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Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

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## Smiles Instead of Tears.

When shadows hide the sun away,  
What use to sigh about it?  
Keep up a cheerful heart, and say,  
If sunshine can't be ours to-day,  
We'll get along without it.

If things go wrong, let worrying go;  
What good will come of fretting?  
It may be better so,  
God plans it all, and must know  
So spare your vain regretting.

There's a sunshine that makes good  
The lack of sun above us,  
In cheerful words and happy mood,  
And hearts that will not darkly brood,  
In smiles of those who love us.

We cannot help what happens here,  
So make the best of what we see,  
Of what fate sends from year to year,  
A smile is better than a tear  
For us and for each other.

## We Love the Absent Best.

Oh, the absent are the dearest  
To a mother's loving heart,  
And the depth of her affection  
Is not known until we part.  
We may view our sleeping darlings  
With a watchful pride and care,  
And may breathe an earnest blessing  
O'er each dusky head and fair.

But if there remains a pillow  
Unprompted and too white,  
And the chair a-near the bedside  
Holds no garments for the night,  
If we miss the shoes and stockings,  
A torn jacket, or a dress—  
If we miss a "Good-night, mother!"  
And a dear one's warm caress—

Then, our hearts yearn with affection  
For the rover from the nest,  
And we feel of all our darlings  
That we love the absent best.  
Ah, the absent are the dearest  
Mother, don't with answer, yes!  
The dear lips by far the sweetest  
Are the lips we cannot kiss!

## Wild Bill of Mississippi.

A Description of the Wild White Man in the Swamps of the State.

Reading of the discovery recently of a wild man in the Antelope range of mountains in this State, recalls to memory the capture of a wild white human being in the swamps bordering the great river of the West below the City of Natchez in the State of Mississippi, in the year 1824, who had grown from childhood up to man's estate without seeing a single person of his own species until he was found by his captors. Believing that the incidents of the story will prove of interest to the readers of the Examiner, they are herewith given. In Wilkinson county, in the State above named, just above the old town Fort Adams there is a strip of country known as Old River, which was relinquished by the pioneer settlers of that region, and then only for the purpose of fishing and hunting as both game and fish were there to be found in abundance. In that year a party of hunters to their astonishment discovered the naked footprints of a human being leading through the mud into the water of the old bed of this river. Their curiosity was the more strangely excited from the fact that no one resided in the immediate vicinity of that place, and the settled portions were but sparsely populated. To discover who it was that made the footprint they hunted several days in succession with their dogs, and finally brought to bay in a drove of wild hogs a tall, snowy human being in a state of perfect nudity. He brandished in his hand a stout stick, with which he defended himself against the dogs the hogs rallying around him, seemingly for his protection. He gave utterance to no intelligible sounds, only yells of rage and screeches. They bound and carried him to the town of Woodville, the seat of justice of the county—some twenty miles distant. He was in every respect a veritable human being, with a good contour of hair over his body, which it is to be inferred, nature furnishes all her creatures, otherwise unprotected, to shield them from the elements. He had lost the power of speech, which indicated that he had been left to himself when very young. By kind treatment he soon became domesticated, his faculty of speech was restored, and he gave this account of himself: When quite a boy, supposed some six or seven years, his father (presumably) came down the Mississippi River from some of the Western States and Territories in a flat boat with his mother, his elder sister and himself, and landed at the mouth of Old River, near where the town of Fort Adams now stands, where they remained for several days. One day the father killed his mother and sister with an axe. Instigated by fear the boy ran off and concealed himself in a hollow log. His father hunted him, calling him "Billy," but he remained silent in his place of concealment. Being unable to find the boy, he loosened the flatboat from its moorings, and floated down the river, as was supposed, to New Orleans. Left alone at so tender an age, in a wild unhabited section, the law of necessity became to him the law of existence. The climate being mild, made it favorable to him. He selected a magnolia, or bay tree

hollow at the base, which, in that section, grew to great size, and made himself a bed of leaves and moss, where he stayed at night and took shelter when it rained. For food, he subsisted on frogs, tadpoles, such fish as he could catch, and the wild fruit that grew there in summer. Thus he managed to live until the time of his capture. The habits of this unfortunate being, and the changes which took place in him from the time his intellect began to develop by coming in contact with civilization, is interesting to contemplate.

