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(W. V. MARSHALL,)

Gastonia, N. C., March 11, 1897.

No 10.

ARP SUSTAINS REED.

THE BARTOW MAN WRITES OF DR. THOMAS HOLLY CHIVERS AGAIN

Letter From Mr. J. P. Graves-Philes pher How Certain That Biggs Allan Pee Wrete "The Raven"-Poets Big-

Billi Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Bili Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

If my good friend Wallace Reed had not come forward as Poe's defender, I should have fefrained from further mention of Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers. It seemed to me that eaough had been written by outside parties to provoke a clearer expose from his kindred or more intimate friends.

There is still a shadow over his relations to Edgar A. Poe. That they were personal friends is proven, but as to who preceded in that peculiar style of lyric poetry is not proven.

I have an interesting letter from a cultured old gentleman of College Park, Mr. James P. Graves, father of John Temple Graves, who says that while a college boy on his return home to Washington, Wilkes county, he visited Dr. Chivers and had a conversation with him. He says:

"This conversation awakened in me the liveliest interest. He spoke of an essay or criticism he had just written for the Bouthern Literary Messenger, of Elichmond, instituting a comparison of the literary merits of the poete Byron and Shelley. The impression made

for the Southern Literary Messenger, of Elchmond, instituting a comparison of the literary merits of the poets Byron and Shelley. The impression made on me was that it was a masterful production. He spoke of his 'Lest Pleiads' and other poems; said he had just received a letter from Poe, and I blink he read it to me, and he mentioned correspondence with other distinguished men of the north.

'The picture given of him in the Constitution is most accourate. His complexion was dark, especially so under the eyes.

der the eyes.

"The idea that Dr. Chivers inspired The Haven' or in any way aided in its production was not in that day entertained by anyone so far as I knew.

"Dr. Chivers' style of talking was very ornate, and he appeared familiar with the arts and sciences and to be a very erudite scholar. I used to wonder why he was not more recognized by the learned of both sexes, but suppose it was because he was something of a rectuse, and preferred to revel in his own decamy and postigal thoughts. his own dreamy and postical thoughts. There was no show of wealth about There was no show of wealth about him, nor did he seem to care for any. Long after that he removed to Decatur, where he died and was buried. Mrm. Chivers was a cultured and most estimable lady. For further information I refer you to Dr. F. T. Willis, of Biebmond, Va., who was a half brother to the late Samuel Barnett, of Washington, Ga. and also to Judge William Reece and Rev. F. T. Himpson, of Washington."

So it seems that if Dr. Chivers did not himself bring charges of plagtarism

So it seems that if Dr. Chivers did not himself bring charges of plagtarism against Poe, but remained his friend and correspondent, the bill should be "nol proceed." More especially is this so since Mr. Graves, himself then a young man of clasical culture and a contemporary, never heard of such a charge, and Poe's biographer in Apple-ton makes mention of a life of Poe yet to be published that was written by Dr. Chivera.

was my impression that Dr. Chivers was Mr. Poe's senoir not only in years; but in poetical work, and as they were bosom friends in New York, that Poe drew his inspiration from the doctor; but more mature reflection satisfies me that Wallace Reed is right.

My wife says he is. She has but lit-

of her youth. Ever alnoe she used to recite "William Tell," the hero of the lakes, as her Friday evening speech at school she has been mad with the man

school she has been mad with the man who first discovered that there was no such hero, or if there was he never shot an apple from off bis boy's head.

Pop was certainly a gifted genius, for his prose is as marvelous as his poetry. Both are artistic, ingenious, dreamy and of the borders of fairy land. But they like the advicable. iand. But they live in the admiration more than in the heart. For poems that charm our human nature and linger in the soul of memory 1 would rather read Goldsmith, Gray, Cowper, Coleridge, Burns and Tom Hood than any others. Byron's are grand and stately in their beauty, but do not melt down within us and make us better, kinder and more loving.

The most beatiful lyric poem ever written is, I think, Coleridge's "Genevieve." When I was a young man I read it with supreme delight and it that day.

My sum the sould dear."

"No, dear."

"I thought it might as I see you have some cobblestones here in place of rolls. Nice dinner for a hungry man to sit down to I I'm see so glad I didn't dine at the club!"

It was a dinner fit for any man to sit down to, but Mrs. Bowser realized that she would only make the matter worse by argument, and therefore held ber peace, or rather sought to change the conversation by telling him of a street car accident she had witnessed that But they live in the admiration

written is, I think, Coloridge's "Genevieve." When I was a young man I reed it with supreme delight and it has not yet lost its charm. My sympachy for love and lovers is still alive and glowing and my soul is thrilled with ecstasy when I read how he won his "bright and beauteous bride." That poem and Goldsmith's "Hermit" I committed to memory more than hisf a century ago and I dearly love to recall them.

the vanity of earthly things there is no poem equal to Gray's "Elegy." For home and beart Burns leads all

tenderness.
For exquisite pathos that appeals to rity and our pity there is noth-

our charity and our pity there is nothing in the English languages as affectlanguage as Hood's "Hong of the Shirt."

