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VOLUME III.

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OUR STORY TELLER

Now fiftion's groves we tread, where young Laps 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.

"Wux do you not write more love stories!" asked cousin Maria of me one cold winter evening, as we were snugly enconced in our little parlor, busily engaged with our patch work.

Because I don't bel eve in them,' said I, rather scornfully.

'What! dou'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 suicide if the object in pursuit be not obtain-

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.'

And wh / do you think so I'

At this home question, Maria hung down her pretty head and blushed deeply, but did not answer, and for the next two minutes her needle went on the 'fast line.' and would probably have continued on the the same line some minutes longer, had not a sudden and rather loud "ahem I"from me startled her, and caused the sharp wicked instrument to come to a sudden halt in the pretty finger that wielde ! it .-Instantly her eyes met mine, which were fixed with an arch smile upon her blash.

You are too bad !' she exclaimed half vexed, as she held up the little dainty finger, from which a drop of blood was slowly oozing.

I plead guilty to the charge, said I .as a compensation for my fault will tell von a real love story, and then you shall judge for yourself whether I have much reason to believe in them,'

'Oh that's a dear good Hattie!' she exclaimed : but is it to be a true one, or on. ly fictitious !"

True, of coarse; you know I am too matter of fact to dwell much on the imag inary.'

'Is that the reason why you were never in love I' she asked very demurely.

*Perhaps so, though I am inclined to think that the gods destined me to olds maid-ism from the beginning'

Pshaw ! you an old maid ! Who that was ever half an hour in your company would not ridicule such an idea-that you so light-hearted, so cheerful and gay, will ever be an old maid !"

And why cannot an old mail be cheer ul and gay as well as a married lady ?' *Perhaps she can, if she never meets with any crosses or disappointments to render

her fretful and peevish' 'And do not married women meet with as many crosses and disappointments as maiden ladies ? In my opinion they have a vast deal more to fret them, and not unfrequently meet with a disappointment of the keenest and most bitter nature. Mind. Maria, that you do not suffer your elf to

pointed before than after marriage. O. Hattie, how can you talk so ! I am quite certain that such love as mine-as

Here she stopped in embarrassment, and I finished the sentence for her.

Will never grow cool; will never disappoint the object of its passion. 'No, never; it is impossible!' she re-

'And supposing you should 'filt' your beloved Willie, do you suppose he would commit suicide, or die with that dreadful disease, the beart-break !'

He has more than once said he could never survive such a dreadful ordent .-But come, cousin, let us have your sto

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 trage

Yes, tragedies in real life ; such an one s I am about to relate are of very common occurrence sowadays. But to the

ity of Mass. It was there that he tragic scene occurred which I am

about to relate. Charles Bo nton 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 'betro hed,'vet 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 Heleu, sometimes mingling his rich, manly voice with hers in some song of olden time; sometimes reading to her from some an ient or modern history a web-selected novelette; but and cold reply. more frequently sitting by her side, toy ing with her rich brown ringletts, and coming into her listening ear the tale of his deep devoted love, while ever and anon she would take her dark eyes to his, as it striving to penetrate the inmost depths of

Truth ore 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 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-

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 an." 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.

'It was a lovely evening, a 'fit time for lovers to breatle their vows; and as this youthful pair stood enchanted by the beau ty and majesty of the scene above and below them, a sublime awe seemed to pervade their minds and for a few moments not a word was spoken by either. A length Charles broke the silence.

"Helen, my dear Helen, you know that I love you; you have long known it, and there is no need for me now to res peat what I have so often told you. Will you promise me now, here on this lovely and sublime spot, to be mine-my own dear wedded wife ?"

'And as he spoke, he took her small,white hand, which lay on the railing of the bridge, and pressed it to his lips.

'For one brief moment Helen spoke not -she seemed canvassing some mighty thought; but the next she looked up into his deep blue eyes with an arch smile, and said in a low and tremulous voice-

'It is not customary, I believe, for a fe male to make the first promise.'

