THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE.

$2 PER ANNUM,} "Without or with offence to friends or foes, We sketch the world exactly as it goes." {IN ADVANCE

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

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OUR STORY TELLER.

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

Mike Finch and the Bull

The story of Mike Finch and the bull would make a cynic laugh. Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off, when he saw Deacon Smith's bull making at him—the bull was a vicious animal, and had come near killing two or three persons—consequently, Mike felt rather 'jubus.' He didn't want to call for help, for he was naked and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive was the meeting house, which was at that time filled with worshippers among whom was 'the gal Mike was paying his devours to. So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged around till nearly dead, and when he tho't he could hold on no longer he made up his mind that he had better ‚holler.' And now we will let him tell his own story:

So looking at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let somebody know whar I was. So I gin a yel louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seed the Deacon's two dogs a comin' down like as if they war seein' which could get thar fust. I knowed who they were arter—they'd jine the bull agin me, I was sartin, for they were orful wenomous and had a spite agin me. So says I, old brindle, if ridin is as cheap as walkin' on this route, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a passage on that ar back o' yourn. So I wasn't very long getting astride of him; then, if you'd bin thar, you'd have swore that warn't nothin human in that ar *mix*, the sile flew so orfully as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one on the other—tryin to clinch my feet. I prayed and cussed and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did at last—and neither wain't of no use they war so orfully mixed up.

Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it war time to stop to take in a supply of wind, and cool off a little. So sez I old boy, you'll lose one passenger sartin. So I just clum upon a branch, kalkelatin to roost thar till I starved, afore I'd be rid round in that ar way any longer. I was a makin' tracks for the top o' the tree, when I heard suthin' a makin an orful buzzin overhead. I kinder looked up, and if thar warn't—well thar's no use of swearin now, but it war the biggest *hornets' nest* ever built. You'll gin in' now I recken, Mike, 'cause theres no help for you. But an idea struck me then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a ridin' the bull than whar I was. Sez, I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station anyhow, let that be whar it may be.

So I jist droopped aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changin quarters; and, gentlemen, I'm a liar if thar warn't nigh half a bushel of the stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' was gin. Well, I recken they got it, for all hands started for our company. Some on 'em hit the dogs about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on brindle.

This time the dogs led off fust, dead bent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way we followed. And as I war only a deck passenger, and had nothin' to do with steerin the craft, I swore if I had, we shouldn't have run that channel anyhow. But, as I said before, the dogs took the lead—Brindle and I next, and the hornits dre'kly arter.—The dogs yellin—Brindle bellerin' and the hornits buzzin and stingin.

I didn't say nothin,' for it warnt no use.—Well, we'd got about two hundred yards from the house, and the Deacon heard us and cum out. I send him hold up his hand and turn *white*. I recken d he was prayin', then, for he didn't expect to be called for soon, and it warn't long, neither afore the hull congragation—men women and children—cum out and then all hands went to yellin.' None of 'em had the first notion brindle and, I belonged to this ar world. I jist turned my head passed the hull congregation.

I see the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from the fence tha stood dead ahead. Well we reached that fence, and I went ashore, over the old critter's head, landin on 'tother side, and lay thar, stunned. It warn't long afore some on 'em as war not scared, cum, runnin to see what I war. For all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle walked by himself, they saw how it war, and one of 'em said, ‚Mike Finch has got *the wust of the scrimmage once in his life !'* Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the courtin' buzziness, and never spoke to a gal since, and when my hunt is up on this yearth, thar won't be any more Finch's and it's all owin' to Deacon Smith's *Brindle Bull!*

Bear Hunting.

THE following singular means of capturing or killing the bear, is said to be frequently practiced by Russian Peasants, who cannot easily procure fire arms.

As is well known the bear has a fondness for honey, and will track his way for a great distance to where the bees have filled some hollow tree. Their sting cannot hurt him and they and their stores are entirely at his mercy.

In a forrest known to contain bears, the hunters examine all the hollow trees, till they discover a bee hive. A branch of the tree is then chosen directly above the hole: if there is no such branch a stout peg is driven into the trunk. To this peg a stout cord is fastened, and to the end of the cord a heavy stone or cannon ball is suspended, about a half a foot from the ground. The bear, in his searches, comes upon the treasure of honey. The pendulous barrier incommodes him a good deal—*he is an irrascible brute—in such cases,* one of the most irrascible as well as stupid beasts in the forrest.

He begins by shoving the stone or ball aside: but it presses against his head and he gives it a slight knock to free himself from the inconvenience, It recoils a moment and he receives a smart tap on the ear.

