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The Story of the Gate.

Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate.
'Twas there, within the quiet gloom,
When I had strolled with Nellie home,
I used to pause and wait.

Before I said to her "good night,"
Yet loth to leave the winsome sprite
Within the garden pale;
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
And lean upon the rail.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—
With many a meeting glance between
The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear, sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat,
And then I moved to go.

"Good-night," I'd say; "good night—good-
bye!"

"Good-night"—from her, with half a sigh;
"Good-night!" "good-night!" and then,
And then I do not go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and
Begin it all again.

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer time—although
The gate is standing yet;
A little cranky, it may be,
A little weather-worn—like me—
Who never can forget!

The happy—"End" my cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."
Watch your chubby thing!
That is our youngest, hers and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
About the gate and swing

"JOSIAR"

"I never kin forget the day
That we went out a walkin',
An' set down on the river bank
An' kept on hours a talkin';
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas our kind o' weather.

"The sun went down as we sat there;
Josiar seemed uneasy,
An' nother she began to call:
'Lowezzy! oh, Lowezzy!
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
As I was just a startin',
An' said, 'Lowezzy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

"It kind o' took me by surpris
An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
I heard it all the summer long,
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But law! I couldn't do it,
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it,
An' lookin' down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire,
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshiped my Josiar."

[Delphia]

THE GALLANT TARS

Who Inhabit the Old North State.

A Trip Through North Carolina Discloses a State Rich in All the Elements of Greatness, Whose Woods are Worth the Millions of Colonel Sellers.

Special Correspondence Constitution.

RALPHAM, N. C., April 21.—Without making any special fuss about it North Carolina is moving ahead in natural development at a pace not surpassed probably by any Southern State, and equalled by none, if we except Georgia and Texas.

A hurried run through the State has astonished me no little. The press of the State, first-class in many respects does not handle practical questions with scope and enthusiasm enough to give the general public an adequate idea of what is being done in the way of progress. On every side I have seen a thrift and earnestness that speaks careful and well directed work, and in the departments to-day I find the most abundant evidence of the results of that work.

North Carolina has a range of climate not equaled by that of any Southern State. On a map showing the mean temperature for the various sections I noted that the southern part was marked 66 degrees, which is the isothermal for Mobile and the gulf coast, while the northern part of the State was marked 49 degrees, which is the isothermal of Portland, Maine. The State is thus lodged between the two zones that cover the continent. The most notable example, perhaps, of the advantages of climate is that North Carolina has a larger variety of woods than any two States in the union. Of the 23 varieties of oak in America, 19 are found in North Carolina. In a one-mile stretch on the Blue Ridge slope there are more different woods to be found than in half the territory of any other State.

I went through the museum today with Prof. W. C. Kerr, the State Geologist, a why man of science with boundless energy, a stentorian voice and happy, practical turn. He exhibits a line of woods that is simply marvelous. Among others was a block of persimmon, a wood that is in great demand in the eastern part of the State for the manufacture of shuttles. There was juniper and cypress, that is sold

in great quantities for telegraph poles; a block of chinquapin, two feet across; mottled cherry and finely grained walnut. The cherry, which polishes beautifully, grows. I am informed, in groves of a mile or two in length and breadth. There is a growing interest in hard woods, and mills are being erected in various parts of the State getting out blocks of walnut, poplar, cherry, etc. for shipment North, to furniture and piano factories. Professor Kerr is very hopeful that the hard woods of Carolina will soon come into universal repute, when they will yield an enormous revenue. Wherever there are factories in the State working in wood from axe-helves up to furniture, native woods supply almost the entire product, and there are considerable exports beside. There are several gold mines scattered through the State, but I judge investments in them must be speculative for some time at least. There are fine specimens of marble in the geologist's cases, but it has been impossible as far to discover whether or not it can be found in sufficient quantity to quarry it profitably. The iron interests are being developed, notably, by General Hoke and his associates, but the great wealth of North Carolina is in her forests of hard woods, as the coming years will show. The commissioner of agriculture, Mr. Montford McGehee, a most competent and devoted officer, informed me that the cotton crop of last year in Carolina amounted to \$100,000 and that the area of cotton culture had been extended twenty miles further north than the supposed limit of the cotton belt. The tobacco crop was 552,000,000 pounds, worth in the aggregate about \$6,000,000. Oze firm, Backwell & Co., of Durham, paid \$600,000 last year for government stamps alone. In Madison county the forest tobacco in the world is raised and the county crop of last year aggregating 1,000,000 pounds averaged twenty five cents per pound, while the average in the State was probably one 1/2 cents. The tobacco area of the State has more than doubled since the war. The introduction of upland rice has added a new source of revenue to general farms and the county of Hlade now produces as much rice as was raised in the war on the Cape Fear valley, where alone it was considered possible to raise it. The pet industries of the commissioner and his most efficient assistant, Mr. P. M. Wilson, are grape culture and wine making, there being seven or eight stations which produce many thousands of gallons of wine annually and silk culture, for which the climate is admirably adapted and which is rapidly becoming an important industry. The mulberry tree grows in profusion throughout the state and as good silk is made as can be produced in France.

