

# 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 sweet trance.

## THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

A SKETCH.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

[CONTINUED FROM WEEK BEFORE LAST.]  
CHAPTER II.

Mr. Barlow was a wealthy merchant, about forty years of age. He was now prosperous, but former reverses had produced an unhappy influence on a naturally unfortunate temper; and he was a more reserved and crabbed man. One circumstance enhanced his discontent. He was childless. And, with affections considerably strong, he had no object, except Mrs. Barlow, on which to place them, for he hated all his relations, and those of his wife into the bargain. If any of them ever ventured to exercise the familiarities of relationship, he soon testified significantly, that they were utterly mistaken in their hopes of his favor. He often resolved that, not a soul of them should ever handle a cent of his money. And yet, when he was stimulated to make a will for the very purpose of cutting them off, a dreadful feeling assailed him, when he asked himself the question, "To whom or what shall I give it?" He could receive no pleasure from the thought that his wealth might go off to alleviate the distresses or elevate the character of his fellow men. He was anything but a charitable man. He would literally kick a beggar from his door. He abhorred the idea of charitable societies and institutions. And he looked somewhat askant at a church, whose doors he never darkened. He was thorough worldly. Or, rather, he was a creature of his own narrow impulses. He made a will, after many struggles, and gave all his property, real and personal, to his wife, in life estate, with reversion to bank at which he did his business.

He had often thought about the possibility of obtaining a child to adopt, and love, and fondle. But then it must be a child that was all alone in the world. The probability of parents or friends to interfere in his system with it, and divide its affections and sympathies, would chill every purpose of the kind. He had gone so far as to suggest the matter to Mrs. Barlow. And she had suggested it to Mrs. Blodgett, the housekeeper; and Mrs. Blodgett, one day when Miss Pinkerton, a dressmaker, a very charitable maiden lady, was at the house, had suggested it to her.

When Miss Pinkerton, therefore, in her charitable rounds, alighted on Mrs. Owen, and heard her story—when she found that she was a young English woman whose husband had died on the passage over, and left her a friendless wanderer—and when she saw her, moreover apparently hastening to the grave, she mentioned the circumstance to Mrs. Blodgett. The result was the visit that has been related, and the adoption of the child.

CHAPTER III.

That visit occurred in 1820. We pass over seventeen years.

It is the night before the birthday of the adopted child—her seventeenth birthday. She is now a beautiful girl. Her spirit is as buoyant as a thing of air, and her laughing, lustrous eyes, whose look is a very charm. She is tall, but graceful; and health is blooming on her full cheek bounding in her agile step, and ringing in her merry laugh. Well might she be a creature like this, for all her life has been a frolicsome May-day. She early

won the heart of Mr. Barlow, intuitively suited herself to his whims, humored his defects, and led him about by invisible strings, as obedient and attentive as though he had been the child, and she the arbitrary governess. And all that the world could offer was hers. Heaven had blessed her with gentle affections, an unfettered spirit, and a frame cast in the finest mould. Earth-blessed her now with all it has to give, appealed to affections, and spirit and frame. Well might she be happy as the day is long.

The coming birthday is to be celebrated with dance and song; and weeks have been spent in thought about it, and preparations for the brilliant festival. It is the previous night; and Emma is sitting with Mrs. Blodgett, in her own room, arranging, with her assistance, some articles of dress for the morrow. Her thoughts turn to the occasion so interesting to herself. For the playful girl could think: Oh, yes, there was a time of thought beneath that full and commanding forehead, whose glittering gems had been buried all this while under the rubbish of desolating worldliness. There was character, high, noble, true, within her, that needed only appropriate circumstances, to be called forth and developed and displayed in all its proud nobility.

"Seventeen to-morrow," she said pausing in her work, and looking up. "Seventeen! I know that I am orphan. I wonder where I was born!"

Mrs. Blodgett all at once seemed to be troubled about her work. She held it closer to her eyes, looked at it in the lamp and turned it over and over. Emma continued in the contemplative strain she had begun.

"I remember you as early as I remember any one Mrs. Blodgett. Pray, were you here when father took me to the house?"

"I would not ask such questions, child, it wouldn't do you any good to know."

"I'll tell you what it is Mrs. Blodgett, I've always noticed that you turn me off when I ask any questions about myself. Yes, and so does father. What's the reason? Is there any secret about it?"

"There wouldn't be if I should answer you," said Mrs. Blodgett, "that's very certain. There, let's change the subject. Will Hetty Williams be here to-morrow, I wonder."

