

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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TU-DAY.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last!
To-day! It is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life—
A moment gives it birth.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
When'er a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day;
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait,
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late.

THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

Everybody must talk about something. The poor fellow who was told out to talk for the fear that people would find out that he was a fool, made nothing by the experiment. He was considered a fool because he did not talk. On some subject or another, everybody must have something to say, or give up society. Of course, the topic of conversation will relate to the subjects of knowledge. If a man is interested in science he will talk about science. If he is an enthusiast in art, he will talk about art. If he is familiar with literature, and is an intelligent and persistent reader, he will naturally put forward literary topics in his conversation. So with social questions, political questions, religious questions. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. That of which the mind is full—that with which it is furnished—will come out in expression.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip, is, that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day, in intercourse with, and observation of, their neighbors. What the neighbors do, what they say, what happens to them in their social and business affairs, what they wear, these become the questions of supreme interest. The personal and social life around them—this is the book under constant perusal, and out of this comes that pestiferous conversation which we call gossip. The world is full of it; and in a million houses, all over this country, nothing is talked of but the personal affairs of neighbors. All personal and social movement and concerns are arranged before this high court of gossip, are retained at every fire-side, are sweetened with approval or embittered by spite, and are gathered up as common stock of conversation by the bankrupt brains that have nothing to busy themselves with but tittle tattle.

The moral aspects of gossip are bad enough. It is a constant infraction of the Golden Rule; it is full of uncharitableness. No man or woman of sensibility likes to have his or her personal concerns hawked about and talked about; and those who engage in this work are meddlers and busy bodies who are not only doing damage to others—are not only engaged in a most unneighborly office—but are inflicting great damage upon themselves. They sow the seeds of anger and animosity and social discord. Not one good moral result can come out of it. It is a thoroughly immoral practice, and what is worst and most hopeless about it is, that those who are engaged in it do not see that it is immoral and detestable. To go into a man's house stealthily, when he is away from home, and overhaul his papers, or into a lady's wardrobe and examine her dresses, would be deemed a very dishonorable thing; but to take up a man's or a woman's name, and smother it all over with gossip—to handle the private affairs of neighbors around a hundred fire-sides—why this is nothing! It makes conversation. It furnishes a topic. It keeps the wheels of society going.

Unhappily for public morals, the greed for personal gossip has been seized upon as the basis of a thrifty traffic. There are newspapers that spring to meet every popular demand. We have agricultural papers, scientific papers, literary papers, sporting papers, religious papers, political papers, and papers devoted to every special interest, great and small, that can be named, and among them, papers devoted to personal gossip. The way in which the names of men and women are handled by caterers for the public press, the way in which their movements and affairs are heralded and discussed, would be supremely disgusting were it not more disgusting that these papers find greedy readers enough to make the traffic profitable. The redeeming thing about these papers is, that they are very low down—that they season their doses with flattery. They find their reward in ministering to personal vanity.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write, there comes to us the picture of a family of young

ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going to a bookstore, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impertinence. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confusion either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.—Selected.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

One of the old-time editors of Michigan was boasting that he had never been sued for libel, or attacked in sanctum, but he could recall many narrow escapes. About twenty-five years ago he was running a red-hot paper on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad. A man named Carson, who was running for some county office, was given a bad racket, and the editor received a note that if he had anything more to say he might expect to receive a good pounding. He had a still more bitter attack the next week, and the paper was hardly mailed before he walked Carson, the candidate, accompanied by a brother and two cousins. The four were strapping big fellows, and each was armed with a horse-whip. The two compositors and the "devil" got out with all possible speed, leaving the editor without support. He realized the situation at once, and began:

"Walk in, gentlemen. I presume you have come to horse-whip me?"
"We have," they answered.
"Very well; have you thoroughly considered this matter?"

"I don't need any consideration," replied Carson. "You have lied about me, and I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life."

"Just so, my friend; but first hear what I have to say. Did you ever hear of the press being stopped because the editor was cowhided?"

"I dunno."
"Well, you never did. Lick me all you choose, and my paper comes out week after week all the same. The power of the press is next to the lever which moves the universe. It makes or breaks parties, builds up or tears down, plants or destroys. Aggravate the editor and the press becomes a sword to wound or kill. Wollop me if you will, but next week I'll come out more bitter than ever."

There was an embarrassing silence right here, and the face of each horse-whipper had an anxious look.

"It will go out to the world—to America, Canada, England, France—ay, clear to Jerusalem, that the Carson family of this county live on roots and Johnny cake; that they stole a dog from a blind man; that they murdered a peddler for a pair of two-shilling suspenders; that the women are club-footed, and the men work their ears when they sing; that the—"

"What is the regular subscription to the Herald?" interrupted Carson.

"Only twelve shillings a year."

"Put us four down."

"Very well—six dollars—that's correct. Run in and see me—all of you, and if any of you want to see any of my Detroit exchanges I shall be only too glad to serve you."

