

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. II.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1881.

No. 34.

## Kisses.

Sitting-to-night in my chamber,  
A bachelor frigid and lonely,  
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—  
That and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreaths;  
Memories tender surround me,  
Girls that are married or buried  
Gather around me.

School-girls in pantalons romping;  
Girls that have grown to be misses;  
Girls that like to be kissed, and  
Like to give kisses.

Kisses—well I remember them!  
Those in the corner were fittest;  
Sweet were those "on the sly," in the  
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle,  
To woo was almost to win her;  
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches  
And milk for dinner.

Nell was a flirt and coquetish,  
'Twas catch me and kiss if you can, sir;  
Could I catch both—ah! wasn't I  
A happy man, sir!

Anna has gone on a mission  
Off to the South Sea sinners;  
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders and  
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte and Susan and Hattie,  
Mary, Jane, Lucy and Maggie;  
Four are married and plump, two  
Maiden and seraglio.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,  
Ye niggonettes, over her rest,  
Her I loved dearly and truly,  
Last and the best.

Thus sit smoking and thinking,  
A bachelor frigid and lonely;  
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—  
That and that only.

## LADY JANE GRAY.

Lady Jane Gray was grand-niece of Henry VIII, by her grandmother Mary, sister of that king, and widow of Louis XII; she married Lord Guilford son of the duke of Northumberland, who caused Edward, son of Henry VIII, to ascend the throne by his will, in 1553, the exclusion of Mary and Elizabeth, Catholic of Arragon, was the mother of the future, her intolerant catholicism made her disliked by the English Protestants—and the birth of the daughter of Anna Bolyn was liable to be contested.

The duke of Northumberland urged these motives on Edward VI. Lady Jane Gray, not being herself satisfied of the validity of her right to the crown, refused at first to accede to the will of Edward, but at length the entreaties of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, and over whom Northumberland exercised great authority, drew from her the fatal consent they desired. She resigned nine days, or rather her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, availed himself of her name to govern during that time.

Mary, eldest daughter of Henry VIII, however overcame her in spite of the resistance of the partisans of the reformation; and her cruel and vindictive character signified itself by the death of the Duke of Northumberland, his son Guilford, and the innocent lady Jane Gray. She was but eighteen years of age when she perished; yet her name was celebrated for her profound knowledge of ancient and modern languages, and her letters in Latin and Greek, still extant, evince very uncommon faculties for her years. She possessed the most perfect piety, and her whole existence was marked by sweetness and dignity. Her father and mother strongly urged her, notwithstanding her repugnance, to ascend the throne of England; her mother herself bore the train of her daughter on the day of her coronation; and her father, the duke of Suffolk, made an attempt to revive her party, while she was still a prisoner, and had been for some months condemned to death. It was this attempt which served as a pretext for executing her sentence, and the Duke of Suffolk perished a short time after his daughter.

The following letter might have been written in the month of February, 1554. It is certain that at this period, which is that of the death of lady Jane Gray, she cultivated in her prison, a constant correspondence with her family and friends, and that even to her latest moments her philosophical disposition and religious firmness never forsook her.

Lady Jane Gray to Doctor Aylmer.

"It is to you, my worthy friend, I owe that religious instruction, that life of faith, which can alone endure forever: my last thoughts are addressed to you in the solemn trial to which I am condemned. Three months have elapsed since the sentence of death, which the queen caused to be pronounced against my husband and myself, as a punishment for that unhappy reign of nine days, for that crown of thorns, which rested on my head only to mark it for destruction. I believed, I avow to you, that the intention of Mary was, to intimidate me by this sentence, but I did not imagine that she wished to shed my blood, which is also hers. It appeared to me my youth would have been sufficient to excuse me, when it should be proved that for a long time I resisted the melancholy honors with

which I was menaced, and that my deference to the wishes of the Duke of Northumberland my father-in-law, was a'one able to mislead me to the fault I have committed; but it is not to accuse my enemies, I write to you; they are the instruments of the will of God, like every other event of this world, and I ought to reflect but upon my own emotions. Enclosed in this tower, I live upon my thoughts, and my moral and religious conduct consists only in conflicts within myself.