The agricultural bureau of North Carolina is organized upon a more liberal scale than that of Georgia—its expenditures running over \$25,000 a year. About \$5,000 each is given to the geological survey, the fish commissioner and the experimental farm and half as much is devoted to the cause of immigration. The bureau is supported by a special tax of \$500 levied upon each brand of fertilizer sold in the state. This takes the place of the inspection fee system of Georgia. From this source about \$30,000 is received, every dollar of which goes to the agricultural bureau. In Georgia \$60,000 is realized from the inspection of fertilizers and yet the agricultural bureau is pinched—the fish commissioner works for nothing—the immigration commissioner throws up his place in disgust after working two years for nothing, and the geological survey, after being half perished, is abandoned. Such a pennywise and pound foolish economy will be apt to show its disadvantage in a contrast with the progress made by Carolina under a more liberal administration.

Of all the states of the union North Carolina shows by the census the largest proportion of native-born population—surpassing even the old New England states in this regard. It is a curious fact in addition to this that there is a large proportion of persons born in North Carolina and now living in other states, than of any other state. Besides sending out so many of her natives, she raised her own population from 1,000,000 to 1,400,000 in the past ten years—which facts testify to a strict attention to business on the part of her females, and the quickening influences of her climate. The larger portion of steady-going families, rooted to the soil for generations and stubborn of opinion changing sentiment slowly, has given a conservatism to the character of her people that implies both prudence and strength. There was in North Carolina, for instance, none of the enthusiasm over secession that swept the neighboring states out of the union. The real sentiment of the people was for the union and a compromise in the union, but after the war became inevitable the fierce sense of love of the soil, the pride of tradition, and the

strong local affections, put the old state on her mettle, and she filled more Confederate graves than any southern state, as the records show. Senator Vance put it strongly if roughly, when he said at Richmond in a speech: "North Carolina did not agree with Virginia in her ideas on secession, but after Virginia had seceded and the war was upon us, she put her hand in Virginia's and stood by her to the last—and there'd have been a d—d small war if she hadn't!"

In a talk with Mr. Fabius H. Busbee, one of the most prominent young men in the state, and the head of the Hancock electoral ticket, I gained a deal of personal and special information concerning the state and its leaders. Asking him as to the relative strength of Vance and Ransom he said: "I think no man has ever had the power in North Carolina that Vance has enjoyed for the past few years. Ransom is a more eloquent man I think, and stronger in some respects, and before the people would poll more votes than Vance—as the latter has many fierce enemies who would vote for Ransom—and Ransom would carry the part vote besides. I don't think Ransom gets full credit for his power as an orator. He is the most eloquent man, possibly excepting Vesey, in the senate, and yet he speaks seldom, preferring the real work of legislation to the display."

"Where was Vance born?"
"He is a native Carolinian, which goes almost without saying. Our public men are almost without exception Carolinians. At one time every member of our congressional delegation was a graduate of the state university, a thing that never happened probably in any other state. He was a very brilliant youngster, entering congress when he was only 25 years of age. He had previously served as county attorney and member of the legislature. He was re-elected to congress when he was 28, and then entered the army. He rose to the rank of colonel, and was then made governor, taking his seat at 32, the youngest governor we ever had."

