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

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No. 35.

WHERE IS YESTERDAY.

"Mother! something I want to know,
Which puzzle and confuse me so,
To-day is present, as you say;
But tell me, where is yesterday?
I did not see it as it went;
I only know how it was spent—
In play, and pleasure though in rags;
Then why don't it come back again?
To-day the sun shines bright and clear,
But then to-morrow's yawning near,
To-day—O do not go away!
And vanish like dear yesterday.
"The when the sun and all the light
Has gone, and darkness brings the night,
It seems to me you steal away,
And change your name to yesterday.
"And will all time be just the same?
To-day the only name remain?
And shall I always have to say
To-morrow you'll be yesterday?
"I wonder, when we go to heaven,
If there a record will be given
Of all our thoughts and all our ways,
Write on the face of yesterdays?
"If so, I pray God grant to me
That mine a noble life may be;
For then, I'll greet with joyous gaze
The dear, lost face of yesterdays.
—Chamber's Journal."

LADY JANE GRAY.

CONCLUDED.

"The people," said Ascham, "believe all those guilty who perish as criminals." "Falsehood," replied I, "may deceive individuals for a while, but nations and time always make truth triumphant; there is an eternity for all that belongs to virtue, and what we have done for her will advance even to the sea, however small the rivulet we may have been during our life."

"No. I shall not blush to submit to the punishment of the guilty, for it is my innocence itself calls me to it, and I should impair this sentiment of innocence by perpetrating an act of violence; we cannot accomplish it ourselves, without disturbing the serenity the soul should feel on its approach towards Heaven—'Oh! what is there more violent,' cried our friend, 'than this bloody death?' 'Is not the blood of martyrs,' replied I, 'a balm for the wounds of the unfortunate?' 'This death, answered he, 'inflicted by man, by the murderous ax, that a ruffian shall dare to raise over your royal head!' 'My friend,' said I, 'if my last moments were encompassed with respect, they would not the less inspire me with dread; does death bear a diadem on his pale front? Is he not always armed with the same terrors? If it were to nothing he conducted us, would it be worth while to dispute with this shadow? If it is the call of God through this veil of darkness, then day is behind this night, and Heaven is concealed from us only by vain phantoms."

"What!" said our friend, with a still agitated voice, and whom, at all other times, I had seen so calm, "are you aware that this punishment may be grievous, that it may be protracted, that an unskillful hand—'Stop,' said I, 'I know it, but this will not be.' 'Whence comes this confidence?' 'From my own weakness,' replied I. 'I have always dreaded physical suffering, and my efforts to acquire courage to brace it, have been vain. I believe, therefore, I shall be always spared it; for there is much secret protection extended towards Christians, even when they seem most miserable, and what we feel to be above our strength, scarcely ever happens to us. We generally know only the exterior of man's character; what passes within himself, may still afford new hints during thousands of ages. Irreligion has rendered the mind superficial; we are captivated by the external appearance of things, by circumstance, by fortune; the true treasures of thought, as well as of imagination, are the relations of the human heart with its Creator; there are to be found pre-eminences, there prodigies, there oracles, and all that the ancients believed they saw in nature, was but the reflection of what they experienced within themselves, without their knowledge."

Ascham and I were silent for some time; an uneasiness pervaded me, and I dared not express it, so much did it trouble me. "Have you seen my husband?" said I. "Yes," replied Ascham. "Did you consult him on the offer you were about to make me?" "Yes," answered he again. "Finish, I pray you," said I. "If Guildford and my conscience do not agree, which of these two powers should be imperative on me?" "Lord Guildford, said he, 'did not express an opinion on the part you ought to take, but, as to him, his resolution to perish on the scaffold, is irrevocable.' 'Oh, my friend,' cried I, 'how I thank you for having left me the merit of a choice; if I had sooner known of the resolution of Guildford, I should not even have deliberated, and love would have been sufficient to animate me to what religion commands. Should I not share the fate of such a husband? Should I spare myself a single one of his sufferings? And does not every

step of his towards death mark my path also? Ascham then perceiving my resolution not to be shaken, departed from me, sad and pensive, promising to see me again.

Doctor Feckenham, chaplain to the queen, came a few hours after, to announce to me, that the day of my death was fixed for the next Friday, from which five days still separated me. I acknowledged to you, it seemed as if I were prepared for nothing, so much did the designation of a day appal me. I tried to conceal my emotion, but Feckenham undoubtedly perceived it, for he hastened to avail himself of my trouble, to offer me life, if I would change my religion. You see, my worthy friend, that God came to my assistance at that moment, for the necessity of repulsing an offer, so unworthy of me, restored to me the strength I had lost.

Doctor Feckenham wished to enter into controversy with me, which I prevented, by observing to him, that my understanding being necessarily obscured by the situation in which I was placed, I should not, dying as I was, discuss truths of which I had been convinced when my mind was in all its strength. He endeavored to intimidate me, by saying that he should see me no more, neither in this world nor in Heaven, from which my religious belief had excluded me. 'You would occasion me more alarm than my executioners,' replied I, 'if I could believe you;' but the religion to which we sacrifice life, is always the true one for the heart. The light of reason is very vacillating in questions of such moment, and I cling to the principle of sacrifice; of that I can have no doubt."

This conversation with doctor Feckenham revived my dejected soul; Providence had just granted what Ascham desired for me, a voluntary death; I did not destroy myself, but I refused to live;—and the scaffold—accepted by my will, seemed no longer but as the altar chosen by the victim. To renounce life when we can purchase it, but at the price of conscience, is the only kind of suicide which should be permitted to a virtuous being.

Convinced I had done my duty, I dared to count upon my courage; but soon again my attachment to existence, with which I had sometimes reproached myself, in the days of my felicity, revived in my feeble heart. Ascham came again the next day, and we visited once more the borders of the Thames, the pride of our delightful country. I endeavored to resume my habitual subjects of conversation. I recited some passages from the beautiful poetry of the Iliad and from Virgil, that we had studied together; but poetry serves above all, to penetrate us with a tender enthusiasm for existence; the seductive mixture of thoughts and images, of nature and of the soul, of harmony, of language, and of the emotions it retraces, intoxicates us with the power of feeling and admiring; and these pleasures no longer exist for me! I then turned the conversation to the more severe writings of the philosophers. Ascham considers Plato as a soul predestined to Christianity; but even he, and the greater part of the ancients, are too proud of the intellectual strength of the human mind; they enjoy so much of the faculty of thought, that their desires do not lead them towards another life; they believe they can produce an evocation of it in themselves, by the energy of contemplation; I also once derived the purest delight from meditating upon Heaven, genius, and nature. At the remembrance of this, a senseless regret of life took possession of me. I represented it to myself in colors compared with which, the world to come appeared no more than an abstraction destitute of charms. "Now," said I to myself, 'will the eternal duration of sentiment be equal to this succession of hope and fear, which renews, in so lively a manner, the tenderest affections? Will the knowledge of the mysteries of the universe ever equal the inexpressible attraction of the veil which covers them? Will certainty have the flattering illusion of doubt? Will the brilliancy of truth ever afford as much enjoyment, as the research and the discovery of it? What will youth, hope, memory, affection be, if the course of time is arrested? In fine, can the Supreme Being, in all his glory, give to the creature a more enchanting present than love?"

I humbly confess to you, my worthy friend, that these fears were impious. Ascham, who, in our conversation the evening before, had appeared less religious than myself, at once availed himself of my rebellious grief. "You ought not," said he, 'to make use of benefits to cast a doubt upon the power of the benefactor, whose gift is this life that you regret? And if its imperfect enjoyments seem to you so valuable, why should you believe them irreparable? Certainly our imagination itself may conceive of something better than this earth; but, if it be unequal to this, is

it for us to consider the Deity merely as a poet, who is unable to produce a second work superior to the first? This simple reflection restored me to myself, and I blushed at the obliquity into which the dread of death had betrayed me! Oh! my friend! what it costs me to fathom this thought! Abysses, still deeper and deeper, open under each other!

In four days I shall no longer exist; that bird which flies through the air will survive me; I have less time to live than he; the inanimate objects which surround me will preserve their form, and nothing of me will remain upon earth, but the remembrance of my friends. Inconceivable mystery of the soul, which foresees its end here below, and yet cannot prevent it. The hand directs the couriers who conduct us; thought cannot obtain a moment's victory over death! Pardon my weakness, oh my father in religion, you, who have so tenderly cherished me, we shall be reunited in Heaven; but shall I still hear that affecting voice which revealed to me a God of mercy? Shall these eyes contemplate your venerable features? Oh, Guildford! oh, my husband! you whose noble figure is unceasingly present to my heart, shall I behold you again, such as you are, among the angels whose image you are upon earth? But, what do I say? My feeble soul desires nothing beyond the tomb but the actual return of life!"

THURSDAY.

My husband has requested to see me to-day for the last time. I have avoided that moment in which joy and despair would be too closely blended. I dreaded the loss of the resignation I now feel. You have seen that my heart has had but too much attachment to happiness; let me not relapse into it again. My father, do you approve of me? Has not this sacrifice expiated all? I no longer fear that existence will still be dear to me.

THE MORNING OF THE EXECUTION.

Oh! my father! I have seen him! he marched to his execution with as firm a step as if he had commanded those by whom he was conducted. Guildford raised his eyes towards my prison, then directed them still higher; I understood him; he continued on his way. At the turn of the road which leads to the place where death is prepared for both of us, he stopped to behold me once more; his last looks blessed me, who was his companion upon the throne and upon the scaffold."

AN HOUR AFTER.

They have carried the remains of Guildford under the windows of the tower; a sheet covered his mutilated corpse;—through his sheet a horrible image presented itself. If the same stroke was not reserved for me, could earth support the weight of my affliction? My father, how could I regret life so deeply? Oh holy death! gift of Heaven as well as life! thou art now my tutelary angel! thou restorest me to serenity! my sovereign master has disposed of me, but since he will reunite me to my husband, he has demanded nothing of me surpassing my strength, and I replace my soul without fear in his hands!"

TO TEN CHARGES.

Redmond the Moonshiner Chief Pleads Guilty And Disappears A Crowd.

Public Interest and Curiosity—The Formal Proceedings—Remarks of Judge Bryan and General Garlington—Appearance and Demeanor of the Prisoner—Hoping for Pardon—A Stormy Interview With an Old Fox.

Daily Greenville News.
The sensation of yesterday in Greenville was the expected trial of Major Lewis R. Redmond, the famous moonshiner and outlaw. A numerous crowd gathered in and about the Court House to see the prisoner and hear the legal tilt that was expected to take place. At about half-past ten o'clock Redmond was driven from the jail, in a carriage accompanied by two Deputy Marshals, and was taken to the back door where he was quickly assisted to dismount. He passed up the steps on his crutches and took a seat immediately in front of the clerk's desk to the left of Gen. A. C. Garlington, his senior counsel.

The prisoner was neatly dressed, his coat and vest being of light check cloth, the vest being open almost to the waist and displaying a spotless shirt bosom surmounted by a white turn-over collar and a narrow black tie. He was cleanly shaven, and as he sat in the court room was undoubtedly a handsome man. He favored himself with a lady's gaily-worked fan, and seemed comparatively at ease, except for an occasional not ungraceful embarrassment as to the disposition of his hands and feet, when he would remember that he was the centre of observation. Occasionally something like a smile was to be seen on his lips, but there was no smiling in his face and eyes. The latter were constantly

shifting about with the quick, frank looks that are the great attractions of his manner, and that impress all who observed them with the thought that their owner would not do a mean or dishonest thing, and would meet without flinching any fate that might confront him. He looks in perfect health, and were it not for the slightly bent, his lithe, strong frame is as good and sound as it used to be in the pleasant days a few years ago when he rode with his band among the mountains free as the air that nourished him, and cheerily defied the whole United States government, and alternately eluded and pursued its officers. His general demeanor was that of a man who had been brought to account for the sins of his youth, had made up his mind to undergo philosophically whatever punishment he was to receive, and took little more than passing interests in the preliminary formalities.

Judge Melton moved to take up case No. 10 on the docket which Judge Bryan stated was an indictment against Lewis R. Redmond for conspiracy.

At the request of Gen. Garlington the name of Isaac M. Bryan, Esq., was entered as additional counsel for the prisoner. The jury was charged, indictment being defined as one for conspiracy and violation of Section 5518 Revised Statutes.

Gen. Garlington said:

"May it Please Your Honor—When I consider the circumstances which surround the case of the prisoner at the bar—which have preceded this occasion, and which now attend it, when the sympathetic chord, which vibrates through this hall and is seen in the faces of men, meets with a repose in my own bosom; when I consider the character of the charges which have been preferred against the defendant, and upon which he has been brought here from another State for trial; and, possibly, what may be the judgment of the Court which is now suspended over him; when the events of his past life and his present condition of suffering are presented to my mind and senses; when I see his proud spirit humbled by the combination of circumstances which weigh him down; when the scene, where his humble home far away in the mountains, awaits the tidings of today is pictured to my imagination; when I realize what may be expected of counsel in such a case, and feel the responsibility which rests upon them in adopting the course which has been determined upon in the cases against him; when all these thoughts and emotions stir my mind and heart, I assure you, may it please your Honor, that never before have I appeared in a court of justice under such deep feelings of embarrassment as on this occasion. But, sir, the die is cast. We have no alternative; but one course is left us to pursue. We feel powerless before a jury, we cannot resist this prosecution, sustained by the evidence upon which, we conceive, it is founded, and which would be produced against the defendant, if put upon his trial. We, therefore, submit to the inevitable—bow before the majesty of the law, and cast his fortunes upon the mercy of the Court, in the fullest confidence, that when your Honor shall come to discharge the sad duty of imposing upon him the penalty of the law, that clemency will be extended to him, which, we believe, his case merits, and which we know your Honor's kindly nature will grant, as far as may be consistent with obligations of duty."

I would be pleased, may it please your Honor, to present, at this time, to your Honor's consideration the grounds upon which we ask for a merciful exercise of the power which belongs to your Honor, in passing finally upon the defendant's case. But this would not be in accordance with precedent; I therefore forbear any thing further now, reserving what I shall have to say on this subject till the defendant is called to the bar for sentence, when we hope to be able to present his case in such a light as will not only justify, but invoke the fullest measure of mercy that the character of his offences against the law will allow. We are instructed by the defendant, and it is in accord with our own opinion, to withdraw defences in the cases before the court, and adopt the old plea, *nolle contendere*, *posit in gratiam regis*—in other words, we consent that verdicts be rendered against the defendant in the cases which the Government has against him at this term."

Case No. 10 was submitted to Jury No. 2, and the formal verdict of "Guilty as to Lewis R. Redmond," signed by the foreman.

Judge Bryan said that as counsel had spoken it was only proper that the court should say a few words to go out with his, to deepen the conviction that must exist in all minds that the unhappy defendant would always have come to justice tempered with mercy. If there was a defeat in this administration it was its severity but rather its undue tenderness towards pris-

oners who came before it for judgement. The unhappy defendant had not consulted the best interests of himself and the justice of the country and what was due the administration of the law in failing to meet his country. His Honor thought the prisoner had been ill advised in shunning the country—in not being prepared to meet it. The government had been most anxious to condone the past, and the prisoner had had the opportunity to avail himself of proffered clemency. There were two exceptions to that clemency, however—offences rising higher than violations of the laws of the revenue—conspiracies which reached the government itself, and threatened the destruction of law and order. The defendant had been unwilling to meet his country and a jury of his country on those charges.

He could only say regarding the punishment to be inflicted that his duty was to dispense the law, and enforce its sanctions. The prerogative of mercy was in another department of the government. He did not doubt that the President would take the circumstances into consideration and deal mercifully, though the prisoner had been a persistent offender, and had led many others into trouble. Every consideration that could mitigate his punishment would be heard. The defendant, however, could not depend upon the Court to dispense with the sanctions of the law. The Court had no doubt that the prisoner could appeal hopefully, but was compelled to refer him to the President for mercy. His sufferings and repentance, however, would be taken into consideration.

Case No. 11 was submitted to Jury No. 1, and disposed of in the same way.

District Attorney Melton announced that case No. 2, also for conspiracy, would be discontinued.

Cases No. 106 and 107, informations, were then called, and the same verdicts of "Guilty" consented to. Judge Melton said both of these were prior to April 20th, 1877, and in response to a question from Bryan, said he made that announcement to indicate to the prisoner that the offences were those committed before the amnesty, of which he could have taken advantage had he seen fit to do so.

Cases No. 108 and 109, informations, for offences committed subsequently to the amnesty, were then called and verdicts of "Guilty" entered.

The same course was taken in cases Nos. 114, 115, 116 and 117, all being informations for violations of the Revenue laws prior to April 30th, 1878. Judge Melton stated that there was no charge for distilling after April 30th, 1878. He then announced that the proceedings against Lewis R. Redmond were concluded.

In response to a suggestion by Gen. Garlington, Judge Bryan said that of course he meant that the prisoner had been ill-advised when he failed to submit to the terms of the amnesty, and intimated his approval of the course in pleading "Guilty."

District Attorney Melton moved for the commitment of the prisoner to jail to await sentence, and the motion was granted. Redmond thereupon took his crutches as they were handed him and limped out through the back door, his face having never changed in color or expression during the proceedings.

As will be seen, he has pleaded guilty to eight violations of the revenue laws, and two indictments for conspiracy. The maximum punishment for the former is two years for each, and for the two latter six years each, and the minimums two months and two years respectively. The total maximum punishment that can be given him therefore is twenty-eight years confinement; the minimum punishment is five years and four months. The general feeling seems to be that he will be sentenced to somewhere about ten years. It is hardly probable, however, that he will serve half of that. The government is very favorably disposed toward him, and the strong petition that will be sent for pardon or commutation will not be opposed with any force.

"I believe," said a representative of the *Daily News* of District Attorney Melton, "if I had been Redmond I would have given you a fight for it anyhow."

"Yes," replied the Judge, "and the consequence would have been that you'd have been tried and convicted. Nobody ever had a man deadlier in the world than I had him."

Enquiry showed that this opinion was based on solid facts. All the lawyers conversant with the case agreed that Redmond had no earthly chance of an escape from conviction in any case. He has been made the scape goat for most of the sins in the mountains. The very man who belonged to his party and formerly boasted so loudly of being "Redmond's man," were most anxious to clear their own skirts by testifying against him. In former talks of his associates he was the unrepresented party, and every effort was made to throw the bulk of all the blame upon him, and make him

the head and front of all sinning, by the witnesses and prisoners. He himself understood this perfectly.

He was in his usual good spirits yesterday and seemed in no way perturbed in spirit about his position. While very hopeful of a pardon, he expressed his determination to make no more resistance to the law. He was driven to Broadway's photograph gallery in the afternoon, and had his picture taken, giving several sittings, and being photographed with several of the Revenue officers. He seemed to take much interest in this proceeding, and was apparently in the best of spirits as he was driven back to the jail.

There he was visited by his old enemy Barton. This individual had much to say wide down stairs about Redmond's bad character, and he asserted that the moonshiner was despised by every respectable man in Pickens and North Carolina—a statement which was promptly related and disproved by Deputy Sheriff Foster.

When Barton went up stairs, Redmond rose, shook hands and betrayed lack of recognition in his enquiring countenance. Barton is the man who captured Redmond and lost him, having himself shot in the skirmish and being his house subsequently raided and searched by the bold outlaw who appropriated some hundred dollars that he found there in payment for what Barton had taken from him.

Barton introduced himself, Redmond avowing that he knew his face, but not his name. Redmond then recognized him, remarking that he looked older than when he had seen him last.

The two soon began to exchange recriminations. Barton accused Redmond of shooting him. Redmond denied it, asked how he could have shot when they had taken his gun away from him, and said he would not have escaped if Barton and his men had treated him "like a gentleman," instead of coming on him with levelled guns, tying and kicking him. Barton denied the kicking. Redmond reiterated it, and asked the charge that Barton and his party were drunk when they arrested him. This Barton also denied.

Barton at last said he'd like to get back his hundred dollars that Redmond had taken from his house.

Redmond retorted that he'd like to get back the hundred dollars and his overcoat and shawl that Barton had taken from him when he was captured.

Barton said that money was turned over to the government, and wasn't a hundred dollars anyhow.

The two old foes were becoming bitter, and were locking each other in the face and talking more and more plainly and excitedly, with Redmond's eyes were beginning to sparkle dangerously. Jailor Willis thought it prudent to interfere and send Barton out, as there was prospect that the two would get together speedily and attempt to pay off old scores then and there. The moonshiner does not seem to be "backed" to any considerable extent. Roughly stated, the accounts of these two stand about thus:

REDMOND TO BARTON, DR.
One capture, tying and kicking.
One team, and wagon load of whisky.
Overcoat, shawl and \$100 cash.
Several nights and days of dodging.

BARTON TO REDMOND, DR.
One severe gun shot wound.
One raid on house and disturbance of family.

By.
\$100 cash, and some clothing.
A number of severe fights.
The two seem to be about even.

Redmond, in response to Gen. Garlington's question on the subject, said he had kept an account of the number of times he had been shot at, and he makes it 162. Is there a wild beast in the country with such a record?

NEATNESS IN WOMEN.

A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways, but if she is not personally neat, she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband, he will turn out, in all probability, either an idiot fool or a common ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect low-class work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery; but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.

Governor Hawkins, of Tennessee, is pardoning a number of convicts.