"No, no! It won't do! I'm now old enough to be trusted, and I've thought about this a great deal lately. So I'm not to be turned away so lightly. I don't wish to trouble father about it, so I shall certainly apply to you."

"No, don't bother your father with such questions for the world, I beg of you," said Mrs. Blodgett, with great earnestness.

"Why not?" asked Emma, becoming herself more and more interested in the subject, and sliding down from the stool on which she had been sitting, upon her knees, by Mrs. Blodgett's side. "Why not? What does this secrecy mean? Father did not steal me away from anybody, did he?"

"Lad save us, child," exclaimed Mrs. Blodgett, "no, indeed. What should make you say such a thing as that?"

"Because you act as though it were so," replied Emma. "Now I ask you plainly, dear Mrs. Blodgett, do you know where I was born? Do tell me, if you do. Can you withhold from me anything so intensely interesting as that? Would you keep me in ignorance where I was born?"

"Mrs. Blodgett could not keep a secret; she was as guileless as a lamb, and transparent as water. Nothing but her fears of Mr. Barlow's anger, could have prevented her from revealing the whole truth to Emma long ago. And now imperturbed in this manner, she was in torture with the effort to restrain herself.

"My dear child," she said, "it's because I must—I must—I must say a word about it. Don't ask me again—pray don't."

"I cannot help it, dear Mrs. Blodgett; I must know all that you know, of my parents and my birth. And you ought to tell me. No promise can be binding of such a character. The wrong is that you do not tell me all."

all you know, without my asking a question."

After some further hesitation, and pausing, and stammering, Mrs. Blodgett began her narration of the events that have been recorded. "Oh how Emma hung upon her words, and gazed into her face, motionless as a statue, while she told of that crazy old house and desolate room, and lonely, wretched mother! How the tears swelled, and broke, and trickled, one by one, down her cheeks.

"So, then, your father took the baby and brought it away, and you are that little baby."

"And my mother died?" asked Emma, with bursting emotion.

"Not then," said Mrs. Blodgett, evasively and confusedly.

"When did she die, and where?" eagerly interrogated Emma. "Oh tell me at once!"

"I don't know—I really don't know," said Mrs. Blodgett. "She certainly recovered. But where she went I never knew."

"Did you see her afterwards—after she left that room?"

"Yes—once. I did see her once after," said Mrs. Blodgett more confusedly than ever.

"Where?"

"It's late, dear. I must go to bed.—You have asked questions enough. I must go."

She rose hastily to put an end to the conversation. But Emma caught her by the hand, and drew her back again.

"No—I cannot spare you yet. It is useless to oppose me. You must tell me all. My soul is wide awake, as it never was before. Where did you see her afterwards? Tell me at once!"

"Before this house it was just at day-break. I was opening the parlor shutters. She stood on the sidewalk directly opposite. I knew her, for she had on the bonnet and shawl that I had got for her myself. She was looking at the chamber windows, with all her eyes; and I shall never forget how much expression there was in her pale, thin face."

"No doubt," said Emma, bustling into tears, "she was taking her leave of her own dear child, before she went away forever. When did you hear that she was dead?"

"We never heard of it."

"No! Then she may be living!" exclaimed Emma, with sudden energy, starting from the floor. "She may be living!" Oh, Heavens, that I only knew where and at what place.

She slowly and thoughtfully went to her bed. A new light had beamed upon her soul. New energies had been awakened within her. Her sympathies had been suddenly kindled.

She lain her head upon her pillow. And ere she closed her eyes in sleep, the pure aspiration sprang up within her, that dearer would be that mother's prayer above her, answerer that mother's kiss on her cheek, than all the splendors of her fortune and prospects. And all the live long night she dreamed, not of the bright scenes of the bright scenes of the coming festival, but of that suffering, lonely mother!

CHAPTER IV.

The birth night came; and Mr. Barlow's old mansion in Greenwich street was a blaze of light. Poor Mrs. Barlow was not alive to witness the earliest hilarity. She had long ago passed away to the grave, as silently as she had lived. But Mr. Barlow now more rotund than ever, and with a gray sprinkled with the gray of years, was happy as a very child. And Emma was happy too. But her joy was tempered as it never had been before. This night, that was an era in her mortal life, and had become an era also in her soul's existence.

