

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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W. F. MARRIAGE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

### LETTER XX.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—There wasn't no grate rush of passengers like there always is on the North River boats, and nobody didn't get nooked overboard in the confusion and hurryment of getting aboard of the Chief Justice Robinson. At the ring of the bell we was all on board, and a comfortable boat or a more obliging captain ain't about on river, lake or ocean out there.

There ain't nothin' very wonderful to be seen when you see the Niagara to Lake Ontario, except it is the Old Fort Niagara, what's been tuck and rotuck, and capitulated and surrendered so often, among the French, the English, the British, and the Americans, that it ain't very easy to make out who is the best side to it now. It's a lovely thing in the day, that old place has, but it's monstrous lonesome now, and they say it's been hunted ever since they put Billy Morgan in it for blowing the Masons. I ain't got much belief in ghost stories, but they say it's a positive fact that the pore old feller is in real ever dark night, dodgin' about the dark corners, with a mallet in his hand and a Free Mason's apron on, lookin' like he wanted to tell somebody something; but everybody's so afraid of him that he can't get no chance to tell his secret. One thing is very certain 'bout Billy Morgan, if he couldn't keep the Mason's secret, he keeps his own monstrous well.

It was a bright sunny day, and the water of the lake as if it wanted to show us how well it could beget itself after its frolics among the rocks of the Niagara, was as still and quiet as a mill-pond. Our splendid steamer with its British flag flying—just as natural as if it was the carrier of a sovereign people and had a right to wave "over the land of the free and the home of the brave"—went sparkling along, on its way across the lake to Toronto, while the passengers amused themselves according to their fancies. Some old codgers took a set-toon "ant' 'olitic" sum of the gentleman red books and newspapers; some smoked their cigars, and some promenaded with the ladies, while the little ones went to play on the deck, kept by the mothers in a peck of troubles for fear they might jump overboard, or brake their necks climbing on the awning-posts.

We wasn't long going to Toronto, and we only stopped long enough to get into another boat, and in a few minutes we was under way again in the steamer "Sovereign" of the "Royal Mail Line," as they called it, on our way down the lake to Kingston.

The names of things began to sound monstrous queer to our republican ears, and the red and gold crowns what was painted on the cabin doors, and was shaken about in different places on the deck, made the eagle ought to be looked odd enuff; but I didn't find that they made the boys go any faster, or that my clothes got any lighter for me, because I was on a British Sovereign of the royal line going to Kingston.

One don't see very much to interest him on the lake, as what little to be seen on the shore is so far off that we don't get much good of it. Hooper and I passed the time very agreeable though, smoking our cigars and talking over what we had seen—now and then pickin' up a little fun among the passengers. After tea, and when the moon was up, we was a good deal interested in a courtship what was going on, between a young couple from New York. It seemed that two very rich families was tryin' very hard to make a match between a Miss Nancy sort of a son on one side, and a Liddy-Languish sort of a daughter on the other; but neither of the young ones seemin' to have sense enuff to know how to go about it. The old people gin 'em all the change they could, and helped 'em along now and then, but the young feller seemed to think more of his sorrow-colored whiskers, what grow'd all over his unbusiness face, than anything else; and the girl, though she didn't seem to have no grate objections to the arrangement, wasn't willin', or didn't know how to do all the courtin'. The old people managed to keep 'em together pretty well all day, only when the young spark went down now and then to get a jawlin'; and in the evening the feller's daddy made him go and sing to her; but she singin' I never heard before—half a ower of it was enuff to kill any young woman in the world. What effect it did have I can't say, but he kept it up 'bout six owers, 'bout stoppin' to give the pore girl time to draw a long breath between his luminous songs. Once or twice the ladies blow'd off the steam, when she couldn't bear his croakin', and it must really been a great relief to her. At one o'clock we went to bed and left him singin' the "Mint gin at Sea," to one of the awflnest sam tunes I ever heard.

At 6 o'clock the next mornin' we waked up at Kingston, and as we had but a few minutes to stop before we tuck another boat to go down the Saint Lawrence, we hurried up into the town to see it. We had not most up to the great stone Market House, what's big enuff for five or six thousand, when the Stuard cum rannin' tower us to ask us if we hadn't left a watch on the boat. There enuff it was Hooper's gold watch the man had in his hand. When Hooper offered him a dollar for bringin' it to him, he wouldn't take a cent, and away he went.

