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RICHMOND, VA.

ap-30.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Mr. J. S. Carr's Speech at the Raleigh Banquet.

Future Possibilities of North Carolina as a Manufacturing State: Our soil is rich in minerals; our forests are mighty in timber; our rivers unlimited in water power, our climate as balmy as perpetual Spring, and we are near the great markets of the world. These advantages combine to form an exceedingly bright outlook for North Carolina. Mr. Julian S. Carr, responding, said: To the Members of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce.

GENTLEMEN:—When the Persians advanced with their overwhelming forces against Greece, it is said that beautiful Athens presented herself at the throne of her father and begged for the preservation of her city. But fate had otherwise decreed. Athens must perish in order that a better and nobler city might rise from its ruins, and accordingly Zeus was obliged to refuse the prayer of his beloved daughter. The Athenians took to their fleet, abandoning altogether the city, which the Persians then entered and destroyed utterly with fire and sword, not even sparing the sacred olive of the goddess. But lo! as a sign that she had not forsaken her city, even in ruins, there sprang suddenly from the root which remained a new shoot which, with wonderful quickness, grew to a length of three yards, and was looked upon as an emblem of the regeneration of the city. Men of North Carolina, it is within our memory when the ruthless hand of war despoiled our altars, and fire and sword destroyed almost everything, save our honor, and yet to day we can all rejoice in the fact that our rehabilitation and material prosperity command the admiration of the world.

"Did we dare, In our agony of prayer, Ask for more than he has done? When was ever his right hand, over any time or land, Stretched as now beneath the sun?"

I feel, my friends, that this banquet, given by the Chamber of Commerce, of Raleigh, is an auspicious occasion, but you have given me a vast and a difficult theme when you ask me to respond to the toast: "The Future of North Carolina as a Manufacturing State."

If this evening, I could only command the eloquence of our Waddell, of the Cape Fear, or the majestic presence of our matchless Ransom, or the powers of our beloved Vance, or the "silver tongue" of our honored governor, I might hope to do the subject justice, and succeed in responding to your satisfaction, therefore you must allow for the shortcomings of one, who in such splendid presence, attempts his maiden post-prandial effort.

Speaking of the resources of North Carolina, it is always our proud boast that of the forty-two states that compose the great sisterhood of states, perhaps North Carolina alone fills almost, if not quite all of the blank spaces upon the census report, and yet my fellow citizens there are numbers of less favored commonwealths that more largely figure in the grand make-up that goes to make this the grandest country on the habitable globe.

Of the original thirteen states, none has a history rightly more honorable than ours. No patriotic North Carolinian is even ready to admit that the Jeffersonian Declaration of American Independence antedated our own Mecklenburg Declaration of the 20th of May, to say nothing of our Cowpens, Moore's Creek, King's Mountain, Guilford Court House; and the Centennial of American Independence which this country has so recently celebrated, recalls the historic fact that North Carolina to the last, held steadfast to the demand that there should be incorporated into the fundamental laws of our country, that sacred and elementary principle that each state shall have guaranteed to it certain inalienable rights. These proud memories, we as North Carolinians, should never forget, and we should see that they are properly handed down to posterity, remembering that

"A land without memories, Is a land without liberties," "Ye, give me a land that is blest by the dust And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just. Yes, give me the land that hath legend and lays

Enshrining the memories of long vanished days. Yes, give me a land that hath story and song, To tell of the strife, of the right with the wrong."

So much, if you will pardon me, for our early history. Coming later to a time when most of you I see before me were actors, I claim our record is even more glorious. Furnishing to the maintenance of a cause we believed to be right more men than any of the eleven states which confederated with us, and consequently baptizing that cause with more blood, we made history that, I swear to you, until the stars pale before the judgment blaze of a burning world, shall be to us as proud as Thermopylae was to Greece, or Pharsalus to Rome, or Creasy to England. I am aware, my friends, that I am abooting wide of the range, that, as we are wont to say, I am not sticking to my text, but I am taking advantage of that allowance that I am sure my audience is cheerfully willing to grant in lingering so long in effusive remembrance of the glorious past of our own Carolina.