On this side of the water we have
some few poets whose works have stood
and will continue to stand the test of
time. Marco Bossaris is sublimity
itself. In thought and execution as a
single poem it stands along and unrivaled. I would rather have somposed rivaled. I would rather have composed it than to have been Weilington at

that has to strain for language or that has to leant the dictionary for unusual or uncommon words, such as aiden, gleaming, sheen, ste. Mor for peetry that has to strain for ritymes. It re-minds use of the freshmen's first efforts

"Daddy built a well sween." The rhyme should be as natural as sentiment,

handed down to us from famous English authors. With but a few exceptions there have been none written within the century. Did these old authors exhaust the field or has the spirit of exceed poetry departed? Who writes a hymn now? But even some of these old popular English hymns are quite family or unfortunate in expression. When I was a boy I seed to hear "Come, thou Fount of every blessing" sung very often in our church and I got the idea fanto my head that angels' tongues were made of fire, for the hymn says: "Sung by faming tongues above." I did not like that nor do I like it yet it. That kind of music is a little too hot for mortals to appreciate and adds nothing to the attractiveness of Heaven.

I recken I am hypercritical about such things, but I can't help it. When the similes in verse are unnatural they distress me. As each as I admire Loogfellow I have never been reconciled to the lines:

"As a funther towarded downward years me angle in him links."

"As a feather to walted downward From an eagle in his Blobs."

"As a further is walted downward from an eagle in his fish."
There is nothing like the falling of darkness in that to me. It is a strain of thought; might as well have said: "From a buzzard in bis flight," and that would have been berrid. The coming of darkness is a big thing and shrouds the earth from horizon to horizon, but the falling of a stray feather from a bird a is very little thing—too little for a comparison. But I reskon it is mean to find fault with a poet who wrote so many beautiful poems. I was only ruminating. Sometimes a change of expression brings us down suddenly from the sublime to the ridiculous. Webster's last words were whispered: "I still live," but a young man I knew undertook to repeat them and said: "Boys, I'm not dead yet," and all the solemnity disappeared.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mrs. Bowser, But Gets the

M. Quad in St. Louis Republic.

Nothing in particular ailed Mr. Bowser the other evening when he started home from the office, but if the average husband doesn't make a kick ever so often he is not on good terms with himself. The time had come for Mr. Bowser to kick—and he lost no time after getting into the hall. Mrs. Bowser was there to welcome him, but he hung up his hat and turned on her with:

be hang up his hat and turned on her with:

"Woman, why don't you gather up all the sheets and blankets and easts and hate in the house and hang them on this hall tree and make a regular Maypole of it?"

There was only one extra hat on the tree and that belonged to Mr. Bowser, and he had hung it there, but Mrs. Hower was too points to dispute him. She led the way to the dining-mom, and he scuffed along after her, every foot-step showing that he was out of nortes and meant to raise a row. Before aitting down to the table he looked around, and his sys happened to notice a crack in the glass over one of the pictures, and he exclaimed:

"Been at work with the ax again, have you? Why didn't you smest the whole of 'ean while you were about it?"

Mr. Bower had exclaimed:

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"Been at work with the ax again, have you? Why didn't you smest the whole of 'ean while you were about it?"

Mr. Bower had exclaimed:

"Her fall into this chair at the head of the table with a growl, and as Mrs. Rowser had planned ap extra good dinner she hoped the worst had passed. It had not even begun, however.

"What have you got here—an old boot?" he demanded, as he started to carve the chicken and stopped with kuito and fork held aloft.

"It's a young and tender chicken—one of the nicest I could buy," she

knife and fork held aleft.

"It's a young and tender chicken—one of the nicest I could buy," she humbly replied.

"Chicken, eh? Well, I never should have believed it. And I supppose these are awest potatoes?"

"Fes."

"We will call them so, but I took them for knots from, the woodpile. Did our bakery burn down during the day?"

"No, dear."

"I thought it might as I see you

street our accident she had witnessed that day.

"I see," he peplled, when she had finished, "The motorman had probably been esting one of your salads, and that's the reason he bumped into the wagon! The wonder is that he did not run over half a dozen people."

Mrs. Bowser had intended to sak him to take her to the theater that evoning, but seeing how "off" he was she gave it up, and on returning to the sitting-room sat down to a book, while he picked up his newspaper, Mr. Bowser didn't mean to give it up that way, however, and, after glancing over the paper, he suddenly demanded:

"Mrs. Bowser, is this a house or a wigwam?"

"Why what do you mean?"

