## CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE.

\$2 PER ANNUM,}

"Without or with offence to friends or foes, We sketch the world exactly as it goes."

IN ADVANCE

## BEVOYER TO POLITIOS, PORRIGH AND LOVAL INTELLIBRES, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, RTC.

VOLUME II.

THE CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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OUR STORY TELLER

, Now fiction's groves we tread, where young Laps the glad senses in her sweetest trance."

THE

SMITH

PARIS.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

On the afternoon of the 23d of June 1789 a large mob gathered around the blazing palace of the Count St Almer, in Paris, all armed, and obstinately determined to prevent any one endeavoring to stop the con flagration. Shouts succeeded shouts, as the burning rafters, one by one fell in, and it was not until the entire building was level with the ground that they dispersed.

In the Rue St. Josephs, but a few rods from this scene of outrage, was the workshop of Pierrie Martel, the gun-smith of Paris. It was a low, ten foot building,with nothing remarkable enough in its exterior to recommend it to notice, save the fact of so low and mean a building being situated so near the princely palace of the proud and haughty St Almer, the favorite of the King.

On the afternoon which is referred to heedless of the tumult without, Pierre and his apprentice Atoine, were quietly at work in the little shop. Government had employed him to furnish a stand of arms within a certain period, and upon this work he was now emgaged.

Every shout of the mob was distinctly heard by the gunsmith, still his hammer rung upon the anvil, as if he wished its clinking might drown the uproar; but from the frequent glances which the apprentice cast toward the window, it was evident that he at least had rather be at liberty to join the crowd than to remain at work.

Your mind is absent, boy, said Martel, looking up. Go, if you wish, and learn a lesson Frenchmen should never forget.

Fresh bursts of applause and shouts of Vive le republique filled the air, and the apprentice of Martel, gladly availing himself of this privillege, took his cap and left the shop.

For another hour Martel worked on in silence; he was then interrupted by the enterance of a neighbor.

Most glorious news, Martel, cried the new comer, but how is this-you at work, while all Paris is alive with rejoicings ? What has happened, Briel, inquired Mar tel, calmly.

Are you an idiot! exclaimed Briel. Do you pretend to say that you have not heard the news ?

Nav good Briel, replied Martel, I am but a poor mechanic, and can ill afford to lose my time for every show that comes as

long. Well, then, the story is simply this, said Count receives his death. Shame on you, of arms ?

Be as brief as possible, said Martel, my work is at a stand while I am talking with

A mob of citizens, continued Briel, attacked the palace of the haughty Count St | cause the King bestows more love upon him Almer, the King's favorite, and levelled it than you are you bound to wreak your with the ground. But what is better, two spite upon him! Shame citizens! where companies of the royal guard which were is your boasted generosity. Go, and leave ordered out, flatly refused to fire upon the bim to me. mob-

Aud the Count ! exclaimed Martel, ea-

Escaped during the confusion, disguised as a monk.

Heaven be praised, said Martel, he is preserved to feel my vengeance.

You, Martel ? Yes. I've sworn an oath, a horrid oath -the haughty Count St Almer, shall die

a violent death. How has he offended you ! said Briel. Solemnly swear that you will never divulge, without my consent, what I may im-

Many years ago, said Martel, the Count by reason of his enormous crimes, was forc. ed to embrace the Church or perish upon the scaffold. Of course he chose the first . became a monk and afterwards a confess,

I had a daughter then, a sweet flower just budding into womanhood. She was the very image of her sainted mother, and

-a double dealing villian as he was-or, as he was styled, Father Jerome, who from the first moment he saw her, laid a plan for her destruction. Too well did he succeed. What means he used, what fiend he summoned to his aid I know not, but by me ins of the accursed cenfessional in part, my poor girl fell a victim to his infernal arts. She is now dead of a broken heart, and he stalks unharmed, the favorite of a

How happens it, said Briel, if the Count | back, took the cowl he is still a noble.

When the present Louis ascended the throne, said Martel, he petitioned the See at Rome to restore St Almer to his titles, and it was granted.

But think, Martel, said Briel, think of your own fate if you fail in your attempt. The Count is rich and powerful, allied to not a greater favorite.

Were he the King, exclaimed Martel, florcely, were he Louis himself, but hush, here comes Antoine. Well boy, what has brought you back?