Remembering, as I remarked a while ago, that North Carolina filled more of the blanks of the enumerator's list than any state in the union, and with a climate unsurpassed, neither too hot nor too cold, with potentialities, almost incalculable, what, am I led to inquire, prevents our being the first state in the union in the march of industrial progress? The climate is ours, the natural resources are ours, the conditions are all favorable. Then why not the results? It might be time wasted to tell that it was in our power to make Weldon or Fayetteville the Lowell of the South; that we might create a Pittsburg at Greensboro, or an Evansville at Raleigh, or a Grand Rapids at New Bern, or a Rutland at Charlotte, or that Wilmington might be made of more commercial importance than Norfolk. There are all in the range of possibilities, it brawn and brain, native and to the manner born, be found commensurate.

Then, my friends, the point I wish to impress is, that the future of North Carolina as a manufacturing state is just what you and I declare it shall be. There is a Latin proverb, "quicquid sui fortunae faber est." This is no less true of communities and states. North Carolina, famous in history, as I have already intimated, should lead the van in the march of industrial progress, and listen, if she does not, we, as North Carolinians, are alone to blame. We are due to our state, to ourselves, to posterity an obligation that we are permitting every day to go to protest in the eyes of the world. We can, and we ought to put North Carolina with her great potentialities in the forefront.

Allow me, for your encouragement along this line, to mention a community in our state that when most of us came to manhood was unknown to the map-makers. To-day the hum of machinery in that community is heard each recurring morning around the world, and yet commercial travelers visit every civilized and semi-civilized country upon the globe. Yes, far off Australia, prints in her directory the name of a family, a resident representative of that community, who was at one time chief of the police department of the city of Raleigh. Surely what man has done man can do, and it is within the range of possibilities for the clever citizens of magnificent Raleigh to declare that in Australia, in Africa, or even far-off Japan, her citizens shall represent some Raleigh industry. And allow me to deal frankly with this Chamber of Commerce numbering, as you do, some of the finest commercial talent to be found anywhere, when I declare that you are greatly at fault that such is not the case. Take, gentlemen, your talents from their napkins and bestir yourselves, creating manufacturing industries.

Yes, men of North Carolina, I tell you our manufacturing and industrial interest, in the hands of brave and courageous men such as I see about me to-night, can do for North Carolina what the arts and sciences have done for the world. We are all familiar with the story of how Hannibal took his son Hannibal, when only twelve years of age, and made him swear eternal vengeance against his arch-enemy, Rome. Somewhat in the same spirit I propose to teach my three sons to be forever loyal to North Carolina. I shall tell them as they gaze at our grand old Appalachian range of mountains, banked

there by the Great Architect of the Universe on the morning of the creation of the world, of the untold wealth the great Creator has hidden there, only to be developed by the energy, the industry and the audacity of man, and it is a duty that they owe to their state and humanity to assist in unlocking those vast storehouses and in developing those grand resources that have slumbered undisturbed since the world began. I shall tell them of our magnificent water power and our untold wealth in timber lands, and say to them that the state of their and their father's nativity demands that these be more fully developed and utilized, and that they shall devote their time, their talent and their energies to damming these streams, to felling these forests, making available the forces that the Framers and Builder of the universe meant should be utilized to make humanity comfortable and happy, by furnishing employment to thousands of idle hands and making for grand old North Carolina the proud and enviable name which the development of these resources will bring to her justly. And again I shall point them to some majestic smokestack belching out its volume of flame in the face of heaven's blue dome, and shall tell them at the base of that pyre some noble soul has lit a fire that is converting into something useful some of the vast resources of North Carolina, and where capital gladly furnishes labor with a good day's wages for a fair day's work, and I shall bid them in the name of the state I love next to the lovely home and precious family that good fortune has blessed me with, to go and do likewise, and God speed them. Yes, my friends, we owe it to our dear old mother to invoke all the best and the latest weapons known to civilized industry to make our mines and forests, our streams, our fields, and our great mountains give up the vast wealth hidden away there by the great Creator of us all. When we all are resolved to do this, the answer comes to the question. What of the future of North Carolina as a manufacturing state?