'True,' Charles quickly replied, 'but,my sweet Helen, I did not think there was any necessity for me to promise, as I supest wish of my life to be united to your there. meet with such an one. Better be disapown dear self. But if my promises aer of any importance to you. I here now

"No, no, Charles,' said Helen 'do not ny would take place immediately, and all make any rash vows; I do not like to hear who wished, could step and witness it.

'Rash, dear Helen; can you call that tion left. rashness which has for months occupied both my sleeping and waking hoursthat which is so interwoven with my very a lady leaning on his arm, entered the existence that life could no longer be sup- church and walked up the broad sisle .ported were I deprived of the sweet hope The preacher descended from the pulpit, of calling you mine ! O. Helen, should and the ceremony commented. you refuse me this sweet hand, I should -

CONCORD, N. C.; SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1856.

first time she had used the endearing epi- from her heart.

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 ecstacy. be strained her to his beating heart, and You know I spent the last year in the imprinted on her lips an impassioned kiss

"Let this sea! the compact,' said he, joy-

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

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

Thinking she had received had news from some friend, or that she must be ill, he seated himself by her side, and tender-

ly inquired if she was well. 'Quite well, thank you,' was her laconic

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 his soul, and see if she could discover such places of amusement, yet I thought you might for once lay aside your prejudice, and perhaps enjoy the novelty of the that you would.'

ton, but I am engaged for the evening .mild and amiable disposition, her truly Mr. Wharton has promised to spend the there are 'as good fish in the sea yet, as ev evening with me, and I shall not disap- er was caught.' point birr,' said Helen, very decided v, and in the same cold tone.

'Great God I dear Helen, is this possible? This of you, after what past first of this story ! evening? What am I to think!

'Think what you please.' 'Helen Grosvenor, you are a coquette,' exclaimed Charles.

that is a word never forgiven wom-

'Oh, God! is this possible?' exclaimed Charles. 'Helen you will repent of this.

call him back, as she thought of what he had said the previous evening rushed up on her mind. But banishing her 'woman's weakness,' she again seated herself,and calmed her nerves by the thought being now Saturday eve) to walk with her to church, as usual, and then she would explain all.

She was not engaged-she had not constancy. Alas! little did she dream of world and blackamoors in particular. the consequences of her rashness.

Charles hastened with the speed of a mad man to his boarding-honse, and shutand down the apartment, then, as if a sud- friends at large. den thought had occurred to his mind, he snatched his hat and left the house, ex-

This is not to be borne longer; I will be revenged on the heartless girl; she shall

That night the calm, blue waters of he Merrimac closed over a rash, unthink

being, and the spirit stood in the pres ence of its Maker, to be judged for good or

Charles Boynton did not call! as Helen had expected, and with some misgivings pulling at her heart-strings, she wended way alone to church . In vain her eves wandered around in search of the pose you cannot but know it is the dear- object of her thoughts-but he was not The morning service closed, and at its close the venerable pastor announced to

> Of course but very few of the congrega, Helen stopped with the majority, and in a few moments a young gentleman with

his congregation that a marriage ceremo-

The backs of the young couple were to-

into the foaming waters, and be dashed to ment, when the names of Charles Boynton atoms on the hard, huge rocks beneath and Lucy Eldridge were pronounced. But them, welcoming death with pleasure in she neither fainted nor swooned but, like comparison to the life of misery which a true woman, as she in reality as, stood would be mine without your sweet com- and looked calmly on until the happy pair was pronounced husband and wife, then Fuough, my dear Charles, (it was the left the church with a burden removed Then he did not drow

Maria in astonishment 'No, nor dash himsel remembered the old adage, that.

'A lover forsaken a new love may get. But a neck when lonce broken can never be set.1

'Thus reminding you of this truth, Maria, that there are noted many fools in word as novelists would have us be-

But who was it that committed suicide by drowning ?