At first the emotions of shame he knew nothing of, and it was difficult to make him wear clothing when the weather was warm. Whenever hunger pinched him, and he could obtain nothing else to satisfy his appetite, he would return to his original diet of frogs, raw fish, etc. An amusing instance of this kind occurred on one occasion. It was the fortune of the writer of this to be in the family who had "Wild Bill" in charge. On one Saturday he, with Bill, each on a horse, with a bag of corn, were sent to mill some miles in the country. Being detained by the miller until evening, Bill became hungry. Returning home, he heard a frog croaking in a lagoon by the wayside. Instantly he sprang from his horse and cautiously waded into the water, stooping until it reached his chin, so as not to alarm the frog. Guided by its croaking on the opposite bank, he moved slowly until he came within reach of it, and darting forth his hand, he seized the frog, and taking it by the legs, tore them asunder and ate it with a relish. For a long time he was irresponsible, and required to be in charge of some one to keep him out of mischief and trouble. On one notable occasion Mrs. Hammett, his guardian, wished to pay a visit to some of her lady friends in the town of Woodville, and her son, who was generally charged with the task of looking after Bill, being absent, she locked him up inside the house. Her return being delayed until evening Bill found the atmosphere of the room oppressive, and deduced himself of his clothing. Being hungry, he concluded to do his own cooking, and endeavoring to do what he had seen others do for this line, he put into a skillet a bit of every kind of food he could find in the house—hog's lard and ground coffee mixed in—and putting it on the fire, stirred it until he thought it was sufficiently cooked. When Mrs. Hammett returned, accompanied by some of her lady neighbors, and unlocked the door, she found Bill seated on the floor near the hearth with the skillet before him, lifting its contents with both hands to his mouth, and expecting chastisement he backed into a corner, licking his lips with his tongue. He was exceedingly fond of sweet things, and particularly of strong drinks if they were sweetened. For a drink of sweetened whiskey he would attempt anything. At one time he was promised a glass of whiskey and sugar if he would whip General Jorg, who, in full feather, mustering the county militia, according to the old manner of doing such things annually, to obtain the promised glass, Bill stealthily came up behind him, took him by the hair of the head and bore him into the dust on the street. Finding himself thus assailed, General Jorg drew his sword and pierced Bill through the thigh. From this wound he never fairly recovered. He was very agile and fast of foot. He could climb a tree with surprising quickness, swim and manage a horse with dexterity. It was with him as with a child. From the time of his capture he knew not right from wrong until he was taught, and until his intellect expanded and he began to comprehend his true position in society he sorrowed over the relation. He sickened and died in New Orleans in the year 1829, while in charge of a gentleman who undertook to exhibit him for money.—San Francisco Examiner.

## A GENTLEMAN.

If you cannot find a gentleman to marry, girls do not marry at all. By that term I do not mean a man who is above the need of work; he may be any thing but a gentleman; but a man who knows how to work, who has self-respect enough to keep him from low habits, both of speech and action; who is courteous and honorable; who is not afraid of soiling his hands; the farmer, the blacksmith, the carpenter, any man may be a gentleman under dust and soot and chips, but if he is not, girls don't marry him at all! There is enough trouble in life without increasing it in any way. Do not subject yourself to the mortification that would be sure to come with a husband who would continually cause you to blush for his lawless actions; for his coarseness and roughness; for his slippery dealings; or for his hypocritical polish. It is not sufficient that a man looks and dresses well; he must act and live well beside.

## BILL ARP'S TRUST

### IN THE LORD REMAINS UNBATED.

His Philosophies On the Ills Foretold by the Prophets—The Evils of Sickness and FLOODS—A Conversation With an Agricultural Professor.

Atlanta Constitution.

