

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,
Lays the glad senses in her sweetest trance.

FROM THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.
THE COQUETTE'S VICTIM.

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE
BY HARRIET N. GRAVES.

"Why do you not write more love stories?"
asked cousin Maria of one cold winter
evening, as we were snugly ensconced in
our little parlor, busily engaged with our
patch-work.

"Because I don't believe in them," said I,
rather scornfully.

"What! don't believe in love?" asked
she, in astonishment.

"No, indeed I do not, in such kind of love
as novelists tell so much about, that must
needs always end in a broken heart or sui-
cide if the object in pursuit be not obtained."

"Then you do not believe in true love,"
she replied.

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Because, true, sincere, devoted affection
could not survive the loss of its idol, I think."

"He has more than once said he could
never survive such a dreadful ordeal.—
But come, cousin, let us have your story."

"O, yes, the story—tragedy, perhaps, I
ought rather to call it."

"Why, then it is a tragic story, is it?"
I thought you did not believe in tragedy."

"Yes, tragedies in real life, such an one
as I am about to relate are of very com-
mon occurrence nowadays.—But to the
story."

"You know I spent the last year in the
city of—, Mass. It was there that the
tragic scene occurred which I am about
to relate."

"Charles Boynton and Helen Grosvenor
had been lovers for several months, and
although no promises had been made by
either of them, or, as novelists say, they
were not betrothed, yet there was no need
of wasting words to tell each other that
the expected to be 'one' through life."

"Scarcely an evening passed that Charles
did not visit his beloved Helen, sometimes
jingling his rich, manly voice with hers
in some song of olden time; sometimes
reading to her from some ancient or mod-
ern history a well-selected novelette; but
more frequently sitting by her side, toy-
ing with her rich brown ringlets, and
pouring into her listening ear the tale of
his deep devoted love, while ever and anon
she would raise her dark eyes to his, as if
striving to penetrate the inmost depths of
his soul, and see if she could discover
Truth or falsehood written there."

"She knew that she was not his first love,
for he had told her that he once thought
he loved the gentle and fair Lucy
Eldridge, but that he now found it was
not true love, but merely a respect for her
mild and amiable disposition, her truly
feminine gentleness, and soft, winning
manners; but that she (Helen) had by
her beauty, wit and vivacity, combined
with her genuine goodness of heart, in-
spired him with a fervor, an intensity of
love he had never before felt for woman,
and which would only cease with the ex-
it of time."

One evening Charles invited Helen to a
walk, and together they strolled along,
talking of love and wondering how any
person could be unhappy in such a bright
and beautiful world if they possessed the
wealth of one true and loving heart. Ere
they were aware of the distance they had
gone, they found themselves a mile from
the suburbs of the city, on the bridge
which overlooks that magnificent sheet of
water called Pawtucket Falls. Here they
stopped, and leaning from the high bridge,
gazed on the foaming waters below.

"The moon, chaste queen of night, rode
beautifully calm in the cloudless sky, and
the little stars, like astral lamps, hung out
on Heaven's azure walls, twinkled, and
shone with beautiful lustre."

into the foaming waters, and be dashed to
atoms on the hard, huge rocks beneath
them, welcoming death with pleasure in
comparison to the life of misery which
would be mine without your sweet com-
panionship."

"Enough, my dear Charles, (it was the
first time she had used the endearing epi-
thet,) I am thine!"

"And for the first time the fair girl pressed
her lips to those of her lover."

"Clasping her to his bosom in ecstasy,
and imprinted on her lips an impassioned kiss
of love."

"Let this seal the compact," said he, joy-
fully.

"Then, turning towards the city, they
soon reached home, neither knew how, for
it seemed they had been wafted there on
seraphic pinions."

The next evening Charles called as usual
on his beloved, and was astonished that
she met him with great coolness.

"Thinking she had received bad news
from some friend, or that she must be ill,
he seated himself by her side, and tenderly
inquired if she was well."

"Quite well, thank you," was her laconic
and cold reply.