"Very well," sez Hooper, "that watch is worth just one hundred and fifty dollars more than it had been left on a New York boat."

After takin' a look at the market-house, which is more like a castle than a place to sell meat and vegetables, and which I expect was intended as much for one as the other, we started for the garrison to see the mornin' pa-

rade of the water. When we got to the gates the 1st Regiment of Highland Light Infantry was drillin' in the square; but as we went to walk in to see 'em, a ugly-lookin' customer, what was standin' on guard at the gate, brung his bayonet down within 'bout three inches of my nose.

"Take care," sez I, "mist'el! What the funder is you about?"

"In sort o' grinnin', and didn't say nothin'.

Then Hooper waked upon t'other side, and he poked his bayonetrite at him.

"Ain't that no admission?" sez Hooper.

The feller shook his head.

"He must be durn," sez Hooper.

"Or maybe he thinks Highland and can't understand American," sez Hooper.

Just then a chap with a red cap and some extra buttons on his coat came to the gate and told us that nobody wasn't allowed to com in there, and that we wasn't talk to the sentinels on the post; and the feller with the bayonetrite began to walk up and down again as stiff as a handspike, and lookin' savage as a great sea. By this time the boys from the lot came up and "ere they march'd that wasn't no admission they march'd rite through the gate, and the gentleman all feller'd 'em. The feller with the bayonetrite monstrous sleepin', but even he couldn't charge bayonet on a platoon of beautiful American gals, and was compelled to surrender to charms such as he wasn't used to see in his own country.

In a few minutes after we went in the biggest way formed in Bug—the boat stuck up, and away they march'd over a bridge to the barracks on the other side of the river. I couldn't help but think as I heard the cry of their bag pipes, and watched the ad cum tumens and mechanical movement of their pore sinners, what a sorry life there must be—away so far from their homes and relations—givin' their lives to support a power that only tramples on the rights of the poor and the weak, and in situations that makes slaves of white race, trains 'em to be contented in their servile conditions, and teaches 'em to glory in the shallow glitter of a crown that is upheld by their own sweat and blood.

I would liked monstrous well to tuck a better look at Kingston, but we had no time to spare. After takin' a short walk through one or two of the best streets we was aboard the steamer, with a bandy and at seven o'clock we was on our way down the Saint Lawrence.

After passin' Fort Henry, what looks a good deal like Governor's Island at New York, we was soon among the Thousand Islands, where the waters of the Saint Lawrence seems to get lost, and runs in every direction 'bout havin' in any shores at all. Some of these islands is monstrous pretty—the fact is there's a general assortment of 'em, of all shapes and sizes, and a man would have to be terrible hard to please if he couldn't find some among 'em to suit his fancy. The water been scattered all about so, hain't got much current, and runs still and deep, so the boat could pass close to their sides. One mornin' we would sail by one big enuff for a plantation, and then again we would be twistin' about among some that wasn't bigger than no mornin' later hills. Who ever counted 'em must had a good deal of patience, but I reckon he wasn't far out of the way. If there's one there's at least a thousand of 'em, I do believe.

You remember it was among these islands what Commodore Bill Johnson set up for himself durin' the Canada rebellion. Bill was a monstrous all customer in his way, and gin the British a heap of trouble, robbin' their herds and pig sties, and skearin' the women and children out of their senses with his proclamations. They gin him sum terrible hard cases, but they thought as well looked for a needle in a haystack, as to try to find him in such a place, and so Bill weathered 'em out, and never was catched. The Captain of the boat pintoed out the place what he burnt the steamboat Robert Peel, and robbed all the passengers; but he used to date his Proclamations, what was like Billy Morgan—nobody could tell what had com of it.

After gettin' out of the thicket of the islands, we cum to Brockville, where the boat stopped for a few minutes, and then we passed Prescott's Landing, and the Captain pintoed out sum old stone ruins what he sez was the place where the British sogers fit the windmill, and tuck the patriots prisoners what they bring at Fort Henry. None of these towns ain't no great shakes, and all of 'em makes monstrous bad contrast to the smart business lookin' towns on the American side, showin' plain enuff that our institutions is best calculated to promote the prosperity of the people.