Come to the window quickly, cried Antoine, see, see! the mob have discovered

Martel threw open the window, and looking in the direction pointed by Antoine, saw a single person contending with the mob. He was a man apparently about 30 years of age, of a tall form and well proportioned. His white feather hung drooping over his face, and the glittering jewels of his hat were broken, and some of them destroyed. With his right hand he wielded a shining blade. Retreating slowly, he kept them at bay, while at a little dirtauce stood the two companies of guards, leaning upon their arms and looking tame-

He comes this way, exclaimed Martel,

Mariel, what mean you? demanded Bri el; what are you going to do ? What I please, replied he.

You are not going to kill him! By Heaven you shall not murder him while I

Back, Briel, interfere at your peril, shout-

Instantly the Count darted into the shop common purpose.

and pushing the door to, exclaimed : Citizen, If you be a man protect me from the fury of the rabble.

Umph, said Martel, does the proud St at the table. Almer claim the protection of a poor, despised mechanic-you surely forget, my

You will not refuse me ? No! Were the murderer of my own

mother to cross my threshold and claim the protection of my roof, he should have t, even if my own life was the forfeit. The doorway and shop were now filled

with the excited mob, shouting-Down with him-down with the aristoc

racy-vive la republique. Back, back ! shouted Martel, brandishing his ponderous axe, back, one and all: the man who moves a step toward the

men of Paris, to attack a single man with such fearful odds. What is his crime ? He's the king's favorite, murmered seve

And what of that ? retorted Martel, be-

There was a whispering for a few moments among the crowd, and then with shout of vive la Martel, they cleared the shop, leaving the Count alone with Mar-

The French are ever inconsistent-ever acting from the impulse of the moment A short time before the infuriated mob would have torn torn the nobleman in pie was not one who would have refused to de of them ? fend him, had Martel but given them the

Citizen, said the Count, you have my heartfelt thanks.

so to do. It would have been to me but be the signal to our distant friends. poor revenge to let you die by the mob. I

should rather see you die a lingering death. You know me not, Count St. Al-Indeed you are right.

There was once a nobleman of Paris .whom the Count St Almer honored with as I watched her dawning heauties, day by his friendship and confidence. The nobleman had an only child, a young and tender girl, whom the Count St Almer, under She was accustomed to confess to Almer the mask of friendship, by his devilish arts betrayed, and then thinking it satisfaction enough, consented to cross blades with the injured father. The Count fell with a wound in his breast, then the nobleman was banished, and-

> Enough, Victor Morain-Ah! villain, you know me now. Help, bo ! cried the Count, darting to

But the quick hand of the Gunsmith was upon his throat, and dragged him

with fear, would you murder me ?

No, great Count, not now. Your time has not come vet. Until the 13th of July you are respited, for by the holy virgin, by heaven, by the moon and stars you shall you to look so poverty stricken? not survive that day.

the best blood of France, and the King has horror-stricken staggered against the forge plied the Count. and then in dismay rushed out of the buil-

Night had already cast its shadows upon the city of Paris, when Martel the gunsmith, enveloped in the ample folds of a large cloak, issued from his humble dwells the retreat of the Count, and are pressing ing, and took his way to the most unfrequented part of thr city. There was no moon and the faint glimmer of the Street lamps was barely sufficient to show his path. He paused for an instant as he left the suberbs of the city and looked back in the deep gloom to see if he was watched; but nothing met his eye save the jagged, rough cast buildings of the poorer classes. Exchanging civilities with the guard on duty, he wrapped his cloak about him closer and passed into the environs with a quick-

For an hour he kept steadily at that pace, until he suddenly stopped at the enterance to a grave yard; casting another look behind to assure himself no one fol-Antoine, give me an axe, throw the door lowed, he entered the yard and gave a pe culiar kind of rap upon the face of a tomb-

> Instantly the stone sunk into the wall bright ray of light darted out, and several voices murmered-

Passing in the door closed up, and Martel found himself in the presence of 20 or ed Martel, I act my pleasure. I will not 30 men, whose knit brows and clenched fists shoewd they had met together for no

Martel immediately recognized the faces of Robespiere, Danton, Murat and others, just at day break, the key of the gloomy and throwing off his cloak he took a seat

You are late tonight, said Robespierre, in a low cautious tone.

avoiding the extra partols which are out duty took them to another part of the city. What news have you from the city ask

The best : all Paris is ripe for revolt .-This very afternoon the palace of Count St Almer was assaulted by the mob and sided with the mob.