Terrific, terrible, as our mother Jenkins says. These prophecies about coming plagues and pestilence and death on the pale horse and earthquakes and poisonous air and mighty floods that will change the beds of rivers, and make new seas and lakes, and play havoc with the nations generally, and cause a carnival of universal death. That college man at Cambridge seems to know all about it, and I reckon its well enough for him to scare us all up a little and make us clean up our cities and quit eating so much meat and drinking so much whisky, and huddle down and get ready for anything that may happen. I don't know and I can't see what the planets have got to do with our little world, or how it can affect us, for three or four of 'em to get into a straight line, or get nearer the sun than usual, but terrible things have happened in the past, and may happen again, and it becomes us to set our houses in order, and be calm and serene, not because death is such a bad thing or can be dogged by anybody, but then is an awful contemplation for a whole family to be hurried off at once, without warning, and your neighbors in the same fix, and nobody to dig graves or bury the dead. I don't like that, but all that has happened and more too, and nations have been swept away right here in this beautiful land and nobody knows how or when. The last flood we had on Cuba river washed across a neck of bottom land and carried away the ten feet deep and exposed an old pottery with remnants of ware too fine for any Indians that we know about, which proves that there has been a people living here in ages that are gone and there have been floods much higher than any in modern times. But I'm not scared enough to go to building an ark, or to build a tower to the sky, or to build a ship to sail away. More folks will die this year than last I know. White sheep are more than black ones, because there are more of 'em, but there's no good comes of borrowing trouble, and if a man will trust in the Lord and do good, he will be rewarded for anything that comes along. We are all too busy right now with the crop to waste much time in speculation on gloomy forebodings. The weather is all right and the gentle spring showers fit the plow, and the boys are working early and late, and if they can't get their breakfast in time they don't wait and we send it to 'em in the field, and Mrs. Arp has learned how to blow the horn at 12, and if we come home wet she has a dry shirt and dry socks all ready for us. The mules know that horn as well as we do and they answer it with a bray and stop and don't want to show another step. Mules have been slandered so much and so long that I didn't have much respect for 'em, but they improve on acquaintance. These have got more sense than horses and as for their kicking a man over about twice a week, its no such a thing. They haven't kicked at anybody on my premises for three years, and they cut less and can do more work on a farm than horses. I like mules and consider 'em a valuable invention. Colonel Johnson came out to see us the other day and asked me how the boys were getting on planting the crop, and I told him the land was nearly all ready for the seed corn. It had been turned with a big clipper, with three mules abreast, and cut twelve inches at a furrow and ten inches deep, and then hrowed with Hollingsworth's spring tooth, and it looked like a garden, and my farmer boy laid it off in rows four feet and six inches apart, and planted the corn and covered twelve acres of it in half a day by himself. Says he solemnly, "my friend, I may use you as a witness in some case in court some of these days, and if I was you I wouldn't tell that sort of a story where it would get out, for it might have a tendency to injure your reputation for truth and veracity. I ran a farm myself, and lay off and plant and cover twelve acres of land in half a day." Then I up and told him as how he used a grain drill that opened a furrow and dropped the corn and covered it all at once as it went along, and all that my boy had to do was to sit up and drive and move his sight boards at the end and in the middle of the rows, and he gave it up. I tell you that machinery is a good thing and saves a power of labor. The grain drill has eight shoes that are seven inches apart and they are all used for wheat or oats but he stopped up all but the two outside ones for corn and got on the biggest wheel as it drilled the corn splendidly, and if you want to see "fertile" at the same time it will do that.

We are after a big crop of corn now and

an abundance of hay and fodder, and the prospect is pretty good. Rerrenchment and reform in the farmer's watchword in these parts. Its a root hog case with us now for what little money we had happened to be in the bank and the rain descended and the winds blew and beat upon that bank and it fell, and great was the fall of it. That is it was great to us and we could have stood all the losses of the state and Sam Morgan and everybody else better than our own. But then I reckon our little parcel of money is at work somewhere doing some good to somebody and so its all right, I reckon. Its all right. If it ain't its n't help it and there's no use in grudging about what a body can't help though I do wish these banks that's subject to high tide and floods would take out a machine risk for the benefit of their depositors.

## BITS OF INFORMATION.

The crown of England is valued at \$134,000.  
Gay Fawkes was executed in 1606.  
Crowwell refused the crown of England in 1556.  
Dice were invented and used extensively in gambling 1500 B. C.  
Louisiana and Florida are the warmest climates in the United States; Minnesota and Wyoming Territory the coldest.  
The French ascribe the invention of billiards to Henrique Devigne, in the reign of Charles IX., about 1571. Slate billiard tables are very modern.  
In the diary of Judge Sewell, under date of Jan. 24, 1686, it is recorded that the day was so cold that the sacramental bread is frozen pretty hard, and rattles softly into the plates.