It was a very beautiful day, and the scenery as we passed from island to island, and lake to lake, was very beautiful. Sometimes we could almost reach the shores of the colder river from the deck of the boat, then again we was in the middle of Lake Huron, or some other lake what we couldn't hardly see the shores. Most of the passengers was delighted with the interesting objects that presented themselves in rapid succession. Just before we got into the Rapids I happened to notice that New York chap what was courtin' the young lady—the river didn't have no objections for him—and that he got on the bench by the side of the pore girl, readin' his paper to her, and settin' it as he went along, as if it was a watch with her mouth wide open, and her green veil over her face to keep the flies off. Pore creature, he had sung her almost to death the night before, and now he was recitin' what little she had left out of her. The bominable

fuel didn't know she was sleepin' till she began to choke pretty considerable loud, and then he got up and shut up his book, and went and tuck something to drink. Thinks I, if that's the way people courts in these parts, they'd stand a monstrous pore chance of gettin' a wife among the Georgia galls.

Bunker was cum to the Long Saw Rapids, where they had a dam, and from many 'bout it don't take very much steam to go down 'em. It made the horse stand on my hind legs, whirin' round for feed as we did down that rain current, what the water runs so swift that it makes one's head swim to look at it, and the boat just takes her head and goes whir and how she pleases in spite of all the paddle wheels and rudders can do. Sumtimes, when we cum to a short turn, we would cum in a one of rannin' rite along on the rock shore, and the boat would slow over to one side like it was gwine to spill us all out, and the next thing we would know while we was all holdin' our breath to keep from gettin' drown'd, would find ourselves gwine like a streak of lightning, startin' fast, down the next stretch. It was monstrous fine ridin', and the little boys and girls dar'd and clapp'd their hands with joy, but the grown people was monstrous long faced sumtimes, and opened their eyes tight; while the Captain and the man at the wheel lead their hands full to keep the boat off the rocks. The Captain said it wouldn't be no bad if the wind hadn't blow'd so hard down the river.

After gettin' through the Rapids, we had a little slower and safer travellin' through Lake Saint Francis to Corbett's Lock, where we arriv'd a little after dark. Here we was to take stages, sixteen miles, to the Cascades. But they wasn't sea stages as we have in Georgia, not by a long shot. They was something between a New York Omnibus and a New York Ark, and would carry 'bout as many passengers as either of 'em. Before the boat got to the landin' the tell ring for the number of coaches I would take to carry us, and by the time we got on shore that they all was ready to start. I don't know how many of us, men, women, and children, they stow'd inside and on top of each one of 'em but six coaches carried 'bout a hundred of us, big and baggage, without the least difficulty.

Hooper, and me, and five or six more, we could smoke our cigars. Pop went the whips, and in the next moment we was rollin' along over a plank road, at the rate of six miles a ower, as smooth as if we was in a roller coaster, and a monstrous sight comfortin' to me. It was the delectablest travellin' I ever had in my life. The plank road was as level and clean as a barn floor, and the little Canadian horses trotted off with us, without ever stoppin' or breathin' their heads or tails out of the snug position, durin' the whole drive, only when we stopped twice to water. The scenery was beautiful. On our right was the broad Saint Lawrence, shinin' like a sheet of silver in the moonlight, while every now and then we could look down into the woods of the little vine covered hills what was dotted all along the narrow little headin' back to the woods and hills on the left, or the river on the right. Now and then we would cum to a house bigger than the rest what had shade-trees and a big wooden cross out before the door, what the priests live in. But everybody was gwine to bed, and the little cottages themselves seemed to be sleepin' in the calm moonlight.

Three owers what didn't seem longer than one ower in a Georgia stage, what the horses is madin' needin' in the sand and one don't hear the wheels mornin' once or twice in a mile, when they happen to run over a pine root—bringin' us to the Cascades. After shakin' out the passengers and baggage, and gettin' all the children and sand-boxes gathered up, they tuck up down a steep hill to the steamboat, where we were to be.

On the mornin', when we waked up, we found ourselves on the beautiful Lake Saint Louis, on our way to La Cite. We got up in time to see sum beautiful islands—among 'em Nun's Island what stands high out of the water, and is covered with houses and little plantations. On the highest part of Nun's Island is a monstrous big cross, what we could see a long way off, remindin' us that we was in a Catholic country. By seven o'clock we was at La Cite, where we tuck some more stages over a good road, only eight miles to Montreal.