Robespierre; have you finished the stand

en out that they were for government.

Then everything is ready, continued Ros bospierre. A few more riots such as this

As soon as possible, replied Martel; but the populace must be armed, and let the first action be the boldest, something that will strike terror to the hearts of the King will attend to it. and his ministers.

The Bastile; muttered Murat.

The Bastile, echoed a dozen voices. Let the Bastile be the first attack, said Martel, but stay-the people must be armed. The Hotel des Invalides contains 30,ces could they have got at him, now there | 000 muskets, shall we first possess ourselves

It were best, so to do, said Robespierre, but when.

On the 13th of July, replied Martel, the the gunsmith appeared between a file of then the destruction of the building comtocsin shall be sounded exactly at noon, scldiers.

You owe me nothing, replied Martel, I to call together the Parisians, and the consaved your life because it was my pleasure flagration of the Hotel des Invalides shall

Be it so, said Robespierre; and now be fore we separate, here in the close neighborhood of the mighty dead, up, all, and swear to achieve the liberty of our own dear France.

Every sword flashed in the dim candlelight, as these hardy compiritors answer-

We Swear!

CONCORD, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING,

Immediately upon pleaving the shop of the Gunsmith, the Count proceeded, with hasty steps, to the Palice of the Tuilleries. There he was never denied at ittance ; learning the king was in his private closet he ran through the familiar passages and with more haste than ceremony, arew the door open and ushered himself in.

Louis was gazing out of the window, and as the door opened, he turned with an angry rebuke upon his tongue for those who had thus dared to intrude upon hisprivacy, without previous notice; but his anger Monster, said the Count, his voice husky quickly turned to mirth, when he beheld the wo-begone countenance of the Count

How now? Count, he exclaimed, with a merry laugh, what has happened to cause

Many men would have hung themselves | day of July, and I still say it. Saying this he released his prisoner, who for the loss of such a palace as mine, re-

And what of that, rejoined Louis. million francs from our royal treasury, are already yours, to assist in restoring your palace to its original beauty. Tomorrow. we hold a court, and measures shall then be taken to bring the rioters to Justice .-Meanwhile, to show you that the loss of wealth does not deminish in the least our love and respect, accept this chain.

The Count knelt, and Louis carelessly threw a string of costly diamonds and rubies around his neck.

Most gracious Leige, said the Count rising, should you ever stand in need of my poor services, reccollect that there is one business that brought me here. Does your majesty remember Victor Morain, Count

He has returned unbidden from his ban shment. He is now in Paris in the disguise of a mechanic, and threatens me with

For what?

An old feud between our families. Will it please your Majesty to grant me a file of soldiers to lodge him in the Bastile ?

Most assuredly, cousin, if your life is in danger, replied Louis, writing a few lines and giving it to the Count. Here is an

St Almer bowed npon receiving the paper, and drawing his hat over his face left the apartment. The following morning, Bastile turned upon Martel.

That day a grand court was held by the royal family. Upon his throne sat Louis I am, replied Martel, I had difficulty in | XVI of France, and by his side his consort the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. The tonight. I was obliged to wait until their lilies of France upon silken banners drooped over their heads, and a body of the faithful Swiss Guards, with fixed beyonets, were drawn in double lines about the base of the throne.

Immediately in front stood a table richly decorated, around which were gathered razed to the ground and even the military the nobles and peers of the realm. At the foot of the throhe to the right, stood the That is indeed the best of news, said Count St. Almer, and upon the left M de Lanoy, Governor of the Bastile. The rest of the individuals present consisted of the I have, and to avoid suspicion, have giv- body guard, household officers and troops, servants and retainers.

My lords and nobles, said Louis, rising, it is with regret that we learn the depredaday has produced, will revolutionize France tions committed but yesterday upon the and then farewell to royalty. We must property of a good and loyal subject the gates in. now let actions speak : enough has been | Count St Almer. Sire de Launoy, you wasted in words. When shall we com | will see that the rebellious soldiery, who refused to fire upon the mob according to your orders, are arrested and brought before us. The Count will furnish you with a list of the ringleaders of the riot and you

May it please your Majesty, sald Lau-

What say you? replied Louis. It were best to station a few troops at the Bastle, as I fear that will be the next

building assaulted by the mob. in the prisoner.

at the lower end of the hall divided, and mangled bodies thrown into the vard and prising."