Yesterday our friend Ascham came to see me, and the sight of him at first gave me a lively pleasure; it recalled to my mind the recollection of the delightful and profitable hours I have passed with him in the study of the ancients. I wish to converse with him only on those illustrious deaths, the descriptions of which have opened to me a train of reflection without end. Ascham, you know, is serious and calm; he leans upon old age as a support against the evils of existence; in fact, the old age of a reflecting being is not feeble; experience and faith fortify it, and when the space which remains is so short, a last effort is sufficient to bear us over it; the goal is yet nearer to me than to an old man, but the sufferings accumulated upon my last days will be bitter.

Ascham announced to me that the queen permitted me to breathe the air in the garden of my prison, and I cannot express the joy I felt at it; it was such that our poor friend had not at first the courage to disturb it. We descended together, and he permitted me to enjoy for some time that nature of which I had been for several months deprived; it was one of those days at the close of winter which announces spring. I know not if that beautiful season would so much have affected my imagination as this presentment of its return; the trees turned their still leafless branches towards the sun; the grass was already green; a few premature flowers, scented by their perfume, to form a prelude to the melody of nature, whose she should reappear in all her magnificence! The air was of an undefinable softness it seemed as if I heard the voice of God, in the invisible and all-powerful breath, which, at every moment restored me again to life—to life! What have I said! I have thought until this day that it was my right, and now I receive its last benefits as the adieu of a friend.

I advanced with Ascham towards the borders of the Thames, and we seated ourselves in the yet leafy wood, which was soon to be clothed with verdure; the waves seemed to sparkle with the reflection of the light of heaven; but although this spectacle was brilliant as a festival, there is always something melancholy in the course of the waves and no one can long contemplate them, without yielding to those reveries whose charm consists, above every thing, in a sort of detachment from ourselves. Ascham perceived the direction of my thoughts, and suddenly seizing my hands, and bathing it with tears, 'O thou,' said he, 'who art ever my sovereign, is it for me to acquaint you with the fate which menaces you? Your father has assembled your partisans to oppose Mary, and this queen, justly detested, charges you with all the love your name has excited.' His sobs interrupted him. 'Continue,' said I to him; 'Oh, my friend, remember those contemplative beings, who with a firm countenance, have looked upon the death even of those who were dear to them; they knew whence we came, and whether we go, that is enough.' 'Well,' said he 'your sentence is to be executed, but I bring that succor which has delivered so many illustrious men from the proscription of tyrants.' 'This old man, the friend of my youth, then tremblingly offered me the position, with which he would have saved me, at the peril of his life. I remembered how often we had together admired certain voluntary deaths among the ancients, and I fell into profound reflection, as if the lights of Christianity were suddenly distinguished in me, and I was abandoned to that induction, from which even men, in the most simple occurrence, find so much difficulty in extricating himself. Ascham fell on his knees before me; his gray head was bowed down in my presence, and covering his eyes with one hand, with the other he presented me the fatal resource he had prepared. I gently repulsed his hand; and renovating myself through prayer, found power to answer him as follows—

'Ascham,' said I, 'you know with what delight I read with you the philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome; the masculine beauties of their language, the simple energy of their minds, will for ever remain incomparable. Society, such as is constituted in our days, has filled most minds with frivolity and vanity, and we are not ashamed to live without reflection, without endeavoring to understand the wonders of the world which are created to instruct man by brilliant and durable symbols. The

ancient have gone much beyond us in this respect, because they made themselves; but what revelation has platted in the soul of a Christian is greater than man. From the ideal of the arts, even to the rules of conduct, every thing should have relation to religious faith, since life has no other end than to teach mortality. If I fly from the signal misfortune to which I am destined, I should not fortify, by my example, the hope of those on whom my fate ought to have an influence. The ancients elevated their souls by the contemplation of their own powers—Christians have a witness before whom they must live and die; the ancients sought to glorify human nature; Christians consider themselves but as the manifestation of God upon earth; the ancients placed in the first rank of virtues, that death which freed them from the power of their oppressors, Christians prefer that devotion, which subjects us to the will of Providence. Activity and patience have their times by turns; we must make use of our will as long as we may thus serve others and perfect ourselves; but when destiny is, in a manner, face to face with us, our courage consist in awaiting it; and to look steadily on our fate is more noble than to turn from it. The soul thus concentrating itself in its own mysteries, every external action becomes more terrestrial than resignation.' 'I will not seek,' said Ascham, 'to dispute with you opinions whose unshaken firmness may be necessary to you; I am troubled only on account of the sufferings to which your fate condemns you; will you be able to support them? And this expectation of a mortal stroke, of a fixed hour, will it not be beyond your strength? If you should terminate your fate yourself, would it not be less cruel?' 'We must,' replied I, 'let the divine spirit take back what he has given. Immortality commences on this side the tomb, when by our own will we break off with life; in this situation, the internal impression of the soul are more delightful than you can imagine. The source of enthusiasm becomes altogether independent of the objects which surrounds us, and God alone then constitutes all our destiny, in the most inward sanctuary of our souls.' 'But,' replied Ascham, 'why give to your enemies, to the cruel queen, to a worthless crowd, the unworthy spectacle—'

He could not proceed.

