

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 INTERESTS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 1

THE
CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE.
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BY
JAMES M. HENDERSON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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sertion, and twenty-five cents per square for
each subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL Notices charged double these rates.
MARRIAGES and DEATHS inserted free.

OUR STORY TELLER.

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

COURTSHIP AND DIFFICULTIES.

A HUMOROUS HISTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND STOLLE.

When I left the university of Jena, I went
to live with an uncle, who, since the death
of my parents, had supplied their place to
me, at a pleasant country house within an
easy distance of his manufactory. Uncle
Reinhold was much attached to me, and
although he had not objected to my pro-
longing my university life rather beyond
the usual age, when I finally quitted Jena
he strongly urged me to turn my attention
to industrial pursuits, looking out to the
prospect of becoming his partner, and ul-
timately sole proprietor of his profitable
business. Accordingly, for upwards of a
year I applied myself to master the mys-
teries of looms and shuttles, correspondence
and accounts, although these were much
less to my taste than the tranquil life I had
led at Jena, studying little law, but diving
deep into our noble German classics, and
storing my mind from the works of the
best prose writers and poets. Before the
year was half out, I fell deeply in love,
but this I dared not tell my uncle; Min-
nie was the sweetest fairy that ever tripped
over a lawn without doubling a daisy; her
hair was of the richest auburn, her eyes
were of the deepest blue, her mouth was a
rosalind, and with my hands I could span
her waist, but—alas! that terrible thing
she lacked one thing which my uncle set
above all the graces ever combined in a
goddess. Her mother, the widow of a poor
clergyman, lived upon a scanty pension,
and Minnie was dowdless. So we kept our
loves a profound secret, and trusted to
time and the chapter of accidents. Both
young, we could afford to wait, and con-
fident in each other's affection, the possi-
bility of another union never entered the
head of either of us.

My uncle frequently spoke to me of my
trimony. He advocated my only marriage
—perhaps a little from selfish motives, but
his of joyously anticipated the charm in
a young and graceful woman would bring
into his dwelling and the delight he should
have in dandling a grand-nephew on his
knee. Warm-hearted and generous, he
yet in everything was completely the man
of business, and he looked upon it as a set-
tled matter, that, although I had very little
fortune of my own, my expectations from
him should insure me a rich wife. This
idea seemed so rooted in his mind, that it
sometimes occasioned me uneasiness. I
frequently saw anger and much opposition
when the day should come, and come it
must, that I should confess to him my love
for sweet penniless Minnie.

One morning, in the usual bundle of
letters came one which seemed to give my
uncle unusual satisfaction. I supposed it
to contain a large and profitable order, for
those were the letters over which he gene-
rally rubbed his hands, twinkle in his eyes,
and gave other unmistakable marks of
contentment. To my surprise, instead of
tossing it over to me, with an exulting:
"There, my boy!" he carefully folded it
up and put it into the breast-pocket of his
coat. "All that day he was in a state of
particular exhilaration. At dinner he said
little, but something agreeable evidently
occupied his mind. At last, when at even-
ing, he had established himself in his easy-
chair at the open window, his morsel
stuck in his mouth, a flask of golden Rhine
at his elbow, a lovely landscape and a
sunset before him, the mystery
letter was from his old

friend, Counsellor Frager, who lived on
his pleasant domain of Wiesenthal, about
a day and a half's drive from us. The
counsellor, whom I had twice seen at my
uncle's since my return from college, was
a wealthy widower with three marriage-
able daughters, whom I had not seen. My
uncle, it appeared, had lately been in cor-
respondence with him respecting the pro-
sperity of bringing about a union between
me and one of the young ladies, who
were reputed handsome; and that morn-
ing's letter contained the counsellor's full
acquiescence in the scheme, and an invita-
tion for me to pass a few days at Wiesenthal.
In vain did I raise obstacles, and de-
clare my conviction that none of the Mis-
ses Frager would suit me. Uncle Reinhold
had the ready reply that I could not tell
that until I had seen them. After making
all possible objections, I felt that to persist
longer might excite suspicions of a prior
attachment. And, after all, it was but the
Miss Frager's absence, and no unpleasant escap-
ment from the monotony of the counting-house.
All that I was to do was, to go and see the
girls, who assuredly would not carry me off
and marry me by force. When I told
Minnie of my approaching departure, I
thought she would have broken her heart.
Her confidence in me was great, but the
circumstances were certainly trying. She
could not endure my being thus driven into
temptation. She had heard of the coun-
sellor's daughters as very handsome and ve-
ry rich. She doubted not my truth, but
she had forebodings of evil, and implored
me not to leave her. I had promised my
uncle to go, however, and I could not re-
tract my word. It took a great many
vows, and not a few kisses, to console the
little timid loving girl, and even then she
was but half consoled.

