

# CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE.

\$2 PER ANNUM,

Without offense to friends or foes,  
We sketch the world exactly as it goes.

[IN ADVANCE

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, FOREIGN AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

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## OUR STORY TELLER.

Now fiction's groves we tread, where young romance,  
Lays the glad senses in her sweetest throng.

### A TALE OF THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

BY DEN PERLEY POOLE.

"Viva el Adelanto!" The shout of welcome echoed through the city of Santiago de Cuba (since known as Havana), when on the last Saturday in May, 1538, the gallant Hernando de Soto landed with his princely retinue. Great preparations had been made by the loyal inhabitants for an imposing reception, and the streets were filled with a curious crowd eager to behold their new ruler. At length the discharge of ordnance announced that the procession had left the water-side, nor was it long before the numerous retinue defiled before the applauding Cubans.

A band of pikemen led the way, wearing iron corselets and bearing long pikes with steel blades glittering in the sun. They were followed by a band of archers, with well-filled quivers, and their came a small band of the newly-organized halberdiers, equipped in casque and armor. The trumpeters came next, wearing their gorgeous state uniforms, and blowing fanfare upon their clarions, which were ornamented with silken banners. After the trumpeters came an esquire, bearing a banner on which was embroidered De Soto's arms and attended by twelve yeomen carrying muskets. And now, loud shouts announced the advent of the Adelanto.

The conqueror of Peru was then in the prime of life, and rode with chivalrous bearing upon the richly caparisoned charger just presented to him. He wore a full suit of polished steel armor, richly inlaid with gold, while about his neck was the gorgeous collar of the order of the Golden Fleece, a gift from his monarch. By his side, mounted on an ambulant mule, Donna Isabella, his noble bride, and following them came a train of esquires, pages and men-at-arms, wearing the armorial bearing of the Adelanto. A long column of knights followed, their polished armor flashing in the sunlight, their penguins and plumes floating in the air, and their Andalusian chargers curvetting along as if panting for the contest. Never had such a gallant body been seen in Santiago, as this brilliant retinue which escorted Hernando De Soto to the cathedral, where a high mass was to be offered up for their safe arrival from old Spain.

"Holy mother, but it is a glorious sight!" exclaimed a young girl, who had stood in a large window in the "Calle de Ignacio," gazing through the ornamented iron work at the glittering host, as it defiled past; nor could she but feel flattered at the homage paid her by the cavaliers as they passed—many of them raising in their seats to gaze at her charms. Nor was this to be wondered at, for her beauty was that of old Andalusian stamp, which not even the gentleness of the fairer sex can quite conceal the latent fire of the soul—Masses of raven hair lay lightly upon her brow, like untwisted silk upon white velvet, and were gathered together by a large comb, which also secured a rich lace veil. Her languid eyes were black as jet, her lips poutingly invited kisses, and in her rounded chin was a dimple wherein Cupid could have rested with delight. Her flexible form moved to and fro as if swayed with the wind's breath, while a tiny foot occasionally peeped from beneath the ample skirts of her white muslin robe, beating time to the inspiring peals of the trumpets. Need we add that she carried a magnificent form, which she handled with exquisite grace?

"I am at your feet, senorita," said a gallant cavalier, approaching the window, and courteously doffing his plumed hat. It was that worthy Hidalgo, Don Vasco Por-

callo de Figueroa, whose scared cheek and grizzled hair bore evidence of his long services in the Old World ere he crossed the Atlantic. Bringing the spoils of his valor, he had purchased a valuable estate near Trinidad, although during the gay season he resided at Havana. And of all possessions, amusements or avocations, nothing gave him one tithe of the anxiety as the young girl whom we have described in the preceding paragraph, and who now answered his figurative salutation by exclaiming:

"Nay, dear guardian, rather come and stand by my side. It is a noble sight, isn't it?"

"Yes, by my faith it is," replied the Don Vasco; then entering the court, he soon occupied a place in the window. We have said that he had seen much service and that his hair was turning grey, yet he had not seen fifty harvest moons, nor was there a more graceful cavalier at the Adelanto's balls. Tall, compactly built, with an electric black eye and a winning smile, he was the envy of many younger Hidalgoes, while his broad acres made him the more attractive to match-making donnas. As honorable as he was honest, and as faithful as he was brave, his dying comrade—Don Antonio Gonzalez, had felt great joy when he entrusted his daughter into the hands of so true a guardian. And Don Vasco, regarding the last wish of his friend as a solemn duty, had ever used every exertion to rear the Donna Inez as he would have brought up his own daughter.