But considering North Carolina as a manufacturing state in the near future, let us not forget her as an agricultural state of to-day. North Carolina is and for a time must remain an agricultural state. We must and do recognize to the fullest extent that all we have of good comes from the ground and the tiller of the soil. Agriculture in our state is in a depressed condition. Whenever it occurs that the farmers by thrift, diligence and the use of proper appliances cannot prosper or does not prosper, there is something radically and inherently wrong. Who so fit and proper to determine the wrong and decide a remedy as the farmer himself? And when the great body of the agriculturists, not only in our own state, but in the other states devote to agriculture, have suggested a remedy for their wrongs, why should not all other classes of our people acquiesce in this decision and assist in the amelioration of their condition, by adopting and insisting upon those measures of relief which, in their wisdom, they determined best calculated to give them relief and put them on the high road to prosperity? I declare to you that any well considered measures for the relief of our agricultural brethren (and well considered, I know they will be and have been by them), should receive the support and should be carried into practical legislation by all who love and desire a perpetuity of our institutions upon the principles of freedom to all and security to all.

My friends, these times are hastily coming, the dawn of the morning is above the horizon. Our future will be as great as it is certain and glorious. Do you wonder then that I tell you I gaze upon the vast, rapid growth of our industrial progress in North Carolina, not with the eye of faith, but with the prophetic eye of certainty. And I fill with patriotic rapture as I behold North Carolina's future glory breaking above the gloom of the past; and as I welcome the dawn of the bright morning, I shall covet no grander boon to fall upon my ear as I sink from the engagement of a busy life into the great unknown, than to cease to recognize any other note after the song of Carolina's most glorious son shall fade from my ear:

"Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessing attend her, While we live we will cherish, Protect and defend her."

A TRUE IRISHMAN.

Every Irish Heart Loves the Patriot, William O'Brien. New York Sun.

The man who has the heartfelt admiration and love of every man, woman and child in Ireland to-day is William O'Brien. His bust in plaster is in every cabin, and his picture ornaments every wall. He has spent two out of the past three years in prison for making what are called incendiary speeches, and his confinement has made serious inroads on his once vigorous health. O'Brien is ubiquitous. During the season when Parliament is not in session he is apt to appear almost unexpectedly in any part of Ireland, notwithstanding the surveillance of the police. Especially is he liable to appear in those districts where evictions are in progress or are about to take place.

On these occasions he is in the habit of making speeches. These addresses never take place in a public hall, but are always made in a locality unknown to the police. The way in which he gets his audiences on these occasions is unique. The fact that he wishes to make an address is made known to some of the prominent men in the National League, and by secret means the peasantry are notified of the place of meeting. Barefooted messengers often run fifty miles in the course of a day carrying news. Often the courier is seated on a horse which jumps the hedges and ditches, where it is impossible for a jaunting car to follow with the police. The meetings usually take place in the evening or on Sunday afternoon in a field on the outskirts of a village. It is not unusual for 10,000 men to gather at that place of meeting.

They come in little knots of two or three by unfrequented paths and resorting to all kinds of subterfuges to avoid the police, for these guardians of the peace are about to repress these demonstrations. When the speech is made at night there is a rough platform just large enough to contain the speaker and lit by a single homely torch. The audience gathers around in a dense mass, packed together like clothes-pines in a box. O'Brien climbs on the platform, and is saluted by a subdued roar of applause, which is quickly hushed when the speaker waves his hand and enjoins silence upon his listeners. O'Brien wears a Prince Albert coat buttoned up to his chin. He is seen to be of slim figure, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and not at all an imposing figure. His face is pale with emotion, and the light of patriotism glows in his eyes. He stretches out his slim white hand, and every ear in the audience is intent to catch his words as he begins in the poetical style so dear to the Irish heart:

"Fellow citizens, Irish patriotism is high as the round towers, deep as the holy wells."

He does not get any farther than this for many minutes, forty-five minutes of the people cannot be restrained, and a mighty roar of assent to the lofty sentiment goes up. When silence is restored he resumes, and such a torrent of eloquence pours from his lips that the vast crowd forget their oppression for the time being and become almost delirious with joy. The very fire of his utterance weakens the speaker, and in the middle of his speech he is forced to sit down, covered with flowery metaphor, when some one on the outskirts of the crowd exclaims:

"The bobbies are coming!" Two minutes later the field is deserted. Many of the audience have been caught, and some have been taken to prison, there to serve out sentences of from three to six months.

When these meetings take place in the day time a foot-ball is always taken along, so that when the police appear the ball can be thrown into the air and everybody makes believe play the game.

Pleased With the Suggestion.

Littlesher: I'll call around Wednesday and fix up that account, Mr. Cutaway.

Tailor (severely): Very well, sir; I'll make a note of it. Littlesher: Good! Make it at ninety days and I'll sign it.—Puck.