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CHROMATIC PRINTING
IN COLORS.

VOLUME 26.

HICKORY, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

NUMBER 43

A TRIP TO THE EXPOSITION

ATLANTA ON WHEELS—THE GREAT EXPOSITION IN FULL BLAST.

The Great Center of the Centrifugal and Centripetal Commercial Forces Now At Work.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION A SUCCESS!

A trip to Atlanta. It is worth more than the savings of six months to see the Atlanta Exposition. They call it the "Cotton States International Exposition." It is more than this name implies. It is a kind of United States and International Exposition. There are things there that were not at Chicago. We say this because some people have taken Chicago as a criterion, and it is correct.

My wife and myself left Hickory on the mail train of the Southern Railway on the evening of October 14th, for Atlanta to attend the Exposition. There was a wait at Salisbury for the regular train south, which was on time with 11 coaches. Mr. Geitner and Miss Mary and Mrs. Dr. Calaway Whitesides, of Newton, came down on the vestibule train, also bound for Atlanta. They got sleeping car berths, as Mr. Geitner had telegraphed for them early in the morning. I had also telegraphed to Lynchburg early in the morning for lower berths. But notwithstanding that a rickety old sleeper had been taken on at Greensboro as an adjunct we could not get our berth when the train arrived at Salisbury. As a consequence we had to occupy one seat together in the ladies' coach; from Charlotte down men were standing in the aisle beside us. Col. A. B. Andrews, 1st Vice President of the Southern Railway, accompanied by his wife, the daughter of our old friend, Col. Wm. B. Johnson, of Charlotte, were in his private car, but they stopped at Charlotte.

Atlanta was reached early the next morning. A few members of the N. C. Press Association were on the train. Upon arrival we ascertained that the majority of them had arrived the evening before and had gone to the Alhambra Hotel out on Peachtree street.

The Alhambra is a splendid new hotel not so very far out Peachtree street, not as far as we used to reside, and has 200 rooms, lighted by electricity and heated by steam; said to be the finest location in the city, and this is our judgment. The rates are, on the American plan \$2.50 and up; on the European plan \$1.00 and up. Messrs. Mallard, Stacy & Co., are the proprietors. Mr. Stacy is a New York gentleman who is very pleasant and agreeable. One of his several clerks is a North Carolina gentleman, Mr. J. A. Young, who married the daughter of Dr. Wm. C. Tate, at Morganton, Burke county. The other clerks are from Atlanta. We did not stop there, as we went to a private residence. They, however, convey passengers free in their Herdies from and to the train. At nine o'clock I went down town and out to the Alhambra Hotel. The N. C. Press Association members were in a stew about their tickets of admission to the Exposition, which they had not received. They were finally supplied with passes for the day and later, that night, with regular tickets, except as to myself. So I paid my way into the thing the next day. After a parley with a Mr. W. G. Cooper, (who is not an Atlanta man however) Chief of the Department of Admissions, who issued the passes to the press, late in the afternoon he fished in a pigeon hole at the instance of a young man who appeared suddenly, and found my ticket dated the day before. Mr. Cooper is a very bright gentleman. I was either entitled to the ticket or not. I had paid for it in advertising as agreed. But to the Exposition: There was Gilmore's old band led by Victor Herbert, which we listened to in the Auditorium too long. It prevented our seeing only a few things of the Exposition on the first day. The grounds are beautiful and well adapted for what they are being used. The rolling grounds are used effectively and very picturesquely. The different buildings are located over the 189 acres in a very artistic manner. There is a beautiful artificial lake on the grounds in the valley between two hills. The grounds are on the North East of the city directly beside the Southern Railway

and trains are run every 10 minutes from the Union Passenger Depot beside the Markham House out to the Exposition. Of course there are omnibuses and Herdies and hacks and carryalls and freaks to carry people out, as well as consolidated or some such kind of electric cars. A four-in-hand or a Tally-ho, with trumpet or Tandem can be had of the accommodating purveyors of such. The Tally-ho, with trumpet attachment in regal style as good as any at Tuxedo or Newport, or New York city can boast, will take you and your party from a five to a ten dollar clip.

Of the many things on exhibition I shall not speak in detail. The "Midway" is, "One Grand Sweet Song." It is, as it is said in the "Beggar Girl,"

"All tempting fine and gay."

