

# 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.

VOLUME III

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OUR STORY TELLER.  
Now fiction's groves we tread, where young romance  
Lies in the gladsome in her sweetest trance."

THE  
MODEL LOVER.

A QUEER FRENCH TALE OF THE  
REIGN OF KING FRANCIS  
THE FIRST.

The old Marquis de Mont-Chery sat in his chair of state after a dinner in the great hall, on the fourth of May, in the year 1518. Two gentlemen of his suite stood behind him motionless and silent. An aged lady, deep-browed, in velvet, and bearing on her head a pyramid of muslin, of which the apex nearly reached the beams of the vaulted roof sat at his side. She might have passed for a piece of excellent workmanship in wax, but she was only the Marquise of Mont-Chery, mumbled in articulate prayers, and dropping the beads of her rosary. Near the table stood Father Aubert, bowed into the shape of a half moon, the illuminated portion being represented by the bald head; and kneeling in front of one knee on a small footstool, and both his hands clasped in the old Marquis' shaking palms—was a handsome young man of two-and-twenty years—dark hair, broad shoulders, elegant limbs, and fine eyes. The youth was evidently prepared for a journey. His spurs were long, his sword was heavy, the leathern bag he wore at his side bulged out into a perfect ball and gave evidence that he was well furnished with the coin. In short, he was an accomplished cavalier, ready to fight his enemies or to pay his friends, and was on the eve of leaving his paternal halls to enter upon the world.

"Sir Caribert of the Leaf," said the old man to his son, "Have you made your peace with the Church?"

"Forty masses for his repose, a thousand Ave Marias, and five hundred paternosters—a cottage to the widow, and place of under-groom to the eldest son," replied the young man. For a moment the father raised his eyes and smiled approval. "And six wax candles to the shrine of Saint Boose," he added, as if to satisfy the marquis's mind that the fault whatever it was, was atoned for.

"But you shouldn't have killed the man," kindly replied the marquis. "Nay I am not angry," he added, when he saw Sir Caribert about to speak; if those people will come between us and the chase, it is right they should take the chance of what they merit. You are strong of arm. Sir Caribert of the Leaf, quick of eye, firm of heart. You are going to the court of France. Love the king."

"And nobody else," said the marquis, feebly. "There were bright eyes in the Palais des Tourneilles when I was there, and winning smiles, and wicked laughs, and flowing beards, and such beautiful monstrosities, which it was impossible to resist. I've missed a bead! Father Aubert, must I begin again?"

"Sir Caribert will not have so much difficulty as you experienced in resisting the beard and monstrosities; Madame la Marquise," said the marquis, bitterly.

"There was the gay and clever Louise de Perigord," continued the lady, "the fairest maiden in the Marais, and her brother, the Chevalier de Cutton, the best tilter in France. She sang the sweetest songs;—and when he danced—I never saw such dancing. There! I've dropped again! Father Aubert, what's to be done? I shall never get through them all."

"Your bishop's advice well," said the old man, though a little confused in the acts of her warning. "Win the king's favor."

"And nobody else's," again chimed in the marquis. "Oh, that Duc de Mont-Chery! I strove with all my might, Father Aubert; but he would have won the heart of an icicle. Such whispers! such

looks! such sighs! If people will be so irresistible, is it any fault of mine?"—Whereupon she passed three or four beads at a time.

"Go then, Sir Caribert, my son," said the old marquis, with a look of pity towards his wife. "You are but the youngest of my house, I wish it had been otherwise—But, farewell! you will make a higher name than your brother's, and come back to us rich in fortune and fame." The old man bent forward and kissed the youth's forehead.

"No, too," said the mother, "kiss me, my Caribert. Beware of love, my son—marry as I did, and it will trouble you more. Farewell!—and let us hear you prosper in the great city of Paris. There Father Aubert, I've dropped my rosary altogether!—I knew I should never get through them all!"