His temper is aroused, and he again pushes off the hard and heavy mass, but more violently: he gets rather a severe blow on the side of his head when it returns. He becomes furious, and with a powerful jerk sends the rock rolling away.

The pendulum cannot be the first to tire of the game, and this is a game in which the blows are felt exclusively on one side.

The bear only suffers, and the point is, he suffers as much from the blow he gives as that he receives. He takes double punishment. His very exertions are all against himself, and for every furious push which makes his skull ache, he receives an immediate equivelant, that makes it ache again.

At last his rage is unbounded, he hugs the block, he strikes it, but whenever he would thrust his head into the hive, back on his ear falls the terrible obstruction, against which neither his terrible hug nor the blows of his paw are any avail.

The brute is maddened. He faces his strange and pertinacious tormenter, and once more makes it rebound from his skull but back again it swings like a curse where it started. The bear falls exhausted under these reiterated blows, one more violent than another, and if he be not most dead, *the hunters who have watched the contest* from their hiding places, despatch him.

A devotee lately at the Monongahela House, it is said, dropped upon his knees and kissed the Bishops hand! He would have kissed his toe but couldn't wait for the Bishop to take his boot off That's great devotion for ye. Well it is. John in the island of Patmos, about to throw himself at the feet of the angel, I am thy fellow servant. Worship God !"—A wide differance between langsayne angels angels and modern earth worm Bishops! Hush heretic, 'tis the Church of Christ!

Sylvester Ginin observes—"There are two classes of religious persons; one worships the principles of his religion, and his God; the other worships the forms of religion. This latter class persecutes all who disregard the forms of religion; while the other class pities those who disregard the principles of religion." Who's hit?

An acquaintance of ours, says a western paper, who has several acres of corn located at some point in the flooded teritory below town, was asked what he thought of it. "Think of it!" said he, "why, I think them infernal blackbirds are headed at last." Pretty cool. Well, it was.

Negro Disturbance in Mississippi.

The Marion, (Miss.) Republican of the 21st ult. gives the following;

Judge Watts informs us that a serious and extensive combination or organization has just been discovered near Garlandsville Jasper county. It seems that an old negro, about 65 years of age was at the head of it; he maintains the reputation of being a conjurer, and the negroes were in the habit of applying to him as a great physician or conjurer, who could cure all kinds of disease. The facts, so far as developed,—are briefly as follows:

A trustworthy negro, on a neighboring plantation, after having received pledges of secrecy, revealed the existance of the conspiracy to an overseer and requested him to go to a certain place in the midst of a dark unfrequented swamp and see for himself. The overseer did not go that night, but the next morning he took some friends and went to the spot designated by the negro. There they saw every indication of a large crowd having been assembled: horses had been tied up, fires kindled, and,—from appearances, they calculated that upwards of one hundred negroes had been assembled on the previous night. They left the spot and alarmed the neighborhood Several negroes were taken up and among them their leader, the old conjurer. The greatest excitement was prevailing in the country; a council was held and it was decided that the negroes should be hung immediately; ropes were procured, and the sentence of the council was about to be executed, when the crowd relented, fearing lest the innocent should perish with the guilty.

The negroes were then severely whipped, and they confessed that the conspiracy extended throughout a large section of country, that there exists several other organizations, which they called schools, in the neighborhood, and that their object was to organize in sufficient force, and march, increasing as they went, to a free state.

No arms or ammunition of any kind could be discovered; but the negroes confessed that they were to meet at Garlandsville next Saturday night to make a start. When asked why they selected Garland's ville as a rendezvous, they would give no reason, and the presumption is that they intended to sack the place and murder the inhabitants.

Two white men, they say, have been amongst them, but their names were not known to the negroes, nor was anything developed which could identify them.—Arms and ammunition are probably concealed somewhere, as such a scheme would never have been attempted without them.

It is supposed that such an organization or school exists near Churkeyville in this county, and we recommend that a vigilant system of patrols be at once adopted throughout the country. Suspicious characters and known abolitionists exist among us,—and we cannot be too vigilant in watching over our slaves, and thereby protecting them from the vile influences which are known to exist in our county.

Moscow.

HERE is made the sacred baptising oil for all Russia, once a year. The pots it is made in were given by Catherine II. There are three of them four feet high, in gold and silver, and weighing nine hundred pounds each. The treasuries of Moscow were saved from the French in 1812 by carrying them to Nuser Novgorod. To our great delight we were allowed to unlock all the cases and handle the articles. Here I saw the richest man in all Russia, with one exception. He is said to be worth 70,000,000 rubles, silver. I have since heard that there is one whose reputed possessions are 100,000,000 rubles silver. I saw this Croesis in the most fitting place the treasure vaults, where is stored the bullion sent from St. Petersburgh at the beginning of the war. The treasure of the empire is always removed to Moscow for safety during war.