"And do you not like it?" inquired the damsel, as her guardian stepped upon the window platform: "do you not like this flashing armor, these spirited horses, these waving banners, these bright suits of steel?" "O, yes, guardian, you must like it," I should think that the enticing notes of these trumpets would make you blood surge through your veins like a maelstrom."

"Yes, indeed. I have decided to join this expedition, if De Soto will accept my poor sword."

"What," exclaimed Donna Inez, with a look of uneasiness, "you go to the wars a gain! O, for the sake of the blessed virgin do not go!"

"Nay, my fair ward; were you not just admiring the scene?" said her guardian.

"Ay, but this is not the picture presented at the close of a hard fought battle,—when brave knights lie suffering in agony, or die in despair! Then, after a short pause, and an evident struggle in order to keep from bursting into tears, she added: "And it was there my father breathed his last."

"True; but this expedition is not similar to a European campaign. These Hidalgoes go in quest of adventure, I admit; but they expect to find great wealth and very little if any opposition from the natives."

"But is there gold guardian! Will it not be like Ponce de Leon's voyage in quest of the fountain of youth?"

"I should like to find that fountain myself," said De Vasco.

"And what good would it do you?" asked Inez, the color mounting to her cheeks.

"Ah," replied the knight, with a deep sigh, "it might not avail me aught. Seriously, though my fair ward, I feel that honor calls me to join the expedition. The lady of the brave De Soto will remain here, and I feel confident that she will far eclipse my poor services. So I now kiss your hand as I must make the necessary arrangements for the management of my estates during my absence; and should I fall, Inez, remember that everything I possess will be your dower. Adios!"

"My dower," exclaimed Inez, turning from the window, and speaking hurriedly to herself, "I shall be a bride of the church, then for earth will have no object that I can love! When she reached her chamber, she bolted the door; then throwing herself upon her couch, wept long and bitterly.

For several weeks the city of Santiago was a scene of jubilee. In the daytime, the cavaliers indulged in that national yet cruel amusement of Bull fighting. Mounted on the choicest steeds, and clad in brilliant armor, the gallant knights contended for prizes of gold, or for choice embroidery, presented by the fair ones whose bright eyes graced their lists. At night there were balls and masquerades, where the future invaders of Florida mingled in the mazes of the dance.

De Soto, while he encouraged their diversions, which served to train his young cavaliers in the use of arms and in horse-ship was not a participant in the sports.

Anxiously awaiting the return of a pilot whom he had sent to discover a safe harbor for disembarkation, he occupied himself in perfecting every arrangement, nor had he a more efficient ally than Don Vasco, whose martial spirit appeared rekindled with fervor. Equipping a well-armed retinue of men from the vicinity of his estate, he soon had them the pride of the whole expedition. The excellence of their armature and equipments, the superiority of breed and good grooming of their horses, and the confidence which they evidently possessed in their veteran leader, showed that every battle must find them victorious or slain.

But to the great sorrow of Donna Inez, Donna Inez was never on the plaza to witness his troops at their daily guard-mounting, their floating plumes, polished armor and glisty chargers, now extending in line—then, at the sound of the trumpet, closing into square.

Their pennon was a scarf worked by the lady for her guardian, but she had retired to a convent, in pursuance, as she said, of a vow. Nay, she even refused to see Don Vasco, when the expedition was ready to sail, although he sent, through her confessor, a most pathetic entreaty. This conduct, considering that she was, in truth, the cause of her guardian's return to military life, was rather saddening, but he consoled himself by the thought that perhaps she was praying for his safety. The fact was, Don Vasco had fallen desperately in love with his ward, although he dared not urge his suit, but she should think that he had taken advantage of his position, and her high spirit should rebel. She persisted in refusing to see him, but on the eve of his departure, his page brought in a package, "from the Donna Inez." Tearing it open the delighted cavalier found a silken pennon on which was elaborating embroidered his armorial bearings, with the Italian motto, "che sera, sera," which may be interpreted, "whatever will be, will be."

Florida! It was on the last day of May 1539, that De Soto and his chivalric band landed at what is now called Tampa Bay, and hoisted the Spanish flag as they took possession of the country, in the name of Charles the Fifth. The scene was one of surpassing loveliness. A luxurious mass of laurels covered the ground beyond the narrow sandy beach, while beyond them towered the mastlike palm, the stately live-oak and the gorgeous magnolia. A short distance from the sea, groves of lemon and orange trees gave to the landscape the appearance of a flowery wilderness, here and there divided by quiet lagoons. Huge vines clambered from tree to tree, and a profusion of wild flowers bloomed on every hand.

