



# Press and Carolinian.



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## NOTICES.

H. A. MURRILL, EDITOR.

Patronize your home printing office.

Services by Dr. Ingold next Sunday.

Advertise and encourage your home paper.

Al. G. Field & Co's minstrels will be here on the 31st inst.

It is estimated that 700 people were in the opera house Tuesday night.

Hickory needs a club room—one run in proper manner—very much.

Bell Boy, the \$51,000 horse, was burned on the 11th inst., at Versailles, Ky.

If you know a news item take enough interest in your paper to hand it in.

Encourage enterprise by showing your approval in the shape of patronage.

Nothing less than the Hickory Inn could have accommodated the crowd last Tuesday.

The Detroit Free Press Souvenir for 1890 is the handsomest publication we have seen.

Mr. Thos. Witherspoon, on last Tuesday, killed a hog nineteen months old, which weighed 535 lbs. net.

If you want to write a letter we will furnish you with material. Call on us in Elliott's Opera building.

We are going to keep all the principal daily papers on file and our office is a FREE READING ROOM to those who wish to see the papers or magazines.

Al. G. Field & Co's Minstrels, with entire new company and a complete change of programme, not an act, feature or song but what is new, will be here soon.

The Wilmington Morning Star has put on an entirely new dress, and we must say it is decidedly the best and neatest looking daily in the State. Success to it.

Mr. Wilson, of the Wilson Lumber Co., of Lenoir, was in the city last Monday. Mr. Wilson is from Pennsylvania and his company is doing a big business.

A gentleman from our neighboring town, Lenoir, in voicing the sentiments of the crowd that came down to the opening of Elliott's Opera House, said: "To-night Hickory has covered herself with glory."

The Ladies Guild of the Episcopal Church will meet at Claremont College on Friday evening of this week at 8 o'clock. A Social time will be enjoyed. Music, singing, reading and recitations will be the order of the evening. Admission free. Everybody invited.

In our trade issue the names of C. Götner and J. F. Abernethy were left out of the band article. It was not our mistake but the mistake of a friend who, being a member of long standing of the band, kindly consented, at our request, to write up a sketch of the H. M. O. B.

Major Billy Kibble, who has charge of the military drills and does the fighting drilling in the Military Encampment first put with Al. G. Field & Co's Minstrels, is an exemplary young man, who was appointed as a cadet to West Point, where he attained his wonderful proficiency in handling guns, swords, etc.

## COL. HARPER'S FUNERAL.

BURIED AT 2 P. M., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th.

A Good Man Gone to His Final Rest.

The day was perfect—the smile of God upon the ending of a beautiful life.

There had been no public announcement of the time, but a friend from Lenoir and those who had watched with the body knew that Col. Jas. C. Harper would be buried at 2 p. m., Friday, January 10.

By noon the neighbors began to gather, and long before two o'clock the road in front of the historic old homestead, and part of the adjoining orchard, was crowded with vehicles, the grounds at the dwelling and the church were filled with men and women, while at the ford in the Yadkin, between the home and the chapel, a hundred Sunday school children waited for their dead superintendent.

Punctually at the hour six of his old friends bore from the porch to the hearse the plain walnut coffin, made from lumber laid by a score of years ago, containing Col. Harper's body.

As he was carried for the last time across the shining waters of the river by whose banks he had lived so long the children filed in behind the tin-foils, and it was not until the head of the cortege was half-way from the ford to the church, that its rear was leaving the residence.

It was but a quiet country neighborhood, with no village nearer than seven miles, yet a thousand people came to the funeral. No such gathering at such an occasion was ever seen before in Caldwell county—it is probable no such will ever be seen again. There was but a single empty seat in the church—the one he used to occupy—which, draped in black and white, marked the absence of him who for fifteen years had never failed to sit therein, when the building he erected was open for worship.

The hundreds who could not enter stood silent by door and window, and the ancient ritual began, first the lessons, and an earnest prayer, straight from the elder's heart to the hearts of his hearers, next the Colonel's favorite hymn was read, a few notes followed from an organ touched by loving and sympathetic hands, and then the listening house was filled with the pure sweet voices of the women, as they sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then a hush, and as the minister arose one could read in his eyes that they saw tears on nearly every face before and around him. In a few modest words he told the age and birth-place of the old friend who lay before him, mentioned a few of the more important, and hinted at the great number of the lesser duties to the performance of which he had been called, spoke of his wisdom, liberality and faith, and sat down, with an invitation to those who wished to look at the face of the dead to do so, passing by the altar as they left the church.