I was assured that the bullion now in the treasury greatly exceeds the sum held by the bank of England, and the estimated value of gems and jewels is almost fabulous, before which the crown jewels and regalia of England sink into comparative insignificance.

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "La! mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind.

A quiet exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack upon error. Truth extirpates errors as grass exterpates weeds, by working its way into their place and leaving them no room to grow.

I Will

Yes I know you will. The energetic expression and determined tone show that you will.

"I will try!" said the gallant Miller as he marched his undisciplined but determined troops, up the hill whose summit was crowned with a battery that poured death in all directions, and this citadel, guarded by British regulars was silenced and its brave defenders sent to the long sleep that knows no waking.

"I will be the President of the United States," said John C Calhoun, on the day that he left the College. Through a long life with his eyes steadily fixed on that as the end of his career, he obtained a wide renown, and died one step short of the Presidency.

"I will discard the title of Emperor of all the Russians, and take that of Emperor of all the Slavones," said the young Emperor of Russia; and whoever lives to see ten years more, will see his threat accomplished. His energetic determination expressed in that determination, is a sure guaranty for its fulfilment.

Set your mark high, young reader determine to reach it never swerve from your purpose, and you will accomplish your object. The eagle, with his eye on the sun, and a determination to reach it may never get quite there, but he will soar higher than a 3 foot bush.

One of the finest passages in the play of "Richlieu," is this:

Richlieu—"Young man, be blithe! for note me; from the hour I grasp that pocket think your guardian stars rains fortune on you.

Francois—"If I fail!"

Richlieu—"Fail! fail! In that bright lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a glorious manhood, there is no such word as fail!"

Why should a young man fail? if he be honest, if he be diligent, if he be energetic, if he be gifted with mental power, if he be right in soul and strength, he should never fail; and if any alluring temptation whispers in his ear words that would make him turn aside let him revert to that "bright lexicon," and never fail.—*Farmer.*

Fiendish Outrage.

John Russel, a Mulatto, was last week apprehended at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania,—and lodged in prison on a charge of burglary. From certain circumstances it was supposed he might be the author of the recent outrage upon Miss Singer, and the unfortunate young lady was conducted to the prison, to see if she could identify him. Upon entering the corridor of the jail, by order of the keeper, Russel walked down, and as soon as his eyes fell upon Miss S., he manifested the utmost confusion, and asked to be taken immediately back to his cell.

The poor girl, the moment she saw the negro, swooned away and fell in the arms of persons near by. The recognition was too severe a shock for her weak frame.—When taken back to his cell, Russell, with the greatest trepidation, inquired of the officer what that woman wanted—what she was there for?

Miss Singer returned to Albany and made information against Russell for Rape, and a commitment was lodged against him Miss S. in her conversation with the Mayor stated that she met the negro on the track, on his way toward the city. He passed her and she noticed him eyeing her very closely. A moment after she looked around and found him following her. He seized her around the waist and threw her forcibly to the ground. A struggle ensued—lasting a few minutes, and he never would have accomplished his purpose had he not choked her until the blood ran from her ears! This rendered her insensible, and she remembers no more until her senses returned, and she found herself alone, and her person brutally ravished.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The American Organ of Thursday says:

We are pleased to learn that the Washington National Monument Society will commence operations under the direction of the new Board of Managers, on Monday next, and that the Board has satisfactory assurances from various sections of the country, that the necessary funds will be supplied by the members of the American party to finish this noble enterprise, notwithstanding the efforts of the administration presses in this city and elsewhere to prejudice the new Board of managers with the public.

☞ William Selwyn, an eminent lawyer, and the well known author of Selwyn's *Nisi Prius*, died on the 25th ult, at Tunbridge Wells, England, aged 81 years.

How an Indian Can Die.

A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small war party of the Chippewas, and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cider Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, have fell into an ambuscade, and the first notice of danger which saluted their ears, was a discharge of fire arms from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another named the War Cloud, a leading brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leave him, and whilst their assailants were reloading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where they could gain the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request they seated him on a log with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached him he only sung a louder and a livelier strain, and when several had gathered round him, flourishing their scalping knives and screeching forth their demoniac yells of exultation, not a look or gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore his scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, etc, until they literally pinned him fast, without having once touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperturbable stoic, continuing to chant his defiant strain, and although one of the number flourished his reeking scalp before his eyes—still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed to change. At last one of the number approached [illegible] unbeeded flourishes, he buried in the captive's scull, who sank in death with the song still upon his lips. He had indeed succeeded well in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days afterwards they were taught how a Chippewa could be avenged.

