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THE CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE.

JAMES M. HENDERSON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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OUR STORY TELLER.

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

From the South Carolinian.

JUDITH

OR THE PATH OF DUTY.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. E. I. SAXON.

CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

"She had not read."

"The heart's blush" secret in his soft dark eye, lighted at her approach, and in the cheek, coloring all crimson at her lightest look."

[LANSION.]

Mr. Norwood was a farmer in affluent circumstances. He had moved from one of the Middle states when Judith was little more than three years of age. His wife's health had been delicate from Judith's birth, and during the latter part of her life, she had been confined entirely to the house, and the greater part of her time to her couch. Her own life had been rendered miserable by constantly depending on others for happiness, and in trying to prevent her daughter from being as miserable as herself, she had pushed her into the opposite extreme. She knew that if tom-boys were rude, that they were happy; or at least she thought so.

Judith's inclinations led her to fish, hunt and ride and every boyish sport seemed invested with fairy charms. She possessed innate delicacy of soul, but she spurned the trammels that fashion threw around her, and exulted in a wild life of freedom, that one of fashion's spell-bound daughters never knew. Her heart was in the right place and child as she was, her mother's lightest words were treasured as commands. Judith could ride and fish well when her mother died; and any one to have seen her, far out on the creek alone, or with a little negro, her fishing-rod and basket in her hand, would have deemed her some denizen of the forest.

The mother had all a poet's artistic skill and fancy, and Judith was deficient in neither. Her mother sometimes thought she was a genius—she did not think and talk like other children; but she did not know she was. Longed, and strove to do better from that constant dependence on others, which had been her bane. Judith loved her father, but her mother she adored. She had never been to school, and all she knew of the world and its inhabitants, beyond their immediate neighborhood, she had learned from the pure lips of her mother, and never a shadow was thrown over it. To her it was a beautiful, boundless space, and heaven only more beautiful. Death had no terrors, save the separation and the cold grave, for all beyond had been represented as bright and glorious beyond mortal power to imagine.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Norwood grew gloomy and morose, and Judith was almost alone with the negroes. And truly Aunt Nanny had all the affection she had to spare from her father. The old negro had been Mrs. Norwood's nurse in her playmate in childhood, and she looked upon her mistress during life as little lower than the angels; and now that she had stood by her dying bed and received the little girl's benighted with her tears, she revered her memory next to God, and seemed to think it her duty to spoil and pet her child as far as she was able. Almost the last words the mother ever spoke to Judith were to obey her in everything, "no matter that it was, or how bitter the command might come to her. She did not understand her then, but in after years the memory of those dying words returned with fearful distinctness.

Clifford Sullivan had been Judith's playmate from the time of their removal to Alabama. He had trained her pony, given

her Faithful and her gun; and together they read and rode for hours. He, too, was a dear lover of books, and this was the binding charm. Her mother and father seemed delighted with their friends; they never grew weary of watching them when reading together. Clifford was bringing the book, and Judith would lead him to the little bench in the cool, shady end of the piazza, and there they would read from the same book, his arm encircling her neck, her brown hair sweeping in golden glory above it. Clifford's mother had died directly after their removal to the place where they were now living, which was two years before the arrival of Mr. Norwood's family. He, too, was an only child, and but for the companion ship of Judith, and the kindness of her mother, he would have been destitute of female society, without which the male character is devoid of that delicacy of feeling that otherwise exists. His father had employed an old, old childless widow as house-keeper. Her mind was uneducated, and though kind to Clifford, and feeling great respect for his father, she seemed to think, if their clothes and house were neatly kept, that there her duty ended.

Judith was a great favorite with the whole family, not even Mrs. Wharton, the house-keeper, excepted. But there seemed to be some strange charm binding her to Clifford's father. He would hold her on his knee for hours, with his cheek resting against her shining hair. She often joined him in his rides over his farm, and his conversation was always such as to improve the mind of Judith. He admitted her free, independent spirit, and sometimes he would forget the lapse of time, the weight of care, and be as gay as when a boy, if she challenged him for a race or a leap. His steady form seemed bowed by premature old age, and his raven locks were laced with silver, but his large dark eyes were indeed the windows of the soul, and looked, as Judith often said, like the plunging of the dove when the sun is gone. It was that time in the same village with Judith's father. Shortly after Judith's birth he removed to Alabama. It was known that the two families had been in some way connected prior to their removal; how, not the most prying gossip could find out.