The funeral was over, there was nothing left to do but to carry the body to the grave and there leave it with a blessing. Up to this time all had been regular, methodical and ordinary—except for the vastness of the assembly there was nothing to distinguish this from any other ceremonial of like nature, but now, in an instant, occurred one of those things which mock foresight and baffle plans. Great Nature claimed her way; the pent up grief of the

whole audience broke out in a storm of sobs within and without the sacred building; first to the uncovered coffin came the children, each with a sprig of evergreen; they pressed on each others footsteps, they flocked about the altar rail three and four deep, and as they reluctantly gave place to the dense mass behind each little face was convulsed with agony, and many a one tried to turn back for one last look at the dear friend who would never smile on them again. Then came young men and maidens, fathers and mothers, the feeble and lame, and those who stooped for age; of all the multitude none passed without lament—often some toil-worn hand brushed tears from faces long unmet with such holy dew, and as the long, sobbing procession went by, the dead man's monument was built.

He had been a great planter, had ordered and governed great enterprises, managed important trusts, employed many laborers and handled great sums of money, but it was neither possessions nor station which drew out this tribute. Other men, richer, more eminent, have died—and no tear has fallen for them. It was that in every one of the varied relations of his long and busy life he had been kind, gentle and honest—hardly a human being went past his coffin to whom he had not done some kindness, and whose life he had not brightened, and no pile of builded stone, however broad-based and tall, could equal the tribute which old and young, white and black, crowded to pour out for him in grief and tears. His great, sweet, forgiving heart had beat in touch with theirs, and they said so, mourning with passionate love and regret.

After the grave was filled and kind hands had softly rounded the earth above it, the children came again with their sprays of green, and literally covered the mound with living verdure, then with many a lingering glance backward the great concourse slowly melted away and left the good man to his rest.

And then it first became known to us who remained what manner of thing this was which we had done. It was not dead, this that we bewailed—we were rather those who had bidden goodbye with tears to some living friend who had left us to journey to a far country.

C. A. C.

## What Joe Wanted to Say.

Mr. Elliott, had there been sufficient time, desired to thank, in the following words, Mr. Hall and the citizens of Hickory for their kindness to himself and his partner last Tuesday night.

"Words fail to express my appreciation of the expression of good will and interest displayed in this presentation, I trust that my future acts will demonstrate to the business men of our city that their confidence has given me an unpurchasable interest in the welfare of Hickory—For my partner who is absent you are assured that he will ever retain the castor as a souvenir of the happiest occasion of his life. I assure you this is the happiest moment, (except *one*, Mrs. E. could tell) of my life. This case shall constantly remind me of the debt I owe the business men of Hickory."

J. D. ELLIOTT.

Probably no company ever entertained a more attentive and highly cultivated audience than greeted the Boston Quintette Club last Tuesday night in this city. Sixty-six came down from Morganton, a special car from Lenoir and quite a party from Newton. We hope all enjoyed the evening.

## OPENING OF ELLIOTT'S OPERA HOUSE

THE FESTIVE OCCASION ATTRACTS A LARGE CROWD TO OUR MOUNTAIN ENVIRONED CITY.

The Boston Quintette Club Makes a Great Hit.

One of the largest and most intelligent audiences ever assembled in Hickory congregated at the Elliott Opera House on Tuesday evening to witness the opening of that temple of amusement.

In a short while after doors were opened almost every seat was taken—parties coming from a considerable distance to enjoy the occasion. Every one was highly pleased—even surprised—at the gorgeous appearance of the interior of the house. Although yet incomplete, it presented a most dazzling and enchanted aspect as the electric light played upon its walls; beauty had hung her garlands in every niche, grandeur traced every crook—an artist's vision—a poet's dream.

At the completion of the gathering Mayor J. G. Hall addressed the audience in a happy and humorous vein, and assuring Messrs. Elliott & Elliott of Hickory's pride and appreciation in the structure their hands had fashioned. The Messrs. Elliott were then invited forward and presented with a handsome gold-headed cane and a silver castor, as a token from the business men of Hickory of their esteem and friendship. Mr. Hall continuing his remarks for some minutes in the same humorous strain, going on to Jericho and closing amongst a copious sprinkling of facetious puns—whereupon his little ten-year old son rushed to his side, caught the dying words from his father's lips and formally declared the Elliott Opera House open for the introductory entertainment.