The "apple of discord" is a mythological allusion to the golden apple thrown into the assembly of the gods by the Goddess of Discord, on which was written "To the Fairest," and which gave rise to a contention between Juno, Minerva and Venus, to the last of whom it was awarded by the judgment of Paris.

In 1504 Count Landouner is related to have discovered a person among the natives of Florida who was believed to have lived over 200 years, and M. de la Motte mentions, in his "History of the Indies," a man who had reached the age of 335 years without appearing at all decrepit, having his youth several times renewed.

The use of artificial flowers was introduced into England by the wife of Edward III. She discarded the hideous head-gears then worn at the court, and in its place she and her ladies wore garlands of flowers.

The Emperor Diocletian, who died early in the fourth century, irritated by a revolt of the Egyptians against the laws of the Roman empire, ordered that all their books of chemistry should be committed to the flames, so as to punish them for their rebellion, by preventing them from carrying on the lucrative business arising out of the melting and working of precious metals.

The expression "cut to the T" is said to be derived from the so-called T-square an instrument used by architects and mechanical draughtsmen in drawing their plans. As the T-square is often used to test the accuracy with which lines and angles have been drawn, it is altogether probable that the phrase, "cut to a T," refers to, and originated in, this fact.

Pharos was the ancient name of a small island off the east of Egypt, not far from the ancient Alexandria, and connected with the mainland by a mole. It was famous for its lighthouse. The building was the frustum of a square pyramid surrounded by a large base, the precise dimensions of which are not known. It was commenced by the first Ptolemy, and was finished about 280 years before Christ. The style and workmanship are represented to have been superb, and the material was of a white stone. It is stated by Josephus that the light, which was always kept burning on its top at night, was visible forty one miles. This great lighthouse was probably destroyed by an earthquake, but nothing is known of the date of its destruction. The tower existed for 1,600 years. For these reasons it has been classed among the world's wonders.

Our customs and habits are like the rats in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of it.

The hills of life endeavor and high achievement lie all around us, and if we never catch a glimpse of the views they afford we need not complain that it is because of the insuperable limitations of our surroundings.

## A FORAGE FAMINE.

Timothy hay is now selling in Atlanta at \$1.75 a hundred pounds, and is very scarce at that, and growing scarcer. The stocks of forage in the west are said to be exhausted, and there is therefore a prospect of higher prices still. The matter has already become serious, adding as it does so large a cost to all business enterprises requiring horse labor. The crops of oats and wheat will be smaller than usual and the straw will not supply the deficiency. We have therefore, a long season ahead, until the middle of summer when forage begins to be gathered, of a regular forage famine.

The matter demands remedy, as far as possible. The farmers should pay especial attention to raising large and rapid forage crops. We especially recommend the immediate planting of peas on a large scale. In this way a vast quantity of rich quickly grown pea-vine hay can be raised. The pea that has been found to be most suited for this purpose is the clay pea, so largely used in north Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, etc. It has almost driven out the other peas. It covers the ground with a huge mass of vine that grows rapidly and cures easily, and the stubble turned under makes an admirable fertilizer, forming a splendid basis for after crops. It can also be planted in the corn, and shades the ground, neutralizing drouth, and the fact that it won't run on the corn gives it a special value. Something should be done, and we urge some such course as the one herein suggested.—Atlanta Constitution.

## GOOD WRITING.

Printers' Circular.  
If you desire to write for the press, and to be what is termed a "good writer," there are two all-important things that you must look after. One of these is a plain and easy style, clearly within the comprehension of all disposed to read after you; and the other is, a theme calculated to interest everybody as near as it is possible for everybody to be interested. The first of these attainments may be most easily secured by a careful study of model writers, such for instance as Irving, Hawthorne and Dickens; the other must come through the exercise of good common sense. Without an association of these two things no person can become a good, or, in other words, a popular writer. We have in mind several men of our immediate acquaintance, who write smoothly and beautifully; but who, lacking the second requisite, are not at all liked as writers. On the other hand, we can place our finger upon men whose judgment, so far as relates to what could please the people, is almost entirely perfect, but who, when they undertake to put their thoughts in words, put in their words so badly and round their periods so roughly that no person cares to read after them for any length of time.