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers, trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank Gott, von ish tead!" said the dutchman.

To meet a popular demand Florida sends beef cattle to Cuba.

COURAGE IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters and put as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York for a constant reference.

Have the courage to discharge a debt when you have the money in your pocket.
Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

Have the courage to insure the property in your possession and thereby pay your debts in full.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.—Selected.

GET THE BOY'S HEART.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with its thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a lever in its mechanism that, at the pressure of a man's hand, will slack its speed, and a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yonder, upon the sea, in spite of adverse winds and current. The sensitive and responsive spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gentle and firm on that helm, you may pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest heart, hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good by little direct kindnesses, to his mother or sister, or even his pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him to yours. Provide him some little pleasures, set him to some little service of trust for you; love him, love him practically. Any way and every way, rule him through his heart.—S. S. Times.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

I leave society a ruined character, wretched example and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity in a declining state can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children profligacy, ignorance and low character and the remembrance that their father was a monster.

A man who died in Nashville left directions to send his body to the Pennsylvania furnace for cremation. His wife refused to have it done, and has placed a guard over his grave; but his two sons are determined to carry out his wish, and have begun a law suit to get possession of the remains.

A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six," said the elderly gentleman, "it is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

The cultivation of tobacco is to be attempted in Ireland.

How to Teach the Use of Books.

The editor of the Hartford Library Bulletin recommends:

1. Let children learn that a book is a thing to be treated with respect; to be touched with clean hands, and not to be eaten on the floor at the mercy of the baby, dog, or cat.

2. Do not let them read anything that you have not read yourself.

3. Read to them, and teach them to look for the explanation of allusions in books. Do not count time lost in coming to the library with them to see a portrait of Queen Elizabeth or a picture of a Roman chariot, or to find out why mice-pies are eaten at Thanksgiving.

4. Teach them to make scrap-books of pictures from history, poetry, or stories, and to find out what every picture means. For example: take three from a German publisher's advertisement, Stephenson's prize locomotive, Napoleon in his coronation robes, and Andreas Hofer's last walk. First let the children read Smiles' life of Stephenson, and if they grow to care for locomotives, what a field is open before them! Then read to them a fair account of Napoleon. Don't let them have Abbott's for they will be obliged to unlearn it all. When they are tired of him, find the touching story of Hofer and the Tyrolean insurrection, and let them learn the translation of the ballad about him to speak at school. A book of pictures may be made of the greatest use in this way.

5. Do not let them depend on school "speakers" and the "Hundred choice selections" for the poetry which they must learn. Find it for them in Shakespeare or Scott, or whatever poet you love, and arrange a scene from the Midsummer night's dream, the Tempest, or as you like it, and let them act it at Christmas or on a birthday.

6. Keep an atlas at hand, and teach to the children in detail the historical geography of England and the United States. If they learn where the English countries lie, and something about Scotland and France, so much the better.

7. Make the use of your well-bound and illustrated books a pleasure and privilege for Sunday afternoons and holidays, or a reward for work well done. It is astonishing to a person who has not tried the experiment to see how much a child absorbs from books like Froissart, Knight's History of England, or a book of good engravings from celebrated pictures.

8. Remember Jacob Abbott's sensible rule, to give children something that they are growing up to, not away from, and keep down their stock of children's books to the very best.

PRESERVING MEAT.

There is no good reason why farmers and their families should eat so much salt pork, leaving all the fresh meat to the inhabitants of cities and villages, when the following method will keep meat fresh for weeks, even in the warmest weather.

As soon as the animal heat is out of the meat, slice it up for cooking. Prepare a large jar by scalding it well with hot water and salt. Mix salt and pulverized saltpetre. Cover the bottom of the jar with a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Put down a layer of meat—sprinkle with salt and pepper the same as if it was just going to the table, and continue in this manner until the jar is full. Fold a cloth or towel, and wet it in strong salt and water in which a little of the saltpetre is dissolved. Press the cloth closely over the meat and set in a cool place. Be sure and press the cloth in tightly as each layer is removed, and your meat will keep for months.

It is a good plan to let the meat remain over night, after it is sliced, before packing. Then drain off the blood that oozes from it. It will be necessary to change the cloth occasionally, or take it off and wash it first in cold water, then scald in salt and water as at first. In this way farmers can have fresh meat all the year round. I have kept beef that was killed on the eleventh of February till the twenty-first of June.

Then I packed a large jar of veal in the same way during dog-days, and it kept six weeks. This recipe alone is worth the price of any newspaper in the land.—Exchange.

LOVE FOR GOD.

Love him who first loved you, and while you sink into his arms, and surrender all to him, with a joyful, absolute, self-renunciation, let this love swell and abound, till every fragment of distrust shall be swept away. For against every challenge, in time or eternity, this may be the rejoinder: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all; how shall he not, with him, also freely give us all things?"—J. W. Alexander.