A partial fac simile of the Plaisance at Chicago, but quite more attractive in very many features and particulars. The Seaboard Air-Line exhibits a fine new locomotive as well as does the Baldwin, also the Rogers Locomotive Works, and the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. This road has the old "General" on exhibit. It has been repaired and repainted since the World's Fair. This old relic of the war is becoming more and more interesting. The Southern Railway has a fine locomotive on exhibit. It is intended to pull about 11 coaches at about 50 miles an hour from Washington to Atlanta. The Southern Railway has a handsome house of nearly oval shape all to itself and the best part of the exhibit as well as that of the whole business is from North Carolina. It is in charge of Mr. G. F. Greene. Not the saddest scene, but the scene that was saddest, became dearest and in the dead past, was a hog that is on exhibit in this building. It is said to be a dead hog. But who has not eaten dead hog? This hog never died. The breath just went out. He was dead before he died. This slab-sided, bellyless, sandy-haired, all-nose-and-spinal-column, wicked-eyed razor back pouter is the last of his race. A legend on his forehead where the biscuit ought to be bears the information that he is a relic of Bill Nye, of Buck Shoals, North Carolina. This is pleasing. It was to me. I caught the idea at once. A cob with corn on it lay underneath the forefoot of the shaver which indicated it was not corn he is after. The over-reaching nose, more eager for ground chestnut, would not hesitate at tackling a last year's hickory nut or pirating for the area of a this year's potato patch. The hog is there. Go see for yourself. It is a genuine Zeb Vance, Bill Nye "razor-back," and has Bill Nye's name on a card attached to it, as stated, and the ear of corn under his forefoot. Yet, he never looks up to see where it came from. Neither does he look down. But his snout sticks out, Miss Geitner, of Hickory, and Mrs. Dr. Whiteside, of Newton, saw him and can tell all about him. The Forestry building shows North Carolina up very well in that line, as does the Mineral exhibit from this State show up in the Southern Railway building. The Plant System has a splendid exhibit all to itself, far up on the hill, which is presided over by our friend, Mr. Tatum, from Tampa, Fla. They also have a locomotive on exhibit, and so has the Florida and Peninsular. The big Corliss engine built by the Lane & Bodley Co., of Cincinnati, O., and which runs the machinery at the Exposition, has been sold to the Kesler Mfg. Co., at Salisbury, N. C. Crane Bros., of Westfield, Mass., large manufacturers of linen papers and Japanese linen paper, etc., have a large exhibit.

I cannot remember what all I did see. But the whole thing is there. I was there four days and did not see half of it. In the Georgia Mfg's building the Atlanta Cotton Mills of which my old friend Ex-Gov. Bullock is the president and principal owner, has an exhibit of its product which attracted attention, as well as that of the different mills of which our old friend, Maj. J. H. Hanson, of Macon, Ga., is the president and general manager. Maj. Hanson is one of the biggest and best cotton mill men in the South. Gov. Bullock has a make of sheeting branded "Jellico." "L. L." This is probably because I sold him for his mill his first Jellico coal which his superintendent used to say gave him the best results of any he ever

had. This reminds me that the Southern Jellico Coal Company, of which the five principal and main Jellico coal companies are the members, have a ceiling-reaching pyramid of coal on exhibit in one of the buildings and it shows for itself that it is the best in the business. A North Carolina boy, young Pace, of Raleigh, is the General Traveling Agent of the company. He is at home sick.

I met more old friends than an engine can pull down hill. Of course all the Exposition Directors and Managers, (except Cooper, I did not know him. Though I understand he is a grandson of a particular old friend, now dead, the great iron man of North Georgia, Col. Mark A. Cooper, who was a nobleman.) Capt. Thos. L. Lyon, the old veteran of Morgan, and of Democracy, of Cartersville, intimated that he was going to be the next Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia. Bennie Russell, of Bainbridge, said he was not afraid of '96, and if the people wanted him to go back to Congress again he would do it. He is a Cleveland goldbug. United States Senator A. O. Bacon, of Macon, grasped our hand on Marietta street and spoke glowingly of the future. He is straight out for silver. Maj. Seaton Grantland Bailey, of Griffin, Ex Senator, was charming in his cordial reception. So was Donnie Bain, Mr. Joseph Thompson, Charlie Beerman, of the Kimball and Markham houses, Fred Palmer, of Jacobs' Pharmacy, Mr. Paul Romare, Vice President and Manager of the Atlanta National Bank, his Cashier, Charlie Currier, Mr. Dave Dougherty, the big drygoods man, Jerry Lynch, our tailor, Joe Hirsch, the millionaire, Hon. Porter King, Mayor of Atlanta, Mr. Joel C. Harris, Mr. Wallace P. Reed, the Editors, the latter my old Editor; the Poet, Mr. Frank L. Stanton, Bob Hemphill, Cashier of the Constitution, Henry Richardson, Editor of the Journal, Mr. J. W. Rucker and Mr. W. L. Peel, of the Maddox-Rucker Banking Co., and cotton dealers, Mr. Walker P. Iman, capitalist, Col. T. B. Neal, partner of Eugene H. Thornton in the Banking business, Col. L. N. Trammell, chairman of the Railroad Commissioners; J. A. Cannon, of Greens, S. C., Bridges Smith, of Macon, Ga., our erstwhile partner, co-laborer, etc., a genius who spoiled a brilliant literary journalist to become a bloated county office holder, (his wedding present is on Mrs. Thornton's bureau) Chas. W. Hubner, the Poet, Col. John H. Seal, the founder of the Sunny South; Judge Henry Lumpkin, Ex-Judge Wm. R. Hammond.

