

# CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE.

'Without or with offence to friends or foes.  
We sketch the world exactly as it goes.'

[IN ADVANCE

\$2 PER ANNUM,

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, FOREIGN AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

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## CONCORD WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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**JAMES M. HENDERSON,**  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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## OUR STORY TELLER.

New fiction's groves we tread, where young romance,  
Lays the glad scenes in her sweetest trance.

### THE PIGEON EXPRESS MAN.

In nearly all yarns or plays in which Yankee figures, they are supposed to be "a little bit darned cute" for almost any body else, creating a heap of fun, and coming out clean ahead; but that even Connecticut Yankees—the cutest and all-finesst light critters on the face of the earth, when money or trade is the question—no "done" now and then, upon the most scientific principles, we are going to prove.

It is generally known, in the newspaper world, that two or three Eastern men a few years ago, started a paper in Philadelphia, upon the party principle, and have since been rewarded as they deserved. They were, and are, men of great enterprise and liberality, as far as their business is concerned, and thereby they got ahead of all competition, and made their pile. The proprietors were always "dip" for any new device, by which they could keep the lead of things, and monopolize the news market. The Telegraph and the "turned up" in the day of which we write—the "mails," and now and then express horse lines, were the media through which "Great Excitements," "Alarming Events!" "Great Fires and awful Calamities!" were come at. One morning as one of these gentlemen was sitting in his office, a long, lank genius, with a visage as hatchet-faced and keen as any Connecticut Yankee on record, came in, and inquired of one of the clerks for the proprietors of that institution. Being pointed out, the thin man made a lean towards him. After getting close up, and twisting and screwing around his head to see that nobody was listening or looking the lean man sat down very gingerly upon the extreme verge of a chair, and leaning forward until his nose made nose almost touch that of the publisher, in a low, nasal, anxious tone, says he,

"Air you one of the publishers of this paper?"

"I am, sir."

"Oh, you, sir!" said the visitor, again looking suspiciously around and about him.

"Did you ever hear tell of the *Pigeon Express*?" he continued.

"The *Pigeon Express*?" echoed the publisher.

"Ya a s, Carrier pigeons—letters to their legs and newspapers under their wings—trained to fly any where you want 'em."

box, on the top of the bidden, for a spell ten get the hang of things, and so on?"

"Yes, very well; go on."

"Then the birds are put in a cage, the trainer takes 'em into his wagon—ten miles at first—throws 'em up, and the birds go to the bidden. Next day fifteen miles, and so forth; you see?"

"Perfectly; I understand; now where can these birds be had?"

"Putting 'em in close to the publisher's opening ears, in a low, long way, says the stranger—

"I've got 'em!" It a Persian birds, be e utis?"

"You understand training them?" says the anxious publisher.

"Like a hawk!" the stranger responded.

"Where are the birds?" the publisher inquired.

"I've got 'em down to the tavern, where I'm stopping."

"I do exactly; a scamp came along here a week ago—talked nothing but Carrier Pigeons—Pigeon Expresses—I thought I'd surprise you, and—

"Well, well—go on."

"And by thunder I was green enough to give the fellow \$200,—a horse and wagon—"

"Done! done!" roared the other, with out waiting for other particulars, \$200 and a horse and wagon, just what Tom and I gave the scamp! ha! ha!"

"How! how!" and the publishers roared under the force of the joke.

Whatever became of the pigeon express man is not distinctly known; but he is supposed to have given up the bird business, and gone into the manufacture of wolly horses and cod-liver oil.

Corsets—Tradition insists that corsets were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and finding nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her in order to take away her breath, and so prevent her, as he tho', from talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other heartless husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not condemned to the affliction. The punishment became so universal at last that the ladies, in their defence, made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day.

*The Sultan's Silver Chamber.*—All Paris has been struck dumb by the first *chauche* of the great silver chamber, now in course of execution for the Sultan, by Maurice Mayer. This whim, in truly Oriental taste, has filled us with awe. It is the whole furniture and appurtenances of a boudoir composed entirely of solid silver. The round table in the midst is of polished silver, engraved in rich arabesques, the legs of twisted pattern highly finished. The sofa, the chair, and the piano, are all in the same precious material. The boudoir is to be hung with cloth of gold, looped with a silver cord. It seems that the Sultan has destined this unique specimen of Oriental recklessness of expense to be his favorite retreat in the gardens of the seraglio, whence every ray of day-light is always to be excluded, and where he intends to retire for the repose and solitude he cannot enjoy in the palace.

