

# The Durham Recorder.

LET HIM WHO HATH NO NERVE FOR THE FIGHT, DEPART.

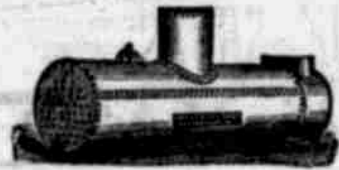
VOL. 70.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1889

NO 54

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel to purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



Bottlers of best quality, iron or steel made of two sheets. Engines, Tobacco Factory machinery, Cotton Presses, Saw and Gristmills, Elevators for Factory Warehouses, Stores and Machinery generally.

W. H. TAPPEY, SUCCESSOR TO TAPPEY & DELANEY.

Petersburg, . . . . . Virginia oct 30-ly.

## VAUGHAN'S DRUG STORE DURHAM, N. C.

USE HOWARD'S Emulsion Of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites for all Lung Troubles, Coughs and General Debility. Howard's horehound Tar and Wild Cherry for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup &c.

Howard's Magic Liniment for Sprains &c.

Kowrd's Liver Pills for Constipation, Billiousness, Headache, dizziness &c.

All the above at VAUGHAN'S DRUG STORE,

And anything else usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE AT Prices as Cheap as any House in the State. Jan 480.

**OUR BROTHERS SLAIN!**  
Comrades! ye sons of chivalry dead! Must the maimed veterans of Lee—Dixie's God-like son of war—plead For succor or with hollow see! The phantom dead of Rapidan Wailing o'er your Southern land?

Holy peace, in garlands green, now deck Our sunny clime with bounteous store; Myriads of wild flowers thickly flock Thy graves, Virginia! from shore to shore! Immortals! you'll live in song and story 'Till death seals the scroll of glory! Thy rippling waves, O Mattaponi! Murmurs a requiem o'er the bravos Now sleeping on your banks! no sigh, Nor finger of love, wreathes their graves: But now, within their pathetic dust, Divounces the slimey worm accusal! On thy babbling shores, beautiful James!

The tattoo is heard no more; No alien hand kindles the flames, As in the days of long ago; Nor rattling reveille, nor bugle's blow, Disturbs the dead of friend nor foe! Calmly sleep, the "Blue and the Grey," Beneath immortality's pinion; Forgotten now the old heroic fray, And their hates in the "Old Dominion!"

But on fame's bloodless plain United mingle OUR BROTHERS SLAIN! Shelter 'neath thy wing, O Aridell blest! The graves of our noble dead, Whisper in their ears a behest— A memory that has not fled— "Make room, in 'Home, sweet home, For the TARHEELS when they come!"

Rest, ye lowly dead! Now, O Muse divine! Descend from high Olympian springs! Attune thy lyre, ye sacred nine! 'Tis of the living I now would sing: The battle-scar'd few, and hoary head, Now in poor houses eating their bread!

Pause, angelic warbler! drop your lyre! Sweep not the throbbing strings! Carolina has forgotten her sons' dire Needs—they rest 'neath charity's wings! Their brave deeds are remembered no more; They are now begging from door to door!

Happy! thrice happy! be Col. Heck For his "Albion Home!" How glad Declining age! Now we'll deck The brow of want—no longer sad! Nature's nobleman—free from guile North Carolina's noble child! One grateful heart in North Carolina Standing up for the old Confeder! The tar-heels rejoice to find her Noble son at their column's head! And in life's last sad hour They pray: Save him, Eternal Power! —L. D. Vann, Durham, N. C.

Wade Hampton's Letter to Wanamaker. GLEN ALLAN, MISS., Nov. 8.—Hon. John Wanamaker—Sir: The enclosed extract from a South Carolina paper has caused me great surprise, for perhaps you may remember, if your memory is not treacherous, your assurance to me a few days ago that Mr. Gibbs should not be removed until the expiration of his term, in February next. Not only did you do this, but you voluntarily assured me that inasmuch as Columbia was my postoffice you would, when a successor to Mr. Gibbs was to be appointed, consult me.