Well, great scott! I can't remember them all. But here is a gentleman I met who I wish to speak of particularly, Mr. John Trammell, who was my schoolmate at the same time with Hon. Chas. A. Collier, the President of the Exposition and the celebrated Surgeon Dr. Robert Westmoreland, who induced Mrs. Thornton and myself to accompany him into the German Village. I was passing up Marietta street Wednesday morning in company with Maj. John Longstreet, a son of General Jas. Longstreet when we met Mr. Trammell. John always was a very brave courageous man. Yea, even a man who would tackle a circular saw and give it the first chance to hit and then whip it. He is a large chunky man, with a steel cold, small, piercing black eye; big round face and head as well as body and always persists in wearing a broad brimmed sombrero hat. He and Dr. Robert Westmoreland were the only boys with whom I had fights at that school which was select, only 20 pupils—taught by a Professor Ford from Cambridge. Dr. Westmoreland persists to this day that he whipped me. My brother and I doubled teamed on John Trammell. John has some men in the grave to his credit. How many I do not know. He ranches it in Texas and New Mexico and Mexico and speaks Espanola. He also has been keeping watering place hotels as well as others since the war. He never would let me pay a cent when I came around him. He is a bachelor. His sister is married to a man whom John tried to kill for wanting to marry her. She was a black eyed beauty. John looked at me and said: "Well Marcellus, I may never see you again. I am going to be an American Prince in Cuba or a dead man." Maj. Longstreet said, "Why, what's the matter John? Are you connected with the

gang going to Cuba?"

John replied, with a penetrating glance of determination from his bullet black eyes: "That's just what I am. And I've got the papers and the money in my pocket. I sail from New Orleans Friday morning. My command has already landed in Cuba with a cargo of ammunition and I've two more cargoes of arms and ammunition and dynamite, I've got enough dynamite to blow up the — Island. I will have a Division, I wouldn't consent to go until they give me carte blanche to do as I — please so I whipped the other side and made Cuba free. There will be a Nation in Cuba before the first of April."

These ominous words made a deep impression on me. John Trammell will do what he says and means what he says. He says 13,000 good Cuban soldiers have landed in Cuba during the last three weeks. All this struck me the more forcibly because Capt. John Frye, the intrepid American who was captured and martyred in the Cuban cause persuaded me in New Orleans in 1871 to accompany him on his expedition, which resulted fatally. Maj. John Longstreet and Bolivar Buckner Thompson, were with me when Capt Frye pleaded with me to go. This then is a singular coincidence.

A beautiful little incident happened to me on Thursday night of last week, at the Exposition grounds when the beautiful foundation was being turned on for the first time and while the army of young men and boys were lighting the 30,000 vari-colored lights in the grand plaza. My wife and myself were walking leisurely across the plaza when a lady touched me on the shoulder from the rear and said, "Is this Colonel Thornton? Colonel Marcellus Thornton?" I turned quickly replying at the moment: "Yes Madame." Peering quickly into her face I beheld Mrs. Grady, the widowed mother of the late Henry W. Grady, who had been my partner, my chum and boon companion in sorrow, in trials, and in prosperity; some times in good fortune, and at all times in hard work but always with celerity and serenity; with whom in his house I was rooming while his wife and family were away on a long visit when he wrote "The Patchwork Palace," the scene being laid at a Cotter's hut near the old Walton Spring which we passed each morning when going to town to our work and watched the progress of the builder as he added one more shingle or ear tin roof shed or room to his house until it spread out like a single story small room palace. Mrs. Grady clasped my hand and said: "I am so glad to see you. You know all of us always liked you."

