

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. II.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 4th, 1881.

No. 22.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Neb's lonely mountains,
On this side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angel of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trumping,
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves—
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perhaps the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out from his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still abate the hallow'd spot,
For beast and birds have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead a masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Around the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage of rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dust,
In the great minister-transcript,
Where lights like glory fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword!
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truth half so sage
As wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillsides for his pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing pines
O'er his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave, without a name,
When his uncoffined clay
Shall break again (most wondrous thought)
Before the judgement day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife they won our life
With the incarnate Son of God!

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O, dark Beth-peor hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still,
God hath His mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, in the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

BATTLING FOR LIFE.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN DEATH AGENCY.

A Passenger in the Steamer Victoria Gives a Thrilling Description of the Scenes on the Thames—Carrying the Bodies Around Promiscuously.

LONDON, Ont., May 27.—The intense gloom over the community here to-day was only relieved by the brightness of the sun. From an early hour bells have been tolling and funeral processions wending through every street on the way to the several cemeteries. All business places are closed, and the city wears the aspect of a Sabbath, with a mighty solemnity pervading all. No one speaks or thinks of anything else than the great calamity, and it has had a paralyzing effect on all classes of citizens.

R. G. Montgomery, a leather merchant of this city, one of the passengers who escaped from the wreck, gives a version of the disaster that differs in some important particulars from those already published. Montgomery says the steamer was greatly overloaded. He was on the deck; does not know what may have been going on down on the main deck; is sure all the people saw were thoroughly quiet and orderly. There was no chattering about the boat, nor any pranks of any kind. As soon as the boat started, however, she proved to be deeply listed to the starboard, and passengers on the promenade deck were requested to move over to the port side. Some of them did so, but still the steamer did not straighten up to any extent. Again passengers were requested to move to the port side, though a large majority of those on the promenade deck were already over there. At this time he looked down the companionway and saw considerable depth of water on the main deck, which he then feared accounted for the extraordinary listing of the steamer to starboard. At every

short turn after this, and only a moment or so before the disaster, the captain passed through the crowd remarking, "If you don't keep over to that, the port side, you will have to swim for it." At this several more of the passengers moved over to the port side, and the boat suddenly righted, and then listed heavily to the port side, which was not more than forty feet from the land. Down she went with astonishing rapidity, and to save themselves those on the promenade deck clatched stanchions that supported the awning overhead, but they snapped like pipe-stems and a moment later the supports of the promenade deck gave way, and the whole wreck slid down to the port or shore side of the hull into the water. Montgomery caught hold of an iron rod or bracket of some kind in the awning and holding to this managed to keep his head above water for some seconds after the collapsed promenade deck beneath his feet had gone into the water. His position at this time was terrible. Below the deck, which had sunk under him, he knew scores were perishing drowning, like rats in a hole, while the awning to which he was clinging was rapidly sinking and carrying beneath it men, women and children, whose piteous shrieks rent the air. On every side, mothers with children clinging about their necks would heat the water madly with their hands, and with eyes starting from their sockets utter shriek after shriek till the last half-shattered cry that ended in a sickening gurgle told they had gone down beneath the floor. But even this was not the most horrible of Montgomery's experience.

Whilst he still held his head above the water he could feel drowning children, whose little heads swept under the water some seconds before his own, clutching at his legs in what he well knew were their dying struggles. Drowning mothers grasped him frantically, and piteously implored his help. Montgomery asserts that there was no tetering or rolling of the steamer from side to side. She was listed to the starboard all the way up the river till just at the time of the accident, and then she rolled suddenly to the port, and went to pieces, just as one would sweep a house of cards off a table. Montgomery is of the opinion that the upset would not have been attended with half as fatal results had the steamer been properly constructed. Many, or perhaps nearly all, might have been saved, had it not been that they were swept down by the sudden collapse of the flimsy upper works and buried in the wreck, were strong men and prattling children were alike helpless.

Captain Rankin, who had charge of the ill-fated Victoria at the time of the disaster, makes the following statement: "We were on the last trip for the day, having made three trips previously. We had not very heavy loads going down; as there was plenty of room on board, but when we got to the wharf at Spring Bank, there was a large crowd waiting, and before I could get the passengers off the boat the others rushed on the after part, jumping and climbing in every direction. I ordered them down off the top of the decks, and threatened I would not leave the wharf till midnight if some of them did not get off. One gentleman, Mr. Powell, of London East, said to me, 'You are not going to put me off, are you?' And I said, 'You had better get off.' He did so, and is now alive. Very few paid any attention to my orders, and only about fifteen or twenty went off the boat. After we started a number of people on the lower deck began surging and moving around. Presently, I noticed a slightly different action on the boat, and being unable to leave my post at the wheel sent a boy down to the engineer to ascertain if there was any danger. I was looking forward to a sand bar about two hundred yards ahead on which I intended to beach the boat. That was my desire, because I was beginning to get anxious. Just then a couple of row boats came along side, the occupants of which were racing, and the crowd rushed to the side of the boat to see them.