This is another beautiful country. The road runs all the way through one continual string of cottages, what stands close by the road, with little plantations 'bout as big as a good sized Georgia turnip patch, runnin' down to the river on one side, and back to three Mountains of Montreal on the other. It was early in the mornin', and the people was just gwine to work, and it was odd enuff to see the men with their blue frocks, and their red cum stickin' on one side of their heads, gettin' up their teams, and the pretty little barefooted French galls with their short petticoats, gwine to milk the cows. From the top of the stage we could look rite down into the chamber windows, and every now and then I could see a pair of bright eyes peepin' out through the mornin'-glory and trumpet flowers at us. The whole of the mornin' was a instance of beauty and glad as I was to see Montreal, would like it very well if the road had been a little longer.

But the wheels of our coach was soon rollin' over the wooden pavements of the city, and in a few minutes more we found ourselves all safe and sound at the Exchange Hotel, with good appetites for our breakfasts. So no more from your friend Bill D.

JOE JONES.  
(To be continued next week.)

A correspondent asks the Raleigh News and Observer, "What counties will be represented in the Legislature by negroes?" They are Vance, Warren, Northampton and Craven. There is one negro Senator, T. O. Fuller, who will serve in the Senate. His representative Vance and Warren.

### REMEDY FOR WENT COTTON.

Convert all Raw Cotton Products into Finished Products Right in the Cotton Field.

Under the above heading the New York Sea prints a very instructive letter from Edgely, N. C., giving an account of the method of handling the cotton crop at that place, so as to get out of it its full capabilities and value.

The writer says:

Seven years ago the Edgely Manufacturing Company established in a modest way a public gin, a fertilizer and an oil mill, all in one building. In this way it utilized the seed, which constitutes to weight nearly two thirds of the crop. Recently it has put up another alongside the original factory, and in this new building it has placed gins and looms. Thus among the cotton fields in one establishment there are four primary processes—a gin, an oil mill, a fertilizer plant and a cotton mill. The oil is not turned into lard on the spot, or into butter, nor do the gins turn out fine yarns, but the Edgely plant was a beginning of an industrial revolution.

The unique feature of the Edgely plant consists in the fact that seed cotton instead of lint cotton, is considered in its raw material. Lint cotton is really a manufactured article. The raw material has been through a mill—a gin, and is pressed and baled.

Edgely deals with the product of the fertile fields all about it taking the raw material directly from the farmers' built-up wagons. The seed cotton is purchased directly from the farmers as they bring it in. It comes directly from the fields. It may have been in the bolls a few hours before. It is automatically unloaded, going directly to the gins. The seeds are automatically carried either to the large storage house or to the oil mill. If to the latter they are at once separated from all dirt and other foreign matter, and are cleaned in order to secure the sheet left by the first ginning. The seeds are then passed along to the machine for removing the hull. These hulls are either stored in bulk to be sold as fuel for cattle or baled for shipment or mixed elsewhere in the mill with cotton seed meal, thus forming admirable cattle feed. The hulls have been recently used for the purpose of crushing the oil cells, and then the mass is placed in the heaters, where it is stirred and cooked by steam. The cooked material is then formed into cakes, and the oil is forced from them by powerful hydraulic presses.

The cake that is left after the extraction of the oil is then ground, becoming an article of commerce known as the cotton meal, and is used as a fertilizer for the feeding of cotton, or for fertilizing purposes. It is excellent just as it comes from the grinder for either purpose; but the Edgely plant, in following out its general design of converting all products into their ultimate form of usefulness, prefers either to mix the meal with the hulls thus forming an excellent article for feeding purposes, or else to carry the meal to the fertilizer mill where it is manipulated into various brands of fertilizers suitable to various soils or crops.

Having followed the seed to its ultimate form, it is time to return to the lint as it came from the gins. Usually at this point it is placed into bales to be hauled over poor roads and shipped and reshipped and recompressed and rubbed and covered with dirt and filled with rains and torn and damaged before its arrival at the cotton mill, which may be in Japan or in the heart of Russia. Wherever it is the fibre is crushed and matted to such an extent that several processes of beating and loosening become necessary before it is ready for the spindles. In the Edgely plant all the processes between ginning and cloth making are eliminated, the loose lint being in condition to go automatically to the lappers in the cotton mill. Not only are the middle pieces in the lint and the cotton eliminated, but the middle machines. The cotton mill of the Edgely plant contains 2000 spindles and 150 looms, with room for twice these numbers.

