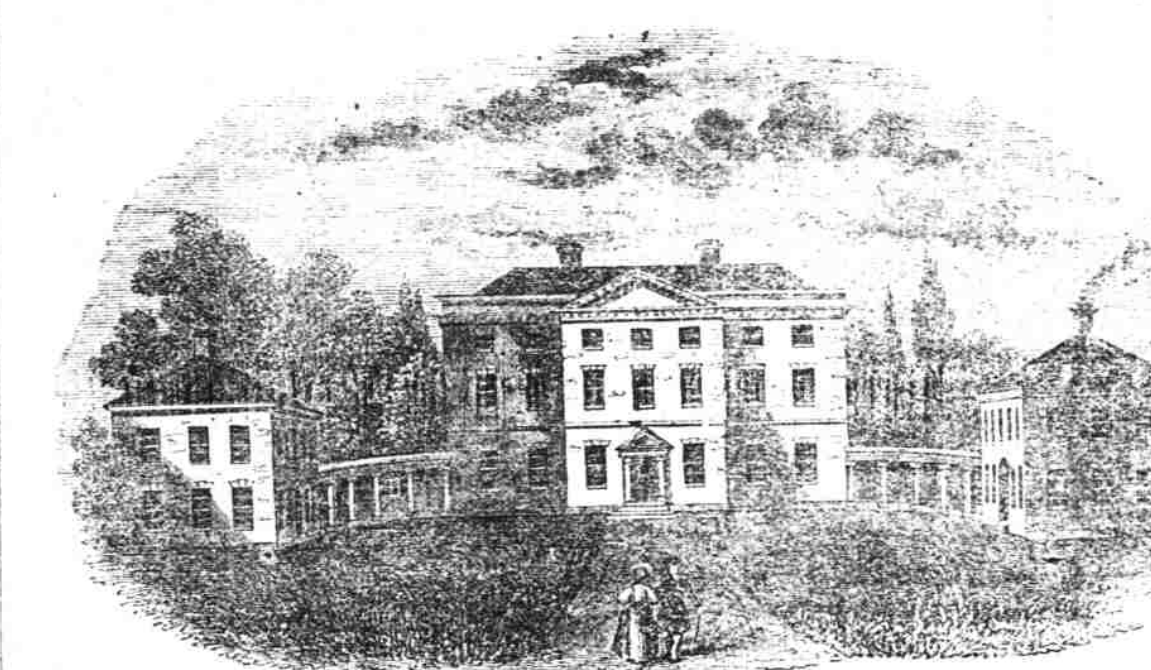
This engraving represents the battle ground on which the North Carolina Regulars were routed by Gov. Tryon, May 20th, 1771. The action was fought near the Alamance river in the present county bearing the same name. About two thousand of the insurgents, many of them unarmed, without orders or military organization, were assembled on the spot, with no definite design except to meet upon a redress of their grievances. Tryon, relying on negotiation, and thirsting for blood, attacked them in the midst of the earnest entreaties of the peaceable citizens to conciliate the parties. Some of the regulars made a brave resistance, but for want of ammunition were finally overcome.



The foregoing engraving is a view, on a small scale, of the residence of Col. Alexander Lillington, of New-Hanover, who distinguished himself so brilliantly at the Battle of Moore's Creek, in 1776.



Above we have a view of the residence of Gen. Harnett, distinguished in our revolutionary history for his zeal in the patriot cause. Mr. Harnett was chairman of the committee of the Provincial Congress, which reported at Halifax, the resolutions of independence, of which he is known to have been the author.



This edifice represented above was the Governorial Palace of Gov. Tryon, erected at New-Berne, 1770. It is said to have been a noble and elegant structure, with a Latin inscription over the principal entrance suggested by Sir Wm. Draper of British celebrity.

So the greenhorn was decided upon, and our friend Biddy—as favorable a specimen perhaps as could be found—was introduced as we have seen.

Alas, poor Biddy! Her trials had commenced. The task of clearing up was a simple one to be set on to an adept in these matters, but a South Sea Islander, suddenly transported to the centre of a large city, and desired to perform some common labor, could hardly have been more confused than she at the heterogeneous mass by which she was surrounded.

In her own country her father's house had been her home. A bed, two or three chairs, a round table, and the most essential domestic utensils, were all that constituted the kitchen, upon being informed of the arrival of the corner.

"I dare say not, mam, when I once get the fashion of the place, I'm aisy tached ma'am."

"Well, Biddy, we have just breakfasted as you see. The first thing to be done is to clear up."

"Of course, yer ladyship; just to wash the dishes an' tidy the house."