I rescued one man who had been under deck for four minutes before she went down. I did all I could to prevent the people from climbing on it. A great number of them had the presence of mind to swim out from under the deck out side or end. In this way they were saved. In a few minutes all those imprisoned were drowned, and I then swam to the shore and sent to the city with all speed. The boat was flat bottom, scow shaped at both ends, and registered to carry 400 passengers. I do not think we had more than 450 on board, because there is not standing room on the boat for that number at eight inches space to each person. The boiler left the deck before I left the wheel. The stanchions from the main deck were the main supports of the upper deck. She was well stanchioned, but there were braces and had life-saving apparatus for 400 persons. The

boat was going up slowly, and the syphon and poney pump were both working. I attribute the disaster to the fact that the vessel leaked, because when I sent the boy down to the engine he said there was half an arm's length of water in the hold. I spoke to the people on the upper deck to keep quiet, and they were tolerably agreeable on the lower deck. The purser, a son of Manager Parish, had the greatest difficulty. He came up and told me that there were a lot of young fellows below whom it was impossible to keep quiet. I would have run on shore, only the bank was so steep I knew it was useless because she would have turned outwards on striking the bank. The boat was managed by myself, an engineer and fireman, two deck hands and purser. She made two trips on Saturday, two on Monday and three yesterday, previous to the disaster. She now lies in the river with her top works all broken up. I never was asked to run the boat ashore, as was stated by Parish. The people standing forward of the pilot house was obedient to my orders, but those on the lower deck would not mind what we said. They were a pretty bad crowd.

Mr. Parish, manager of the company, states that the accident was the result of overloading the vessel. He had not been able to ascertain from the number of tickets sold about the number of passengers who were on board, but he estimated them at from 500 to 600. The vessel, which cost about \$17,000, is a total wreck, and good for nothing, and as the insurance policy covers the loss by fire only, it is not applicable in this case.

In the poorer quarters of the city the authorities have been giving away coffins, and medical men have nobly responded to the calls made upon them by the mayor, and the municipality officers put forth every effort to meet the emergency. As far as money and friendly aid can mitigate the grief nothing will be lacking. The citizens were shocked at the sight of fair women and tender children who have been carried through the public streets on drays or in carts, but it was not until the wholesale order had been given by the mayor that sufficient pine could be found to enclose the remains of the lost ones.

There are many strangers on the streets from the country ports and neighboring towns. In several cases, entire families, with one or two exceptions, have been wiped out—for instance, that of Mr. James Coughlan, whose children and grandchild, numbering five, are lying dead in the house of his daughter. Jennie was married to a young man named Swazze the day before the accident. The couple were both drowned. The family of W. Hall loses five in one house. Every kind of coffin is in use, and the dead are being conveyed to the burying places by every class of vehicle. The remains of William McBride were carried in a light wagon, followed by a procession a mile long. Men can hardly speak to each other without breaking down. The scenes in the afflicted households are terrible and trying to the strongest nerves. The clergymen, who have worked nobly all through, are tired out, and cannot reach the graves fast enough. In many cases the members of different families are put in one grave. The different societies are on hand and doing their utmost to facilitate the burial. The longest procession to day, was that attending the remains of Willie Glass and Miss Cooper, who were engaged to be married next month, and died together in the water. A couple of hundred well filled vehicles followed the hearses, which passed along side by side.

The search for the dead this morning raised two little girls clasped tightly in each others arms, as they no doubt had fallen together in the water. Several cases of robbing the dead are reported. Among the articles missing is a gold watch and chain, which Mr. Millman had worn, and a gold necklace of a young lady. The "for hire" wagons were busily engaged, and in some cases to make money and count as much as possible, the corpses were hurried into houses in an unceremonious manner, and the drivers hurried off for another load. In one instance, a driver brought a body to a certain number, and finding no person in, and the door locked, pitched the body through the window and left it until the people came home.