While Sir Caribert of the Leaf is pursuing his way toward the capital, mounted on his good steed—Rouge Dragon—and skirting the beautiful banks of the Loire, where his father's castle was situated, it chanced that on this same cloudless fourth of May, two litters, sumptuously fitted up, were waiting in the court-yard of the great Chateau de Guernon on the river Marne. Fifty men-at-arms, the guards of these litters, sat motionless on their horses, leaning on their spears, and waiting the approach of the two ladies whom they were to accompany to the court. In the hall Hermine d'Evreux was kneeling on the cushion before her father, who held her hands in his, and bestowed his blessing, which was sometimes interrupted by his tears.

"You are young, Hermine," he said, "and very timid. You are too bashful for a daughter of my house, and heirress of all my lands; but I would rather see the rose of modesty on a maiden's cheek than the flush of pride; or, what will never happen to my Hermine, the blush of shame—Take her, sister mine," he said, when the words of benediction were uttered, "take her, Duchess of Vaugrainant—be her guardian, bring her mother, her angel in the court, and bring her back to me as pure, as good, as loving as she is now. Hermine d'Evreux, remember that the honor of our house and the happiness of your father are both in your hands." Pale with emotion, trembling with fear, Hermine was on the point of sinking at her father's feet. But the Duchess of Vaugrainant stepped forward and put her arm round her waist, "Come daughter," she said, "niece no longer—trust to me. You have but one fault—but it is almost a virtue—you are too diffident, too subdued. Stand up, and quit not before king or noble! You have beauty enough to make you an empress; you have birth and ancestry enough to make you chief of the court. If you were old and childless as I am—"

"Childless! Oh, aunt! if I could court you as you do; oh, aunt! if I could speak and sing, and walk, and threaten, and command; but I can do nothing—nothing but shake and tremble—oh! might I stay at home!" But the father waved his hand; the duchess assisted the agitated girl across the great hall, and down the front steps, and into the litter, lined with such beautiful pink silk and ornamented with such a lovely window of real glass. Her favorite little dog was placed upon her knee—she kissed it as if for consolation; and the word was given for Paris. The cavalcade started off, and while Sir Caribert of the Leaf dismounted that night and sought the accommodations of a hostelry at Fontainebleau, the Duchess of Vaugrainant and her charming charge obtained the hospitality of the Seneschal of Commauniers, and both parties crossed over to the Marais on the following day, at the same hour, and were received very graciously by his most Christian majesty the chivalrous Francis the First.

"By St. Denis's nostrils!" (they had curious oaths in those days) said the king—"both knight and maiden were wise to keep out of Sir Caribert's way!"

"If they wish to avoid having their toes trod on by a country lout," said the Comte de Saint Marceau, who, in the absence of the Count Foul, filled the office of merrymen of the court.

"Maidens may do as they like," said the Count Burgency. "I will not yield a step." He touched the handle of his sword as he spoke, and then twirled his moustache—He was the bully of the royal circle; and looked round with a threatening frown.

"Poor Chevalier de Mont-Chery!" said Francis with a laugh. "I see two combats at least await him, one in repartee with Saint Marceau, and one with more dangerous arms with Burgency."

"It depends, your majesty, on which of the combatants first," replied the doctress

with a grin; if he begins with me, Saint Marceau, may spare his breath, unless to pronounce his funeral oration!"

"But here he comes," said Francis, "fresh from the presence of the queen. Have you lost anything, Sir Caribert? You seem in search of something."

"Of his wit," suggested Saint Marceau in a whisper.

"Of his courage!" muttered Burgency, almost audibly.

"A dog, your majesty! a beautiful Italian greyhound belonging to one of the marshals of honor. Has it by good fortune, wandered into this hall?"

"Why should you think we should notice the foul animal you describe?" inquired Saint Marceau, laying a foundation for an extempore retort.

"Sir Caribert eyed him, and saw a look of expectant triumph. The courtiers were listening for his answer.

"I thought you might study the dog, to learn how to take a whipping," said Sir Caribert, with a frown; "the lesson might be useful, and not long of being needed."

"You teach dogs manners, then?" interposed Burgency.