The conversation with Mrs. Blodgett, a bother mother, remained on her mind, and would come up, with thronging associations, to chasten her gaiety, and subdue her levity. But there was something even more active than this, that ruled in Emma's heart. She had but lately felt the power of love. She had but lately presented before her mind an object to concentrate its energies, and expand its glowing sensibilities. And, yet more, she possessed a thrilling intuition, that he, who was all the world to her now, would, on this night declare his love, and remove the concealing shadows from the bonds that had already been fast riveted. So the frolicsome grayety that had ever distinguished her, was subdued; there was a look on her features that proclaimed a calm, deep purpose; and the brilliant company that thronged Mr. Barlow's drawing room, whispered, one to another, how changed she was.

Her anticipations were realized. Not long after her lover had joined her, they gradually withdrew from the rooms, and found themselves alone on the balcony that projected beneath the windows. And then and there were the deep words breathed into willing years, that were to concentrate two hearts to each other for ever.

"A love story" is, to many, a foolish, senseless childish thing. And so every love story ought to be stigmatized, in which the love is the whole end and aim. So ought every story to be stigmatized that is written to develop a purpose, and whose only merit is its mushroom sentimentality. But all our hearts testify to the natural sympathies that draw us to the honest tale of the young hearts' glowing affections. There is a charm in a truthful story of love. And there should be a deeper, sterner, and more sacred charm, were then an abiding sense of the moral associations that sanctify the young heart's love. There would be a sacred charm, were it viewed in its own consecrated holiness as one of the precious gifts of God; and were it appreciated, not alone as a blissful emotion, but at the portal to many of life's holiest duties, and most ennobling ties.

But there is an observer of the happy twin, who, from that moment, had but one heart. On the opposite side of the street, stood a middle-aged woman; and, through all their confidence, she had been gazing on them, never moving from her position. She had pulled back her bonnet from her head, and the light, streaming out from the windows upon her, revealed a pale and emaciated countenance that was startling in its intense expression. Now and then her full, dark, brilliant eyes roamed over the whole exterior of the house, then rested fixedly again on the two in the balcony. Her hands were clasped before her; and had any one gone close behind her, in her wraith abstraction, he would have seen her lip to be trembling, her bosom to be heaving, and tears to be streaming down her cheeks, and he would have heard sigh after sigh from a laden heart.

The evening wore on. Coachmen drove up, one after another, and bore away the company. Stillness reigned in the room once more, that lately enclosed so much of life. The lamps were extinguished, at length below, and the only gleam into the street was from Emma's chamber. That, in its turn, disappeared, and all was darkness. The bells, just then, with impressive sound—slowly struck the hour of midnight.

But there still, across the street, gazing up to Emma's windows, stood the solitary woman. The gray dawn of the morning found her there.

Emma had sunk to sleep, love and its thrilling hopes reigning paramount within her. But the thought of her mother stole across her mind, and divided the palm, with her deep reality of joy. She little dreamed that a prayer not far away, was ascending to heaven for her, from the hallowed depths of a mother's heart.

CHAPTER V.

It had been determined between Emma and her lover, that he should early wait on Mr. Barlow at his office, and ask his consent to their alliance; and then they would ride out together. The consultation of Mr. Barlow was a mere matter of form. For himself he had introduced Philip Wherwood to the house, and it was a fortunate circumstance that the young man possessed not only the peculiar attributes to conciliate him, but also those that would secure Emma's affections. Emma did not hesitate, therefore, to prepare herself for the ride; and at the designated hour, with a lover's exactness, Philip drove to the door. Emma was all ready, and tripped down the stone steps to meet him.

She stood, for a moment, beside the vehicle, while Philip was adjusting some part of his harness. And while thus standing, her mother hastily brushed between her and the vehicle, and gazed suddenly in her face, with a look so full of wild and singular earnestness, that she started back with an affrighted cry. And on their return, after Philip had handed her to the walk, and she was just springing to the step, she was startled back by the same sudden interference, and strange peculiar look.

In the course of the afternoon, she started for a walk. But she had scarcely left the house, when she encountered the singular looking woman once more, and shrank from her mysterious stare. What could it mean? She paused, and looked

after her, and found that that the woman had herself turned, and was gazing intently on her. Again she met the look of those wild eyes, and it made the blood chill in her veins. To complete her amazement, the strange woman moved to the inner part of the walk, where she began to weep violently—never, withal, interrupting her thrilling gaze. "Poor maniac!" murmured Emma, as she continued on.

She fearfully approached the house, on her return, dreading to be startled by the abrupt appearance of what seemed to her a senseless maniac. But the object of her fear was standing on the opposite side of the street, and offered no interruption to her entrance. When Philip and Mr. Barlow joined her in the parlor, their conversation turned on the singular woman; and Emma could not avoid an irresistible impulse to look frequently out at her, as she still maintained her position on the opposite walk, ever gazing, with the same strange look, upon the house.