'If I should free myself,' said I, 'even by death, from the tury of the queen, I should irritate her pride, and should not serve as the instrument of her repentance. Who knows how far the example I shall give may do good to my fellow-creatures? How can I judge of the place my remembrance shall occupy in the chain of the events of history? By destroying myself, what shall I teach man but the just horror inspired by a violent outrage, and the sentiment of pride which leads us to avoid it? But, in supporting this terrible fate by the firmness which religion imparts to me, I figure vessels, beaten, like myself by the storm, with a greater confidence in the anchor of faith, which has sustained me.'

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

"SNAKE."

"J. F. M." in the Philadelphia Times, writing from Renovo, up in the Alleghenies, on the Philadelphia and Erie road, narrates the following, as told by an old citizen:

"The following Sunday, Huber and Edmondson concluded they would go over the river to Hall's Run and look for snakes, as it was reported that they were very plenty there. Hall's Run comes down a canyon in the mountain up yonder and it is very wild and rocky. The mountain, you see, rises up very abruptly from the river and is about one thousand feet in height. Well, the two hunters, armed with stout hickory clubs and wearing long rubber boots, started over to the run. They made their way up the stream for about a mile without encountering any rattlers. Suddenly they came to a very narrow and rocky defile, and it was not long before the well-known warning of a rattler was heard. This seemed to be a general alarm that was sounded, for in less than five minutes the horrid sound of rattling serpents was heard on every side, and it appeared that the head of a snake could be seen peering from under every loose rock. The hunters at once divined that they had struck a den and they prepared to fight, for they knew that where so many snakes were assembled they were not only bold and dangerous, but aggressive. They commenced swinging their hickory clubs and wherever the head of a snake was seen, they like the Irishman, hit it which. They had dispatched probably half a dozen when they were alarmed at seeing snakes advancing upon them from all directions, and it was not long before they were completely hemmed in by the reptiles, which were advancing upon them with distended

jaws. Finding that they would have to fight vigorously they struck about them wildly, killing a snake at nearly every thrust. But they kept closing in upon them, seeming to spring up from the very ground. They darted upon them in front and rear, but their heavy rubber boots saved them from the fangs of the rattlers. The battle raged for about half an hour, when Huber counted ninety snakes stretched dead on the ground; but there seemed to be as many more prowling around. The poisonous stench from so many dead snakes had impregnated the atmosphere to such an extent as to render it almost suffocating, and the snake-killers were compelled to beat a hasty retreat. They immediately returned to town and related their adventure, but it did not attract much attention, because our people are used to such things up here in the mountains. Good day, sir."

TAKED BY A SNAKE.

"Gus" Stevenson, a well-known business man and ex-member of the Borough Council was encountered on Main street. On asking him if snakes were plenty he stopped long enough to say that they were.

"Why," said he, "I have noticed one peculiarity about the snakes this summer."

"What's that?" asked the tourist.

"They are all traveling north. Old hunters tell me that such is the fact, and so far as my experience goes I find it so. It is strange, and I would like some of our naturalists to account for it."

"Do you think the comet has had anything to do with attracting them?"

"Can't say that it has, though there are some people who think so. Animals, as well as reptiles, take curious freaks sometimes. A few years ago the squirrels all traveled north in droves. They swam the river and scampered up the mountain sides as if the very devil was after them. If they travel in a certain direction why shouldn't snakes do the same? As to the comet theory, I don't take much stock in that, but I confess it looks a little strange."

A close listener, a little, wiry lumberman from back on the mountain, could hold in no longer and he remarked:

"Stranger, there is a regular snake den on Fork Hill, on the right hand branch of Young Woman's creek, and I believe there are more than a thousand rattlers and copperheads in the colony. Several attempts have been made to slay them, but the parties making the attack have been compelled to give up the job on account of the stench."