'A female operative in the of the mills, who had been seduced by a heartless villain, and chose thus to end her life, rather than bear the scorn of anunfeeling world. Such suicides are of almost daily occurrence in that city, by artles, confiding girls who go from the country, and are unacquain:ed with the wiles If man.' 'But Helen; what became of her?' asked

'Died of the heart-break, of course, as

there was no suicide in this love case.' 'Nav Cousin Hatty, I begin to think she was rather too sensible agirl to mourn herself to death, after her byer had made himself happy.

'You are right, Maria, and when I tell scene better than you have anticipated you who she is, (for you are well acquainted with her,) you will say she is neither 'I am much obliged to you, Mr Boyn. brokhn hearted nor a danppointed old maid, but still lives in the firm belief that

But who is she, pray ! I am dying to

'Well, then, she is the veritable author

From the Hnmors of Falconbridge. BILL WHIFFLETREES DENTAL EXPERIENCE

'I suppose you are aware, Mr. Boynton HAVE you ever had the tooth ache? If not then blessed is your ignorance, for it huge tooth is indeed bliss to know nothing about the tooth ache, as you know nothing, absolutely nothing about pain-the acute dou-'And he rushed from the house never ble distilled rectified agony that lucks about the roots or fangs of a treacherous tooth. 'Helen's first impulse was to follow and But ask a sufferer how it feels, how it operates, and you may learn something theoretically which you may pray heaven that

you may not know practically. But there's poor Bill Whiffletree, he has been through the mill, fought, bled and that he would call the next morning (it died (slightly,) with the refined, essential oil of the agony caused by a raging tooth. Every time we read Othello, we are half in clined to think that more than half of las go's devlishness came from that 'raging promised to see any one that evening-but tooth,' which would not let him sleep, but O. woman, like the rest of her sex, she tortured and tormented 'mine ancient,' so thought she must try hlm and prove his that he became embittered against all the

Wm. Whiffletree's case is a very strong illustration of what tooth ache is, and what it causes people to do; and affords a pretting himself in his room, he paced the ty fair idea of the manner in which the floor in a state of mind bordering on dis- teeth and sufferer are medicinally and mos traction. For one brief hour he strode up rally treated by the materia medica and

William Whiffletree-or Bill, as most neople called him-was a sturdy young fellow of two and twenty, of 'poor but re- I'm off ! spectable parents,' and tended the dry goods store of one Ethan Rakestraw, in weep in vain for me when I am lost to her the village of Rockbottom, State of New

One unfortunate day for poor Bill, there came to Rockbottom a galvanized looking individual, rejoicing in the enphonium of Dr. Hanibal Orestes Wangbanger. As a surgeon, he had-according to the album full of certificates - operated in all the scientifie br nches of amputation, from the scalp lock to the heel tap, upon Emperors Kings Queens and common folks; but upon his science in the dental way, he spread and grew luminous! In short he had not been long in Rockbottom before his gift of gab, and unadulterated propensity to elongate the blanket, set everybody, including poor Bill Whiffletree, in a furor to have their teeth cut, filed scraped, rasped, reset, dug out and burnished up !

Now Bill, being as we aforestated, a muscularly developed youth, got up in the most sturdy New Hampshire style, his teeth were teeth, in every way calculated to perform long and strong; but Bill was fast imbibing counter-hopper notions, dabbling | pain." in stiff dickies, greased soap locks and other fancy flab dabs, supposed to be essential in cutting a swarth among ve fair sex. old grandmother proposed a poultice; and the kards. yes, I know I would instantly cast myself wards Helen, but, judge of her astonish. So that when Dr. Wangbanger once had soon poor Bill's head and cheek were

an audicence with Mr. Wm. Whiffletree. in regard to one of his molars, which Bill thought had a speek on it, he soon convinced 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 hum -it is well I saw it in time, Mr. Whiffle tree. Why, in the course of a few weeks, sir, that tooth would have exfoliated, cal carious supperation would have ensued, the gum would have ossified, while the nerve of the tooth becoming apostrophized the roots would have concatenated in their hiatuses, and the jaw bone, no longer acting upoh their fossil exodusses, would ne cessarily have led to the entire suspension of the capillary organs of your stomach and brain, and death would supervene in two

Poor Bill! he scarcely knew what fain ting was, but a queer sensation settled in his 'ossis 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 tremulcus with emotion, inquired :

Good Lord, Doctor, whats to be done

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

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

What'll it cost, doctor?