[*St. Paul's Democrat.*]

Awful Intelligence from Norfolk.

THE Yellow Fever is raging with new violence in Norfolk. There are said to be about *seven hundred and fifty* cases there. The intelligence from Portsmouth is also most distressing. There is no abatement in the disease, as from twenty to thirty are dying a day. The following extracts from the correspondent of the Petersburg Express tells a sad story:

This morning we witnessed a sight that gave us a cold shiver, and made us feel as if Yellow Jack was down upon us at last. It was two hearses rapidly moving towards Potter's Field, each loaded with three coffins, piled one upon the other—Thus making short work of hurrying away six poor wretches at one drive! The spectacle excited any thing but pleasant emotions.

In burying the dead, there is very little ceremony; before the poor sufferer has breathed his last, his coffin is spoken for, arrangements are made for his interment. within an hour or two after the breath has left the body, it is placed in a rude stained coffin, deposited in the hearse and driven off by a negro to the grave yard, without (in almost every instance,) a single relation or friend to see it deposited in the grave. No religious services are peformed, and unhonored and unsung, and I had almost said—unwept, they are put out of your sight forever. Is not this truly melancholy?

"Our undertakers have not been able to supply the demand for coffins, and we have been compelled to ask assistance from the Navy Yard. Every day wagon loads are sent us from there; and to-day though the Sabbath of our Lord the men have been at work at this sad task."

"It is supposed that twelve thousand of our people have fled, and it is worthy of note that nearly all of our *church going* population, those especially who were loudest in their professions of christianity, have gone and were universally among the *first* that stampeded. Those that remained behind are chiefly what they would call *sinners*, and on them has devolved the duty of nursing the sick and relieving the wants of the distressed. To day is the Sabbath; but with the exception of the 'Church going bell,' there is no difference in the aspect of the city from other days. Every day now is like Sunday, as far as quietness and a total suspension of business is concerned.'—*Wil. Herald.*

From the Hillsboro' Recorder.

Sabbath Observance.

Messers. Editors;—In common I know with many, and would fain believe with a vast majority of the good people of our good old State, I noticed with regret the action, or rather inaction of the Directors of the North Carolina Railroad at their last meeting in relation to Sabbath running. Even the consideration of the question was voted down. Was it for want of time? Or because the occasion was inauspicious? Or becaue ths stockholders think their interests will suffer by the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest.

Public opinion in our happy country is regarded as omnipotent, and wo be the day when public opinion shall sanction the habitual desecration of the Sabbath by individuals or companies,

Admit, if you please the taunt, that corporations have no souls, yet on what principle can a company, as such, be exempt from any moral obligation binding on each member as an individual? The Directors doubtless, think themselves bound to do all in their power for the interest of the company, and as honorable high minded gentlemen regard personal preference subordinate to the general good. Let them but contemplate this subject calmly in the light which christianity sheds upon temporal as well as eternal welfare; in the light which history, also, and especially modern France throws in colors so unequivocal upon it;—and let them know through the press what the religious sentiment of the good people of North Carolina is, and they will not give this matter the *go by* at another meeting.

If I can find leisure, I propose drawing up a series of short articles, if you choose, by way of presenting this subject to the consideration of the reading community, in several of its phases. Hoping that other editors friendly to the truest and best [illegible] give them circulation throughout all the length and breadth of our State. And in doing this in the ontset let me disclaim all pretentions to originality, all aim to be fine but on the contrary, a deliberate purpose to avail myself of any thoughts or language, that may fall in my way from books, pamphlets or news papers—thus affording readers in advance security of something far superior to any independent lucubrations of my own

Could I induce every citizen in the United States to read "Prize Essays on the temporal advantages of the Sabbath, considered in relation to the working classes, containing "Heavens Antidote," the Torch of Time, and the Pearl of Days, printed at 265 Chestnut street Philadelphia, the quiet of the Sabbath would cease to be disturbed be the rumbling of car wheels and the shrill, piercing scream of the steam whistle from Maine to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To this book, as will be seen, written by working men, I am indebted for most that will be interesting in this and subequent communications.

Ours has been styled the age of progress, but all progress is not necessarily in the right direction. True progress implies more than mere accelerated speed. Is it not also the age of testing investigation?—Long received and unquestioned dogmas; objects of popular faith, social and religious institutions are subjected to new trial and rigid scrutiny. Men are searching into the deep foundations of things. Utilitarianism sternly plucks up what is useless proudly stamping under foot whatever obstructs human happiness and progress.—The Bible and Christianity have been summoned to conquer foes, and like a well-built arch have only stood more firmly for loads of obloquy and reproach heaped upon them.