It is a matter of small importance to me who takes the place of Mr. Gibbs, but as I informed him, in passing through Columbia, of the promise you had made, you may, perhaps, understand how your action has placed me in a false position. But it is fortunate for me that Mr. Gibbs will know that I, at least, told him the truth, though I was grievously deceived in believing what was said to me. I shall know better in future what reliance to place on statements emanating from the same source.

The newspapers state that besides managing the great department over which you preside, you are running a Sunday School in Philadelphia, and it occurs to me you might with profit to yourself select as the most appropriate subject of a lecture to your pupils the instructive story of Ananias and Sapphira. This would give you a fine field for your eloquence in explaining to your young charges the importance of confining themselves to the truth, except where some fancied advantage might be obtained over a political opponent. I am your obedient servant, WADE HAMPTON.

**What Our Exchanges Say.**  
Henderson Gold Leaf: It is queer that some men will tramp through the woods all day, kill nothing and call it sport. And if they have to walk two squares to get paregoric for a colicky baby, they want to know why a gallon or two of the stuff is not kept always in the house.

Jonesboro Leader: The eighty-eighth birthday of David Oliver was celebrated at the residence of J. R. A. Brown, in Harnett county, last Saturday, November 10th. Mr. Oliver is the only surviving one of five brothers and sisters, the other four of whom lived to ages respectively, 96, 89, 84 and 80. There were ninety-two people present on this occasion, five of whom were Mr. Oliver's children, twenty-four grand children, and seventeen were great-grand children. The dinner table, which was forty-nine feet long, was laden with an abundance of good things, and all those present had enough and to spare. The old man was cheered and made happy by having his relatives gather around him, and the occasion will long be remembered as a "green spot in the memory" of all the participants.

Wilson Mirror: The Rocky Mount Fair has scored another brilliant success. We attended it on Thursday and had a glorious time in looking upon beautiful women, fine horses, and other attractions. Gov. Fowle made a ringing speech which was well received and loudly applauded. A large crowd was in attendance, and all had a good time generally. —On Saturday night when the Fayetteville freight train reached Wilson a box car, loaded with cotton, was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was given, and our noble firemen with their splendid fire engines was soon on the spot, and did effective work. All the top part of the car was destroyed and the cotton very seriously damaged.

The Salisbury Herald says: Messrs. McCandless, Arendell and others went into Montgomery county to ascertain the facts about the late discoveries of gold. They came back yesterday morning and confirmed all reports we have from there. They calculate that at least \$50,000 worth of gold nuggets have been taken from Mr. Saunders' prospect. The gold bearing gravel has been explored to a depth of 23 feet and the amount of gold in the deposits is undiminished. They report that the whole neighborhood is excited and has given up all their different occupations to stay around the gold deposits. One man has seven another eight and still others different amounts of gold in their possession but are afraid to say anything about it. One man went down the hole and in twenty minutes brought out \$2,000 worth of the virgin gold. If the richness of these deposits should continue the richest mines of the world would be discounted to a wonderful degree. What the future may bring is hard to tell.

The washerwoman's motto—Let us soap for the best.

A standing army is a big thing when it is on a war footing.

"The tight coat-sleeve is now a thing of the past." Says a fashion item; but girls who are pretty all know better.

"Let us hump the arch!" shouts a New York paper. It would not be much of arch without a hump, however.

The striking bakers of London prefer a whole loaf to half wages.