But the aboriginal inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise were not disposed to yield it without a struggle, and at length a horde of them, with deafening yells, set upon a party of Spaniards. The Europeans, unused to such warfare, retreated to the boats, where Don Vasco had just landed. Hastily forming a section of his horse men he boldly attacked the Indians, and soon drove them into the interior, shouting, as he urged on the charger, "che sera, sera!" when the enemy was routed, he returned to the boats, jubilant over his success; but ere he dismounted, his steed staggered, then fell dead. An arrow had passed through the saddle, and buried itself deeply in the animal, inflicting a mortal wound.

"Nevermind," exclaimed the Don, "I have been the first to raise a lance against the infidels, and have lost the first horse by it."

On reviewing his troops that afternoon, Don Vasco somewhat annoyed to find that one of his most trusty men-at-arms had brought a striking son to share the perils of the expedition.

"May it please your grace," said the man, "I wish to train him to the pursuit of arms."

"But what can his slight arm do?" inquired the Don.

"Little, now, I admit. But he knows how to dress a wound and take care of a sick comrade, and he is as true as steel."

"Well, well," replied Don Vasco, who was pleased with the youth's appearance, "you are a worthy fellow, Pedro, and I will take the boy as my page."

The delighted youth uttered an exclamation of joy, and that day he occupied a tent used for baggage, and near that of his master it was noticed by some that Pedro accompanied his son to his new quarters, and relieved him from all menial duties; but indulgent parents are too common to excite much attention. Never was such a page seen as Jose, and soon, for

for want of a better confidant. Don Vasco told him of his love, almost hopeless as it was, for his ward.

Meanwhile, De Soto found himself opposed by a canoe, who remained implacably hostile, and he was about to send a captain with troops to conquer him, when the honor was obtained by Don Vasco. Mustering his band, he selected a picked detachment, and at the earnest entreaty of his page, the youth was of the party. They left in great pomp, with trumpets sounding, and the cherished banner waving in the breeze, while Don Vasco, vauntingly declared that he would bring Hirihiqua back either as a friend or as a captive. "Che sera, sera!"

As the Spaniards advanced, messenger after messenger came from Hirihiqua, warning him not to proceed; but the hot-headed Don Vasco judged that this was evidence of the cowardice of his foe. Spurring on, he at last came to a tangled hammock, in which was a dismal looking moor, shaded by cypresses. This his men knew it would be impossible to cross, laden as they were with heavy armor; but his steed soon floundered and fell. It was intended for him to extricate himself, and he was in danger of sinking into the quagmire. But his page managed to go to his rescue, by throwing pieces of bark before him, that supported his freight, and thus enabled him to carry a rope to Don Vasco. Pulled out, all besmeared with mud, the great fallen cavalier felt that the martial foe so suddenly rekindled, was as suddenly extinct, and he ordered a retreat to the camp, humbled by the potent Hirihiqua who had encircled him with friendly warning, and had imprisoned him in a mud-hole to be rescued by a page.

Just as the troops were preparing to retire, a vicious horse reared and striking out with his fore feet, kicked the page with such force that he fell from his saddle.—then it was that Pedro disclosed his secret, and Don Vasco discovered that the page was his devoted ward, Donna Inez. Clapping her to his bosom, he vowed that henceforth no earthly power should separate them.

"Not even Hirihiqua?" inquired the senorita, with a smile, despite her suffering.

"Hang Hirihiqua and all the other quags! you will be mine, I will leave all this soldiering to the younger hands, and we will return to Cuba. What say you my ward?"

"Must I not follow my guardians advice."

"Nay, if I had not loved you as a civilian, what would have me follow you here when you put on your armor! A kiss sealed the contract."

The next day, as De Soto sat before his tent, chatting with his confessor, a cavalade approached. It was Don Vasco, with soiled attire, walking by the side of a litter, upon which lay his page, while his troop followed in picturesque disorder.

"I have a boon to ask," said the knight. Let my lieutenant, Gomez, take command of my troop, and retain all my munitions of war, but I only ask the blessing of this holy father upon my fair ward, here in masquerade, and leave to go home.

"You shall have all you ask," replied De Soto, although I regret to lose you. But as love made you enlist, love shall procure your discharge."

Theirs was a long and happy life, and among the ornaments of their palatial residence; yet Standing in Havana, is a painting procured by a Spaniard, who more fortunate than Don Vasco, was not enticed into a swamp.