*IMPORTANT ADVICE.*—Do not venture into a sick room if you are in a perspiration—for the moment that your body becomes cold, it is in a state likely to absorb the infection; nor visit a sick person (if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach, nor swallow your saliva. In attending a sick person, place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the invalid, not between the invalid, and the fire, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing it in.

was silent. 'Albert, your Queen is at the door.' No reply. And she tried, morning, after morning, until one day after trying that form of address several times, she suddenly bethought herself to say—

'Albert will you let Victoria in?' Whereupon the door flew open, and she rushed into his arms instantly. But his breath was unimpedable that morning, though he had come some miles about the small hours. It wouldn't do, and she tried a new plan.

She ordered the gates of Windsor to be closed at eleven, and no one to be admitted without calling her, and then she went to her room. All night she waited, but no husband came, and after a brief doze, and with a furious headache, she sent for the keeper of the gates, and learned that the Prince had come home at three or four,—and leaning her orders, left word that he would by no means disturb her, and went his way for a jolly night of it.

This occurred again the next night, and the next morning his Grace, the Duke of Wellington, was started at an early hour, by a visit from his royal highness. His Grace, the Duke, drove out rapidly to the Hon. Mr. Black's and a council was held. The question was important: Can the Queen lock Prince Albert out? It bothered the dignitaries. They had no precedents, and so they decided it as any five men, or four, three, two, or one would decide it, by saying, Of course not. And so the gates were left open, and the Prince had his evenings to himself, as any good Dutchman that loves lager beer ought to have.

*A Great Man in Disguise.* Many years ago it happened that the elder Vernet the painter was traveling from Marseilles to Paris in the *Cocher-Votivum*, an extra heavy diligence which performed the journey in three weeks. Among the passengers packed up in ample cavities, Vernet took particular notice of a fat man with a red and vulgar face whose was as thick as his body and looking to amuse himself with this grotesque personage, he showed him a great deal of politeness which the fat man returned awkwardly but not humoredly. They soon came to a halt, and as the poor jades would have been totally unable to drag up the *Cocher-Votivum* with its fat and lean cargo the passengers got out. As they were walking they passed near a ditch of no great width and Vernet who was a good leaper offered to let that he could clear it.

What cries the old man much surprised could you clear that?

To be sure, I could; it is not very wide.

I should like to see you set about it. Why so says Vernet clearing it.

You've done it once enough said the fat man; I should like to try it too, you have put me in spirits, and I think I could get over.

the proverb (which of course you know) that says from good to better, as they do at Nicot's.

*Camp Meeting Talk.* A chap down South went to a Camp-meeting and gives the following amusing account of the disjointed conversation he heard there.

Preaching had not begun and promises were in progress. We took our stand and tried to catch the remarks of the various couples as they went slowly by us.

'Yes indeed,' (two girls talking of course and my Brother Tom says that Henry Sokar brags about the many times he has kissed her right in the mouth and she never slaps him at all when nobody is by and I'm sure I should die if the people was to talk about me as they do about her—

Corn is up again you know and I shall make at least six hundred barrels, if I make a peck and consequently—

What a spectacle this is to be swah claw Ah wondaw if these people dem'd poverty gub! she build thair own tents own hitham men to do it fowah 'em Must be a gwah toh to—

Be married in six weeks from last Tuesday. I heard my talking about it, but you mustn't mention it for the world. It is a great secret.

'Really now, and she's as ugly as—

'The finest sow you ever saw sir' Pare best-hair and has nine pigs. It was the best trade I ever made and I wouldn't take thirty dollars for—

'William was born twenty five years ago last April. I am an old woman now and the grey hair makes—

'Toot! Toot! Prouching will commence and the President Kider, and we heard no more.

*Spirit of the Times.*

*A Shameful Outrage.* On Wednesday night last says the *Mobile Tribune*, of the 31st ult. Two or three vicious scoundrels forced an entrance into St. John's Church (Episcopal), and endeavored to destroy the pulpit bible, hymn book barysmal front, and organ. After doing what injury they could in the body of the church they ascended the stairs to the singing gallery where they laid hold of the organ with the intention it is supposed, of destroying it. The noise made in this attempt awakened a servant in the rectory adjoining who seeing a light in the church screamed as loud that the villains heard her and fled. The habit-mel front was fouled this morning on the floor not much injured and the pulpit bible and hymn book with several of the leaves torn out and much defaced. The object was evidently not to rob the church as no effort was made to take away any article of value. The vestry room which contained the church silver, service supplies and the rector's private library was not entered.