## THE MORTAL STING. WORSE THAN THE MAN WHO COMES AT MIDNIGHT.

The Slanderer. Telegraph

Against slander there is no defense. It starts with a word, with a nod, with a shrug, with a smile. It is pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most weary traveler cannot avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wounds are incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder, murder its employment, innocence its prey and ruin its sport. The man who breaks into my dwelling or meets me in the public road and robs me of my property does me injury. He stops me on the way to wealth, strips me of my hard-earned savings, involves me into difficulty, and brings my family to penury and want. But he does me an injury that can be repaired. Industry and economy may again bring me into circumstances of ease and affluence. The man who, coming at the mid night hour, fires my dwelling, does me an injury—he burns my roof, my pillow, my raiment, my very shelter from the storm and tempests; but he does me an injury that can be repaired. The storm may indeed beat upon me, and chilling blasts assail me; but Charity will receive me into her dwelling, will give me food to eat and raiment to put on, will timely assist me, raising a new roof over the ashes of the old, and I shall again sit by my own fireside and taste the sweets of friendship and of home. But the man who circulates false reports concerning my character, who exposes every act of my life which may be represented to my disadvantage, who goes first to this, then to that individual, tells them he is very tender of my reputation, enjoins upon them the strictest secrecy and then fills their ears with hearsays and rumors, and, what is worse, leaves them to dwell upon the hints and suggestions of his own busy imagination—the man who thus "filches from me my good name," does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair.

## A NEGRO WHIPPED.

By His Own Race For Insulting A White Lady. Atlanta Constitution

At Newman, Ga., one day last week one of the best and most salutary measures adopted for the suppression of assaults, or attempted assaults made upon white women by the negro race, occurred in the northern portion of that county.

A negro man, married, and about twenty-eight years of age, met a lady upon the highway driving in a buggy, and proposed to ride with her. She became frightened and drove rapidly home and reported the matter to her husband, who, with his shotgun, went in pursuit of the would-be assaulting party, and fired two shots at him without effect. The older colored people in that section took the matter in hand and captured the darkey. They sent to the woods and cut several hickory limbs, and, after confessing his insult to the lady, informed him that they proposed to whip him until the lady was satisfied, and until they thought him sufficiently punished. One of the strongest negroes in the crowd, after they had made him take off his coat and vest, whipped him until the white man pleaded for them to stop. The negroes say that his offense deserved punishment in an effective way, and that his conduct, if it went unpunished, would set a bad example to their boys, whom they were trying to raise to

be decent and respectable citizens. Both white and colored people think they did right. If the colored people will do more of this kind of work, and uphold society instead of screening violators of law and order they will elevate themselves in the estimation of all good citizens.

## A Pawnbroker's Old Possessions.

Passing along Third avenue yesterday I saw a well known pawn broker, whom we call Mr. X smiling as if something very droll or pleasant had happened. "What are you smiling about Mr. X?" I asked. "Is business brisk?"

Oh, business is about as usual, but do you see that fashionably dressed young man just turning the corner? Well he had just left with me a half dozen quart bottles of champagne, on which I lent him \$10. It is as good almost as money. Why did he pawn it? I gave it up. Perhaps his father has lots of wine in his cellar, but will not give him pocket money. Oh, I take in curious things. An actress left me her child one time, and I gave her \$25 on it. She redeemed the little one an hour later. On another occasion I got in a thirty two pound salmon, alive. What do you think of that? and at another time a lively Newfoundland pup, which I have now, grown up to a dog, which I would not part with for \$100. —New York Star.

Oxford Ledger: On Thursday last a neatly dressed young lady and gentleman arrived on the Northern train and stopped at the Exchange House. A few minutes after arriving Mr. Overby found out that something was up as the parties were nervous and rather excited. The young man immediately inquired where he could find the Register of Deeds. He was placed on the track of Jeff Daniel who was soon overhauled and asked if he would accommodate him at once with a marriage licence. The affable Jeff readily acquiesced with a smile "childlike and bland". The contracting parties were Mr. A. G. Towler, of Charlotte county, Va., and Miss Lula J. Watson, of Lunenburg county, Va., who had escaped the watchful eye of the old folks at home and come over the border to consummate the bond of affection that would make them one.

Rev. R. I. Devin was found and escorted to the parlor of the Exchange, where in the presence of a brother of the groom and a number of ladies and gentlemen of Oxford, he solemnized the nuptial vows in his usual pleasing manner.