Release him, said Louis. It was done.

SEPTEMBER 1 1855.

Are you Pierre Martel 1 By that name I am addressed said the

gunsmith. But Victor Morain is your true title, is

Were you not banished from the Court

of France, by an edict of the late King,-

demanded Louis. Most true, replied Martel. For what term? .Twenty five years. Has it yet expired? Scarce half.

Why then dared you return, without

Because it suited myself. If that be not satisfactory find an answer to suit yourself. Audacious subject ! thundered Louis, - St Almer. but cheeking himself he said in a milder tone-vou are accused of meditating violence against the life of Count St Almer nay you have been heard to declare that he

It is unnecessary, interrupted Martel, I deny it not.

You then acknowledge yourself guilty. bleman that he shall not survive the 13th

Neither shall you, Victor Moraine, interrupted Louis. We here appoint that day for your execution; and to see the sentence carried into effect, St Almer, we appoint you officer of the day

So please your majesty, said the Count, I pray you excuse me.

I have said it, replied Louis decisively Away with the prisoner. Break up the Court, continued he Count

we would speak with you in private. Time flies. The scene is changed to the great hall of the Bastile. The time July 13, 1789. A file of soldiers were drawn out. Upon one side stood the Count, upon the other Sire de Launov ard a priest sword at least, that will spring from the who was performing the last sad offices for scabbard, to assert your rights. But to the a criminal under sentence of death. Up on the other stood an executione, with his with his axe and block, and kneeling upon of Chavoigne, whom the late king banish- one knee, his neck bared, his head resting upon the block, was Pierre Martel, the gun

smith of Paris. Victor Morain, said the Count, when the Priest had closed the book.

The gunsmith looked up. The 13th of July has arrived. But its sun has not yet set, re slied Mar tel with a bitter smile,

Executioner, said Launoy, laise you: A moment of dread silence followed.

"Strike!

At that moment a distant shout wa heard, followed by the rattle of musketry, and a strange unearthly sound-faint in deed, but sufficient to arrest the attention of every one present. It was the Tocsin Father of mercies, exlcaimed aunov,-

what new outrage is about to be perpetra-

tell ? Ha! the Hotel des Inva ides is in A cry escaped from the lips o St Almer as the axe, hurled by the hand if the gunsmith, whizzed within an inch c his head: and buried itself in the woodwirk of the door. Martel was instantived by the soldiers, and secured. During this a large mob had collected around the prison,-

shouting and knocking at the gate. Throw open the window of the balcony said Launoy; what would you have, citi-

Another shout arose, and seve al missiles were thrown toward the balcon ?.

Silence ! cried a voice above the rest .-I. was Robespierre. We would have you restore to us the person of Pierre Martel, safe and uninjured.

It cannot be done without an order from the King. He is a prisoner of State.

Launoy drew back in time to escape a In each of these, during the cover of night | time." bullet that whistled close by hi ear.

They are bringing battering rums against the gate, exclaimed Launoy, as a dead hol low sound echoed through the building. Heaven help us or we are lost ! Againagain; it can stand such shocks but a ve ry short time longer. The hinges have al ready started from their sockes. Crash the chains give way, the bolts are brokemother of heaven, come to our aid !

scene of blood and carrage enined. Lau-

But where was Martel ! When the gate gave in, he burst from those who held him and pursued the Count through all the turnings and windings of the prison until they reached the roof, where St Almer in despair, clung to the railing. With the cry station at which the cars usually passed of a fiend Martel sprung upon him; he lost each other. The conductor was late so his ballance and fell over the battlements, late that the period during which the down dragging St Almer with him. They reached the ground just as a turret tottered and he hopes yet to pass the curve safely. Sudfell upon them, covering them from the denly a locomotive dashed into sight right sight of every one and burying their an ahead. In an instant there was a collision. nimosities in death.

Some months after, as the workmen were clearing away a part of the ruins of the Bastile, they came accross two bodi s with their hands upon each others throats. They were Pierre Martel, the gunsmith of Paris, and his victim, the haughty Count

THE TATTLER.-There is no being on the habitable globe more degraded and more supremely low and contemptable,shall perish by your hand. Call the wits than the tattler. Vicious principles, want of honesty, servile meanness, despicable insidiousness form his characte. Has he wit? In attempting to display it she makes herself a fool. Has she friends !-I have already told you trembling no- By unhesitatingly disclosing their secrets she makes them her most bitter enemies

By telling all she knows she will soon discover to the world that she knows but very little. Does she envy an individual Her torgue fruitful with falsehood, defames his character. Does she covet the favor of any one? She attempts to gain it, by slandering others. Her approach is feared, her person hated, her company unsought and her sentiments despised as eminating from a heart fruitful with guileteeming with iniquity, loaded with envy, hatred and revenge.