Before my departure I had another
gentle interview with my uncle. "You
will not regret your journey, Frank," he
said. "The girls are pretty, witty, and well-
bred. Not guess, such as one finds in our
Kirchberg and other country villages. You
must rub up your learning, I can tell you,
and the chief thing is, that each of them
will have her thirty thousand dollars.—
Bring me home such a golden niece as
that, and I take you into partnership. A
few years more, and I retire altogether, and
you are a made man. My old friend the
counsellor warmly desires the alliance.—
Not all widows find their path so smooth.
I ran myself nearly off my legs after my
dear departed wife. The old people were
against it, and would not listen to me. Luck
lies before you, my boy; seize it with both
hands!"

"All very well," thought I, as I got into
the gig and drove off; but my hands are
bound, and my heart too. What is money
compared to Minnie? One look of her
lovely hair would make all the old coun-
sellor's money bags kick the beam! And
even if she were not in the way, I hate
these mercenary unions, got up by third
parties, where everything is for the purse
and nothing for the heart. To pleasure
my uncle, however, I can very well man-
age to get through a few days at Wiesenthal,
and see the counsellor's graces on
their best behavior. I owe much more
than that to my kind kinsman and second
father. I will look at the ladies, but there
is no fear of my marrying one of them.—
Poof dear Minnie! But if the Frager girls
are such beauties, besides being fortunes,
what on earth is the reason that none of
them have yet got married? I should
not wonder if the glitter of their thirty
thousand dollars had somewhat blinded my
uncle's eye. It would not surprise me if
one of them squinted, and another had red
hair. But there is no harm in going to
see."

Thus commencing with myself, I rolled
pleasantly along the level road, in the
warm autumn sun, through mile after mile
of dew-splunged orchard. Those were my
romantic days, and nothing would have
pleased me better than to have met with
an adventure or two by the way. These
were denied me; but, upon the other hand
an abundance awaited me at the place of
my destination.

It was between nine and ten in the fore-
noon when I reached the neighborhood
of the rich counsellor's fine domain. The
morning was so fine, the country so beau-
tiful, that I determined to leave my gig at
a roadside inn, about a quarter of an hour's
drive from Wiesenthal, and to proceed
thither on foot. Perhaps, also, if the truth
be told, I was not sorry to stop at the inn
to get rid of the dust of the highway, and
arrange my dress a little. I had, certainly
no desire to please any one of the three
Misses Frager, but that was not a reason
for appearing to disadvantage before them.
The disorder of my toilet repaired, I set
out on my walk, and soon came in sight
of the counsellor's villa. A small laurel

wood lay before me, through which I had
to pass, and then I should be in the garden
—which stretched up to the house. As
I proceeded I looked about me on all sides,
linking I might by chance descry one of
the graces from which it was my uncle's
will, but not my intention, that I should
select a wife. The only women I saw
were two peasants toiling in a field. I
was about to enter the wood when, at some
two hundred paces from me, the slender
figure of a woman, attired in a fantastical
costume, between a riding-habit and a
hunting coat, and bearing a double-barrel-
led gun in her hand, stepped out from a-
mong the foliage. Leaping upon her
weapon, she seemed enjoying the charm-
ing landscape.

"If that be one of Frager's daughters,"
thought I to myself, "Uncle Reinhold was
not so far wrong. A fine girl she seems."
Not wishing to disturb the graceful ap-
pearance in her contemplation of the scene-
ry, I walked on as if I had not perceived
her. I had taken but a few steps when a
female voice, melodious but powerful, shout-
ed "Halt!" That cannot be addressed to me,
I thought I to myself, and walked on.
Then came a sound like the cocking of a
gun, and the next instant a bullet whistled,
as it seemed to me, close over my head.—
The hint sufficed, and I halted at once.
"The woman must be crazed," thought I,
as I gazed at the reckless amazon, walked
slowly towards me. I had leisure to ob-
serve her, and to admire her remarkable
beauty. Her graceful figure was set off to
advantage by the close-fitting habit, and
her blooming countenance by a profusion
of fair curls. I thought to myself, what
a pity it was that so lovely a form should
be that of a mad woman. When she arrived
within twenty paces of me—