"Is there any new leader in sight in Carolina?"
"None I think. Taggart, with probably remain in the hands of the present leaders. Judge Merrimon who billed the democratic nomination several years ago and beat Griffin for the senate still holds a strong position in the state. He has a following that is devoted and that though fractional in itself is large enough to carry the state either way if it were put under independent training."

"Is there any probability of Mahone's split being followed in your state?"
"No. In the first place we are not divided by any debt issue, and in fact by no other issue of enough importance to justify a split. It is doubtful if any man is strong enough to lead off any considerable body of democrats on a simple question of patronage or personal ambition. There is no one bold enough to try it after the terrible position into which the prolonged debate in the senate has forced Mahone. I consider the south 'solid' in a political sense than it has been in years, and the senatorial debate has made it so. North Carolina would probably be one of the first southern states to feel such a movement, for several reasons. We have a strong union element in the state, and we have never been able to make republicanism disreputable as it has been in other southern states I am sure, however, that there is no hint of trouble in the party ranks in this state."

Touching Judge Tourgee's book—"The Fool's Errand," I asked Mr. Busbee what he thought of it.
"The incident on which the book is based are literally true—the inferences drawn from these incidents are too sweeping. It is no use to deny the truth of facts so demonstrable as those Judge Tourgee has related. What we had better do is to correct them, and to show that they were exceptional in the past and will be impossible in the future."

"Did Judge Tourgee leave the state with a foul record?"
"According to common report he did, but there is no proof of what is charged—certainly nothing to show personal dishonesty. The stories about Tourgee have been told so often that they are generally believed. But the main trouble with him was that he came to the state thoroughly out of tune with the general sentiment and utterly unable to adjust himself to any compromise or to even control his aggressiveness when he was raging over a wrong that had no real existence. He is coming back to Greensboro to live and will probably continue his Ishmaelistic fight defeating his own purpose by his impracticable prejudices."

Mr. Busbee is enthusiastic over the rapid development of the state, and especially of its special industries. Said he:
"The bright tobacco of which you hear so much, is one of the most lucrative crops

that can be grown in America. I heard a man say that he lived on a hill in Granville county, one of the counties in which this fancy tobacco is raised, and could from his house see the houses of neighboring planters from whom he could borrow \$100,000 in cash in the aggregate without impairing their current work."

In answer to an inquiry as to what had become of the Henry Berry Lowery gang, Mr. Burbee gave me a queer piece of history. "A few years ago," said he, "an amnesty bill was passed by the state intended to give pardon to men engaged in certain political fights. In order to prevent the probability of its being stretched to embrace the Lowery gang, they were excepted by name. In reciting the members they omitted one who was a desperate outlaw, covered with crime, and for whom there was a reward of \$5,000. He was shortly afterwards captured and his captor collected through Dartch, a university of Georgia boy, the \$5,000 reward. He then pleaded the amnesty act and was released under it. The state having paid \$5,000 to catch a man for the purpose of officially turning him loose again."

Another point of interest is that North Carolina under the lead of Busbee as elector, is the only State that casts its vote for 'W. S. Hancock, of New York.' All the other democratic electors voted for 'Hancock of Pennsylvania,' although he was distinctly nominated by Mr. Dougherty as a New Yorker, and voted in New York.

Bill Arp Returns

To Questions That Interest the People Atlanta Constitution.