I was Henry's closest companion and co-worker at the turning point in his life. He called me, "Marcie." After salutations between Mrs. Grady and my wife, the latter being without a wrap and fatigued, sat down on a bench. I still held Mrs. Grady's hand while she told me of all her misfortunes and losses since we had met ten years before. I was sick in bed at Galt House in Louisville when Henry died but sent a telegram of condolence. Henry had become estranged from me on account of our good or bad fortune one or either in being or opposition daily newspapers in the same town—Atlanta. But I was in the coal mining business in Kentucky when Henry died and took no note of newspapers or politics. I told Mrs. Grady I always had a soft spot in my heart for her. She said she and she thought all of her family always had one for me. She told me of her younger son, Will's, death in Dakota, not a great while ago and of her bringing him to Athens. That she was now alone and felt dreary. Henry dead, Gussie dead, and Will dead!

Next day some of the boys down town told me they had heard I hugged Mrs. Grady, Henry's mother out at the Exposition the night before. I then remembered that I did touch her on the back and shoulder with my left hand as I held her hand with my right hand. I won't be sure about the hugging.

The Exposition is a success. The exhibit of the United States in Government Building is far superior to what it was in Chicago. In machinery Building there is a vast improvement. I did not get to see the Electrical exhibit. Also the exhibits in three or four other buildings in-

cluding Womans building and only took a cursory glance at the Negro Department building, but I met I. Garland Penn, its head. Genl. Jas. R. Lewis, the gallant one armed Federal General, who is the Secretary of the Exposition heard that Mrs. Thornton was down stairs and came down from his office, up stairs, to pay his respects to her.

Hon. Frank P. Rice, one of the leading spirits of the Exposition insisted that I must come back down there later to see it again. I can say though that every thing was prepared to be in perfect shape by the day President Cleveland and his Cabinet were to be there, which was yesterday, Wednesday. Retrospectively looking over the past, I know what Atlanta was from 1853; I see what it is to-day. I am proud of it as a Southern city and I am still more proud that I have been one of the writers among the first to sound the tocsin notes of the greatness and future grandure of this Hub of the Southern section of this great Nation. (A thousand men asked me to come back to Atlanta and edit a newspaper.) I was there when the streets were "lanes." It was told of me that the first night I was in Atlanta when my father had his then small family up Stairs in the Coleman Hotel at the corner of Whitehall and Alabama Streets some one asked where some one else had gone, and I said, "he's gone down the lane," meaning Alabama Street. Maj. John H. McCaslin, the capitalist and Banker said the other day he had known me since 1852. But I stood him out that my father never moved there from Pike county until 1853. But it reminded me, as Zeb Vance would say; of an incident that occurred in the Trinity church grave yard in New York in 1889 during the celebration of Washington's entry. I was looking at the inscriptions just previous to a marriage ceremony in the church, when a splendid looking well groomed gentleman spoke to me. I replied. He then said, "I beg pardon, but wern't you born in Parree?" I said, "No Siree; I was born in a log hut in Pike county Georgia." He turned abruptly and walked into Trinity church. I followed.

But the best thing of a personal nature that occurred to me in Atlanta this trip was when an old locomotive engineer got me in a crowd and said he always liked me because I was never "stuck up," and then proceeded to tell how a crowd of us boys went in bathing at the old Tannery on the north-west corner of the city limits about 37 years ago, when he got my clothes and bound them with a hickory switch and got another boy to climb a sapling and let it bend down until the top could be reached, and he tied my bundled up clothes to it and then let her fly loose. I could climb the sapling, but not high enough to reach the clothes, and could bend the sapling down, but no one was there to catch hold of the thing. They all laughed at it and thought it was awful funny. I told him I had said if I ever got to be a man and I found out who it was that tied my clothes to that sapling I would lick him. He apologized and I accepted it.

But to my nutton, I was going on to say: Atlanta is the city of the South. It is its representative. What Atlanta is not the other cities of the South are not. What Atlanta is that is a part of theirs. I saw it in its ruins. I returned to Atlanta at midnight when Sherman's army entered it that afternoon. I had run up to Jonesboro and carried a train load of sick and wounded soldiers from that battle and the balance of the provisions to Macon, and had to walk back. And as I told the brilliant young lawyer, Thos. R. Cobb, the other day: "I met your Uncle (Genl Howell Cobb) once on a time on the railroad at its first curve out of Forest Station below Forsythe. He was walking towards Macon and I was going up the road towards Atlanta, or somewhere, and I never had been able to calculate whether his Uncle, General Howell Cobb, was running from Sherman or whether I was running." Still the fact remains, I got to Atlanta the second night after and found Sherman's army there. But I was soon sent South with the family through Lovejoy, and looked back and saw our home, a nice frame house,

Concluded on 4th page.