The tidings had gone abroad that the Boston Quintette Club would christen the house on this occasion, and our people expected a treat—they were not disappointed. It has never before been our city's fortune to be so superbly entertained. Each member of the Club is easily master of his art, while the whole combined makes a company that is never surpassed and seldom equaled in the world of music. It was indeed an evening of melody, shot to the core with rapture—the harmonious strains swelling the air to fullness, and in whose refrain music lovers could have basked their "shadowed souls serene" for many hours without tiring. As stated above, each member of the Club was a perfect master of his part, but if true talent were put upon the scales we are inclined to think the beam would point in favor of the charming vocalist, because her role embraced the most difficult part of the programme. Her voice is perfectly controlled, every note is distinct and altogether free from harshness. Nevertheless the Charlotte Chronicle man has seen fit to take off his spectacles and shake his head disapprovingly. This reminds us of the fable of the duck and the stork eating pickles out of a small mouthed bottle, and because his duckship was unable to get his big, flat bill in the bottle he reasoned that it was impossible for the bottle to contain pickles. Brother Haydn, trim down your bill, train your ear, that you may enter into the full appreciation of the pearls that have been scattered at your feet.

Another word in connection with the opening: We desire to further add that Mr. F. A. Grace is a facient to whom we are also deeply indebted. The Messrs. Elliott, of course, deserve much credit and

praise for the part they have played in our city's material improvement, and we do not desire to pluck a single laurel from their crown, but Mr. Grace is also a man towards whom our gratitude should be directed—his handwork has helped to make the opera house "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and the same may be said concerning a number of other structures in our city that stand as so many monuments, mocking the regal splendor of gold, and adding materially to the attractions that environ us. Mr. Grace is the artist from whose brain sprang, full-grown, in all its beauty, the plan of the opera house and its gorgeous decorations. But for him the house, had it been erected, would have stood devoid of that beauty and artistic splendor which the skillful handling of an artist's brush alone can give. From his brain and accurate eye came the symmetry and perfect measurements—which Miss Carpenter says are beyond all doubt the finest she has ever seen. The common sentiment of all is: Loud praise for Messrs. Grace and Elliott! and, as the Spaniards would say, "may their shadows never grow less!"

## PERSONALS.

Mrs. G. A. Cilley has returned to the city.

Rev. M. T. Little paid us a visit Tuesday.

Mr. Henry Chase left last night for Huntsville, Ala.

Miss Ida Ransaur, of Lincolnton, spent a day in the city this week.

Mr. S. W. Crowell, of Hickory, is now with the Alabama Nursery Co.

Mr. George Cline after a few days off returned to his run on the W. N. C. R. R. yesterday.

Mrs. J. M. Lawrence and Mrs. F. L. Cline and son are visiting in the Eastern part of the State.

Mr. Thos. Hill, who was at one time in the clothing business in our city, spent several days here this week.

Mrs. J. W. McMilian has returned to the city after a visit among relatives in the Western part of the State.

"Let 'em go!" It is reported that one of our principal merchants and society men bought a number of reserved seats for the opening to speculate on and that he did not realize his anticipated profit of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent.

Such a thing as this, while perfectly legitimate, is likely to hurt the opera house and consequently Hickory, and should be beneath the dignity of any of our citizens. We hope it won't occur again.

## Catawba Court.

Judge Phillips opened Catawba court Monday. It was his first sitting in our county and the first court held in the enlarged court room since its completion. The charge to the grand jury was clear, comprehensive and practical. The grand jury, with J. H. Bruns Esq. as foreman, was a fair representation of the best citizens of the county and good work in the interest of peace and order may be expected. There were 126 cases on the State docket, including 14 against Carr Setzer for selling whiskey who has gone to the new State of Washington.

The most important cases, against Abernethy and Long were settled and dismissed. The state docket was not disposed of at the time we go to press. About twenty-five lawyers and a few aged and privileged citizens filled our greatly enlarged bar space, showing that the Court House was not enlarged too soon or too much.