"If she annoys us much longer," said Mr. Barlow, while they were at supper, "I'll hand her over to the watch, to be taken care of."

But the shutters were soon closed, there was happiness in their hearts, and the very strange woman was forgotten. The evening passed. Mr. Barlow early retired to his room, and left the young people to themselves. Philip finally took his leave, and Emma conducted him to the door. She could scarcely repress a cry of fear, when it opened, to see still on the opposite walk, the unaccountable woman. It was too dark to distinguish her features—the dim street lamp only marked her motionless figure. But Emma could feel her thrilling look, in every fibre of her frame.

CHAPTER VI.

Morning came. Mr. Barlow, Emma, and Mrs. Blodgett were at breakfast, when the door bell rang. The servant answered it, but the comer, without a word, passed by him, and entered the room. Emma, who sat right opposite to the door, sprang with a shriek from her seat. Mr. Barlow started up to discover the cause of her dismay; and as he turned, he was brought face to face with strange, wild woman.

"Who are you?" he roughly asked; and what does this intrusion mean; out with you, or I'll call the serap, and have you forced into the street."

"I cannot help it—I cannot help it!" said the woman, in a low, tremulous voice. "I've struggled with it for seventeen years, a heavy weight on my soul; and in spite of promise, and fortune, and all, I was forced to come! I was forced to come! There was a deep maddening yearning within me, that I couldn't battle with any longer. I must—must speak to my child!"

As she said this, she had been intently looking at Emma. And now, with clasped hands, and bursting signs of emotion, she waited to see if there would come from her a word or a look for her own poor lonely mother. She waited to see whether the tie of nature was broken, indeed, for ever!

Emma possessed strength of mind. Her shriek was only the effect of her sudden fright. A moment or two fully recovered, and she heard every syllable that her mother uttered. But she hesitated in an agony of doubt. There was a full free impulse within her to spring to her mother's arms. There was abundant willingness to recognize a mother's claims. But it was all so sudden, so overwhelming, so uncertain, that she did not—could not—speak or move.

"Impostor! vagabond!" shouted Mr. Barlow, in an extremity of rage; "away with you! Speak on word more, or stand one moment longer, in this house, and I'll have you crammed into a dungeon!"

He laid his hands violently on her shoulder, and pushed her towards the door. The servant who stood near—incited by this movement of his master, also grasped her by the arm.

But this action restored Emma to her full self possession.

"No, father, no!" she exclaimed, as she sprang forward, and interposed herself in his rude violence. "This must not be! I know that perhaps I have a mother. Listen, then to her story; and if she proves to be my mother, you will not harm her for my sake!"

Mr. Barlow was so astounded at this appeal, that his dumb bewilderment gave the stranger an opportunity to speak. "Pray," said she; "as I well remember the old ruinous house, and dark and lonely room. He well remembers his coming with the good lady that told him of me, and one—she looked around on

the group—"whom I do not now see. He well remembers how I prayed to keep the little one till I was gone forever; and he said no. He well remembers that fearful promise, never, if I lived, to see my child again. And I've remembered it—I've remembered it! I've wandered everywhere to forget my child. That promise has been like fire in my brain! But I could not—I could not—I have waked in the still midnight and had visions of my child. And every where for seventeen years in the cold and the heat in the city and the wild woods, something has whispered to me of my child.

Her voice faltered before she concluded and placing her hand on her forehead she reeled with exhaustion. Emma sprang to her aid, and assisted her to a chair.

But before she was fully seated, Mr. Barlow had returned to his collectedness.

And his anger was more furious than before.

"She shall not sit in this house, if I live to prevent it!" he shouted. Stop Emma! I say she shall not sit! Out with you into the street. Dare you disobey me!—Out, I say!"

"Father, said Emma, this is unworthy of you. I beg you to answer me this. Do you think her to be my mother?"

"What if she is? He answered hurriedly in his passion. "What does it concern you! Have not I been your guardian! Have not I given you all you have had of happiness. Is she not a stranger to you—an utter stranger! Are you not educated and elevated! Is not she a rude, ill-dressed, unknown vagabond!"

There was in every word a tacit acknowledgment of the mother's claims. Emma felt the admission. She felt, too, the low degrading effort to influence her mind, by the heartless comparison he had suggested.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

For Cleaning-Up.