Winter has left us at last—a hard old winter—hard even on us in the sunny south and merciful on our northern brethren. For about seven months they have been snow-bound and ice-bound—penned in frozen homes, and the ice is just now breaking up, and great floods are overflowing them, and still they are afraid to move to this blessed land—afraid of kak-kax and barbarians. I'm sorry for 'em, but I don't care enough about 'em to wear and freeze myself. We can get along very well without 'em. We've been calling 'em kindly ever since the war, and given welcome to those who did come, and now I'm opposed to the calling business. I'm willing to say howdy and make a passing remark about the weather, but that's all. No more tuffy, no more honey and sugar. We want to be honeyed some ourselves. It's been a one-sided game long enough. We've sold 'em our sugar, and cotton, and rice, and tobacco, and syrup, and sweet potatoes, and gubbers, and watermelons, and bought their patent medicines, and fly-traps, and doll babies, and yankee notions, and picture books, and dime novels and Butterick's patterns, and all their tomfooleries and gone to all their circuses and monkey shows and paid out thousands of dollars to hear 'em peddle and sing and jump around and they go back and chuckle and tell their nabors how much they made off us, and now because Griffin expressed her indignation in an explosive manner the whole yankee nation is mad about it. Our people have long since recognized slavery as a dead issue, and they need not be sending Uncle Tom's Cabin down here to revive it and teach our children a lie, and I reckon the Griffin boys took the most convincing way of proving that it was an eggstinct institution. We are getting along pretty well and we want 'em to let us alone. It looks like them fellers up north just keep our people and our sunny land as a sort of nest egg, and if they come across a bad one occasionally they ought to grumble. If they can't get all that we make one way they will another for they have got the money, and money is a power that will buy or seduce most anybody. Now here is the great railroad combination—this triple alliance that has run the Central and Georgia stock away up yonder and the people say bully and look on and wonder and it's made some folks rich all of a sudden but the plain truth is the whole business is a selling out to the yankees—to northern railroads monopolies, for the stock in all these gigantic corporations is owned in New York, or up there somewhere, and the triple alliance hadent been made three days before the freight agents met in Cincinnati and raised the tariff forty per cent at a jump. Pretty good raise for the first meeting wasent it, and I reckon they will meet again before long and we the people are to pay for it. The old rule was that those who dance must pay the fiddler, but these fellers dance all night and make the bystanders pay for looking on. Sometimes when I get to thinking about the greed and grip of them millionaires up north and how they keep insinuating their claws into our country, I get alarmed and wonder how long they will let me keep my land and live in peace and seclusion, and if they don't git it by some

hokus pokus before I die how long will they let the children keep it.

But still I am hopeful—for they have got to die all the same like the rest of us, and death scatters things amazin' soon for its a law of nature that a man who lives to make money and nothing else, raises a passel of children who live to spend it. Wm. H. Vanderbilt is an exception, but there ain't many, and I reckon his children will make it fly if he has got any. The difference in the happiness of mankind don't depend on the amount of money they have made by no means, and I never saw the day I would change places with A. T. Stewart, who worked all his life like a dog, and his greatest pleasure was to break down a rival and break him up, too, and as soon as he died a man no kin to him gobbled up his fortune and some thieves come along one night and stole his bones, and nobody cared; and, if that ain't a sermon on striving after riches I never knew one, but you might as well preach it to a dead horse as to Jay Gould, or Jim Keene or Armour, or any of them fellows who would see a nation perish to death for bread and meat if it put a few millions in their pocket. Corners is the word now. Get a corner on something—that is get the people in a corner where they can neither back nor squall. I saw the other day that they had got up a corner on peas—cow peas, and had bought 'em all up on the sly and was holding 'em at \$2 50 a bushel by the car-load. I may be mistaken but it seems to me a little higher grade of happiness to look out upon the green fields of wheat and the leafing trees and the blue mountains in the distance and hear the dove cooing to her mate, and the whippoorwill sing a welcome to the night, and hunt flowers and baby blossoms with the children, and make whistles for 'em and hear 'em blow and see 'em get after a jumpin' frog or a garter snake, and hunt hens nests, and paddle in the branch and get dirty and wet all over, and watch their peritent and subdued expression when they go home, as Mrs. Arp looks at 'em with amazement and exclaims, "Mersey on me; did ever a poor mother see such a sight? Will I ever get done making clothes. Put these on right clean this morning and not another clean rag in the house! Go get me a switch, right straight, go! I will not stand it!" But she will stand it, and they know it, especially if I remark, "Yes, they ought to be whipped." That saves 'em, and by the time the switch comes the tempest is over, and some dry clothes are found and if there is any cake in the house they get it. Blessed mother! fortunate children! What would they do without her? Why her very scolding is music in their tender ears. I'm thankful that there are some things that corner in the domestic circle that Wall street cannot buy nor money kings depress.