REMARKABLE OCCURRANCE.- A circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character occurred a short time since in one of the flourisling towns of the midland coun ties. A clergyman died, and his wife and daughters, on the 3d day after his decease, recollecting that no likeness remained it was agreed, ere the grave closed over him that the body should be unshrouded and a portrait taken. A young lady of some professional celebrity was engaged for the task. She with the assistance of the attendant, took off the shroud and placed the body in the requisiteposture; but other duties requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was delerred till noon. About 120' clock, at the foot of the bed, the lady commenced and went through an hour's work on this image of death. At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable mo tion, the head of the deathlike figure 'fell on the side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took the head to replace it when lo! the eyes opened, and staring her full in the face, "the dead" enquired, "Who are you?" The young "professional," without trepidation took the bandage from the head and rubbed his neck. He laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family; their joy may be imagined. but cannot be de scribed. That evening he who had lain three days in his shroud bemoaned by mother and sisters with agonizing tears, gladdened their hearts by taking his accustomed place at the table and at this moment is making an excursion in North Wales.

Gedford (England) Times,

## The Rifle Pits at Sebastopul.

The Sevastopol correspondent of the Baltimore Sun gives the following account of these "pits," which we have heard a great deal about. He says:

"They consist of large holes about 6 feet deep and 30 long, dug in the earth; in front and on the sides are breastworks, formed of filled gabious and sand-bags, so arran-Dare to refuse and we will burst the ged as to leave small loop holes for the ri-

parties of 20 and 30 men are stationed who are selected for the accuracy of their aim in shooting the Minnie rifle, which the Russians now generally use. Theses harpshooters, safely concealed behind the breast works, keep up an incessent fire upon the trenches and batteries of the enemy, and no sooner does an unlucky English or French soldier show his head above the dress and deport themselves." A pretty parapets, or an artilleryman expose himself home thrust. Wonder how many that cap Crash-crash, down fell the gates with through the embasures, than he has a mul- fits. a stunning noise, the mob rush ad in and a titude of those disagreeable little hornets in the shape of conical pieces of lead buz-It shall be done, said Louis, now bring nov was assassinated, his head fixed upon | zing about his ears, one of which is sure a bayonet and carried into the street. One to give a fatal sting as it passes. Their ac-The trumpet sounded. The retainers by one was the garrison murde ed, and the curacy of aim and vigilance are truly sur-

READ! PONDER!! CIRCULATE!!! ing

NUMBER 28

The Importance of Punctuality.

"Behind Time."-A railroad train was rushing along at lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but A shrick a shock, and fifty souls were in ternity; all because the engineer had been

behind tin e. A great battle was being fought. Col umn af er column had been precipitated for 8 mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the West; reinforces ments for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all yet would be right. The great conquerer confident in its a rival formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost Napoleon died a prisoner at St Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in had long struggled against bankruptcy As it had enormous assets in California it expected remittances by a certain day and if the sums promised arrived, its credit its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last the fa tal day came on which the firm had bills maturing to enermous amounts. The stean. er was telegraphed at day break; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next at rival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was foo late; they were ruined because their agent, in comissing had

been behind time. A condemned man was being led out for execution. He had taken human life but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and, tho' it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place n the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body awang revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horsemancame into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with fourn. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved partially to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death becaus a watch had been five minutes too slow making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is con tinually so in life. The best aid plans, the most important affaits, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because some body is "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever bc. hind time." The allies have lost nearly a year at Sebastopol because they delayed a superfluous day after the battle of Alma, and came up too late for a coup de main. just twenty four hours "behind time." five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune redeemed a people. If there is one virtue should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life it is punctuality: if there is one error that should be avoided it is the being behind

A young lady says .- "When I go to a theatre I am very careless of my dress as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to the church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most peosle go there to see how their neighbors

A dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at one of our saverns, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow this way." To whom the Landlady thus retorted: "Waier, take down the cow-down there where the galf is bleat-