Done in my very best manner, upon the new and splendid system invented by myself, 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; its sometimes rathe

er agrecable, sir, than otherwise. Then go at it, doesor, here's the dosh, and forking over three dollars, down sits 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, bo-ho-hold on, hold on ! cries Bill, at the first gouge the doctor gave the

O, be mi sowl be aisv, zur, says the Irishman, its meself that understands it,-

I'll howld on till yees ! O! oh, oh, oh! roars Bill.

Be quiet, sir, the pain wont signify, says

Go-ood Lord-d ! hold o-on ! O, veez needn't be afeerd of that, I'm houlden yeez tight as a divil! cries Paddy, and sure enough he was holding, for in vain Bill twisted and screwed and squirmed around; Pat beld him like a cider

Let me-up-O-O! Everlasting creation! let me go o o o, stop ho o old o-n ! as the doctor bored, screwed and plugged away at the tooth.

All done, sir, let the patient up Michael, 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-vou're a sound man! Sound ? echoes poor Bill, sound ? You

nave broken my jaw into flinders ; you've set all my teeth on edge, and I've no more ly their turns to be revenged. feelin, gaul darn ye! in my jaws than if they were iron steel traps ! you've got the worth of your money out of my mouth an

That night was one of anxiety and mis ery to poor Bill. The disturbed molar growled and twitched like mad; and by daylight his cheek was swoolen up equal to a printer's buff ball his mouth puckered and his right eye half bunged up. Why, William, says Ethan Rakestraw,

Bill went into the store, what in grace ails thy face ? Thee looks like an owl in Been plugged and filed said Bill, look-

ing cross as a meat axe at his snickering Been plugged and fined ! Thee bain't een fighting, W Hiam !

Fined ? no I hain't been fined or fightng, Mr. Rakestraw, but I'll bet I do fight that fellow who gave me the toothache,-O. O. moaned poor Bill, as he clamped his swollen jaw with his hand and went way ing his head like a plaster of paris man.

'O' thee's been to the dentist, eh ? Get the toothache ! Go thee to my wife ; she'll cure thee in one minute, William; a little laudanum and cotton will soon ease thy

Mrs. Rakestraw applied the landanum game of high low Jack, to Bills molar, but as it did no kind of good,

done up in mush, while he groaned and orunted and started for the store, every body gaping at his swollen countenance as though he wes a rare curiosity. 'Ha'loo, 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 Frelock, and

y a nod of his head intimate1 the cause O that all I Come in : Lil 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 l' says Bill, eveing the wire,and lamp in which Firelock was heating man.

Burn out the marrow of the toothwill never trouble you again-I've cured hundrids that way! Dont be afeared - you won't feel it but a moment. Sit still, keep

'Cool ?' with a hot wire in his tooth !-But Bill, being already intensely crucified, and assured of Frelock'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 play 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 barber next door, that he rushed out into the and the clerk who was busy behind the street crying-

strike my shop !"

Bill was stone dead-Frelock crippled The apothecary over the way came in,picked up poor Bill, applied some camphor fire. When within a few feet of where to his nose, and brought him brck to life, the men were sitting he started back in and -the pangs of tooth-ache?

'I'll ease your pain, Mr. Whiffletree, in a playing cards. There they were within a Poor Bill gave un the breasote added tresh 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 !

pain and swelling in three minutes!' Bill revived; he seemed pleased at the stranger suggestion; the Brick was ap- wards the door, but recovering himself he plied : but Bill's cheek being now half raw with the various messes it made him vell when the brick touched him !

he excessive pain, finally, with laudanum, kreasote, fire, and hot bricks, put him to He awoke at midnight, in a frightful state of misery; walked the floor until day- a motion to rise.

jump out the window or crawl up the Until noon next day he suffered, trying every ten minutes, some known cure, acids

tooth, without avail. Desper ton made Bill revengef 1-He got a club and went after Dr. Wangbanger, who had set all the village in a rage of tooth-ache. 'I en or a dozen of his victims were at his deo awaiting ferocious-

But the fbird had flown the teuth doctor had sloped yet a good samshtan came to poor Bill and whispering in his ear Bill started for Monseieur Savon's barber shop took a seat shut his eyes and said his pravers. The little Frenchman took a keen knife and pair o' pinchers and Bill giving a awful yell the tooth was out and his pains and perils at an end.