Bill Arp.

A HINT FOR THE YOUNG.

Sidney Smith, in one of the ablest of his essays, says:

"I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear do it, not for insolence, but seriously and as a man who wears a soul of his besom and does not wait till it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just; hypocritical if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you know you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful execution in a virtuous cause."

GLAD HE DIDN'T KNOW THEM ALL.

The legal profession is one in which many happy bits are made, and they are generally at some body else's expense. Consequently when a good joke is told on a lawyer it is enjoyed with a great deal of gusto. A Winston lawyer recently closed a case and his client inquired the amount of the fee.

"Well," said the dealer in law, "as I knew your father and mother I will only charge you \$20."

The client paid it cheerfully, remarking, "I am thankful that you did not know my grandfather and grandmother and the rest of the family."

A vigorous effort is being made to develop the oil country in Kentucky.

NOT THE KIND SHE WANTED.

"Are these young chickens?" asked a lady of a market woman.

"Oh, yes, indeed, lady. They're nice and tender—as fine as any you ever saw," said the woman.

"They don't look like it," remarked the customer, pinching one of them critically. "It's the honest Christian truth I'm telling you, lady. I raised 'em myself, and could give you their age to day if my old man was here, for he put it down in the almanac the self-same day they was hatched. And they're nice and fat, too, lady see,"—holding up the choicest in the lot.

"You're quit sure they are not tough then? Young chickens are sometimes nearly tough as old ones, you know."

"Yes, yes; very true. But I'm certain you'll find these tender. I had a couple out of the same brood for dinner, Tuesday, and they were as nice as could be."

The customer opened her purse and took out a brand new trade dollar, and the market woman bustled around with a feeling of charity in her heart for all humanity, as she prepared to fill what she believed would be the biggest order of the morning.

"You'll stand by all you've said about those chickens?" queried the lady, pausing with the coin in her hand; "and I believe you are here every week, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes, lady; I'd sooner have every one of 'em spile on my hands than to say a single word that wasn't true, and if you don't find it just as I told you, come back and get your money."

"They won't do for me then," said the lady, putting back the money and picking up her basket. "I want a fowl that'll do to make soup of for a couple o' days without falling all to pieces, and then do for pot-pie afterwards. Times are very hard, and it takes close figuring to keep boarders now-a-days without losing money."

The market woman stood with her hands on her hips and watched the landlady in speechless wonder until her figure was lost in the crowd, and then she huddled back to her wagon.

"Why don't I stick to the truth and close out the lot to her. She may search this market and not find anything that ever wore feathers that can stand bilin' like these old roosters will. Well, well; honesty's the best policy after all, but it don't always look that way.—Here you are, lady—chickens? Just the thing for boarders. Three years old last fall, and togethern a bootblack."

TALK AT HOME.

Endeavor always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they dream is drudgery to learn from books, and even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental stores enough for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand is often given in pleasant conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent, mental training is lively social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

HOW TO MAKE FARMERS OF THE BOYS.

A New Jersey letter to the Examiner lays the blame at the door of shiftless farmers for so many farmers' sons leaving agriculture for other pursuits. He says:

"That the fault of all this lies with the parents themselves is plain, from the fact that with the thrifty farmers the number of sons who leave home and forfeit their birthright is small indeed. By the sole use of an acre of ground, a pair of horses which they can call their own, or perhaps the entire charge of the poultry, they become interested, and the farm is made to have attractions for them. Let good agricultural books and papers be furnished them, and their education encouraged in every proper way; the waste places on the farm be planted and made fruitful, and and crooked fences be made straight. Let everything in and about the garden be done decently, and the front yard be kept in order, and long before the sons of these farmers become of age they will learn that agriculture is the most certain source of strength, wealth and independence."

The Car lives within the inner circle of a sextuple cordon of soldiers. The nihilists have issued a manifesto decreeing his early death.