

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

E. A. Kautkin

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No. 23.

SPEECH OF OLD RYE.

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drunk;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I came as a blessing
When run through a mill;
As a blight and a curse
When put through a still.
Made up into loaves,
And your children are fed,
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm the servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I'm the master,
The drinker a fool.
They remember the saying—
If eaten, to strengthen
If drunk, to destroy.

John's Wife.

Whatever possessed brother John to go up to the city and marry that little yellow-haired, blue-eyed bit of a school girl when he could have just had his pick of girls, nearer home, was something I never could understand. There was Lida Handscome, just dead in love with him, as anybody could see, and the best bread maker in the whole country, besides taking prizes at the State Fair for pickles and jellies, and ever so much better looking, too, than Myra. No yellow bangs over her eyes; she just combed her hair back off her face and did it up in a hard knot that staid. She sent John a birthday cake, and knit him a comforter, and everybody thought it would be a match, but John said he didn't like her eyes; they were handsome eyes to my idea, and could look you through and through, they were that clear and bright; but did you ever know a man to take advice? "Marry that first," said John, "and never have any peace of my life; well I guess not!" and with that off he goes to town and telegraphs back, "expect me and my wife." Dear! such a shock as it gave me, and spring cleaning not done, and the minister coming to board with us while his wife went home on a visit—it was a trial, you may be sure!

And when she did come, it was more like having a wax doll in the way than anything else, with her big wondering eyes, and childish ways and silly questions and hanging on John's arms, and leaning over John's chair, with two little insignificant feet in the rug at the back, and her clothes? Such fallals, just like a doll's rigging, and I just set my foot down that if she was to live with us she must conform to our way. I had't been forty years in this world for nothing. If she wanted to wear fine white laces and ruffled aprons, she had to wash and iron them herself. I wouldn't be her slave. And such silly questions as she asked, they just made me sick!

"Were there any dear little yellow chicks?"
Dear little yellow chicks indeed! they were dear enough, before we raised them and got their heads off, and had them ready for market, and if that silly child killed; said she had named every one of them and watched them grow up. And her dear John's wife! bah!

Then she did the silliest thing of all went and bought a book called, "What I Know About Farming," and used to sit out under a tree, studying it by the hour, and one night when she went down to the bars to meet John, I heard her ask:
"John! why don't you get a washing machine, and a wringer, and save your own flesh and blood. Look at the blisters on my hand!"

And the next thing it was the talk of the neighborhood that we Elliots, who had set our faces against modern improvements, had given out before that little pale-faced thing, and not only got a wringer and washer in our kitchen, but several hundred dollar's worth of farm machinery at work. John said he could afford it, but I spoke my mind and told her what I thought of it after he went out to his work. She looked kind of frightened, and pretended she was going to cry, and then she spoke up quick like and said:

"Sister Janet, it's a triumph of mind over matter. You can wash now, and not be all tired out, and sick and nervous, and—and—John can afford it!"

Perhaps if I had known, that she had paid for it all, and it hadn't cost John a cent, I might have been more forgiving, but I just straightened up and said:

"Mrs. Elliot you may go and spin your husband with your boarding school ideas, but as for me I'll never touch the things. I can work, thank goodness, while I've got my health. I wasn't brought up in idleness."

She never took it to heart a bit; the next thing I knew she was at a little parlor organ she had, singing and playing as if that was all there was in life.

And that silly old minister—me never

do have a bit of sense, but you expect more of a preacher of the gospel—but he just sat and talk d to her as if she was a companion for him, and they walked about the fields, and staid down where John was working, and all around 'em souls a perishing for want of the bread of life; such a sinful waste of time I never saw!

"Janet, do you love the hills?" she asked one day when I was scouring the knives outside the door. She had offered to do them for me, but law, her white hands were not fit for any thing so useful.
"Love the hills! Well, I'd like to know what there is to love about them. I guess if you climbed them a spell you wouldn't love 'em much longer."

Looking up at them; they seem so near the cool, far-off Heaven! I love to climb to the top and drink in the sweet, fresh air; it does the good here—here."

She laid her hand on her heart, and stood looking off with a strange expression on her face, and I thought may be she was homesick and told her to go in and cut some carpet rags, and sew 'em together and would you believe it, she up and refused.

"No!" she said, "I cannot cut any carpet rags, I hate them!"
I never saw her so excited before.