"Ay; puppies, too, when they require it."

"The king clapped his hands. "The clown has beat the wit—he freshing has cowed the swordsman!"

"That is to be seen," said Burgency, with a smile. "Your name is, I believe, Sir Caribert of the Leaf. With his majesty's permission, I shall have great satisfaction in stripping your lough, and seeing whether you have greatest resemblance to the oak, or, as I guess from your trembling, to the aspen."

"If I tremble, 'tis with impatience to trample on a knave. There!"—with his glove, held lightly in his hand, he tapped the cheek of the astonished Burgency.

"There was silence in the circle. Francis himself was taken by surprise.

"It is too late to interpose," he said. "Burgency made a deep bow to the king, and left the hall."

"You are master of your fence, I trust," said Francis, good naturedly, to Sir Caribert.

"This is a pity you quarrel so soon; in a week you would have learned your own enemy's, and would have avoided him if you could—"

"Not so," replied the youth; "if I had known ten minutes ago, as now I know, that he is Burgency, the dearest sword-buckler in France, I should have spared my glove and marked his face with my hand."

But the Lady Hermine! he added, "this lost her Venus, and is inconsolable; I must restore it to her arms before I prepare Burgency for his confessor, and when I have done both, he added with a glance around the room, "I have still an account to settle with a jester, who seemed to challenge me to try my skill, but I see him not; great wit's jump, we are told—they sometimes also run."

He left the hall in search of Hermine's greyhound.

"By Clovis's thumbs!" cried the king—(they had curious oaths, I repeat, in those days) "this young kestrel will fly at high game if Burgency doesn't clip his wings—Meanwhile, gentlemen, get ready, for the duel will take place in the tilt-yard at three of the clock, and it is now half-past two."

"Is it to the death?" inquired the Bishop of Aigos Potamos, who lived a long way from his diocese.

The king made a motion with his head.

"I am sorry for it," said the bishop, for if it had merely been a skirmish till blood flow, I should like to have seen Burgency trounce this countryman."

"He'll do it at the third lunge—for twenty roubles!" cried Beauvillon.

"Done! not till the sixth; for the bumpkin is long in the arm and active in limb," replied Vascon de Bere—and took the bet.

"Host! Saint Marceau," said de la Fosse, "there's Caribert coming; and who knows but he may be going to horsewhip you before he measures swords with Burgency?"

"I have said they had had curious oaths in those days; they had excellent wit, too and a great deal of gentlemanly feeling."

"And Hermine!" said the jovial Francis, three months after this adventure— "has she recovered her spirits since the misadventure to the greyhound?"

"She disengaged it entirely," her majesty replied. Etienne Fitzroyne; "nay, to show how little she values all the trouble taken for its recovery, it is supposed she has either hung it to an apple tree in the orchard, by the ribbon of her waistband, or, as I am sure in some remote corner of her apartment. No one has seen it since it was so publicly restored by the happy man who found it."

"And out of compliment to his endeavors to please her," said the Chevalier des Ursins, "she keeps an English mastiff which tears down an ox when it wants a little refreshment, and has scattered dismay in the good city of Paris."

"A strange daniel, who will always have her way," said Charles de Beaupere, scintillatingly pursuing his lips.

"It is that extremely quiet, shy, modest you creature," inquired Philibert Baron de Naney, whom I met at your majesty's palace in the Marais last May, when that unfortunate business happened between Sir Caribert of the Leaf and I, and I forget the poor man's name, the swordsman, the challenger, the brave—"

"Ha!" said Francis, putting his forefinger to his brow. "What was the poor man's name? He was disgraced at the first pass, and soon before we could count ten, I wish I could remember who it was."

All the courtiers put their forefingers to their brows and tried to remember the name of the unfortunate man.

"A silver fillet dagger," cried the king, "to the man that told me who it was that Sir Caribert of the Leaf exterminated the first day he came to court."

"It was Burgency, if it please you," observed the Comte de la Fosse. "I lost a silver flagon to your majesty for writing an epitaph on the wrong man."