"Exactly, Biddy. After this is done come to me for directions concerning dinner."

Mrs. Anderson retired with the pleasant reflection that she had given all necessary instructions. She was but a new housekeeper, for the first eight or nine years of married life had been passed at a boarding house. Since entering an establishment of her own she had been blessed with one of those all accomplished domestics who require neither assistance or direction from the mistress but are quite competent to conduct the household affairs themselves. But she was weary of the quietness of an almost country life, and found a more desirable situation in the centre of the city.

"Let us try a greenhorn," suggested Mr. Anderson. "You have leisure to teach her and she will be more contented than one who has lived in the city for several years."

No doubts of her capability of directing entered the mind of his wife and she willingly assented.

"On the whole, I think I should prefer it," she remarked. "An ignorant person will be more respectful. I disliked to enter the kitchen when Catharine was here. She evidently thought herself as my superior."



The foregoing engraving taken from the "Revolutionary History of North Carolina" by Hawley Swain and Graham, represents the scene witnessed at Charlotte, Mockenburgh Co., on the 19th of May 1776, on the reception of the news of the Battle of Lexington. An express rider has just arrived with a handbill detailing the more interesting facts connected with that exciting event, which had occurred just one month before. The messenger has not yet alighted from his pedit horse; the men of Mockenburgh have gathered around him with an ardor of patriotic interest which the artist has well portrayed in their bent postures and eager efforts to see or hear the contents of the paper. An intense excitement animates every bosom, and the spirit of discontent rapidly ripens into the hope of liberty and resolutions of independence. On the next day the celebrated instrument, styled the Mockenburgh Declaration of Independence, was adopted by the people of that county.

A short time, however, cooled Biddy's resentment, and, with a smiling countenance she presented herself at the door of the parlor, to ask for directions concerning the dinner.

"Our dinner is a very simple affair, to-day, Biddy; merely a cold steak, potatoes, and a rice pudding. Have it ready at two o'clock; Mr. Anderson will be at home at that time."

"I will do my best endeavors, ma'am, but your ladyship is members that I do not altogether understand the cooking I'm aisy tached, however."

"Certainly, Biddy, I will give you all necessary directions. The steak is to be broiled, the potatoes boiled and mashed, and the pudding baked in the oven."

Mrs. Anderson paused as if somewhat amazed at the amount of her knowledge; but the cloud still rested upon Biddy's brow.

"How will I make the pudding, ma'am?"

"Oh! a common rice pudding, Biddy. Just milk and eggs and rice. I do not know the exact proportions, but you cannot fail of getting it right. It is the easiest pudding of all to make."

"And is it in the stove I will cook the dinner, ma'am?"

"Of course. Have a good fire, Biddy."

"If you please ma'am, I'm quite ignorant like of a stove. I never made a fire in one in my life. I'm aisy tached ma'am, if your ladyship will take the trouble."

"Just clear it all out, Biddy, and then kindle the coal with pine wood."

"Thank you, ma'am, replied Biddy, curtseying as she left the room.

Half an hour elapsed, and the dense smoke which poured through the house, summoned Mrs. Anderson to the kitchen.

"Och, ma'am an' don't ye be coming to the like of this," exclaimed Biddy, as she entered. "Your swate eyes will be clane out entirely."

"What is the matter, Biddy?"

"Indeed, ma'am, an' that's what I'd be glad to know. The chimney is burning, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps you have not managed the stove right," suggested Mrs. Anderson, hastily retreating to the front parlour.

"I put in the pine wood and the coal, as your ladyship directed," replied Biddy, giving the fire a vigorous poke as she spoke. "But indeed, the fire is worked out to such a degree that it will burn itself out."

Mrs. Anderson had little knowledge of the necessary rules in making a fire or managing a stove but the emergency was a pressing one.

"Are the dampers open, Biddy?" she asked after a moment's thought.

"And what may those be, my lady?" was the natural inquiry.

Quite in despair, the greenhorn mistress forced her way to the stove, followed closely by the greenhorn maid.

All right, of course. A desperate pull or two opened a passage for the smoke. The first began to burn.

"It will go now, Biddy. Keep the dampers open," gasped Mrs. Anderson, as with streaming eyes she left the kitchen.

The place of the experienced Catharine had been temporarily supplied until Biddy's arrival. This was the first time the mistress had been called upon, and little was she prepared for the exigency. The various preliminary steps necessary to the proper appearance of a breakfast, potatoes and rice pudding, were entirely above or below her comprehension. She had heard it called a simple dinner, and as such had selected it for her new hand-maiden's first attempt.