Howell Garrison, the young man we have already brought before our readers, was an only brother of Mr. Sullivan's wife. At the request of his brother-in-law, he had moved to Alabama, to practice law, as there was a good opening there for one of that profession. Judith had heard nothing of his coming, and not having been to Mr. Sullivan's in several days, was ignorant of his arrival. He had gone out hunting, and being ignorant of the woods in the vicinity of his brother's dwelling, was surprised when Judith led him out of the woods, not more than a mile from the town, which made the distance to his brother's two miles. When Judith told him of her acquaintance with Clifford, he told her, as she seemed not to be aware of their relationship, he would wait and enjoy her surprise when she found it out.

We have left Judith seated a long time on the doorstep, but, begging her pardon, we turn to her again. The sun had sunk entirely, and the crimson clouds were piled, like fiery mountains, in the west, and still she sat, with her book closed upon her lap, one knee supported her elbow, and her hand was clasped under her rounded chin, as she looked mid the fast gathering darkness, watching and waiting for her father's coming. Lamps had been lighted in the room behind her, and they cast a broad gleam of light across the piazza floor. Springing up suddenly, she entered the room and laid her book on the stand. She drew forward the heavy arm chair for her father, and laid his papers and slippers in it; she took her little bunch of flowers from the glass of water in which she had placed them, and tied them with a thread from one of her many spools, that were full down ever used, only to the flowers with—Faithful's bark warned her of her father's coming, and hastily laying the flowers on the stand, she sprang out, and clearing the steps at a leap, was the next instant in her father's arms.

"Oh, father! somebody visited me to-day in my sylvan bower, as you call it, and read Scott to me while I planted my flowers, and you can't guess in your life time who it was; 'twas a gentleman—will you try and guess?"

"Well, I guess, my pet, you will have to tell me, for I am not good at guessing—I am too old."

"Oh, father, how can you say so! You are young and handsome yet, and if I were a young lady looking out for a hus-

band, I should be sure to set my cap for you."

"Flatterer!" said the fond father, as he pushed the hair from her forehead, and bent down to kiss her. "Do you want me to set out now and try and find you a new mother?"

"No, no, never that! I could never love another, for it would seem like transferring to any one else, the love which I have for my own. Her eyes were full, and she concluded her words.

"Never mind, my little girl is a good enough house-keeper for me, and he entered the room as he spoke. He took off his hat and gave it to her, and lifting the papers from his chair, he sat down and drew off his heavy boots, and encased his feet in the warm slippers she had provided, all the while he was answering her numberless inquiries about the farm and the negroes: "If Uncle Jack's foot had got well, and how was one of the horses that was lame, and if he gave old Aunt Lucy the tobacco and pipe she sent her. Turning to the table, he took the bunch of flowers, and after inhaling their fragrance, pressed it to his mouth, as if kissing the lips of one beloved.

"Judith, you are a treasure! None but you, my darling, could read my father's heart, or fill your dead mother's place so well."

Praise to Judith from those she loved was more precious than costly gems, and instantly she was on her father's knee, putting his cheek, and turning his close, dark curls over her fingers.

The affection that existed between the father and child was strangely beautiful in its strength. To him she was both child and friend. To her he was a playmate, and yet a tower of strength for her weakness. During the long winter evenings they would read aloud to each other, and he would draw out her article criticisms on the author or his work, and though he would scarce have acknowledged it himself, Judith's opinion was his most constant association with him, her "criticism" from the world and children of her own age, her mind was more natural than is usual for so early an age. But still she was simple hearted and artless, wild and buoyant in her gladness, passionate in her grief or anger.

After ten was over, Judith sat down to finish her book, but suddenly she remembered that she had not yet told of her new friend.

"Father," she exclaimed suddenly, "did you ever know any person named Garrison?"

Her father was reading when she spoke, but he lifted his eye quickly to her face.

"Yes," he replied, while a red flush crept to his forehead. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the man I saw to-day said his name was Howell Garrison; and, father, he was so handsome; he looked like Clifford, only he was larger and looked older."

"Did he not tell you he was Clifford's uncle?"

"No, sir," said Judith, opening her eyes wide with astonishment. "Was he his mother's brother?"

He answered "Yes," and seemed loath to speak further on the subject. He leaned his head wearily on his hand, and seemed buried in bitter thought.

Judith's complaints against Garrison, for not telling her, was interrupted by a heavy sigh from her father. Fearing her talking worried him, she read on for a few moments, then laid aside her book. She turned down the cover on her father's bed, and lighting her candle, stood beside him to receive his good-night kiss.

Passing his arm around her, he drew her gently down upon her knees. "Pray here, my daughter, by my knee, as you used to do beside your mother's couch. God forgive me! I have not kept my promise to her of having you pray nightly."

Judith clasped her hands above his knee, and repeated the simple prayer her mother had taught her, then, with her eyes fixed upon his face, she offered a prayer, eloquent with love for him, and all who loved her.