On the other hand, hoary systems of error, and time-honored creatures of human pride and selfishness, have been exposed and crushed by the crucible and the hammer of the wise and good.

It is from the gigantic companies every day and everywhere springing up in this enterprising age, that the Sabbath has most to fear. What individuals would shrink from attempting, confederacies powerful in wealth and influence may do with comparative impunity. The sense of individual responsibility is lost in the crowd. The still small voice is hushed amid the clamorous din of gain; and the leagues of selfishness, if not resisted, may in our own happy country, as they have done in others, stretch forth their hands and appropriate the day of rest, to schemes of unholy aggrandizment. 'Resta incipiis' be our motto. Before the tyrant custom has entrenched himself, and constructed his fortifications, and enlisted his legions of the sons of toil, let the friends of humanity,—the guardians of truth and goodness awake from their lethargy, and defend the institutions of their country and religion. Our government is based on Christianity and both must stand or fall together. The patriot must unite with the pilanthropist and the christian to check the designs of the sordid, if indeed the design is deliberately formed to sacrifice the sabbath on the altar of mammon. Let this subject be studied in all its bearings, and enlightened avarice itself will perceive that when the Sabbath shall be immolated, both the altar and the God will perish with it. This may suffice for an introduction. If circumstances will allow you may hear again from

PHILANTHROPOS.

The Mocking Bird.

It is doubted by many that the Mocking Bird will imitate the sounds of instruments in playing tunes, or the whistling of a man. The other evening we had most convincing proof of the ability of these wonderful birds in this respect. A negro boy was going along the street, whistling a well known Ethiopian melody, and when he paused, a mocking bird, confined in a cage near by, as if emulous to surpass his able rival, burst forth with the same tune, and whistled it with the finest taste and execution, throwing in besides, little operatic quavers and trills with admirable effect.—It was certainly the most brilliant musical performance in the whistling line we have ever heard, and the tones were an exact immitation of the human animal. At the conclusion of the air, the bird whistled up the dogs, cackeled like a hen, cawed like a crow, and when we puckered up our poor blower and ran up and down the gamut, the bird quite made us ashamed of ourselves, by the clearness and precision with which it improved upon the humble copy we had set.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

INGENIOUS DEVICE.—The Sultan's favorite three feet high, a few years ago took a notion to marry, and applied to the Sultan for a wife. The Sultan gave him permission to go into his harem and take the one he could kiss. The dwarf, like all other short men was ambitious to have a long wife. While the Sultans five hundred women, who knew the terms according to which the dwarf was permitted to choose, were laughing at the manikin, he went up to one of the tallest and handsomest women, and struck her a sudden blow in the stomach. She colapsed with the pain,—and before she could recover, he caught her round the neck and gave her the dreaded kiss. The Sultan kept his word, and the tall beauty is now the mother of the dwarf's children.

KISSING IN RUSSIA.—Kissing, which with the western nations is a caress, seems to be considered in Russia as a greeting, a national salute, a universal custom derived from remote antiquity. A traveller in that country says, not only husbands kiss their wives, and fathers their children, whenever they enter and leave their apartments, though it be forty times a day, but the men kiss each other, the Emperor kisses his officers, smart cadets are rewarded with an imperial kiss, old generals with rusty mustachoes kiss and whole regiments kiss. It is said that one of the bridges in St Petersburg is to this day called Potzalui Most, or, the Bridge of Kisses, in commemoration of Peter the Great, who having in a fit of passion degraded an officer unjustly, in the face of his whole regiment, kissed the poor man in the same open way, upon the next public occasion, on this very bridge.

NEWSPAPER WRAPPERS.—It is a singular fact, says the New Haven Register, that the poorest papers, those which contain the least matter of interest, always require the most trouble to strip off the wrapper. It is of no use to try to tear them off or cut them with the scissors, it only destroys the paper inside. These remind us very much of the ladies now-a-days. Take off all the furbelows, flounces, paddings, and flibberty gibbets, and you injure the tout ensemble very materially. Yet in all the destruction there is but very little 'waste' after all.

The New England Farmer recommends the following recipe as a simple and invaluable remedy for rheumatism:

"Take a pint of the spirits of turpentine to which add half an ounce of camphor let it stand till the camphor is dissolved then rub the parts affected, and it will not fail of removing the complaint. Flannels should be applied after the part is well fomented with turpentine. Repeat the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds bruises, and sprains, never failing of success.