"A fine temper you have," was all the answer I made her, but I never felt so insulted in all my life.
For a week or two I didn't see much of her; she was either out with John, "sketching," as she called it, dabbling away at some bits of paste board with a lead pencil; or up in her room where I never went. She came down, singing away, with a large package in her hand, and soon John came up with the ponies, and they drove off to town together, laughing like two children. I hope none of the neighbors noticed them. Anyway, they never saw him conduct himself in that way with me.

When they came home she was all tired out, and they had a big roll of stuff they dumped down in the entry.

"It's something for you, Janet," she said, laughing hysterical-like. "It's carpet-rags."

I unrolled it and there were twenty yards of bright ingrain carpet!
"Myra," said I "this is wicked extravagance," for I knew her money was all paid out.

"But it isn't," she said, laughing; "I earned it myself by drawing and painting those bits of sketches. I sold them all, and can sell all I can do. That was my way of cutting carpet-rags."

Well, we put the carpet down, and it did look pretty—though I didn't say so. It isn't my way to spoil anybody with flattery, and I saw John's wife was getting the upper hand too fast. The neighbors were beginning to notice her, and that foolish old minister, when his wife came back, had been over there; and she led the singing in church, and pretended she had got religion, and all the time she never saw a sinner, or washed a sinner, or put her hand to the churn.

"John can afford to keep hired help," she said to me one day, "and I'm not very strong, and my mother died of consumption." Then she began to cry like a baby, "and John came in and looked at me as if it was my doing."

I must say she could succeed in doing all sorts of useless things—raising flowers in every nook and corner, making pets of the animals, and painting, or playing on the organ. She was real ornamental, and I suppose some folks thought she was pretty. John did for one. I don't know that she made me much work, either. She did her own washing as long as John would let her, and kept her room neat enough, though it was mostly littered up with flowers and birds and her sketches, and at first she sung from morning till night, and she did have a real lovely voice, I'll allow that, but after awhile she didn't sing and didn't talk much and then John began taki g her meals up to her. The first time I saw him getting a tray ready, I said:

"It's a good thing you were brought up to be handy, John, seeing you've got an invalid wife."

He didn't say anything then, but a few days after he came to me and said:

"Janet, get a girl as soon as you can and let Aunt Betsy come over and stay with Myra; she is nervous and low spirited, and needs company."

Well, I suppose you've guessed the upshot of it all; a little daughter was born to John and it seemed to me that a miracle was worked in the house. Perhaps I had never really loved John's wife—she was so different in her ways from me—but when I heard that baby cry I felt thrilled to my very soul, and I just threw my work upon over my head and cried for the first time in years.

Myra didn't get strong, and the days

went on and still she didn't get up, and I felt as if it was my duty to go and tell her that she mustn't favor herself that way, that she couldn't lie abed and let strangers take care of her child, and that she'd never get strong till she got out; but I made up my mind to speak in a gentler sort of way. I had been thinking it over and about concluded to let Myra live her own way and not try to make her over, especially since John seemed so well satisfied with her, and I went up stairs and opened the door softly and stepped inside. John was standing at one window looking out at the sunset—it was all red and gold, and the room was in a flame, he turned as I came in, and he saw me, and he cried, "Myra, since he was a man!"

"What is it?" I whispered, going up close to him

He made a motion with the back of his head towards the bed. I went over there. Aunt Betsy was in a rocker by the side of it reading the Bible. Myra was looking at the sunset, then at her baby's sleeping face. I'm not dull to see things and I saw there what made my heart turn cold—it was the valley of the shadow of death!

That all happened these years ago. There is a simple rustic cross up in the graveyard with "Myra" carved on it, and little Myra and I go up there every Sunday and carry flowers to decorate it, and the dear child sits in my lap and puts her blessed little arms about my neck and whispers: "Auntie, talk about my mamma in Heaven," and I tell how patient and gentle she was, and how she sang and played, and how she shall do the very same thing some day—for I know, now, that flowers are as necessary to God's creation as the wood and grain, and the least little thing that makes sunshine in the world is of great value in the dark places, and I feel sure, when I look up to the hills she loved that Myra has reached far-off Heaven before me. Perhaps—perhaps, she will intercede for me there.