Her father bent his head upon her just turned forehead for a moment as if to rest it on anything so pure would still his feverish aching; then touching his lips to hers, he sent the little girl, to her bed-chamber.

When Judith had undressed herself, and sat down to read her Bible Aunt Nanny came in.

"Miss Judy, honey, I've come to hear the blessed word read a little bit to-night; 'fore you go to sleep; but, honey, do get in bed, the air's uncommon chilly for April, and you ought to be a settin' there in that thin gown, and yer feet on the floor; get in bed, and Aunt Nanny'll hold the candle for you to read by."

"Why, Aunt Nanny, I would to hear you talk would think I never want here-look in my face. Don't you know how of ten I made in the winter, even in the winter time. I would to hear to-day."

Look a little bit, I have to get to bed, my dear, but I will hold the candle for you to read by."

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The conscience stricken man bowed his head and wept. Then clasping his hands he said:

"With God's help you will never be made to sorrow again on my account."

And he kept his word.

The old cottage now stands where the old man had once stood, and the little child, Minnie, is in constant sunshine and joy. Her childish prayer was answered, and her present happiness is its response.

The Electro-Chemical Bath.

The following is the substance of a report from several Boston papers, respecting a new curative process, which is a promising one of the physicians in Boston. It is the discovery of a Dr. Vergnes of Paris, now of New York. The report says:

The first man who was really stripped of his large running soles was found upon his person. He complained of stiffness in his limbs, loss of appetite, a dizziness in his head, and a total want of energy. He had formerly been a stout robust man, but his limbs were shrunken, and although not over thirty-five years of age, he certainly looked to be forty-five or fifty. He was placed in the bath and a current of electricity passed through his hands.

After the patient had remained in the water three-quarters of an hour, he was removed and carefully dried with towels. He declared that he felt like a new man, that all stiffness had left his bones. A tumbler of water was taken from the bath and analyzed.

In a few minutes, as per of a looking-glass was formed on the copper plate that was placed in the tumbler, as could be discerned. Indeed it was sufficient clear to shave by. The patient was a manufacturer of looking-glasses, and had handled quicksilver for years.

The second patient was a painter, who had no present knowledge of his occupation until they saw large quantities of white lead adhering to the copper plate.

Another patient troubled with a stiff knee was greatly relieved, although it had troubled him for fifteen years, and Dr. C. declared that two more baths would effectually banish all pain from the joint.

The fourth patient was troubled with rheumatism in the feet, and had suffered more or less for years. Large quantities of antimony, lead and mercury were detected, while from every pore of the skin an immense amount of yellow slime issued out that had a vile smell, although the patient said he had been in the habit of bathing every day for a long time, and his skin before entering the bath, bore testimony to his words.

The battery is entirely different from galvanic batteries now in use, and the shock, if shock it can be called, is regular and even, running through the whole of the system, and expelling, by the aid of chemical agents, which are also placed in the bath, every impurity from the body.

The physicians present declared that it was wonderful and promised to send a number of patients, and further test the efficacy of something that promises to do away with a large portion of that drugging that is now practiced on the human race.

The experiments were successful, and all left with that impression.

If the above statement is correct, it will produce a new era in science.

Suppression.—A the execution of Hubbard a few days ago, in Washburn county in Indiana, for the murder of the French family, after he was entirely dead, the executioner was taken down and more than five hundred persons went in and touched him giving as their reasons for so doing, that it would in the future protect them from all witchcraft. The rope that he was hung with the crowd afterwards took out its own small pieces, and divided it out among them, to act as a charm in protecting them in the future from ague and all other diseases. Surely this is the quintessence of superstition.

A Fox Chased.—A fox, on Monday last which had been chased, took to the track of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad as the train came whizzing along. He heard kept his courage up for some time, but the engineer, to have a little fun, spread the throttle valve and picked at a him with a will. It was "pull Dick pull De-l!" for some minutes, but the locomotive gained on him, and for a moment was brushing the snow off of the cow-catcher with his tail, when, fortunately for him, a cow pit suddenly offered him safety, and down he dipped into it and remained until the train passed over.

Phylogony.—To dream you are hugging a pretty girl and wake up with the bolster in your arms.

A Touching Incident

A little girl in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as fair as a flower, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if sun by her mother's smile to turn madly with her heart.

The sweet, prayer-loving, conscientious child, was the idol of the bereaved family. She would lie upon the lap of a friend who took a mother's care of her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck would say "Now tell me about my mama." And then when the oft told tale had been repeated, would softly ask: "Now take me in the parlor, and let me see my mama." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing at her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew and weakly. Bearing all her pain so meekly. That to them she still grew dearer, As the trial hour drew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little one die. The dew of death was already upon the flower, as its life sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly— spasmodically.