A WEDDING IN WYOMING.

From the Oil City Derrick.

Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the Postmaster. "It is now half past two, and at three there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Barton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected Justice of the Peace about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old "Squire's" cabin. We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the durned galoots that got up these 'yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, an' can't find a dod blasted word about matrimony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh! said Stiles, 'just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people 'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the "Squire, who began:

"Feller citizens, this 'yar man an' this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game of tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor of 'em proceedin' as authorized by the law say 'I.'"

Everybody said 'I.'

"Contry," no."

Nobody said 'no.'

The motion was carried unanimously, an' the Court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to prevent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands, "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'r that ye'll freeze to 'Mandy forever an' ever! That ye'll love 'er, an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat 'er squar an white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern such cases in the laws o' the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sie."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'r that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that ye'll nuss him in sickness an' be squar' to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offences; do you swa'r this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'r I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as Justice o' the Peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now an' forevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your soul an' bless this union with his bestest blessing's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor without them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkins' dog, which could not bear to be loose and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men.

A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as two spies carry the cluster of Eschol. They are a brace of birds of paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them. Theirs is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there is a hitch anywhere, they love each other the more, and so lighten the labor.—John Ploughman.

A clergyman, in a lecture on "How to Get Married," said: "Every man wants a wife, and every woman wants a husband." But the great difficulty is that the woman the man wants won't have him, and the man the woman wants wants some other woman.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

From Sunday's Raleigh Observer.
There appears to be much interest manifested in the various revivals in all parts of the State.

Work is going on slowly at the Primitive Baptist church, at the corner of Dawson and Morgan streets.

The press of the State deeply deplore the untimely death of Rev. A. A. Boshamer, and many beautiful tributes are paid his memory.

The new Second Baptist church of this city is greatly admired by its congregation. It is certainly a well arranged and commodious building, such as the rapidly growing congregation needed.

The walls of the new Methodist church are now up to a height of some ten feet, and the proportions of the ground plan are manifest. The church, when completed, will probably retain the name of Eienton Street Church, as at present. It was in contemplation to give it the name of the "Metropolitan Methodist Church," a very appropriate designation.

The Presbytery of Wilmington met in Union church, at Faison's Depot, on the 6th instant, and by request was opened with a sermon by Rev. it. B. McAlpine. This Presbytery is the smallest in the Synod of North Carolina. It has 15 ministers, 115 elders, 73 deacons, 33 churches and about 2,000 communicants. There was present a fair representation from the churches—14 ministers and 22 elders, 36 delegates in all. The narrative on the state of religion within the bounds of the Presbytery gave some pleasing indications of progress.

Colonel Walter Clark writes an interesting letter from London, in which he gives the closing events of the great Ecumenical Conference. He says: "The Conference consisted of 436 delegates, and there were very few seats unfilled. Representatives were there from all parts of the globe. From California to Maine the Methodist churches sent many of their best men, including the pick of their bishops—Simpson, McTyeire, Warren and Peck, besides two or three colored bishops, including Bishop Hood, of our own State. Among the lay delegates were the ex commander of the Thirteenth Federal Army Corps, an ex-Confederate major-general and several ex-judges.

A DEFINITION.

A little girl had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing the meaning of the word, she referred to the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where rays meet."

At dinner, when the family was assembled, she announced, as grand as could be: "I know the meaning of one big word."

"And pray tell me what it is," said her father.

"Oh, it is the word focus," said Mary.

"Well, my child, what is its meaning?" inquired the parent.

"Why," she said, "it is a place where they raise calves."

"This, of course, caused a great laugh, but she stuck to her point, and produced the dictionary to prove that she was right.

"There?" said she, triumphantly, studying each word carefully. "Here it is; 'Focus—a place where they the rays meet; and if they raise meat, they raise calves. And so I am right, ain't I, father, dear?"

LONG COURTSHIPS.

Beyond a certain point there is no progress in courtship. When the parties to the affair have arrived at the conviction that they were "made for each other," and cannot be happy apart, the sooner they become "one and inseparable" the better. Ante-nuptial affections is as mobile as quicksilver, and when it has reached its highest point the safest policy is to merge it in matrimonial bliss; otherwise, it may retrograde. Very long courtships often end in a pack out one side or the other—the retiring party being in most cases "ice-constant man." And we would hint to that unreliable being that he has no right to dangle after an estimable woman for years without any fixed intention of marrying her. The best thing a lady can do under such circumstances is to bring matters to a focus, by asking the point-in-point gentleman what he means, and when? She can either do that or dismiss him altogether. Perhaps the latter plan would in most instances be the better one, for a man who is slow to matrimony is generally slow in all the concerns of life.

There is enuff advice now laying around loose to run just three see worlds as this; what we are suffering most for is sun more good examples.—Billings.