"Why did you not halt," she asked, "when
I ordered you?"
I really knew not what to reply to
the imperious beauty; so I varied the sub-
ject.
"If I do not mistake," I said, "I heard
a bullet whistle rather near me."
"Are you afraid of bullets?"
"Well—there may be cases."
"For shame! a man should never be a-
fraid, least of all of a body. You thought
I should hurt you. Do you take me for
an assassin, or for a bad shot?"
"Neither—upon my word."
"There is a fine apple hanging over your
head. Lay it on your palm, stretch out
your arm, and I will shoot it off. Will
you let that I don't?"
I am not fond of such bets.
"Afraid again?"
"Every man has his moments of weak-
ness."
"Poltroon!" scornfully exclaimed this
demon in Petticoats, raised her gun and
levelled it at my head.
"For God's sake!" I cried, but before the
words were out of my mouth came the
flash and report. I thought I should have
fallen to the ground. To a dead certainty
the monster had hit my hat.
"Take off your hat," said she. I mecha-
nically obeyed. There was a hole close
to the crown. I shuddered from head to
foot.
"Where are you going to?" said the terri-
ble markswoman.
Not to anger her, I replied, as courte-
ously as possible.
"To Wiesenthal to counsellor Frager's."
"Beware of his daughters," said the fe-
male fiend, with a laugh that reminded
me of the wild huntsman. And she disap-
peared in the wood. It may be supposed
that I did not linger long in so danger-
ous a neighborhood. The lady might take
a fancy to load again. I made the best of
my way towards the house, wondering as
I strode along, whether Wiesenthal was a
Turkish province, or whether we were
back again in the middle ages, when peo-
ple shot at peaceable passengers for pure
pastime. What could this semisassassin
be? Was she a goblin, a wood demon,
whose occupation was to frighten men,
or real flesh and blood? If the latter,
where had she acquired this preternatural
dexterity with the gun, and the abominable
habit of firing at travellers? Hand-
some she undoubtedly was, but when the
devil disguises himself, he does not assume
the ugliest form. And my thoughts re-
verted to my pretty gentle Minnie, a less im-
posing beauty, but a far safer companion
than this lunatic William Tell, whose war-
ring against the counsellor's daughters al-
so returned to my mind.

Singular Affair.

A Correspondent of the Shelby, Ky. News,
writing from Clay village, Shelby county,
under date of the 7th inst., relates the fol-
lowing very singular affair:
A dead child was found concealed un-
der one of our merchantly houses, sup-
posed to have been there some two months;
and no knowledge of it had come to light,
until revealed to a man in a dream, (who
states that no intimation of the fact had
ever been made to him in any way, nor by
any one. But sir, through this marvelous
revelation was this unfortunate discovery
made!
The coroner was sent for; a jury sum-
moned together; the dead body placed be-
fore them. After being sworn, they pro-
ceeded to investigate the case.
Mr. Harrison Stratton sworn:
States that on Sunday night he dream-
ed that he saw the most beautiful babe he
ever saw in his life, lying dead under the
kitchen floor of Mr. Sloan, and this babe
was white, with a beautiful soft of thick,
black hair on its head. "How it came there
he could not say. He also gave an ac-
count of the awful looking people who
were standing around to witness the sight,
they were of every color and shape; some
had heads as large as bushels. He dream-
ed the next night to the same effect; but
on the third night, while in a sweet sleep,
he saw persons go and get the child from
under the kitchen of Mr. Sloan, and put it
under the corner of the store of Sloan &
Neal.
The next evening after he came down,
he looked under, and saw something in a
blanket, and thought he saw its arm pro-
truding from under its covering.
He at once went to Mr. Guthrie, told
him his dream and what he saw, and wish-
ed him to go with him and look. Mr.
Guthrie himself and others went and look-
ed. They saw a blanket, took it out and
found a child wrapped in it. It proved
to be the best of judgment, to be a white
female child, with a suit of black hair, but
much disfigured. From the condition of
the child it evidently had been put to death
by violence. Its face and head was much
bruised and mangled.
The coroner used every effort to find
out who had perpetrated so vile a deed, but
no trace or circumstance could be gotten
hold of, by which it could be found out,
only through the man who dreamed. He
states he saw in his dream who was the
mother of the child, but refuses to give any
revelation on the subject.
The verdict of the jury was: "That it
was a white female child, born at natu-
rally alive, and murdered by unknown hands."

A Young Lady Four Days in the Snow.