"As you shall certainly lose a silver dagger if you give us the wrong name of the defunct," replied the king. "But there was another, the fellow that used to make us laugh, whom Sir Caribert silenced after the duel. By St. Genevieve's ankles! (they had curious oaths, as I have said, in those days) I marvel our memory is so bad!"

"Saint Marceau you mean," suggested the Chatelain de Montenoisy. "He is now in the convent of the Cordeliers of Fours, they say very holy, engaged in writing the loves of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba."

When Sir Caribert sent to him the sword, still reeking, with which he had expedited Burgency, and on a silver salver, held by his page, a pair of beautiful steel scissors, requesting the hairdresser to take his choice, Saint Marceau said his hair was already beginning to fall off, and he preferred being clipped to being killed. So he is the Reverend Friar Joseph—and if poems were miracles would be certain to be canonized."

"You are over-flippant, sir," said Francis, pulling a long countenance, "in talking of sacred things." The Bishop of Aigos Potamos—by-the-by, I hope your lordship's parishioners are well—will put you to penance."

"Of what sort?" inquired the offending noble, looking humbly towards the prelate.

"Why, he will make you listen to his sermons all through Lent," said Aloys de Chabannes.

"He will lend you his mule to ride when you are in hurry to visit your lady," said Adrien de Cossy.

"He will make you play cards with him," said Heroule, the young Duc de Mirecourt, showing an empty purse; "and keep the deal in his own hands, the Pope himself couldn't cheat more openly."

"Enough, my lords," said Francis, "remember we are the most Christian King, and, besides (in a low tone of voice) that his lordship of Aigos Potamos was so drunk last night that he doesn't know what you are saying. Draw swords!" he added solemnly, "and stand on your guard! I for here is Hermine d'Evreux and her companion of Satan, the demoniacal English dog—How remarkably like our brother Henry!"

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Time is like a river, in which metals and solid substances, are sunk, while chaff and straws swim upon the surface.

### A Russian Mistress Jealous of her Slave

The Allemeine Zeitung, of the 21st of July, gives the following illustration of serfdom in Russia, as of recent occurrence.

Among the serfs owned by a widow lady was a girl who had been brought up with unusual indulgence, had received a superior education and acquired manners far more cultivated than belonged to her class to which advantages she added the natural gift of an attractive person. At an early age she was apprenticed at St. Petersburg to a French dress maker and having attained to some skill in the business, she was after a time offered profitable employment.

This her mistress permitted her to accept on the usual payment of obrok to her self in lieu of personal service. The girl conducted herself well in her situation, acquired a knowledge of the French language and formed habits of considerable refinement. Here she attracted the notice of an officer of the rank of colonel, who, in due time proved his attachment by offering her marriage. The girl accepted the proposal and nothing remained but to obtain her freedom of her mistress. The purchase money the colonel was willing to pay—This ought to have been regulated by the obrok which the girl had paid calculated at so many years purchase. The officer, however was not disposed to cavil about the price, but on applying to the mistress, to whom he unfortunately explained his purpose, he received for answer that on no terms whatever should she emancipate her slave.

Every effort was used to shake her resolution, which appeared unaccountable; but argument, entreaty and money were alike unavailing, and the lady remained inexorable, giving in the end the clue to her obstinacy by observing that she would never see herself take precedence of her, as she would do if married to a colonel while she was herself but the widow of a major. The match was necessarily broken off, and the girl's prospects of happiness destroyed. To complete her misery her mistress renoked her leave of absence and ordered her immediately to return to her native village. Arrived in the village the unhappy girl accustomed to the habits and comforts of civilized life, was clothed in the coarse garments of an ordinary peasant, and was forth with ordered to marry a rough *wojnik*, of the same class. Revolving at this tyrannical and refused to obey, she was flogged and though she still resisted for a while a long continuance of cruel and degrading treatment conquered her in the end, and she was forced to submit to the miserable lot entailed upon her by the wretched jealousy of her heart less mistress.