The Gamblers Alarmed.

The following narrative-a true onedescribes a scene that actually took place not many vears since in a country village in the State of Maine.

ber 1834 a number of townsmen had as sembled at the store of Mr. Putman to talk over "matters and things," smoke, drink, and in short to do anything to "kill Three hours had thus passed away.

One evening in the month of Decem-

They had langhed, and talked, and drank, and chatted and had a good time generally so that at about the usual hour of shutting up shop each of the party felt partieulary first rate

"Come,' said Charles Hatch-one of the company-'lets all liquor and then have a

.Fetch on your keerds, drawled out the seller.

NUMBER 36. third his eyes half closed through the ef

fects of the liquor he had drank, After drinking all around an old pine table was drawn up before the fire place where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs which would snap and crackle throwing large live coals out upon the

All drew up around the table seating : themselves on whatever came handiest,-Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs 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

'No hanged if I'll play so,' shouted the former; bringing his fist down on the tax ble knocking one candle out of the stick,

and another upon the floor. 'Come, come,' said Hatch no quarelling all who say for having partners, stand

Three arose.

Now all who say each one for himself stand up. The remaining four immediatly got up. You see Barelay, said Hatch the ma-

jority is against you.' Come will you Well as I dont want to be on the opposite side, I'll play answered Barclay, some-

what cooled down. Mr. Potman was not in that evening counter had taken very little notice to the 'Mon Dien! mon Dien! Ze zundair proceedings. About half past ten Mr. Putman thought he would step over to the store and see that everything was safe .-As he went in he walked up towards the horror. Refore him sat seven men, half 'Kreasote !' says Sqills, the 'pothecary. crazy with drink and the excitement of few feet of the fire just described and four of them seated on kees of powder. Barciay who was a very heavy man had

der on which he sat, bursting the top hoop and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continued motion of their 'Put a hot brick to that young man's feet the powder had become spread about face,' said a stranger; "twill take out the the floor and now covered a space of about two feet all around them. Mr. Putman's first movement was towalked up towards the fire. Should they

pressed in the head of the keg of pow-

attempt to rise he thought and scatter a few grains a little further in the fire place He cleared for home, went to bed, and where lay a large quantity of live coals --At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Putman with his face deadly pale gazing into the fire, evolaimed, "Putman what ails you!" and at the same time made

light; was tempted two or three times to Gentlemen do not rise, said Mr. Putman, 'four of you sit on kegs of powder, it is scattered all around you one movement might send you all to eternity.-There are two buckets of water behind steam, poultices, and the ten thousand ap- the bar. But keep your seats for one plications usually tried to cure a raging minute and you are saved, move and you are dead men.

In an instant every man was perfect-. ly sobered not a limb moved each seemed

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putman had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor and extinguished the fire so that the explosion was impossible. Then and not till then was there a word spoken. Before those seven men left the store,

never to taste another glass of liquor or play another game of cards. Well Pat, Jim dida't quite kill you with that brickbat, did he! No but I wish he had "What for;" So I could see him

that very night they pledged themselves.

hung the villain. An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families Supplied." over the door of an oyster saloon stepped in and said he would take a wife and two-children.

From our private correspondent, as the father said when he received a letter from who had enlisted as a common

Either Way It's Pleasing ... The first time alwoman marries is generally to please another; the second time is invariably to please herself .- Punch

The Seller sold,-Theodore Hos said to a man at whose table a pu 'So I say, exclaimed another, who's got got very drunk, "Why you appear emptied your wine-cellar into yer