The Kansas Herald of the 9th of Feb.
contains the following:
This has been a day of intense excite-
ment in our quiet town, caused by a young
lady of this neighborhood being lost in a
snow storm. The facts as we learn them,
are as follows.
Miss Martha Perkins, who resides five
miles from this place, was on a visit to her
brother-in-law, who resides here. On Tues-
day last, the 15th inst., she started to
walk home. It was snowing hard at the
time she started, and continued for 2 days.
The snow was then 18 inches deep. Her
road was mostly over high rolling prairie,
the snow beating directly in her face. She
pursued her journey with much difficulty,
until within a mile of home, when she lost
her way and rambled about until near sun-
set, when she took lodgings for the night
in a deep bushy ravine.
There in the deep snow, she constructed
a very ingenious little house out of the
weeds that grew by, and there she spent
the first night of camp life without food to
sustain life or fire to warm or any other clo-
thing except her apparel to shelter from
the storm, the little weed house she had
erected being the only thing she had to keep
her from exposure to the bleak winds and
howling storm.
Early next morning she started out in
pursuit of her home, but went entirely a
different course. After travelling all day,
frequently through snow four feet deep,
Exhausted and fatigued, her feet frozen,
abandoning all idea of ever reaching home
she stopped and again built her weed hut.
In this little frail tenement, she resigned
herself to her fate, and it came high being
her last resting place upon earth.
She remained in this situation and at
this last named place, from Wednesday un-
til Saturday, about 12 o'clock, when she
was found by a party who were in search
for her. She had been out four days and
a half, and four nights, exposed to the mer-
ciless storm on the prairie. The weather
was intensely cold during two nights of

Later from Europe.

Boston, March 27th.—The steamer Em-
an has arrived, with Liverpool dates of the
12th inst.
The Peace Conference met daily, but
nothing was allowed to transpire.
Advices from the Crimea, state that over
fifty thousand men were reviewed at Bal-
klavia, on the 5th.
Gold was flowing into London, from Paris,
Amsterdam and the continent gener-
ally.
An Austrian courier has arrived at Con-
stantinople, with propositions relative to
the Danubian prince-polities.
A financial crisis had occurred at Con-
stantinople, and the Minister of Finance
had consulted with the merchants to devise
a remedy.
The navigation of the Danube had been
resumed.
A commercial crisis had occurred in
Norway, and a great many houses had
failed.
The steamer Washington had arrived
out.
Cotton was quiet, the sales on Tuesday
only amounting to 5,000 bales. Flour had
advanced one shilling, and Wheat 3s.

Homely Women.

We like homely women. We have al-
ways liked them. We do not carry the
peculiarity far enough to include the hid-
eous or positively ugly, for since beauty
and money are the only capital the world
will recognize in woman, they are more to
be pitied than admired; but we have a
chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain,
women. We never saw one who was not
modest, unassuming and sweet-tempered,
and have seldom come across one who was
not virtuous and had not a good heart.—
Made aware early in life of their want of
beauty by the slighted attentions of the
opposite sex, vanity and ambition never
takes root in their hearts, and in the hope
of supplying attractions which a capricious
nature has denied, they cultivate the
graces of the heart instead of the person,
and give to the mind those accomplishments
which the world so rarely appreciates
in woman, but which are more lasting
and in the eyes of men of sense more highly
prized than personal beauty. See them
in the street, at home or in the church,
and they are always the same; the smile
which ever lives upon the face is not forced
there to fascinate, but is the spontaneous
sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a
flower which takes root in the soul and
blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect
instead of passion, emotions of admiration
instead of feelings of sensual regard. Plain
woman make good wives, good mothers,
cheerful homes and happy husbands, and
we thank heaven that it has kindly created
women of sense as well as beauty; for it is
indeed, seldom a female is found possess-
ing both. To homely women we, there-
fore, lift our "hats" in respect; the world
will extend the same courtesy to beauty

The Duties of a Mother.