Our Confederate Dead.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY

Capt. W. T. R. BELL,
PRINCIPAL KINGS MOUNTAIN HIGH SCHOOL,
ON MEMORIAL DAY IN SHELBY,
N. C. MAY 10th, 1881.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Within the Holy of Holies of the human heart there is a shrine erected to the worship of heroic virtue. Enlightened sensibilities pause not in the vestibule of this sacred temple to parley with cold calculating reason, but with blind devotion the purest offerings of the generous soul are laid upon its blood-stained altar. In all ages and in every country of the world, from the semi-barbarous Greek and half-civilized Roman to the Christian nations of modern times, painting and sculpture have devoted their creative energies, and poetry has invoked her sweetest muses to the consecration of heroic deeds, and the embalming of the warrior's memory.

Prejudice and envy are the acknowledged opponents of human reason. We look with distorted gaze upon struggling truth in the hour of her trial; suspicion would disparage her efforts and impugn her motives in the day of her strength; but at the grave of fallen greatness we acknowledge the force of principle, and re-establish our confidence in the sincerity of human conduct. Here all the green-eyed passions of our baser nature abandon our bosoms; all the foul whisperings of cowardly slander and detraction cease; while the soul is left in undisturbed communion with those angel graces that nestle ever near the tomb of unsullied virtue.

At the instance of your committee, Ladies and Gentlemen, I come this afternoon to join you in the ceremonies of your Memorial Day, and as best I can, to give expression to the feelings of veneration and pride, gratitude and love, with which we gather around the graves of our fallen comrades. Year after year, under the tender ministrations of woman, what a pious task! Memory as a neck-eyed maiden, her cheeks still wet with tears, bearing with her the emblematic sprig of ascecia, comes with trembling hand and aching heart, to lead us over "a bridge of sighs" through the church yards of the past. She waves her magic wand, and amid the war-desolated fields of a sunny land, over the ashes of once happy Southern homes; among the stricken shrines and ruined altars of a conquered people I stand, to challenge universal history to present gaudy spectacles of self-sacrificing devotion than are to be found in the lives of our Confederate Dead.

I come to speak in the spirit of universal brotherhood, with a peace offering in my hand and a prayer for perpetual peace in my heart.
I am aware that words uttered in the ordinary expression of grief and pride by

men who stood near the unmarked graves of their sons and brothers, have been caught up by a partisan press, and made a pretext for the further humiliation of a brave yet conquered people. Forbid that I should resort to intemperate language. It is sad still to see the faint flashes of the lightning and hear the muttered thunders of sectional animosity; yet the heart would be cowardly and the town craven which on occasions like these, should fail to hold up to youthful admiration the unvalued deeds and peerless valor of our own immortal heroes. From their very earliest history, Sparta and Athens were rival Grecian cities, yet in the presence of a common foe, the blood coalesced for the rescue of a common country. Is the memory of Leonidas and his immortal band less necessary to the glory of Greece because the star of Sparta's fate declined? Do the names of her Scipios and her Cæars shine less bright, because the Scandinavian hordes of the North clipped the wings of Rome's proud eagle, and tore down the standards of imperial prowess and might? Is the name of Marco Bozzaris less immortal because he sleeps in a land polluted by the tread of despots, and filled with the groans of slaves? Would Tell have deserved less honor had his arrow missed its mark? and has Poland forgotten in her vassalage the example of her Kosciusko? If not, should we cease to venerate our Stuart, Hill, Jackson and Lee, and all our host of deathless dead, because the rights for which they fought are lost, and the banner that they bore so often to victory is shrouded in defeat? No, Ladies and Gentlemen, such men belong not exclusively to any age or country. They are the Knights of Chivalry, the defenders of honor, champions of virtue and martyrs of principle!

From Manassas to Malvern Hill, from the Father of Waters to the granite crests of Gettysburg, through four long years of blood and carnage, with all the consecrated courage of the Crusader, the Confederate legions dashed and charged, until the world stood breathless as they blazed their way to glory. Trained in the earlier political schools of the fathers, the voice of their State was the voice of God. To them by inheritance belonged the immortal Declaration of Independence. They had learned from it that "to secure life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, governments were instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed" and that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it." Adopting these lofty sentiments for their selves in the knightly spirit of the Calvalier, and recurring to them day after day in the administration of our system, they had come to regard them as general political axioms embodying rights as inalienable as the right to breathe.

The Constitution was theirs—theirs by bequest of brain and pen—theirs in its powers, its provisions and its limitations;—it was the ark of their political covenant; before them their fathers had carried it in all their journeyings, guarded by the pillar of cloud by day and guided by the pillar of fire by night; before it the Red Sea of war had rolled back its waters, and on this side, when pursuing foes had been overwhelmed, Miriam and her maidens had led their mothers in the songs of national deliverance;—is it any wonder that thus trained, to tamper with that Constitution was in their estimation treason, and to lay violent hands upon it was profanation?