"For a moment he was thunderstruck,—
but collecting all his firmness, he said in a
low and tender voice—
"I have called, dear Helen, to solicit
your company to the opera this evening.
I know you are not accustomed to visit
such places of amusement, yet I thought
you might for once lay aside your preju-
dice, and perhaps enjoy the novelty of the
scene better than you have anticipated that
you would."

ment, when the names of Charles Boynton
and Lucy Eldridge were pronounced. But
she neither faint nor swooned, but, like
a true woman, as she in reality was, stood
and looked calmly on until the happy pair
was pronounced husband and wife, then
left the church with a burden removed
from her heart."

"Then he did not dream of calling on
Maria in astonishment."

"No, nor dash himself in the arms of
the bottom of the fall, but, as a wise man,
remembered the old adage, that
"A lover forsaken a new lover may get,
But a neck when once broken can never
be set."

"Thus reminding you of this truth,
Maria, that there are not many fools in
the world as novelists would have us be-
lieve."

"But who was it that committed suicide
by drowning?"

"A female operative in one of the mills,
who had been seduced by a heartless vil-
lain, and chose thus to end her life, rather
than bear the scorn of an unfeeling world.
Such suicides are of almost daily occur-
rence in that city, by artless, confiding girls
who go from the country, and are unac-
quainted with the wiles of man."

"But Helen, what became of her?" asked
Maria.

"Died of the heart-break, of course, as
there was no suicide in this love case."

"Nay Cousin Hattie, I begin to think
she was rather too sensible to mourn
herself to death, after her lover had made
himself happy."

"You are right, Maria, and when I tell
you who she is, (for you are well acquaint-
ed with her,) you will say she is neither
broken-hearted nor a disappointed old
maid, but still lives in the firm belief that
there are 'as good fish in the sea yet, as
ever was caught.'"

an audience with Mr. Wm. Whiffletree,
in regard to one of his molars, which Bill
thought had a speck on it, he soon con-
vinced the victim that the said molar was
not only specked, but out of the dead
plumb of its nearest neighbor, at least the
74th part of an inch."

"Oh, shocking, said the remorseless
—it is well I saw it in time, Mr. Whiffletree.
Why, in the course of a few weeks,
sir, that tooth would have exfoliated, cal-
careous suppurative would have ensued,
the gum would have ossified, while the
nerve of the tooth becoming epostrophized,
the roots would have concatenated in their
huitases, and the jaw bone, no longer act-
ing upon their fossil exoduses, would ne-
cessarily have led to the entire suspension
of the capillary organs of your stomach and
brain, and death would supervene in two
hours!"

"Poor Bill! he scarcely knew what faint-
ing was, but a queer sensation settled in
his 'ostis frontis,' while his ossis legso al-
most bent double under him, at the awful
prospect of things before him! He took
a long breath, however, and in a voice tre-
mulous with emotion, inquired:

"Good Lord, Doctor, what's to be done
for a feller?"

"Plug and file, said the Doctor calmly.
Plug and file what?"

"The second molar, said the doctor, but
the treacherous monster meant Bill's pocket
book."

"What'll it cost, doctor?"

"Done in my very best manner, upon the
new and splendid system invented by my-
self, and practiced upon all the crowned
heads of 'urope, London and Washington
city, it will cost you three dollars."

"Does it hurt much, Doctor? was Bill's
cautious inquiry."

"Very little, indeed; it's sometimes rather
agreeable, sir, than otherwise."

"Then go at it, doctor, here's the dash,
and foking over three dollars, down sits
Bill in a high backed chair, and the doc-
tor's assistant, a sturdy young Irishman,
clamping his head to the back of the high
chair, to keep it steady, as the doctor re-
marked, the latter began to bore and file."

"O, ah, ho-ho-hold on, hold on!" cries
Bill, at the first gouge the doctor gave the
huge tooth."

"O, be not so wail, zur, says the
Irishman, its meself that understands it,—
I'll hold on till yees!"

"O, oh, oh, oh! roars Bill.

"De quiet, sir, the pain wout signify, says
the doctor."

"Go-ood Lord! hold on!"