Suz should be firm, gentle, kind, always
ready to attend to her child.
She should never laugh at him at what
he does that is cunning—never allow
him to think of his looks, except to be
neat and clean in all his habits.
She should teach him to obey a look—to
respect those older than himself; she should
never make a command without seeing that
it is performed in the right manner.
Never speak of a child's faults or failures,
or repeat his remarks before him. It is a
sure way to spoil a child.
Never reprove a child when excited, nor
let your tone of voice be raised, when cor-
recting him. Strive to inspire love, not
dread—respect, not fear. Remember you
are training a soul for eternity.
Put away a thing when done with it. But
do not forget that you were once a child.
The griefs of a little one are too often ne-
glected, they are great for them. Bear pa-
tiently with them, and never in any way
rouse their anger, if it can be avoided.
Teach a child to be successful whenever
opportunity may offer.
The Sandusky Register narrates the fol-
lowing affecting story:
In the Lunatic Asylum at Columbus is
a pair of insane lovers. Mental anxiety
of a peculiar character is supposed to have
deranged the intellect of the young man,
who was sent to the Asylum some time
ago, cured, it was hoped permanently, and
sent home. While at home he fell deeply
in love with a young girl, who returned
his devotion, and they became tenderly
attached to each other. But unhappily,
the mad lady returned upon the young man;
he was separated from the object of his
love, and sent back to the Asylum. Left
to herself, to muse upon her bereavement
and the sad destiny of her lover, the mind
of the girl became also affected, almost as
it might seem, from sympathy—and it was
not long, before she, too, was immured
within the walls which sheltered him.—
They are both there now. Occasionally
they seem to have recovered their reason,
and are permitted to hold interviews with
one another. In one of these, the poor
girl begged her lover to marry her, but he
replied with a melancholy, sad enough to
bring tears from the listener's—"You know
that we cannot be married, Ellen, we are
unfit for that happiness—poor, unfortunate
creatures that we are!"

Gen. William Walker.

According to the New York Sunday
Times, this personage in 1847, was a re-
porter for the N. O. Delta, and when he
used to enter the office of Edmund Ran-
dolph, Esq., clerk of the Court of Louisiana,
and ask for permission to copy the calendar
for the last bit of news about the Crime
case, neither of them, probably, thought
of the destiny in store for them as soon
companions in Nicaragua. California was
then an undiscovered federal diamond;
filibusterism was not yet born; and Young
America, although then a "fast" institution,
was at least tolerably modest. But, before
ten years have gone by Walker becomes
a General, and the Randolph clerk has
found a friend, at the head of an amateur
government, to give him a grant of right
of transit from on a point of the Atlantic
to the broad Pacific. Nay, more, the two
have set all Wall street by the ears—that
mighty Wall street, which jostles its stock on
time, whilst it reprehends the porters and
stevedores who ride saddles or drive gigs
among the policy men.

Cure for a Foundered Horse.

As soon as you find your horse is found-
ered, bleed him in the neck, in proportion
to the greatness of the founder. In extreme
cases you may bleed him as long as he can
stand up. Then draw his head up, as is
common in drenching, and with a spoon
put on his tongue strong salt, until you get
him to swallow one pint. Be careful not
to let him drink too much. Then anoint
around the edges of his hoofs with spirits
of turpentine, and your horse will be well
in one hour.

Gen. William Walker.

General Walker having, by his opera-
tions, suspended the Nicaragua transit
route, New York enterprise is already sug-
gesting new routes by which San Francis-
co, may be reached, less expensive and not
so long as the Nicaragua route through
Honduras, and one by way of Tehuantepec,
which are believed to be available,
and which may possibly be resorted to, if
the difficulty between Nicaragua and the
transit company is not speedily settled.—
This would be retaliating upon Nicaragua
with a vengeance, for its only consequence
is derived from its geographical position,
and the use which the people of the United
States make of its territory, as a path-
way to the Pacific.

Look out for unexpired Wilmington De K Bills.

We understand that there
were sheets of unexpired Bank of Wilming-
ton bills to the amount of \$280,000 in the
cans that were destroyed near Weldon; and
that some of them were picked up and in
circulation. The Wilmington Herald men-
tions that two \$5's were passed in that
place. The notes were \$5's and 10's. It
is quite probable that the notes will be
filled up by some counterfeiters.
[Fay, Obs.]

Rifles for Kansas Arrested.

A Yan-
kee on his way to Kansas with 100 Sharpe
rifles and 2 cannon, boxed and labelled as
"Carpenter's Tools," was stopped at Lexing-
ton, Kon., and his tools taken from him by
the citizen, who acted firmly, but forbearing
to the Yankee, who was an agent of the
"New England Emigrant Aid Society."
The discovery was made by accident.

"Bill, did you ever go to sea?"

"I guess I did. Last year, instance, I
went to see a red headed gal, but I only call-
ed once."
"Why so?"
"Because her brother had an unpleasant
habit of throwing boot jacks and smoothing
irons at people."

Dreadful.

A young man at Niagara
it is said, having been crossed in love walk-
ed out to the precipice, took of his clothes
gave one lingering look at the gulf, beneath
and went home; his body was found
next morning in bed it was quite warm.

Which is the left side of a plum-

padding? Why that which is not eaten
to be sure.

[To be continued.]

It is stated that Mr. Edward Phalen, the
New York barber of the St. Nicholas ho-
tel, gave a party recently, which cost five
thousand dollars. There were several hun-
dred guests, and in the orchestra were some
of the best performers in the country.