I do not speak to arouse animosity—far from it. I shall come presently to the lesson left to us by our countrymen. But when I am called to stand by the graves of my dead comrades—graves around which only bereavement, widowhood and orphanage do gather; graves over which no nation weeps and over which as yet no banner waves;—graves that are dependent for the perpetuation of their memories to the vestal fires of love and loyalty that are nursed in living hearts, my lips must be sealed, or I shall speak from the just, yet I trust generous, suggestions of my own soul.

I vow to you, my countrymen, that these years have left no bitterness in my bosom. If in your Cemetery this afternoon there is the grave of a Federal soldier, who lived as a soldier should live, and who died as a soldier often dies,—sleeping his last sleep far away from his home and kindred, with no sister no brother no mother to bring a flower—point out that grave to me I beg you, and mine shall be the hand to decorate it. There is a divine relationship between true courage and magnanimity. I am not here to defend the principles for which our Confederate warriors bled; the decision of the sword is against them and it will be the duty of the calm, quiet, dispassionate historian of the future to confirm or reverse the judgment. But that their motives were pure; that they

believed that they were right; that they were actuated by the highest sense of patriotic duty, the most partisan of their foes will scarcely deny.

We see a Polk leaving the sacred walks of the ministry for the tented field. We hear the gallant Stuart, the Bayard of the South, giving praise to God in his dying moments; we find Stonewall Jackson amid the silent watches of the midnight hour imploring the guidance of Him who protected the armies of Israel, and we are led to exclaim, "Surely these men were christian warriors." No, my countrymen, to brand these men as traitors would be to rob glory of its greatness and virtue of its attractiveness. In their private lives our countrymen were humble and devoted; in their public lives they were sincere, and with their blood they sealed their faith in the righteousness of the cause for which they died. They belonged not solely to us; their fame cannot be circumscribed by sectional boundaries; they are not now to be judged by the petty passions and prejudices which pervert the judgment of their countrymen. No, no! they hold high rank in the army of patriot martyrs; they have bequeathed their motives to history, and posterity will do them justice. Such men are above the issues of every struggle. Success was not necessary to establish their greatness, and defeat is powerless to detract from their glory.

I do not care my countrymen to recall the deeds upon which the claims to this glory rests. There stands our Troy—its Iliad has not yet been written. How it rose and how it fought and how it fell; how for four long years the Grecian chariots dashed in vain around its living walls of fire; how phalanx after phalanx, now led by Agamemnon and now by Ulysses, were beaten and broken and driven back to their ships; how our Trojan matrons stood in our midst undaunted and undismayed, bathed the brows and bound up the wounds of their husbands and brothers and sent them back to the ramparts,—and how when their stricken ones would fall they bent above them in passionate yet patriotic grief plucked the javelin from bleeding bosoms, and buried them in the mantles torn from their own beauteous persons;—and how the thought of these tender hands and loving hearts kept our Campfires bright;—and how the shouts of triumph that swept along our lines were echoed and re-echoed from the Mountains to the Sea; and then how the change came, and how by wounds and starvation and disease our ranks were wasted; and how the gods who had smiled propitiously upon us and upheld our banner in the beginning, became in their own inscrutable purpose offended, and turned their faces from us;—all these things will yet be written, and the grand old heroic shall go sounding down the ages in strains sublime until the world shall become familiar with the story!

As we gather this afternoon to scatter flowers over mounds so dear to us, let us not forget those unmarked graves far out on the battle fields where amid the heat of carnage and the clash of conflict heroes went down, "a rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial bleat." What though no monumental pile commemorate the places of their rest, no "storied urn" tell of a hero's struggles o'er. Liberty claims the unhonored spot as a portion of her sacred heritage; unseen angels heaven-sent will guard their slumbers, and their praises ring for all time in the unwritten music of every breeze. Blood wherever shed in freedom's battles, makes a barren wilderness a sacred mausoleum, and earth all hallowed ground. Not one drop was ever shed in vain. Every life sacrificed upon the altar of liberty is an unanswerable testimony to the sacredness of her cause; and from out the ashes of fallen heroes go forth those mute appeals that inspire the oppressed to deeds of daring in every land where men are struggling for their cherished rights.