"As to adventure with single snakes, I can relate you one which I know to be a fact. It occurred only a few days ago. James A. Williamson, who superintends the big saw mill on Paddy's Run, was going out to his bark-peeling job on the head waters of the run when he encountered an enormous rattlesnake in the path. He was unarmed and as the snake sprang for him he was compelled to retreat but it kept advancing on him so rapid that he had no time to cut a stick and he could not get hold of a stone. Finding that he was in great danger of being bitten, he looked around to see how he could best get away. A young sapling with low branches stood near. He rushed up to it and so n climbed into the limbs, where he seated himself about fifteen feet from the ground. Imagine his surprise, however, to find the snake making for the tree, and in less time than I am telling you it commenced climbing after him. This alarmed him seriously, and drawing his jack knife he cut a club from one of the limbs and when the snake came within reach of him he struck at it with all the force he could command. Luckily, after striking three or four times, he hit it square on the head and it tumbled to the ground dead. On descending he found that it measured five feet and carried seventeen rattles. He says that in all his experience in these mountains he never had such an adventure before and he does not travel any more without carrying a stout club."

AN OHIO GIRL'S FOOT.

An Albany shoe factory has received a diagram of a foot from a trustworthy correspondent at Sandusky, Ohio. The girl placed her barefoot upon a sheet of paper, and a pencil mark was drawn close around the outline. This foot, as shown by the diagram, is exactly 17 inches long, 7 1/2 inches wide at the widest part, and could take a No. 26 boot, though a No. 20 would be just the thing. The ball of the foot is 19 inches around, instep 18 1/2 inches, and the heel measures 22 inches. The ankle measures 16 1/2 inches. This immense pedal adorns the person of Miss Mary Wells of Sandusky, Ohio, whose weight is 160 pounds, and she is but 17 years old.—Troy Times.

We are told that the ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. The ancient Egyptians knew when a cat was the most to be honored.—Boston Post.

## A CONSCIENTIOUS POSTMASTER.

A Postmaster under Buchanan finding by his "instruction" that he was to report quarterly addressed the following official communication to the president:

JULY 9, 1857.

"Mr. James Buchanan, President of the United States:

"DEAR SIR:—Been required by the instructions of the Post Office to report quarterly, I know herewith foolish that please duty by report as follows. The harvest has been good on peery, and most of the nabors have got their cATTIN DON Wheat is hardly a average crop; on rolen land corn is yellerish, and wout turn out more than ten or fifteen bushels to theaker. The health of the community is only tolerable, and cholery has broken out about 2 and one half miles from here. There is a powerful awakening on the subject of religion in the falls naborhood, and many souls are been made to know their sins forgiven, Miss Nancy Smith, a nere nabor had twice day before yesterday. One of them is supposed to be a seven monther, a poor scraggy thing, and wout live half its day. This is about awl I have to report the present quarter. Give my respects to Mrs. Buchanan, and subscribe myself yours truly,

F. M. at —, Fulton Co., Ill.—Harper's Magazine.

## BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

There is a sagacious Newfoundland dog in Norwich. He will take the basket, in which is a note, and go to market, get meat, vegetables or whatever the note calls for, and carry it safely home. But he has a daily task assigned him which he performs, rain or shine, and that is to carry his mistress her dinner. She keeps a millinery establishment and does not go home to her noonday meal. Regularly as the day comes around the dog may be seen trotting along Main street at about 11:30 with a basket in his mouth looking neither to the right nor left, but going straight to the store, where he sets it down and watches it until his mistress comes for it. And he is too well known, too, among the Norwich dogs that he is never molested. But on Monday a stranger dog undertook to have a little racket with him while he was loaded down with his commissary stores. He hung to the basket, but stepped long enough to get a good look at the cowardly cur that had interfered with him and then started off on a run to the store, where he dropped the basket, and immediately returned to the street and began to search for his assailant. He found him on Franklin avenue and proceeded to chastise him in true canine style. In about half a minute he sat down and watched that cur put in his best jumps for the hills-top of Voluntown, giving a ki-hi at every leap.

—Hartford (Conn) Courant.

## PINING FOR EXERCISE.

An ordinary looking traveler went into the dining hall at the Union Depot Indianapolis, carrying a nice satchel. He walked up to the counter, put down the satchel, called for a cup of coffee and a piece of pie, which he devoured. Leaving the satchel by the counter he sauntered to the other side of the room, and entered into conversation with a gentleman there.

