

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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(W. H. GREEN,  
Editor and Proprietor.)

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No. 23.

## MRS. ARP IS ABSENT.

### SHE HAS GONE ON A TRIP TO FRIENDS IN ROME.

Family in Democratized—Bill says if he writes that home of the children are with the wife Henry Home.

Bill says in Atlanta Constitution.

So many letters come to me of late asking about the Confederate Veteran that I am constrained to answer through the press. It is a monthly published in Nashville by Capt. S. A. Cunningham.

This reminds me to say that Sam Davis is not the only hero of his kind. William M. Formby writes me from Louisville, Ark., that there is in Little Rock the grave of David H. Dodd, who when only eighteen years of age was arrested near there as a spy and important papers found on his person. General Steel was in command of that post and offered him a pardon if he would disclose the names of those from whom he got the information. Like Sam Davis, he refused and said he would die first and he did die. He lived in Atlanta, Ga., county, Tex., telling her of his untimely fate. My friend says he has a copy of that letter and has seen the grave in Little Rock, which some friends had marked with a plain white shaft. I have written to him to send a copy of the letter to the Veteran and if possible a photograph of the marble shaft. Such loyalty and fidelity must be preserved and put on record.

We are all democratized at our house and home, for the maternal ancestor has gone off on a trip to Rome and will stay there I reckon, until I write to her that Jesse or her little children or some other member of the family is sick. Then she will come on the first train. She has got kindred and friends over there, lots of them, and they will keep her until she gets the grand rounds she lived there twenty-seven years. She and I were the pioneers of 1861. In fact, we were the only living persons who were living in Rome when we moved there fifty years ago. Just think of it and ponder it. How surely and stealthily a population passes away. How insidious is Time, the unrelenting oldascal. Only fifty years and not a man or woman left but my wife and I. There were then about 1,500 people in Rome and now there are ten times that number. Every old settler is dead save Colonel T. W. Alexander, and he came three years after I did. Every lawyer, every doctor, every preacher and teacher, every merchant and mechanic are dead. Old Judge Underwood, J. W. H. Underwood, Judge Wright, General Black, Alexander, Sloan, Shorter, Dr. Black, Dr. Underwood, all strong and noble men. I could write a book about each of them. And there was Old Jake Herndon and Big John, the Munchausen of the town, who were ready to swear that when they first settled a way back in the thirties the Coosa River was a little spring branch. Old Jake declared he had seen a freshet that rose to the gum tree on courthouse hill, and the thermometer was 240 in the shade. He always said that, and now he is the first of his kind. My little boy had an old fashioned rubber ball and showed it to Uncle Jake and he remarked that he once had a ball made out of "shore snuff injan-rubber," and it would bounce out of sight, and one day he bounced it unconsciously and it overcame down till next day, and then his little dog grabbed it and it rebounded and took the dog up with it and he had never seen the dog or ball since. Old Jake believed his own lies. I heard him say once that when he was killing time came round he heated rocks on each side of his millpond and threw them in and drove the hogs through and they came out clean on the other side. Big John kept the only saloon in town. A saloon was called a grocery then and Big John's grocery was a landmark—the loading place—for he kept a comfortable beach on each side of the front door. They were outside on the sidewalk and were generally occupied. Old Jake Herndon could be found there half the day and Big John gave him his whisky free as an attraction. He was a drawing card and drew the thirty men like molasses drawing flies. Sometimes I wonder where they are now and what they are doing for Swedenborg says that folks will pursue the same occupations in the next world that they do in this, but with greater diligence and to greater perfection.

My venerable friend, Major Ayer lives on Howard street, the Peachtree of Rome. It extends from Broad street to the bridge and was thickly settled thirty-five years ago, and is yet, but this is the only family that lived there thirty-two years ago when he built his house. Think of it. All gone within thirty-two years. Rome is thirty miles distant from Cartersville and the river lands are all occupied by farmers, but not one of them lived along the line before the civil war, and the river still sings as it flows.

For men may come and men may go,  
But I am on forever.