TORONTO, May 27.—The official papers bearing off the inspection of the steamer Victoria, which collapsed at London, were forwarded to Ottawa today, by Sawly Risley, government steamship inspector of this city. He looked on her as a safe boat for river traffic. She was inspected twice last year, first in May, and again in October. The bodies still unclaimed are being enclosed in shills and removed to Dail's hill, where they will be visited by many anxious friends who are in search of their missing ones. The story of the disaster, as given by competent witnesses who were on

board, shows that the ill-fated vessel was on her last trip, and that on setting out from Spring Bank, to return to the city, she had nearly all her passengers on the way down, and in addition, a large number were waiting on the wharf to be conveyed home. The number on board on the return trip is estimated at seven hundred. The scene beggars description. Between the wreck and the shore could be seen scores of human beings who had become liberated from the debris, and were battling with the elements into whose cruel grasp they were suddenly thrown, and slowly but surely yielding to its power. Many who were so stunned by the crash as to be unconscious, sunk without an effort. The work of recovering bodies was then commenced, and has been continued unremittingly ever since. The steamer Princess Louise came alongside in a few minutes. In a short time both her decks and every available inch of space was taken up with dead bodies. Tears came into the eyes of many a man of iron nerves as he gazed upon the bodies of boys and girls as they were taken from the river, clad in their holiday attire, and carried in sympathizing arms aboard the Princess Louise. Meanwhile tidings were conveyed to the city, and crowds of anxious ones flocked to the scene to learn if possible, the fate of some one that was dear to them.

Many of the bodies are terribly bruised and mangled from the crush of timber which came down from the upper deck, and in many cases the features have evidences of the desperate struggle which must have taken place.

ALASH FROM THE BENCH.

Three saloon keepers in Chicago were found guilty of selling liquor to minors, and the following is the address of the Judge who sentenced them, as reported in the Chicago Tribune.

"By the law you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable, no matter what wives are treated violently, what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush for the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling; you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipment for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusements; you may use all your arts to induce visitory; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may satisfy that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it; you have a license.

You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, 'Leave my son to me until the law gives you the right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further right of protection, that will be son enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends, and for the community to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few years of his youth, in which we may enjoy his innocence to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him.' This is something you, who now stand a prisoner at the bar, have not paid for; this is not embraced in your license.

For this offense the Court sentences you ten days imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of seventy-five dollars and costs; and that you stand convicted until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid."

The net estate of the late Andrew Johnson, of Greenville, Tennessee, will amount to \$100,000.

Nashville is to have a new enterprise—pickle works—for the manufacture of pickles, catsups, etc.

Bill Arp's Letter.

Atlanta Constitution.

Working in the field a hot sultry day is no joke. I've tried it. There's nothing funny about it. Its not a hilarious or exhilarating business. Its not productive of wit or anecdote. Its nothing but a fact, a solemn fact. I remember reading about some ethereal chap who doubted everything and wasnt certain that he lived, and it occurred to me that the best way in the world to knock the romance out of a man and settle his faith was to put him to hard work in the field hoeing corn or chopping cotton. By the time night comes he will be convinced he is somebody and will be willing to rest and eat and go to bed. I believe it would prevent suicides and restore the lunatic to their proper senses. The trouble is, most people work too little and think too much. The muscles are neglected and the brain is overtaxed. I like work nevertheless, fact or no fact. The rest that follows it is a positive luxury, and the appetite it gives a man makes him enjoy his vittles and he dont come poking along when the dinner bell rings and look over the table to see whether it suits him or not in quality or variety, but he comes with a willing alacrity and sits down and goes to work. Hog and hosing is as good as quail on toast. If I had Marcellus Thornton out here I'd give him an appetite that would run longer than thirty days and make a useful man of him. He is a good fellow and there's gum in him, but his talents have never taken the right direction. He has been overworking his brain, and farming would restore him and develop a fine performer on the hoe and the chop-ax.

My boys hinted around last week that they were getting behind with the work—that there was thirty acres of corn to hoe, and the bud worm was doing damage in the bottom, and there was three acres of cotton to chop out, and a patch of new ground to sprout, and the potato slips to plant, and they needed another field-hand nighly bad, and so on, and couldn't get out for love nor money, and so Mrs. Arp she looked at me, and I looked at her and remarked, "Where there is a will there is a way," and I'll furnish you a good hand for a week. So I volunteered for the service myself, and shouldered my hoe like high private. You see I've been sorter bossing around and tendin' to the garden and wearing an officer's epaulettes, working when I felt like it and dignifying myself with age and playing patriarch, but when the pinch comes I can't stand back, and I won't. So I've tried it a week, and I'm now as stiff and sore as an old horse. When I set down I don't want to get up, and the beauty of it is when I get to work I don't want to quit. There's an inertia about it that keeps an old man going. I didn't know it before, but Cobe told me that it was so with him. He didnt want to go to work in the morning and it most killed him to get at it, but when he did get fairly squared to it, and the muscles got to moving like a machine he didnt know how to stop 'em and was the last one to quit the field. I've had corn and cotton now for six days steady, and can cut out garlic without sneering a fly off of a twin one that grew out from the same root. There's nothing like getting the slight of the thing. A sharp, square-edged hoe and a good eye and a true stroke is all that's wanted. Then you must have good judgment and quick judgment about what storks to leave and what to cut out. One cut off with the cut worm will come out a ain, but the bud worm sucks its heart out and you had just as well cut it up and replant. When a man gets tired hoeing corn let him chop out cotton for a change, and when he gets tired of that let him spend the shank of the evening in putting out potato slips. We put out a thousand or so every day, and I've seen things I'd rather do, for it's a hard business on an old man's back. If it don't cure him of spinal affection it will give it to him if he keeps it up regular, and I feel like I have a touch of it now. It wears out the fingers to scratch the holes in the ground and press the dirt around the plant, and there must be left a little cup to pour the water in, and after it is poured in the dry dirt must be pulled over it to keep the sun from baking it, for we are not having any rain in these parts now to save gas that trouble. Its no peculiar fun to straddle a potato ridge and with your feet a yard apart and your back at right angles to 'em waddle along to the end of it putting in slips, and by the time you are done with the job most any other kind of work would be an agreeable change—digging post holes would be gay and festive. But still I like work—farm work; I like its variety; its something new every day; you change your base and then you see the result of your labors. The corn grows and the long rows look so straight and clean an ornamental. The wheat fields are now in all their glorie beauty and the oats have