As the time is approaching when the people want to clean up, and rub down and wash over, it will afford some information how to do it, to read the following which gives a cheap and excellent compound to fix up with:

Take a clean barrel that will hold water, put in half a bushel of fresh quick lime and slake it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover four or five inches deep and stirring it until slackened.

When quite slaked dissolve it in water odd two pounds sulphate zinc, white vitriol which may be had at any of the drug gists and which in a few weeks will cause the whitewash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of whitewash.

This wash is of course white and white is a color which we think should never be used except upon buildings a good deal surrounded by trees, so as to prevent its glare, we would make fawn or drab color before using.

To make the above wash a pleasant cream color, add four pounds of yellow ochre.

For fawn color, take four pounds of amber one pound of Indian red and one pound of lampblack.

To make the wash gray or stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack.

**A Witty Rejoinder.**—Pete, a comical son of the Emerald Isle who carries wood and water, builds fires, &c., for the boys at Hamilton College is as odd a specimen of the genus Hibernian as ever toddled in a brogan. One of the students having occasion to reprove him one morning for de ingenuity asking him where he expected to go when he died.

"Expect to go to the hot place, said Pete without wincing."

"And what do you suppose will be your portion there?" asked the Soph, solemnly.

"Oh! growled the old fellow as he brushed his ear lazily with his coat tail, bring wood and water for the boys."

**Funny and Franche.**—The French Emperor has hit upon a decidedly novel and certainly popular way of celebrating the birth of his son and heir. Eugenie is to be Godmother to all children born in France on the same day with her boy—to wit, on March 15th and these lucky little people are to receive \$600 apiece for coming into the world at the right time, the only condition of the gift is that all the boys shall be named Louis and all the girls Eugenie.

The telegraph computes the number at twenty five hundred. Not a people Vot's country.

A baneful Yodel was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country who had long despaired to bring things to a crisis when she was alone at home. After settling the merits of the weather, Mist said looking slyly into his face, I dreamed of you last night.

"Did you? Why now?"

"Yes I dreamed you kissed me!"

"Why now, what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home! A light dawned on Yodel's mind, directly something was heard to crack perhaps Yodel's whip and perhaps not but about a month more, and they were trawin."

Print it in Letters of Gold.

A father whose son was addicted to some vicious propensities bade him drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a certain fault and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In course of time the post was completely filled with nails.

The youth became alarmed at his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself.

One by one the nails were drawn out.

The delighted father commended him for his noble self-denying heroism in freeing himself from his faults.

They are all drawn out said the parent.

The boy looked sad and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his address. With a heavy heart he replied: True father, but the scars are still there.

Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy in character must sow the seeds at the bedside.

Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make a useful member of society; but alas the scars are there! the reformed drunkard, gambler and thief, is only the wreck of the man he once was—covered with scars—dishonorable scars—which will disfigure his character as long as he lives.

**Origin of the Name of old Nick.**

The Germans had a deity of the waters worshipped under the name of Nocks or Nicken which is derived from a German word answering to the Latin *neque* to kill. Wormius says that the redness of the face in drowned persons was ascribed to this deity who sucked their blood out at the nostrils and so brought it up to the face.

The Icelanders had a nation that Neckur who governed the sea assumed the form of various animals or of a horseman or of a man in a boat.

This deity was the northern Neptune and was called Neckur. When christianity prevailed in these nations the transferred the name of this sea god to the father of evil.

**Serpentine.**—A punster happened into one of the banks the other day just as the worthy cashier was running up with his accustomed celerity and correctness a very long column of figures. The waggish visitor saw the sum complicated and then remarked to the official with a very grave face:

"B——, I understand they talk of sending you on to the World's Fair as a specimen of the American adler."

A great curiosity has recently been discovered—the flute with which John Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captivity. It is an unsightly affair and looks like the leg of a stool—indeed it is said that he manufactured it out of one and when the turkey attached by the sound of music entered his cell to ascertain if possible the cause of the harmony the flute was replaced in the stool and by this means detection was avoided.

**Married Misses.**—The Pittsburg Chronicle with great truth says:

"It seems that every woman who appears before the public as an artiste of any kind feels it necessary to represent herself as a Miss; whether married or not. It adds: Is wedlock so ridiculous and prosaic an institution that ladies must hide their connection with it? We know of nothing more bitterly satirical upon marriage than this rapidly increasing custom."

**Annette my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?**

"Don't know sir."

"Well now, said the perplexed teacher, if I were to bore a hole through the earth and you were to go in at this end where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, sir, replied the pupil with an air of triumph at having solved the great question."