## CONCORD WEELLY GAZETTE.

$\$ 2$ PER ANNUM,?

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|  |  |  |  |  |  | Miber |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| ORD WERKLY 9 az |  | Yoo one menoting, wipied Matel.t |  | $\square$ | $\begin{aligned} & \text { But where was Martel : When the gate } \\ & \text { gave in, he burst from those who held him } \\ & \text { and pursued the Comnt thmonoh all the tnr. } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | death. You know me not, Coupt St. Al. Indeed you are right |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | dear France. Every sword flashed in the dim candle- |  |  | train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hopes yet to pass the curve safely. Sud |
|  |  |  | di |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | demanded Louis | $\square$ |  |
|  |  |  |  | Twenty five $y$ Has it yet ex |  |  |
|  |  |  | the Gunsmith, the Count proceeded, with hasty steps, to the Palice of the Tuilleries. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Enough, Vict or Morain - <br> low now <br> Help, bo ! cried the Count, darting to | door open and ushered limself in.Louis was gazing out of the win\$ow, and |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Tamism-There is no leing on |  |
|  |  | But the quick hand of the Gunsmith was Mpback, | as the door opened, he turned withan angry rebuke upon his tongue for thon who |  |  | ind |
|  | and he stalks uuharmed, the favorite of a King. How happens it, said Briel, if the Count |  | gry rebuke upon his tongue for thom who had thus dared to intrude upon hispriva- cy, without previous notice ; but his 2nger |  |  |  |
|  | took the cowl he is still a noble.When the present Louis ascended the | $\begin{aligned} & \text { back, } \\ & \text { Monster, said the Count, his vouice husky } \\ & \text { with fear, would you murder me? } \end{aligned}$ | quickly turned to mirth, when be bheldthe wo-begone conntenance of the Ccunt |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | , |  |
|  | at Rome to restore St Almer to his titles,arone,anded. and it was granted. |  | merry laugh, what has happened to cause <br> you to look so poverty str | deny it not. You then acknowledge yourself guilty. |  |  |
|  |  | yon are respited, for by the holy virgin, by beaven, by the moon and stars you shall |  | I have already told yon trembling noday of July, and I still sav it. |  |  |
|  |  | not | Molt |  | Heto the wordd hat tio kiome but |  |
|  | ${ }^{\text {dem }}$ |  | Pitaty |  | Hels |  |
|  | fiorcely, were he Louis himself, but hush here comes Antoine. Well boy, what ha | ding. * * * * | million francs from our royal treasury, arealready yours, to assist in restoring your | point you officer of the daySo please your majesty, said the Oount, |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | palace to its original beauty. Tomorrow e hold \& court, | I pray you excuse me. I have said it, replied Louis decisively. |  |  |
|  | the retreat of the Count, and are pressing upon him |  |  |  | inating from a heart fruitful with guile- teeming with iniduity, loaded with envy, | tal day came onwhi ch the firtu had bills |
|  |  |  |  | we would prowk will sonit ip piste. | teeming with iniguity, loaded with envy, |  |
|  |  |  |  | Time flies. The scene is changed to thegreat hall of the Bastile. The time July13,1789 . A file of soldiers were drawn |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | out. Upon one side stood the Count, up.on the other Sire de Launoy ard a priest |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | who was performing the last sad offices for a criminal under sentence of death. Lp on the other stood an exceutione\%, with his |  |  |
|  | of his hat were broken, and some of them destroyed. With his right hand he wiel- | Exchanging eivilities with the guard on du- ty, he wrapped his cloak about hin closer and passed into the environs with a quick- | business that brought we here. Joes yourmajesty remember Victor Morain, Countof Chavoigne, whom the late king banish- |  <br> one kee, his neeck hered his semaresing |  |  |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { ded a shining blade. Hetreating slowly, } \\ & \text { he kept them at bay, while at a little di-- } \\ & \text { tauce stood the two companies of guards, } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | of Chavoigne, whom the late king banished. Perfectly Perfectly | upou the block, was Pierre Martel, the gun smith of Paris. |  |  |
|  | In ony |  |  |  |  | been expected the night before, and, tho' |
|  |  | look behind to assure himself no one fol- lowed, he entered tho yard and gave a pe culiar kind of rap upon the face of a tomb- | Sideme |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | The 13 th of July has arrived. But its sun has not yet set, re lied Mar- |  |  |
|  | el ; what wre you going to do ? What I please, replied he. |  | An old feud between our families. Will it please your Majesty to grant me a file of | tel with a bitter smile, Executioner, said Launoy, aise you: |  |  |
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| Your mind in ithent bor |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Be as brief as possible, said Mar svork is at a stand while I am talki |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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