A policeman coming in and seeing the satchel apparently without an owner picked it up, and said: "Hello, anyone know anything about this keyster?"

"That's mine," said the traveler.

"Better take care of it or some one will steal it."

"Oh, I guess not; I'm an old traveler."

The policeman walked on; in a few minutes in came a dapper little man, looked carelessly walked over to it, carelessly picked it up, and was going for the door when the owner sang out; "Hello where you going?"

"Going to a hotel."

"Well, what are you doing with that satchel?" going over to him. "That's my satchel hand it over." But the d. m. held on to it, and without any ado the traveler knocked him down a time or two and was proceeding to polish him off nicely when interrupted by the policeman, who separated the men, and while receiving an explanation from the stranger, the thief escaped. The traveler put his satchel down by the counter, where it was before, and went to the other side of the room to continue the conversation.

The policeman eyed the satchel, then the man, and walking over to him said: "Now see here, what do you mean by leaving that bag over there; what sort of game is this anyway?"

"Well, I've been traveling for over six weeks, and I'm pinning for a little gentle exercise, that's all," said the traveler.

Granbury & Howard, of Columbia, have just sold to parties in New Orleans 231 mules at \$160 each; the largest mule sale ever made in Tennessee.

## BOY, DOG AND HORNETS.

A cunning youth who hangs around the depot tied a hornet's nest to a dog's tail, expecting to see a foot race for the amusement of himself and the passengers, who were waiting for the train. After dragging the thing around awhile the hornets began to come out and light on the dog. The ungrateful whelp crowded in between the boy's legs and wouldn't go anywhere else. The boy was almost paralyzed with mortification at the failure of his little amusement scheme. But when the horns began to get in their work there was a change in the programme and the boy started the footrace. A boy cannot run very fast with a big yellow dog between his legs, and the burst of speed was not as fast as was hoped for, but the hornets did all they could to help the boy along.—Mogrove (Mich.) Democrat.

## WINTER OATS.

August and September are the months for seeding Winter oats. If seeded now, in the standing corn as formerly recommended, they have time to get well rooted and to tiller, and there is little chance of their being Winter killed. Sow about one and a half bushels per acre. This is a very certain crop, if seeded at the proper time, and even on tolerably good land. If there is any doubt about land being strong enough to produce wheat, then put it in oats. They may be seeded up to the fifteenth of October, if the land is good, but August and September are the best months. Spring seeding of oats, as far as practicable, should be abandoned. One year with another it is very probable that Winter oats will be as profitable as wheat. There is always a good local demand for oats, particularly in the Spring when provender begins to get scarce. The wheat production of the world is increasing. India exported last year more than eleven million bushels of wheat; and the crops of Australia and the United States and particularly California are steadily increasing. We would remark, where there is a doubt whether the land is good enough for wheat put it in Winter oats. Grain crops will probably not command hereafter anything but a very moderate price, and farmers will do well to look to raising more forage crops and stock.—Ex.

## MAKING THINGS OVER.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones upon one his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now there's my old clothes. Why can't you make them over for the children instead of giving them away?"

"Cause they're worn out when you're done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making things over for the children that won't hold together; you couldn't do it yourself, smart as you are."

"Well," grumbled Jones, "I wouldn't have closets full of things mildeering for want of wear if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in April. One warm day in May Mr. Jones went prancing through the closets looking for something he couldn't find, and turning things generally inside out.

"Ma is!" he screamed, "where's my gray alpaca duster?"

"Made it over for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, where's the brown lining one I bought last summer?"

"Clothes-bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nape one!"

"Where are my lavender pants?" yelled Jones.

"Cut them over for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned her husband. Then in a voice of thunder: "Where have my blue suspenders gone to?"

"Hung the baby jumper with them."

"Maria," asked the astonished man, in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat; you haven't made that over for the baby, have you?"

"Oh! no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully. "I've used that for a hanging basket. It is full of plants, and looks lovely." Mr. Jones never mentions the word economy or suggests making over he had enough of it.

The crop prospects in India are gloomy, a drought having prevailed there. A famine is feared.

Some \$1,000,000 have been added to the wealth of the nation by the mines of North Carolina within the past five years.

Texas people do not throw themselves on carpets, no matter how much display they make at funerals. Down on the Rio Grande a plain board at the head of a mound tells the public that "thirteen of them Mexican Grieters are planted here."