#### True Housekeeping

We will give to intellect, to immortality, to religion, and to all virtues, the honor that belongs to them. And still it may be boldly affirmed that economy, taste, skill, and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. Nor is it indispensably necessary that a house should be filled with luxuries. The qualifications for all good house keeping can be displayed as well on a small as a large one. A small house can be more easily kept clean than a palace. Economy is most needed in the absence of abundance.

Taste is as well displayed in placing the dishes on a pine table as in arranging the folds of a damask curtain. The charm of good housekeeping is in the order, economy and taste displayed in attending to little things and these little things

have a wonderful influence.

A dirty kitchen and bad cooking has driven many a one from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else.

Domestic economy is a science, a theory of life which all sensible women ought to study and practice. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.

In this connection, we print Dr. Calvin Chapin's description of

#### A Good Wife

In the eighty fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife. My domestic enjoyments have been perhaps as near perfection as the humane condition permits. She made my home the pleasant spot to me on earth. And now that she is gone my worldly loss is perfect.

She made home the pleasant spot to me on earth. What a grand tribute to that woman's love and piety and common sense. Rather different was the testimony of an old man some three years ago just before he was hung in the Tombs yard of this city. I did not intend to kill my wife but she was a very aggravating woman. Let each wife inquire.

#### Which am I.

#### A GOOD BEAR STORY.

Well, they was down in Baffin's way or some other of them cold-Norwegian lays at the North where the rain freezes as it comes down and stands up in the air on winter mornings like green mountains of ice all in streaks. Well the schooner was layen at anchor and all the hands was out in the small boats looken for wales, all except the captain, who said he wain't wall that day. Well he was walkin up and down on-look smokin and thinkin I expect mostly when all on a sud ten he reckoned he see one o them big white bears, polar bears you know, big as thunder, with long white teeth. He reckoned he see one of em sculpin along on a great cake o ice they lay on the leeward side of the bay up again on the bank. The old chap wanted to kill one o them yarminis most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho' he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one em at last and fix his mutton for him right. So he ruf furrid and lay fold on to a small skiff that was layen near the fore-stal and run her out and launched her. Then he truck a drink, and here's luck, and put in a stiff load of powder a couple of balls and jumped in and pulled for the ice.

It was not long fore he got cross the bay for it was a narrow piece o water, not more than half a mile wide, and then got out on the ice. It was a smart and large cake and the bear was way down to the tother end on't by the edge o the water.—So he first walked first strut along, and when he got purty close he walked raud catecornered like, likes if he was driven for a plain plover, so that the bear wou'dn't think he was coming after him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees low down, moosly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got within about fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big the bear did that the captain stopped and rested on his knees and put up his gun as if he was agoin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and sniffed up the captain, just as one o Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress, and began to walk towards him slowly like. He cum along, the captain win clump, clump, very slow and made the ice bent and crack again under him so that the water come up and party much kivered it all over.

Well, there the captain was all the time squat on his knees with his gun panted waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs, was most mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captain would taste and so he left off walking slow and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man with his mouth wide open, roaren and his tail spiken out stiff. The captain kept still looken out at the time purty shary, I should say till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash and reared up and the balls went into his two hind legs just by the joint, one into each; and boke the thigh bones smack off so that he went right down aft on the ice, thump on his hind quarters with nothing standen but his fore legs and his head riz up a growled at the captain. When the old man see him down and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely thinkin he to himself, thinkin he might as

well get up and go out his throat. So he tuck out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up he found to his astonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh, it is a fact; there ain't no doubts. The water, you see, had been round him a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and its wonderful cold in them regions as I was sayen, end you'll freeze in a minit if you don't be moveen about smartly.

So the captain he strained, first one leg and then he strained the other, but he could not move em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch, and a half deeper from knee to toe, tight as a Jarsey oyster perryggon on a mudflat at low water. So he laid down his gun and looked at the bear and then doubled up his fists.

Come on, you bloody yarmin, says the old man as the bear walloped along on his hinder end comen at him. He kept gettin weaker tho', and wemen slower all the time so that, at last he didn't seem to move none, and directly when he'd got so near that the captain could give him a dig in the nose by reachin forrard putty smart and far, the captain see that the bear was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captain burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down to his thighs and roared. The bear seemed to be most oemighty mad at the old mans fun and set up a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captain and the bear, down to the water edge and the wind jist then a shiften, and com-off shore away they floated on a cake of ice about ten ly six, off to sea, without the darnd a biscuit or a quart o liquor to stand em on the cruise. There they sot, the bear and the captain, just so near that when they both reached forrard, they could just about touch noses, and, nother one not able to move any part on him only his upper part and fore paws.