There has been another wedding in Texas. The wounded are doing well.

It is time some one referred to Secretary Bayard as the "sturdy oak" and his bride as the clinging Clymer.

Somebody who conceals his identity behind a typewriter remarks that the flood was a Noahable affair.

Corporal Tanner has opened an office as a claim agent in Washington. Tanner is a clever fellow, but there is some apprehension that he will talk a client to death before he gets his case through.—Greensboro North State.

Screwdriver—Well, what do you think of me? Screw—I must say you have completely turned my head.

The more imagination a poet has the better, especially when he sits down to his humble bill of fare.

The turns in the politicians' road that lose him oftenest are the returns.

The consumer may consider himself lucky if he gets milk of the first water.

Every progressive man has often to disagree with himself, in proof that he is progressing.

The man who resolves to quit drinking must be in sober earnest.

## Misconception of Journalistic Duty.

Asheville Citizen. The Durham Globe, a handsomely printed and enterprising daily, in its issue of the 12th, announced its suspension. The cause which led to this result "was a lack of substantial patronage," and the editor adds, "the existence of the paper might have been prolonged by lowering its standard."

In this we are sure the editor does his patrons wrong. No class of readers is flattered by a concession to their assured deficiencies, none of them complimented by the effort to reduce a paper to the level of their supposed tastes or comprehensions. It is gross ignorance of human nature when an editor presumes to look down from his lofty perch and condescends to come down into the lower arena he imagines to exist, and consent to play the buffoon or the ignoramus or the charlatan that he may tickle the self-love of the herd with whom he chooses for the time to make himself the equal. That is the mistake editors sometimes make. They assume the people to be fools to be treated according to their folly. If such editors regard the masses as their inferiors, they would do well to measure the force and wisdom of the old proverb, "truth lies at the bottom of a well;" and in the profundity of the depths to which such editors have assigned the great masses of his readers, he will find as much sound wisdom and judicious reflection as he had experienced in the elevated atmosphere from which, for the time being, he had so graciously lowered himself. The aspiration of all people is to rise higher in the scale of life and intelligence; they gladly welcome all helps to that end, and they rebel as insult all implications of inferiority. The mind of the most thoughtless or unlearned reader is as accessible to higher truths and pure sentiment as that of the most cultivated. They welcome them as cordially and as appreciatively. If they are in any way deficient, they are keenly conscious of it.

They fully understand what is the proper standard of a newspaper. If that standard is a lofty one, they rally to it rather than turn away from it. They accept it as a guide, and expect that it be borne loftily. The very suggestion of the Globe that its existence might have been prolonged by lowering its standard proves the depths of the misconception of the editor. Apart from the business management of the paper, of which we know nothing, we would venture the opinion that the failure of the enterprise was due largely to the raising of a false standard—that of sensationalism, which is foreign to the tastes and habits of a quiet conservative people. They look to their paper for truth, for information, for advice, not sensation, and while steady going journals may bear unfavorable contrast with the dash and brilliancy of more vivacious rivals, they will remain to guide with their more steady light, while the pyrotechnic displays of the sensational school quickly sputters out its flashy glories, and dies in ignominious darkness. But the editor of the Globe manfully would not accept the alternative of lowering his standard and went down with his flag flying.

## A Good Man Gone.

Person County Courier. Our community was saddened indeed last Tuesday on hearing of the death of Mr. D. W. K. Richmond, which occurred at his residence at Hurdle's Mill, at about 12 o'clock that day. Though his death was not unexpected here by his many friends, as he had been in bad health; but they had hoped that he might be restored to health again, but that hope was in vain.

Mr. Richmond had the reputation of being one of the most substantial men in the county. Everybody had great confidence in him, and as far as we know, had the good will of all who knew him. He had been a member of our Board of County Commissioners for quite a number of years, and will be a great loss to the county.

In his death, the county loses one of its best citizens, and the Courier one of its strongest friends. To the bereaved ones left behind, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.