"O, ye'es ye'es! be steerd of that, I'm
holden ye'es tight as a divil!" cries Pad-
dy, and sure enough he was holding, for
in vain Bill twisted and screwed and squi-
mmed around; Pat held him like a chair
press."

"Let me—up—O—O! Everlasting crea-
tion! let me go o o o, stop ho o old on!"
as the doctor bored, screwed and plugged
away at the tooth."

"All done, sir, let the patient up Mich-
ael, said the doctor with a confident twirl
of his perfumed handkerchief. There, sir,
there was science, art, elegance, and dis-
patch! Now, sir, your tooth is safe, your
life is safe—you're a sound man!"

"Sound! echoes poor Bill, sound! You
have broken my jaw into splinters; you've
set all my teeth on edge, and I've no more
feelin, gaul darn ye! in my jaws than if
they were iron teeth traps! you've got the
worth of your money out of my mouth an'
I'm off!"

done up in mush, while he groaned and
grunted and started for the store, every
body gaping at his swollen countenance as
though he was a rare curiosity."

"Halloo, Bill!" says old Firelock, the
gunsmith, as Bill was going by his shop;
"got a bag in your calabash, or got the
tooth-ache?"

"Bill looked daggers at old Firelock, and
by a nod of his head intimated the cause
of his distress."

"O, that all! Come on; I'll stop it in a
minute, and a half; sit down! I'll fix it—
I've cured hundreds," says Firelock.

"What are you—O-h-h! what are you
going to do?" says Bill, eyeing the wire,—
and lamp in which Firelock was heating
the wire."

"Burn out the marrow of the tooth—
I'll never trouble you again—I've cured
hundreds that way! Don't be afraid—you
won't feel it but a moment. Sit still, keep
cool!"

"Cool! with a hot wire in his tooth!"
But Bill, being already intensely crucified,
and assured of Firelock's skill, took his
head out of the mush-plaster, opened his
jaws and Firelock, admonishing him to 'keep
cool,' crowded the hot, zizzling wire on to
the tin foil jammed into the hollow by
Wangbanger, and gave it a twist clear
through the melted tin to the exposed
nerve. Bill jumped, bit off the wire, burnt
his tongue, and knocked Firelock nearly
through the partition of his shop; and so
frightened Monsieur Savon, the little bar-
ber next door, that he rushed out into the
street crying—
"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Ze zundair
strike my shop!"

"Bill was stone dead—Firelock crippled,
the apothecary over the way came in,—
picked up poor Bill, applied some camphor
to his nose, and brought him back to life,
and—the pangs of tooth-ache!"

"Kressote!" says Spills, the 'pothecary.
"I'll ease your pain, Mr. Whiffletree, in a
second!"

"Poor Bill gave up! the kressote which
a train invoice to his misery—burnt his
already lacerated and roasted tongue—and
he yelled right out.
"Death and glory! O-h-h-h murder!—
You've pizened me!"
"Put a hot brick to that young man's
face," said a stranger; "it will take out the
pain and swelling in three minutes!"
Bill revived; he seemed pleased at the
stranger's suggestion; the brick was ap-
plied; but Bill's cheek being now half
raw with the various messes it made him
yell when the brick touched him!

third his eyes half closed through the ef-
fects of the liquor he had drunk.

After drinking all around an old pine
table was drawn up before the fire place
where burned brightly a large fire of hem-
lock logs which would snap and crackle
throwing large live coals out upon the
hearth."

All drew up around the table seating
themselves on whatever came handy.—
Four of them had rolled up to the table
some bags which from their weight were
supposed to contain nails.

"Now said Hatch how shall we play
every one for himself."

"No have partners," growled one
man.

"No hanged if I'll play so," shouted the
former; bringing his fist down on the ta-
ble knocking one candle out of the stick,
and another upon the floor."

"Come, come," said Hatch no quarrelling
all who say for having partners, stand
up."

Three arose.

Now all who say each one for himself
stand up. The remaining four immedi-
ly got up.

You see Barclay, said Hatch the ma-
jority is against you. Come will you
play.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION