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ARP'S AVERMENTS

On Several Matters of Current Discussion.

He Does Not See the Good Taste of Some of Our Recent Washing—The Land Full of Sorrowful Homes, Whose Grief is Served to Its Victim—The Flood of Suicide.

Athala Constitution.

The president is dead, and I reckon the nation had better do like King David when he lost his child—get up and wash her face and think of something else. It's all very bad and very sad, I know, but there are thousands of homes in this happy land where death was a visitor at the same hour, and the grief was as great for the loved and lost. There is a skeleton in every closet, and death has nailed his sign over every door, and it has seemed to me from my own experience that when such a trouble came I wanted it all to myself and my family, and the less the fuss and parade and ceremony about it the better. There is a kind of sweet consolation for death in the household when we can shut it in and look out the world, and have the misery all to ourselves. Even the three friends of Job were considerate enough to set afar off in respectful silence for several days, "for they saw that his grief was great." A nation in tears is a very grand and affecting tableau if there is something grand and affecting to cry about, but there is no sense in overriding the thing. I don't know what Mr. Garfield has done as a statesman, a soldier, or a patriot, more than ten thousand other men. I don't know what notable thing would justify us in saying as David did of Job, a great man has fallen this day in Israel. Not many months ago I know he was denounced as a bad man and dangerous to the welfare of the country. I didn't believe it then, and I can't see the propriety of denouncing a man as a devil while he lives and adorning him as a saint when he is dead. I wish our people would quit the like of that. It destroys confidence and keeps up political strife and bitterness. I don't know much about Mr. Arthur, and I don't care if I don't, I'm not afraid of him. If he can do me any harm, I can't see it. If he is going to cut up and abuse us down south, we can abuse him just as bad. He can't run over congress much nor defy the will of the nation which will now for peace and harmony and co-operation. I believe Mr. Garfield was a better man and a greater man, but the death of one man, however great, can't stop the wheels of government from rolling on, nor bring a shock to its accustomed motion. A government that stood the test of four years' war, and the assassin nation of Mr. Lincoln, (peace to his memory) and the election frauds of Mr. Hayes can stand anything and it doesn't matter at all whether Mr. Arthur was born in the United States or Canada or the Feejee islands, it's all the same. The constitution is a sort of India-rubber thing anyhow, and can accommodate itself to circumstances sorter like our *own* in Georgia that has tolerated two sessions in a year, and I reckon we'll have a third to re-elect the state. Let's wait and see what Mr. Arthur does before we pitch into him. If he is a good-hearted man he is a coward, and won't dare to defy us; so let him rip along. As Cohe says, we will all know by waiting.

My wife and children are well, my corn is pretty good, my cattle are fat, and the barn is full of hay. My nighbors are kind, and Sunday comes once a week as usual so let him rip.

What is the matter with the people anyhow. Some folks are killing one another for little or nothing and some are killing themselves. When I was a boy I never, hardly ever, heard of a suicide. It was considered a most extraordinary circumstance. We read about em over in France and wondered that there was such a people. It's an every day affair with us now. Four in a week. Four sane men well to do in the world, surrounded by good associations. I don't understand it and it worries me. I was a talking with Judge Underwood about it and says he, solemnly, "Bill—William—Mr. Arp, my friend, you have known me for thirty years, and I tell you now I've seen a sight of trouble and aggravation and vexation of spirit—losses and crosses and disappointments, but if you ever hear of my being found dead under peculiar circumstances, don't you stop to examine to see whether I killed myself or not, but go at once and hunt for the feller that done it. I tell you, William Arp, I'm not going to die that way." What is the matter with the men? There are no suicides among the women. Well, there is one now and then at long intervals and they are always drowned—drowned in a well or a mill pond. Nobody ever heard of one using a razor, or a pistol, or a rope. When a poor woman kills herself she wants to hide. Of course, she don't know how to use a razor,

or a pistol, but she might hang herself. I reckon she is afraid somebody will see her in a disheveled condition. The records set down ten men to one woman as suicides, and so I reckon it must be on account of whisky or disappointed ambition in making money or amassing riches. Women are not concerned in such things. They are wrapt up in raising children, and they love 'em too good to leave 'em. Domestic pleasures have a tendency to calm the mind and keep it well balanced. Every day brings its care and trouble, but it brings its comforts and pleasures too. There is nothing like living for a day: that is by the day and for the day. Blessings on the man or woman who gets up in the morning resolved to get as much happiness before night as possible. Enjoy the day. Be content. Don't be always hankering after something afar off, that may never come. Don't deal too much in futurity. I don't mean of course, for a man to be like the average nigger who takes no thought for the morrow, but there is a middle ground to occupy. Some men say they are working for their children. They are straining themselves day and night for their children. Well, that is a lie. They are working to gratify their own ambition. If they thought as much about their children as they ought to they would pay em more attention. They would stay with em more and talk to em more.

Speaking about the indifference of the niggers reminds me of my good nabor Freeman. He has a lot of nigger tenants, and after being gone from home a few weeks, he came back and found every racial of em gone off to meeting. When they returned says he: "What you been to meeting for, boys?" "Well, boss, we is been dar to pray." "Pray for what?" said he. "Well, boss, we know it's most too late in de season to pray for rain, for de crop is dun gone up, but we been pray for de Saviour to put us all thro' de winter." "Well, dat sint hit adzackly," said another one. "We goes to meetin' to fix for de next world. You white folks done got dis one, and if we can squeeze in ahead of you on de next we is gwine to do it, dat's all." Nabor Freeman says it won't be a month before them darkies will be trying to make a saviour of him, for he has carried 'em all the year while they were running over the country and going to preaching.

Calvin Lewis has quit his crop and taken to the pulpit—says he heard de Lord call him while he was in de field, and Uncle Jeff says he: "Calvin dat is a lie—if you hear anybody call you it was de devil, and you is sendin round de hat for him every night, and dese niggers round here is quit workin, and some of em is gwine to school dat ort to be in de cotton patch; and de next thing a school nigger do is to quit de country and go to town, and de next thing is to steal something and get in the chargin, and go to work in de coal mines whar Governor Brown wants em. 'Dat's whate de matter. Dese white folks knows ezactly whar an educated nigger is gwine to land. I never knowd one to come to any good yit. You can't make sleep meat out of coon or chicken out of crow. I don't care what you feed 'em on." Uncle Jeff says these young niggers will have to belong to somebody yet or quit de country.

Well, the darkey is a conundrum and it's hard to guess him. BILL ARP.

TAKEN IN.

Uncle Pleasant Watkins, of Richmond, Va., is sixty and his wife seventy-two years old. The other day a friend said: "Uncle Pleasant, why in the mischief did you marry a woman nearly old enough to be your mother?" And this is the way he explained it: "You see, bo," he replied with a sigh, "I was workin for Long John Freeman in Hanover, when I was jest 18, and Susan Ann Ross, old Mrs. Ross's eldest daughter, was thirty if she was a day. At every quiltin' she used to chuse me for her partner and everybody said it 'peared like she was a courtin' me. She gim-me four pair cotton socks and a heap of things, but still I didn't have no notion of her. Well, one Christmas eve, I went to the old woman's, and had hardly set down before Sary Ann brought me some sweet pertato pie, which she knowed I was a permanent fond of. While I was eatin' it I heard the old woman up stairs a countin' silver dollars. Now, that was no plaster to the sealin, and the up-stairs floor had cracks in it as wide as my finger. So you see I could hear the jingle of the money just as well as if I had been up thar myself. When she had counted 906 I drewed up to S'rab Ann and popped the question. In course she said she'd have me, and the next Thursday we was married. Now, what do you think I found out the next day? Why, that the old woman didn't have but thirty Mexican dollars, and that she counted 'em over and over, just to fool me. Don't marry for money, boy, specially for silver dollars."

TRUST YOUR WIFE.

A man who has made a few hundred dollars clear of his business was afraid to invest it, and equally afraid to tell his wife he had such a sum. So he hit upon the expedient of hiding the wallet which contained it in an unused parlor stove, and feeling sure that no one would molest it, went about his business with the feeling that it was safe.

But one day his wife made a fire in the stove to burn up an accumulation of rubbish, and, happening to mention the fact to her husband, was astonished to see him jump up and run round like one possessed. "You have ruined me, ruined me!" he shrieked. "All the savings I had were hidden in that stove. Oh, what idiots women are!"

"I think you acted more like an idiot," answered his wife calmly, "first in not telling me you had the money, next in putting it in such a place. Had you trusted me that money would now be out on investment instead of being burned up."

The man wrung his hands and groaned and made life a burden to himself and family, until he finally quieted down and acknowledged that he had no one to blame but himself. Then his wife gave him a bankbook with the amount he had lost credited to him.

"It was just by the merest chance that I found the wallet," she said, "and then I felt hurt and indignant to think you could not have trusted me with even a knowledge of your savings. If I am not fit to receive your confidence, I am not fit to be your wife."

Peace was restored and it is safe to surmise that the husband never again failed to trust his wife.

Women, especially those who have had little contact with the world of business, are not unfrequently gifted with large instincts, which give them a quick insight into business matters. No man who has a proper appreciation of his wife will sell a cow or a horse off his farm without consulting her. No merchant will buy a stock of dry goods without exchanging ideas with the partner of his life; trust your wife, not feebly and with restrictions, but fully, in whole measure. It is said that men are what their mother's make them. Many a man who has gone down into the depths of despair has been saved from moral and temporal disaster if he had only trusted his wife; not in the day of adversity, but in the day of prosperity. "Sho! What do wimmin know about business?" says one Solon to his household. Not much experimentally, it may be, but as the most disastrous failures are always made by men, it may be possible a woman might at least have a position as look-out on the ship to signal "danger ahead." The men who have become famous in the world have always relied upon the judgment of their wives. A French writer says that when a man has toiled step by step up a long flight of stairs he will be sure to find a woman at the top. The man who distrusts his wife's intelligence is to be pitied. The man who ignores it as beneath his dignity is a fool.

THE WORK OF THE HEART.

An English writer says: We may form some conception of the enormous energy of the human heart when we reflect that a good climber can ascend only 9,000 feet in nine hours, that is, of course, continuously for any length of time, while the work done by the heart is equivalent to raising its own weight (ten ounces) 13,860 feet high. And we may put this even more strikingly by pointing out the most powerful engine ever made by man, the "Bavaria" locomotive of the Vienna and Trieste railway, can only raise itself through 2,700 feet in an hour; that is, its energy is less than one-fifth of that of the human heart. Of course the actual amount of work done by both engine and climber is much greater than that done by the heart; but relative to weight the energy of the heart far exceeds that of the other two.

Over 700,000 square miles of timber lands in this country, the south owns 400,000, or nearly two-thirds.

Four large cotton seed oil mills in Memphis, have been running all the year and three will be started this fall.

The forest acreage of North Carolina is probably greater than three or four of the northwestern states combined.

The woolen mills company, of Charlottesville, Va., during the past eleven months have sold \$120,857 worth of goods.

Two gentlemen in New Orleans have succeeded in making a first rate article of butter from the oil of cotton seed.

There are two regular licensed colored lawyers practicing in the district court at Brenham. One of them is employed in five divorce cases.

GOOD MANNERS.

It is a mistake to regard manners as something external or distinct from the nature, to be put on or taken off at will. The bearing to which we instinctively accord respect is the outward blossoming of an inward growth, and bears the same relation to character that the flower does to the plant, not absolutely necessary to its existence, but a graceful expression of internal qualities which give it strength and vigor.

Some foreigner once said of Abraham Lincoln that he was a grand gentleman in disguise.

In him the outward expression, though far removed from a Chesterfieldian polish, was still so true to qualities to which the world accords its highest respect that it became a good manner of its own, and thus proved the truth of the assertion in regard to growth.

A fine manner presupposes a certain force of character and firmness of purpose which invest the owner with composure and self-respect. A certain equipoise which enables him to possess his soul in peace, where a mind that is not so ballasted goes careering about to every breeze, a source of discomfort to itself and all who behold it. It also presupposes a kind heart and a quick sympathy for others. There are native characteristics wanting which a smooth exterior is of little real value. Shall we not then cultivate good manners? May we not acquire a gentle courteous demeanor to which we may not have been born? Most assuredly, but unless we conform to the law of development just expressed, we shall achieve no success worthy of the name. Let us suppose a harsh vindictive nature assuming the gentle manner of one who feels and lives unselfishly.

In a moment of forgetfulness, and such moments will come, the mask drops off and discloses the real man that lies behind it. For those who behold the disclosure there is no possibility of forgetfulness, and for them the mask will not only fail to do its work, but will produce a sense of incongruity that will give absolute discomfort. Duplicity never succeeds to any great extent. A greater amount of thought and force must be given than with a higher motive would be necessary to insure the genuine feeling whose outward expression we desire. If we feel kindly we shall act kindly.

MEN WHO MAKE JOURNALISM.

It has been remarked that very few men who get into journalism start out with such intention. They drift in accidentally, are prompted as they develop capacity. Money, wealthy parents and influence are of no sort of service in getting a young man a place on a newspaper. There is no business that is so entirely independent of all these considerations as this. A wealthy father can easily get his son a location to read law or medicine, or push him forward in almost any rank in life he may select; but he is utterly powerless to do anything for him in a journalistic way. To be sure he may buy a newspaper, and set him up in that way, but unless there is something in him called "journalistic knack," a natural knowledge of what to write and how to write it, he will be a failure in that line, and all the money and influence of wealth and perhaps powerful relatives will count for nothing. Some fond parents educate their sons with the special view of making journalists of them; but it is rare that we hear of these young men after a few years. Meanwhile, some youth born among the hills, having nothing more than a common school education, and the knowledge scraped up in a country printing office, will advance to the front rank in the profession. He has the journalistic knack, and forces recognition because he has it. He gets into a good position, not because he has wealthy parents to influence the proprietors of leading newspapers, but because he knows what to write and how to write it. His articles go in because they supply a demand, while perhaps the elaborate essays of a man educated on two continents are cast into the waste basket.

Men are as cold as ice to the truth; hot as fire to falsehood.

New Orleans owns 552 vessels, with a tonnage of 85,310. Twenty one are ocean steamers.

Twelve hundred and fifty-five vessels entered the port of New Orleans in the past business year.

About one-tenth of Arkansas is covered with the yellow pine, which attains an enormous size.

The consumption of grate and stove coal in Nashville has doubled within the past two years, while the consumption of steam coal has tripled.

BALTIMORE'S LAST SENSATION.

The Supposed Dead Husband Returns to Life a Reformed Man and Rich Merchant—A Surprised and Happy Wife.

Baltimore Special to the N. Y. Herald.

Particulars have reached Baltimore of an exceedingly interesting and romantic case in Wilmington, Delaware. Thomas Patterson, brother of United States District Attorney Patterson, who disappeared from Baltimore after bidding his young and lovely wife adieu some fifteen years ago, and was long supposed to have been dead, has appeared at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mrs. Patterson is the daughter of Mr. E. L. Rice, Jr., a wealthy citizen of Wilmington. Patterson's absence, after saying "good-bye" to his wife, was unexplained until his relatives read in a newspaper the description of an unknown man who had been found dead in Erie, Pa. The body was subsequently identified by a brother of Patterson as that of the missing man, the letters T. P. in India ink on his arm being to him conclusive evidence. The body was interred in the family lot in Wilmington, and the tomb cared for and adorned with flowers, which were tenderly watered by the tears of the supposed widow. The discovery just made shows that Patterson, after falling into disreputable habits, went to Texas and was captured by the Indians. He subsequently escaped and made his way to Michigan, where he amassed a comfortable fortune. A short time ago Mrs. Patterson, who still resides with her parents in Wilmington, was surprised to receive an envelope bearing the postmark of Grand Rapids, and at once recognized the handwriting of her husband. The discovery at first seemed like a dream, but when the seal was broken and she hurriedly glanced at the signature her fond hopes were fully realized. It conveyed the joyful intelligence that Mr. Thomas Patterson is a prosperous merchant of a large city in Michigan; the communication further stated that the writer had years ago discarded all his bad habits, was leading the exemplary life of an honest, temperate man, and that by strict attention to business he had accumulated a fortune. It is understood that he will return to Wilmington. Mrs. Patterson is still a beautiful woman, and has had many suitors for her hand since the supposed death of her husband, all of whom, of course, she declined.

HOW TO TREAT BROTHERS.

Girls, be kind to your brothers. Don't be afraid you will spoil them by showing them plenty of sisterly attention. They are tireless chaps sometimes, consequential and over-bearing, treating their sisters like inferior beings. But never mind that, girls; carry with you the two bears—bear and forbear. The consequential age generally passes off with the growth of the incipient moustache, and when real manhood dawns upon them, they will realize how gentle and kind their sisters have been. Make home pleasant to them; let them see and feel you enjoy their company sometimes equally as well as that of some other girl's brother. If you sing or play on the piano, do your best for brother Will or Bob, or whatever his name may be, and reward him with a smile when he turns over your music or gives up his seat to you, just as you would any other gentleman. Lay aside your work or book to have a pleasant chat or innocent game with your brother; draw out of him with whom and where he spends his evenings outside of the family circle. Encourage him to speak of his associates. A sister often has more influence with a brother than a parent. If he can confide in his sister regarding his friends and amusements, you need have no fear of how he spends his time away from you. Let him see that you take an interest in his studies or his business. When he asks you to sew on a button or mend his glove, don't put on an aggrieved air; do it cheerfully, willingly. He will reward you in his secret heart with a wealth of brotherly love, though he may not show it, for some think it unmanly to display affection. Treat his friends with politeness, even if they are not your style. Throw all the safe guards you possibly can around your young brothers, by sisterly kindness and forbearance. Try to make home the happiest and dearest place on earth.—*Intelligencer.*

In Dallas county, Alabama, Fayette Wright, a negro farmer, who had become thoroughly disgusted and tired of life because of the destruction of his crop by worms, committed suicide by jumping in the river at the crossing near the Matthews place. He stripped himself on the south bank of the river and deliberately walked in until he struck deep water, when he sank out of sight. He made no outcry.

Seven negroes—six of them convicts—were killed by a sudden slide in a railroad cut at which they were working near Lexington, Va.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

From Sunday's Raleigh Observer. Wake Forest College opened with 97 students, and every day has added to the number.

The Methodist of Goldsboro are building a new parsonage and a new church, both to be elegant.

The First Baptist church, Richmond, Va., raised last year for all purposes \$39,000. It has 600 members.

There are 591 conversions reported from the North Carolina Conference in the last issue of the *Christian Advocate*.

The Western Baptist convention will meet at Franklin, Macon county, on Thursday before the third Sabbath in October.

A single Methodist college, the Ohio Wesleyan University, is represented by two missionaries in Japan, six in China, three in India, one in Italy, two in South America, and one in Mexico.

Rev. William S. Bynum, an Episcopal clergyman from Winston, N. C., is in Morganton with his family, and will make that place his headquarters, and will be engaged as visiting minister to the churches in that section.

The Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church is making arrangements to establish two high schools for the education of teachers in schools for whites. They will be situated near Chattanooga, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark.

The seventh church congress of the Protestant Episcopal church will be held in Providence, Rhode Island, on Sunday, October 25, continuing four days. Among the subjects to be discussed, seemingly very inappropriate, is that of "Civil-Service reform."

The ninth triennial conference of Young Men's Christian Association of all lands met in London July 30. About 500 delegates, representing nearly 3,000 associations, attended. One of the most important addresses was made by the Early of Shaftesbury who was the first president of an association of this kind.

The Southern Presbyterian Church has two churches in the province of Pernambuco, Brazil and two other congregations. A third congregation has been broken up by persecution. It has in all about forty members, but has hard work in making headway.

The conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church in South Carolina have established Allen University at Columbia, S. C., for the instruction of colored youth in the Southern States, as teachers and ministers, who are not able to go to the more distant institutions of the denomination.

The Ecumenical Conference met in London on the 9th. Elaborate preparations have been made for the conference. The Southern Methodist church has eight men on the programs of exercises, namely: Bishop McTeirre, Dr. McFerrin, Dr. A. W. Weston, Dr. E. A. Morris, Dr. Andrews, Dr. Marshall, Dr. Potter and Miller.

HE HIT HIM ON THE HEAD.

In one of the Justice's Courts the other day a farmer was defendant in a case of assault and battery. The plaintiff had no witness, while the defendant had his wife, and the plaintiff's lawyer made up in his mind that it was a gone case. He was bracing up, however, to do his best, when the charge was read to the defendant. The wife was deeply interested in every phrase, and her face changed from sober to serious and from serious to horror as the reading went on:

"Did thee and there and with make aforethought beat, wound, bruise, assault and greatly dam—"

"Hold on!" she cried at this point, "my husband never did that in his life. I was right there and saw it all. All he did was to jump out of the wagon and hit the man a clip on the eye and knock him into the ditch."

"That'll do—there! there!" put in her husband's lawyer; but she went on:

"He just hit him once and only once, and I'll swear to it!"

Half an hour later, after her husband had paid \$13 fine and costs, she was heard to sigh:

"I'm sorry, John; but when they went on with that beating and pounding and malice and aforethought, I was sure you would get twenty years in prison, and it broke me down. You can sell my cow this fall to make up for this."

Nashville is to have a mammoth manufactory of barrels, hubs spokes, axe handles, etc.

Forty-three wool growers in Tom Greene county, Texas, sheared the past spring 442,240 pounds of wool.