"Mrs. Bowser, is this a house or a wigwarm?"
"Why, what do you mean?"
"Just what I said. If it's a house, then we need a housekneper. If it's a wargyam, or a hole in the ground, or an Equipmen hit, then you are rinning it being up. Less night, Mrs. Rowser, lest night, when I went to put on my night shirt it was not to be found. I presame it had gone down to the cook to be used as a mop, or, perhaps, you had flung it out of the window far the children to play horns with. An Esquirman or a Digger Indian might put up with such things, but I can's get used to 'em. Can you spare the time to tell me where that night shirt went to ?"

"It was looking in the directory to day to see if there was such a place in town as a sock asylum—a sort of house town as a sock asylum—a sort of house there was not a place in the war and guite with hit is well in the ground; the will have mean on gust their socks of there was a sock asylum—a sort of house town as a sock asylum—a sort of house there was not a place in town as a sock asylum—a sort of house town as a sock asylum—a sort of house there was a sock asylum—a sort of house town as a sock asylum—a sort of house there was a sock asylum—a sort of house there as a sock asylum—a sort of house there was a sock asylum—a sort of house there as a sock asylum—a sort of house there as a sock asylum—a sort of house there as a sock asylum—a sort of house town as a sock asylum—a sort of house there as a so

Big Bargains In Bill Heads.

Here are some odd lots of Statements and Bill Heads to be turned into cash during the month of March. There is a bargain in every lot named, but cash must accompany order. We will not set a type or turn a wheel on any job mentioned below until the money is in our hand.

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One Lot 500 for \$1.30. One Lot 500 for \$1.15. Neatly printed at above prices, but cash must come with copy. NUMBER 4-Size, 8 1-2 Inches Wide by 7 Inches Long. ONE LOT OF 6,000-

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Statements.

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These bargains are going to go. Get them while you mayand get them before April 1. We don't expect a one of them to be left at that date.

GAZETTE JOB OFFICE, Castonia, N. C.

he was in a hurry to get to bed and forget to change, but he must hold someone to blame, and why not her?

"And as I looked out of the back window this morning." he went on, after a bit, "I mw at least a dozen clothespine scattered about the yard. The cook dozen't care, of course, how she reduces us to poverty, as she can find another pince; but if you had any care for our financial future you would have an eye out for such things. I do not wish to find fault, but when I see such evidences of utter recklessmess I can't help but speak about thom."

They were picked up before noon," quietly replied Mrs. Bowser, "and are now in the basket. I bought 100 of a pedier for 10 cents, and the girl is not as except of them as she might be. However, not one of them has been lost up to date."

Mr. Bowser didn't know whether he had the best or the worst of that argument, but as his object was to pass a very pleasant evening, he seached about for comething to find fault with,

"Was \$2 less, Mr. Bowser. There it is, and you can see fogspouself."
She had him on that, and he realised that he was getting the weest of it. He therefore rose up and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I did intend to spend a pleasant evening at home, but being as you seem bound and determined to spell it I will go out and pass three or four hours at the club. Just go to bed whenever you wish and don't mind ma. When a husband has no home, you know—when his wife isn't willing to make things pleasant for him — when —

when..."

And he put ou his overcoat and bat and went out and walked up and down and stivered, and then leafed for helf at hour in a drug store, and then talked polities with the butcher until his tous were from bitten, and as he shally started for home he congratulated himself that he had taught life. Bowser a lesson she would not soon forget and upbeld his authority as lord and master.

House Jayrnal,

It is said that the good mothers and fethers of Hampson county, at the time of the year when the famous blue huskieberries begin to get ripe, turn their children out to get their living off the abundant crop of that fruit, somewhat in the manner that cows are turned out to grass. But before doing this the bells are put around the necks of the youngaters, so that in case they stray too far they may be easily found. The marks which are made by the bell-cords around the tender necks of the little lambs are said to ever remain there. Now what we want to know is, was lir. Butter allowed to attend Mrs. Butter's recent "elegant function" in the city of Washington, and, if so, did he go with only the adquision bout his neck which was proceived there while hunting flampees bines in the days-of his youth, or did he resert to the more pistoscatic high collar pre-ceribed by dudology?

"I unde

Logislative Proceedings.

the farmers. Senator Moye was right when he said the company had no right to be allowed to do business in the State without paying a State tax. The bill passed second reading, ayes M.

"clincher" on the tabling of the zen-lution to create the P. D. B. Azringto committee. The motion prevelled and the motter comes up no more than to make the comes up no more than

pressed he shows financies.
The following tills were disposed of 120 asseed the charter of the city of the very disposed the charter of the city of the public reads in Westlager on county. To improve the roads in County and the charter of Colesbano. This till is to cause in the county of the city consecution. This is the county of the city consecution. This is to cause in the county of the city consecution. This is the county of the city consecution of the the county of the city consecution. This is the county of the city county of the first the beart of the county of the city county of the first the city county of the first the city of the city county of the first the city of the city of

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