### A Japanese Medical Secret

This historian of Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan concludes that the Japanese are deficient in knowledge of Medicine and surgery but he says some of their medical preparations are very reproducing most singular effects. Of these says the writer there is one spoken of by Tsinigh who saw its application and its consequences, and from some of the officers of our own expedition, we have heard of this preparation of which, we believe they have brought home specimens. Tsinigh thus writes: Instead of incising the bodies of the dead in coffins of a length and breadth proportionate to the stature and bulk of the deceased they place the body in a tub three feet high, two feet and a half in diameter at the top, and two feet and a half at the bottom. It is difficult to conceive how the body of a grown person can be compressed into so small a space when the limbs rendered rigid by death, cannot be bent in any way. The Japanese to whom I made this observation told me that they produced the result by means of a particular powder called *Dosa*, which they introduced into the ears, nostrils, and mouth of the deceased after which the limbs, all at once, acquire a surprising flexibility. As they promised to perform the ceremony in my presence, I could not do otherwise than suspend my judgement, lest I should condemn an absurd fiction a fact which indeed surpasses our conceptions, but may yet be susceptible of a plausible explanation especially by galvanism, the recently discovered effects of which also appeared at first to exceed the bounds of credulity. The experiment accordingly took place in the month of October 1783 when the cold was pretty severe. A young Dutchman having died in our factory at Dejima I directed the physician to cause the body to be washed and left all night

exposed to the air on a table placed near an open window in order that it might become completely stiff. Next morning several *Japan* nese, some of the officers of our factory, and myself went to examine the corpse, which was as hard as a piece of wood. One of the interpreters named Denby, drew from his bosom a santonok or pocket book and took out of it an oblong paper filled with a coarse powder resembling sand. This was the famous *Dosa* powder. He put a pinch into the nostrils and a pinch into the ears, and a third into the mouth, and presently, whether from the effect of this drug or of some trick which I could not detect the arms which had been crossed over the breast dropped off themselves and in less than twenty minutes by the watch, the body recovered its flexibility. I attributed this phenomenon to the action of some subtle poison but was assured that the drug so far from being poison was a most excellent medicine in child bearing for diseases of the eye and for other maladies. An infusion of this powder taken even in perfect health is said to have virtues which cause it to be in great request among the Japanese of all classes. It cheers the spirits and refreshes the body. It is carefully tied up in a white cloth and dried, after being used as it will serve a great number of times without losing its virtues.

### A Visit To Fremont

A friend of ours, Mr. H. S. Blood residing at Ware, detailed to us yesterday, in our office the substance of a conversation he had with Mr. Fremont at his residence in New York, on Tuesday last as follows: Mr. Blood—Colonel it is stated you were married by a high Catholic Priest. Is it so? Fremont—It is. Mr. Blood—Will you give me the names of those clergymen who refused to marry you? Fremont—No I will not. That is not a question. Mr. Blood—Do you attend the Episcopal Church? Fremont—I do. Mr. Blood—Have you belonged to it some time? Fremont—I have. Mr. Blood—Will you tell me where that Church is located? Fremont—I will not, it is an improper question. Mr. Blood—Will you give me the name of the clergyman who has charge of the church to which you belong? Fremont—I will not. So it will be perceived that he evaded every question by which he thought his duplicity might be exposed. *Springfield Express.*

### Americans How Do You Like It?

If any further evidence were needed, than that which we have already furnished to prove that the so called Republican Party are just fully leagued with the foreign signers as the Locofocos, the placard below gives proof strong as holy writ. Read it Americans and then vote for Fremont, if you can. The Locofocos never dived deeper or truckled lower for the foreign vote. The placard can be seen on their bulletin board at the entrance to their head quarters on Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

### NATURALIZATION COMMITTEE FOR 1856

Will sit in the front Room of the REPUBLICAN HEAD QUARTERS Chestnut street above 6th (up stairs) Daily, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 1 P. M. On Saturdays, from 10 o'clock, A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M.

This is Republicanism in Philadelphia Americans how do you like it? What excuse can you plead now.