By jolly. That was rather a critical predicament, Venus cried Ned, buttoning his coat. I should have thought that the captains, nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too.

That's quite nay! to suppose, sir but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper part by bein so close to him and breathen hand and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals and has a monstrous deal o heat in em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captain knowed this add whenever he felt chilly, he jist tuck his ramron and stirred up the old rascal, made him roar and squeal and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captain, and made the air quite moderant and pleasent.

Well go on Venus. Take another horn first.

Well there aint much more on't. Off they went to sea and sometimes the wind druv em north, and then again it druv em southe, but they went south mostly and so it went on until they were out about three weeks. So at last one afternoon late.

But Venus stop! tell us in the name of wonder how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?

Why sir, be shore it was a hard kind o life to support but a hardy man will get used to almost.

No, no; what did he eat? what did he feed on.

O—O—I'd like to've skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heard different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Berity told me he reconed the captain cut off one of the bears paws when he lay stretched out a deep one day with his jack knife and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o nourishment in a white bears foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my pinion I should say my old mans account is the rightest and that's, what as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts they begun, to grow kind o hungry, and then they got friendly for misery lokes company, you know; and the captain said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say. Captain what the devil shall we do! Well one day they was sitted looken at each other with the tears ready to burst out o their eyes when all in a hurry something come floppen ty out o the water onto the ice. The Captain looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes flindled up as he looked at it and then the captain said he gave him a wink to keep still. So there they sot still as starch till the seal sot thicken nother o them no more nor if they were dead walked up between them. Then slump went down old whites nicks into the fishes flesh and the

captain run his jack knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters and then the captain cut a big hunk off of the tail end and put it behind him, out of the bears reach and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise though the bear couldn't say as much for himself.

Well, the bear, of course, soon ran out o provisions and had to put himself on to short allowance, and then he begun to show his natural liver. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go and tried to look the captins piece of seal but when he found he couldn't reach that he begun to howl and yell. Then he rared up and roared and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared and pouted his big paws and head upon the ice till by and by, the ice cracked in two again and split right through between the bear and the captain and there they was on two different pieces o ice the captain and the bear. The old man said he raly felt sorry at partin company, and when the cake split and separated he cut off about half o pound o seal and clucked it to the bear.—But either because want enough for him or else on account o his feelings bad at the captins noen the beast wou'dn't touch it to eat it and he laid it down and growled and mooured over it quite pittul. Well off they went one way and tother nother way both feelin pretty bad I expect.—After a while the captain got smart and cold and felt mighty lousesome and he said he raly thought he'd a gin in and died if they hadn't pickd him up that afternoon.

Who picked him up Venus?

A codfish craft off Newfoundland I expect. They didnt know what to make of him, when they first see him slingen ep his hat for em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple of muskets aboard and started off expecten it was a sea serpent or an old marmalaid. They wou'dn't believe it was a man, until he'd told em all about it, and then they did not hardly believe it nother, and they cut him out of the ice and tuck him aboard on their vessel and rubbed his legs with fire o vitrol, but it was a long time afore they come to.

Didn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out Venus?

No, sir, I believe not, not as bad as one might suppose, for you see he'd been stuck in so long that the circulation on his blood that kind o rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut it cracked off pretty smart and easy and he come out whole like a hard biled egg.

What became of the bear.

Cant say as to that, what become o him he went off to sea somewhere, I expect.—I should like to know myself how the varment got along, right well for it was kind in him to let the captain have the biggest haaf o the seal anyhow. That's all boys.—How many's asleep?

#### Cozzen's Wine Press

If you would like to have a wife, who is one of a thousand, you should marry an Emily or Emma, for any printer can tell you that Em's are always counted by the thousands.

A young woman committed suicide in the 17 ward, Philadelphia, on Friday last because her mother refused to buy her a new bonnet.

If a girl thinks more of her heels than her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young men will please put this down.

Cool.—The mother of Gothe having been invited to a party on the day she died she sent for answer that Madame Gothe could not come as she was engaged in dying.

Union and Independence.—We must be unanimous observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the American Declaration of Independence; there must be no pulling different ways, we must all hang together.

Yes added Franklin, we must all hang together or most assuredly, we shall all hang separately.

Sarah Dear, said a waggish husband to his wife, I were in your place, I wouldn't keep the babe so full of butter as you do.

Butter my dear! I never give it any butter.

No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on your knee for nearly two hours. If it does not contain a quantity of butter by this time, it isn't for want of churning.