The entire plant is now in full operation its chief feature is to produce goods that can be marketed at home. It bolls and meal, mixed or single, its fertilizers and its Palmetto sheeting, stamped with the tree that is the emblem of the State are all sold at home. If its oil goes further into refined and other products on the spot, instead of at Chicago, every part of the crop grown at home would be consumed at home. The managers of the mill will doubtless reach this state at no distant date.

The seed cotton carried to the Edgely mill is no longer five-cent cotton. The bale of cotton is worth at Edgely 44 cents a pound, or about \$23.50. The seed, 1000 pounds, is worth \$6 a ton, or \$3, making \$23.50 the utmost price the cotton is worth to the community when marketed in the customary manner. At Edgely the 1500 pounds of seed cotton become: 3200 yards of sheeting at 24cts. = \$76.80 20 pounds crude oil at 14 cents = 2.80 800 pounds of feed or fertilizer = 5.60

TOTAL.....\$79.80

This is equivalent to 10-cent cotton in our respect, but to the community it is much better than 10-cent cotton, because it involves more labor, more skill and more diversity of production.

The Edgely mill marks a point in the evolution of cotton handling. It is a stage toward ultimate products. When a Southern mill turns the lint into thread or clothing needed in the South and the seed into food for people and fertilizer for Southern soil, and the balance of the plant into paper for Southern consumption, then the Edgely evolution will have run its course.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by J. K. Curry & Co.

## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

Until Thursday December 29, 1898,  
Five Dollars will pay  
Five Subscriptions  
To THE GAZETTE,  
Provided four of them are  
new subscriptions.

During this year THE GAZETTE has reached the greatest circulation it has enjoyed in seven years. But we want more subscribers. We want to add during the month of December 500 new subscribers to our list.

We want to print more papers, reach more people. The extraordinary offer made above is intended to enlist the active help of our present subscribers in adding these 500 new members this month to our growing family of readers.

Just think of it: Until the 29th of this month, \$5 will pay five subscriptions when as many as four are new ones.

Speak to your neighbors. Bring in four new subscribers and four dollars; then renew your own subscription for 1899 with the fifth dollar. But you must do this now—before December 29.

Don't stop. Read on. Get not only four new subscribers but four times four and more, and win one of the prizes mentioned on the inside pages.

No six months subscriptions taken under this proposition.

Who will be the first to respond?

### PROPERTY TAX VALUATION.

Report of the Board of Equalization.

RALEIGH, Nov. 30.—The state board of tax equalization to-day completed its report. This shows that there are 27,013,826 acres of land, average value 33.97 per acre; town lots 74,410, average value \$211 each; horses 173,105, average value \$55.45; mules 128,049, average value \$39.35; cattle 688,615, average value \$7.36; hogs 1,312,989, average value \$1.31; sheep 116,171, average value 90 cents. There is a falling off of 93,000 hogs and 18,000 sheep, as compared with last year. The total value of taxable property is \$232,247,690, which is an increase of \$2,183,903 over last year. Taxes income reported aggregate \$16,850, and salaries and fees in excess of \$1,000 are reported at \$747,489. Bicycles listed for taxation number 9,002.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will enter a lane back in a few hours. Sold by J. K. Curry and Company.

5. The Wilkesboro Chronicle says that Isaac McLean has a pumpkin vine that has on it 27 pumpkins and their weight will range from 30 to 50 pounds each.

### UPON AN OPEN SEA.

By the Time Present Problems are Solved None of us Will be Alive to see the Result.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The question is no longer whether we shall take the Philippines. It may be safely assumed that either at the coming or during the next following session of the Senate the treaty of peace with Spain will be ratified, and our possession of the islands thereafter will be as absolute as could be made possible by the abandonment of Spanish sovereignty or our demand.

The questions next to be considered will be whether we shall keep the Philippines; and, if we shall decide to keep them, what shall we do with them. It is evident at the outset that they cannot be treated as parts of the territory of the United States, entitled to the privileges and bound by the laws enacted for the government of the people of the United States under the Federal Constitution. They must be governed as colonial dependencies. By the time we shall have solved the problems arising from such new conditions, and shall have paid the money cost of our experience, no man who is now called upon to decide what shall be done will be alive to see the result accomplished. We are adventuring, as Columbus did, upon an open sea, trusting to chance for the outcome.