Do you know me, darling I sobbed close to her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan cuffed hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

Mother, she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that effort into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that joyous bed of death:

"If I had never believed in the ministrations of departed loved ones, before, I could not doubt it now."

"Peace I leave with you," said the wisest Spirit that ever passed from earth to heaven. Let us be at peace, amid the spirit-mysteries and questionings on which His eye shall soon shed the light of eternity.

National Era.

Weights and Measures

The Winchester bushel, which is the one in use in the United States, is eight inches high, and eighteen and a half inches in diameter, and contains 2150.42 cubic inches, struck measure; heaped measure it contains 2315 cubic inches.

A ton of wine is 252 gallons.

A Scotch pint contains 100 cubic inches, and is equal to four English pints.

One hundred and forty-four pounds, avoirdupois are equal to 175 pounds, Troy.

A caldron of coal is fifty eight and two thirds cubic feet—36 bushels.

Anthracite coal weighs eighty pounds to the bushel, which makes 2880 pounds to the ton.

A commercial bale of cotton is 400 lbs. but those put up in the various States vary from 270 to 720 pounds.

A bale of hay is 800 lbs.

A cord of wood is 128 solid feet in the United States, and in France 576 feet.

A perch of stone is 24.75 cubic feet; if in the wall 22 feet.

A bushel of limestone weighs 140 lbs; after it is burned 76 lbs.—showing that 65 pounds have passed off as carbonic acid water. This will absorb 20 pounds of water.

One hundred cubic feet of hay, in a solid mow, will weigh a ton.

To find the number of bushels in a bin, multiply the length, breadth and thickness in inches, together, and divide by 2050.45 and it will give the number of bushels, struck measure.

A stone is 14 pounds.

Scripture measure:—A Sabbath Day's Journey is 1125 yards—two thirds of a mile.

A day's journey 33 miles.

A palm 3 inches.

A Greek foot is 12 1-2 inches.

A cubit 18 inches.

A great cubit 11 feet.

We understand that a murder was committed in Clarendon District, on the morning of Thursday last, by one Samuel S. Tindal, upon the person of his wife, by stabbing her through the breast. The perpetrator of this horrible deed has fled the country and has not yet been taken.

Sunder S. C. Watchman.

It is not one great thing that makes the character of a great man, but a great many little things.

A Low Voice in Woman.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in a woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attraction she may still have; she may be as fair as the Virgin Mary, and as sweet as the famous Hypatia, of ancient times, she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet, if she lack a low sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating.

How often the spell of beauty is broken by ceaseless loud talking; how often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, flowing tone seems to us to betoken modest and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical subdued voice indicates genuine refinement.

In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice softly soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweet such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul. Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly an excellent thing in woman.

THE RELIGION OF PAYING DEBTS.—Men may sophisticate as they please, they cannot make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe can not make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this; and as clear and deserving of church discipline, as is stealing or swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds a payment of a debt, when it is within his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men, he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak, under which to hide, but if religion does not make a man deal justly it is not worth having.

TELEGRAPH MESSAGING.—The Directors of the New York and Washington Magnetic Telegraph company, were to have had a meeting in this city last week, but were prevented by the obstructions on the road. This did not, however, prevent the directors from communicating with each other, for the Baltimore Sun says:

At the appointed hour, the President took the chair in Philadelphia, and the directors in Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington and New York promptly answered to the call of the roll, when the business commenced. Resolutions were proposed and motions made in one city, and seconded and debated in the others with as much ease and promptness as though they had all been all present in the same room. In the course of about two hours the business was all transacted, a dividend declared and the meeting adjourned.

After ten days' balloting in the lower House of the New York Legislature, Orrill Robinson, a ft shell Democrat, was elected Speaker, by a coalition between the soft-shell democrats and the black Republicans.

WESTERN N. C. RAILROAD.—The Directors met in Salisbury on the 17th inst. The Herald says the Western extension has become a fixed fact, Messrs. Shaver & Simonton having commenced on the Salisbury end of the road on Monday last with a force of 100 hands.

Put two persons in the same bed room, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, and you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

A man ceases to be a "good fellow," the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do.

One of eminent learning said that such as would excel in arts, must excel in industry.

To hear the discourse of wise men, delights us, and their company inspires us with noble and generous contemplations.

The children of those who do not love in marriage, seem to bear an hereditary coldness, and do not love their parents as other children do.

One angry word sometimes raises a storm that time itself cannot allay.

Be brief, and speak out what you mean. Wisdom requires but few words.