The N. Y. Evening Post of Tuesday obtains an estimate of the vote of that State, which gives Fremont a plurality of 77,000, and Buchanan a few more votes than Fillmore. The absurdity of this estimate is readily apparent. Last year the Post claimed the State for the Republican by 50,000 votes. They were beaten by 15,000 votes. This year they claim 77,000, and will be beaten 20,000 if not 30,000 votes.—*Washington Organ.*

There are twenty six Fillmore papers in Mississippi.

The Fillmore men in Speaker Banks' district, Mass., have nominated Isaac Story, Esq. of Somerville, for Congress.

AMERICANS READ.—On Saturday evening last, a majority of the Irish Roman Catholics of Sing Sing assembled at J. Patterson's tavern elected a pole and declared for Fremont, and Dayton. They then elevated a transparency on a pole which represented the head of a hideous monster, and marched through our streets, proclaiming it's the head of Fillmore, THE PROTESTANT AMERICAN CANDIDATE?—*State Gazette, Trenton N. J.*

Non-naturalization before naturalization.—The New York Tribune states that a case of naturalization came before Judge Bosworth last week. A person who keeps a saloon corner of John and Nassau streets applied for his full papers. The question was asked if he was of good moral character. The answer was, surely he is,—he was nominated the previous evening by the Democratic party as Councilman. Which the Judge found was the case and he received his papers. It was deemed sufficient testimony.

Mr. Fillmore.—In a private letter received a few days ago from Mr. Fillmore, by a gentleman of Georgia the following characteristic language occurs: "Whatever may be my fate personally, I am not worth a thought if the integrity of the Constitution can be maintained, and we can transmit this glorious heritage unimpaired to our posterity. This language is worthy of Millard Fillmore. It is such gems as this that give him so high a place in the affections of the American people and it breathes that lofty patriotism and that noble self denial so characteristic of the man, and which have made his own one of the most illustrious names in the history of our country."

The Hon. Elisha D. Cullen has been nominated for re-election to Congress by the Fillmore party of Delaware.

"Do you drink *hail* in America?" asked a cockney. "Hail! No, We drink *thunder and lightning*!" said the Yankee.

The amount in the U. S. Depositories, subject to draft, on the 12th ult, was \$23,495,000.

Fillmore Electoral Tickets, says the *National Intelligencer*, are formed in all the States save five, viz: Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Maine and New Hampshire.

The Rochester Democrat announces withunction that an Irish Catholic aid. Fremont Club has been organized in Buffalo.

At the Fillmore mass meeting in Washington City a few days ago, the delegation from Alexandria carried the identical flag that accompanied Gen. Washington thro' all the battles of the Revolution.

"Madam," said a bald imitator of a gentleman, with a cigar, to a lady in a railroad car, "does smoking incommode you?" "I don't know sir, no gentleman ever smoked in my presence." The cigar was put out.

READ—Then Give Three Cheers!—There is a little incorporated borough in Chester county Tennessee, called Hope-well, which has twenty voters in it, and every man is for Millard Fillmore. Three times three cheers for Hopewell Borough! Cheers of the press—pass this around.

An Awful Calamity.—An awful catastrophe occurred on Lake Michigan on Wednesday of last week. The steamer Niagara, from Collingwood for Chicago, was destroyed by fire, when near Port Washington, and about sixty persons are supposed to have drowned or burnt to death.

Grapes in California.—The San Francisco Chronicle records the arrival of 1,200 boxes of grapes from Lower California, and remarks that that portion of the State is rapidly becoming one of the best grape growing countries in the world, and will in all probability, in a few years, rival the southern portion of France in the quantity and quality of its vines.

Verdict Against a Railroad.—The case of Whitaker vs. Boston and Maine Railroad, has been tried at Lowell, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, and damages in the sum of \$3,448 93. Whitaker had a thigh broken, at a crossing on this road, some year or more ago.

Our government lands cost one dollar a acre on an average, and champagne two dollars a bottle. How many a *quo dice* landless, who during his life has swallowed a township, trees and all.