The servant states that he saw three men in the church with lighted tapers or matches in their hands and that after she gave the alarm they fled down Moore street shouting as if in triumph over the deed which they had committed.

The circumstances caused considerable excitement yesterday morning and I surmise were rife indicating that politics or denominational sectarianism was the cause. We are assured by the Rector, Prof. Ingraham, that there is no probability of such being the case. He expresses himself as satisfied that nothing denominational or political is connected with the act.

*Revolutionary Surgery.* The *Mobile Tribune* in its American Ann relates the following:

Among the most active and daring of Marion's men, were Robert Simons and William Withers. They had been sent together on some confidential expedition, and while resting at noon for refreshment Withers a practiced shot was examining his pistols to see if they were in good order while Simons sat either reading or in a reverie.

'Bob,' said Withers if you had not that bump on the bridge of your nose you would be a likely young fellow; do you think so? said Simons listlessly. Yes, said Withers. I think I can shoot off that ugly lump on your nose. Shall I shoot? Shoot! said Simons, and crack went the pistol. The ball could not have been better aimed it struck the projecting bridge demolished it forever, and henceforth Simons was not the ugliest man in the army.

arms or ammunition; conspired to reside in sickly swamps, without tents to shelter them; with nothing to drink but water— nothing to eat but roots, and feeding their horses on the skins, the refuse of this scanty and homely fare.

*LIFE IN A SKIRT.*—Hooraay! Faroull to the crowd! I, veritable I, have sallied within the quiet world of a balloon-skin, alone! No more jostling up of the side-walk, or elbowing the out of a crowd; like a tortoise I can retire within my shell in supreme dignity, and look around on the distant little folks with wholebone complacency. Sir, please to take the opposite sidewalk! what an idea for that rash man to actually attempt passing me!

Well, it is delightful! It adds grace to form, so the sleep keeps say uncelebrated motion, keeps intruders at a distance, and gives the dear, easy, unfashionable, slender gossiping, penholders of the Mind. Everybody-Else's Business but your Own Society something to talk about over their snuff-swabbing and scandal retailing. It is a benefit to the nation! It keeps calm, come it tatters tongues off private characters. Long life to the wholebone skirts.

*Western Musts.* A Western chap went to New York to purchase goods, and was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common in large cities. He was clearly a Western, original but said very little until he saw that the party was to close without an attempt to corner him.

At length a bevy of laughing girls by the merest accident in the world found themselves grouped about the Western green one in a most animated discourse upon music and city playing. When all this had progressed just far enough one of the damels with lead more adorned without than within and in that peculiar paragon draw which fortunately no type can represent accosted the observed with—

"Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?"

Original saw the game had resolved to win.

"O, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply.

"Indeed I was not aware of that, pray do they use the piano mostly."

"Never Miss," the instrument that we have out our way is the *Societte* and the girls all play it."

"O, dear I am sure positively that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is and how they play."

"Well, the instrument is a small pig and each takes one of these under her arms and chews the end of his long tail and that brings it to music."

The preconceived "come" made no further progress, and for the balance of the evening Western "Green" was the lion of the show.

*How Daniel Webster Became a Married Man.* While on the subject of Mr. Webster's history I cannot forbear mentioning an incident related of his courtship which I do not remember to have seen in record.

He was then a young lawyer in Portsmouth N. H. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher he had probably with a view of combining utility and enjoyment been holding skins of silk thread for her, when suddenly she stopped saying, Grace, we have thus been engaged in untying knots, let us see if we can tie a knot our which will not untie for a life time.

He then took a piece of tape and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind gave it to her to complete.

This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And now in a little box marked by him with the words "Precious Document!" containing the letter by Oscar, his favorite servant—his unique memorial is still to be found. The knot has never been untied.

No franking privilege exists in Lugland. Eventide Queen has to pay for penny.

The value of steamboats in the West is estimated at thirty six millions.

The American Journal of Medical Science says that had is an antidote to trich-nine.

The Indians regard within husk on corn as an antidote of a mild winter. This being true the one just appropos will be of the gentle kind as the husk are and to be very thin.