Quite elated that she had discovered the cause of the smoke, and had succeeded in making the fire burn, she took it for granted that all would be ready at the appointed hour; and quietly seated herself to fit a new dress for Mrs. Mary's doll, to the great delight of the little girl.

The clock gave notice that it was half-past one when Biddy again appeared.

"Fire clane out, ma'am," she exclaimed, with the same good-natured smile upon her countenance. "I'm not finding out the way of the stove, at all."

performance of certain tasks which she would gladly have performed had her hands been at liberty.

"Is the side-walk cleaned off, Biddy?"

"No, ma'am, not yet; but I'm after going to it directly."

"Why, an' all not done before this hour?" inquired the mistress, particularly directing her to clean it every morning while we are at breakfast."

"Yes, ma'am, but may it please you, I had the baby this morning."

"Well, there has been time enough to do it, if you had managed right. You must learn to step quick. I always do."

Poor Biddy! it was all step with her. Rise early, hurry up the work as quick as possible, leave all in order, and seizing a few leisure moments in the afternoon, steal to her own room, hoping to put a few stitches in a torn frock, or ragged apron. The needle is hardly threaded ere the summons comes.

"Biddy, have you cleared up?"

"Yes ma'am. All is right."

"Hurry then, and get ready to take the baby."

Work must be put by at once. Biddy hastily smoothed her uncombed hair, slipped on a clean dress and descended. Baby is fretting and fretting. The mother gladly resigns her change, and takes up her needle. The girl keeps the baby till evening. She looks tired and out of spirits. The mistress wonders what ails Biddy! She cannot be tired, nothing to do but to tend the baby all the afternoon. There are few places where the help has an easier time.

The week passes. Biddy's stock is not mended, and for want of a change, must be worn in rags. Then comes a reprimand for being untidy. Cannot she use her needle? Alas, poor Biddy! there is little use in replying. Silence is her only refuge.

Once more she presents herself at the intelligence office.

"An' sure you must be after finding me a situation where there is no baby."

"No baby! That is rather difficult. I thought you loved children."

"An' truth an' I do. Blessings on their swate faces, but when I'm doing general house work, The two trades don't agree."

The man of business smiles, and directs her to another number.

New trials present themselves. Biddy's present mistress passes but little time in the kitchen. No matter for that. Biddy has acquired considerable knowledge within the past few weeks, and feels quite competent to go on by herself. But the lady pays a daily visit of inspection. Nothing escapes her scrutinizing eye, and all must be set right at once, no matter how inconvenient the time, or how various the duties. There is no telling at what hour she will appear. Perchance, Biddy's hands are in the dough. A glance at one of the closets shows many errors.

"Biddy, just wash your hands, and step here," Biddy obeys. The mistakes are pointed out and the mistress waits till they are rectified. The kneading of the bread is recommenced, but there is little hope that it will be finished without another interruption.

Washing day arrives. The lady informs her new girl that she is particular about the washing.

Biddy hopes she will give satisfaction. She rises early, and exerts herself to the utmost. Breakfast time comes, and she places it upon the table. After the meal is over, she hopes for little help about the dishes and clearing up, but none appears. Wishing to give the clothes a good washing that day, she sets by the dishes and gives the floor a lasty brush and turns to the tub.

The usual visit of inspection is made. Things certainly have a disorderly appearance. Biddy is summoned imperatively, and reprimanded for her neglect. She pleads washing-day as an excuse, but is assured that a tidy girl will have everything as nice on that day as on any other. Then comes the dinner. No regard to Biddy's convenience. The heavy wash-bowl must be moved to make room for various required delicacies, and the washing must be put aside while they are prepared. Yet the clothes must all be completed in one day—washed, dried, and neatly folded for the ironing. No kindly word is spoken or helping hand extended to poor Biddy. Weary enough, she creeps to her comfortable room in the attic, so fearful that she will not be up by the time in the morning. There must be no delay about breakfast. It must be ready to a moment. But very seldom are all the family prepared at the appointed hour. One by one they come straggling along, each claiming attention, delaying the morning work, and preventing Biddy, whose turn comes last, of course, from breaking her own fast, which has, doubtless, been a long one.

Sunday arrives—the day of rest. But the prospect is no more favorable. This is the day for company. The mistress herself aids in the preparations. A great dinner is necessary. If it ended here it would be well, but those never-ending dishes—Biddy may relinquish all hope of attending church or vespers, or even a run in the evening. It would be impossible. She may drag through her work, and then hurry to bed, for another washing-day is approaching.