## DONT WASTE VITAL ENERGY.

The most vigorous person do not have too much vitality. People generally inherit a lack; or at least find that much vital energy has been permanently lost in their childhood or youth through the ignorance or carelessness of their parents. Often it is impaired by wrong indulgences in early manhood. The endeavor with all persons should be to husband what is left, by it much or little. Therefore—

1. Don't do anything in a hurry.
2. Don't work too many hours a day, whether it be farm-work, shop-work, study-work, or house-work.
3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours of it, and that, too, in a well ventilated and sun purified room.
4. Don't eat what is indigestible, nor too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the hour.
5. Don't fret at your elf for anybody else; nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of passion.
6. Don't be too much elated with good luck nor disheartened by bad.

Positively—be self controlled, calm and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs. Treat your stomach right. Keep a good conscience, and have a cheerful trust in God for all things and both worlds.—Selected.

We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.  
Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.  
The best way to apologize is to do such a kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever attempted to injure him.  
Public opinion is a weak tyrant, compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines or rather indicates his fate.

## HOW TO GET ALONG.

Never stop to tell stories in business hours.  
If you have a place of business be found there when wanted.  
No man can get rich sitting around stores and saloons.  
Never "fool" in business matters.  
Have order, system, regularity and also promptness.  
Do not meddle with business you know nothing about.  
Do not kick every one in your path.  
More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than stopping.  
Pay as you go.  
A man of honor respects his words as he does his bond.  
Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.  
Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.  
Use your own brains, rather than those of others.  
Learn to think and act for yourself.

## STILL IN FAVOR OF HUGGING.

New York Evening Post.  
The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover has caused "quite a sensation" among the young ladies of Westfield, New York, who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resolutions:—  
Whereas, It is reported that an Iowa girl died recently in her lover's arms while being hugged; and  
Whereas, Judging from experience, we believe such an event to be utterly impossible; therefore,  
Resolved, That, notwithstanding said report, we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risks of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful perfectly elegant custom abolished.  
Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication.

## A HISTORIC SWORD.

The sword General Johnstone Jones will wear at Yorktown is a valuable relic, and has an interesting history. It was worn by his great grandfather, Major Cadwallader Jones, during the war of the Revolution. He wore it as Major in Baylor's regiment and as aide to General Lafayette at the battle of Brandywine and at the surrender at Yorktown, and in other battles in which he participated. The blade of the sword was presented General Lafayette. It is a genuine Toledo, and can be bent point to hilt. A tradition exists that this blade is one of a lot of Toledos presented by Charles III., King of Spain, to George Washington, and by him distributed as presents among his general officers. The sword was also worn by General Jones' father, Cadwallader Jones the third of that name in the direct line of descent, as Colonel of the 10th South Carolina Regiment in the late war. The Major Cadwallader Jones who served on Lafayette's staff, was the grandson of the Pe or Jones who founded the city of Petersburg, Va. Another Cadwallader Jones, it is also said, carried the sword in the war of 1812, and yet another in the war with Mexico, 1847-48, so the good blade has a history.

## WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

Marriage goes to a certain extent by contrasts, if not by contraries. A woman, still less than a man, gets the husband she paints to her fancy. Her cannibal ideas are commonly regulated by her age and experience. The man she desires at sixteen or seventeen would be a burden at twenty, and her ideal at twenty might prove a bore at twenty-five. She begins with sentimentalism and ends with soberness; vanity impels her first, but sympathy holds her last. She is frequently surprised at the offers she receives, and still more surprised at the offers she does not receive. The love that comes at first sight rarely remains; it is apt to be born of the eye, not of the temperament. The love that grows generally endures and produces fruit. Love and marriage are not related as we think they should be. Love matches often turn out ill, and matches without love turn out well. No one can tell what love is; nor can any one guess what marriage will bring. We are all, when young full of thoughts and theories about both, and individual experience is ever contradicting what we have learned. Marriage is as impenetrable as love. Few of us are prepared for their disclosures. We may love and marry again and again; but our ideal of love or marriage is almost always wholly unlike the thing itself.—N. Y. Times.  
Tennessee has 1,494 post-offices.