caught up and are in the head. It looks like the farmers will work a pretty fair crop of both—rain or no rain—and there is no sign of rust as yet. The truth is we don't need rain except for the oats, for it is a good sign of a good crop to have a dry May. The corn and cotton don't grow off as fast as we would like it, but the roots are reaching down for moisture and taking strong hold, and by-and-by when the rain does come it goes off all the faster, and if a drought comes it can stand it better than if it grew up rapidly with sap from early rains.

So take it all in all, everybody is doing pretty well, and the country ought to be happy. The farmers are doing well, and Grady says the money men are doing well, and the mechanics are doing well, and the merchants are doing well and the democrats are doing well, and now May is almost gone and none of those terrible things that the prophets predicted have come to pass, and everything looks serene and lovely. Our wheat harvest will come off in two weeks and we are going to reap it with a bran new machine and have a big frolic. If you want to see it come up Tell Howell and Harris we want a couple of binders to follow the reaper, for we will be short of hands. I'll give 'em a dollar a day and board. Howell used to be a good hand, I know, for he told me he could bind a sheaf and throw it up and bind another before it came down. That's the kind of a man I want. Harris could do it, too, I reckon, if he could throw the first one so high it wouldn't come down at all. Yours,
BILL ARP.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

North Carolina has 96,500 colored voters.

New discoveries of coal are being made in Texas.

Corn prospects throughout Florida are very fine.

Tennessee's great expectation is a million dollar fruit crop.

Louisville, Kentucky, has a public library of 50,000 volumes.

The Georgia legislature will meet in Atlanta on the 13th of July.

A 250 pound turtle was caught on Pensacola beach last week.

During the year 1880, in 41 counties in Tennessee, 2,274 persons settled.

Up to date San Antonio, Texas, has received 1,500,000 pounds of wool.

Several counties in Florida are going into the cultivation of blackberries.

The army worm is putting in its work in some of the corn fields of Florida.

There are two century plants in Mobile which will be in full bloom in a few days.

An institute for colored trustees will be held in Columbia, South Carolina, in July.

Mr. William Thrasher, of Watkinsonville, Ga., has a rocking chair one hundred years old.

Texas has 2,811,253 sheep, valued at \$4,219,334, or an average of \$1.50 per head.

Mr. A. Arnold, of Noces Canyon, Texas, has 400 nanny Angora goats and 600 kids.

Last year Bullock county, Alabama bought 70 tons of guano; this year she buys 416 tons.

General J. E. Johnston will spend the summer at the Warm springs, Bath county, Virginia.

J. W. Willis, of Crystal Rive, Florida, has a field of corn that averages between eleven and twelve feet high and not yet tasseled.

The center of population of the United States is placed in Kenton county, Kentucky, a mile from the south bank of the Ohio river.

Out of sixty-nine democrats who voted for Andrew Jackson at Versailles, Ky., in 1824, Dr. B. C. Craig, of that city, is the only survivor.

The Prohibition Law in Maine.

Christian Statesman.

A most valuable testimony has been furnished to the efficiency of the prohibitory law in Maine. The Globe, of Toronto, Canada, sent two correspondents together through the State to investigate and report upon the operation of the law. One of the correspondents was opposed to the law and the other in favor of it, but their conclusions are substantially in accord. They find that an overwhelming majority of the citizens of the State believe that prohibition is good for Maine. Their correspondence was projected by the Globe for the purpose of assisting public opinion in Canada to decide whether or not prohibitory law would be a good thing for the Dominion.