An able American statesman has said that a nation's wealth is the sum of its splendid deeds. I remember at the close of our deadly conflict how our land seemed haunted by the lurking skeletons of every former interest. It was a dark bitter hour; woe and want were depicted on every hand, our women performing menial offices; our youths driven from the colleges to the corn fields; our old men taxed with a labor that belonged not to their years, and I felt to what a depth of humiliation and poverty we had been reduced. But I turned even then from this picture of desolation to the contemplation of our future historic splendor. I thought of the glory of our short-lived greatness; the unexampled valor of our brave men, and the self-forgetful devotion of our noble Southern women, and I felt that we were indeed rich. And now when sixteen years have passed, and under the blessings of God the fields have bloomed again, the old home has been re-

built; and as the younger children gather around the family altar, the silver-haired mother looks up to the picture on the wall—to that bright-eyed boy in his grand old Confederate grey—who at the first call went forth to battle, and whose last message was, "Tell my mother I died for my country." Sixteen years have passed, and when I remember how a wasting band of undaunted warriors contended against cold and hunger and disease, and hurled back through long years of senacity and suffering the repeated assaults of an overpowering enemy, a host of knightly spirits princely imperfections of honor and chivalry, pass before me, and a sense of pride that no defeat can humble, swells in that oppressed land. How we have a wealth becomes lovely in a consecrated coronet of sorrow. Crowns of roses fade,—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold on humanity." Honored North Carolina, the birthplace of Ramson, of Branch, of Pettigrew, Polk and Pender, whatever may be her future, the past at least is secure. Battle-scarred old Virginia! "still fronting with a royal brow her fate," no tyrant could seduce her from the memory of her Stewart, her Hill, her Johnson, her Jackson! Farward Southern Land! more favored as the war desolated home of Beauregard and Lee and all their immortal associates, than if she were the pampered empire of the proudest monarch on earth!

My countrymen, I offer you a prayer for peace,—peace in our homes and in our hearts. The day is coming, thank Heaven! and politicians cannot prevent it, when the two sections of this great country will be joined in a closer bond of union—a union of hearts as well as of hands. The church of the living God is proclaiming the glad message first delivered by the angels to the watching shepherds on the plains of Judea, and the spirit of fraternal reconciliation is abroad. Talk of your monuments at King's Mountain and Cowpens, and your Centennial at Yorktown,—they are all preparatory to a grander gathering which is yet to assemble, and a loftier monument which is yet to be built. The day is coming, coming, coming, and God and angels are hastening it, when the true men of the North will meet the true men of the South, and upon some midway spot on the soil of the Mother of States, the home of Washington, the base of a monument shall be laid, broad as the pyramids of Egypt. And Georgia and South Carolina and the old North State will vie with Massachusetts and New Hampshire and Vermont in sending their granite, and pious hands and generous hearts will lay block after block, and the labor of love will be bequeathed from sire to son, until the mighty shaft shall pierce the very heavens; and crowning it all shall be the Goddess of American Liberty! With her face to the rising sun, and her beautiful arms extended, her right hand pointing to Hollywood on the James, and her left hand to Arlington on the Potomac—those hushed accompants where sleep thousands, respectively of the Blue and the Gray—she will speak with trumpet-tongue to the nations across the waters, and proclaim with pride, "These are both my children!"

Young men of the South you have everything to stimulate you in your efforts to elevate and succor your war scourged country. Accept the situation as you find it. The future of this land depends upon you. Drive out by your manly bearing the dim shadows of despair that may yet lurk in our midst. Restore by your honest efforts at moral, social, and political reconstruction, cheerfulness to the firesides, and confidence to the bosoms of our people. While you feel an honest pride in the exploits of our gallant sires, you need not write their epitaphs,—these are already engraved upon the tablets of guiding memory. While you cherish their names, you need build over their graves no towering monuments,—thus more durable than brass, they themselves have erected in the great Westminster of a people's heart. But in your cultivation of heroic virtue, of enlightened patriotism, of self-forgetful and self-sacrificing public devotion, be true, I charge you, to the memory of the Confederate Dead.

The wheat harvest has begun in Texas, and the quality is better than at any time during the past 11 years. The yield will average 18 bushels to the acre.

Dining cars are now coming south. The Savannah, Florida and Western road has just put on an elegant one between Savannah and Jacksonville Fla.

Mr. Taylor Mandlin, on the border of Texas, has perhaps the largest pasture in the world. On one side there are forty miles of rock fence, and yet it will require 200 miles of fencing to inclose it. He intends to sow for 1,000 tons of oats. He will feed 100,000 head of cattle on his pasture.