My wife will come home to spend her birthday next week. I know. She knows that many of her numerous offspring will gather at the paternal mansion and have a gift of some sort and kiss her classic brow and stroke her raven hair. That is a gray hair on her head, not a dark one mine, but she is catching up pretty fast. I remember when I was six times as old as she was and six years later I was just twice as old, and now I am seventy-four. Now let the good boys and girls do that and tell how old my wife is.

But the session of the day is about the negro. Like Banquo's ghost, he will not down. Dr. Lilly, the able secretary of the Billman institute for negroes, at Tusculum, reports to the Presbyterian general assembly that no evangelization, and that industrial training is a failure, and out of 1,949

## IN MARKHAM A PRESENT

### Reply to Wallace P. Reed.

By M. Thierrell, in Atlanta Constitution.

It is truly marvelous what a preponderance of evidence is required to convince a person against his will, and how infinitesimal the mediums of truth necessary to win him over to some proposition favored by his desires and fanned by his hopes.

He struggles against the former when there remains in his favor not even a shadow of tenable ground, and embraces the latter without rhyme or reason when but dimly shadowed upon the walls of his fancy.

I have been led into this reflection by the persistent and ingenious efforts of many men in many places to discredit, if not to distort, the aims and force of the teachings of Edwin Markham, the great poet-prophet of optimism and champion of true democracy.

Since Markham first stormed the ramparts of privilege and startled the self-centered world of conservatism, he has been the target of general attack from various quarters.

So far, however, he has withstood all these attacks, and though pelted with every form of missile known to the ordinance of modern criticism, did I say every missile.

Not so. Just when we thought the enemy's guns had been silenced, lo, there is a boom, a six- and occasionally a new twelve-inch from the ponderous gun of misinterpretation. He replies for the Markham camp this great and in the fact, and harmless, investigation proved it to be the invention of Mr. Wallace Reed, a well known and gifted artist of this city.

To drop from figure to fact, Mr. Reed has preferred a new and novel charge against Mr. Markham, his poetry and his teachings.

## GRIZZLED MEN OF DIXIE.

### MASSING OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT LOUISVILLE.

Old Times and Battle Cries—Gen. John B. Gordon, opens the Tenth Annual Session in the Presence of Some Three Thousand of His Old Comrades—Unveiling of Portraits.

Louisville, Ky., May 30.—Surrounded by waving banners, bearing the very cross of the Confederacy, late in the afternoon from the throat of 3,000 men who were the gray, and confronted by the waving handkerchiefs of hundreds of ladies, Gen. John B. Gordon, commander of the Georgia Confederate Veterans, today formally opened the tenth annual reunion of the order, which in point of attendance is already the largest ever held.

All things conspired to make the occasion a success. With the exception of the weather, which was about as disagreeable as it could be. All through the early hours of the morning the rain came down in sheets.

For an hour previous to the time set for the opening of the meeting the veterans and their friends made their way in a steady stream to the hall, and by 11:30 it was well filled. A portion of the Georgia delegation, headed by a drum corps, came marching in making the building ring with martial music, and calling forth cheers from those assembled in the hall.

A veteran from Georgia walked the crowd to genuine enthusiasm when he came in carrying the old battle flag of the Third Georgia Infantry. Scarcely had he taken his seat, when the band struck up "Dixie" and then came the old rebel yell and it came with a fire and vigor that was never surpassed during the days of the war.

The mayor, whose speech was received with much applause was followed by Col. Thomas W. Bullitt who welcomed the visitors to Louisville in behalf of the Board of Trade and city. Rev. Carter Jones extended the welcome in behalf of the Commercial Club of this city. While he was in the midst of his address the A. P. Hill Camp of Petersburg, Va., came into the hall headed by a life and drum corps, which created such a noise that it was impossible for Mr. Jones to continue.

Other speeches were made by Col. Attila Cox, Chief Justice Hinzinger, Gen. Buckner, and Col. Beant H. Young.

At the conclusion of his address, Col. Young turned to Gen. Gordon and handed him the keys of the building which had been erected for the reunion. Gen. Gordon was visibly moved by the reception he met with and for several minutes stood bowing his thanks. When quiet was restored he spoke at considerable length. At the conclusion of his address, he was punctuated with applause, he stepped back to the front of the platform and said:

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